THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL
LONDON E.C
56 PATERNOSTER ROW

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ALF COOKE. LEEDS.

Girls Own Paper. London.

"Dear Lady Disdain."

from the painting by Louise Jopling, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1891.

"I wonder that you will still be talking, Signor Benedick; nobody marks you." — Much ado about Nothing

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"'AND I—I CARE FOR ART.'"

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By Eglanton Thorne

CHAPTER I.

"I CARE FOR ART."

MR. MARIAN and his daughter, separated by the length of a large table, elegantly decorated with flowers, plate, and glass, were dining together. It was seldom they dined thus alone, and Maud had never before taken the head of the table; but the butler had deemed it right she should now do so, and had set her place there. Only to-day, however, had Maud become Miss Marian, and mistress of the house. Up to this time her father's unmarried sister had kept his house and taken loving care of his child — for Maud's mother had died when she was too young to retain any remembrance of her. But now the Aunt Helen whom Maud warmly loved was Miss Marian no

longer. Some one else had had the audacity to seek and to win her tender interest, and she had gone to brighten the home of a gentleman with three motherless children whose lack of a mother's care had strongly appealed to Helen Marian's loving heart. All her life she had been used to caring for others, for she had not been twenty when she came to keep her brother's house. Being so young she had perhaps not been the wisest guardian her niece could have had; but she had made the child happy, and as she grew up Maud found in her aunt a companion who seemed almost as young and as full of life as herself.

It was not surprising that Maud should feel herself injured by her aunt's marriage. She hated the idea of missing her cheerful companionship, and foresaw, moreover, sundry inconveniences to herself which might arise from the event. Maud was not in the least gratified by the new dignity she had attained. She had ambition, but it was not of so commonplace an order as to be satisfied with petty social distinctions. However others might regard her, in her own eyes Maud Marian was a superior person. So, now that the excitement of the wedding was over, and the bride had departed, she was disposed to be silent, and nurse a sense of grievance.

"My dear Maud," exclaimed Mr. Marian at last, when for some minutes the servant had been moving noiselessly between them, and scarce a sound had broken the stillness; "have you absolutely nothing to say? Come, come, my dear, don't look so melancholy. To see you one would think we had had a funeral here to-day instead of a wedding."

"I cannot see that a wedding is much more lively," said Maud languidly; "they both mean loss."

"Do they?" said Mr. Marian. "I don't think Hamilton would agree with you about that. It strikes me that this wedding means gain for him, most decidedly."

"Yes, at our expense," said Maud bitterly.

"Oh, well, you must not grudge him his happiness! He has had a sad home for these last few years, and his poor little children need some one to look after them."

"He should have had a good housekeeper," said Maud. "For my part, I do not approve of second marriages. There ought to be a law forbidding them."

Mr. Marian smiled to hear his young daughter express herself with such decision. He looked across the table at her with amusement in his eyes.

"It is a good thing the government of the country is not in your hands, my dear," he observed, "for I fear you would make tyrannical use of your power. Since the wedding is now an accomplished fact, we must make the best of it. I congratulate myself that everything went off well. Helen looked as well as possible, and as for you—I think I never saw you in a more becoming gown."

At last he had succeeded in bringing a smile to her face. No woman, however superior, is above feeling pleasure when her gown is praised, and Maud prided herself on her taste in dress.

"I am very glad you like it," she said, glancing down with a gratified air at her attire. "I really think Madame Adolphin has carried out my ideas quite successfully for once."

The wedding, which was supposed to be a quiet one, had taken place in the afternoon. Maud was the only bridesmaid, and she still wore the gown she had had made for the occasion. It was simple enough, being all of white, without a touch of colour; but the material was soft Indian silk, and what seemed to be pearls were strewn about the bodice, which was cut low at the throat, and finished with a tucker of deep lace, a style much affected by Maud, and exceedingly becoming to her, since she had a pretty neck and a skin of delicate whiteness. She was a girl concerning whose claims to beauty people held very different views. Her features were irregular, but small and piquant. She had hair of the warm tawny hue which many of the old painters have given to their Madonnas, and she wore it loosely coiled at the nape of her neck with an artistic carelessness which was very becoming. Since her complexion was of the dazzling fairness which seems generally to accompany hair of that rare hue, it will be seen that the tall, slender form of Maud Marian did not lack impressiveness.

"Of course you will miss your aunt at first," said Mr. Marian, wishing to console his daughter; "but Kensington is not a great way off. You can drive there as often as you like, and Helen will come to see us occasionally, I suppose, though she will be more tied to her home than you are."

Maud looked at her father for a few moments ere she made any reply. Then she said with apparent carelessness, her eyes on the bread which she was crumbling on the cloth, "I fear you will miss Aunt Helen more than I this winter, papa. You forget that I am going abroad."

Mr. Marian looked up quickly, his countenance expressing the utmost astonishment.

"Going abroad! What do you mean?"

"You cannot have forgotten, papa, that you promised that I should have another winter in Rome."

"But, my dear, it was months ago that we talked about that — before there was any thought of your aunt's marrying."

"I cannot see how that alters the case," said Maud calmly. "A promise is a promise."

"Are you sure that I really promised? Even if I did, it seems to me that the change which has taken place here would justify me in setting aside that promise. Surely, Maud, you cannot earnestly propose to yourself to leave me to pass the winter alone!"

"It would only be for six months, papa, and you are always so engaged with business that you would not miss me. You do not think how dull I should be here by myself."

"It shall be your own fault if you are dull," said her father eagerly. "You are mistress of the house now, and you shall invite whom you please. Perhaps I have devoted myself too exclusively to business in the past; but the pressure is over now, I trust, and you shall teach me to attend to my social duties."

"Oh, papa, if you think I should care for that sort of thing you are quite mistaken," said Maud languidly. "All I care for is Art. The lessons I took last winter, the hours I spent in picture galleries and churches, will all be thrown away if I do not have another season of hard work. And you know how I have been counting on going back to Rome and setting up a studio there."

"Why must you go to Rome?" asked her father. "Cannot you have a studio here? I am sure there is room enough in this house."

Maud smiled faintly. "You do not understand, papa," she said with an air of superiority.

"No, I do not understand," returned Mr. Marian with some warmth. "I confess I cannot understand how an only child can so contemplate leaving her father and her home. I should have thought a sense of duty might have withheld her from doing so."

The colour deepened in Maud's cheeks; she bit her lips in sudden irritation; but she had tolerable self-control, and when she spoke it was to say coldly, "I am afraid we have different ideas of duty. I, for my part, regard it as a sacred duty to cultivate what little talent I have for painting."

For a few moments Mr. Marian was absolutely unable to reply. He was startled, as he had been startled once or twice before, by the calm assurance with which his daughter could maintain a right to whatever she desired.

When he spoke again he approached the subject from another side, and Maud felt that she had virtually gained her point.

"I do not see how you are to go to Rome," he said. "You cannot go with the Middletons as before, for they are not going abroad this winter. Mrs. Middleton told me so this afternoon."

"I know that," said Maud composedly. "But I am not dependent on the Middletons now. I made many friends when I was in Rome last winter."

"But it is impossible that you should go alone. Indeed, I will not hear of such a thing," said her father.

"Then I must have a companion," said Maud. "She will be a bore; but if you insist upon it, I must get one. It is a pity you cannot come with me to Rome yourself. I wish you would take a partner—then you could get free sometimes."

"Perhaps I shall take a partner before long," said her father—"a young man of strong character and energy, fitted to succeed me in the business. But it is early to talk of that. I am not an old fellow yet."

Nor was he, though the arduous, unremitting toil by which he had won his wealth had given him the look of age. No one, judging by his appearance,

would have believed that he had not yet seen fifty years.

"It would be wise to take a partner soon," said Maud, "for I am sure you need more rest."

She was thinking of the man whom she believed her father meant to make his partner; but she did not name Sidney Althorp, for she and her father were wont to disagree with regard to his merits.

"I have a suggestion to make," said her father suddenly. "Suppose you put off your going to Rome for another year—by which time I may be in a position to accompany you."

"Oh, no, no, thank you," said Maud, laughing; "I know how that would be. At the end of the year you would ask me to wait another, and then another. You would never be able to tear yourself away from business for six months; you care more for business than for anything else, and I—I care for Art."

By this time the dessert was on the table, and the servants had left the room. Mr. Marian seemed vexed by his daughter's last remark, but he did not immediately reply, and Maud was just thinking that enough had been said on the subject, and she had better make her escape to the drawing-room, when the house-bell was heard to ring, and a few moments later the servant opened the door and announced "Mr. Althorp."

The man who entered the room was still young, but bore himself with a grave, sedate air. He was tall and well-made, but not handsome, yet the smile which lit up his countenance as he took Miss Marian's outstretched hand gave him a most prepossessing appearance. His bearing was distinguished by such grace and courteousness as women admire in men far more than good looks. Most women of his acquaintance liked Sidney Althorp; but Maud Marian was perhaps an exception. She called him an "old friend," as indeed he was; but professed to find him tiresome, and his conversation prosy.

"Ah, Sidney," exclaimed Mr. Marian, an unfeigned welcome in his tones; "to what do we owe this pleasure? Is it business brings you, or do you come to offer your congratulations? If so, I had better warn you that Maud regards the event of the day as a bereavement, and is indignant with Hamilton."

"At least, I may congratulate you that the ceremony was so admirably accomplished," said Althorp, looking at Maud. "My mother has been telling me about it. But it is business that brings me," he added, turning to Mr. Marian. "After you left this morning, a clerk came from Wardlaw Bros., and I promised to acquaint you with what he said and send them a reply by to-night's post." He was proceeding to explain the matter when Maud rose. "If you have business to discuss, I will go to the drawing-room," she said. "You will find me there when you feel inclined for coffee."

Sidney Althorp opened the door and she passed out. His eyes followed her slight, graceful figure across the hall with rather a regretful glance ere he closed the door. Through a small anteroom, decorated with rich draperies, palms, and hothouse flowers, Maud entered the large drawing-room. A gay crowd had filled it all the afternoon, and the room betrayed tokens of the vanished visitors in the disorderly appearance it wore. Maud pushed the chairs a little into their places, rescued a hand-screen, painted by herself, from the fender into which it had fallen, and examined the vase which held the bridal bouquet to see if it contained sufficient water. Then with a sigh she threw herself into an easy chair, saying half aloud, "Weddings are horrid things."

But she could not rest there long. Presently she sprang up, saying, "Why need Sidney come and bother papa about business to-night of all nights, when I feel so miserable, and hate to be alone?" She felt cross and out of spirits, a frame of mind which she imputed entirely to her aunt's going away, not wishing perhaps to recognise any other possible cause of it. She had seated herself at the grand piano, and was carelessly playing little snatches of melody, when the curtain which screened the ante-room was pushed aside, and Sidney Althorp came in.

"Ah, it is you!" she exclaimed; "then I hope the business is concluded."

"My share of it," he said, coming to her side. "Your father has some writing to do, but he will not be long. What is that you were playing? It is very pretty."

"Oh, it is only an air from a new opera I heard in Rome last winter," Maud replied. The next moment she regretted the words. She did not wish to speak of Rome with Sidney Althorp just then.

"You enjoyed your winter abroad very much," he observed.

"I did," replied Maud concisely.

"Rome seems to have a wonderful fascination for every one who goes there," was his next remark.

"It has," said Maud; "there is no place like it." With that she broke into a brilliant march, calculated to suppress conversation. Althorp listened in silence for some minutes till she fell into a more subdued strain, when he said, "Mary is anxious to form a choral class this winter, to meet at different houses at Streatham. She hopes to persuade you to join it."

"She is very kind," said Maud, with some hesitation in her tones, "but—I shall not be able to do so."

"How so?" he asked quietly.

Maud lifted her hands from the piano, and turned round quickly on the music-stool. There was no use in trying to evade the truth. He would have it.

"Do you not know," she said—and there was a defiant light in her eyes as she spoke—"Do you not know that I am going to Rome for the winter?"

"Are you, indeed?" he returned in low, grave tones. "My mother told me she understood you to say so this afternoon; but I could not believe it."

"And why not, pray?" she asked, not without embarrassment, to cover which she walked across the room to the fire-place, and occupied herself with stirring into a blaze the fire, which was hardly needed, for though it was October the night was warm.

He was silent. Sidney Althorp had a way of being silent when most men would have spoken, and his silences were very eloquent. Maud had no difficulty in interpreting the meaning of this one.

"I suppose," she said, "you think that now Aunt Helen is gone I ought not to leave papa."

"Do you not think so yourself?" he asked, turning upon her one of his grave, searching glances.

Maud's eyes fell beneath it, but she answered boldly, "No, I do not. It is not my fault that Aunt Helen has chosen to get married, and I do not see why I should be punished for it."

"You call it a punishment to spend the winter here with your father?"

"For me it would be that. Why should you look surprised? You know how I love Art, how I have set my heart on having a studio in Rome."

"Yes, I know," he said slowly; "but I should have thought—pardon me—that there were other considerations."

"You mean that it is my DUTY to stay with my father," broke in Maud impetuously as he paused. "When people want to make one do anything unpleasant they always use that word. But I cannot see that it is my duty to waste my life. My father will be very comfortable without me. We have excellent servants, and Rudd can be trusted to look after all his needs. You know how little my father is at home. He will not miss me much."

"I think you are mistaken," said Althorp, gently, "and that he will miss you more than you imagine. Because he is so many hours away from home it is the more desirable that he should find his home bright and cheerful when he returns to it."

Maud was growing more irritated with every word he uttered.

"Of course you think me wrong," she said; "you always do. You love to pose as my mentor. But you must allow me to decide this matter for myself. You have no right to judge for me."

The colour rose into Sidney Althorp's face as she spoke. He was pained by her words, and his expression showed it.

"Assuredly," he said, rather proudly, "I have no right to judge for you. You mistake me if you think I would presume to do so. You have given your own interpretation to my words. I never said that you were wrong."

"No, but you thought it," she rejoined. Ere he could reply, if he had any reply to make, Mr. Marian entered the room. Maud rang the bell for coffee, and when the servant brought it she occupied herself with her cup, and vouchsafed neither word nor look to Sidney Althorp. In her inmost heart she knew that she had been rude to him, that her words had hurt him, but she preferred to regard herself as an injured person. In a few minutes Althorp came to bid her good-night. His voice was as gentle and his glance as kind as if nothing had occurred to disturb their intercourse, and in spite

of herself Maud was bound to smile and respond with an appearance of cordiality.

"Sidney is a good fellow," remarked her father when he had gone.

Maud bit her lips and was silent.

"It is a kind of goodness that always puts me in a rage," she thought. The immediate effect of Althorp's slight, indirect remonstrance was to make her more than ever determined to have her own way.

"Papa darling," she said a little later, seating herself by his side and assuming her most coaxing manner; "you will let me go to Rome, won't you? You don't know how I feel about it. I should be miserable if I were disappointed after counting upon it so long."

"Would you?" he said, regarding her wistfully. "You could not give up your own way for once for the sake of your poor old father?"

"I would give up anything else, papa, but not this—not my Art."

"Well, well, then it must be so, I suppose," he said with an air of resignation. "But how I shall get through the winter all alone in this great empty house I cannot tell."

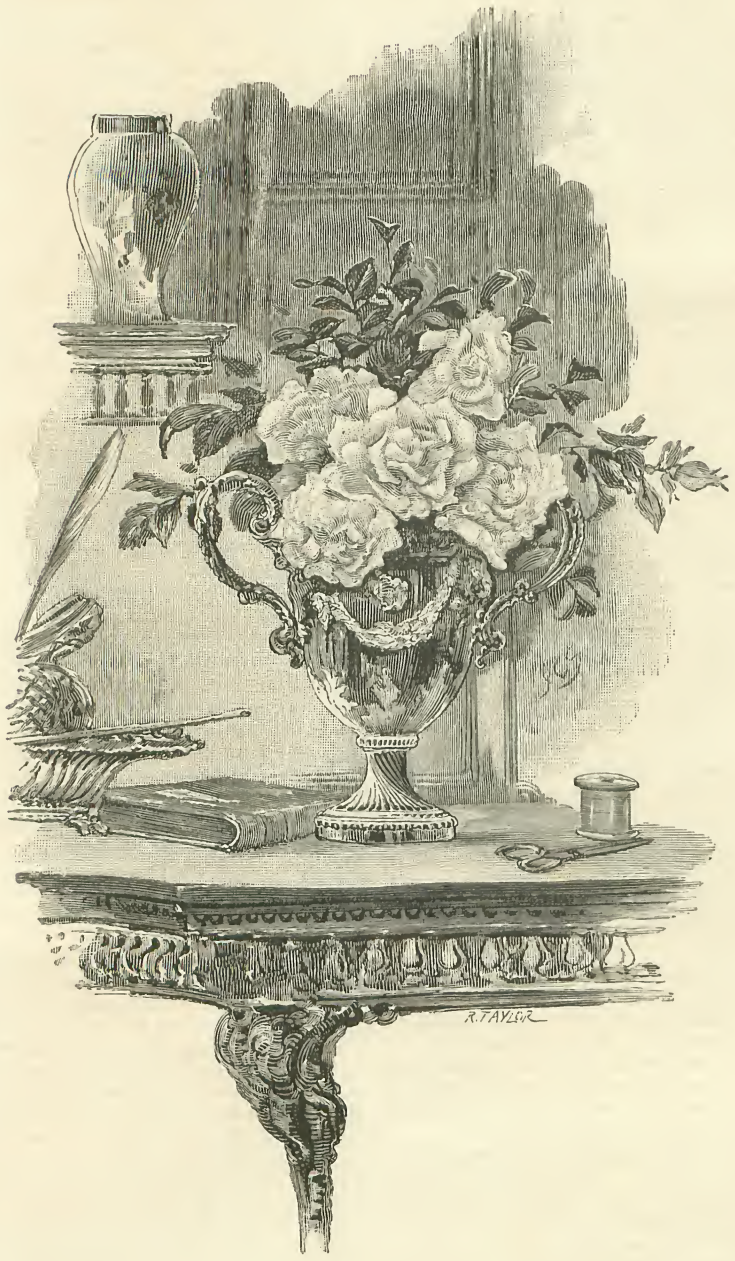
"The time will soon pass, papa; I shall return in the spring."

"We must find some one to go with you. You cannot live in Rome alone."

"Oh, I should go to a *pension*," said Maud. "But still of course if you wish——"

"Certainly I wish it—you must have a companion. How would Miss Richmond do?"

"Oh, papa, that terribly fussy old maid! I could not endure her for a week."



"I wonder if Mrs. King would be willing to go with you."

"Mrs. King! A widow of nearly fifty! Papa, you have the strangest ideas of a companion."

"Well, can you suggest anyone?"

"Not at a moment's notice. We must enquire of friends, and if that fails we can advertise."

"I have it," said Mr. Marian, after he had been silently thinking for some minutes. "My cousin, John Mildmay, has several girls and not very much money to spend upon them. There is one about your own age, I believe. I'll be bound that she would be only too delighted to accompany you to Rome."

"The Mildmays?" said Maud. "Do you mean those people we met at Ilfracombe some years ago, and you found out they were cousins of yours? I remember there was one girl I liked very much. Her name was Enid. We talked of inviting her here, but we never did so. I believe I should like her for a companion."

"Very well, then; I will write to Mildmay about it to-morrow. How soon do you think of going, Maud?"

"Early in next month, papa."

"So soon! You will surely wait till your aunt returns?"

"Yes, I suppose I must," said Maud. In truth, she would have liked to get away before her aunt's return, as she knew that her aunt was not likely to approve of her leaving her father. Aunt Helen had either forgotten the plans Maud had formed for the approaching winter, or she had taken it for granted that they would now be abandoned. Maud had deemed it wisest to avoid all reference to them during the busy weeks that preceded the wedding.

"Thank you very much, papa," said Maud as she bade him good night. "It is very good of you to let me go. You will not regret it when you see the results of my work during those months at Rome. I hope to bring you home such paintings as will make you proud of me."

"Ah, my dear, I should be prouder of you if you were willing to stay with me than any picture you could paint would make me," said her father with a sigh.

He did not say the words unkindly, but they stung Maud nevertheless.

"You have no ambition, papa; you cannot rightly appreciate Art," she said impatiently, as she went away.

She had won her point, but after all it did not yield her great satisfaction. She had been intensely eager to go to Rome, but now that the prospect was assured, she found to her surprise that the anticipation was not wholly delightful. A drop of bitterness had been instilled into it by that unwelcome suggestion concerning duty. "It is all Sidney Althorp's fault," she said to herself as she tossed on her pillow, unable to sleep. "I wish he had not come this evening. He always says things that make me uncomfortable. I should be quite happy about going if he had not interfered."

And yet in truth how little had Sidney Althorp said!

(*To be continued.*)

By Constance Jacob

FLOWER DECORATIONS

ARTISTIC & INEXPENSIVE

PERHAPS none of the minor domestic arts has more rapidly developed within the last decade or so than that of floral decoration.

In our mothers' days a posy of flowers indiscriminately mingled with little regard to colour or form, crushed into any vase which might chance to be too valueless to grace the mantelpiece or chiffonier, was quite a holiday ornament for a middle-class dinner-table; and indeed, not so very long ago I have seen cabbage roses, yellow calceolarias, and scarlet geraniums murdering each other's beauty in the same specimen glass, and that in a house whose ladies aspired to great taste.

How different is it now when one sees the floral decorations of smart dinner-tables even more minutely chronicled than the ladies' gowns. We read of wonderful combinations of dark leaves and green orchids, purple orchids and white, Shirley poppies and grasses, roses of all colours, alamander and hothouse ferns, poinsettias and arums; and many of us can recall from our own experience London rooms in which neither time nor expense has been spared to make beautiful floral backgrounds of the walls and shelves.

In point of fact this, like other fashions, is pushed to a ridiculous extreme, and in many houses as much thought and money are bestowed on the table decorations as on the food to which they should be only accessory, while the room necessary for the comfortable disposal of plates, knives, forks, and glasses is most mercilessly encroached upon.

In any case these brilliant triumphs are but for festive occasions, and for every ten ladies who can afford the professional assistance indispensable to such display there are hundreds who wish to, and many who do, make their dinner-tables and sitting-rooms continuously beautiful with fresh flowers at the cost of a few shillings a week. It is to these that I hope the ideas and suggestions gained from a long personal experience may prove of some service.

I do not think any girl can be a successful "artist in real flowers" whose love of nature does not make her observe their growth and native surroundings, because it is only by placing flowers in the receptacles best suited to their form and colour, and in combination with leaves and other blossoms which would probably be found in their natural neighbourhood, that a really pleasing group can be obtained. For instance, a daffodil is a charming picture if stood in a blue and white narrow and long-necked vase, while it at once loses its peculiar beauty if allowed to flop about in a wide, shallow bowl. The shape and colour of vases is a very important part of my subject, and I intend to give it due consideration; not, indeed, in the interests of economy, wishing any of my readers to buy new glass and china in order to carry out my fancies in detail, but that in dealing with a particular plant I shall always picture which of the probable contents of the average china closet will show off its characteristic beauties to best advantage, presupposing that girls who take a pride in this branch of the domestic arts will themselves always wash and dust the necessary receptacles; because this practice allows of the use of those odd pieces of old china, glass, and silver, which nearly every house possesses, and which association renders too precious to be trusted to the housemaid's mercies. It may be as well to mention in this place a few articles which I have found most convenient for general use, viz. :—

Half-a-dozen blue and white vases of different shapes, from four to six inches in height. These are invaluable when flowers are scarce, as one good-sized blossom or spray, such as a chrysanthemum, single dahlia, or narcissus is sufficient for each;

Some tall slender champagne glasses, such as were in use half a century ago, which carry with admirable effect any delicate flowers with slender stalks, light foliage, or grasses, although weighty blossoms render them top-heavy. For the same purpose ordinary specimen glasses answer nearly as well;

Two celadon green and white Worcester china vases of a triangular shape, which keep well in position heavy flower-heads like peonies, carnations, or lilac, and in which nearly everything looks right;

Some little iridescent globes with necks, which hold small flowers like primroses, violets, snowdrops, or aconites, and whose flashes of colour show brighter against green leaves and stalks;

Plain, white-ribbed glass globes for similar use;

Imari vases, with fairly wide necks;

Some glass dishes about five inches in diameter, and some straight and semi-circular troughs with which, on a dinner-table, something like carpet bedding effects can be obtained;

Four punch bowls of varying sizes, some old china soup plates, a large blue and white jar, and various old jugs, all of which are effective in a drawing-room where masses of foliage, berries, or blossoms serve to lighten up dull corners.

In all the articles on table decorations which have appeared lately, much has been said about silver decanter-stands; and as I have, by good fortune, six of these at my disposal, I have had them fitted with some cheap finger-bowls, for the better holding of damp moss or water, and know by happy experience what a beautiful harmony the silver makes with bright-coloured flowers like tulips, azaleas, and, beyond everything else, with roses; but for those people who do not count these articles among their treasures, I do not consider such shams as strawberry baskets silvered over with Judson's mixture at all a happy substitute, as I once saw recommended for a silver-wedding party.

Far better use plain white or iridescent glass finger-bowls, or some of the disused pieces of silver which most houses possess, in the shape of cake-baskets, snuffer-trays, or sugar-basins.

Plain white china ornaments are very serviceable, although the usual forms are rarely artistic.

Coloured glass is, on the whole, not very satisfactory unless one can afford Venetian; but a few pleasing jars in peacock-blue, olive-green, or brown-gold are sometimes to be seen, while some pieces of "clutha" glass are both cheap and good.

Cheap so-called "opal" or "ruby" vases with crinkled or turned-over edges are unmitigated abominations, and would vulgarise the most dainty blossoms.

On the other hand, charming little rustic nosegays of wild flowers can be arranged in the brown jugs cream is sold in.

The table centre is too important a feature of the modern dinner-table to be forgotten, although we are sometimes told that its reign is nearly over. When it first appeared as a piece of bright-coloured plush, it made an effective background to the delicate sprays often strewn with apparent carelessness upon it; but after the novelty of the idea had worn off it seemed to many of us as an infringement of the time-honoured law that everything on a dinner-table should be fresh, clean, and washable. However, this objection does not apply to strips of linen embroidery, of which ladies of artistic taste may provide themselves with a variety to suit different arrangement in colour, care being taken that the tones of the embroidery do not overpower the more delicate tints of the flowers, which they ought rather to emphasize and throw forward. A handsome piece of white damask, with a good pattern outlined in blue flax, is a suitable accompaniment to the blue and white pots I mentioned above, or a strip of butcher-blue linen bordered with a free design in white answers the same purpose, and takes much less time to work. White or sepia on lemon colour; burnt sienna on buff; salmon pink, olive green, and brown on cream—are useful combinations; while cross-stitch borders, worked in ingrain cotton on crash stripes or squares, have a very fair effect. Of course if one possesses a very brilliant piece of old or eastern embroidery, it is a treasure to display on the most festive occasions; but it should be in conjunction with white flowers generally; and the same may be said of dragon's blood linen stripes, which I have seen beautifully embroidered in light colours of flax.

But all these, although charming ornaments to the dinner-table, should after all be considered as second to the flowers themselves, and are by no means as necessary as some writers on fashion would lead us to suppose. Here I may as well mention the fancy which came in vogue a year or so back of crumpling up and draping lengths of bright-coloured silks round the centre ornament, and laying on them loose sprays of flowers and leaves. When artistically done, this arrangement is no doubt highly pleasing, but it really requires a born artist or a skilled professional to keep the apparent carelessness on the safe side of absurdity; and as it needs rearrangement every time the cloth is laid, is only fitted for a party, and therefore hardly comes within the scope of this article, which is intended to deal particularly with every-day decoration.

An important consideration always is the foliage suitable and available, and here the country girl has a tremendous advantage over her town sister, since, in a short walk in her own garden or the nearest lane, she can obtain graceful forms of green appropriate to any flowers (except exotics), while the other can never buy the same variety or choice.

Of latter years, however, the London florists have greatly improved in this respect, and now one can generally get something else than the once inevitable maidenhair fern. In the autumn there is to be obtained, even in the streets, a glorious show of coloured foliage, such as hedge-maple, oak, beech, barberry, and brown ivy—all in the tints they put on in the fall, and yet by some unknown means as firm on their twigs as in the early summer. The barberry and ivy are an unfailing resource throughout the winter in support of flowers whose hardy nature renders them uncongenial companions for delicate ferns. In the summer many kinds of grasses can now be bought in cheap bunches, and combine naturally with wild or cottage flowers. A new departure is the *Asparagus plumosus*, which, from its vivid green and graceful growth, takes the place of maidenhair in an economical way, for although a little costly at first (sufficient for four specimen glasses is worth about sixpence), it lasts fresh so long that it is really cheap in the end.

Having enumerated what may be called the properties of the art, we may as well consider a few rules which the beginner will find necessary to bear in mind if she wishes for happy results.

All flowers should be arranged with a due regard to their natural habits of growth, as I said above, and as a matter of fact all other rules hang on this.

Summer and autumn flowers should always be accompanied by at least as much foliage as bloom. Spring flowers and most bulbous plants do not require this profusion.

Rarely have more than one bright colour in the same group. Although in nature many brilliant tints may be observed in close proximity, they are always brought into harmony by their gray-green or brown-purple surroundings in a way which cannot be achieved in a room.

Never overcrowd; it is better to err on the other side, as each beautiful outline should be kept perfectly distinct, and a few sprays lightly and freely arranged will have a far happier effect than double the number in the same space, not to mention that they will last much longer; and few people can afford either time or money for entirely fresh flower decorations every day.

On the other hand, see that the water is changed frequently, and never retain any vegetation which has begun to decay. A small piece of salt in the water will keep it fresh much longer than without.

In summer, flowers need looking to oftener than in winter, and they should be even fresher on the dinner-table than elsewhere.

Better no flowers at all than stale ones, and therefore it is well to buy those which are cheapest (they are at their best when most plentiful), and have a constant change, rather than spend one's weekly allowance in more costly wares which one cannot afford to renew.

In winter, use lukewarm water instead of cold, and still warmer if the flowers are cut while in bud.

Of very succulent plants, cutting off a small piece of stalk every day will often preserve the blossom a long while.

The foregoing remarks are for general use; in the ensuing pages I propose giving for every month a list of the most popular seasonable flowers, with hints how they may be made into tasteful decorations at small expense; occasionally suggesting or describing more elaborate schemes suitable for parties, and necessarily costing more time and money. These suggestions may be likened to elementary cooking recipes; but if they assist any of my readers towards concocting other varied and more delightful dainties, I shall have gained the object for which I write.

Many people may think that such a trivial matter as arranging prettily a few cut flowers is hardly worth so much care and thought; but surely this is a mistake. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and the same principles are involved in the lowest as in the highest branch of art; the differences lie in detail and degree. Loyalty to natural law, harmony of tone, sense of fitness and proportion, must all be properly understood before success in any line is possible, and can all be learnt to some extent by studying the habits and surroundings of our most familiar flowers; moreover, such a study must imperceptibly but surely bring us nearer to a comprehension of that generous universal wisdom, which has made the generation and preservation of plant life the means of spreading beauty, like a garment, over the earth.

The chrysanthemum is characteristic of this month, and in colour and size offers more variety than any other one flower. Many flowers last on from October, and the autumn-blooming violets now get plentiful; tinted foliage is still to be had, and the invaluable brown ivy and red barberry begin to take the prominent place among our materials which they retain throughout the winter, so that, on the whole, the month is not so barren as might be supposed. Monthly roses too may sometimes be gathered now, and are very lovely if surrounded by sufficient of their own foliage and placed in specimen glasses, or, better still, in a china basket, or silver stands, with ivy and mignonette, either for dinner-table or drawing-room decoration.

Perhaps no flower is so easy to arrange artistically as the chrysanthemum, especially the large Japanese variety, of which the specimens look best in china vases with narrow necks, one or two blossoms in each, their own foliage being all the necessary supplement; and for success in this matter one cannot do better than make a study of any Japanese and Chinese designs, of which this flower in a suitable jar makes a prominent and graceful feature. But if only ordinary specimen glasses are available, a few tinted leaves or some feathery greenery may be added with advantage. The chrysanthemum foliage is not sufficiently appreciated by flower decorators; in shape and colour it is one of the most beautiful of leaves, and nothing else can suitably take its place with the blossoms; yet it is almost impossible to obtain at any but the very best florists; and even at a fashionable watering-place, when buying copper-coloured flowers for button-holes, I have been quite unable to get any of the leaves, and have been offered maidenhair as a superior substitute. If one has ever so little garden in a town it is worth while to grow a few chrysanthemum plants, as, even if the flowers should be worthless, the leaves will prove invaluable to mix with bought specimens.

Although large blossoms will cost twopence or threepence each, I think, in view of the effect attained, it is really economy to use them in preference to the smaller kinds, as these are seldom of good enough form to use singly, and treating them successfully in the mass comes more expensive; nevertheless one may have them ready to hand in the garden, and in that case the prettiest way is to put as many as possible, without crowding, into a picturesque jar or china bowl with plenty of their own leaves, and perhaps some carrot-tops. There should be very little difficulty about colour, as nearly all the shades will agree, and the flowers look almost as well in a mixture as in monochrome.

For the dinner-table, however, the latter is in better taste, and as no flowers last longer fresh, it is easy to have arrangements of them all through the month.

I have put five yellow dragon chrysanthemums each into a tall champagne glass, with a little brown ivy and bright green *Asparagus plumosus*, grounding the arrangement with a table centre of linen embroidery worked in dull greens and browns on white.

On another occasion six pink flowers and

some red barberry filled two good-sized white vases placed on the same mat, a lamp occupying the centre.

I have also used half pink and half white, with a little green ivy in glasses, this time using a table-centre of Langdale linen worked in white, and pale shades of green and blue.

Copper and yellow chrysanthemums went well together in blue and white vases on a white table-centre embroidered in blue.

The same vases and mat supported, another day, some extra fine specimens of the yellow dragons with brown ivy.

A large punch bowl may be filled with green ivy, studded with about six red and white blossoms of the incurved species, with a spray or two of asparagus, and placed on a Langdale linen mat in whose embroidery the principal shades are pale pink, green, and white.

White chrysanthemums look well alone with the same bowl and mat, and may be effectively mixed with red and yellow carrot leaves.

These arrangements, which all included some of the chrysanthemum foliage, were for everyday dinners of about six people, and cost from a shilling to eighteenpence each; but I found that with care they would last fresh a week, and even then some of the flowers were good enough to mix with others in groups for the drawing-room. Each scheme might be extended for a large party by using more materials, and the table filled up with long trails of ivy laid on the cloth outside of the table-centre, by which means the additional flowers needed would not be so many in proportion to the number of the guests.

For a side table in a sitting-room, three or four white blooms in an old blue and white china jar were backed with red oak and some sprays of green ivy hanging down from the neck of the jar.

Those violets which bloom in autumn ought to be now at their best, although by one means or another Londoners can really obtain this flower nine months out of the year. However, delightful as they are for button-holes, violets are not exactly suited for decorative purposes; their colour is too subdued, and by gaslight vanishes altogether; nevertheless a few will fill a drawing-room with a welcome fragrance, and should be arranged loosely with their own and some small ivy leaves in tiny pieces of nice glass or china, in positions where they are readily seen. I always put such tiny bouquets on a small round table which supports a lamp, taking care that the china or glass does not clash with the colour of the body of the lamp, nor the flowers with that of its shade.

I often wonder why the single sweet-scented white violets, which I used to gather in big bunches in copses and old country orchards, so seldom find their way into the London market; they are more decorative than the purple ones, and the two sorts blend delightfully together.

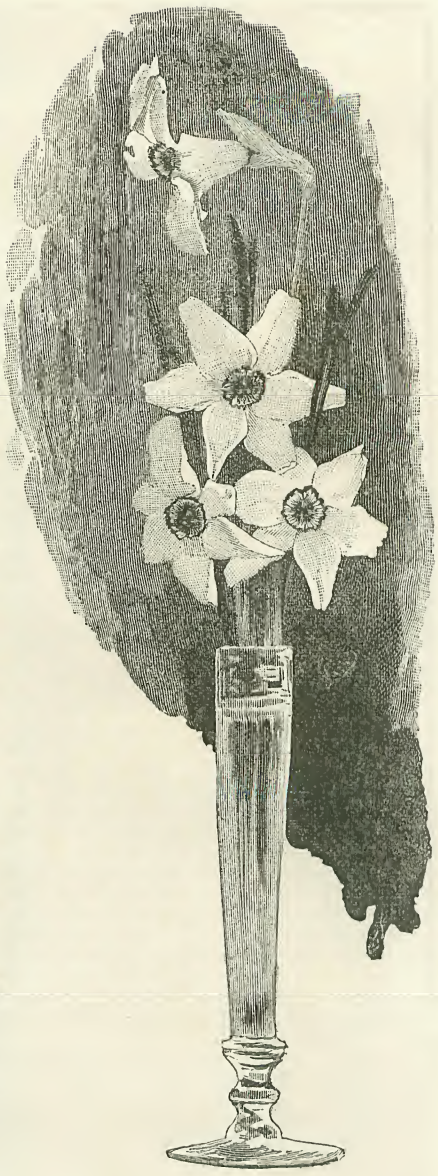
By this time most people are settled at home for the winter, and as in town and country ladies are resuming those weekly or fortnightly "At home" days, when the drawing-room needs special attention for the reception of visitors, this seems a fitting opportunity for a few words on the best methods of arranging flowers for such occasions.

Much, of course, depends on the size of the room, and on the colour of walls and furniture; but in any case it is well to remember that flowers, after all, are an ornament, not a necessity, and certainly ought not to become, as they sometimes do, a nuisance. We all know the uninhabited look of some rooms which never have any flowers, and we all have been struck, probably, by the overdressed appearance of some others where flowers are everywhere, crowding out books and other comforts, and where a nervous visitor may suffer agonies of mind before discovering any vacant space large enough to hold a tea-cup and saucer. Good taste lies somewhere between these two extremes; and exactly where, each hostess must judge for herself; but as a rule some suitable place should first of all be selected, rather back from the middle of the room, where a principal group may be arranged, and give the motive, so to speak, to all others, if indeed any others are required, which in small drawing-rooms might not be the case. For instance, a room with a yellow wall-paper, and having, as so many have, a largish table across one corner, could have two or three palms of varying heights stood upon it, in dark red or blue and white pots, and a nice old jug or a ginger jar containing a few large chrysanthemums of copper-brown or red colouring. A growing plant of the same flowers on either side of the fireplace might go with this, and if any cut blooms were required, they should be small yellow ones in blue and white vases on brackets and occasional tables, but never, in my opinion, on the piano, nor, in winter, on the mantelshelf. With a blue paper the dark green plants would be better on the ground or on low stands rather out in the room, and a good bunch of yellow flowers should stand on a table near the wall. With terra-cotta or green walls, white and pale pink are the best shades, and if the paper is very dark, white flowers will effectually light up the corners. Perhaps oak panelling is the most pleasant background for any and every kind of flower, and the smallest blossoms gain an added value by being placed in front of it; but their receptacles should be light, by preference blue and white china or very good glass. Of course most rooms allow of some variety in the weekly decorations, and, in these days of coloured meals, the embroidered tea and tray cloths, iced cakes, and paper d'oyleys might very well repeat the tones suggested by the principal flowers, if the tea-service colours allowed it.

The great drawback to chrysanthemums is their lack of scent, and this is rather an important matter in the room of a woman of refinement; but it may be compensated for by some mignonette, a pot of which, to be bought for about eighteenpence will scent a room delicately for a week or two; or the little bouquets of violets I mentioned above would be less expensive, but also less lasting.

If tea-roses are to be had—and the *Gloire de Dijon* is sometimes quite plentiful as late as this—one or two buds in a nice piece of china will fill a room with perfume, and they look very well in the neighbourhood, although certainly not in the same group, as chrysanthemums.

A basket of nicely-arranged flowers is a very pretty ornament for a small occasional table which is intended to stand near the middle of the room; and although it is a thing generally bought at some expense professionally filled, a little practice will enable the patient amateur to make a sufficiently good effect if she is not too ambitious. First, choose a basket of good shape, fairly low at each end, and not too high in the handle; then carefully line the well with waterproof paper, cutting this off round the upper edge, and fill it pretty firmly with moss which has been plunged into a basin of water and only shaken out. The waterproof paper will, provided it is not cracked anywhere, effectually prevent the water dripping through, but round the edges of the basket, where the paper of course does not reach, moss should be placed out of which the moisture has been thoroughly squeezed. Into the moss stick the flowers, taking care that the best blossom has the most conspicuous place, and that no two on the same side of the basket are of the same height; when you have put in all the flowers—which,



for an example, we will say are yellow chrysanthemums—put some close foliage, like ivy, between them and round the edges only just above the level of the moss, and then insert two or three fine pieces of some feathery green, such as asparagus, or some delicate flower-sprays as the tiny Michaelmas daisy, and let these wave above the larger flowers and hang over the ends of the basket, all the stalks, however, springing from the well. Do not put flowers on the handle, which, even if professionally done, is, I think, false art; but place a piece of ivy up one side and tie it on with a bow of ribbon of some harmoniously contrasting colour, and let the ends hang down so as not to crush or hide any of the blossoms. This arrangement may be kept fresh for some time by lightly syringing daily with lukewarm water, giving it rather more copiously to the centre bed of moss, first removing, of course, the ribbon, and wiping the handle dry before replacing it.

Personally I never wire flowers except for dress trimmings, but for baskets or posies always select those with long stalks, and, if possible, a little foliage growing to them, cutting them of varying lengths, so that the heads come on different levels, and thus any appearance of formality is avoided.

"'THOSE QUAINT OLD BALLADS THAT LINGER
SO LONG IN THE HEART AND EAR.'"

THE OLD SONGS AND THE NEW.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

He used to sing them so sweetly,
The songs that we loved to hear—
Those quaint old ballads that linger
So long in the heart and ear;
He would sing to us in the twilight,
And his tones had a tender ring,
That woke in our hearts an echo,
And the tears to our eyes would spring.

But silent now is the piano,
None sing the old ballads now;
No more do those tuneful accents
From the lips of our singer flow;
For the angels saw he was tired,
And call'd him away to rest,
And we think of him in the twilight,
As it fades in the glowing west.

We know that our vanished singer
Is learning the grand "new song"
That is sung by the crystal river,
By the tongues of the white-robed throng;
And we love to think, in the twilight,
How his voice will be yet more sweet,
When we hear it in some far future,
Ring out in the golden street.

LADY BEATRIX'S STEPMOTHER.

By OCTAVIA ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.

A HOT afternoon in June, the sun streaming down through a high window into a large room, and on to a long table, round which about twenty girls are gathered. At one end of the table sits a French gentleman with books and papers strewn before him, at which, however, he scarcely glances, but keeps turning from one young lady to another with a question or with some comment upon their timid utterances. Occasionally he tosses a small counter to one or other of them, as a mark of his special approval of her answers to his questions.

M. Félix's classes are the fashionable French classes of the day, and are attended by most of the girls of the upper circles of London society. Behind the girls sit a row of governesses and elder sisters, working, reading, or taking notes of the lesson, according to their inclination.

At one end of the table are two girls of about the same age, between ten and eleven years old, and evidently close friends, although they differ much both in appearance and manner. The fair hair, blue eyes, and small delicate features of the one contrast as forcibly with the dark locks and handsome, though too strongly marked, profile of her companion, as does her look of fixed, strained attention with the nonchalant, indifferent air and listless attitude of the other, which call forth the master's frequent censure and caustic remarks on "Miladi Beatrix's failure to make any progress in her French studies." At the end of the lesson Lady Beatrix Pemberton's exercises are returned to her torn through and scored with condemnatory marks, while Edith Becket can show a tiny heap of counters, betokening a considerable degree of merit, on her book. While the girls are collecting their papers and putting on their hats, there is time for a little talking, and consequently there is a hum of low-toned conversation throughout the room.

"Well, I am glad this is over for a week; how I hate these classes," murmurs Lady Beatrix. "The only comfort is sitting next you, Edith. But tell me, your mother will let you come to tea with me, won't she, if I write a proper note?"

"Oh, I *hope* she will; I think so; I should so like to come," Edith replies eagerly.

"The carriage is ready—so do not linger, Beatrix," interposed her governess, touching her shoulder.

Beatrix shrank away with a gesture that was more expressive than courteous. "Yes, Miss Snow, I am coming," was the impatient reply; then—"Dear Edith, *do* come; you can't think how I shall look forward to it."

The girls parted, Edith to walk home with a maid-servant to a doctor's very modest house in Sloane Terrace; Beatrix stepped into a brougham, to be driven to her father's mansion in Grosvenor Square. Edith was greeted with a warm welcome from three or four younger brothers and sisters on her return from her short absence, and as she told of her small triumphs at the French class, a fond smile of approval lighted up her mother's careworn face.

"And, mamma," Edith continued, "Lady Beatrix Pemberton and I are great friends, and she is going to ask me to tea with her. I may go, mayn't I?"

"We will see when you get a proper invitation; but you must not expect to be great friends with a person so much above you in position as Lady Beatrix is."

"But why not, mamma? Papa knows her father, Lord Ludlow."

"Your father knows Lord Ludlow but very slightly. Lady Beatrix has probably a number of girls with whom she can make friends. So, though she may have a fancy for you for a time, you must not expect that this will be a very lasting friendship, as it might be with a girl in your own position in life."

"But, mamma, she tells me she knows very few girls; and she is an only child, and wants companions, she says she is so strictly kept."

"Well, dear, I only warn you lest you should be disappointed; but if she be lonely, I should like you to be kind to her."

Beatrix's home-coming was somewhat different. Footmen in knee-breeches, with abnormally large calves (perhaps the stockings were stuffed), opened the door into a large hall, richly carpeted, and adorned with marble statues. At the foot of the wide staircase Beatrix met her father, a tall, dark, handsome man, with keen penetrating grey eyes, and a stern, finely-cut mouth, unshaded by beard or moustache. He paused in front of his daughter, saying—

"What report can you give of your French lesson to-day?"

The child did not answer, but stood quite still, looking straight before her at a bronze lamp-stand. Lord Ludlow turned enquiringly to Miss Snow.

"It is the same as usual, my lord. No good marks and frequent reproofs from M. Félix for inattention."

The father's brow contracted into stern folds as he looked at his child.

"This will not do, Beatrix," he said coldly. "I have an appointment now, and am dining out to-night, but I will speak to you to-morrow. Come to my room before breakfast."

The girl was moving on without betraying by word or look that she had heard what was said, but an imperious, "Do you hear me?" obliged her to pause and answer quietly—

"Yes, father."

The servants waiting at the door were too far off to hear what passed, nevertheless they glanced at each other and remarked when their master's back was turned—

"My lady is in a scrape, as usual."

"I wish I was grown up, then I should get rid of governesses and lessons, and could enjoy myself," poor Beatrix said to herself that night, as she lay awake thinking of the severe reprimand which she knew she should receive from her father the next day. "I should like to

dine downstairs if I could sit at the head of the table and be mistress, like Adeline de Courcy does. If I could go to balls and parties as she does, and have lovely new dresses and go to Court, I don't think I should so much mind being scolded; and I don't suppose I should get scolded then; it is only children who get punished. Adeline says her father lets her do as she likes, and that it's great fun being mistress of a large house. Still, I would rather my mother had lived than be mistress of the house even." Here Beatrix's soliloquy merged into dreams of presiding at a dinner-table, which, however, seemed to stretch into endless length; and then came a nightmare of guests arriving, the gong sounding, and she herself mysteriously unable to finish her toilet, while her father's stern face seemed to loom before her. This latter part of the dream was so like reality that she hardly knew whether she were sleeping or waking.

Beatrix's mother had died when Beatrix was about a week old. The Earl of Ludlow, overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his wife, shut up his house and went abroad to escape from the scenes which constantly reminded him of his loss, leaving his child, for whom he had no affection, to the care of his mother.

An experienced nurse and airy nurseries were provided for the infant. Its food, its clothing, its hours for taking the air and for sleep, were properly regulated. Beatrix grew strong and healthy in body, but her moral training was utterly neglected. The nurse spoilt her, the governess, who was engaged for her as she grew older, took but little care of her, being more occupied with her own love-letters than with her pupil's studies. Consequently she had neither influence nor authority over the little girl. At times she would rebuke her pettishly, at other times disregard grave faults. Beatrix's grandmother was too much occupied with society and the care of her own health to have time to attend to her grandchild. Lord Ludlow came occasionally to his mother's house and saw his child. He generally had some fault to find with her manners or conduct; but as she was healthy and well-dressed, it did not occur to him that she was neglected. Beatrix associated two ideas principally with the thought of her father—criticism, and that of some handsome present, a new toy, or a curiosity brought from foreign lands. But she resented the criticisms too keenly to love the giver of the toys. He never had a word of praise or encouragement for her, and seldom concluded one of his short visits without giving her a reproof. On the whole she would have been glad for him to stay away.

The grandmother had died about six months before the beginning of our story, and Lord Ludlow returned to England and took his daughter to his own home. He now saw that she had been neglected, and, blaming himself for it, he determined to have her as much as possible with him and under his own eye. It was clear that she required discipline; she was terribly wilful, and both passionate and obstinate. Though endowed with good abilities, she was backward in her studies, unmethodical, untidy, unpunctual. The father saw with dismay all these faults, but he did not perceive what was the saddest omission in her bringing up, for he did not recognise the fact that her affections had never been developed, and that she was utterly devoid of religious principle. She had never felt that anyone loved her; consequently she had but little affection for anybody, and still less respect. Her religion consisted in a forced attendance at a wearisome service once a week, and a childish form of prayer, hastily repeated morning and evening; but it in no wise influenced her life or her conduct. She was fearlessly truthful in word; being naturally brave, she would have scorned to tell a falsehood—it was perhaps an inherited virtue. Beatrix was conscious of it, and prided herself on it, although she had not sufficient principle to be absolutely straightforward in deed.

Lord Ludlow's first act, on taking Beatrix into his own care, was to dismiss her worthless governess and engage Miss Snow, a lady highly recommended to him for her skill in dealing with backward and naughty children. Poor Beatrix! these were hard times for her. She had looked forward with mingled feelings of pleasure and fear to being taken to her father's grand house, where, as an only child, she hoped to be allowed a good deal of liberty, and to be treated with much consideration. These hopes, however, were destined to be quickly dissipated. There was grandeur indeed both at Ludlow Court and at the house in Grosvenor Square; but Beatrix was allowed about as much liberty as a child in a workhouse might enjoy, and was treated with hardly more consideration. She was too ungracious to be popular with the numerous servants, and they, seeing that she was constantly in disgrace with their master, whom they thoroughly respected, thought but slightingly of the child. The indulgent nurse, for whom Beatrix had had some affection, had long since left service to be married, and her place was supplied by a grand lady's-maid, who considered that her skill in hair-dressing and remodelling ladies' dresses was entirely thrown away on a child whose appearance did her but little credit; nevertheless she accepted the situation, because the wages were high and the work very light. She and Miss Snow were fast friends, and joined in tyrannising over the unhappy Beatrix, who felt that she had no friend in the whole household.

CHAPTER II.

One hot Saturday afternoon Edith Becket stood, with a modest little maid-servant beside her, on the steps of Lord Ludlow's house in Grosvenor Square. The much-desired invitation to spend the afternoon and drink tea with Beatrix had reached Sloane Terrace, and now Edith was able to enter upon the enjoyment of this eagerly-coveted privilege. Just at present there was not much enjoyment; she was feeling dreadfully shy, even vaguely frightened. And these feelings were not lessened when the door was flung very wide open by the powdered footman with the big calves. Edith hoped he did not guess that she had come in a Chelsea omnibus from Sloane Terrace to South Audley Street. It was more alarming still when the door closed behind her upon the little maid, and Edith had to follow powder and silk stockings across the wide hall and up the broad staircase. She stumbled out of sheer nervousness as she went up the shallow steps, and then felt as if she ought to apologise to the footman for her awkwardness. The door of a large bright room on the second floor was thrown back, and "Miss Becket" was announced. Beatrix came forward, put out a limp hand, saying stiffly, "How do you do?" Miss Snow gave an equally cold greeting, and Edith, being offered a chair, perched herself on the edge of it, and began to wish that she had not come to Grosvenor Square. Presently the governess suggested that they should go out into the Square garden, and Beatrix asked Edith to accompany her to her room while she put on her hat. Beatrix led the way hurriedly and silently to her room, then, shutting the door, she flung her arms impetuously round Edith, exclaiming—

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!"

"I thought you weren't a bit glad to see me when I came into the school-room," said Edith.

"Oh, it was only because that horrid old Ice was there. You must never mind if, before her, or father, I am ever so stiff and stupid."

"Ice! What do you mean?"

Beatrix laughed.

"Oh, I mean Miss Snow. I call her Ice because she is so cold, and her name is really Snow—but only to myself. I never let anyone hear me, or I should catch it. Now I must ring for Blake to dress me, or I shall be scolded for being late."

"Can't you dress yourself?" asked Edith in surprise.

"No, I don't think I could. Besides, I am not allowed to; they would think I could not dress myself properly. Father is so particular—he pulls me up if I have an eyelash awry."

"Have you lots of grand clothes? I should like to see them," Edith said timidly.

"Oh, no—nothing grand. I hardly know where they are kept, and they are not worth seeing. Father won't let me have anything smart."

Her dress was certainly studiously plain, but of good materials, and well made, and everything about her, from the crown of her hat to the tips of her glossy shoes, was exquisitely neat and fresh-looking, which gave her a look of distinction.

Miss Snow took a book into the Square gardens, and seating herself on a bench, allowed the two girls to wander about together, forbidding them, however, to go out of her sight. Once Beatrix put her arm round Edith's waist, but Miss Snow called her to her, and in undertones reproved her for assuming what she called "a vulgar attitude." Beatrix shrugged her shoulders and returned to Edith, declaring that her governess was a "living torment;" she had, however, sufficient discretion not to repeat what Miss Snow had said. She asked Edith numerous questions about her home, her parents, and above all about her brothers and sisters.

"How I should like to have a sister," she said. "Someone to whom you could say just what you liked. Oh, Edith, I think you must be very happy!"

"But I have lots of worries," said Edith. "We are poor, and cannot have things comfortable, like you have. What a beautiful big house you live in. Ours is so small, and we are crowded."

"But I don't see that a big house is any use—it might be if I could do as I like; but I am not allowed to run all over it—I am kept in certain rooms. I was only sliding one day on the banisters upstairs near my own room, and father caught me. I did not hear him coming, because carpeted stone steps are so silent; and he gave me such a scolding!"

"Oh, we often slide on our banisters, and I was thinking how nice and broad yours were for sliding down. But you ride in the Row—that is very nice, isn't it?"

"Not so very nice. I used to think it would be, but sometimes father meets lots of stupid people he knows, and rides slowly, talking to them, and then it's dull. And sometimes he lectures me, and then of course it's horrid. Even if he doesn't happen to scold me I am afraid all the time he will begin about something, so I don't like being with him."

Child though she was, these words struck Edith painfully, and she said—

"Oh, Beatrix, that is dreadful! We all like being with our father so much; we think it such a treat to go anywhere with him. But he is so busy he cannot often take us out."

"I am often with father," said Beatrix. "Miss Snow says it is very good of him taking me about with him so much, and that I am very ungrateful to him. But the other day when he took me to a concert, as we were going into our seats I pushed against a lady, and she said very crossly, "Take care!" so father gave me a look which I knew meant that a blowing-up was in store for me. I didn't apologise to the lady, but he did very politely. I saw I was in disgrace the whole

concert, and as he drove me home in the cart he scolded me so that I nearly cried; but I would not let him see that I cared a bit."

"Poor Beatrix!" said Edith. "Perhaps if you had cried he would have been sorry for you."

"I never let anyone see I mind being scolded, or punished—I pretend I don't care."

"I think mother would say that was wrong," said Edith sagely.

As the afternoon wore on the companionship of someone young made poor Beatrix's spirits rise, and at tea she talked and laughed eagerly, notwithstanding the chilling presence of Miss Snow. Suddenly the school-room door opened, and a tall, dark gentleman entered, whom Edith guessed must be Lord Ludlow. Beatrix immediately became silent, and Edith was so filled with alarm at the very sight of him after his daughter's accounts of his severity, that she could hardly utter even a monosyllable when he addressed her. He was exceedingly courteous; he enquired after Dr. Becket, and expressed a hope that they had had a pleasant afternoon, etc. Finally, to Edith's dismay, he said—

"Beatrix told you in her note that we would send you home, did she not? I am dining in your neighbourhood, and will take you home in my brougham if you will be ready at a quarter to eight—if that suits you?"

Edith made some scarcely audible reply. She did not at all relish the prospect of a *tête-à-tête* drive with this awe-inspiring gentleman. He stayed in the room for about a quarter of an hour drinking tea and talking, chiefly to Miss Snow, who was bright and pleasant in manner to him. He only once spoke to Beatrix, asking her some question, to which she replied very stiffly. Edith could not help contrasting this meal with the merry ones she was accustomed to at home, when, if her father were present, he kept them all amused with his jokes or interesting conversation. She also noticed that Lord Ludlow looked at his daughter with a steady, critical gaze; but perhaps Beatrix was not conscious of it, for she scarcely even glanced towards him, keeping her eyes on her plate. It was a relief to both of the children when he left the room, and when he was well out of earshot Beatrix's merriment in part returned. When at last she got Edith away upstairs, out of Miss Snow's sight, she caught her round the waist, jumping and scampering about with purposeless vehemence: it seemed that the youthful energy and spirits so strenuously repressed must find some outlet, however futile.

"I should so like you to see my home—at least to see my mother and brothers and sisters," said Edith. She had a secret thought of which she would have been ashamed if she had been older—that she would not altogether like her shabby home to be seen. "Would Lord Ludlow let you come if mother asked you?"

"Oh, I *wish* he would! I *should* so like to come. But I don't know—he won't often let me go out; he and Miss Snow say it interferes with my lessons. But you must come here again; I think father will consider you a pattern, you are so quiet and well-behaved. Now put on your things quickly that you may not keep him waiting. Shall I ring for Blake to help you?"

Edith felt cold with nervous terror as she stood in the hall with Lord Ludlow, who looked more than ever the grand gentleman in his faultless evening dress. He motioned to her to pass out before him; but on the pavement Edith paused again, not venturing to step into the brougham till he said, "Will you get in?" In a few moments they were rolling rapidly and almost noiselessly through the streets. How different was the motion to the rattling and shaking of the omnibuses, to which Edith was accustomed, or even to that of the unwonted luxury of a cab. Lord Ludlow talked in a way that Edith would have thought pleasant if she had been less afraid of him; as it was she was glad when he left her to herself. When they reached Sloane Terrace, while the footman gave a thundering knock at the familiar door, Edith managed to say in a nervously husky voice, "Thank you for bringing me."

He smiled quite kindly, and said, "I am glad to bring you, and I hope you will come and see Beatrix again soon."

Edith found no one downstairs so she ran up to the bedroom, eager to tell her mother and sisters the story of the afternoon's experiences. She opened the door of the room hastily, but then paused, for the children were saying their evening prayers. The mother knelt beside the bed with little Joey on one side of her, and Mary and Alice on the other, a row of three little white night-dresses with round pink childish toes appearing beneath them. They were repeating the Lord's Prayer aloud together. Joey was quite half a clause behind the others; nevertheless, with baby solemnity and quaint emphasis, he struggled through the long words, not at all abashed by being left behind. At the end he got up, put both his fat arms round his mother's neck as she still knelt, pushed his snub nose into her cheek, and said, "Joey be good boy to-morrow; Joey say his hymn nicely,"—referring to a childish delinquency which the Saturday night toilette as well as his prayers had brought to his memory.

Edith could not help thinking that, notwithstanding the smallness of the rooms and the darkness of the steep staircase, the home in Sloane Terrace was happier than Beatrix's grand home in Grosvenor Square.

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

ARMAGH PUDDING.—Beat up the whites of four eggs to a very stiff froth on a plate, then turn into a basin, and with a wooden spoon stir in *quickly* eight ounces of castor sugar. Have ready four square pieces of white paper, about six inches in length, laid on boards an inch or two in thickness; divide the mixture evenly, and spread on the papers as smoothly as you can. This must be done rapidly, and no time must be lost in putting them into the oven, which must be a moderate one. Bake half an hour, then turn the cakes on to fresh paper on their backs, and return to the oven for a quarter of an hour. Take them out and let them cool, when they will be quite crisp. Lay them on a silver dish, with whipped cream flavoured with pineapple between each, and heap on the top cream whipped up with a teacupful of grated pineapple and a dessert-spoonful of fine sugar.

SCOTCH FOG.—Take a dozen or so macaroon biscuits, pound them to a smooth paste in a mortar with a little thick cream. Put the paste neatly in a mound on a crystal dish and over it heap a pint of whipped cream, flavoured with a very little sugar and vanilla essence.

BOTTLED GREEN PEAS.—Our readers are cautioned against the use of the French tinned and bottled green peas, which are such favourites at present among housekeepers—particularly those who strive to present their friends with a dainty and appetising *entrée*. These peas, especially those coloured a pretty light green, says the *Lancet*, are poisonous in the extreme, and are made chiefly for the English market, and are not allowed to be sold in the country of their preparation.

BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE.—Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson says that if the patient plunges her feet and hands into water as hot as can be borne, it will stop the bleeding, even in the most rebellious cases, and that the treatment, though simple, has seldom failed whenever he has tried it on his patients.

A CURE FOR FRECKLES.—A French doctor presents us with the following prescription, which he says is an infallible cure for freckles:—After the skin has been well washed and dried, the folds of the skin are drawn out with the left hand, and with the right a brush, dipped into strong carbolic acid, is applied to the freckle and the acid allowed to dry. During some days the spots appear more evident than before the application of the acid, and a kind of scale is formed. In seven or eight days the scale falls off; the skin thus exposed is of a rose colour, but afterwards becomes white.

PEPSALIA.—This is a digestive table salt, and very closely resembling ordinary salt both in colour and in taste. It is a very ingenious and useful preparation, and the makers deserve great credit for helping us to so pleasant a way of taking medicine; few people would recognise it from ordinary salt. It contains pepsin and pancreatine, and may be used with food in the same way as ordinary table salt.

THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

THE GERMAN EMPRESS:

HER GIRL LIFE AND PRESENT WORK.

By COUNTESS A. Von BOTHMER.

PRESENT German Empress, Augusta Victoria, was born on the 22nd of October, 1858, at Schloss Dolzig, near Somerfeld, and was the eldest child of Duke Friedrich of Schleswig-Holstein, the elder brother of the Prince Christian who is so well known in England.

Her mother, the Duchess Adelheid, was a princess of the house of Hohenlohe-Langenberg.

The Empress is the third princess of the family of Schleswig-Holstein who has married a Hohenzollern. The first was the Princess Nestor Elizabeth, a daughter of John Duke of Schleswig-Holstein and King of Denmark, who married the Kurfurst Joachim II. in the year 1502. Elizabeth was a good woman, and a true mother to her people. She lived in troublous times; and when the plague was raging in Berlin, she did much to alleviate the miseries caused by it. The second Schleswig-Holstein princess was Dorothea, the second wife of the great Kurfurst Friedrich Wilhelm, whom she married in 1667.

Princess Dorothea spent most of her time in planning improvements for the city of Berlin, and it was by her advice that the beautiful street, "Unter den Linden," was built, and she personally superintended the planting of the lime trees. We now come to the third Schleswig-Holstein princess, the present German Empress.

The childhood of the Princess Augusta Victoria was not very bright, for her parents were at that time in great adversity, and she often saw her mother in tears; still, the home life was peaceful in spite of worldly troubles, and the young Princess learnt many lessons in patience and unselfishness by seeing how well and bravely her parents bore their misfortunes.

The dukedom of Schleswig-Holstein passed away from the old possessors after the war of 1864, and was made a Prussian province, and the then reigning Duke and his family were left almost in poverty. Bismarck, by whose advice the war of '64 was undertaken, was hated by the ducal family; and when the Princess Augusta Victoria was naughty as a little child, her nurse had only to say, "Bismarck Kommt"—"Bismarck comes," to make her at once tractable; indeed, the Princess was once heard to say that she thought everything detestable was contained in that one word Bismarck.

After the war of 1866, Duke Friedrich returned with his family to Schloss Dolzig and remained there, living very quietly for three years, at which time his father, Duke Christian August, died, and left him Schloss Primkenau and an estate in Silesia, whither he almost immediately removed, having previously sold the estate of Dolzig.

Primkenau had not long been in the possession of the Schleswig-Holstein family, for Duke Christian had only bought it in 1853, and had since added land gradually, so that at his death the estate consisted of 54,000 acres and two small manufactories at Lauterbach.

The Princess Victoria was just eleven years old when her parents moved to Primkenau, and before leaving Dolzig she went with her Swiss *bonne* to take leave of her foster-mother, Frau Kinschwitz.

They found the good woman in a great state of excitement, partly because she must say good-bye to her nursling, but more on account of a wonderful dream she had had.

The previous night she said she had had a vision, in which she had seen the Princess Victoria on a throne as the Empress of Germany. The young Princess was highly amused, and made great fun of her old nurse, and said, "Fancy a poor princess like I am being Empress of Germany! No, I shall never be more than Empress of Primkenau."

The Duke and Duchess were also very much amused; but later, the nurse's prophecy was remembered, and at the time of her foster-child's marriage she was invited to Berlin, and was made very much of.

The life at Primkenau was very happy, but very uneventful; the Princess Victoria developed a most lovable, unselfish disposition, and had all the tastes of a girl brought up in the country. She rode a great deal, and was, and is still, a most finished horsewoman; her garden also gave her great delight, and she was a welcome guest wherever she went.

She also became a good musician, and shows very great taste in everything relating to art; and especially has a wonderful talent in the artistic arrangement of rooms and furniture. Her love of everything beautiful was shown when she was quite a little child, and nothing gives her more delight than seeing good paintings or beautiful scenery.

When the Princess was just twenty-one, in the autumn of 1879, Prince Wilhelm of Prussia (as he then was) was invited to Primkenau for some shooting, and it was then that the present Emperor and Empress met for the first time.

Prince Wilhelm was at once very much drawn to her, but Duke Friedrich resolutely discouraged the idea of an engagement, for he could not bear to think of a child of his marrying a Hohenzollern, and the grandson of the man who had deprived him of his dukedom, so nothing was then said to the Princess Victoria.

However, poor Duke Friedrich died suddenly a few months later, at Wiesbaden, from heart disease, on the 14th of January, 1880, and only four weeks afterwards his daughter became engaged to Prince Wilhelm.

The engagement took place at Gotha, where the widowed Duchess Adelheid and her daughter were staying with the Duke of Coburg, but it was arranged that the marriage should not be for some time to come.

This engagement gave very general satisfaction in Germany. On one hand, it was felt to be a sort of reparation given by Prussia to the Schleswig-Holstein family; and on the other, it was known to be a marriage of affection on both sides.

The Empress Frederick, at that time the Crown Princess, had done all in her power to promote the marriage, as she was anxious that her son, like herself, might make a marriage of pure affection. The English Court were also in favour of it; and as Prince Bismarck thought it politic, everything was speedily arranged.

On the 2nd of June, 1880, the public betrothal was officially announced at Babelsberg, near Potsdam, and Prince Bismarck was present at the festivities which took place at the time, although he was very unwell just then, and it was not his custom to go out.

The Princess Victoria was received with great ceremony by the Prussian royal family when she arrived in Berlin for her marriage. The Crown Prince and Princess met her at the station, and drove with her through the gaily decorated streets to the Imperial palace.

The only member of the Imperial family who was missing was the bridegroom, Prince Wilhelm, and he, in order to show a good example to his soldiers, had spent the afternoon with his company on the drill ground at Potsdam, and did not leave them until the day's duty was done.

One of his sergeants was heard to remark that when he had been married he had taken a few days' leave.

The Emperor Wilhelm was, and is, above everything a soldier, and he thinks with justice that "Example is better than precept."

The marriage took place on a Sunday, the 22nd of February, 1881, in the chapel of the Imperial palace, and was attended by all the members of the Imperial family.

Among the guests were the bride's mother, the Duchess Adelheid, Prince Christian, who was guardian to his brother's children; Duke Ernst Günther of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Princesses Amalie and Henrietta, the aunts of the bride. The marriage ceremony was conducted with great magnificence, and all the usual formalities customary at the marriage of a member of the Prussian royal house were performed.

The newly-married pair took up their residence in the Stadt Schloss at Potsdam, and lived there very quietly in an unpretending way.

On the 7th of May, 1882, the cannon sounded in Berlin to announce the birth of a son to the Prince and Princess Wilhelm.

The news was received with great satisfaction everywhere, and the saying went about Berlin, "Now we have four Kaisers." How little they thought that in six years they were fated to lose two beloved Emperors in the short space of three months; but at that time the sky was unclouded, and there were public rejoicings all over Prussia.

The christening took place on the 11th of June, and at Prince Wilhelm's wish all the guests who were present at his marriage were invited, but not all were able to come.

The baby received the names of Friedrich Wilhelm Victor August Ernst, and the Emperor William I. held his great-grandson in his arms during the whole time the clergyman, Dr. Kögel, was speaking, and afterwards he was taken from the Emperor by the Princess Victoria of Prussia.

Since the birth of the Crown Prince, five other sons have gladdened their parents' hearts, all of whom are strong, sturdy boys, and worthy shoots from the house of Hohenzollern.

The Prince and Princess Wilhelm lived a very simple, happy life at Potsdam, and were often seen walking together quite unattended in the town or surrounded by their children in the park.

The Princess proved herself a perfect wife and mother, ever patient, cheerful, and unselfish, and also on account of her intellectual qualities capable of being a true companion to her husband.

The Schloss of Potsdam was a most happy home, and the Princess found all her happiness in the simple pleasures of her home life with her husband and children.

So passed seven uneventful years, during which time very little was heard of the Princess Wilhelm in the outside world; but all who knew her, knew how well fitted she was for the

great position which she would one day be called upon to fill.

When the death of the Emperor William I., followed so quickly by that of the Emperor Frederick, called the young Kaiser Wilhelm from comparative obscurity to the most prominent position in Europe, it was with a sigh that the Empress relinquished the simple pleasures which had made her life so happy.

Since then she has been unable, as heretofore, to be always with her children, and this has been a great trial to her; but her other duties are paramount, and when the Emperor is in Berlin, she spends nearly every morning with him, helping him with his correspondence.

The few weeks which she has lately spent with her sons at Felixstowe have been an unmixed pleasure to her Majesty, for nothing delights her more than simple pleasures shared with her children. The Empress is extremely charitable, and is always ready to help any deserving person. She is the patroness of several charitable institutions, and encourages the fine arts wherever she may be.

She has won all German hearts by her marvellous tact, which comes from true goodness of heart, her thoughtfulness for others, and by her unselfish consideration for all those about her. From north and south only praise is heard of the German Empress, for her pure, deep love for her husband and children; her strong religious feeling appeals to the sympathies and hearts of all German women; and her vocation in life is certainly to show her people what a wife and mother ought to be. The Emperor, in a speech which he made last year, fully described the Empress Augusta Victoria when he said, "She is a pearl among women."

DEAR LADY DISDAIN;

OR,

VIA AMORIS.

SONNET.

E seldom know how love—true love—begins;
To some is given the power of loving much
At outset of acquaintance; though to such
Ignitic suitors bliss of wooing spins
But all too quick. 'Tis he who waits and wins,
Beginning slow with Cupid's bow as crutch,
And honeyed dalliance, will at dual touch
Like dove ascend above! O Heaven-born twins!

But there are those begin as enemies,
With length of tongue, show fight or proud disdain;
But when at last the *débris* of the pain
Is swept away—a heart all brilliant is
Discovered in true light; and O! I wis
That many worse there are than such campaign!

C. P.

A VISIT TO A PEACEFUL TOWN.

By the COUNTESS OF MEATH.

We had anchored early in the morning at Molde. Does anyone mentally ejaculate, "I never heard of such a place?" Nor, to my knowledge, had I, dear readers, to tell the honest truth, a short while since; and yet on a large map of Norway, hanging up before me, the name of Molde is written in big letters. In this country of glorious wilds, with rugged mountains, thundering waterfalls, and vast glaciers, with but a thinly-scattered population, Molde is a place of no little importance. Does it not boast of several hotels, of many shops, and of a few villas where wealthy Norwegians spend the summer season? And do not large steamers sometimes put in at its peaceful port? On the previous day to that on which we arrived at the little town we had been witnesses of scenery which in its magnificence defies description. At one spot, the so-called "Seven Sisters' Fall," that number of rivulets are to be seen discharging their waters over a sheer precipice, and forming a beautiful snowy veil of foaming water over the face of the sombre rock. Close to the waterfalls, and perched, as we should think, in a most dangerous position, is a little farmhouse, for the Norwegians are a brave, hardy race, very industrious, and they are content to live in unpromising and almost inaccessible places, some of them so precipitous that it is said they have to tether their *children* as well as their animals for fear of some dreadful accident befalling them. It is curious to note how, amongst the brown rocks, the eye is sometimes caught by a patch of brightest green. This means that the hard-working peasants have contrived to fertilise some spot a little more available for cultivation than that around it, and that by dint of patience and perseverance they have managed, with the help of the fish which are to be caught in the fjords, to get just sufficient land into cultivation to live upon—not, it is true, luxuriously, but very little seems to content these frugal people. The character of the scenery about Molde was completely different from that which we had just witnessed. Nature, as we saw her on the previous day, was indeed beautiful, but grandeur and solemnity were the characteristics; whilst when we woke up next morning and looked out on the scene, it was one of beauty too—of a smiling, peaceful kind. Grassy meadows were to be seen richly gemmed with flowers, shady trees, well-clothed hills. The passengers on board our vessel, *The Chimborazo*, once breakfast was over, were all impatient to go on shore, and we ourselves followed some of the more eager sight-seers. Having been travelling

A NORWEGIAN GIRL.

about in such wild regions, it was a matter of surprise to us to find that the little town possessed as many shops, though it is true that if all were put together they would not have formed a very long street in a town of any size. Still there were tempting things to be bought. Close to the landing-place was a shop full of beautiful furs—Molde's proximity to Arctic regions renders it possible to obtain abundance of valuable skins—silver ornaments, photographs, etc. We found our way up the winding street to a church which stands on rising ground. Surrounding it is a churchyard. Most of those who have been here buried lie without even a stone to tell the passer-by the name of him or her who is departed; but the graves were not by any means neglected, and there were flowers to show that the hand of love had been caring for the grass-grown graves of those who were peacefully at rest. The church was closed, but ere long the key was brought, and we entered for the first time a Norwegian place of worship. Like the houses in these parts, it was mostly built of wood, and a bright, high-roofed, cheerful building it was. There was none of the "dim, religious light" to be found here, as in most of our English cathedrals and churches, but the feeling of solemnity was not lacking in this simpler and less ornate ecclesiastical pile, and we had the feeling that true, steadfast hearts were in this spot raised in worship—for the Norwegians, by all accounts, are a devout people, and their religion seems to be carried into practice. Their honesty is proverbial, whilst kindness and simplicity are marked characteristics in Norway. "You may spoil these people, but you cannot better them," said one of our party, an enthusiastic admirer of Norway and its inhabitants, talking of the invasion of the Britisher to these shores. I am afraid there is too much truth in the remark. We are evidently, unconsciously, doing a certain amount of harm, in destroying the honest straightforwardness and independence of these people. Already the children in some places seem inclined to earn money in lazy fashion; and if the tradespeople, in the future, discontinue their habit of marking everything with plain figures, and turning a deaf ear to bargainers, it will, to a great extent, lie at the door of English purchasers, accustomed to haggle over the exorbitant prices asked by sellers in countries where the sum first named is not the only one likely to be accepted. But we were speaking about the church. In this sacred building, over the altar, is a fine painting by an artist said to be a native of the town of Molde. It represents the angel appearing to the women at Our Lord's empty sepulchre. Underneath are written in Norwegian tongue, the words, "He is not here: He is risen." The figure of the celestial visitant, as well as the faces of the startled women, are wonderfully well depicted. From the church we wandered up a road which led us past another little graveyard. Here we noticed a row of tiny little graves by themselves, evidently those of children who, for a brief space only, gladdened the hearts of fond parents by their merry prattle. Soon after we came to a villa residence, the owner of which seemed to take much pride in his garden, which was better kept than most we had seen. A laburnum tree was one mass of glorious yellow blossom. Our path then lay through a pretty wood, a public resort, rich with lovely ferns and wild flowers, and then became very steep ere we reached the top of the knoll, where a summer-house has been placed. The view across the fjord of a splendid range of sun-capped mountains could be seen and fully appreciated. It was a glorious panorama, and by means of an ingenious contrivance the visitor could ascertain the names of the various mountain peaks which were visible from this spot. On our way down to the town we passed a woman busily knitting beside a perambulator with closed curtains. A lady, evidently a baby-fancier, drew them on one side, and was rewarded by a perfect picture. A plump, rosy, golden-haired infant of about one year, lay fast asleep, the image of health and innocence. Our attention was drawn towards it, and great was the delight of the mother to see by our faces, how much her child was being admired. The expression of innocence and simplicity is not only to be looked for amongst children in this country; it is also a characteristic of the faces of the younger women. How often the appearance of a lovely maiden in other countries, is spoilt by self-consciousness and conceit! In Norway, if the fair-haired girls are not as a rule strictly handsome, yet there is apt to be a charm of expression arising from the pure simple-mindedness of these maidens, and I stopped to buy a photo of two of them dressed in picturesque peasant costume, not only because I wanted to have a representation of the dress, but because, even in the photo, the expression of which I spoke was not lacking in the faces of the young girls. We returned to our ship—our temporary home—for refreshment and rest, and then again landed in Molde. This time we took a drive. The carriages in Norway are peculiar to the country. Some are constructed to hold but one person. They are called "carrioles," and are very light vehicles for the ponies to draw, and said to be most comfortable. The traveller either drives himself or leaves the reins to be guided by a young boy, who squats or stands in a tiny seat at the back. The so-called "Stolkjœrre," one of which we engaged, is a less picturesque vehicle. It is designed to carry two persons, and, like the "carriole," is mounted on two wheels, with a small seat for a boy at the back. The Norwegian ponies are capital beasts; they are not unlike their owners, steady, long-suffering, and free from vice. Ours was a pony of the colour which is common amongst them—a deep cream, with brown mane and tail: the former is kept cropped. The Norwegians do not harass their beasts with over-much harness. Bearing-reins are almost unknown, and blinkers are only conspicuous by their absence. Our little animal amused us, for there was no need to whip him up when his pace became too slow; we had only to hold out the whip at a certain angle. His quick unblinkered eye was sure to catch sight of it, and his trot was marvellously quickened for a short while, but soon to be slackened again, until we again tried the same experiment, with a similar happy result. The journey he had to take was no fatiguing one—sometimes these ponies will travel twenty to thirty miles a day without showing any outward signs of distress—he had but to take us a short distance along a road beautifully shaded from the hot sun by sheltering trees. We drove by the side of the fjord, which is really an arm of the sea, but has all the appearance of an inland lake. On our return we allowed ourselves to be tempted into the purchase of some mats made of the skins of white foxes. Our friend Reynard, with his red-brown fur, pointed nose, and bushy tail, is also to be found in Norway, but some are much larger than ours.

There was considerable excitement on board our vessel that evening because a boat-race was rowed by the ship's crew. The winners came off with flying colours, and were greatly cheered by the passengers, because, notwithstanding the fact that they broke an oar during the contest, they yet *came off triumphant*. When the race was over a dance was got up on board, the young people swinging round to the gay strains of music performed by our excellent band. Many of the inhabitants of Molde rowed out to take a nearer view of the vessel, and they watched the dancers with much interest. There was one boat containing four men to which our attention was drawn. At a place like Molde one might be inclined to imagine that but little of the sorrows and sufferings, to which poor human nature is subjected, would be experienced. Such is not the case. Norway is the only country in Europe afflicted with the terrible disease of leprosy, and Molde is one of the cities where a hospital, for the benefit of those who suffer from it, has been established. In the boat to which I allude were four of the inmates of this institution. One had his face greatly disfigured by this malady, two others leant back listlessly, whilst only the fourth seemed quite equal to the exertion of rowing. That afternoon the hospital had been visited by two or three of the passengers belonging to our vessel, and they brought back a very pitiful account of what they had seen. The disease seems to be regarded as incurable, and, consequently, whether it attacks those who are very young or those more advanced in life, the same fatal results must be anticipated. The visitors were shown a young boy who was so slightly attacked by the awful malady that there was scarcely any visible sign of its presence except a small spot on the arm and a mark under the eyelid; but slight though the indications were, they were considered sufficient to stamp the poor lad as a victim and an outcast from the rest of the world. He may now only associate with lepers. Leprosy, it is said, is greatly diminishing in Norway, owing to the fact that those suffering from it must nowadays either enter a hospital built for them or else be isolated from their fellows in the house where they dwell. The disease is held to be produced by poor living and by fish forming too great an article of diet. The districts round Molde are beautiful, but the land is poor, and hence the inhabitants are insufficiently nourished, and leprosy is far too frequently found. Consequently, even in smiling, peaceful Molde there may be many a heavy heart bearing perchance an almost overwhelming burden of suffering patiently and heroically, in hopes of some day laying down that burden and receiving the crown of glory. The nights in Norway are very, very long, and it is difficult, without consulting a watch of an evening, to know how soon midnight approaches. It was growing somewhat late when the poor leprous men departed and rowed their boat in the direction of the hospital. The young people on board our vessel were still dancing away merrily as they did so, and forming an example of how joy and sorrow stand close together, and how one man's heart is full of mirth and frolic when another's is heavy with care. Dear reader, in our journey through this world let us remember that we will come in contact with many sufferers—some perhaps will be very close at hand—and may it be our blessed privilege to soothe and solace them, and to seek for happiness not merely in selfish indulgence, but in the greater joy of being a helper and comforter to many.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

FREE FLOWING.—You are not sufficiently well qualified to take a situation as a governess. Your writing is too bad, and your grammar incorrect. You might, if a good needlewoman, offer yourself as mother's help or as a lady-help, to do domestic work. It is not at all desirable that you should go to France or Germany. As a mother's help you might emigrate.

BLY.—Benzine colas will take out all stains of grease from cloth or cotton better than anything else.

MILDRED.—You have only to order the number at any news shop. Otherwise, write to our Publisher, enclosing the price and postage.

PUZZLED TEACHER.—The pronunciation of the names you mention are as follows: "Algeers," "So-fala," "Tow (as in toast)-ki-o," "Ann-am," "Hué," as "Hoo-a," "Vene-zue-la," "Ek-wa-dor," "Boo-a-nos Aye-res," "Cel-ebs."

MABEL.—There are scores of homes for the benefit of young women in business. We recommend you to apply for advice at the Young Women's Christian Association, 17, Old Cavendish Street, W.; at the Girls' Friendly Society, 2, Victoria Mansions, Westminster, S.W. Perhaps one in the E.C. part of town would suit you better than more distant localities. If so, there is the *Welcome* Restaurant, 6, Jewin Street, E.C.; and the Churchill, 77, Chiswell Street, E.C.

GERTY.—As you live at Lancaster perhaps a northern hospital would suit you best. At Leeds there is the Trained Nurses Institution, which receives probationers; also, there is the Royal Southern Hospital at Liverpool, but there lady probationers pay one guinea a week, and ordinary nurses a fee of five guineas. In London hospitals the latter are, as a rule, provided with board, lodging, and uniform free, and in some, after a month's satisfactory trial, they begin to receive a salary—as in the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, E. The Matron is Miss Lückes.

MUSIC.

ANNIE FINBURGH.—The "usual amount of salary for an organist" is what no one could decide. The amount of work done is no gauge whatever. It is decided by the wealth and the generosity of the congregation or parish, ranging from £20 per annum and upwards. We never heard of a house being supplied. You have formed very grand ideas about the worth of such an appointment. If so fortunate as to obtain one, you might supplement your church duties by teaching as a visiting governess on week days. If in a country place, you might get a nice room and be boarded at a farmer's, or perhaps in the village inn or general shop, at no great expense.

ELIZABETH.—We cannot give trade addresses. Order the songs you require at a music publisher's, and ascertain the prices from them.

BARNBY.—1. Enquire at any music publisher's for the pretty Provençal songs of the South of France, letting them know the quality and compass of your voice, and whether you wish for duets.—2. As no family of the name of "Fernley" appears in Burke's *Landed Gentry*, we are unable to tell you whether they are entitled to bear any coat of arms, and if so, where to look for them, excepting by enquiry at the Heralds' College.

EMMA had better study our series of articles on "Good Breeding." We do not quite understand what she means by being "brought out in good *society*, as she has been taking lessons in singing." We suppose she wishes to go out of an evening to sing at private entertainments at a guinea a night. She should be very retiring on such occasions, and remain near the piano.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONSLOW.—1. The food of a rabbit is entirely of vegetable productions—greens and roots, potatoes when boiled, hay and grass, bread, oats, bran, dandelion leaves, clover, pea and bean straw, and their shells or pods. The food must be of a mixed character, green and succulent, and dry. If you give it too much green moist food it will swell and die; so if you see any tendency to swelling give it nothing but dry food till cured—such as hay, corn, dry peas or pea meal, ground malt, bread, or any farinaceous food. Avoid lifting a rabbit; when you do it should be only for a moment or two, and then by the two ears.—2. You are far too young for novel-reading.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

HYNDMAR DAVENTRY.—Keep the sprained ankle or wrist in hot salt and water, making the baths of long duration. When removed from them wrap it in folds of flannel dipped in very hot water and roll a bandage of oil-silk or some dry covering round it. If very painful dip a rag in laudanum and apply it next to the skin, under the wet flannel. When all inflammation and pain have quite passed away place it under a cold *douche*, or tap, for a few minutes twice a day, and bind up with an ordinary dry bandage. The application of the cold water should be discontinued the moment any pain results from it. The wrist or ankle should be kept up with a support until cured.

CRUX.—What is called "building castles," or "day dreaming," is an idle habit of mind, and is the bane of people who have too little to do. The cure is to set yourself to some kind of active mental work, such as mathematics, or to some practical work with your hands that requires constant attention and thought. A knitting recipe which required counting would be a simple form for you to try.

BERTHA STANTON.—1. "Dear madam"—"Yours respectfully," would be the general way to begin and end a letter to your mistress or superior.—2. Unless to show great friendliness you do not shake hands on a first introduction.

S. I. G.—1. The present Empress of Germany was living with her uncle, Prince Christian, when the young Prince William made her acquaintance.—2. We should advise you not to take any notice of such petty national jealousies. If not discussed they die out, and discussion does much harm by rousing hot tempers and hard feelings.

PENELOPE.—Should a married woman having independent means die before her husband, and without leaving a will, her husband would be her heir.

CRYPTOMATA.—Any solvent man can make a marriage settlement after marriage, and may arrange its provisions as he chooses, either to take effect at once or on his death.

QUITE FRENCH.—1. We think the titles and names in the tale are purely fictitious ones.—2. Please write to the Publisher to give orders about sending the magazines or money.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—Taking a full breath before speaking, and speaking very slowly, tapping with the finger to beat regular time at each word, is the best way to avoid stammering.

GUNNAIS.—Enquire at your nearest post office for the information. You can withdraw money very easily from the Savings Bank.

TROAS.—"*Fiat lux*" means, "Let there be light."

HEATHER.—The quotation, "All for love," is from a song by Dibdin, called "Captain Wattle and Miss Roe."

THRISSIL should never wash her hands with rings on containing precious stones, as it spoils the stones and loosens them in the setting.

JUSTITIA.—We should advise you to be patient. Very little will be gained by resorting to legal means. The only means open to you would be a private remonstrance on the part of relations or your own trustees.

IRIS does not say where she lives, so we can only give her the address of a London hospital. At the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, E., nurses are taken as probationers without payment; also at Charing Cross Hospital and King's College. But you would have to stay at least two years.

A WIDOW.—1. Never precede your guests in passing from the drawing-room to the dining-room. The hostess follows with the gentleman to whom she wishes to give the place of honour at her right hand at table; and the master of the house should take down the chief lady guest, who is to sit at his right, and must take out first, before all the rest of the company.—2. Women do not call on single men as a rule; but if they be on sufficiently friendly terms they may do so, accompanied by another lady.

NAN.—Yes, there is a demand for women-servants in South Africa, who may at present obtain reduced passage under certain conditions; and likewise to Australia, obtaining free, or at least reduced, passages to Queensland and Western Australia. Dairymaids, and those well acquainted with practical market gardening and fruit growing, would be likely to find openings for their work. Those who elect to emigrate to Canada are advised at the Information Office (31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.) not to go out there later than in July, unless they go to friends or into situations already prepared for them.

F. M. H.—Your question is best answered by referring you to our Lord's own words recorded in St. Matt. v. 17—He was the "fulfilling of the law."

THE GRANGE.—1. Read our answers just given on the subject of weak joints.—2. May 9th, 1875, was a Sunday.

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A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER.

"'HE WAS GLAD TO SEE HIS DAUGHTER FLORA BACK.'"

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CHAPTER I.

THE MANSE GATE AT INVERLOCHAN.

THE white gate of the avenue at the manse of Inverlochan was shut, and a girl was lingering behind it, looking over its highest bar down into the glen, and up towards the particular "Ben" which was the glen's special sentinel in the rampart of heathery mountains that shut it in. The sun was well advanced in its western journey; the afternoon shadows of a fine spring day were already long and deep on one side of the glen, throwing the mossy burn which traversed it into the soft dusk of a summer night. The manse in the background was a good, square, gray house, like the dwelling of a better-class laird.

The little church, still farther in the background, did not look at a first glance much larger than the manse, while it made up for its smallness by an inordinately high and very pointed steeple. This steeple was supposed to represent a finger pointing to Heaven; it was a very long and very tapering finger which did duty on this occasion.

The avenue gate did not open on a flower-garden. There was a rustic carriage-drive through a short, rustic avenue; all this was due to the dignity of the minister, who, in Inverlochan, ranked second to nobody, unless it were to Sir Ewan up at the Castle, at the other end of the glen. But then the trees in the avenue were simply the birches and firs which clothed the sides of the glen; and the groundwork on either side of the road was a mixture of rough grass and heather, like that beyond the gate, and the yew-tree hedge in which the gate was inserted; not a grand gate by any means—a white-painted wooden gate like that of a farm-house, with a cheerful variety of proclamations in its creaking which perhaps finer gates might lack. It did not open simply to admit carriages and people of rank, it was swung wide for the entrance of a coal cart, or a farmer's or miller's cart bringing sacks of potatoes or of meal. It was opened freely by the hard hands of working men and women, and the uncertain fingers of children. There was no back gate, though there was a back door at the manse, and the minister was the bedesman of the people as well as of his and their Master.

The girl who stood before the gate in her walking-dress was a tall, slender girl of seventeen, with something of the native grace of the birch trees around her, but with a modified version of their rusticity. Her tweed frock, cape, and hat, of the same material as the frock, were simple and inexpensive; but they were in good taste, and in the fashion of the day. In these railway times, with shoals of tourists every year, fashions travel fast to Inverlochan. The height of the girl's collar, and the puffing of her sleeves, the amount and the disposal of the material in her skirt, might be a month or two behind date, but that was all.

Flora Macdermot had a bright, pleasing face; but it was by no means without defects. It was a very Scotch face; the cheek bones were high, and the colour on them was equally high; so vivid a red as to come into somewhat hard contrast with the darkness of her hair and her gray eyes. Her mouth was too square, her teeth were too square, her whole face was too square, in spite of the high cheek bones and of a small peaked chin; but the eyes and teeth were very good, and the figure, slightly angular at present, had the litheness and vigour of a young sapling full of health and promise. Face and figure had a remarkably grown-up look for their seventeen years, which might well be, since Flora had long been at the head of her father's house. "At the head of the manse," as she often told herself, and was often reminded by others, with a mixture of pride and solemnity.

Her mother was dead. She had no sisters, or brothers either for that matter. She had, with the assistance of another Flora, or "Flory," the elderly cook and kitchen-maid, managed the house-keeping, kept the "napery" and the minister's and her own underclothing in order, knitted his and her socks and stockings, sat opposite to her father at the elders' dinners on the recurrence of the quarterly "preachings." She had presided, with a trembling heart, at the tea-table when Lady Adelaide, Sir Ewan's lady, did the manse the honour of taking tea there, and had entertained so far as so young a mistress could entertain any other company that the minister received.

The view on which Flora Macdermot gazed was very familiar to her, while it seldom palled on her. It did not strike her that it was dull because it included very few houses, and was often half-an-hour at a time without a moving creature in it. Neither did she reflect, consciously, on its picturesqueness and beauty, though she had heard passing strangers descant enthusiastically on the bold, rugged outline of the Ben—purple in shadow, green and brown in the sunshine, red when the ling was in full flower, crimson at sunset, and the most exquisite and delicate of lilacs in the early sunrise. She had heard the same eager tongues wag unweariedly about the shimmering lights and shadows of the declivities clothed with natural wood, which rose from the burn, and on the magical charm of the fantastic wreath of blue smoke, pungent with the breath of peats, which hung over the "spital" or hamlet, the first two or three cottages of which were to be seen just peeping forth in the distance.

These enamoured visitors to Inverlochan would even dwell on the contrasts of colour supplied in summer and autumn by patches here and there on the hill-sides of the green "shaws" of turnip fields, the blue-green or the red-gold of small crops of oats, and the pale gold of little triangles of barley, as pale and with as pensive an effect as the bleached tresses of the birch trees presented before they shed their leaves, relieved against the dark green of the firs. The glen was just "the glen," home, and its surroundings to Flora so long as she dwelt in it. She was hardly sensible of its features as they appeared to strangers, as the minister's face was her father's face without her ever pausing to ask herself whether he was a handsome or a plain man.

Flora's eyes were looking back, resting persistently at this moment on the only house, except the cottages in the spital, which was within sight. It was a blue-slated, rough-dashed, two-storied white house, with more than one addition, back and front, which at the same time improved its appearance, and added to its standing as a house, lending it the comfortable, commodious look which any nearer acquaintance with it verified.

It had not so "shaggy" an avenue as the manse had; the straggling wood had been cut down, and it stood rather bare and exposed within the walls of its paddocks, offices, and gardens. But then the walls were well built, and the gardens were something to boast of—very different from the little flower-borders which were Flora's care, and the homely kitchen garden which old Lauchlan, the minister's man and solitary church-officer, worked. These other gardens went so far as to rival in their fruit and flowers the produce of the Castle gardens.

Fearnton belonged to Mr. Dugald Macdougal, a man of some wealth, the most noted and successful rearer of stock in that district of the Highlands. He had a wife and a large family, the most of them girls.

Flora knew all about the Macdougals, who were her father's parishioners, his efficient helpers when he required aid for his poor, and always mentioned by him as respectable, worthy people. With the younger members of the family, who were her contemporaries, she had been on friendly terms all her life. They had been joint scholars, and later teachers, with her in the Sunday school, joint promoters of all the little charities and festivals of which a manse is the centre. She had just returned from a visit of several days, at a time when her father could spare her, to Fearnton. She had not so much as taken off her out-of-door "things" in the interval. She had found some letters of her father's waiting to be posted at the little shop-of-all-things, like a colonial store, kept by an old woman in the spital. She had come back from her second expedition, and was resting for a moment, with her ungloved hands on the gate, contemplating the house she had quitted not two hours before as if she could not take her eyes or her thoughts from it; yet the sentiment it awoke was of a purely girlish description. She was recalling the constant stir and movement in the large family within those conspicuous white walls, the girls' high spirits approaching to boisterousness, their numerous, if not over-choice gaieties, the incessant interchange of lively confidences, chaffing banter, and family jokes; for old and young were united and attached, as well as good-natured, easy-minded, and

light-hearted. She was wistfully contrasting the Macdougals' animated, jolly existence, with her own comparatively silent, solitary life.

Flora did not grudge so much fun and amusement to the Macdougal girls, and so little to herself. She did not complain; she knew she was well off in many respects, and these the most essential. She was not even without a sense of counterbalancing advantages on her part. She liked the Macdougals, and her father approved of them, and thought it right that she should visit them; but she could not help being aware that they were in many lights her inferiors. It was not merely because the profession of a minister was in every way higher than the calling of a stock-raiser, or that her father was, as she was aware, come of gentle forbears, while Mr. Macdougal was a self-made man, and his wife had not married beneath her. Mr. Macdermot was sensible and modest, and did not encourage his daughter to put extravagant weight on such considerations; but it remained a fact that the Macdougals were not very refined. They were about as well educated as Flora, but they wanted something which she possessed. She did not pretend to be a fine lady, but there were looks and tones of theirs which grated on her more delicate perceptions. The Macdougals welcomed intimacies which she could not have accepted, and derived pleasure from incidents which would have been disagreeable to her. The girls from Fearnton were not received on anything like an equality by her ladyship at the Castle as the minister's daughter was received. Then there were those other arbitrators of shades of gentility—the old ladies at the Cottage. They were only cousins, six or eight times removed, from Sir Ewan, and were so poor that they could with difficulty retain the services of their little maid-servant. Yet her mistresses were born and bred gentlewomen, "sib" to all the old gentry far and near, and on visiting terms with such as were within visiting distance. These Cottage ladies had not seen themselves called upon to do more than maintain a politely distant intercourse with the family at Fearnton, whereas the Miss Buchanans had been second mothers to Flora ever since she had lost her own mother—which was when she was a girl of ten—and especially after her governess, Miss Brunton, married, and the minister saw fit to dispense with another governess for his daughter. Then the Miss Buchanans took her in charge, saw that she kept up what she had learnt, coached her in all their old-fashioned accomplishments, and, what was of more account, instructed her in the ways of good society, as if she had been one of their nieces. No, it was not because Flora was conscious that though the Macdougals were more expensively and fashionably dressed, had ten times as much pocket-money, went trips to Inverness, Perth, Glasgow, and Edinburgh — nay, even went to London and Paris—while she stayed at home, and altogether had many more "good times" of it, in their careless fashion; still they were not the same as she was. There was an intangible yet fixed distinction between her and the other girls; she felt it all the more, as it seemed to her, because they were really nice girls—honest and kind. Nevertheless, she was never with them without sighing a little on her return home over her own superior lot. It was the hankering of youth after kindred youth, with the excitement, adventure, and novelty natural to that season of human life.

"Come in, Miss Flory; the tea is ready." The voice came from a little by-path which led from the avenue to the kitchen door. The speaker was another of the many "Floras" in the glen. How did it ever come to pass that the name of the goddess of summer and of flowers was as common in those northern regions, where winter reigns long, as the Christian name Nellie or Annie abounds in latitudes a little farther south?

Flory, the cook, was a short, stout woman with a broad face—motherly in its shrewdness. She was come to an age, and had reached a height of promotion in the minister's household, which exempted her from the obligation of wearing conventional attire. Jessie, the house and table-maid, appeared in the ordinary livery of her class; but Flory indulged in "a mutch with red ribands," like Mistress Jean of a very different degree, in place of the regulation little white cap, and over her ample shoulders she had a shepherd's plaid tartan shoulder-shawl with the corners tied down under her apron.

"Oh, dear, I did not know it was so late! Yes, Flory, immediately," answered Flora; and she was so impressed with the enormity of the time which had been wasted by a responsible person like her, in "daidling and dreaming," that she hurried to the house with not more than two brief halts on the way. Was that a blackbird's note—the first she had heard this spring? But it was not so wonderful after all, for as Flora was always proud to recall, the birds sang soon at Inverlochan, with its sheltering screen of mountains. At the same moment there flashed across her mind the fact that there were no birds at Fearnton except those which the Macdougals' gardeners netted for eating fruit, while there was such room for blackbirds and thrushes and all the small tribes in the wild avenue at the manse, and such leniency shown to the little marauders, where the cherries and the currants were concerned, that there were nests in every spreading bush and tall tree, and in May and June the chorus of melody was almost deafening.

The second delay was caused by the remembrance that she had come in so quickly when she arrived straight from Fearnton that she had not given a look to ascertain how far the red and lilac clusters of her auricula, and the brown and gold bunches of her polyanthuses, had advanced in her absence.

The tea-table at the manse would have held a dozen of guests, while it was laid with only a single gold and blue cup and saucer and plate, in addition to the little pebble tea-pot (on the lid of which sat the representation of a cowled female figure), the crystal sugar-basin, butter, and honey-dish, the bread-plates with oat-cakes and barley bannocks, as well as the slices from the loaf which Flory always called "the white bread."

The minister was out "visiting" in the parish, and would get tea at one of the farmhouses on his road. Flora thought of the crowded tea-table at Fearnton, and the chatter and laughter which were more deafening every night than was the June concert in the manse avenue. But she could not let herself give way to idle longings and regrets. Had not Flory baked a special "butter bannock" in honour of the return of her young mistress? And the maker of the dainty would be looking in to see that Miss Flora did it justice, and to retail to her the news of the parish. Old Flory would not trust them to her subordinate Jessie, who was inclined to be forward, and to take advantage of the young lady, thus mis-spending her—Jessie's—time, and leading Miss Flory into promises of indulgences the fulfilment of which might be inconvenient. Now her senior would have scorned such encroachments while she informed the minister's daughter of what she ought to know, namely, that Widow Turpie was better, and wee Alister Connel was down with the mumps, and Alison Robertson had got the place Miss Flora had written about for her.

Flora's spirits rose with the effort she made not to show herself dispirited by coming home of all things. The dulness she dreaded was passing away rapidly; she was able to show a proper interest in Flory's communications; she sat down afterwards with quite renewed zest to her "seam." Flora had an abundance of seams, almost as many as her grandmother had before her, which was best for her; and her work-basket was flanked with her book, for the girl was fond of reading, and had always a book in hand, though it might be nothing more modern or lively than what she could get from her father's library, which held Scott and Shakespeare, or from the school and parish library, to which Mr. Macdougal had, at his daughters' instigation, presented Dickens's works. Such literature was an innovation; but Mr. Macdermot was liberal, and even in the eyes of the most severe of the ruling elders, the donor was too big a man to be lightly offended by the refusal of his gift.

Before dark, the minister had returned from his long round, on which he was accustomed to walk since he had sold his pony, at the time he had made up his mind not to have another governess for his daughter. He was a tall, stooping man, with a lined, sagacious face. He was glad to see his daughter Flory back; but he was taciturn by nature; he was also too tired for conversation. After his usual supper of bread and cheese and a glass of butter-milk, he was ready for "worship," in which his own bass notes mingled with the treble tones of his womankind in singing a couple of verses of a psalm or hymn of praise as an introduction to the chapter he read, and the prayer he prayed with

fervour. Then the night was supposed to have fallen on the manse of Inverlochan, and every inmate was expected to retire to rest as ten o'clock struck on the eight-day clock in the hall. In bidding good-night to his daughter—which the minister did with less reserve and more warmth of affection than would have been usually expressed between father and daughter in his young days—he bethought himself to enquire, "I hope you enjoyed yourself at the Macdougals', Flory?"

"Yes, father; we went as far as the Craigs one day, and we had company ——" began Flora readily.

But he stopped her. "My dear, I'm glad you were happy; I daresay it was a diversion to you, and you'll tell me all about it some other time." He spoke placidly, and withdrew with a good conscience to his well-earned repose. Yet excellent man as Malcolm Macdermot was, he was a little oblivious when he failed to recognise that his young daughter's diversions were very few, and that if he had stooped or tarried to enter into them by listening to their details, he would have well-nigh doubled them.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW EMPLOYMENTS FOR GIRLS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART I.

To suggest employments for women quite suitable for those belonging to a social position above the middle classes of society is somewhat difficult outside those learned professions in which some have already risen to eminence. For these vocations, comparatively few possess the means for rendering themselves eligible, and only a certain number amongst them have the natural qualifications for the profession selected, and likewise an opening for its exercise.

Thus my object must now be restricted to pointing out ways and means of a strictly feminine and suitable character, whereby a small private fortune may be supplemented by the exertions of industrious hands, and of intelligent minds that are less highly and generally cultivated.

In dealing with such a subject we should beware of closing our eyes to the painful fact that defeat of earnest endeavour and deplorable disappointment have recently followed the selection of certain amongst these new vocations. Not long since, in a series of articles on "Women's Clubs," I had great pleasure in calling attention to what was a scheme for their employment, extensively diverse in its characteristics. I allude to the useful "Ladies' Guide" Institution, which included service of several kinds—registry offices, a club, with reading and sleeping apartments, and private reception-rooms, etc. This society had "a habitation and a name" in Cockspur Street, and all was well appointed and in good working order when I had the pleasure of visiting it for review. But alas! it has disappeared from its original place; and whether to reappear elsewhere with a more limited prospectus, for the benefit of themselves and others, I am as yet unable to say.

I must also note the deplorable collapse of some at least of the establishments of our "Lady Milliners." One would have thought that in a business like this, where, beyond the unavoidable and heavy items of rent and taxes, the outlay in material must be comparatively so small, the returns would be amply satisfactory. For the real value taken out by the purchaser—consisting mainly, as it does, in the good taste of the lady milliner, her deft and delicate handling of materials, and her selection of beautiful combinations of colour—the profits to the milliner should be very considerable as against the outlay made. However this may be, the recent failures in business amongst these "lady milliners" must prove not a little deterrent to others in the adoption of this line of business, however gifted for such an industry, and clever at book-keeping, the intending milliner may be. Possibly the ladies who have failed employed too many and too expensive assistants to render the work less fatiguing to themselves, and to substitute their own inefficiency and lack of experience; or it may be that in the natural shrinking from being very much *en evidence* to the customers the business was carried on in an unsatisfactory way. Be this as it may, this scheme—and more or less so of dressmaking—has met, so far, with failure in more than one case, and left the brave aspirant to self-support worse off than when she started on her somewhat uncongenial enterprise.

I cannot say that our "Lady Dressmakers," to whom I have referred *en passant*, have met with an equal amount of failure as the milliners; but if so, the result might be due to personal incapacity. To render success at all likely, she ought to be a thoroughly well-trained dressmaker herself, experienced in practical work; whereas, I fancy that in most cases good taste and a special interest in the fashions, with a certain amount of capital, are all that she usually brings into the business so far as she is personally concerned. Thus she has to make over all the practical direction of the work and supervision afterwards to a substitute, for whose services she has to pay heavily, and which salary must sweep away a very considerable portion of any profits that may accrue.

But various doors are open to sharp wits and willing, active hands, and one of the most serious of the questions which the bread-earner has to ask (in reference to all alike) refers to her individual capacity and thorough qualification for the special work she means to undertake.

A Dressmaking and Millinery Club is to be found at 7C, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., under the supervision of Miss Younghusband, and competent lady professionals in this business are sent from this establishment both to make and mend at private houses at 2s. 6d. a day and board as "Visiting Dressmakers."

There are multitudes of girls amongst us who sing well, and who excel in their playing of more instruments than one; but at the same time they or their families would object to their adding to their means by becoming public performers. I sometimes wonder why so few amongst them endeavour to utilise their musical attainments by attending private evening or afternoon receptions, and while ostensibly received on a footing with all the other guests, obtain a confidential acknowledgment of their services from the friendly hostess to whom they were rendered. I remember to have known a very nice girl in my early youth, whose mother was a widow in reduced circumstances, and learned that her charming singing was sought, through the private recommendation of friends, and remunerated at a guinea an evening (as it was in my father's house). Some of my musical readers may say, "The cost of evening dress and the inability to employ a maid as an escort stand in my way; and besides this, the friends who might introduce me as a 'Visiting Musician' to others by inviting me to their own receptions are not likely to pay a guinea each time for my services when they may chance to invite a guest who could entertain the rest for nothing." I answer, with reference to dress, that an inexpensive black lace gown would be sufficient to answer your purpose for a very long time, especially by diversifying its appearance a little with coloured trimmings; or else, for a young girl, a white alpaca would be perfectly suitable, and cost but little. As to the amount of remuneration and the lack of a maid to attend you to and fro, half a guinea and two shillings for cab or train would both pay you and preclude the necessity of having an attendant. Unnecessary fatigue would thus be spared you, and the risk of having your dress soiled; and the moderate charge would ensure your obtaining a greater number of engagements than that of a guinea would be likely to ensure. As a rule people are only too apt to rate their services too highly. Doubtless a lady, well brought up and generally well educated, brings with her recommendations and special advantages over and above those of persons of a lower class, brought up with different associations and habits of thought in daily life. But if she be not as efficient in the special thing which she brings into the market, in competition with others less favoured in birth and general training, those who want that special service will seek elsewhere for what they pay for, from whomsoever it may be obtained, stipulating only that the provider be respectable. I cannot impress this fact too strongly on my young friends of the upper class.

Another field of remunerative work appears to me to present itself to girls who make themselves proficient in "Cutting-Out." What multitudes there are everywhere of mothers who cannot afford to employ dressmakers and seamstresses to manufacture their own and their children's clothing either for indoors and out. But they have all learnt plain sewing, and so has the child's maid; and all their difficulty lies in the fact that the art of cutting-out well and to the best advantage was not one of their acquirements. To go out by the day as a "Visiting Cutter" and guest in the family (or else to take your meals alone, as becoming your position), and to cut out material of all kinds and garments of every form and use with quickness and decision, might prove a successful enterprise. But you must be acquainted with all the new patterns issued for your guidance, and keep well up to the latest improvements. For this, as for every other art, training is essential; and this can be obtained at the classes held in connection with the City Guilds and Technical Schools at the People's Palace, and at the Royal Polytechnic

Institution. There a three months' training is given for a fee of five guineas, and a certificate granted. The training comprises private tuition under a high-class tailor cutter—the making of dresses, cutting of underclothing, and needlework; also attendance in large public classes. Once thoroughly instructed and certificated, you could advertise as a visiting teacher in private houses, or try your chance of success in setting up classes in small country towns, charging as moderately as possible for the lessons given. You might also take home materials to be cut out, having only to provide yourself with a proper description of scissors, a set of brass tacks with broad heads and tiny points, for securing material or paper to a large deal board or table, and also a marking (or indenting) wheel, to indicate the lines required on tissue pattern-paper. There are few mothers or young girls who, were their dresses or mantles cut out for them, could not manage to put them together with needle and thread. Certainly the cost of a day's work (or much less) from an efficient cutter would not be equal in expense to that of employing a good dressmaker, with the addition of all her petty profits on her purchases of small sundries for the completion of her work, not to speak of the inconvenience and the "fash" entailed by her broken promises!

So I advise some of my needy girl-readers to qualify themselves for this useful vocation, and leave their addresses at a librarian's or stationer's, setting up a large card in the shop to advertise to all whom it may concern, that a cutter of materials and patterns and a teacher of the art can be obtained by the day (after the plan of Miss Younghusband's Club) through the proprietor of the shop, who has the lady's name and private address.

Another branch of work, that of a "Chaperon Sketcher," might be advertised in the same way by a lady artist if she be a little past her extreme youth, by accompanying and directing sketching parties, through which means many a good draughtswoman, having a quick hand and effective style, could supplement the fitful incomings obtained by the limited sale of her pictures.

Photography is a kindred art, and to one experienced in it as a "Landscape Photographer," the taking of country seats, and even less pretentious dwellings, might yield a fair profit to an itinerate proficient who advertised in local papers to take interiors as well as exteriors; and any interesting objects in neighbouring places might be made as specimens of proficiency and for sale in the stationers' shops. A little summer holiday might be utilised by those little able to bear its expenses in this simple way.

It seems to me that no sooner does a girl return from school than a course of home study should commence, and be carried on at certain hours of the day when her mother and young sisters have had their due share of her filial and sisterly service. This home study should take such a direction as to enable her to be self-supporting if need be, or to supplement the small allowance which may scarcely cover her necessary expenses.

These are not the days for mere unremunerative recreation for the majority of our young sisters of the upper classes. Lawn tennis will scarcely provide them with pocket-money, not to say bread. And yet I may suggest an exception to the rule, supposing that the game be studied, as now already in the case of cricket, with a view to being a "Teacher of Games," and giving lessons in these arts. Already this idea has been mooted and carried out, and may prove an agreeable and healthful method of contributing to an empty purse, and bringing a few comforts into an impecunious home.

It is possible that by means of advertising, either in daily papers or magazines, or as I before suggested, by cards in stationers' shops, engagements as "Walking Chaperon" might be obtained, for taking children to and from school, and giving them daily walks during the holidays. In time also of sickness at the children's home, when there is no one who could be spared to take charge of them, such assistance would be gladly enlisted by many. To how many a mother, whose nurse cannot be spared from her infant charge, her home laundry, and needlework, the services, for a couple of hours daily, of a steady girl of the upper or at least educated class would be of the greatest advantage, supposing of course that the charge made were very moderate. All our girls need a daily walk themselves, and a little pecuniary advantage might thus be derived from it over and above personal recreation and benefit to the health.

One of the most important and more lucrative industries which have quite recently cropped up for ladies is one respecting which I have already given a promise of information. It is one for which a woman may be trained, practically as well as theoretically, in the Agricultural College at Swanley, Kent. A ladies' branch of the "Home Produce" Company has been inaugurated, and a house provided for "Lady Agriculturists" near the original building. Here theoretical and practical instruction is given, together with some five hours of daily labour in the gardens and on the farm. Of course they are not required to do heavy labourers' work; but fruit and vegetable growing, dairy work, and stock-keeping are within the limits of their practical work. The fees for instruction and residence amount to £70 per annum, and those who wish to visit the college before making a final decision are permitted to board in the establishment for a few days.

But without undertaking work as arduous, incurring the expenses entailed by college life, nor the contemplation of an outlay on such an expensive and risky investment as that of the establishment of a farm, you may safely venture on the business of gardening and as a "Floral Decorator." This would include the care of a conservatory, of window floral decorations, as well as those for fêtes, dinners, balls and weddings, and that of family burial grounds; the making-up also of wedding bouquets and funeral wreaths. At present such work is very extensively monopolised by expensive shops; and while a pleasant and most suitable occupation for ladies with delicate hands and cultivated taste, a less monopolised market for flowers, and the handiwork their uses demand, will prove a boon to multitudes who can ill afford to expend as much on these gratifications as they have up to the present time. There is a society inaugurated in London, called "The Woman's Gardening Association," under the management of ladies, who find employment in this line, and take charge of all the house plants in the absence of the family from town, which are usually so sadly neglected by the cook or housemaid, to whose charge they are but too often unhappily relegated.

The occupation of "Market Gardening" is being very successfully carried out at Harrow-on-the-Hill. An account of Miss Grace Harriman's enterprise is given in one of our contemporary magazines. She writes herself from the "Hut," Mount Park, Harrow-on-the-Hill. The details she gives are decidedly encouraging. People might very naturally suppose that to set up your garden near London would ensure you the best market; but according to her view and experience a better sale can be made in sending to a large Midland market, so much so as to make up for the greater cost of freight. Miss Harriman much insists on united work, and that it is essential that each lady should invest at least £100 capital in the enterprise to provide their own share in house and garden, naming six ladies as a suitable number to attend to a three-acre garden or fruit plantation, each being responsible for her own half-acre, and keeping a careful account of the same.

In addition to the "Agricultural" and the "Market Gardening" branches of this ladies' industry, there is a third, *i.e.*, "Landscape Gardening." In this department a good authority, in the person of Miss Wilkinson, who has made her name at this profession, is of opinion that there is "a great opening for women in horticulture," and some in landscape gardening likewise; evidenced by her own adoption of this department. Besides the work which she has done in other directions, she has proved her thorough efficiency by her skill in the laying-out of open spaces in London.

A fourth department in connection with industry having reference to the produce of the earth is "Jam-making." For this, some extra expenditure is necessary over and above the purchase or long lease of land and cottage and of fruit-trees. There must be a factory, and a steam-boiling apparatus would be required, involving the employment of a man to keep it at work and in order. In other branches of produce-raising the expenditure would be less. For instance, pruning, grafting, and budding, the potting and training and arrangement of flowers, and making of cuttings, provide lucrative employment without cost of capital. Thus there is an opening to those without as well as those so fortunate as to possess it.

A series of lectures (eight in number) on "London Gardening" was given by Mrs. T. Chamberlain, F.R.H.S., at the Portman Rooms last spring, and those who lost the opportunity of hearing them may apply to this lady for information, and possibly for tuition, at 39, Drayton Gardens, S.W.

Multitudes amongst my countrywomen have turned their faces towards the Colonies, and I am able to tell them that, according to the latest prospectuses issued by Government from the Emigrants' Information Office (31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.), there is a demand in Australia and at Cape Colony and Natal for vine and all fruit-growers, and those who understand pruning such trees; for market-gardeners and dairymen—and I suppose dairywomen—and that such men and women will under certain conditions obtain free, or at least reduced, passages to Queensland and Western Australia.

I may supplement my suggestions as to making a practical profession of these several departments of flower, fruit, and cereal culture, by suggesting that the theoretical acquaintance with these subjects, or some of them, may offer remunerative work. Lecturing on these subjects and giving private lessons to those would-be professionals who cannot afford to go through a college course, or even lessons for the benefit of amateurs in gardening, might afford a livelihood to many, and in any case add to their limited means. I have given much space comparatively to this subject, because it is so many-sided, and likely to suit persons of small means in some one of the branches indicated.

Having already spoken of Millinery, Dressmaking, Visiting Dressmakers, Visiting Musicians, Cutting-Out, Visiting Cutter and Teacher, Chaperon Sketcher, Landscape Photographer, Teacher of Cricket and other Games, Walking Chaperon for Children, Agriculture, Floral Decoration, Care of House Plants, Market Gardening, Landscape Gardening, Fruit-growing, and Jam-making, I still have as many more occupations suitable for ladies to undertake, of which I hope to treat in another article.

(*To be continued.*)

LADY BEATRIX'S STEPMOTHER.

By OCTAVIA ALLEN.

CHAPTER III.

MISS SNOW had a cold and could not go out, therefore Beatrix was accompanied on her morning walk in the Square gardens by her maid. Blake had more acquaintances in the gardens than her young lady possessed, and when Beatrix sat down at one end of a long bench and Blake at the other, a portly nurse carrying an infant soon came and seated herself beside Blake, and entered into conversation with her. The servants were evidently old friends. Beatrix, sitting with a story-book in her lap, but attending more to the games of a group of children than to her book, could not help hearing what the maids said. She was, however, thinking of the children in front of her, and wishing she might join in their play, till her attention was caught by hearing Blake say—

"Oh, there can be no doubt but that it is coming hoff. I expect every day, when Mr. Pratt brings the *Morning Post* into the housekeeper's room, to see it announced."

"Well, now, to think of it," replied the nurse; "and I understand as she's a deal younger than him—nothing but a child, as you may say."

"Well, he's not that old," said Blake. "Mrs. Pratt says as he is no more than six or seven and thirty. But what I look at is her being of no high family. I've always lived with the haristocracy, and I don't fancy coming under these sort of common people. I make no doubt but she'll give herself all the hairs as if she'd been born among the haristocracy. Of course I shall see how things go, but I don't suppose I shall stay when she comes."

"No, I wouldn't, Miss Blake. Weddins is always upsettin' in a family, be they what they may."

Beatrix was listening with attention. She did not understand what the women were talking about, but somehow their conversation interested her considerably. She did not feel that she ought not to listen, for she was manifestly within earshot, and therefore they were talking at their own risk of her overhearing them.

The nurse continued—

"Second marriages are not over comfortable. I had a stepmother myself, and she was always for putting upon me and my sisters, partikler after she had children of her own. She was always so *having* for them. She downright put poor father against me, so as when he died he left me nothing, though he had saved a good bit of money."

"Dear me! what nasty, spiteful ways," replied Blake. "But I expect they're most of them like that—jealous for their own children. I knew one as used to beat her husband's children shameful, and her own she wouldn't correct if it was ever so. She half starved one of the poor stepchildren till it went off in a decline, poor thing."

"And the fathers never seem to stand up for their own flesh and blood; they're always taken up so foolish with the new wife," continued the nurse.

"I am sure it will be so with his lordship, for——" and here Blake's voice dropped to a whisper.

Beatrix could hear no more. She did not wish to hear another word. The meaning of the maids' conversation had at last dawned upon her. They were talking of her own father's second marriage. She rose hastily from her seat and hurried away. Her heart was swelling with anger and bitter resentment; she longed to escape from this wretched gossip, and to be alone. She had a childish idea, gathered from fairy tales, and strengthened by the maids' talk, that stepmothers must be cruel and hateful creatures; therefore she thought that her father, in imposing one upon her, was adding another and heavier burden to those which he already laid upon her. She looked upon it, too, as wronging her of a privilege, for the one thing she had looked forward to in her dull, restricted life, was, that when she grew up and went into society, she should sit at the head of her father's table and be mistress of his house. She did not consider that with a very strict father that position might be more honourable than pleasant, and that to be relieved of its duties and responsibilities might prove a great boon to her. There was also another objection to this marriage, which was not less strong because it was sentimental, and that was her intense dislike to the idea of a successor to her own mother. Perhaps the softest spot in poor Beatrix's contracted little heart was the shrine where she cherished a sacred though somewhat romantic reverence for the memory of her dead mother. Of course she had no personal recollection of her, but she had sometimes heard, and had always carefully treasured, scraps of information about her. Lord Ludlow seldom spoke of his wife to anyone; her death had been an overwhelming sorrow to him; and now that he had recovered from the blow, he shrank from re-opening the wound, as he feared, by talking about her. He had indeed no idea of Beatrix's feeling about her, or he might have made the effort of telling the child something of what she so much longed to hear. Beatrix had, however, from one source or another, collected little details about her, and from these she had formed an ideal whole. There were many portraits of Lady Ludlow from which Beatrix could gather a very good notion of her appearance. A beautiful painting of her by an eminent artist at Ludlow Court was a special favourite with the child; she delighted to slip away whenever she got the opportunity, and stand gazing at the picture, talking to it as if the painted life-like canvas could hear her. This portrait now rose vividly before Beatrix's mind's eye.

"It is wrong—it is cruel!" she cried half aloud, "to forget you, darling mother. But I won't. I will never love or obey this woman. I will never call her mother. She shall never be anything but a stranger to me. I at least will always remember you, whatever father may do."

Such thoughts were not healthful, but the child delighted to indulge in them, and to go over in imagination the martyrdom she would endure rather than honour or obey her future stepmother. Beatrix's last grievance was perhaps the most real in the whole matter, though it was not one to which she attached much importance, and that was, that she should have been allowed to hear first of this coming event from the chance gossip of servants, and not from her father's own lips. If there had been true sympathy between the two, it would not have so happened; but poor Beatrix was by no means the person to whom Lord Ludlow would have thought of communicating any intelligence about which he himself felt deeply, least of all this fact, which concerned both her and him so nearly. He knew she did not love him; he foresaw—and, proud, reserved man though he was, he dreaded —the moody anger with which she would receive the news. The wall of separation between the father and daughter was of that icy and adamantine kind which grows up between those who, while living under the same roof and being united by close relationship, are yet divided in heart and affection.

After that memorable morning in the Square gardens, Beatrix caught up and studied every fashionable newspaper that she could lay hands on, hoping to glean some details of the coming marriage, for she was too proud to question anyone on the subject; and after a few days she found, among the list of fashionable wedding arrangements, an announcement that a marriage was arranged between "the Earl of Ludlow and Miss Phœbe Marshall, only child of the late Mr. Marmaduke Marshall, of the well-known firm of Marshall and Smyrk, merchants, of Liverpool." If anything were wanting to increase Beatrix's indignation to fever-pitch, it was that her father should marry and put in her mother's place a mere plebeian merchant's daughter. For Beatrix inherited, without alloy or diminution, all the pitiful pride of a very proud race, and with childish folly scorned all connection with what she considered vulgar trade. She stamped her foot and sobbed with impotent rage as she read the announcement. Happily she did not see her father again that day. The next morning after breakfast he said—

"Beatrix, I want you," and led the way to his private sitting-room.

She had often received a like brief summons to a lecture; she therefore followed him unwillingly, expecting nothing else. When, however, he had closed the door upon them, he took her hand, and, seating himself in an easy chair, drew her to the side of it, putting his arm round her. This unwonted action showed Beatrix that he was not about to scold her, and her thoughts turned instantly to the idea which was now constantly and painfully present to her mind. So she was not unprepared for what followed.

"Beatrix, I am going to bring here to-day to luncheon a very beautiful—a very kind and good lady. I want you to know her and to love her—but *that* you cannot help doing *when* you know her. I want you to love her because I am going to marry her next month, and she will then be your mother."

Beatrix had stood stiff and immovable, with her eyes fixed upon the moulding of the mantel-piece till the last words; then she cried out almost fiercely—

"No, she won't be my mother!"

Lord Ludlow was startled, otherwise he would perhaps have spoken more judiciously; as it was he withdrew his arm from round her, and merely said coldly—

"I shall require you to treat my wife with the respect due to a mother. Now, if you have nothing better to say, you can go."

Beatrix moved away with her head thrown back, but with a heavy weight at her heart. As she got near the door her father added—

"Take care that you behave courteously to my guests to-day, or you will hear of it from me afterwards."

Beatrix was opening the door without speaking, but he called after her imperiously—

"Do you hear me?"

And she was obliged to answer as quietly as she could—

"Yes, father."

When she had left the room Lord Ludlow got up, and, going to the window, stood looking out for some minutes, with his hands in his pockets and a frown of perplexity on his handsome brow.

"What an impracticable child that is," he said to himself; "she wants a good firm hand over her. However, I can do that part, and oblige her to behave properly to Phœbe, who will soon win her heart, if she has got one, which I sometimes doubt. Now, if I am to go to Lambert's before the Park, I had better set to work on my letters."

Beatrix and her governess were already in the luncheon-room when Lord Ludlow entered with two ladies.

"This is my daughter," he said to the elder of the two, a quiet motherly-looking person of about fifty. "Beatrix, Mrs. Marshall—Miss Snow, Mrs. Marshall."

There was no formal introduction to the younger lady, but both the guests shook hands with Beatrix and Miss Snow, and then they sat down to luncheon.

Beatrix's eyes turned frequently towards her future stepmother. She had during the last few hours wondered much what Miss Marshall would be like. The combined ideas of stepmother and merchant's daughter had produced in her mind a hazy image something like a middle-aged head milliner in a second-rate bonnet shop, to which Blake had once taken her; and instead she beheld, with disappointment at being deprived of one part of her wrongs rather than relief, a very young lady—only about one or two-and-twenty—prettily dressed in cool dainty white muslin, with a peculiarly pleasing manner, both gentle and bright; perfectly modest, yet entirely self-possessed. And then her face—Beatrix felt almost exasperated by its marvellous beauty. The regular features were exquisitely moulded; the complexion was like a rose leaf, and from the noble brow rippled back waves of abundant golden-brown hair; but the greatest charm of the face was to be found in the full clear gray eyes, as innocent as a child's, and yet with an expression in them that was not like a child's, and which Beatrix could not understand. When she rose to leave the room, Beatrix noticed also that she was tall, and that every movement was graceful and dignified.

If Beatrix was surprised by Miss Marshall's appearance, she was scarcely less surprised by the change in her father's manner. To herself it was authoritative, even peremptory, and often stern, though never rough. To strangers it was extremely courteous, though generally distant, and at times haughty; to Miss Marshall it was bright and playful, both eager and confident. This was an aspect under which Beatrix had never seen him; he appeared to be a changed man. He was full of polite attention to Mrs. Marshall; nevertheless, though the younger lady turned frequently to speak to Miss Snow, it was evident that the lovers were chiefly occupied with one another. Each heard everything that the other said, and momentary glances passed between them, which spoke more than words could have done. As poor Beatrix watched them she had no feeling of sympathetic joy that her father should be made so happy—only a pang of jealousy that she herself had never caught one such bright or loving look from him.

It was the day for the French class, so Beatrix and her governess had to hurry away immediately after luncheon. Beatrix contrived to sit next her friend Edith Becket, and to get a few moments' conversation with her.

"Edith," she said, "you never ask me to come and see you."

"I want you to come, but mother thinks your father would not like it," replied Edith.

"I don't believe he would mind; he said you were quiet and well-behaved. I wish your mother would write."

"Did he really say I was well-behaved?" Edith asked eagerly. "Do tell me just what he said?"

"Oh, I forget. I think he said that you seemed a nice girl—quiet and well-behaved. Now I must go. Good-bye."

A fortnight later Dr. Becket, when dining at the house of one of his few aristocratic patients, met Lord Ludlow, who asked to be introduced to Mrs. Becket, remarking that she was the mother of Beatrix's friend Edith. He enquired courteously after her daughter, and this gave Mrs. Becket an opportunity of saying that they should be very glad to see Lady Beatrix in Sloane Terrace if Lord Ludlow would allow her to come to comparative strangers. She gave the invitation in such a way that Lord Ludlow could easily evade it if he wished; but he was gracious, and said that he should be glad for Beatrix to come some Saturday with her governess. He was in truth glad that the child should have a little amusement now that he was himself much occupied and supremely happy.

Accordingly, Saturday afternoon in the next week found Beatrix and Miss Snow at Sloane Terrace. Dr. Becket had promised if he could to take the children for a walk, but, as was so often the case, a summons came for him at the last moment, and they had to be content to spend their afternoon without him. Edith had set her heart on walking in the Horticultural Gardens at Kensington, for which they had tickets; but just as they were about to start a heavy thunder shower came on, and they had to give up the plan. Edith was inclined to grumble at the rain, and to keep running to the window to see if it had not ceased, but Beatrix truthfully declared that she would much rather play with them indoors, as the Horticultural Gardens were "stupid and smart." Mrs. Becket considerately undertook to entertain Miss Snow in the drawing-room, leaving the children to themselves. Beatrix was certainly childish in her tastes for amusements. She preferred genuine romps with the younger children to sitting quietly with Edith either painting, or working and talking, or finding out puzzles. But when scrambling over the floor, pretending to be a wild animal, or playing "Blind man's buff," she was thoroughly happy; she almost screamed with delight over the excitement of a wedding ceremony between the cat and a big doll called Harold. At first there had been a difficulty over this. Conscientious little Mary Becket remembered, when Beatrix proposed the game, that mother did not like their making games out of religious services. Alice, who was older than Mary, said—

"That was only christening, Molly. Mother said it when we were going to christen the baby doll in our bath. Weddings are quite different."

"But weddings are at church, so they must be religious," persisted faithful Mary.

"They need not be," put in Edith, proud to have a bit of information to impart. "Weddings are sometimes done at an office. I heard father talking of it one day. I think he called it a registry office."

"Oh, that will do quite well!" exclaimed Beatrix, too happy not to be ready to dispose easily of difficulties. "We will call it a registry office. And we'll put this piece of net on pussy for a veil, and this bit of blue ribbon on Harold to make an order for him like gentlemen wear when they are dressed in their best; and—oh, couldn't we have something to make a star for him?" Edith had heard of stars and orders if she had not seen them; but Beatrix had to enter into a hasty explanation for the benefit of the younger children. "Oh, don't you know the Queen makes generals and dukes, and people knights? and then they have a ribbon and a star, which they wear on grand occasions; and Harold will look sweet in one."

"Yes, and we'll pretend he's a duke," suggested Alice.

"Oh, no; dukes are stupid things!" cried Beatrix. "But he might be a real grand general, who has fought lots of battles; and couldn't we get something to make a sword for him? Oh, I know; a paper knife would do."

A bit of silvery paper—the remnant of a cracker—was attached to a blue ribbon, and made to do duty for a star; and, thus decorated, Harold was declared by everyone to be an excellent general. Beatrix was a capital playmate. She was full of suggestions for the games, and, what was more important, she was really unselfish in her play, and ready to give way to others. Her many hours of loneliness had perhaps fostered the imaginative side of her character; and because she had so tried to fancy herself anything but what she really was, she had considerable aptitude for games that required some imagination; so that little Mary pronounced her to be "the best little girl at *pitending* she had ever played with."

Alice was the romp of the Becket family, and she incited Beatrix to the somewhat dangerous amusement of crawling downstairs on hands and feet, head foremost. Beatrix was delighted with the feat, and having already accomplished it once herself, was applauding Alice's efforts in the same direction, when Mrs. Becket came out of the drawing-room and put a stop to the proceedings by saying gently—

"I don't like to see you doing that, Alice. Get up." And Alice at once scrambled to her feet.

Beatrix was struck by the mother's gentleness and the child's ready obedience. Altogether that was one of poor Beatrix's few happy afternoons; but the next week, before the visit could be repeated, came her father's wedding, and she and Miss Snow went out of town to a friend's house.

(*To be continued.*)

THE APRONS OF TO-DAY.

THE aprons of ten years ago have been greatly changed by a process of embellishment and glorification, and are no longer the same things that they used to be. Those used for special purposes—such as the apron or "overall" of the artist—have been improved and bettered; and even the parlour-maid's has felt the influence, and has become a handsome and even artistic badge of her employment in domestic service; and, like the cap she wears, the fashions of bygone days have been borrowed from, and the cap and apron of the Puritan, the Huguenot, and the days of early Protestantism, have been adapted to modern household uses. We have followed the same tendency in our clothes; and the Tudor Period is revived in our capes, high sleeves, and high collars, and Venice and old Padua jostle old London at every street corner of the "Modern Babylon."

The newest shape seems to have a Swiss, or peasant's belt, added to it, and in some of them this is quite wide at the sides, as well as in front at the points, which may be below only, or both above and below the waist-line. In one of our prettiest examples, *i.e.*, one of silk and lace, the apron is edged with wide lace, and the pointed band is edged too, in imitation of the fashionable manner of trimming bodices.

Another lace-trimmed apron is much draped, having a double box-pleat in front under a pleated point, and the sides are draped to the back, where they are finished with a bow of ribbon and long ends. The draping of the sides in folds is quite like a pannier in style, and makes the apron very graceful. The material may be of silk or zephyr, cambric, soft surah, or pongee silk, or, for harder and rougher wear, of brown holland, sateen, or red Turkey-twill. At the side, the lace is put on in what the French modistes call *flots*, or waterfalls; and the front and back of the bodice portion may be made exactly in the same manner with a folded piece of the material, the top and shoulder-braces being ornamented with lace. If preferred, this may terminate at the shoulder tips, the back being only *bretelles* of ribbon.

Another lace-trimmed apron is of one of the new floral silks, which may be copied in delaine or flowered sateen. The skirt part of the apron is plain, and a little longer than square. The lace is turned up at the bottom upon the apron.

The bib portion is a very simple arrangement of ribbon-velvet edged with lace, passing round the neck, and, crossing in the front, ending on each hip. A bow of ribbon finishes the back.

Another "work apron," as it may be called, is of spotted material edged with lace, and has a wide pocket across the front, which is intended to hold whatsoever work the wearer may be engaged upon. A double gathering, with a heading, finishes the pocket, and a rosette at the side of the waist. The bib in front consists of a three-cornered piece of the material, fastened on each shoulder and ornamented there by a rosette similar to that at the waist.

After the lace-trimmed aprons come those in black silk or sateen, embroidered in black or colours, and more or less ornamented at the edges with battlemented spaces or with *passementerie* and bows of ribbon in various places.

The aprons in which Dame Fashion really has taken a stride in advance are, as I said at first, the large ones adapted for useful purposes. And these become more and more needful every day, as our women and girls take to gardening in all its forms, cooking, photography, type-writing, painting, or any other of the modern methods of earning a living. For games, such as lawn-tennis, the fashion of wearing aprons seems to have gone out in favour of wearing flannels made on purpose for such games; and a very sensible change it is when one thinks of the over-heating inseparable from the great exertion of tennis; and this of itself makes "flannels" (by which a girl means the entire frock; as a man means the suit in which he plays cricket) necessary. They are infinitely more becoming than any apron when a pretty and not too "loud" flannel is chosen (if one may be excused for the term), and when the suit itself is well-made and well-fitted, so far as it can be; and it seems better to have a proper costume than an apron only.

We find numbers of the really useful apron of coloured zephyr, holland, or cotton more or less large, edged with braid, with white embroidery, with fine braiding, or with white cotton *passementerie*. They generally have bibs; and whatever is the fashion, they never disappear, for they are too useful and needful to many industrious people, who wear an apron for its use, and like it to be as pretty and becoming as may be consistently with its usefulness.

Amongst aprons that are distinguished for beauty at the present day may be mentioned those called "Russian," and decorated with Russian cross-stitch designs and the pretty white Russian laces with coloured patterns. The material is a kind of coarse *écru* linen, or crash-towelling. The apron is generally of a long square shape, with a plain or pointed band, and edged at the bottom with lace of red or blue designs to match, which we find a pattern in Russian cross-stitch, worked in red and blue cotton above the lace, while over this comes a row of lace insertion similar to that at the edge of the apron. The design in cross-stitch can often be had ready traced at the shops in London where Russian lace and embroideries are sold. But it is not difficult to do without the tracing, by adopting the Russian method of laying a strip of canvas (not Penelope) over the place where the work is to be done, and tacking it down quite evenly. The canvas must be of the old-fashioned kind, with even threads, without the stitches defined. Then the design selected is executed on this; and after the work is finished, the threads are drawn one by one, and the work appears intact and even. The usual size for one of these aprons is twenty-eight inches long by twenty-six wide.

From America comes to me a lovely apron, the origin of which I can plainly trace to early days of colonial governors in the American colonies, or perhaps "plantations," as they were often called when further south. In England they may be seen sometimes in pictures of the reign of Charles II. and even of Queen Anne; but the material of which they were then made was lace of the finest and rarest kind, and cambric or linen-lawn, which hailed perhaps from Flanders or the Low Countries. Those were the days when the apron was a part of the attire of the greatest ladies, and covered silk or satin, and even added a quaint grace of their very own to them. It was a fit emblem of those days, too, when every lady of high degree

FROM AMERICA.

shared in the work of her household, made cakes with her own hands, prided herself on her confections, and cherished many a recipe of ancient lineage, preserving them a dead secret even from her own daughters.

The American representative of to-day is not made of such lordly materials, but it is charmingly pretty for all that. It has an old-world air likewise about it, and a breath of quaintness and dainty antiquity. The material is a fine linen-cambric, and the ornamentation is of crochet, so fine and web-like that it must have taken ages to work it; and it will outlast and outlive, in its delicate strength, the industrious hands that wove its slender threads. The patterns of the crochet lace and insertion, much enlarged, are given here, and a sketch of the apron. The crochet thread used, and also the needle, are the finest possible, and the depth of the insertion and of the lace are the same—perhaps four or five inches each. These aprons are worn in the afternoons at tea, I hear, and they are much admired, and valued for their old-time appearance and quaint grace.

FIG. 1.—This pattern is worked on the back thread of the stitch.

Make a chain of 41 stitches; turn back.

1st Row—Work 6 long stitches, beginning on the sixth chain stitch. * 5 chain, miss 5; 1 long in the sixth chain; repeat from * 4 times.

2nd Row—5 chain; 1 single crochet in centre of space made by five chain; 1 long on long stitch, * 3 chain; 1 single crochet into next space; 1 long on next long; repeat from * 3 times. 6 long on six long of last row; 2 chain, miss 2, 1 long into the third chain stitch.

3rd Row—the same as first row; but at the end make 11 chain; turn.

4th Row—1 long in the eighth stitch of 11 chain; 3 chain; 1 long in the last long of former row.

Work now according to the illustration, increasing every other row, as explained in the 4th row, until the 9th row, at the end of which only make 5 chain instead of 11; 1 long stitch on former row. After this, decrease every other row until the scollop is completed.

The picot edge is formed of 4 chain: 1 double in space, 2 picots in the first space, 1 double crochet in second space, 2 picots in third, 1 double in fourth space, 3 picots in fifth space, 1 double in sixth space, 1 double crochet in seventh space, 3 picots in eighth space, 1 double in ninth space, 1 double in tenth space, 3 picots in eleventh space, 1 double in twelfth space, 3 picots in thirteenth space, which is the centre of scollop.

FIG. 2.—CROCHET INSERTION—The insertion to match the above is worked exactly in same manner, and is commenced with sixty chain stitches.

The newest departure in the way of a useful apron is that called the "New Academy," invented and designed by a well-known firm in town for artists, literary ladies, or domestic purposes. It is really an overall with sleeves, and a yoked bodice, covering the dress entirely in the front, and making the wearer look immensely business-like. It is made in silk, zephyr, and holland, and would not only save a good gown, but would confer a still greater favour by completely covering up an extremely ancient one, and thus turning a shabby person into a smart and charmingly arrayed gentlewoman.

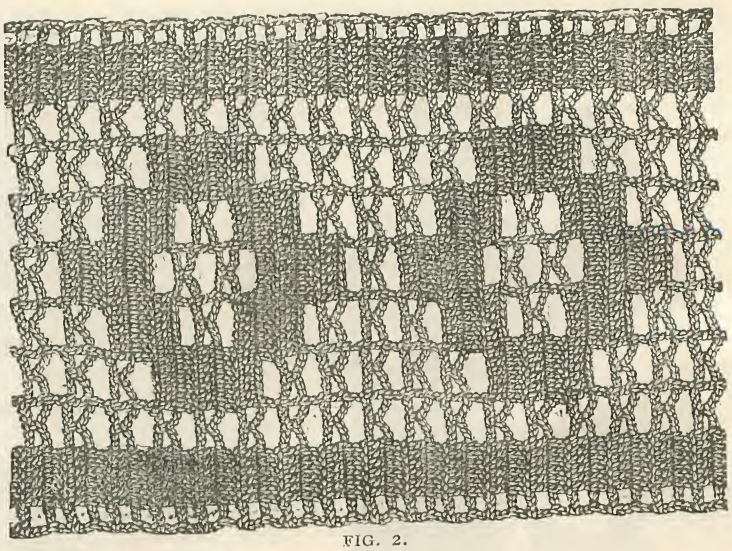


FIG. 2.

VARIETIES.

MUCH TO BE DESIRED.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.
—*Browning.*

THREE FRIENDS.

A man had three friends—one he loved intensely, the second he loved in a less degree, and the third he scarcely noticed. It came upon him suddenly that he must die and face the King. He was seized with terror, for he knew he would stand before Him laden with sin. He knew not what to do; some one he must get to plead for him and vindicate him. He thought of the friend he had so loved, and begged him to accompany him and plead for him; but he declined emphatically. He went to the second friend and entreated him earnestly. I cannot, he said, appear before the King without His summons, but I will accompany you to His palace gate. He went to the third and stated his petition. To his astonishment he complied with it, went with him, spoke for him, vindicated him and cleared him. His first and best-loved friend was his wealth, which could not go with him; the second was his wife and children, who could follow him only to the grave; the third, who went with him and pleaded for him, were the good deeds he had done in his life.

A RIDDLE.

A Scripture character without a name,
Who died a death none ever died before;
Whose body to corruption never came,
Part of whose shroud's in every household store.

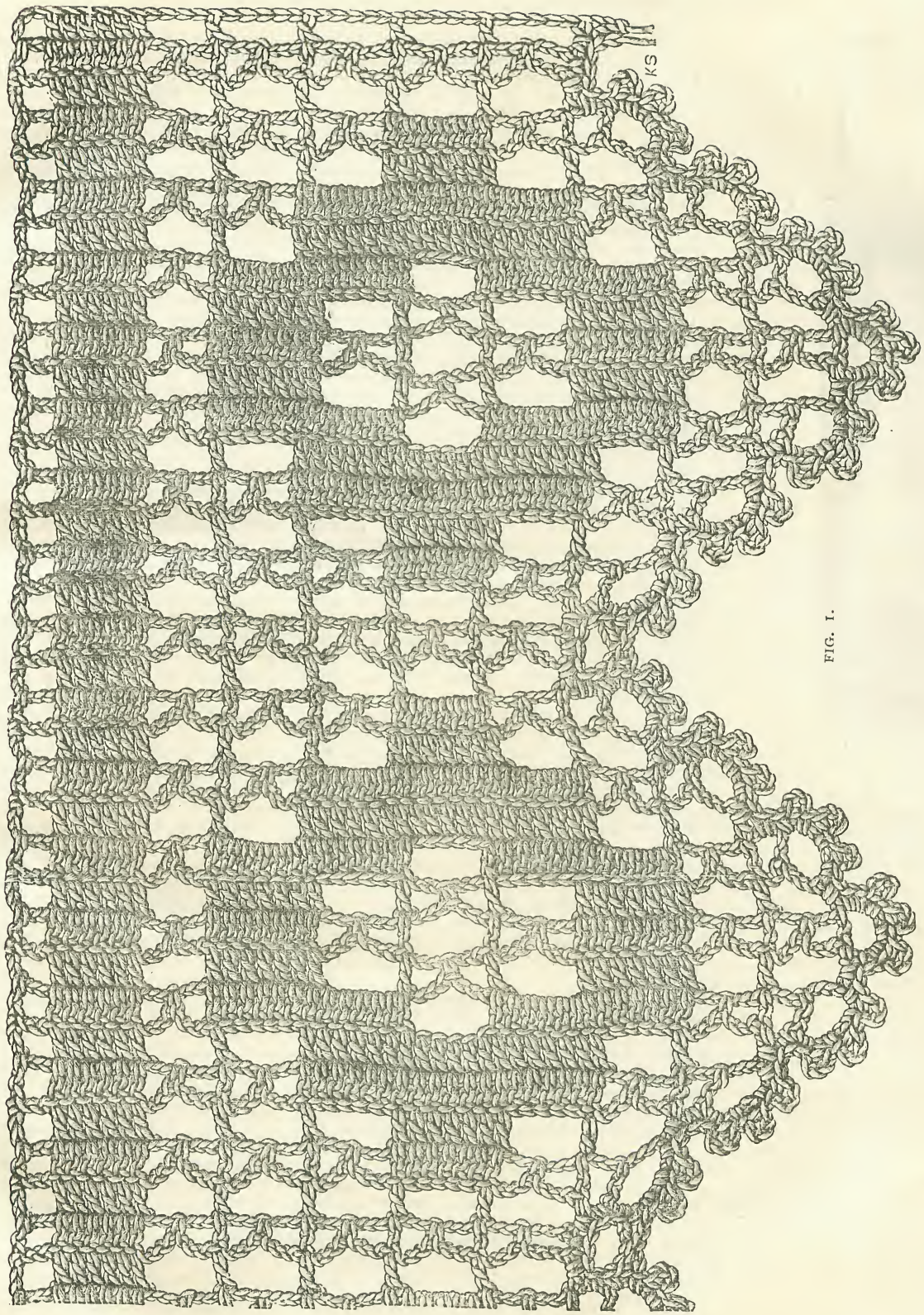


FIG. I.

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER II.

A STARTLING PROPOSAL.

IN a large old-fashioned house in one of the quietest of the many dull streets of Devonport lived, as a brass plate on the door announced to the passer-by, Dr. Mildmay. The two windows at the left of the door, looking into the street and screened by brown wire blinds, belonged to the dining-room. Within the room, at an early hour on a certain October morning, a girl was standing. She was close to the further window, but she was not looking out. Her back was towards the light, and she was giving all her attention to the easel before her, which held the little painting on which she was at work. A cluster of blackberries with a few brilliant bramble leaves, arranged on a table beyond, was what she was striving to represent.

The girl's slight form was below the middle height, but well-proportioned, and not without grace. She had brown hair, brown eyes, and a healthy brown skin. The eyes, shaded by unusually long lashes, were really pretty; the neat coil of shining braids, formed by her abundant brown hair, called for admiration; but otherwise there was nothing remarkable in her appearance save the bright, almost boyish, frankness of her expression.

As the clock on the mantelpiece struck eight she ceased painting and began to wash her brushes. A few minutes later another girl entered the room.

"Well, I declare, Enid!" she exclaimed, as she saw her sister's occupation. "What industry! How long have you been at work, pray?"

"Since seven," said Enid, laying down her brushes, and retiring a little to contemplate her work. "How does it look to you, Alice?"

"Beautiful!" said Alice, who had a profound admiration for everything Enid did. "You have got the colour of those leaves splendidly."

"Do you think so?" said Enid in a dissatisfied tone. "I fancy my colour is too crude. But then the leaves fade so quickly. They are not nearly so bright as when I picked them yesterday."

"No; and the fruit is turning red," said Alice. "However, you have done your best, and the result is very good, I think."

With that she turned to the dining-table, which was already prepared for breakfast save for a few items which Alice hastened to supply. She was taller and stouter than her sister, and though a year younger than Enid, might have passed for the elder. The girls' dispositions differed widely, but they were good friends nevertheless. Alice was of an eminently practical turn of mind, fond of homely occupations, full of energy, and disposed to regard everything from the most matter-of-fact point of view. Enid too was gifted with good common-sense, but in her case it was tempered by a fine imagination and a certain ideality of character. Alice often accused her sister of romantic tendencies, and not without reason; but romance is not folly, as she perhaps thought. The world owes something to the pure, tender fancies of a young girl's mind. It was good that Enid's heart should crave beauty, and seek it wherever it might be found. Such a one cannot live "by bread alone," but needs the Divine Word, whether uttered by poet, or painter, or the voice of Nature herself.

"How late everyone is this morning," said Enid, as she moved her easel and placed it against the wall. "Ah! here come the boys." The sound of a stampede from the top of the house to the bottom was followed by the entrance of two boys, the younger of whom was ten years old. A voice from the top of the stairs sternly rebuked them for making so much noise, and a few seconds later Dr. Mildmay himself appeared.

"Your mother has one of her bad headaches," he said, addressing his daughters. "She will not get up just yet."

Enid instantly began to prepare a tray to carry upstairs. Alice took her place at the head of the table, her father seated himself opposite to her, and the meal began. Dr. Mildmay had three more girls, but one was away on a visit and the other two were at boarding-school. He was rich in daughters.

Enid carried her mother's tea and toast upstairs, and was gone some minutes. Meanwhile the postman arrived. There was a letter for Alice as well as several for her father. She was engaged with hers when her father suddenly roused her by exclaiming in surprised tones, "Well, this is a strange thing, to be sure!"

"What is strange, father?"

"Why, here is a letter from my cousin James Marian, who scarcely ever troubles himself to remember my existence. It is extraordinary that he should write to me at all; but what is more astonishing, he actually writes to ask if I will let Enid go to Rome with his daughter."

"Enid go to Rome!" Alice's surprise could not be greater.

"Yes; it appears that Miss Marian is somewhat of an artist, and intends to pass the winter in Rome for the sake of prosecuting her art. He wishes to secure a companion for her."

"Oh, father! Enid would like it above all things."

"I daresay," said Dr. Mildmay drily. "But unfortunately there are other considerations. I wonder what made him think of my Enid."

"Perhaps his daughter suggested her," said Alice. "Don't you remember, that time we met them at Ilfracombe, she talked a good deal to Enid, and seemed rather taken with her?"

"Did we meet them at Ilfracombe? I had forgotten."

"Why, yes, father. They were staying at the Grand Hotel. You said that you barely knew him at first, he was so altered from what he had been when you saw him last."

"Ah, yes! I remember all about it now. The girl was Enid's age, I believe."

"Older, father. She must be twenty-three, and Enid is not yet twenty-one."

"But she soon will be. That is no great difference. It would be a thorough change for Enid if I let her go."

"It would indeed," said Alice. "I suppose it would cost a lot of money."

"Oh, as for that, Marian says it shall cost me nothing. I shall 'lay him under a great obligation' if I allow Enid to accompany her cousin. He writes a very kind letter."

"If it is to cost you nothing, why should you hesitate?" asked Alice, raising her eyebrows. "It would be a splendid thing for Enid."

"That depends," said Dr. Mildmay. "It is not a thing to be settled off-hand. I must talk to your mother about it."

At that moment Enid came back into the room. "Enid," called out her youngest brother, "you are to go to Rome."

"Why to Rome, of all places?" she asked, thinking he was joking.

"How would you like to pass the winter in Rome?" asked her father, turning his eyes upon her.

"I only wish I had the chance," said Enid as she sat down. "Whatever makes you ask me such a question?"

"Because you have the chance," burst in Alice, unable to keep back the news. "Mr. Marian has written to ask father to let you go."

Enid's amazement was intense. She grew pale with excitement as Mr. Marian's proposal was more fully explained to her. To go to Rome, the grand old city that is like no other, with its solemn, awe-inspiring ruins, its relics of departed greatness, and its priceless art treasures; to Rome, the fount of beauty, the ideal school of artists, the

loved haunt of poets! It seemed too good to be true that such an idea could even be mentioned in connection with herself.

Long after their father had gone off to his consulting-room, and the boys had started for school, the girls still sat at the breakfast-table discussing the wonderful possibility.

"Oh, Alice, do you think father will let me go?" exclaimed Enid.

"I believe he will. You know his way; he never will commit himself at once. It will depend, too, on what mother says about it. She will not like losing you."

"And I shall be sorry to leave her," said Enid, her look changing. "Oh, dear! there are two sides to everything."

"Of course. You cannot expect to take us all with you."

"I wish you could go with me," said Enid.

"Thank you," replied Alice, composedly; "I would rather stay at home."

"Oh, Alice, would you not like to see the Capitol, and the old Forum, and the Coliseum?"

"I can do very well without seeing them," said her sister; "if you tell me about them when you come back that will be enough. Don't look so disgusted with me, Enid. It is quite certain I could not be spared, so it is as well I have no fancy for going."

"That is true," said Enid. "I don't know how things would go on in the house without you."

"I wonder how you will like our cousin, Miss Maud Marian," said Alice. "I remember her very well—a rather stylish-looking girl with red hair."

"Oh, it was not *red!*" exclaimed Enid. "I should call it auburn—or rather the colour of old gold."

"And I should call it red."

"There was a Miss Marian married the other day," observed Enid. "I saw the announcement in the paper, and I meant to ask father who she was."

"I know," said Alice; "she is Mr. Marian's sister, and kept his house. He is a widower. I wonder his daughter can leave him for so long, for she is the only child."

"How you remember everything!" said Enid. "It is strange how little we know of her, and yet she is our cousin."

"Our second cousin," said Alice. "I hope she will be nice; but you must expect to find her rather exacting. Only children generally get spoiled. You will not find it all honey, I am afraid, going to Rome as a fine lady's companion. You will be expected to make yourself very agreeable on every occasion."

"And you think I shall find that difficult?"

"Well, yes, sometimes. You know you are not so good-tempered as I am, Enid."

"No, I am not," replied Enid. "You never seem to care enough about anything to lose your temper over it."

Alice laughed. "Cook will lose her temper if I do not soon go and tell her about dinner," she said, rising from the table. "Just look at the time! What am I thinking of to sit here like this!"

And she hurried away to attend to her domestic duties. She undertook the housekeeping under the supervision of her mother, who was not strong enough to do much herself.

Enid went to her mother's room. Before going to his patients Dr. Mildmay had made time to run upstairs and communicate to his wife the contents of his cousin's letter. Enid found her mother almost as excited about it as she was herself. Mrs. Mildmay was a nervous, delicate, sensitive woman. Enid had her mother's eyes, but not the fine contour of her face and her faultless features. Mrs. Mildmay was glad that it was so. She rejoiced in the round, rosy faces of her children. She would far rather they were homely in appearance than that any of them should have inherited with her highly refined features the sensitive nerves, which at times made her life a burden to her. Enid happily knew nothing of such suffering; but in many respects she resembled her mother. The two understood each other perfectly. Mrs. Mildmay warmly loved all her children; Alice was her right hand in all practical matters; but Enid was united to her by a closer bond of confidence and sympathy. Their tastes were similar. Mrs. Mildmay was a highly-cultured woman. She read largely, and her reading extended over a wide circle, embracing, with the scientific works dear to her husband, works of philosophy, poetry, and general literature in which he took no interest. His temper of mind being purely scientific, it followed that she understood him better than he understood her. Enid in some respects came nearer to her than he did. She could talk to this child as she could not talk to him, and it was little wonder that her heart clung so fondly to Enid.

Enid entered the darkened room with noiseless step; but her mother's eyes were wide open and very bright, and there was a flush on her worn cheek.

"Ah, Enid!" she said, lifting her head, "this is a startling proposal, is it not? Oh, you need not tell me—I know how you feel about it. Of course you want to go."

"I should like to go immensely," said Enid. "I cannot help hoping that you and father will agree to let me go."

"To be sure. It is a grand opportunity for you. It has been the wish of my life to see Rome; but I shall never see it now. If you went you would tell me about it, and I should see it with your eyes. So there is some selfishness in my wish that you should go. Yet I shrink from the thought of your going so far from me. If you should be ill or unhappy! There is that dreadful malaria——"

"I should not be afraid of that," said Enid. "I have heard it said that, with ordinary prudence, no one need dread the fever."

"Certainly you have always had good health," said Mrs. Mildmay; "you are not like me, I am thankful to say." She put her hand to her head with an expression of pain.

"Lie down, mother," said Enid; "we had better not talk about it now. You will make your head worse."

"In a minute, dear. I was going to say that this proposal offers you great advantages. I told your father so. You will get on with your drawing. I think you have decided talent, and I have often wished that you could have a better chance of cultivating it. We must manage somehow for you to have lessons in Rome."

"Oh, mother, how good of you! I have been thinking about my drawing."

"My dear, it is only right that we should do all we can for you. Your father is not rich, and we wish all our girls to be thoroughly educated, so that they may be able to support themselves in coming years, if it be necessary. Clara, I think, must make music her special study. Alice, dear girl, will always be able to employ herself in a variety of ways, and as long as the home lasts we shall want her here. We cannot tell yet what the younger ones will be fit for. But you must cultivate your taste for painting."

"I am glad you think so," said Enid. "But now you really must rest."

For the feverish colour was deepening in her mother's cheek, and Enid knew well how bad for her was the excitement she manifested.

"And then there is the language," Mrs. Mildmay went on, without heeding her words; "of course you must learn to speak Italian whilst you are there. It is easy to acquire a language when you hear everyone about you speaking it. I studied Italian when I was a girl. I used to read Dante in the original; but of course I never learned to speak the language. I must look for my Italian books, and see whether I can help you to get some notion of the grammar before you go."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Enid, joyfully; "you talk as if you really thought I should go."

"Yes, I fancy we shall have to let you go," said her mother with a smile. Then with a change of countenance she added, "But how I shall miss you, child!" She lay back on her pillow, unable longer to combat with the increased pain excitement had produced. Enid knew that there was no remedy save perfect quietude, so she kissed her mother and went away.

Enid was not left long in doubt as to her father's decision. On the following day he wrote to accept the proposal made by Mr. Marian. Two days later Enid received a bright, friendly letter from her cousin, who expressed much pleasure at the idea of having her company, and drew a glowing picture of the delights that awaited them at Rome. They were to start in three weeks' time, so Enid had enough to do to get ready for her departure. Alice rose to the occasion, and worked indefatigably for her sister's benefit. The amount of sewing she managed to get through, and the ingenuity she displayed in every difficulty, were astonishing. There was nothing in the event to disturb the balance of her mind; but Enid was like one in a dream all the time, and would

have forgotton half the things she needed if Alice had not continually jogged her memory.

Yet it was with a delightful sense of elation that Enid made her preparations for the journey. As she bade her friends good-bye everyone congratulated her on the prospect before her. Some even expressed pity for Alice because she was not going too; but that contented young woman would have none of their commiseration. She had no desire to travel; but she knew that it was what Enid had always longed for, and she was very glad she should have the pleasure.

But in spite of the pleasure she anticipated it was hard for Enid when the eve of her departure came. A reaction set in then; her heart failed her at the thought of going so far from those she loved, and for a brief period she almost wished that the idea of her wintering in Rome had never been entertained.

"How tired you look, mother," she said, when they were about to separate for the night. "Do you know I begin to feel as if it were wrong of me to leave you. You will take care of yourself, won't you?"

Mrs. Mildmay smiled rather sadly. "My dear child," she said, "do you think it is necessary to say that to me? Does your father ever let me forget the need of care? It is you who should be warned to be careful. There will be no one to look after you abroad."

"Oh, I shall be all right," said Enid; "but I do wish I could take you all with me. I can't think what it will be like to spend Christmas away from home."

"It will seem strange, and you will miss us, no doubt. You cannot expect to have gold without alloy. I fear there must be some shadows in the days before you. You may not find your cousin all you could wish; unforeseen difficulties may arise; but I hope the experience will be altogether for your good. You will let me know everything that troubles you, Enid?"

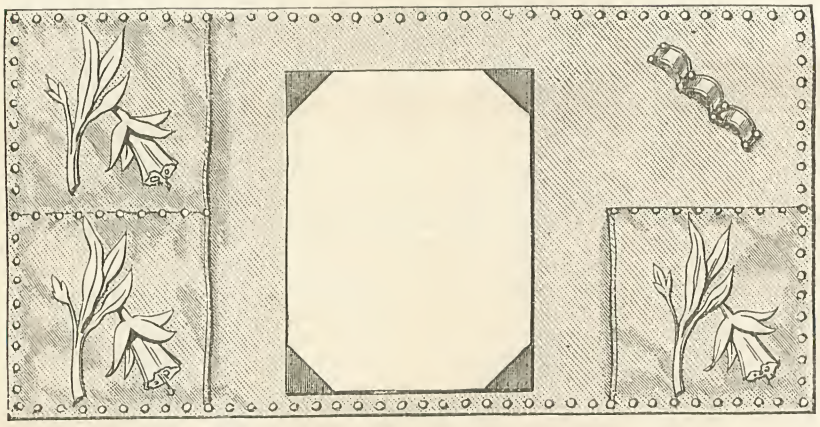
"Of course, mother," answered Enid. She could not imagine that troubles might arise of which it would be impossible to write to her mother.

"I shall count on your letters. Good-night, my dear child."

Tears were not far from Enid's eyes as she bade her mother good-night. And the parting the next morning was painful, but for Enid it was a pain which did not last long. Her father had decided to take her up to town himself. It was rarely he took a holiday; but he was not particularly busy at this time, and he felt it would be pleasant to renew his acquaintance with his cousin Marian, and see the girls start on their long journey two days later.

The express had not run far from Devonport ere Enid was chatting gaily with her father about Rome. As generally happens, it was those left behind who felt the parting most. Mrs. Mildmay shut herself into her room for an hour after Enid had gone, and when she reappeared her eyelids were suspiciously red. Even Alice, whose cheerfulness rarely fluctuated, was conscious of a blank, dreary feeling after her sister's departure, and had to set about the rearrangement of Enid's room, disordered by the exigences of packing, with the utmost energy in order to regain her usual equanimity. Enid Mildmay was not a girl who could leave her home without being missed.

(*To be continued.*)



HOW TO MAKE A WRITING-BOARD.

MANY girls can handle a hammer and gimlet as well as their brothers—perhaps better, in some cases. To those who can do so, the making of a writing-board will present no difficulties; and those who are not so skilled will be able to do so if they follow the advice given.

It is an article that will sell well at a bazaar, or is a nice present, because it is really useful, as well as pretty and artistic. For the foundation, a piece of smoothly-planed deal, thirty-six inches long, eighteen inches wide, and half an inch thick is required.

Seven dozen brass-headed nails, a packet of half-inch brass tacks, and a hammer and gimlet from your tool chest.

A yard of art serge, double width, and some embroidery silk completes the list—not a very expensive or long one.

The colour of the serge and the design of the embroidery is a matter of taste. The board sketched here is chestnut brown art serge; the daffodils are in the usual yellow tints, with the leaves of browny green—very suitable colours to use, as they harmonise so well with the brass nails. Having obtained your board, lay it on the table on the serge, and cut it an inch larger all round, cutting out a little square piece of half an inch at each corner to prevent them looking bulky. The serge should be face downwards on the table. Smooth out any creases, and lay the board on it exactly in the middle; pull the margin over to the side of the board uppermost, which we now call the wrong side; get it equal all round, and put a tack in at each corner to keep it in its place.

Knock the tacks in on the wrong side only an inch apart, to make your work tight and firm. Next cut a strip of serge nineteen inches long and ten inches broad for the pockets on the left side, and another piece ten inches square for the pocket on the right.

Work on them any design you like, but let it be a bold one.

The pockets are fastened to the board with brass nails; but remember to bore a hole with the gimlet for each one, or the heads will come off if you knock them in without doing so. You will see that there is an inch allowed to each strip for nailing on.

Cut two pieces two and a-half inches square, and cut each in two crossways; these are the blotting-paper holders, and are fastened on with brass tacks. For the pen and paper-knife holder, take a strip six inches long and one inch broad, and nail it on with brass nails at intervals of two inches, with either tacks or nails, as shown in sketch.

I should leave this until the last, and if I had any nails, should use them; if not, use tacks.

When making this board for a present, work the initials on this strip.

If you have cut your serge carefully, you should have a piece of serge, or pieces, large enough to cover the back, when you have finished the front, as shown in sketch.

The piece at the back must be slip-stitched on the wrong side all round, so as to cover the tacks; the board may then be used on a polished table without doing it an injury.

The white portion represents the blotting-paper. The pockets on the left side are stocked with stationery, while that on the right is intended for correspondence that requires answering.

If it is to be hung up out of the way, a couple of yards of cretonne will make a case to protect it from the dust.

If a shut-up travelling inkstand is used, this can also be put into the case, and then all the materials are ready to hand for writing a letter; and you are quite independent of an elaborate writing table, and, moreover, have a firm surface to write upon.

Cost, about four shillings and ninepence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LANCELOT.—The Civil Service employs a number of women in the Telegraph Department, but they enter after successfully passing the competitive examinations. You can obtain all particulars in the shilling *Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices* (Cassell & Co.). You would have to learn to write and spell very much better than you do to become even so far eligible.

"UNABLE TO GET OUT."—A Bible Class Union is conducted, as we have often said, by the Rev. Ernest Bays, of Beverley, Sidcup, Kent. Apply for a card of membership and paper of instructions and rules, giving your full name and address, and enclosing a stamp, to the Secretary, Christian Progress Union, 21, Exeter Hall, W.C. Perhaps the Correspondence Class carried on by Miss Hathway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, S.E., might suit you; or that by Miss Thoyts, Sulhamstead, Reading. Enclose a stamp to each, and ask for their rules and terms.

NAN.—The degree of B.A. can be obtained at the London University, which, by charter dated 1878, admits women to all degrees without exception—arts, science, law, medicine, and music. The matriculation exams. are held in January and June; and the age of the student must not be under sixteen years complete. The exam. for matriculation is held at several provincial centres as well as in London. Address, Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W.; fee, £2. We thank you for your kind and gratifying letter.

HEATHER.—The Secretary of the Cambridge Senior and Junior Local Exams. does not live in London. His address is—Professor G. F. Browne, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge.

MUSIC.

NELLIE.—The author of the verses, "Home, Sweet Home," and which begin, "Mid pleasures and palaces," was J. Howard Payne, an American dramatist and actor, born 1792; was at Drury Lane 1812, and died 1852. He was a remarkable man. At the age of thirteen, while at college in Schenectady, U.S.A., he became editor of the *Thespian Mirror*, and published a periodical called *The Pastime* in 1807. After some time spent in travelling, and occupied as a dramatist and actor, he was given the appointment of American Consul at Tunis. Subsequently visiting his own country, but reappointed to Tunis, he returned, and died there away from "home," of which he wrote so pathetically. One of his works, a series of papers on "Our Neglected Poets," was very well known; but it was perhaps the song referred to, which occurred in "Clare, or the Maid of Milan," and adapted to an old Sicilian melody, that has made him a lasting reputation. The United States Government has recently erected a monument to him at Tunis, in the cemetery of St. George; and subscriptions were solicited in 1858 for a bust of him, by John Jackson, of Boston, produced from a daguerreotype.

SOPRANO.—1. The "Scotch snap" is a method of playing dance music, supposed to add spirit and liveliness to the effect. The immigrant gipsy fiddlers from Bohemia and Hungary introduced it into Scotland, the "snap" being a characteristic feature of their national dance music. It consists in the lengthening of the time of the second note at the cost of its predecessor, placing a semiquaver before a dotted quaver. It does not appear in the ancient aboriginal Scotch music.—2. The origin of the name "ballad," as applied to a popular song, is the term "ballet," or "ballette" (of the sixteenth century), the singing being accompanied by dancing. The ballads of the fourteenth century consisted of historical or romantic poems and legends, after the style, perhaps, of the troubadour minstrels' songs, of a popular, bright, and attractive character, the same melody being repeated for every verse.

COOKERY.

NELLIE.—To pickle tomatoes, select small ripe ones. Place them in salt and water for twelve hours, then rinse them, stick cloves into each, and place in a jar; pour hot vinegar over them, and cover them down closely. Should the vinegar fail to penetrate sufficiently, heat it a second time. In America, where tomatoes are so largely cultivated, a large supply of green ones is usually found on the plants quite late in the season. These may be preserved in the following way:—Wash and chop them finely, sprinkle with salt; cut and add to them a few slices of onion; stir all well together, cover with a plate, and let it stand for twelve hours. Then pour off the water, and press in a colander to remove any that is left, and place the pickles in a jar with good vinegar, salt, pepper, and mustard seed.

JEANIE enquires what can be done to restore butter turned off a little by the heat. Work it thoroughly in several changes of water; pour off the latter, salt the butter anew, and add a very little sugar—not more than half an ounce to the pound. This method will probably render it fit for use, if not too far spoilt before you attempt to restore it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"DOT PERRYWINKLE."—Yes, if you write to our Publisher and send him 1s.—cases for binding, 2s—you will receive the title-page, picture, etc., from him. You have written to the Editor, who has nothing to do with that department. Certainly you may write again; and your letter is very kind, and by no means "silly."

FISH OUT OF WATER says:—"Please do not think me gushing and sentimental." Why should we? And what fish-pond does she hail from? If disposed to "copy everyone's manners and habits" with whom she is thrown, she must be a good specimen of a "queer fish." We have no prescription to offer her that will cure her of such proclivities. Although she may think she has "never met with a true hero or heroine except her mother, who is so good," she can need no other model; and in following in her footsteps she cannot need our advice.

ANNIE TRIAL.—January 1st, 1873, was a Monday. May 21st, 1873, a Wednesday. November 24th, 1873, a Monday. March 9th, 1876, a Thursday. February 18th, 1875, a Thursday.

A LITTLE READER.—The 24th of July, 1867, was a Wednesday.

PANSY BLOSSOM.—Whether your work be artistic, or simply useful, with pencil and brush or with needle, we make but one answer to such enquiries. Take the specimens to a suitable shop, and offer them for sale, or ask for orders.

TEUTON GIRL.—The name "Marian," and spelt also "Marion," must have the accent placed on the first letters, as if spelt "Mare-e-an," or "Mare-e-on." But "Marianne," though joined thus, is a compound of two distinct names, and must be as "Mary-Anne."

L. O'GORMAN.—The Irish language is one of very great antiquity. It was that of Carthage, a colony of Phœnicia, and was carried to Ireland by Phœnician commercial settlers; and the Erse and Manx are dialects of the same. The first writers were the Phœnicians and Egyptians. Taautus, who wrote books of laws, of natural philosophy, and of medicine, lived nearly 2,000 years before the Greeks were distinguished for their arts and literature. The Irish "Chronicles of O'Connor" must have been written some 1,500 or 1,600 years before the Christian era. The language is a soft yet full-sounding and beautiful one—the "th" abounding in it.

POULTRY FANCIER.—See vol. x., pp. 10, 70, 180, 252, 332, 358, and 492, for our articles on "Poultry Keeping."

SPRAY OF IVY.—The name "edelweiss" should be pronounced as if written "Aa-del-vice." Write for the song you require to some music-publisher, such as Novello.

CLARA LEACH will find a well recommended Home of Rest at Eastbourne, recently named in our "Answers to Correspondents." We rejoice that you have found our paper so helpful.

UNDINE had better not attempt to take likenesses unless she have a gift for it, as no one would like her to produce what she calls "libels on them." She had better have drawing lessons at the first, or she may get into bad habits, as well as waste time. If she give her full attention to her practising, one hour daily would be sufficient. If found tiresome to the rest of the family, or any one of them, she should divide the time, or practice when they are out. The pursuit of this art is often attended with great selfishness, or at least of much lack of consideration.

ROSE E.—We sympathise with you in the season of petty trials to which you are at present subjected. But you should not break down under it, but bear it bravely, and with good temper, receiving the cross laid upon you as permitted by your Divine Father. If you look cross or sulky you will only bring worse aggravations upon you. To say that the conversation of the family party is "a lot of gibberish" makes us see rather further into the trouble, for they have something, we should imagine, to complain of as well as yourself. Look pleasant and genial, be obliging and helpful, make no short answers, and try to fall in with their plans. Do not be always in the opposition; and pray for grace to do as we have advised, and that all strained intercourse may be exchanged for happier relations.

ONE IN A FIX.—Why be "in a fix"? Do not leave your husband and child if you can remain without danger to your life. Even then it is a question to how much of risk a mother should expose herself for the sake of her child. How can you expect God's blessing on leaving the natural and sacred duties of a wife and mother, which you voluntarily took upon yourself, because you do not get on well with your mother-in-law and her daughter. Try heartily to "get on with them"; it may be partly your fault, and we should be inclined to think it was in the case of a woman who contemplated forsaking her baby.

CONSTANT READER must pronounce the name "Rongemont" as in French (the second syllable nasal). Your writing needs much improvement, and the use of a better pen. They are cheap, and you need not economise upon them.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—The 8th of March, 1873, was a Saturday. Your writing would be *suitable if written* more as a "running hand." We think your writing as it now appears is rather a "crawling hand."

READER OF THE "G. O. P."—1. We are glad that one thing you have wanted to know for years has been given in "Lampiana."—2. Brewers' yeast should be kept in a cold cellar—the cooler it is kept the better.—3. Your house shoes should not have double soles. Single ones will not creak when walking on boards.

ERICA.—Twenty-four years of life should not have presented you with "crows' feet" at the corners of your eyes, nor wrinkles down your nose. We imagine that you have been in the habit of exposing yourself out of doors without hat or parasol, and have thus wrinkled your face. Wrinkles in the forehead are of very early appearance, from the trick of raising the eyebrows in a silly, owlish-looking way, which is only too common, and very disfiguring.

A. L. YOUNG enquires "why the 'Jerusalem artichoke' is so named?" It has no reference to an Eastern origin, but is a corruption of the Italian word *girasole*, or "sunflower," being of the same natural order as that flower (*Helianthus*). It is a native of America, but grown on a very large scale in India, Germany, and Russia, for purposes of commerce in many different ways. The artichoke, or *Cynara scolymus*, is of the order *Compositæ*, and is a native of Barbary and the south of Europe.

RAHAVANA.—1. We are glad that you liked our Summer Number, and our stories and useful teachings in general.—2. You should leave the steel bracelets to soak in oil, and then rub them well with a chamois leather, after having rinsed and dried them thoroughly. Should this fail, you had better give them to a silversmith and jeweller, to be cleaned in a more professional way.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—1. To receive presents from a man who is not your intended husband is not by any means a prudent or dignified proceeding. Nor should you walk out with him unaccompanied by a friend or brother.—2. It is better to abstain from eating raw cucumbers when suffering from a complaint like eczema.

SIMPLE SAM.—1. It does not signify on which finger you wear your engagement ring. Select the finger that it fits the best.—2. The statement in the Prayer Book answers your second question.

A NEW PAINTING COMPETITION.

OX-EYE DAISIES.

THIS floral group is to be copied by our artist-readers in any size preferred, and painted either in water-colours or oils. Prizes of Ten and Five Guineas respectively will be awarded to the two most successful artists, adjudged as such by the Editor. Certificates of the First, Second, and Third Classes will also be awarded, and due account will be taken of the ages of the workers, though the ages of the successful competitors will not be printed in the Pass List. Only the work of Prize and Certificate winners will be returned, and then only on receipt of stamps to defray postage. The other paintings will be distributed among the London hospitals. The last day for receiving the work is Lady Day, 1892.

Form of Certificate to accompany each painting.

*Full Name of Competitor*_____

_____ *Age*_____

*Address*_____

_____

Certificate:—I hereby certify that this painting is the entire work of the above, and that her Name, Age, and Address are correctly stated.

_____

(*Signed by a Parent, Minister, or Teacher.*)

OX-EYE DAISIES.

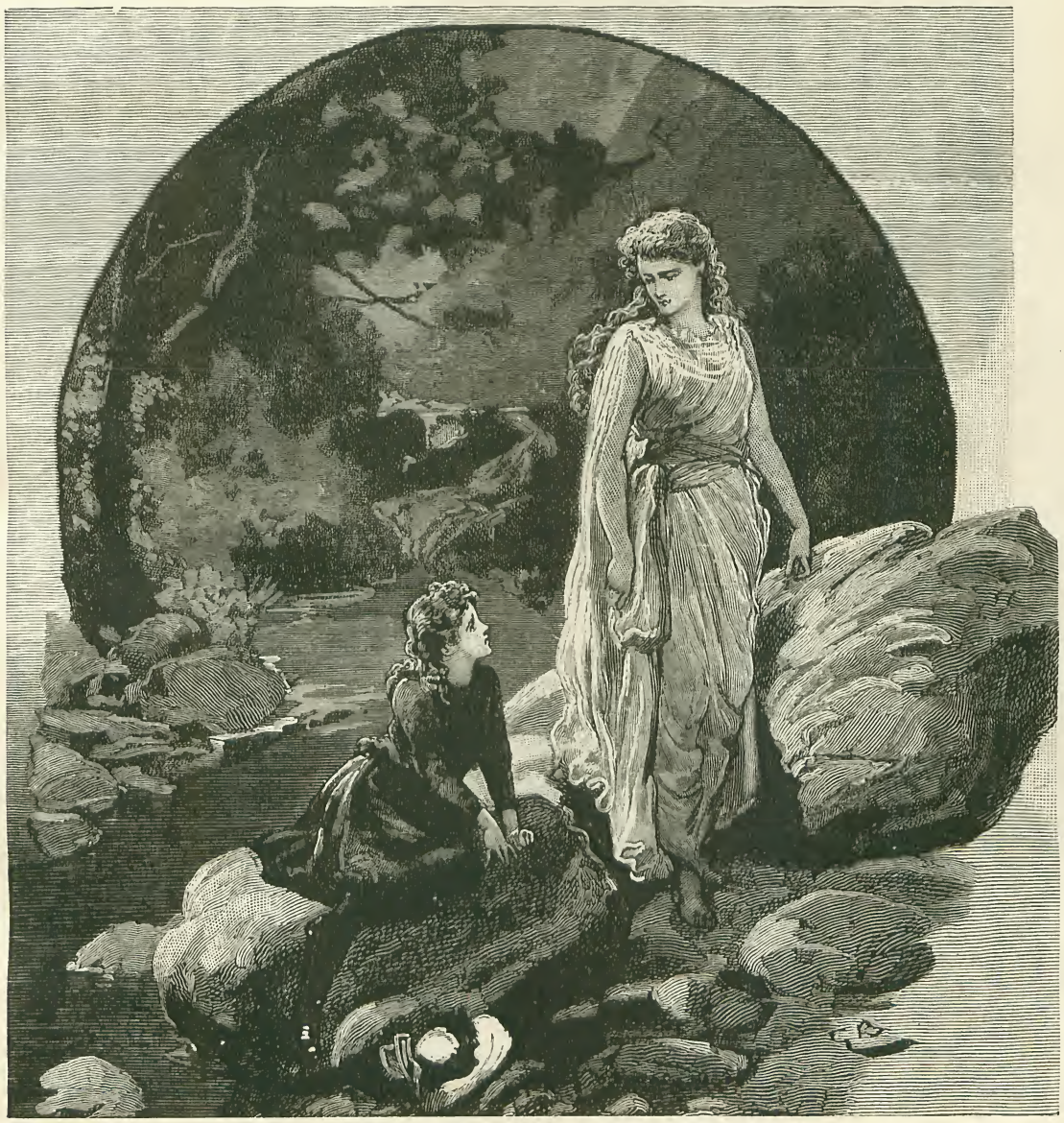
A NEW PAINTING COMPETITION.

[*See previous page.*]

VOL. XIII.—No. 616.] OCTOBER 17, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DAISY'S DREAM; A STORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS SCULPTORS.

By JESSIE M. BARKER.



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"'PLEASE WHO ARE YOU?' ASKED DAISY."

CHAPTER I.

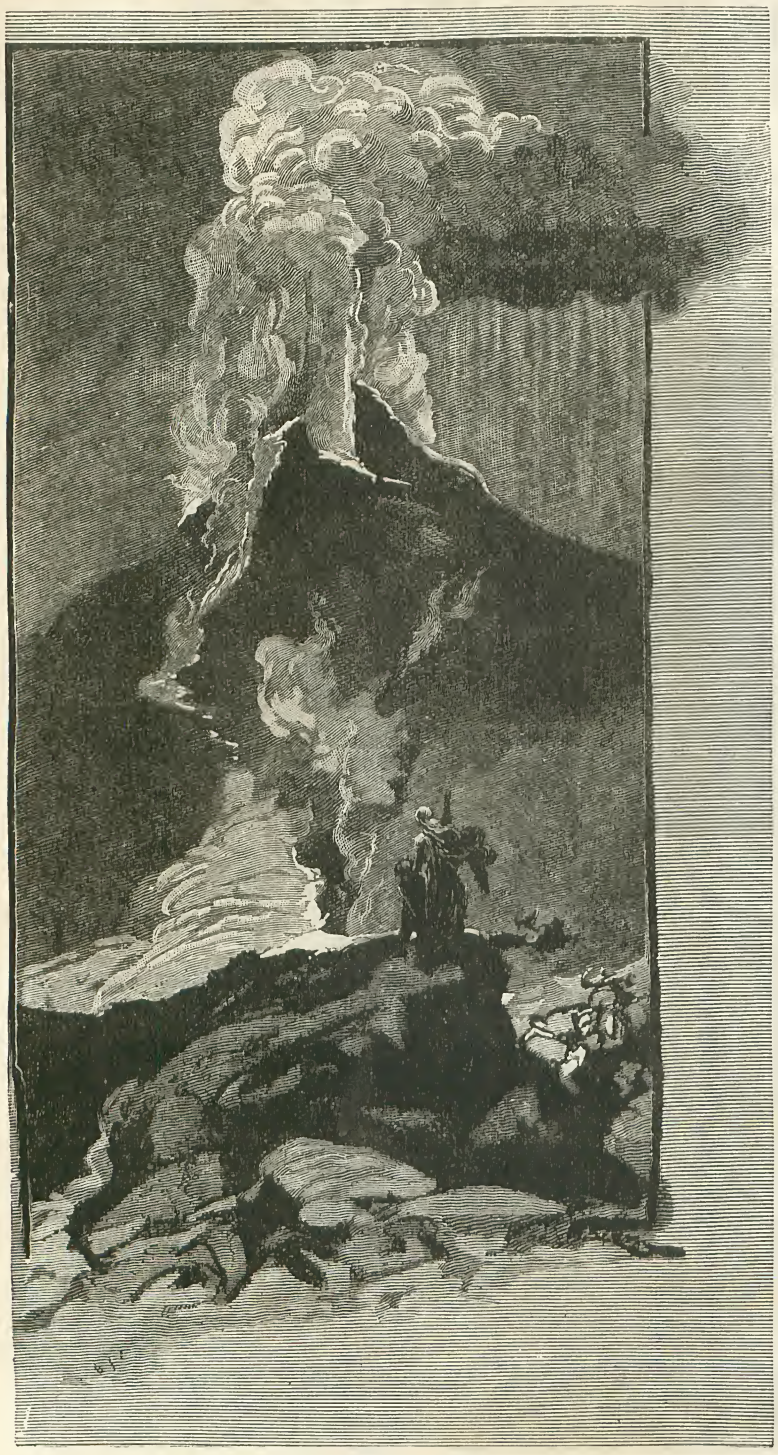
It was such a hot day that even the trout in the depths of their quiet pools were lazy and sleepy—at least, so thought Daisy; but perhaps they saw too clearly the sunlit figure on the boulder above, and preferred to peep slyly at her from under the stones. At any rate it was no use watching the tiresome creatures any longer; the pheasant ants would be much better company, for the busy life in the neighbourhood of their mountain city was always full of interest.

So Daisy began to stroll up the stream, meaning to cross into the wood at the other side; but on the way she came to such a lovely bank of oak fern, that she stopped and threw herself down at its foot in the shade of the cliff.

A little wagtail that had come to the water's edge to drink, peeped at her with his bright black eye before he disappeared behind a stone; and when, a few moments later, he popped up to peep at her again, her head was pillowed on her arm, her curls mingled their golden brown with the green of the delicate fronds, and the ripple of the stream had begun to sound like music from another world.

"What do you think of it, little maiden?"

Daisy looked up to find the most beautiful face she had ever seen bending over her.



"THE VOLCANO."

"Please who are you?" she asked.

"My sister and I are the twin Queens of Wonderland. Her name is The Past; mine is The Present. I have come to let you into some of the secrets of our kingdom, and show you how these cliffs have been built up, and how this lovely valley was carved out."

"Wasn't it always like this?" asked Daisy, gazing up at the weather-stained rocks.

"No, little maiden; everything in our kingdom is for ever changing, as I am going to show you. Once upon a time, millions of years ago, there were no such things as woods and fields and banks of fern—the earth was far too hot. But now the outside has grown cool, and the heat is imprisoned below a crust of hard rock. It is very useful there, for it pushes up parts of the earth that were covered by the sea, and so brings new land to light—indeed, a quiet gradual rising of some parts of the earth and sinking of others is always going on."

"Is that how mountains were pushed up?" asked Daisy.

"In some cases; but I will tell you to what we owe our principal mountain ranges. As the cooling of the earth goes on, the hot mass in the centre contracts, or shrinks, as we might say; and so the crust, losing its support from below, relieves itself by wrinkling up every now and then. It is these wrinkles that make the great mountain chains of the world. There is another kind of mountain too, built up of molten rock. You would like to see a volcano?"

"Indeed I should," cried Daisy, eagerly.

"Then away we go. But first, I must tell you that the melted rock below the crust is always trying to force its way up through any cracks in the hard rocks above; and not only so, but steam, from the water imprisoned in the molten rock, sometimes drills a passage right through the crust, as we shall see if you will put your arms round my neck and shut your eyes very tight."

Daisy trembled a little, but she was a brave girl, so she kept her fears to herself and hid her face on the Queen's shoulder.

It appeared to her that she was lifted from her feet for an instant and set gently down again; but when she opened her eyes it was not upon the familiar wood, but she was standing on the top of a mountain, on the edge of a ring-shaped ridge. Behind her, fertile slopes stretched downward, richly clothed with wood and vineyard; before her lay a deep hollow surrounded by the ridge on which they stood. The rugged cliffs rising from this hollow were so brilliantly coloured that she exclaimed with delight.

"It is the gases and vapours from below that have painted these walls," said the Queen. "That brilliant yellow is sulphur, and there you see a crust of salt."

"Whatever are those queer little mounds, and why do they smoke?" asked Daisy, looking down upon the rough irregular plain enclosed by these steep walls.

"Oh," replied the Queen, "you are looking down into a crater, which was drilled long ago, and has got filled up so far. But it is going to be cleared out again presently. Listen!"

While the Queen was speaking it began to thunder, as Daisy thought, and she looked up in surprise, for above was a sky of deep blue, unbroken by a single cloud.

"The sound comes from beneath," said her guide, and the next moment a loud noise brought Daisy's hands to her ears, and the ground was violently shaken.

"Please take me away!" she cried, and threw herself into the Queen's arms.

Immediately the noise ceased, and the next thing she heard was the Queen's voice.

"Rouse yourself, little maiden, and see what has happened since you took fright a little while ago. That is where we were standing then."

Daisy looked up and uttered an awe-struck "Oh!" for at some little distance lay the mountain with a dense column of steam rising from its summit and spreading out into a heavy canopy above. Flames appeared to dart from the crater, and loud noises like thunder-claps were incessant. The fiery fountain looked the more awful because of the surrounding twilight, and Daisy, who had thought it must be evening, was surprised to find that a pale sun was just visible through a thick veil of cloud.

Presently a very loud explosion was heard, and the ground shook.

"Oh, look at the flames and the smoke!" cried Daisy, too intent on watching to remember her fears.

"The cloud is steam, not smoke, and they are not flames, they are red-hot stones and pieces of rock that the steam is tearing off and hurling into the air. What is that on your hand?"

"Why, it is covered with dust!"

"Yes," replied the Queen; "for very often instead of tearing pieces off any rock that happens to be in the way, the steam blows it to atoms and sends it up into the air as fine dust, sometimes to the height of more than a mile. There it spreads out into a cloud, and hides the sun from us, as you see. Most of the stones and dust fall down again round the crater and help to build up the mountain, but sometimes the stones are hurled out with such force that they fall miles away, and the dust is often carried for hundreds of miles. Ah, the passage is clear at last! What do you see now?"

"A cloud creeping down the mountain side."

"Yes; a cloud of steam rising from a stream of lava or molten rock that has come up from below the crust. If you were brave enough, little maiden, I should like to show it you."

Daisy looked up into the dear kind face that was bending over her.

"Yes," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "I will go."

"I will take good care of you," returned the Queen, and threw over her, covering her from head to foot, a veil of the finest gossamer, perfectly transparent, and so light that she scarcely felt it. It was fastened round her waist and arranged so that it fell into loose folds, and left her room to move her arms, which she could put out if she chose.

"Now, my child, you are ready for anything," said her guide; and in another moment they were standing on the mountain side, with the cloud-capt lava stream descending towards them.

What a terrible stream it was! welling out at white heat from a rent in the crater wall, and moving down the slope like a river of fire. As it proceeded it grew dull, and the surface broke up into rough fragments, which grated against each other as they moved onwards. These were piling themselves up as a bank on each side, and prevented the stream from spreading to any great extent; but suddenly it reached the edge of a cliff, and then the molten mass burst through the cooler and harder crust, and poured over the cliff as a fiery cataract, sending up a cloud of steam.

"How dreadful!" said Daisy, shuddering.

"It is indeed," replied the Queen; "but I will show you a flood which is even more formidable because it is so swift—such a flood as buried a small town called Herculaneum eighteen centuries ago."

She took Daisy to the side of the mountain over which the wind carried the dense cloud of steam rising from the crater. Heavy rain was falling from this cloud, and torrents were rushing down the slopes, cutting deep trenches in the loose materials with which they were covered, and gathering up the dust which had fallen thickly round the edge of the crater. These all united in a vast stream of mud, which swept down the mountain, bearing with it shrubs and trees, and even carrying away whole woods in its resistless course.

"'SEE, THE VINEYARDS ARE ALL SWEPT AWAY.'"

"Ah, Daisy," said the Queen sorrowfully, "do you remember the vineyards on the hill-side and the pretty little village that basked in the sunshine at the foot of the mountain? See, the vineyards are all swept away, and the village is buried under the mud. The people, no doubt, have escaped to a safer place; but it makes one very sad to think that they should lose their homes and their vineyards."

"Why do you allow it?" asked Daisy.

"My child, I cannot help it, nor can I tell you why it is that there is so much suffering in this beautiful Wonderland; but my sister knows, and you will be able to ask her some day—I mean our other sister, of whom I have not yet spoken to you."

"What is her name?"

"The Future," replied the Queen. "We cannot talk to her or hear her voice, for she may not visit Wonderland; but often when we are sad we catch a glimpse of her, and her eyes. Oh, Daisy, they are so glad! So then we know she sees all we could wish to see, and we are content to wait."

(*To be continued.*)

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "An Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER II.

FAREWELL.

MR. MACDERMOT was one of those silent men whom surely only Scotland or Holland produce in perfection. How he ever succeeded in wooing and winning a wife in the laconic strain which was habitual to him, was a small puzzle; unless Mr. Macdougal was right in his facetious explanation, that "lasses are quick to take a hint on such occasions, when the deafest hear, and the blindest see." Mr. Macdermot was certainly silent in the conduct of every other affair of consequence in his life. He took his wife's death silently, though his dark hair grew grey in the course of the next year, and a light went out of his eyes then which never came back to them. He took a double loss which befell him in his purse and prospects, when Flora was in her fifteenth year, in the same way. He became surety for a parishioner on whose honesty he could depend; but here life, and not honour, failed; the man died unexpectedly, and the minister had to pay his bond to the creditors, and did it without any outcry. Neither was he heard to utter any complaint when a small property, worth four or five hundred a year, which was in the Macdermot family, instead of coming to the minister as he and everybody else had expected, passed to another cousin. The misadventure was not the result of any failure of regard or direct bequest on the part of the last proprietor. He was an old man in his dotage, who had only held a life-rent in the lands, while he was without near relations. The succession had to be traced back for several generations in order to find the legal heir. No one acquainted with the circumstances had doubted that he existed in the person of Mr. Macdermot, till it was discovered that a link in the evidence of his descent was not forthcoming. He might be, as had been believed, the great-grandson of "Black John Macdermot," who had been for the greater part of his life a soldier engaged in foreign service; but when it came to the point there was no trustworthy testimony such as would be accepted in a court of law to prove it. Whether by reason of the wanderings of the said "Black John"; whether from some reprehensible negligence on the part of the parents, or of the official who represented the session clerk, or of the clergyman who baptised him, there was nothing—no family papers, no entry in a session book, or a family Bible; only popular and family tradition to show that the Macdermot in question ever had a son for the minister to inherit through him the patrimony which was going a-begging for a laird.

There were old people who maintained that within their remembrance there had stood a tombstone in the churchyard of Inverlochan, the minister's own churchyard (within sight of his study window), which he crossed every Sunday in order to enter his church and his pulpit, that ought to have cleared up the difficulty, and made Malcolm Macdermot's claim clear. But there had been alterations and improvements in the old churchyard within the last sixteen years, in the course of which several of the oldest stones had been displaced; and in the displacement the stone had disappeared, and could no longer be found. All that the minister was ever heard to say on the subject, was that he was glad to think his cousin Neil, who had profited by the disappearance of the stone—supposing its record were unanswerable or even intelligible—had too high a character for honesty to be suspected of deliberately making away with a few feet of moss-grown granite.

As the next exhibition of his quiet spirit, Mr. Macdermot came home from his very next spring "visitation" without so much as saying to his daughter that his throat was rasped by the east wind, or asking his old servant Flory to make him a basin of gruel to ward off the cold with which his chest was oppressed. He struggled out of bed the next day, and was only prevented by the protests and remonstrances of his womenkind, alarmed by his looks, from going abroad to fulfil his ordinary engagements. When the doctor was summoned, and sent the minister to bed, he obeyed, still without a word, though he looked the man of medicine meaningly in the face, and repeated the look every day that his illness lasted. Flora was too inexperienced to take in the danger, though she comprehended with a pang that her father was very ill, when she saw how watchful and unremitting in her attentions, not only in the sick-room but to Flora herself, Flory had become all of a sudden. She would have the young girl lie down for half-an-hour, or go out for five minutes into the avenue, and not wear out her strength.

"As if I needed to lie down—a girl like me—in order not to wear out my strength, when my father has not been ill for more than a week yet! As if I wanted to walk in the avenue when there is sickness in the house, and I am certain that my father would miss me if I were five minutes out of his room! It will be time enough to walk when he is better. What can be in Flory's head?"

Then the bad news could no longer be confined to the manse, and the troubled women in it. The doctor carried "the word" among other patients, for the weather had grown bleak and inclement, and there was a good deal of illness prevalent—scarlet fever among children, and among grown-up people bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs like that from which Mr. Macdermot suffered. Yet, in spite of this pressure of work, the doctor began to ride over twice instead of once a day to Inverlochan, and Flory thought gratefully how attentive he was, and that he was "a real kind man."

Flora had written, at the minister's dictation, to another minister in the Presbytery, who was elderly, and had a "helper," to ask her father's friend to lend his helper, or to come over himself, if he was able for the exertion, to preach on Sunday, that "the ministrations of the sanctuary might not be neglected," and that such meetings as were due might be attended to. Of course everybody had thus come to know of the minister's illness, so that it was not at all remarkable that many enquiries about his condition were made, and even little neighbourly loans and offerings of such comforts and luxuries as air cushions and invalid's cups, rusks and grapes—the last from the Castle—by which a sick man might benefit, were sent to the manse. Flora carried such tokens of goodwill with great satisfaction into her father's room, saying, "See, father, what has come for you! Aren't you a deal thought of? I am afraid you will not think much of what Flory and I can get for you, with all these nice things at your hand"; and he would smile his thanks.

But Flora was puzzled, and did not know what to make of it, when first Miss Arabella, the youngest and most active of the ladies at the Cottage, and then Mrs. Macdougal from Fearnton, accompanied by her eldest daughter Lizzie, arrived in person and asked earnestly if Flora would not like one of them to remain with her. They were so kind, so very kind in their gravity, that she felt ready to cry, though she could not tell why; while Lizzie Macdougal, who certainly had nothing to cry for, broke down, and put her handkerchief to her face, in spite of reproachful looks from her mother.

Either Miss Arabella or Mrs. Macdougal could have been ill-spared—the one from the genteel poverty and stillness, and the other from the homely abundance and stir of her home; and why should they stay with Flora when she had Flory and Jessie, and her father was just the most patient and pleasant of invalids, doing everything the doctor bade him, taking whatever he was ordered without a murmur, giving even less trouble in bed than out of it? So his daughter thanked the ladies, and declined their offer of company, explaining how unnecessary it was for her to put them about; and she had no doubt that Flory made the same explanation when she stood talking so long to the visitors at the front door, speaking in whispers that the voices might not disturb the minister, the window of whose room was in a line above the door. Flora did not so much as realise her father's meaning when one evening, in the early gloaming, as she sat alone with him, not moving,

under the impression that he was taking "a fine sleep," he said suddenly, in the speech which had grown so husky, "I doubt, my dear, I have got my call."

"What call, father?" she asked, wondering, supposing that he was half dreaming still, as he often was now when first he awoke.

He made her no direct reply, but said even more indistinctly, "God bless you, and be a good lassie, Flory," and feebly turned his face to the wall. She took his words for a form of "Good-night," and sat on, still doing nothing, except looking at the rising moon above the birch trees, lest she should disturb him, till Flory came in saying it was time that the minister had his beef-tea. Then the two sought to raise him, and prop him up in bed, when Flory cried in an awe-stricken voice, "Eh, me; he's gone!" and all the dense confidence of her young mistress's total inexperience and devoted affection for her father was torn to rags by the flash of terrible conviction which told her, without leaving her any room to doubt in her anguish, that she had no longer a father on earth.

Flora was not forsaken in her great sorrow, which seemed to change her in a minute from a hopeful, unquestioning girl to a grief-struck woman, who in all time to come would find food for fear, as well as hope, in every change that befell her. She was forlorn in the sense of having no near relations to share her bereavement, and weep for the good man they had lost here in the same degree that she wept; but she had no lack of friends to support her. Miss Arabella Buchanan and Mrs. Macdougal took it in turns to stay with the young girl till after the funeral, and make, in her name, all the necessary arrangements of which she could only dimly comprehend the exceeding mournfulness and the sore, shrinking pang. The members of her father's Presbytery wrote each of them a letter to his late friend's daughter, expressing his sympathy, and putting himself at her service. It was her turn to-day; it might be that of any other minister's wife or daughters to-morrow; and they all attended Mr. Macdermot's funeral in a ministerial body, rendering that impressive ceremony still more imposing. Even the Free Church minister, who was the Established Church minister's natural rival in his parish, though both of them being pacific men they had lived on amicable terms, sent in his card, and a message to ask if there was anything he could do for Miss Macdermot!

Lady Adelaide sent every day to ask how Miss Macdermot was feeling. Sir Ewan deferred a journey to Edinburgh in order to drive in his carriage to the funeral. What was a greater, though perhaps less striking sacrifice, the farmers gave up half a day in seed-time that their men might be present; working men relinquished half a day's job; poor old bodies beyond work tottered in their rusty mourning a couple of miles on the same errand. When these signs of esteem were summed up and brought before Flora's notice she only cried to begin with, "Oh, that will not bring him back!" But when she was reminded that they were so many signs of respect for her father's memory, and that she ought to prize them as such, she acquiesced meekly, and went to church in her mourning and listened to the funeral sermon preached from the pulpit which her father would fill no more. She restrained her tears, and told herself that her father had gone to an honoured rest, and was hearing the "Well done" from his Master, and that she had much to be thankful for in being the daughter of a good man, no less than to grieve over, in that she would see his face no more till her own life was ended, and it would be wicked and selfish of her to murmur and rebel against the will of God. For, happily for Flora, she was her father's daughter, with much of his great reasonableness and loyalty to his Maker, in the middle of her girlish ignorance and passionate distress. The next thing was, what was Flora to do, and where was she to go? For while the death of the head of a house brings change into most homes, no greater change can be wrought than what is brought about in a minister's family. The parish is no longer their kingdom. The manse is no longer their home. Their income ceases; their official work comes to an end; they get six months of grace to prepare them for the change, and then they must go out into the world and do the best they can, under entirely altered circumstances, for themselves and all connected with them. Flora had nobody closely connected with her by blood, but the mandate went forth for her also in her solitary orphan state, even with more emphasis than it did for widows who were on the "Ministers' Widows' Fund," and little girls for whom admittance might be obtained to the "College" for the education of ministers' daughters on infinitesimal terms.

Flora was on no fund, and young as she was her education had been completed two years before. As she listened she felt the full appropriateness of the text of the next sermon after the funeral sermon, which she heard in what had been her father's church—"Arise, let us go hence." Many doors were open to her, either now or after the six months of grace were fulfilled, if she elected to stay on through the summer in the manse deprived of its master. But Flora knew that it was not for a young girl like her to keep up such an establishment; that it would not be thought right for her to remain there in the house in which she had been born, with no other protection than that of Flory and Jessie, for she could neither expect nor allow Miss Arabella or Mrs. Macdougal any longer to desert their own posts, and leave their duties to their sisters and husbands and children undischarged on her account. It was near Whitsunday, and it would be inexcusable waste in her to let Flory and Jessie's wages run on till Martinmas instead of paying them—she who had never paid them before—what was their due, and dismissing them with what heart she could find for the act. She had pressing invitations to the Cottage, where she could make herself useful for the term of her visit; and to Fearnton, where not only the Macdougal girls urged her to come, and said they would never forgive her if she did not stay with them for two or three months, but Mr. and Mrs. Macdougal also had said in their hearty, if plain way, that they would be always pleased to see her father's daughter when she chose; her bite and sup would never be missed at their table, and there was more than one spare room at a guest's disposal. Even Lady Adelaide wrote one of her dainty little notes to say she was not going abroad this spring, and she would be delighted if her young friend Miss Macdermot would give Sir Ewan and her the pleasure of her company by spending a few weeks with the family at the Castle before they went south after Easter.

But these were all temporary invitations; indeed, Flora, who had a true gentlewoman's spirit of independence, and some Highland pride, would have felt considerably affronted if she had been offered a home as a dependent where she had no title to live. The question remained open, where was to be her abiding place? What was she to do for a permanency? Mr. Macdermot left no will; he had little in the face of his losses two years before beyond what remained of his last half-year's salary, and what was due for the coming six months of grace, together with his furniture and books, to bequeath to his daughter; and these effects went to her by law, without any intimation of his will in the matter. But there was a slip of paper found in his desk which was as good as an expression of his wishes where Flora was concerned, and she never dreamt of disputing it. It contained merely these words: "I desire Flora, on my death, to go to her aunt in London—that is, if Mrs. Bennet will have her." There was no date affixed to the lines, and it was uncertain whether the writer had written them on the first day of his illness or years before. Flora felt them binding on her all the same. She knew about this aunt all that a girl could know who had seen the grown-up woman once in the girl's childhood, and had taken a girlish part in such not very close family correspondence as had been kept up between the Macdermots and the Bennets.

Mr. Macdermot in his lifetime did not know much more of Mrs. Bennet than his daughter knew, beyond the fact that when she and her husband paid their solitary visit to Inverlochan, before Mrs. Macdermot's death, the minister was a mature man capable of forming an unbiassed judgment on character, while his little daughter was likely to be swayed by a child's likes and dislikes. Mrs. Bennet and Mrs. Macdermot had been sisters, who were left orphans at a still earlier age than that at which Flora lost the last of her parents, and they had not enjoyed the comfort of being brought up together. Their friends had seen it advisable to separate them, in order that Mrs. Bennet might be brought up by some distant connections in London, where, when she was grown up, she married and settled; while her sister remained in Scotland, and eventually became the wife of Mr. Macdermot of Inverlochan.

The early severance of the sisters, and their different paths in life, accounted for the fact that only one visit had passed between them within Flora's remembrance. Mrs. Macdermot had been long ailing, and her husband's income had not included the possibility of much or of distant visiting. She had never even seen the great city of London, where her sister lived; but once Mr. and Mrs. Bennet had come north, and in the course of a Highland tour had enjoyed for some weeks the hospitality of the Scotch manse.

There was no appearance of any lack of kinswomanly feeling in Mrs. Bennet. When she received the intimation of the minister's death she wrote at once, without waiting to be told that Mr. Macdermot had wished his daughter to go to her aunt, her nearest surviving relation, and made the arrangement of her own accord, as if it were a matter of course; and with a promptness and friendliness that might mean all the more, because they were not couched in a multitude of endearing phrases—"You will come to us as soon as you can. That is the natural course for my poor sister's child. You will be a comfort and pleasure to us all, no doubt; and you will be a companion for your cousin Dorothy. There will be a sale, I presume, and if you have no friend of your father's who can arrange business matters for you, then your uncle will come down and bring you back with him. He would have come for the funeral, he bids me say, in addition to assuring you of our deep regret, but he has been on the Continent, and could not have returned in time, while I could not very well leave the family without either of us. If you have any friend of your father's who can act for you, and if you do not mind travelling alone—it is better for girls to be able to travel by themselves: your cousin Dorothy came the greater part of the way from Germany unescorted, except by a maid, last Christmas—we should prefer it. Your uncle has several engagements which it would be difficult for him to break; and I, too, am not quite free; besides I have only just recovered from an attack of bronchitis. But do not hesitate to tell me what you require to have done for you—girls are so different; only I used to *think you a handy*, sensible little thing. If you are in any present want of money before your poor father's affairs are wound up, and what he has left is realised, write at once. I don't wish to hurry you, but when you have made your arrangements, or rather when some friend in the parish has made them for you, and you are prepared to start, let me know, and Mr. Bennet will write out the directions for you, as he wrote out Dorothy's for her, and will see the guard of the Scotch train by which you will travel. I need not say somebody will be meeting you at King's Cross or St. Pancras. If you leave by the first train you are in town by eight o'clock in the evening."

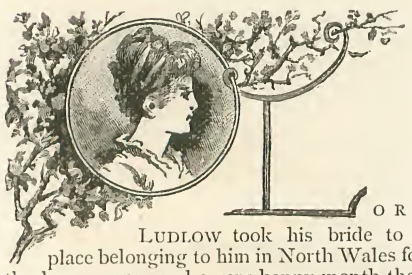
There were a few more words added as if by an afterthought, and these were not the least kind in the substantially kind but decidedly authoritative letter. "We had not much opportunity of knowing your poor father, but what we did see of him we liked and respected. We are really sorry for his unexpected death, and for you, poor girl, and mean to do the best we can to supply your great loss."

(*To be continued.*)

LADY BEATRIX'S STEPMOTHER.

By OCTAVIA ALLEN.

CHAPTER IV.



LORD Ludlow took his bride to a place belonging to him in North Wales for the honeymoon, and a very happy month they spent there. They had horses and carriages for riding or driving, a trout stream for fishing, books, and sketching materials. On their walks they collected botanical specimens, and examined them under the microscope. On the wet days, of which there were plenty, they read Schiller and Shakespeare, or Browning and Dante together, or played and sang—they were too happy ever to be dull. They had no visitors to interrupt their delightful solitude. The society of each other was all they wanted in those supremely happy days. They could not but be sorry when the weeks drew to a close, and they had to return to the business of life.

"I am afraid you may find Beatrix a trial," Lord Ludlow said one evening, when he and his wife were talking over their future home life.

"Oh, I don't think she will be a trial—I hope she will be an interest and a pleasure to me," Lady Ludlow replied. The husband smiled, and stroked his wife's cheek caressingly.

"I hope my Phœbe's sweetness will win her," he said; "but she is a queer-tempered child."

"I hope she will grow to love me; but I can sympathise with her not liking me at first. I must seem an interloper to her, and she will be afraid of my coming between her and you; but that must not be."

"I don't think it will be *that*," he said. "She does not care enough about me, I am sorry to say. I blame myself, of course, that I saw so little of her till lately; but the last few months I have had her much with me, and it has not improved matters as regards her feelings towards me, I fear."

"Children are often very reserved," his wife replied. "They have sometimes more affection for their elders than they like to show."

Lord Ludlow shook his head.

"You shall judge for yourself," he said.

Several weeks had passed since the return of the bride and bridegroom to Ludlow Court. The village festivities in honour of their home-coming were over. But then followed a succession of gaieties. Some weeks there were large parties in the house for shooting or for dinner. At other times the Ludlows themselves went out for visits of two or three nights. The young and beautiful bride, with her handsome, cultivated husband, were very popular. And for the first month or two Lady Ludlow greatly enjoyed being made much of and admired by a new circle of acquaintances, and after a new fashion—as a countess instead of as a Liverpool heiress. But at the end of three or four months she was getting a little tired of it all. She had been to many different houses, and had seen many fresh faces, and yet, with all the constant change, there was a certain sameness. Fancy work, rides or drives, afternoon tea, elaborate toilettes, long dinners and small talk on much the same topics. Even music and singing were becoming monotonous! A visit of two or three days broke up the week, and a house full of guests caused her some anxiety and much fatigue. Plans that she had dreamed of for benefiting the poor people on the estate, or for her own self-culture, and more especially for Beatrix's happiness and good, had not been carried out. She felt that she was living in a world of small occupations and gaieties, and that body, mind, and spirit needed rest.

It was a cold winter's evening; the house was full of visitors. Lady Ludlow had been dispensing afternoon tea and civilities for the last hour and a-half, and at last, somewhere between six and seven of the clock, she withdrew to her own sitting-room for a little rest and quiet before the evening dinner-party. She remembered Beatrix. Feeling very tired, she thought she would not go upstairs to the schoolroom, but would send for the child to come to her. A message was despatched to the schoolroom. Beatrix was learning a page of German grammar; she had taken advantage of Miss Snow's temporary absence to put her elbows on the table and her fingers into her ears—a favourite attitude with her, but one that could not be enjoyed under Miss Snow's watchful eye. "Tell her ladyship that I have not finished my lessons, so cannot come down," was her somewhat surly reply to the summons. Lady Ludlow knew that if Beatrix had wished she could have come down to her for half an hour, and learnt her lessons later. She felt it was rather a relief to be able to take up her own book, in which she was much interested, instead of having the company of a person not altogether congenial to her and she was glad to be alone for a little while. But though her book was very interesting, she soon laid it down, for she could not help thinking of Beatrix. She had meant, when she married, to win the child's love, and to be really a mother to her; but although months had passed, she had not got a bit nearer to the girl than she had been the first day of their acquaintance. Beatrix avoided her society, never confided in her—nay, she scarcely ever spoke to her unless she were obliged. She received all Lady Ludlow's advances and kisses without any response. Her dislike to her stepmother was evident, though she dared not express it by actual impertinence from fear of her father. Nevertheless, he noticed her cold and ungracious manner, and was deeply displeased by it. His annoyance would sometimes show itself in a very sharp rebuke for some trifling offence which he could take hold of, or by an angry look; but this naturally did not make

matters any better, and so his wife would try and pass over, or screen from his eyes, any little tokens of Beatrix's animosity. But they were a real trouble to her; and as she sat by her fire with the interesting book in her lap, she thought over the matter sorrowfully enough. Beatrix was expected to appear every evening in the small drawing-room where the company assembled before dinner. When there were no visitors—which was not often the case—she was generally told to bring her book or work into the dining-room and sit there during dinner. On this evening she did not appear in the drawing-room. Lord Ludlow's quick eye at once noticed her absence. He found an opportunity of saying aside to his wife—

"Do you know why Beatrix is not down here?"

"No; but I think perhaps she is too busy with her lessons this evening to come down."

Nothing more passed between them on the subject, but the next morning Lord Ludlow walked into the schoolroom.

"Beatrix, how was it you did not come downstairs before dinner last night?" he asked.

"I did not want to go down, father."

"Why not?"

There was no answer; and he continued, "You must come down at your proper times, and, of course, whenever you are sent for. Don't let there be any more of these whims."

Beatrix said to herself, "I know her ladyship has been telling father about my refusing to go down to her room yesterday—just like her," which opinion was about as true as those which other people than Beatrix sometimes form of their neighbours' doings or non-doings. Lord Ludlow had unwittingly increased his child's dislike to her stepmother.

That evening Lady Ludlow had no time for Beatrix; she was kept downstairs by her guests later than usual, and dinner was earlier on account of there being a long drive to a party. She had to dress hastily, and had an uncomfortable sense of being hurried; moreover, she saw that her husband was vexed because she was among the last to appear in the drawing-room, and she was conscious that to save time she had neglected having dressed in a particularly elaborate fashion that he liked for an evening toilette. She tried to be as composed as usual, and not to think of these trifles; but she felt wearied and harassed.

Beatrix was in the drawing-room, but looking so gloomy and repellent, that it was no wonder the company took but little notice of her. The next time Lady Ludlow sent for her she came with a sullen face, and the manner of a person who is obliged to do some unpleasant task. Her stepmother did not feel as if she could talk to her in that mood, so she took up a book which she thought would interest the child, and asked her to read it aloud. Beatrix opened the book and read rapidly in a hard, monotonous voice, as if her object were to get through as many pages as possible in a given time. Then Lady Ludlow said, "I thought that book would interest you, Beatrix—doesn't it?"

"No, thank you," was the ungracious reply.

"Have you any that you are reading to yourself that you would rather read to me?"

"I like better reading to myself than you."

Poor Lady Ludlow did feel annoyed with the girl; she remembered her husband's words, that Beatrix was "a queer-tempered child," and she could not but feel there was some truth in them. She, however, only said quietly, "Perhaps you would like to go back to the schoolroom?"

Beatrix did not answer for a moment; then she said coldly, "Yes, I would, if you don't want me."

Her stepmother let her go; but when she was alone tears of vexation and disappointment gathered in her eyes. She had tried so consistently to be kind to the child; she had done many things solely to give her pleasure; she never spoke a sharp word to her, but took pains to speak to her with never-failing gentleness and kindness; she had often interceded with her husband on the child's behalf to get her off a scolding, and yet at the end of these months she found no apparent results from her kind efforts. The girl evidently disliked her, and would not do anything to oblige her even, except by constraint. "She is so ungrateful, it is no use trying to be good to her," she said to herself as she wiped away her tears. Nevertheless she did go on trying what patience and kindness would do for poor Beatrix, though at times even her patience would give way, and then for days together she would hardly speak to the child. And so the months went by.

In the spring came the inevitable move of the household to London, which Beatrix much disliked, for there she had even less freedom than at Ludlow Court. Her only comfort was in the prospect of seeing Edith Becket and her sisters. In this, however, she was disappointed. Edith no longer attended M. Félix's French classes, her parents not being able to afford the cost now that her brother's education was growing more expensive. So Beatrix had no opportunity of meeting her, as no one suggested that she should be invited to Grosvenor Square. Lady Ludlow did try to find companions for Beatrix among the daughters of her own circle of friends; but as these were of much higher social position than Edith Becket, Beatrix chose to think that this was the reason her stepmother sought them out for her, and that she looked down upon Edith. Poor Lady Ludlow was guiltless of any such worldliness. She hardly knew of Edith's existence; her husband had forgotten all about the child; and Beatrix herself was too proud and reserved, and, perhaps, too timid, to ask for her friend to be invited to the house. The long weeks of the hot London season rolled by drearily enough for Beatrix, and without much real enjoyment for Lady Ludlow, notwithstanding all their gaiety. She often took Beatrix out driving with her of an afternoon; but as she was sometimes too tired to make conversation, and as Beatrix never spoke to her unless spoken to, these drives were apt to be rather a penance to both of them.

One broiling Saturday afternoon, Edith, her two younger sisters, and Joey, were hastening along with their father towards Sloane Square Station to catch the train for a long promised expedition to Bushey Park and Hampton Court. How hot it was! Edith wished they could jump into one of the fine carriages as they passed, instead of having to hurry along the streets to get into a hot crowded third-class underground railway-carriage. This carriage coming towards them with the fine pair of bay horses, how luxurious it looked. Edith glanced at the inmates as it passed, and saw her old friend Beatrix sitting very upright, looking straight before her with the habitual gloomy expression on her face, and apparently taking no interest in the things around her. If there had been any envious thoughts in Edith's mind the sight of Beatrix dispelled them. It was plain that driving in a grand carriage did not make happiness.

"Father," said Edith, "I saw Lady Beatrix Pemberton driving in that carriage, with Lady Ludlow, I suppose. She looked so miserable."

"Did she, poor child," replied Doctor Becket. "I wish we could take her with us to have a good day's fun"; and he thought, though he did not say it, "I hope her stepmother is kind to her."

Edith was less prudent. "I wonder whether her stepmother is kind to her," she said. "I should not like to have a stepmother. But Beatrix was not happy before her father married—he was so severe with her. And the lady looked nice—at least, she looked young and pretty."

"I have heard that she is quite young and a beauty, but young and pretty people are not any kinder than old and ugly ones. Here we are! Stand there, children, while I get the tickets."

How lovely Bushey Park looked, with its great chestnut trees covered with pyramid-shaped creamy blossoms, so that they looked, as Edith said, like gigantic Christmas-trees. And how delicious it was to wander under the cool shade of the wide-spreading branches, and still more delightful to get father to play "Hide and Seek" among the stalwart trunks. The picnic luncheon of chocolate, cherries, and buns (bought from the stall outside the gates) was excellent—at any rate it was very sweet! But dry bread eaten under those grand trees would have been nicer than bread and honey in Sloane Terrace.

Then there are the lovely gardens at Hampton Court. The children soon got tired of the numberless rooms full of pictures inside the palace. Even Edith was glad when, by common consent, they turned out into the gardens again, though she tried to fancy herself interested in the works of art. It must be confessed that Joey was more pleased with the pink balloon ball father had bought him, than with all the glowing glories of the gardens. He walked solemnly in front of the others, quite convinced that his pink ball, as it floated aloft, was the admiration of all the other pleasure-seekers whom they met. But beyond all other delights was that of the Maze—perpetually to lose oneself and as often to re-find oneself, in those narrow paths; to be walled in by green hedges higher than one's head; to hear one's sisters' voices close at hand and yet to be unable to reach them; to feel sure that the next turning would bring one to the centre, and then to find oneself hopelessly blocked by a green wall, are pleasures of a very rare kind; and even Joey found them so absorbing that he made over the care of his precious ball to his father, that he might be more free to scamper up and down the narrow alleys. Doctor Becket not finding the Maze so enchanting as did his children, betook himself to a bench outside it, and the company of a cigarette.

That delightful day ended without a single mishap, except that, when Joey was lifted, still half asleep, out of the hot railway carriage on to the Sloane Square platform, his beautiful pink ball was found to have collapsed into a small, dingy, flabby bag. Joey was ready to cry, but his father consoled him with the promise of a new one.

"Like other pleasures in this life, it doesn't last long, does it, old man?" he said. "But you have the memory of it left, and if the pleasure be innocent, the remembrance is pleasant. You can't understand what I mean, but Edith can."

"And I can, father," chimed in Mary. "You mean that when things aren't naughty, it is nice to remember them."

Doctor Becket laughed. "Very clearly put, my sage Polly."

CHAPTER V.

In August there were great rejoicings in the Ludlow family at the birth of a son and heir to the title and estates. It was pretty to see the father and mother's proud pleasure in that wee morsel of humanity, as great as if no baby boy had ever before been born in the world's history. Only Beatrix stood aloof and shared not in the general rejoicing. She did not care for babies, and it gave her a pang of jealousy to see her father, so sternly critical towards herself, taking this little new-comer in his arms and bending over him with looks of satisfaction

and delight such as he had never turned on her, his elder child.

The baby was named John Marmaduke, the first after his father, Marmaduke after his mother's father. "Horrid, vulgar, pretentious name," Beatrix said to herself when she heard it.

Lady Ludlow would take Beatrix to the garden and bind beautiful wreaths of flowers, and she hoped that she might expand in warm affection for her little brother, but was disappointed to find that it was not so. At first she was inclined to be angry with Beatrix for her evident jealousy of the child; but as she caressed and played with her new treasure she remembered that poor Beatrix had never known a mother's caresses, and then she tried to extend her tender playfulness to the ungracious girl.

"It is no use trying to coax Beatrix; you can only command her and make her obey," Lord Ludlow said once after the child had left the room, when her stepmother had been vainly trying to persuade her to nurse her baby brother for a short time.

"I had rather not—I don't like babies," was all Beatrix would say, and her father coming unexpectedly into the room heard what she said, and sent her away with a sharp rebuke.

"Oh, Ludlow," his wife pleaded, "indeed I think we are wrong about that. I believe the best thing for Beatrix would be for us both to indulge her in everything, and never to find fault with her for some months. I am sure she wants to be petted and made much of. I have been thinking of it since I have had baby to pet and kiss. Poor Beatrix has never had a mother to be foolish over her as I am over baby, and to make a warm nest of love for her." Lady Ludlow saw a cloud on her husband's brow, so she went on quickly, "Of course I know you love her, but then a father's love is different; you feel a responsibility about her that you must correct and train her; but a mother, I think, does not mind being almost weakly fond sometimes."

"I think a mother has the same responsibilities as a father, and I hope you will not be weakly fond of our boy," Lord Ludlow said gravely; and then he turned the conversation to other matters. "I met the Rector in the village this afternoon, and he tells me he has arranged about having a mission here early in next year. You remember he spoke of it before, but I think myself he is mistaken. Missions may do very well possibly in large towns, but in a small country place like this it is better, I am convinced, to work quietly. I am afraid he will only upset the whole place. I told him so, and he said he should be very glad if a good many in this place *were* upset. Of course that is the way nowadays; it is all excitement in religion as in everything else."

"It does seem as if it were hardly needed here," Lady Ludlow said gently. "I always think this place is so good. But you will help him all you can, as he thinks it right to have it—won't you, Ludlow?"

"I will give him a subscription towards expenses."

"Yes; and don't you think we ought to go to the services, and encourage our servants and our people to go?"

"You can speak to the housekeeper about the servants going, if you like, when it comes nearer the time. As to ourselves, of course it will depend on many things—whether we are down here for one thing."

There was much talk about the coming mission in the village, and much serious preparation. Prayer meetings were held, special hymns for the occasion were practised for it, a band of extra workers was formed, and every house in the parish visited, and the inmates invited to attend the services.

(*To be continued.*)

"LADY LUDLOW WOULD TAKE BEATRIX TO THE GARDEN AND BIND BEAUTIFUL WREATHS."

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER III.

AT ROME.

A YOUNG girl was standing on the highest gallery of the Coliseum. Every detail of her attire, from the simple felt hat, which could defy any weather, to the stout boots made for hard work, as well as a certain air of unconscious ease and strength which marked her bearing, proclaimed her to be English. At least so thought a young man who had just stepped on to the platform from one of the flights of stone steps, to find this young lady the only other occupant.

She did not hear him approach, and had no eyes for him as she stood gazing down into the vast area, or across it at the far-stretching prospect beyond. Now and then her eyes fell on the red-covered guide-book she carried, and she turned a page or two with rather a dissatisfied look, but there was no discontent in her expression as her glance again wandered over the mighty ruin. The Coliseum was all Enid Mildmay had expected it to be, and more. She had felt bewildered as she walked down from the Capitol, passing the old Forum and an astonishing number of ruins of temples, palaces, archways, till she found herself at the Coliseum. Only that morning had she arrived at Rome, and everything seemed new and strange till she came within these grand old walls, the form of which, as represented by picture or photograph, had been familiar to her from her childhood. Yet how different was the reality from anything she had imagined. How much vaster the proportions; how much more stupendous the strength of this marvellous relic of a bygone age than she could possibly have conceived. And then the solemn beauty of it all as she saw it now, when the broken masses of pale brown wall above her were outlined against a sky of softest blue, and a deeper blue filled in the distant arches, when in the clear atmosphere every detail of the vast circumference was clearly visible, and she could look down and trace the corridors and the flights of steps by which the spectators had entered, and the places where tiers upon tiers of seats had been, and even the subterranean passages which ran beneath the arena. Mingling with the deep interest she felt was a sensation of wonder that she, Enid Mildmay, who less than a month ago had been living her uneventful home-life at Devonport without a thought of seeing Rome, should stand on this November afternoon within the world-famous Coliseum.

But presently Enid forgot herself as her mind went back into the past, and she tried to picture the scenes that had taken place within that vast building. For a brief moment she seemed to see the huge circle lined with rows of eager spectators; they filled the seats rising tier after tier from the arena; they crowded up the numerous stairs; there were proud Roman ladies and fair girls, shrinking back, yet gazing with fascinated eyes at the brutal sport enacted below; there was the Emperor on his marble throne beneath a gorgeous canopy; noble youths and wealthy courtiers surrounded him; whilst from far above, the common people, and the sailors employed to unfurl the awning when required, looked down intent and excited on the dust and turmoil and cruel strife of the arena. And the shows had not been merely gladiatorial. It was not enough that men hired for the purpose should risk their lives in contests with wild beasts. To gratify the bloodthirsty passions of the Roman populace, faithful adherents of the sect "everywhere spoken against" here won their martyr's crown amid the frantic shouts of a brutal mob. Enid thought of St. Ignatius, the first of those martyred souls, and of St. Prisca, here exposed to a lion which refused to touch her, and who, after three days of unspeakable torture, perished finally by the axe. A feeling of awe came over her with the thought, and for a moment a mist rose before her eyes and hid the arena, which she felt to be sacred ground.

Meanwhile Julius Dakin stood motionless at the top of the flight of steps by which he had ascended. The Coliseum was not new to him. He was familiar with every aspect of the grand old walls; and though he had climbed to the highest platform for the sake of enjoying, on this bright afternoon, the prospect it commanded, it now pleased him better to look at Enid. He could read the meaning of her rapt, earnest look. He was wont to meet many tourists. Not seldom it was his agreeable duty to show to English or American ladies the famous ruins of Rome. He knew the kind of remarks he might expect from them; frequently he drew covert amusement from their pretended raptures or unconscious revelations of ignorance; but now he saw at a glance that Enid was a genuine enthusiast. Nor was that all he saw. "I know a nice girl when I see her," he said to himself, "and I mean to make the acquaintance of this one."

How he could do so without overstepping the restraints of gentlemanly decorum did not appear. Enid's neat little form expressed a dignity which would be swift to repel presumption. Various pretexts for addressing her presented themselves to Julius' quick mind, and were rejected as unsuitable. He had not stood there many moments revolving such ideas when Enid, in spite of her absorption, felt the attraction of his gaze and turned. Their eyes met in that full, perfect gaze which is invariably felt as a surprise, and usually communicates to each a thrill, either pleasurable or the reverse. A shade of melancholy still lingered on Enid's face, and she read in the dark eyes that met hers an answering gravity, a strange, gentle sympathy so powerful that she felt as if she were gazing into the face of a friend, and scarce voluntarily exclaimed, "Oh, what a place this is!"

Scarcely had the words passed her lips ere she was astonished at herself. Enid had been carefully, though not prudishly, trained. Unlike Italian mothers, who can never trust their girls out of their sight, Mrs. Mildmay had never the slightest doubt that Enid would on any and every occasion conduct herself as became a lady. She was the last girl likely to scrape an acquaintance with anyone on a chance meeting like this. But everyone who lives vividly, and has strong emotions, knows what it is to be suddenly moved by strange circumstances to a quick, impulsive act before which one's past self stands amazed. The colour rose in Enid's face, and she felt dreadfully ashamed as she realised how unconventional, to say the least of it, was her behaviour in thus addressing a stranger.

But if Julius Dakin felt some surprise at her speaking to him, he was far too well-bred to let it appear. He raised his hat and stepped forward with the utmost courtesy. It was generally conceded by his female acquaintance that Dakin's manners were perfection, for in his case an Italian grace of bearing was grafted upon the manly and sincere deference for women which marks the Anglo-Saxon.

"It is indeed a place like no other," he replied easily. "In all Rome—and I may claim to know Rome pretty thoroughly—I find nothing that surpasses it in grandeur and interest. 'Second to nought observable in Rome' it is—to quote Browning."

"But he says that of a picture, does he not?" asked Enid.

"Yes—of Guido Reni's 'Crucifixion' in San Lorenzo in Lucina. You have not seen it?"

"I only arrived at Rome this morning," said Enid.

"And it is your first visit? Then you have much to see and much enjoyment before you. I almost envy you the vividness and charm of first impressions."

Enid stole a curious glance at her companion. She was surely not mistaken in thinking him an Englishman, and yet her ear detected something unusual in the way he spoke her language. It was rather an intonation than an

accent which she observed. His appearance told her nothing. He had dark hair and eyes, but his complexion was not darker than that of many an Englishman.

His features were good, and he had a certain winning brightness of expression. Enid could not but admire his tall, well-built form, nor did it escape her observation that he was exceedingly well dressed, though there was no sign of foppishness in his attire. She was about to bid him good-day and leave him, when he, perhaps discerning her intention, said quickly—

"When I tell you that I have lived in Rome the greater part of my life you will understand how familiar all this is to me. Will you allow me to act as showman, and point out to you the principal objects to be seen from here?"

"Indeed, I shall be much obliged to you if you will," said Enid. "I can make out very little, even with *Baedeker's* help. Am I right in taking this hill on the right with the broken arches for the Palatine?"

"Yes; those picturesque ruins belong to the palaces of the Cæsars. That hill on your left is the Cœlian. Those brown buildings with the square tower are the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo and the monastery connected with it. The round building is the church of S. Stefano Rotondo. You must be sure to visit the Cœlian during your visit. I hope it is to be a long one, for it is impossible really to see Rome in a few weeks."

"I have come for the winter," said Enid.

"Ah, that is right," said the young man, with a look of pleasure. "Now see between these two hills what a fine view we have of the Campagna. Yonder, where the blue distance melts into the white glow of the horizon, is the sea."

"What is that pyramid which rises there?" asked Enid, indicating the direction with her hand.

"That is the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, a Roman tribune. It was raised by Agrippa to his memory, and is a tolerably substantial kind of sepulchre. You will see it nearer one of these days."

So they talked on, and as he gave her the information she needed, and led her from one point of interest to another, Enid almost forgot that she knew nothing of him save the credentials of good breeding conspicuous in his bearing. If anyone had told her that she would spend part of her first afternoon in Rome in talking and walking about the Coliseum with a strange gentleman, to whom she had not even had an introduction, she would have declared such a thing impossible. But the stranger's perfect courtesy prevented her from feeling any awkwardness; and when at length she decided that she could not remain longer, he bade her good-day without betraying the least curiosity concerning her, or any desire to thrust himself further on her notice.

"He certainly is a gentleman," said Enid to herself, as she went on her way. "But what could have induced me to speak to him first? I hope he did not think me forward." Her colour deepened with the thought. "Somehow I seemed to know him; I had a sort of idea that he was feeling as I was. What would mother say to it? What will Maud say? For of course I shall tell her. I am not ashamed of what I have done, though perhaps—— No, I do not see why I should be ashamed. I meant no harm; and yet I wish I had not done it. Mother is right; I am far too impulsive in my conduct. I wonder if I shall ever see him again? I dare say not. And what should I do if we did meet? I could not speak to him, for I do not know him; and yet, after his kindness to-day, it seems discourteous to give him no sort of recognition. I almost hope I may not see him; and yet—perhaps it was my fancy—but I really thought he looked glad when I said that I had come to pass the winter at Rome."

When Enid reached the *pension* in which Miss Marian had established herself, she learned that the young lady, whom she had left reposing after the fatigue of the journey, had since risen and gone out with a friend. Enid therefore set to work to unpack and arrange her things. She had finished her arrangements and was making her toilette for dinner when Maud appeared.

She came in with an elated air.

"Oh, Enid, I hope you have not minded being left to yourself so long. Miss Merriman called to tell me of a delightful studio which is to let in the Via Sistina. She did not know whether I had yet arrived, but looked in on the chance; and I am very glad she did, for I would not miss getting this studio for the world. Even now it is not certain whether I can have it, for there is another artist in negotiation for it. But I mean to outbid him if I can."

"Is the studio near here?" asked Enid.

"Oh, yes—hardly five minutes' walk. It is a large room with a splendid light, and I see my way to arranging it charmingly. Just beyond, at the end of the passage, a flight of steps leads down into the most delightful old garden, with orange trees and an old fountain and statues—without noses, of course, but that only gives them a truer air of antiquity—and I shall be able to paint there when the weather is fine. I have already a grand idea for a picture. But I must not stay talking here when it is almost dinner-time. Come to me, Enid, as soon as you are ready." And she hurried away.

The bell rang for dinner as Enid crossed the corridor to her cousin's room. Maud was hurriedly fastening her gown, and had no time for words; but as they passed out of the room she said carelessly—

"And where have you been this afternoon, Enid?"

"I found my way to the Coliseum," replied Enid.

"Oh, the Coliseum. New comers are always eager to see that. For my part, I am rather tired of the Coliseum."

"I do not think I can ever tire of it," said Enid. By that time they were at the dining-room, for the rooms being all on one floor, were not far apart. Enid had had no opportunity of telling her cousin of her afternoon's experience.

The *pension* accommodated but few boarders, and was more like a home than a boarding-house. Miss Marian had stayed there before, and was a great favourite with the lady of the house. Several nationalities were represented in the small party that sat down to dinner. The conversation was carried on in Italian, so Enid understood none of it. But seated near her at the table was an individual as ignorant of the language as herself, and she soon began to give Enid the benefit of her somewhat limited stock of ideas. She was an Englishwoman about thirty, with large, rather coarse features, which might, however, pass for handsome, and was dressed in strikingly bad taste.

"Been long in Rome?" she asked of Enid, with easy familiarity.

"I arrived this morning," said Enid.

"Oh, I've been in Rome for a fortnight, though I only came to this house to-day. I've been staying at the Hotel de Londres with my sister and her husband. I can't say I care much for this after the hotel." She gave a significant glance down the table.

"Been out yet?" she asked, since Enid was not inclined to be communicative.

"I walked to the Coliseum this afternoon," replied Enid.

"Walked! All that long way! Well! I would rather you than me. But when one has been used to carriages one never cares for the fag of walking."

"I am glad that I can enjoy walking," said Enid.

"Well, everyone to their taste; but for my part, give me an easy landau and a pair of fine bays. What is this they are bringing round? It looks rather odd. Do you like the Italian cookery?"

"Really I have not had time to form an opinion," said Enid, smiling. "But are you aware that Signora Grassi understands English?"

"What of that? I don't mind her knowing that I don't think much of her cook. The French are the people to cook. My brother-in-law has a French cook. He gives him a hundred a year; and I can tell you their dinners are a treat."

Enid was silent. She was impressed by the intelligence imparted by her companion, but not exactly in the way that lady imagined as she went on talking complacently. "How clumsy the waiting is here! I hate to be waited upon by women. Men do it so much more neatly, don't you think?"

"I really cannot say," replied Enid quietly. "I am not used to be waited upon by men-servants."

The simplicity of her reply seemed to disconcert the lady. She ceased speaking to Enid, perhaps deeming her unworthy the honour, and turned her attention to the gentleman on her right, who was able to muster a little English.

"What an odious woman!" whispered Maud to Enid as they quitted the dining-room. "I do hope she has not come for long! I was immensely diverted by what I heard of your conversation. It was fun to see her face when you said you were not accustomed to men-servants."

"She gave me up after that," said Enid, laughing, "and I was not sorry, I can assure you."

"I should think not," said Maud, stealing a glance over her shoulder at the individual they were discussing. "The bad taste of her conversation is only equalled by the bad taste of her dress. Depend upon it she will make some mischief if she stays here long. But now, Enid, I am going straight to bed, for I begin to be aware that a night on the railway, even though it be in a 'train de luxe,' does not afford one thorough rest."

Enid too was feeling the need of sleep, so without more words they said good-night and retired to their rooms.

Maud Marian was certainly not lacking in energy. When Enid came out of her room the next morning she met her cousin in the passage dressed to go out.

"You will not mind my leaving you this morning, Enid?" she said; "I must go and see the Padrone again about that studio, and afterwards I am going to my banker's. It would be dull for you to hang about with me whilst I attended to my business. I am sure you would rather go sight-seeing."

"Thank you; I think I would," said Enid. "I am longing to see St. Peter's if I can find my way thither."

"Nothing easier. Signora Grassi will tell you your way to the piazza, where you can take an omnibus for San Pietro. Good-bye; take care of yourself. We shall meet at luncheon."

So Enid again went out alone, and managed to pass the forenoon very pleasantly without meeting with any misadventure. Maud was in excellent spirits when they met at luncheon. She believed that the studio was hers, though there were still some formalities to be observed ere she could take possession of it.

"And I have had the most delightful gossip with my banker, Mr. Dakin," she said. "He has been telling me all the news of Rome. I must introduce you to him some day, Enid. He is a charming old gentleman."

"An Englishman?" ask Enid.

"Yes, and his wife is American. She is much younger than he, and a very stylish woman. She is on a visit to New York just now."

At that moment the lady who had been Enid's neighbour at table on the previous evening made her appearance. She wore a brilliant red gown.

"Her name is Guy," said Maud, in an undertone to her cousin. "Is it not most appropriate?"

After luncheon both Maud and Enid had letters to write, and when that duty was accomplished Maud took Enid to the Pincio.

It was a lovely afternoon, and Rome's fashionable resort wore its gayest aspect. The blue sky, the warm sunshine, and the appearance of the leafy walks, and the wide terrace dotted with coloured parasols, made the girls feel as if they had been carried back into summer.

"What a change from London," said Enid. "Do you remember the fog through which we drove to the station, Maud?"

"Yes, indeed," said Maud, with a smile. "Now do you think there is anything unreasonable in my wishing to winter in Rome?"

Enid could not say that there was. They went forward to the front of the terrace, which commands a grand view over Rome, and Maud pointed out to her cousin some of the more conspicuous buildings. The scene had a fascination for Enid, and she could have lingered long looking over the broad expanse of roofs and domes and away to the blue Campagna; but Maud soon began to manifest interest in the carriages driving up and the crowd gathering about the band-stand.

"Let us go and see who is here," she said. "Many of my friends have not yet returned to Rome, but I am sure to find someone I know."

Nor was she mistaken. She was soon greeted by various acquaintances, to whom she introduced her cousin. Maud's tall, slim form seemed to attract much attention. She wore a grey gown of elegant simplicity and a little black velvet hat which set off admirably the ruddy gold of her hair. Enid felt proud of her cousin, and did not wonder that everyone who greeted her showed such pleasure at seeing her. In truth, Miss Marian had been quite the belle of the English community in Rome during the past winter. After rumour had enhanced her personal attractions by whispering that her father was immensely rich, and she was his only child, everyone found her charming. People had made so much of her indeed that it was little wonder she was eager to return to Rome. Now, as she listened to the talk going on, Enid overheard many a flattering speech addressed to her cousin, though she knew not as she heard them how flattering the words were. Allusions to her cousin's "perfect taste," "exquisite paintings," "devotion to Art," etc., only made Enid wonder if the persons who uttered them were themselves artists. She gave them credit for speaking honestly.

Maud received each compliment with calm self-possession; but though she disclaimed any right to them, there was a sparkle in her eye which betrayed that they yet gave her pleasure. She did not remain long in conversation with anyone, but passed from group to group, observing the while every carriage and rider that passed. "Come, Enid," she said, suddenly moving forward; "here is the Queen; you must see her."

A carriage, rendered conspicuous by the scarlet liveries of the servants, came into sight. Enid saw a lady bowing and smiling pleasantly from it to everyone she passed.

"So that is the Queen," she said, as the scarlet coats disappeared in the distance; "she looks very nice."

"She is charming," said Maud; "not beautiful exactly, but what the Italians call *simpatica*, which is almost better, I think, than being beautiful. Well, shall we walk on? There is no one particular here this afternoon."

"Why, you seem to have met ever so many people!" exclaimed Enid in surprise.

"Yes, everyone but those I should like to see," said Maud rather petulantly.

"Was there anyone you particularly wanted to see?" asked Enid.

"Oh, dear, no. How literally you take all my words, Enid. I shall have to be careful what I say to you."

Enid was looking across the road to where the Queen's liveries still gleamed through the trees. Suddenly she started, and the colour flew into her face. She had caught sight of a gentleman riding down a path which opened from the trees on their right. The state of confusion into which she was thrown by the appearance of this gentleman was for a few minutes quite overwhelming. She had a momentary impulse to draw Maud's attention to him, then felt it impossible to do so. Anxious that he should not recognise her, she turned her head resolutely in the opposite direction and gazed at the glorious cupola of St. Peter's standing forth from the glowing sunset sky.

The next moment the band struck up a lively air, and the sudden clash of instruments startled the gentleman's horse, causing it to plunge and rear, so that he had to give all his attention to keeping his seat, and had no eyes for the people about him. Touching it with the spurs, he gave his steed the rein. Enid felt rather than saw that he dashed past them at full gallop. But Maud was moving towards the balustrade, her thoughts intent for the moment on the sunset, and she did not see the rider.

"How grand the dome looks now," she observed. "I wish I dare attempt to paint it, with such a glowing sky for background. But most of the pictures one sees of St. Peter's against a red sky are wretched daubs."

Enid did not reply. Her eyes were on the winding road below, on which a rider now came in sight.

"Maud," she said, rather nervously, "do you see that gentleman riding below? Do you not think he rides like an Englishman?"

Maud gave a quick glance and her colour deepened.

"Of course; he *is* English," she said. "I declare it is Julius Dakin! What can make him leave the Pincio so soon? He cannot have been here many minutes or I should have seen him."

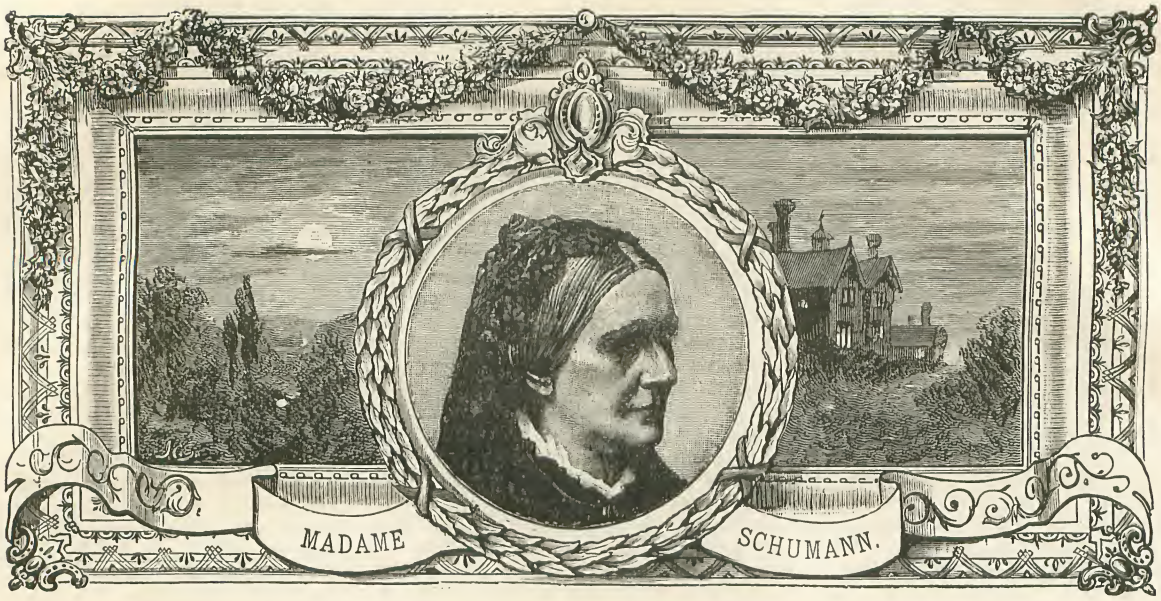
She spoke with an air of disappointment.

"Then you know him?" said Enid.

"Certainly; he is a great friend of mine. He is the son of Mr. Dakin, the banker of whom I was speaking this morning. He is an only child like myself, and somewhat of a spoilt child too; but still he is very nice. I wish I had seen him. He would be sorry if he knew that I was up here and he had missed me."

Now was the time for Enid to tell her cousin of her meeting with this gentleman at the Coliseum. But somehow she felt most reluctant to speak of it. She could not understand why it was, but the words her cousin had uttered concerning Julius Dakin made it seem all but impossible to relate the manner in which she had already made his acquaintance. So she faltered and hesitated, till another acquaintance came up to claim Miss Marian's attention, and her opportunity was gone.

(*To be continued.*)



ROMANCE.

By CLARA SCHUMANN.

Andante.

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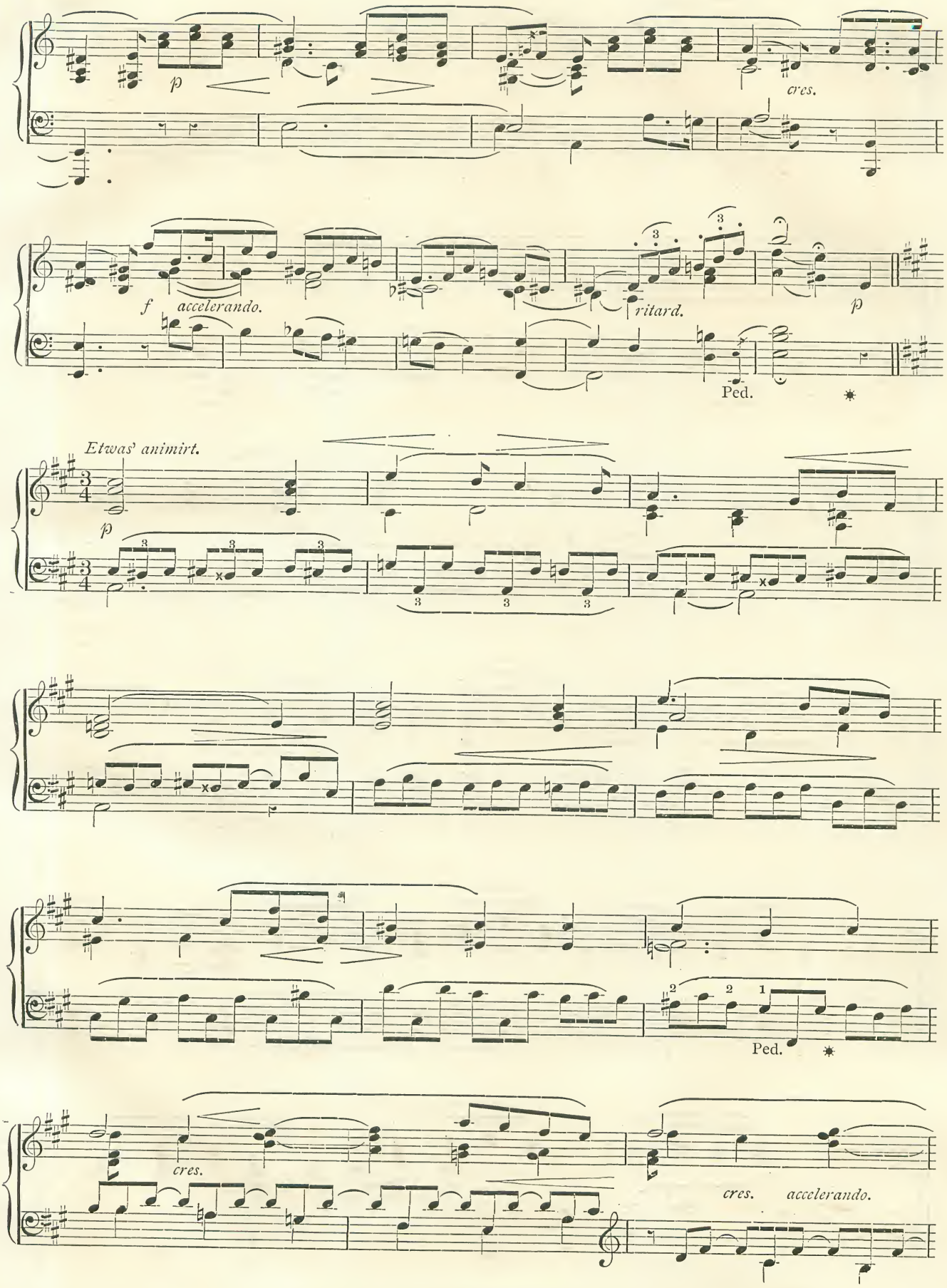
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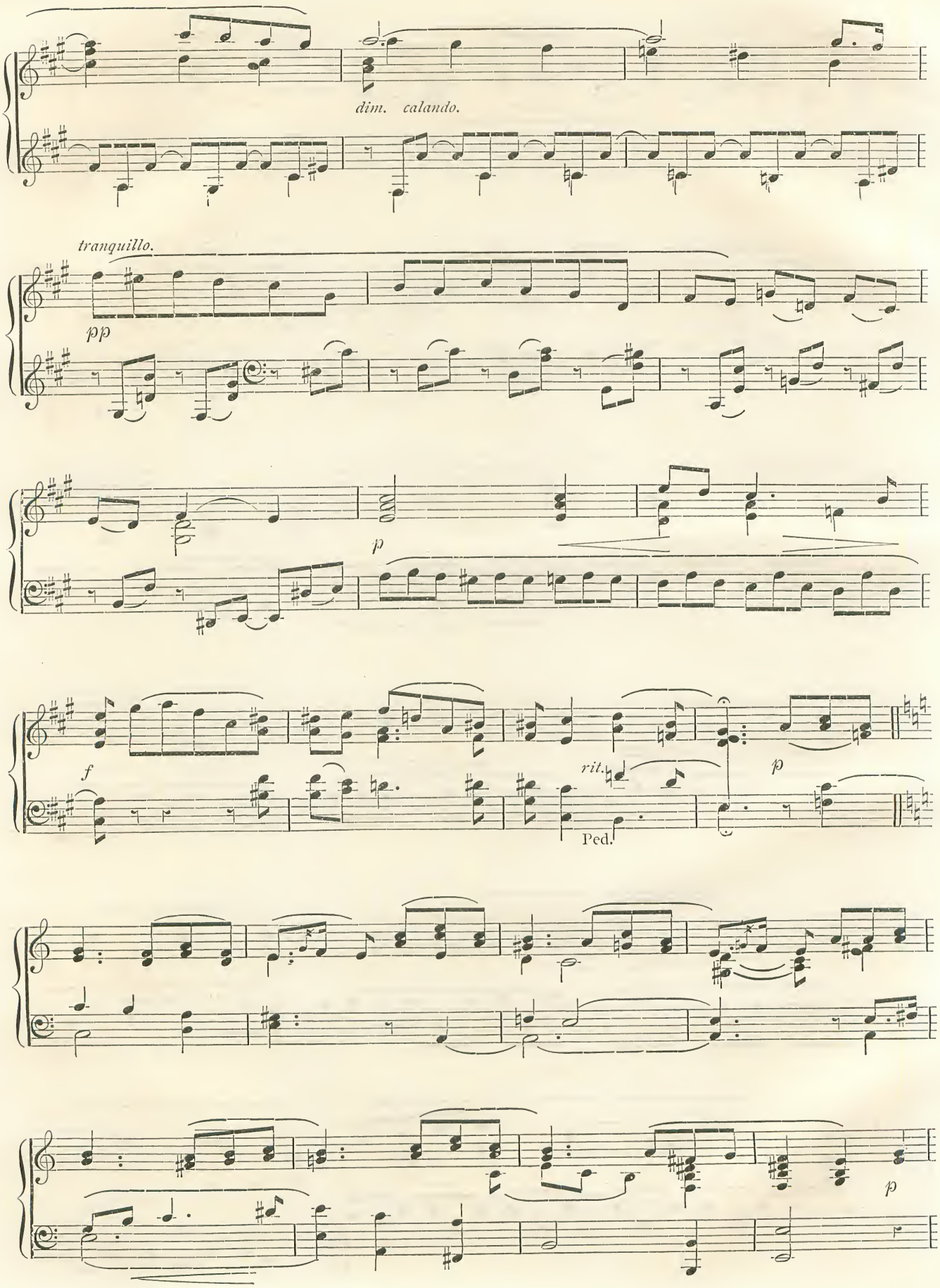
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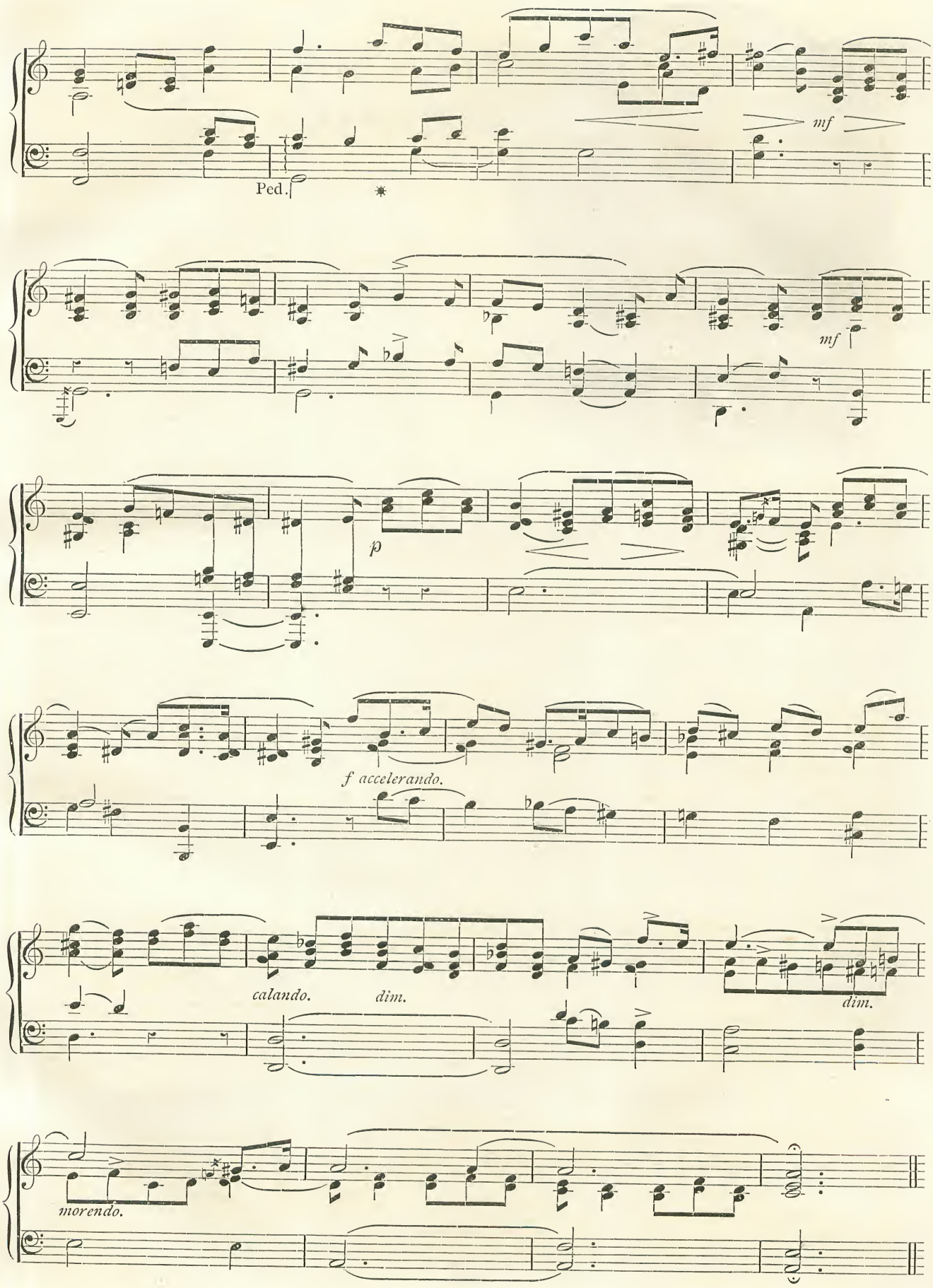
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MISCELLANEOUS.

MATRON.—Your question is one on which you should have a legal opinion. You should first have a friendly interview with some members of the committee, and enquire what they will be able or feel disposed to do for you in depriving you of so valuable and responsible a situation. Perhaps they contemplate trying to get you into another. At all events, do not ruin your chance of obtaining a good testimonial from them by taking up an antagonistic attitude towards them before knowing their intentions.

BOOTLE'S BABY may be excused for "biting her nails," as she may not yet have cut all her teeth. Perhaps the best cure for the disgusting habit would be to ask her mother to buy her an india-rubber ring, to be tied round her neck, and a "dribbling-bib" to match. We see no harm in a young man's following a "Baby" about; perhaps he has a "rattle and bells" for her. Were she other than a "Baby," her mother should accompany her a few times when out, and send the man about his business. She might threaten him with police interference should he persist in dogging her footsteps. Perhaps "Baby" has been indiscreet in looking at him. She ought to ignore him altogether.

THELMA need not imagine that "irregular pulsations and shortness of breath" necessarily indicate a diseased state of the heart. There is a very great difference between a disturbed action and a chronic disease. Agitation of the mind and nerves will produce the former, and so will indigestion. To either of these causes your symptoms may be attributable. Of course your breathing will be interfered with by an irregular action of the heart and disturbed circulation.

GIPSY says—"Myself and friends suffer much from neuralgia." She should substitute "I" for "myself"). The general health has much to do with that complaint. You are in a low state. External applications would be insufficient to effect a cure. They should supplement careful attention to food, hours, rest from fatigue of body and brain, climate, change of scene, and all chills from draughts and insufficient clothing, etc.

S. E. E.—A tortoise lives chiefly on vegetable food. It hybernates in the winter, and under favourable circumstances will live for a hundred years and upwards. Give him lettuces and dandelions, and let him choose for himself, leaving a variety of green stuff within his reach. He delights in warmth, but not heat; that of the sun he would avoid, as also he shrinks from rain. The shell of a tortoise is preserved in Lambeth Palace of one that lived in the garden from the year 1633 to 1753, and it was believed that the neglect of the gardener only caused its death. This reptile is singularly tenacious of life. It has been known to live for six months after having been deprived of its brains; and the body for twenty-three days without its head. We have had no experience in the method of "taming" such a pet. We never heard that they were vicious; but we should advise you to take care of your fingers in feeding yours.

MAJOR GARIBALDI.—We do not take stories from our young readers. We only employ experienced writers, who usually write to order, as we may require. We are glad that you like what we supply.

GOOSEBERRY. — We are unable to give you advice about your excessive sleepiness, if you have already tried the means generally approved. Only an experienced doctor could prescribe after a personal interview, as we know nothing of your appearance, constitution, avocations, surroundings, and hereditary complaints and peculiarities. In the present day the hurry of business and struggle for a living, with exhausted nerve-power to meet the fatigue and mental strain, render sleeplessness, on the contrary, the prevailing complaint.

JEANIE.—If tall, well-filled-out, and aged twenty-three years, it is too late to cure the round shoulders of which you complain. You should not have been allowed to stoop while growing.

G. S. MOORE.—A jackdaw is not a vegetarian. He lives on a mixed diet of snails, worms, grubs; or wee little scraps of meat—when you have none of the wild game he would procure for himself—should be given him; in fact, what you would give to a thrush or blackbird.

F. F. B.—With reference to the German name "Hesse," the pronunciation varies according to the connection in which it is used. If you said, "the Duke of Hesse," the "e" would be mute; but if you added, "of Darmstadt," or "of Hesse Cassel," the "e" would be sounded, as we believe, for the sake of euphony.

KATHERINE PARR, of ten years old, writes exceedingly well. We sympathise with you on the assassination of your nice cat by the cruel stoat, and hope your kitten will escape. Poison might kill it, as well as the intruder into your garden; and a trap might catch one as well as the other. So we should recommend you to get a rat-catcher with a ferret to hunt and capture the enemy.

MURIEL.—We truly sympathise with you in the condition of the young man to whom you were engaged; but you may be sure that in following your mother's wise counsel and wishes you are acting rightly. At the early age of eighteen you have no right to act independently of her. Be satisfied with your present work, which, we presume, has been undertaken with her sanction. Your constitution is not suitable for a nurse, nor for the still severer vocation to which you allude. For the former you are some three years too young (and so you were to be engaged). It is simply absurd to think that you "have little to live for," because of this disappointment as a young girl. You have all life's loving duties to "live for," and to "lay up treasure for yourself where the moth and rust do not corrupt." To know, love, and serve your Divine Benefactor and Redeemer is quite enough to "live for" in this brief life. Ask Him for more patience, faith, and hope.

EMMA IN PARIS.—Bocardo was the common prison of the citizens of Oxford from a very early date, and was distinguished from the county or castle prison. Mr. Boase (Fellow of Exeter College, and author of a history of Oxford) makes the following suggestion as to the origin of the name:—"The prison may have been so named sarcastically from the form of syllogism called Bocardo, out of which the reasoner could not 'bring himself back into his first figure' without the use of special processes. Other prisons have received sarcastic names." The Oxford Bocardo was on the north gate, and was taken down with the gate. It was still in existence in 1732, when John Wesley was at Oxford. The name survives in connection with a business establishment, which is probably near the site of the old prison. The business firm have for their address the name "Bocardo Chambers."

PAWNEE.—1. The 27th of September, 1876, was a Wednesday.—2. We cannot profess to make either dark or light hair "long and thick." "Medicus" has given advice on the care of the hair. You had better refer to his articles.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—1. The acorn is the fruit of the oak. What is called the "oak-apple," or "oak-galls," are found on all oaks. They come on the tender twigs, and are caused by a small insect which punctures the twig, and lays her eggs in the puncture. This causes a cellular swelling at the spot as the eggs grow, till finally the fly eats its way out and escapes.—2. "What's in a name," is in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Scene 2.

M. B. G. S.—For instructions in reference to the care of silkworms see vol. x., pp. 494, 598, and 699. The series of articles is entitled, "The Silk Industry in Ireland and America," by Dora de Blaquière. The first part came out in the weekly number for May 4th, 1880.

YNOFYNYDD.—We recommend you to enquire, in the first place of your doctor, whether Devonshire would suit you as well as Cornwall. If so, there would be no harm in your telling your present employer that as the obstacle in reference to your health, which necessitated your leaving your old friends, was now removed, you greatly desired to return to them, although you had every reason to be satisfied with your present home, and grateful for the kindness you had received. But of course you would not put them to inconvenience by leaving until suited with someone else in your place. Of course you should also wait for the actual removal of your friends to Devonshire before you unsettle yourself where you now are. We are so glad that our answers to others have proved of such comfort to you.

GWENDOLINE.—Write to the Publisher, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., and enquire whether the number be in print, and send the sevenpence for it and postage.

NELLIE G.—We should recommend a private dressmaker for you; and if your father makes enquiries he will find one, no doubt, where he could make arrangements to suit him.

MATER.—The hotels and boarding-houses at St. Malo are good, but rather expensive. Lodgings might be had. It is a place with many objects of interest; the beach of sand, bathing good, and the air likewise. You can reach it *viâ* Dover and Calais, or from Southampton; return tickets, second class for two months, 25s. There is an English chaplain and service. The climate of Calais is good, the beach of sand, bathing excellent, and there is an English church service, and a Wesleyan chapel. Accommodation plentiful and moderate in price; and there are objects of interest. The climate and the site are healthful.

YORKSHIRE GIRL.—Your verses are not suitable for our magazine. Much confusion of thought is evidenced. A flower could not be "playful" like a kitten or puppy. You might earn a little at home by taking in a child to instruct for two hours daily, which would not interfere with home duties, that is, if capable of doing so. Or you might take in darning and mending for gentlemen, putting a notice that it will be done in some tailor's or tobacconist's shop. Clerks and others are often in great need of help in this manner.

YOUNG SCHOOL TEACHER.—1. St. James the Just was not only the reputed "brother of the Lord," but he was His cousin, together with Joses, Simeon, and Jude, their mothers being cousins-german. St. James's mother is stated to have been the daughter of Aggi, uncle of St. John the Baptist (being the brother of Zacharias). According to Epiphanius, St. James was really the eldest son of St. Joseph by his brother's widow, his brother Cleophas, or Alpheus, having been childless. He was bound by the law of Moses to make her his wife; and this would naturally explain the fact that he was reputed to be the brother of our Lord.—2. The Talmud was composed of the Mishna, or oral law, and the Gemara, or commentary upon it.

MERE DOWN.—The place you kept your gloves in must have been damp. We know of nothing to be done for the spots, so you had better make use of the gloves as they are.

PRISCILLA.—If you be offered oranges with neither plates nor dessert knives and forks to help you to eat them in a proper way, the only way is not to take one.

NELLY.—Taking a tonic for the cure of indigestion will not prove effectual without very careful attention to diet, quantities, hours, and rest after meals. Try to discover what does not agree with you. Perhaps you would do well to give up meat for a time, and adopt a diet of cereals, cooked vegetables, and farinaceous milk puddings, taking fish, poultry, rabbit, and eggs only in addition, as may be convenient. Let the stomach have rest by taking light food and less in quantity. Your letter is a nice one, and we should be glad to help you with advice.

OPHELIA.—1. Persons in fever, or whose nervous system is seriously overstrained, are liable to hallucinations, especially on first wakening from sleep.—2. St. Agnes' Eve falls on the 21st of January. This saint was a Roman martyr, who suffered under the Emperor Diocletian, A.D. 306. There are some absurd superstitions connected with the day commemorating her martyrdom; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, alludes to the practice of "maids fasting on St. Agnes' Eve to know who shall be their first husband."

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THE PILGRIM OF THE SKY.

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A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"OWER THE BORDER AND AWA'."

THE worst was over. The wrench had been endured of turning away with affectionate but fussy Miss Arabella from the manse door, knowing that it was for the last time.

"The threshold we have crossed so oft,
We cross no more."

Flora had shaken hands with the two servants, and with Lauchlan, the minister's man, at the gate. Lauchlan was to "hold on" for a month or two in the hope that he would be engaged by Mr. Macdermot's successor. Jessie had got another place; but Flory had announced that, after being as good as mistress under a young thing like Miss Flory, she could not bring her mind to try service again. She was to go halves with a sister, a lone woman like herself, in spending their savings on setting up a "bit shoppie" in the spital, where oatmeal and barley-meal, butter and eggs, might be had at less ruinous charges than at the big shop, while there would still be sufficient profit on the goods to maintain two thrifty old women. "You'll know where to send for a poke of oatmeal when you may miss it in the muckle toon, Miss Flory, and I'll engage that you'll not want fresh eggs for your pudden on New Year's day, though I've to pay the carriage the whole way—that will I, with a will, for love of the poor maister and of your nainsel', Miss Flory. And you'll be saying when you see the basket, 'That's from old Flory in the Hielants; she has not forgotten.' Na, an' she will not forget it, I promise you; and when you've got a house of your own, you'll mind and keep your custom for her." Old Flory sought to say a cheery word at parting.

Flora had undergone the sick consciousness that it was "the roup day" at the manse of Inverlochan. She was not present in person, but she could not keep her mind from straying to the scene—the crowd of neighbours and strangers from other glens in the avenue; the ticketed lots of furniture with which she had been so familiar; the auctioneer standing on a table in the centre of the bustle holding up her father's chair, or enjoining an assistant to display her mother's wardrobe, or the cradle in which Flora, the only and much-thought-of bairn of the household, had been rocked to sleep. Flora had paid all her visits: she had gone first, as she was bound, to the Cottage, and had, as she had proposed, endeavoured to make herself useful, to help Miss Arabella in all the washing up of tea things and dusting, and light, delicate cooking, which she had to take upon her, in order to relieve the little maid in a household of elderly people in which she—Miss Arabella, at sixty-three—was the youngest by ten years of the sisters who formed the household, while Miss Jessie had always been sickly, and Miss Buchanan was deaf and otherwise infirm. Flora found the old ladies' spectacles, keys, and pocket-handkerchiefs, placed their footstools, picked up the dropped loops in their knitting, poked and mended the drawing-room fire, and went all the errands of the house, as she had been accustomed to do, her chief trouble being that the ladies would reserve time for her to practise. "You will not like to open the instrument yet awhile, my dear, but you are a wise little woman; you must just put force on yourself for the credit of all of us. You must not go up to London and let your aunt think you have no music, by suffering yourself to fall behind and get rusty in your practising." And Flora did not let the tears drop on the worn keys of the piano. She kept them back till she retired to bed, when nobody would see them.

At the Macdougals' she was sensible that the girls, with the kindest intentions, drew back from her a little to begin with, and were a little chilled by her black dress and her greater quietness, though she strove not to be a restraint on her companions. She had passed through a doleful experience that seemed far away from them, which they felt removed her a little from them. Even Mr. and Mrs. Macdougal were somewhat solemn and mannerly to begin with. When Mr. Macdougal dropped into his old jokes—which took the form at this time of Miss Flory's getting a fine Englishman, as her aunt had done before her in London, and turning her back on the Hielants for ever and a day, or, if she came again to the country, looking down from her grand seat on all the poor north-country bodies she had condescended to know formerly—Mrs. Macdougal reproved her husband for his levity. "Whisht! Dugald, is this a time to speak of men and marriages? Respect Miss Flory's black frock before the crape has lost its crispness." But speedily she herself relapsed into the same strain, after she had satisfied the curiosity of as arrant a gossip as ever dwelt in remote country quarters, on the awkward subject of the presentation to what had been poor Mr. Macdermot's "living." Had Miss Flory got an inkling, through any of her clerical friends, what Sir Ewan, the patron, was to do, who was his nominee, or whether he intended to give the communicants their choice? so that there would have to be meetings called, a committee appointed, and a "leat" or list of candidates prepared; in short, all the excitement and agitation which attends on a debated, if not a disputed, succession to a Scotch parish. "And if the fortunate man should happen to be a bachelor, he'll be wanting a lady, and there's no saying what may happen—eh! Miss Flory," suggested Mrs. Macdougal, with high satisfaction. "If your aunt would let you bide still where you are for a bit, or if you would come back in time to have your chance with the rest; brokener ships have come to land than that. You need never have quitted the manse, since you may have so soon to go back and fill your worthy mother's place. Hoot! my dear; you need not turn away your head. It would be no disrespect to her or your father—quite the contrary; very like it would be what they would have wished most. And to think you would be very welcome to the parish is no small compliment both to you and to them."

There had always been a great deal of jesting about "lads" and "men" among old and young at Fearnton. Probably it derived additional point from the fact that Lizzie Macdougal was already engaged to a young farmer—a big, rough Scotch "John Browdie" of a creature, at whom Flora was secretly surprised that Lizzie could look in that light; and it was understood a rustic dandy of a cattle-dealer—whom Flora looked upon with even more disparaging eyes than those which she turned upon the farmer—was "coming after" Bella, the third daughter. Flora did not think the Macdougals' jests on such topics in good taste; but the girls and their father and mother meant no harm by them; they only intended to be sprightly and hearty, and to furnish topics where there might otherwise have been a dearth of conversation.

Neither did Jeannie Macdougal have the slightest idea of hurting Flora's feelings when she cried, "You have all the luck that's going, Flora. I've been in London at school, you know, and a bad time I had with all that "rot," as Jack Grant calls it, of submitting to rules and learning lessons—not just music and French and German, which were tiresome enough, but actually such stuff and nonsense as Latin and mathematics, which I shall never use in the days of my life; not even though father here were to lose his money and fail, and we girls had to set up a school, which I should be mortally loth to do. Well, that was all I saw of London; and though father took us a run over to Paris, it was only for a week. And in spite of those wretched lessons, which were the plague of my life, I did not understand a word of the beastly language. You need not shake your head, mother; 'beastly' is a very expressive word; and if it is never out of the mouths of men of rank and fashion in novels, why shouldn't a country girl use it? Oh, yes, I should be just enchanted to be starting for London to see all the sights over again, without any governess to keep me in order, and to go to the theatre and the opera and the parks, to have the most delicious shopping within my reach, and to see company and enter into the great world, like Flora. I can tell you I would turn my back on you all, and never, never show my face again in a stupid, out-of-the-way, buried hole like this Inverlochan. Lizzie and Bella would be welcome for me to retire to their farmhouse and their third-rate villa on the outskirts of Dundee or Perth. Which is it to be, Bella?"

"Sour plums, Jeannie," screamed

Lizzie and Bella, while Mr. Macdougal chimed in with a stentorian, "Ay, ay, the plooms are soor, Jean." For in all the accomplishments the girls had acquired, all the fine furniture and handsome dresses Mrs. Macdougal had been encouraged to indulge in, and all the costly experiments in stock and in his offices and his gardens in which Mr. Macdougal had been liberal and enterprising enough, it had never entered into anybody's head to modulate their voice in conversation, so that the din of their hilarious domestic intercourse was often sufficient, as Mrs. Macdougal said, with a certain robust pride in the noise, "to deave a town-crier."

It was not till a few minutes had passed that Flora's more cultured voice could be distinguished, saying in a lower tone than usual, and a little faintly, "Oh, no, not like me, Jeannie; you would not like to be going like me!" which caused a moment's repentant pause in the merry uproar.

The days at the Castle were quieter, more restful, if they were sadder and more solitary, for not only Sir Ewan, but Lady Adelaide, while they were perfectly kind and attentive to their guest, were like royalty itself in having their important private engagements, which could not on any account be set aside or intruded upon. They did not dream that in entertaining their late minister's daughter they were never to have her out of their sight, and that she and they were to inflict their company upon each other for every hour of the twelve. Lady Adelaide always breakfasted in her own room, and did not see any guest, gentle or simple, till noon. Sir Ewan was an active old man, a keen farmer and sportsman. He betook himself to his out-of-door avocations punctually after breakfast, turned up to lunch, vanished again till dinner, and not infrequently spent his evenings dozing over his books or his newspapers in his library. Flora had nothing to do for anybody at the Castle. The well-trained servants would have resented her interference, and Lady Adelaide, good and really interested in the girl as she was, might have "taken amiss" any movement of that kind on a visitor's part.

On former visits Flora had been compelled to fall back on the honour of the situation, that she might not feel the hours drag too heavily. She had to sustain herself under the awe of everybody in the great house—down to the dignified and demure servants—and the dread of doing something wrong which would offend Lady Adelaide's old-fashioned code of manners in its rigidity, and compromise not only Flora but her father by her misdoing. But on this occasion, being left to herself was a great comfort to the girl. She had still a consciousness of the distinction implied in being at the Castle, and she was grateful to Lady Adelaide for the unusual gentleness of her always courteous but stately manners, for those appreciative allusions to Flora's father, which in the present tender state of the daughter's feelings brought the tears to her eyes, though she was very careful not to let them fall. She knew also that she ought to be gratified by her ladyship's telling her that when they—Sir Ewan and Lady Adelaide—were in town, in Portman Square, Miss Macdermot must be sure to come to them. It was a mark of respect to her father's memory, and in that light Flora prized it specially; but she could not help noticing also that Lady Adelaide said nothing of going to see Flora. She was thus made aware betimes of her relative position to the great lady, and that those tea-drinkings which had thrown such a social glory over the manse were not to occur anywhere else. The footing on which they had been justified had ceased to exist; but Flora, though still anxious to satisfy Lady Adelaide's sense of propriety, had no longer any great trepidation where she and her household were concerned. Flora had gone through such great sorrow during the last month that she seemed lifted above smaller troubles. She would do her best to please Sir Ewan and Lady Adelaide, whom her father had held in high respect; but what did it signify after all if she displeased them? The consequence was that Flora's simple manners had never been so good, and Lady Adelaide had never been so convinced that "poor Miss Macdermot" was quite a ladylike young girl.

Flora wandered a good deal abroad when she was left to herself, with the consciousness dawning upon her that she was already bidding everything good-bye. It was the beginning of May—not a genial month in Scotland; but as Flora had often boasted, spring was further forward in their Highland glen than it was in many places in the Lowlands. Not only were the fresh green tassels hanging thick on the larch, and the yellow catkins on the birches, the little tightly rolled-up parcels of white-lined leaves were bursting open, and diffusing a faint, pleasant scent. The white, shell-like blossom of the wild cherry had already shed its April snow. There were primroses, wood-sorrel, and wild hyacinths in tufts down by the burn, which was rushing along, foaming and sparkling, full with the spring rains. There were still patches of real snow on the Ben; but its treacherous, boggy bits were coming out in vivid yet tender green, contrasting with the sere russet of the last autumn heather blooms, with the deep blue of the skies, and the dazzling white of the cloudlets, whiter than the snow itself, sailing like ships of heaven across the expanse. The birds in the glen knew the season, and were swelling their little throats in a "loud, lilting chorus," which did not chime in with Flora's humour, and she was ready to welcome the low calling of the wood-pigeons, which has something pensive in its murmur. She stole up by the well-known paths as far as she dared, till she could just get a peep, through the interlacing trunks and boughs of the trees, at the gray walls of the manse, and the single spiral of smoke from the one fire which Lauchlan's wife lit in the kitchen-grate to keep the unoccupied house from getting damp before the advent of its next owner. She could not venture nearer the desolation. She had been told she must husband her young strength for what might lie before her, and she had been shaken by the visit to her father's grave in the churchyard farther up the hill, to which Miss Arabella had consented to take her after service the previous Sunday, on condition that Flora would be a good girl, and not break down. She had no inclination to break down openly under the gaze of so many curious, if sympathising, eyes. But by herself in the glen she had the relief of sobbing a little unchecked, without the danger of disturbing and distressing any living creature, unless it were an over-forward bird proposing to perch on a branch overhead, or a nervous rabbit scurrying away through the underwood. And as she cried, something of the peace and beauty of the scene stole into her young soul. For the first time she looked on the glen as an onlooker, an outsider, who had no longer any part or lot in it, and she was ready to echo the outcry of visitors and tourists on the beauty and charm of which she had never thought before. "Oh, it is bonnie, bonnie!" she said to herself, with a kind of wistful surprise; "as well as very dear, and I'll not see its like among all the fine sights in London, of which Jeannie Macdougal thinks so much."

In accordance with her aunt's wishes Flora set out for London (nearer the middle of the night than the early morning), in order that she might catch the train from Glasgow, and reach St. Pancras the same evening. But she was not unaccompanied to the station. Even between four and five, in the pale, cold light, before the sun had risen, while the old moon was still holding ghostly state in the sky, Miss Arabella was up and abroad as if she had been a girl in her teens. She was not to be dissuaded from the walk to the station under these unearthly conditions, though she did give way so far as to declare she was afraid Mrs. Bennet was clean spoilt by her stay in England, and had grown an unreasonable woman, for it was not a time for any honest body's being out of her house and her bed. However, nothing would prevent her seeing poor Flora away, and putting into her hand at the last moment the bulging bag with the ham and chicken and egg sandwiches, and the "pieces of shortbread" a "bit lassie" might prefer, and the flask of ginger-wine and water which were to maintain her strength on the weariful journey. The shortbread was of Miss Arabella's making, and the ginger-wine of her brewing, and she had made the sandwiches, and could take the comfort of believing the bairn—who was as good as one of their own bairns, their nieces, from the back of the Ben—was all right, and fortified against the effects of fatigue. Lauchlan had arrived a full hour before at the Cottage, throwing up a handful of small pebbles at the window of Flora's room, taken at random, lest Miss Flory, poor thing, should "sleep in." He undertook to carry all her luggage in his barrow to the railway platform, that she might not be put to any charge before she had started. He must see the last of "missie from the manse." Old Flory,

with a shawl over her morning mutch instead of a bonnet, as a testimony to the earliness of the hour, hurried up that she might walk in the procession, and also "see the last of Miss Flory," present her with a pair of mittens old Flory had knitted expressly for her, and beg her acceptance of one of the scones and a bit of the ewe-milk cheese she had been fond of, to keep her heart on the road. At the gift of the scone and the cheese, Miss Arabella, in her antediluvian mantle, and velvet bonnet with the stump of a feather, sniffed a little, and looked slightly askance, though she was the best natured, and, within limits, most condescending of old ladies. Old Flory meant well; but was this act not an interference with Miss Arabella's prerogatives, and an overturning of her arrangements? and how was that black bag of poor Flory's to hold a morsel more? But the difficulty was smoothed over by the traveller's quickly proposing to put old Flory's "piece" in her pocket, and so disposing of the white elephant. At the last moment, when Flory was in her place, and the engine was letting off its steam with much energy, just when the tension of feeling was greatest, Miss Arabella tugging at her veil, old Flory dragging her shawl over her head, Lauchlan blowing his nose, Flora's lips beginning to quiver, a desirable diversion was accomplished. A whole detachment of the Macdougal girls, headed by Mr. Macdougal, puffing and blowing after the fashion of the engine, burst into the gate and charged upon the little disconsolate group. "Here we are, just in time to bid you good-bye, and wish you good luck, Flora dear! Oh, gracious! father, don't forget the hamper; pitch it in anyhow. It is full of good things—all mother could think of; but you'll want them, every one, before you see the smoke of London."

The situation was completed by the leisurely coming up of one more satellite, to suit whose dignified progress the engine-driver was guilty of letting the train be five minutes late. A footman from the Castle, stately and aristocratic-looking, handed in the basket of grapes with the gingerly ceremony which, in the messenger's opinion, befitted the card with "Lady Adelaide Buchanan's kind regards and best wishes," tied conspicuously on the cover. Flora was off at last, laughing through her tears, not knowing what to make of the provisions with which she was stocked as for a siege.

Flora had no adventures on her journey. She roused herself out of the reaction from her excitement and bustle when she found she was leaving Scotland behind her. She was crossing the mystic line of "The Border," of which Scotch and English had once thought so much that they had watered the brown moorland plentifully with their best blood. She forgot her private concerns, and looked out eagerly, wondering how far away Chevy Chase was. She was doubtful whether it was not in the east of England, like Flodden; but there could be no mistake that this large town at which they were stopping was "merry Carlisle," over whose "Yetts" the poor Jacobites' heads had been fixed. The lake country, where her father's favourite poet had dwelt, could not be far away. She was fairly in England. There were still high hills and bleak moors for a time, like those with which she was familiar, but she was not acquainted with the little gray churches and their low square towers; and soon the hills gave place to plains, meadow-land, and woodland, with big slow rivers in place of the racing, roaring Highland burns. Green hedgerows beyond the railway banks, gentlemen's houses with their girdle of trees in full foliage, towns and villages crowding upon each other, tiny glimpses of cottage gardens gay with flowers. The whole landscape was smiling, sunny, and soft even to young eyes which had not learnt to distinguish much; there was nothing savage or sombre, no frowning shadows such as Flora had known among her mountains and glens, to all this brightness. She did not miss them; yet her memory recalled snatches of words full of appropriate imagery, and she murmured them to herself—"Gay landscapes!" Yes, this must be what gay landscapes meant; "Gardens of roses," not roses yet awhile; but she had seen such "heaps" of pink and white apple-blossom in an orchard she had passed—she supposed it was an orchard, for it was too big to be a garden, only she could not tell, for there were no orchards in her part of Scotland. But Flora was very weary, far too weary to look out with any speculation in her eyes, or even to hold up her head before the sunset and the gloaming drew on, and threw over everything its own white, misty veil, in addition to the shroud of smoke which she had been told enveloped London. She could but rouse herself with a great effort when the train drew up at St. Pancras, and the guard, bustling forward, unlocked the door and proclaimed, in triumphant vindication of his fidelity to his charge, to a gentleman making his way along the crowded gas-lit platform: "Here, sir, is your young lady all right!"

(To be continued.)

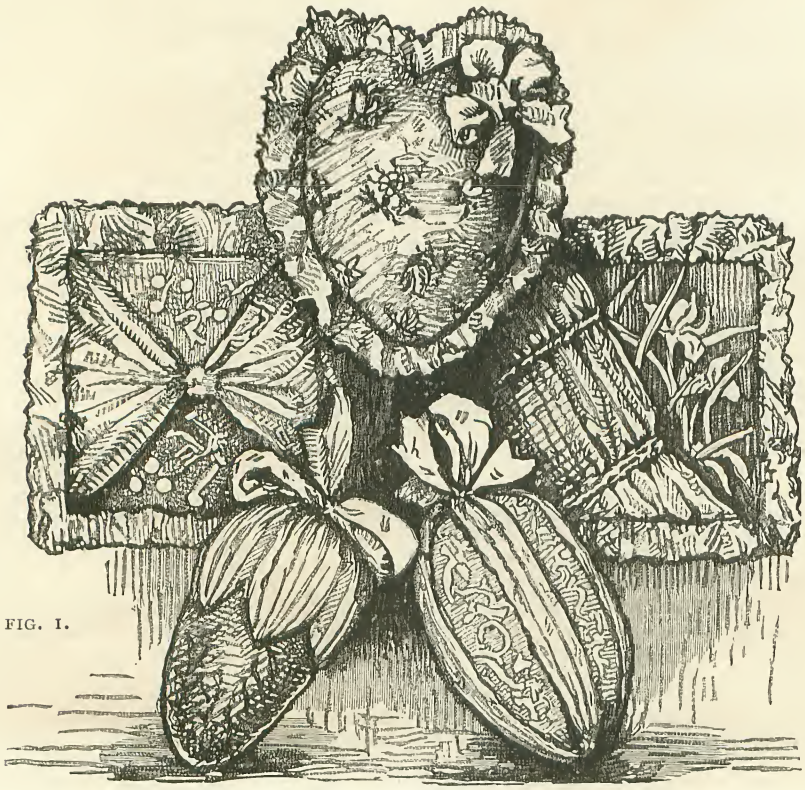


FIG. I.

PILLOWS AND PILLOW-MAKING.

In the days of our grandmothers, with their stately manners, upright figures, and backs that never required support, it was treason to think of a cushion otherwise than as an ornament to the drawing-room. Well do we remember, in our youthful experiences, the solemn uncovering of the best chairs and cushions that preceded any festivity, and the feeling of awe the wonderful handiworks then displayed inspired us with. How dire would have been the consternation of our elders if the marvellous cut velvet flowers or beadwork ditto then brought to light, had been treated with levity. Fancy flattening down velvet pile by contact with a substantial pair of shoulders! or, looking at the subject from the side of the patient, conceive the comfort to a tired and grief-worn cheek a knobby, beady surface would impart!

The modern more easy-going manners (although not always to be commended) have taken away from our living rooms many "fetishes" in the way of useless furniture, and the imperative demand for what is useful as well as ornamental has robbed us of the impossible cushion. A pillow nowadays must look well and bear rough usage; and as it is used by lazy as well as tired people, it has to be constantly changed. There arises from this a constant demand for new shapes and

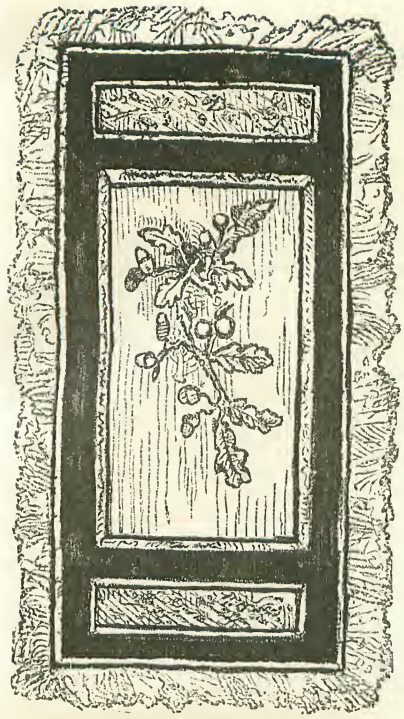


FIG. 2.

new combinations of ornament, and this demand has been met by the many fanciful and pretty pillows to be seen in such abundance, not only in the drawing-rooms, but in a girl's own bedroom or boudoir.

These pillows are made of any shape and any size, and of a wide range of material. Delicate brocade, and silk foundations decorated with needlework wrought in fine silks, are intended for indoor use, while surah silk, blue jean, cotton-back velvet, India muslin, washing linen, etc., are suitable for harder wear. Let the pillows but be chosen with an eye to colour, and embroidered with suitable designs, and they will find a place and work cut out for them, no matter whether it is in a room furnished with Oriental magnificence, and full of an atmosphere suggestive of luxury and repose, or whether the surroundings are worn and faded, and recall to mind a summer day upon the river, or the lazy content of a well-arranged hammock.

In the group of cushions shown in Fig. 1, which are all intended for drawing-room use, and are made of good materials, the heart-shaped centre pillow is both ornamental and useful. The pillow itself is made of grey-green velveteen, the frill of grey-green Indian silk, and the embroidery is a powdering of flowers worked with Filo floss silks. To make this pillow it is necessary to cut out two heart-shaped pieces of strong linen,

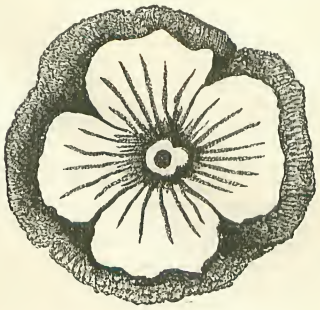


FIG. 3.

eighteen inches long and sixteen inches wide, and to join them together with a narrow strip of linen two and a half inches wide between them. This strip of linen gives the thickness necessary to the shaping of such a pillow. Make the whole foundation up and shape it, leaving a three-inch opening to insert the stuffing of down; and stuff it very fully and carefully, passing a packing-needle and thread through it in places where the stuffing is complete, to keep the down from shifting into one corner and becoming uneven. Having made the foundation, cut out two pieces of velveteen large enough to meet and overlap over the stuffed pillow. Put one piece in a frame and embroider detached sprays of conventional flowers upon it. Do not work these flowers in their natural colouring, but in shades of art blue, with a little primrose yellow intermixed upon a grey-green ground; upon a blue ground work with pale yellows and oranges; upon a terra-cotta ground, with soft greens. Make the frill round the pillow of silk; let it be two and a half inches when hemmed, and double the length of the edge it surrounds. It should be piped to the foundation. The ribbon bow which finishes the ornamentation should match the velveteen.

The vegetable marrow-shaped pillow, also shown in Fig. 1, is intended as a shoulder pillow on a rocking-chair. It is made melon-shape, but longer than the ordinary melon-shaped pillows. To give it its proper appear-

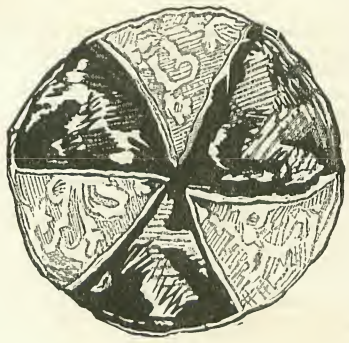


FIG. 4.

ance, the foundation, which is of strong linen, is cut into six strips, wide in the centre and narrowing at the base and top. These are piped together and stuffed out with down. The ornamental covering is sewn on to this, not made up separately, and it consists of four bands of embroidery, over which is fastened four bands of fluted silk. Any colour can be used for the foundation colour to the embroidery—either terra-cotta, orange, a deep-toned yellow, or an art blue; but it must be of a deep shade of the same colour as the silk flutings above it. The bands of embroidery are worked with Leek silks and gold thread, with Oriental embroidery, repristy, or ordinary silk embroidery. When finished, they are tightly sewn to the linen, and make a flat foundation. Strips of plain Liberty silk make the flutings (half a width making one series). These are arranged in long narrow folds, ironed to keep their folds, and then firmly sewn to the top and bottom of the pillow. A tacking thread carefully run down the centre fold helps to keep the flutings in place. The bows finishing this pillow are made of ribbons of the two shades used for the embroidery and plain silk. A plain silk cord passed over the back of the chair, and attached to the cushion top and bottom, keeps it in position.

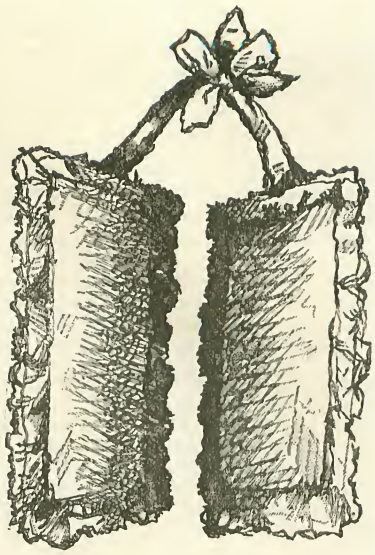


FIG. 5.

The acorn pillow shown in Fig. 1 somewhat resembles the vegetable marrow, but the shape is easier to make, as it is not a pure oval, but larger at the base than at the end. The foundation linen for this should be egg-shaped, and cut in two pieces, sewn together, and stuffed. The acorn part of the cushion is of a pale yellow silk or brocade, worked over with powderings of single flowers in Oriental embroidery silks. The cup is made of a very soft shade of pale green velveteen, which is shaped as shown, and gathered in rather fully at the base of the cup. It is there finished with green velvet bows lined with the same kind of pale yellow silk of which the acorn is made.

The square cushion with the silk crossing it, upon Fig. 1, is of a very beautiful type. The part that is plain is made of white brocaded silk, with the pattern outlined with gold thread, the silk crossing the cushion of buttercup yellow Liberty silk put on very fully, and gathered in two places with running lines. The frill is of the same buttercup silk. This cushion for hard wear can be made of blue sateen for the frill and the gatherings, and of white Irish linen covered with blue and white braiding for the centre. The other square cushion shown upon the same design is of the same description, but made up with the crossing material coming from the sides and meeting in the centre, while the embroidered part beneath shows at the top and bottom. The foundation of this pillow is of cherry coloured silk, worked over with sprays of detached white flowers with green leaves. The silk that crosses it is of a delicate grey, and the frills are of the same grey tone.

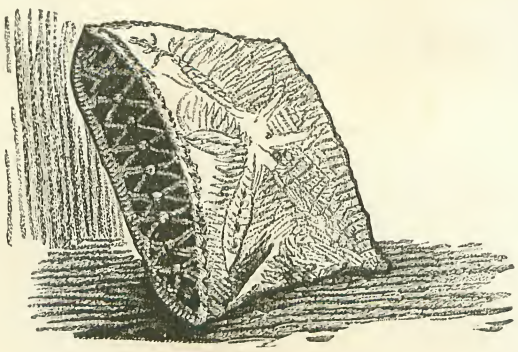


FIG. 6.

There are so many ways of embellishing square-shaped cushions that it is impossible to give a picture of all the designs. One quite new decoration is made as follows: Take an ordinary-sized cushion and cut its shape out in a strong rep silk, either of indigo blue, terra-cotta, or pale green colour. In a frame work in fine tent or cross-stitch a design of an old-fashioned character such as is seen upon tapestries and old cross-stitch work. This design should be of a tree with branches of stiff leaves, or the branch of a tree covered with cherries, apples, or lemons, and their leaves. Having carefully worked the pattern in thin crewel wools and in natural colours, cut it free from its canvas and *appliqué* it on to the rep silk, turning in the canvas round every outline of leaf or branch and concealing the edge with a line of very fine cord, stitched carefully down. Another kind of square cushion can be made with the centre of the square of crazy patchwork, very highly embroidered so as to imitate Indian work, and a broad band of silk or velvet round it as a finish.

The long-shaped pillow shown in Fig. 2 is a good variety for the centre of a sofa, or of less ornate materials as a punt cushion. Its size is eighteen inches deep by thirty inches wide. In our design the centre panel is embroidered with a spray of oak leaves, etc., in Arrasene silks upon a crimson red foundation. The oak leaves and acorns are worked in shades of green running to yellows. The panels on each side of the centre are of green brocade, whose outlines are defined with crimson silk, and centres slightly touched in with blue and yellow shades. A dark crimson velvet surrounds the panels, and a narrow gold braid forms a finish to each panel and to the edge of the pillow. The edging of this pillow is of Indian silk, matching the centre panel, or of coarse *écru* coloured lace.

The flower pillow shown in Fig. 3 is made up upon a background of brown velveteen or plush. The leaves are formed of *crêpe de Chine*. They are cut in the shape of a fan, and are gathered together in the centre and hemmed round the edges. Eight leaves are required, as the under one, though not shown, is required to puff up and raise the upper one. The centre is made of a piece of yellow Liberty silk embroidered with brown silk, and the rays round it and the rays on the petals made with the same silk. The flower is arranged on the velveteen before the pillow is stuffed, and looks well either in brown, blue, or soft pink shades of *crêpe*.

A variety of this flower-shaped cushion is made by imitating large roses in *crêpe de Chine* or thin silk, and sewing these roses to pillows that are round in shape and nearly flat. These pillows are not intended for use, and in our eyes are not particularly ornamental; but as they are one of the products of the day, we describe them. Three large roses, with about twelve petals to each rose, are required for each pillow. One rose will be made in shades of crimson, another in pale yellow, deepening to buttercup yellow, and a third with white silk running into blush rose. Each leaf is shaped like a rose leaf, and is about six inches long and nine wide for the largest size. They are laid flat on the cushion, with the deeper shades undermost and with the lighter and smaller leaves in the centre, and as upright as possible. The heart of the rose is made of a little puff of silk. Any colours can be used as a variety to the ones mentioned, three crimson roses looking the least objectionable.

In Fig. 4 an attempt to return to the old Brioche shape is indicated. This pillow is made of velvet and handsome Leek embroidery, or of a scarlet ingrain cotton material and a design upon white linen worked in satin stitch with coloured cottons. A perfectly round cushion is required as the foundation, and these can always be procured ready stuffed from a shop at a small cost; they are troublesome to make at home, and rarely succeed. To cut out the cover to the round foundation, fit together six pieces of paper cut as triangles; cut out from these three plain plush or velvet pieces, and three pieces for embroidery. When these are worked, join them with pipings to the plain materials. With a big needle and strong thread sew them tightly down to the centre of the pillow, making a good dent there; then stitch the outside edge to a piece of plain brocade or coloured linen back. The advantage of this Brioche shape is, that in making it, odds and ends of embroidery and material can be utilised. It is not necessary that the three worked triangles should be alike, as long as they tone as to colouring; they can be of different patterns and different coloured foundations. Then with regard to the plain dark triangles, they need not be all one colour, but should be all of one material. An indigo blue, an olive green, and a deep russet red would work in together, as would mouse-colour, cinnamon, and a citron yellow.

In Fig. 5 a very comfortable pillow is shown, intended for throwing over the top of a high-backed chair. It is formed of two long, narrow, and well-stuffed pillows fastened together with ribbons. It may seem waste of material and labour to make two pillows where one might do; but the advantage of this double pillow is, that the weight is adjusted, and that the pillow never slips down when the head moves, or falls on the floor when the guest rises from the chair. There is no particular embroidery especially adapted to these articles: they can be made of plain surah silk, of Liberty art muslin, or of blue butchers' linen. To ornament these pillows, narrow bands of embroidery are suitable. These bands are placed diagonally across the length, two short bands and one long band being required. Leek embroidery is used, or very fine cross-stitch worked upon red Turkey twill.

Turning to cheaper descriptions of covering, nothing surpasses Irish linen for washing covers; but besides this material there is butchers' blue linen, good sateen, Bolton sheeting, and awning cloth or ticking. Awning cloth, with its broad red and *écru* coloured strips, has a very gay effect, and will make admirable hammock and river-side pillows. The size for a hammock pillow is twenty-one inches long by fifteen inches wide; for a large square pillow, twenty-four inches by twenty-two inches; for an ordinary square pillow, twenty-two inches by twenty inches. Pillows made of Bolton sheeting and white linen need some decoration, and require embroidering in satin and rope-stitch with coloured and washing cottons and coloured cords. Blue butchers' linen and other coloured washing materials need white flax threads embroideries, or the yellow and pale blue flax threads made by Harris & Co., and warranted to wash. The finishing-off of all these plainer pillows are either frills of the material or thick, heavily-twisted cord, buttonholed down to the edge of the pillow with wide apart buttonholing.

A superior kind of washing pillow cover is made of white linen, into which are inserted broad strips of coarse lace insertion. These insertions are generally of Cluny lace, and as a finish to them the linen threads of the foundation material are drawn out, and a pattern formed of drawn linen work. To show off the lace insertion, instead of the under covering of the pillow being white, it is made of Turkey red, deep blue, or russet yellow, and the cover is tied to the pillow with coloured cords.

The lacing-up of washing pillow-cases at the side of the article is another variety, and can be managed in different ways. The one shown in Fig. 6 is formed with gold braid and small buttons, the braid not being laced through the edges of the material, but sewn on as loops. The foundation cushion of Fig. 6 is of scarlet or blue rep silk, the cover of blue jean embroidered with yellow cotton or washing silk. When the pillow is to be laced, a number of eyelit holes are made down its edges, and a fine macrame or hammock cord is used for the lacing. The ends of the cord are finished with little two-inch tassels made of the same cord.

The hammock pillows made with striped awning material look well with their sides laced up with yellow and red cords and bright tassels, and the picturesque effect of such pillows is increased when to each eyelit hole a short tassel made of wool is attached. As long as the colour is bright and decided, a variety of tints can be used, and canary yellow, scarlet, pure blue, and black look well together.

With all the inexpensive and bright materials now to be purchased, and a certain amount of ingenuity and patience shown by the makers, we think that our girl workers will have no difficulty in making their rooms not only pretty, but havens of rest and comfort by the addition of the comfort-giving pillows we have described. B. C. SAWARD.

LADY BEATRIX'S STEPMOTHER.

By OCTAVIA ALLEN.

CHAPTER VI.

AT Ludlow Court there were so many other interests that but little was thought about the matter; nevertheless, Lady Ludlow did not altogether forget it. On the first week night when a mission service was held she persuaded her husband, as they were quite alone, to dine an hour earlier than usual, and drive down to the church with her. They had neither of them ever been present at a mission service before, and Lady Ludlow felt somewhat perplexed.

The missioner, a tall, powerful-looking man, preached without any manuscript, and used a good deal of action to enforce his very vigorous words. It was a style of preaching quite different from anything she had ever heard, nevertheless she was interested, and felt it to be impressive.

Lady Ludlow took Beatrix and her governess the next night to the service. She liked both it and the sermon much better than she had done the first night. Beatrix said she "liked it pretty well." Lady Ludlow, however, went regularly to the services. Every time she went her interest deepened, and she soon got to look forward to the mission service as the happiest part of the day.

She had always been a conscientious, devout girl and woman, and fairly well instructed in religious truths; but now some of these were put before her in a new and more forcible way, and others, which she had never at all apprehended, were made clear and evident to her. It was, indeed, to her a time "of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," and the days of that happy week passed all too quickly.

On the Friday night the missioner made a more earnest appeal than usual to those who desired to give their hearts wholly to God to remain in the church for a prayer meeting when the majority of the congregation went out. Lady Ludlow felt moved to stay, but she had Beatrix with her, and saying to herself, "It will be too late for the child," she left the church with the crowd.

On Saturday night the service was very short, and when the missioner again invited those who were in earnest to stop for a brief prayer meeting, Lady Ludlow whispered to Beatrix—

"I should like to stay if you are not tired?"

"No, I am not at all tired," Beatrix replied, for her curiosity was aroused, and she wished to stay.

* * * *

Before Phœbe Ludlow's eyes all visible objects were lost in the light that flooded her soul in the glory of the Unseen Presence. Could it be that for a moment the gates of Heaven were opened, and that she saw within the veil? Gladly would she have knelt on then for a longer space, but the little band of worshippers was moving out, and she must go with the others—out from the restful calm of the sanctuary back to the every-day world. Nevertheless, the joy and the peace were not left within the church when its heavy doors closed behind her.

Somehow, from the time of that memorable mission, Lady Ludlow found she got on better with her stepdaughter. She could sometimes now win a smile from her, and the child did not avoid being in her company. Even when she asked her to come and read the Bible with her before breakfast Beatrix made no objection or excuse, but came regularly, and did not seem to dislike it. If, however, Lady Ludlow began to speak personally to her of religion she would become absolutely silent, while her face would assume a proud, reserved look, reminding her stepmother uncomfortably of an expression she had sometimes seen on her husband's face. Still they were certainly better friends together, and for that Lady Ludlow was very thankful. She did indeed wish that she could see some sign of affection in Beatrix for her little brother, but she could only hope and pray that the love would come. Her own time was more than ever occupied now, for her heart was so full of joy and peace that she longed to share her happiness with others, and to this end had regular Bible readings with the servants of her household, and also visited among the poor of the parish as much as time and strength and her husband would allow her.

One spring day, when Lord Ludlow and his wife returned home from a ride together, the head nurse greeted them with the exclamation—

"Oh, my lady, I am so glad you have come!"

A pang shot through the mother's heart.

"What is the matter? tell me quickly!" she exclaimed.

"His little lordship has had a fall, my lady. Lady Beatrix let him fall; but indeed I don't think he is much hurt, and I have sent for the doctor."

Without waiting to hear more, the father and mother hurried to the nursery, where in his delicate blue and white cot the baby lay sleeping peacefully, though looking pale and with dark rings round his eyes and mouth, and with his tiny arm folded across his breast in a sling. Lest even a whisper should disturb him, they withdrew for a few moments to learn all the nurse could tell them about the accident. It was not much. She said Lady Beatrix had come into the nursery and begged to be allowed to nurse her little brother; and while the young lady held him, she had gone to Lady Ludlow's room to fetch his sash, which had been left there. She could not find it at once, and stayed looking for it some minutes, till she heard a cry from her charge, and hurrying back found Beatrix at the top of a short staircase, in the act of lifting the baby from the floor. The child was screaming violently—he had evidently had a fall. "But," added the nurse, "Lady Beatrix would not tell me a word about *how* it happened, and I don't *know*. I fear, my lady, his collar-bone is broken, for he cries so if his arm is moved; and now I have put it in a sling he is quieter. I laid him down because I know he is better so than in anybody's arms."

"Where is Lady Beatrix?" Lord Ludlow asked shortly.

"In her room, my lord"—and then the nurse returned to the nursery.

Lady Ludlow looked up in her husband's face. It was dark and stern.

"I am persuaded that Beatrix purposely let the child fall!" he exclaimed with blazing eyes. "I shall have a reckoning with her."

He moved towards the staircase leading to Beatrix's room. His wife put her hand on his arm entreatingly.

"Don't be angry with her, Ludlow. What are you going to do?"

"I shall punish her severely. Things have come to a pass, with her jealous tempers, that I can submit to no longer."

Lady Ludlow put herself in front of him, so as to stop his way.

"Ludlow, you must not be hard upon her," she cried eagerly. Something like a smile twinkled in his eye at her earnestness and impotent attempts to withhold him by her feeble strength. He allowed her to detain him, but he said—

"And why must I not punish my own child when she requires it? Beatrix is as hard as a stone; but she must be made to understand that this sort of thing will not do. Let me pass."

The tears rushed into his wife's eyes.

"Dear Ludlow, please don't be severe with her," she entreated. "We have no reason really to suppose that it was anything but an accident; and I daresay she is very unhappy herself. Indeed, it will *make* her hard to treat her like this."

His face darkened as he said, "Do you think I am a brute, that you cannot trust me to deal rightly with my own child?"

"No, dearest; only a man does not quite understand a girl as a mother would. Let me go to her—I think I might persuade her to tell me about it." She looked imploringly up into his face, and he could not altogether resist the pleading of her sweet eyes.

"Well," he said, "you may go to her *first*; but tell her from me, that if she does not tell the whole truth I shall punish her severely."

Lady Ludlow gave no promise, but with a word and kiss of thanks sprang quickly away. She was longing to be back at her baby's side; but she said to herself, "I can't really do him any good, and I may be able to help poor Beatrix."

She knocked twice at the door of Beatrix's room before receiving any answer; then there came a gruff "Who's there?" "It's I!" Lady Ludlow replied; she would not say "your mother," lest it might anger Beatrix. "What do you want?" was the answer, in a cross tone. "I want to speak to you, please dear; open the door." The key was slowly turned, and the door opened a few inches. Lady Ludlow pushed it back, and made her way into the room. Then, before speaking a word, she took Beatrix in her arms and kissed her. The girl was utterly unresponsive; perhaps she was too much surprised to speak.

"I hope baby is not very much hurt," were her stepmother's first words. "He is asleep. Tell me, dear, how it happened?"

There was a pause; Beatrix did not seem inclined to answer.

"The doctor will want to know exactly what has happened that he may know better what is the matter, and what to do for baby, so you will tell me, dear, won't you, as clearly as you can?"

Still there was no response. Beatrix stood looking straight before her with a dull, vacant expression in her dark eyes. Phœbe Ludlow had prayed both for patience and wisdom in this interview with her stepdaughter, and there was no impatience in her tone as she went on—

"I know how sorry you must be that he was hurt when you were nursing him. I know it is hard for you to speak of it, but it will help the doctor if you explain exactly how it happened; and I know you would like to help to make baby well again."

Beatrix turned her eyes on her stepmother's face with a defiant look, saying almost fiercely—

"I know you all think I did it on purpose; nurse almost said so."

Phœbe's face flushed, and her eyes sparkled with indignation.

"I don't think anything of the sort, Beatrix!" she exclaimed. "I shouldn't be such a hypocrite as to speak to you as I have done if I thought that!"

There was now a gleam of something like pleasure in Beatrix's eyes as she said—

"This is how it was. I wanted to bring him up here to have him all to myself. He is heavy; and as I came up the stairs I tripped and fell with him; he bumped his shoulder, and I was so frightened I could not pick him up for a minute. I got up myself first, and stood staring at him, and then nurse came. But oh," with a sob, "is he much hurt? He fell with his shoulder on the edge of the step. I tried to save his head; he didn't bump that at all, I feel sure."

Her stepmother kissed her again, saying—

"Thank you for telling me just how it happened. I quite understand; and I am so glad you saved his poor little head; it might have been very serious if he had bumped that; but I hope he will wake up much better. And now, Beatrix, I want you very much to do something. Come to father and tell him you are very sorry it happened."

"Of course I am sorry—he ought to know that without telling," the girl answered sharply.

"But think, dear; does it seem kind, when he is anxious about your little brother, for you, his own child, not to show him any sympathy, but to keep away from your father as if you did not care about his anxiety. Why, if *I* were in trouble, I should like you to come and kiss and comfort me the best way you could. You *have* been comforting me; come and tell father how you saved baby's head, and how it all happened, because baby can't tell us himself. How nice it will be when he begins to talk and to say your name."

Beatrix's eyes filled with tears. "Do you think he ever will talk, or have I——" She broke down, bursting into violent sobs, all the more violent because she strove to repress them. Phœbe held her tenderly in her arms, and leant her cheek caressingly against the girl's head. Her own tears were flowing fast, though she hardly knew why. "Never mind, dear; have a good cry, it will do you good," she whispered.

At that moment there was a hasty rap at the door, followed immediately by the entrance of Lord Ludlow. He gave an enquiring, severe look at Beatrix, but he only spoke to his wife.

"Phœbe, the doctor is here, if you wish to see him." Then he left the room abruptly. His wife hurried after him, saying to Beatrix that she would come back to tell her the doctor's opinion.

(*To be concluded.*)

SOME years ago it fell to my lot to live in a quaint old-fashioned house—old-fashioned at least for America—in a pleasant suburb of New York.

The house faced a large open space, carpeted with green turf, and fringed with bird-haunted English elm trees, making an ideal playground for children the year round, but especially so during those summer months of sultry heat, when the sun had parched and baked the grass to one monotonous shade of dusty yellow-brown everywhere, save under the shade-giving branches of the old elms. Nor were the village children blind to its manifest advantages; and during their holidays their voices echoed from early morning until the gathering darkness—which in that latitude descends with a mere glimpse of twilight—dispersed them to home and supper.

At first, I must own, I somewhat regretted the propinquity of my study to this playing-field, for the constant babble of shrill childish voices, rising at intervals into a piercing yell of defiance, delight, or consternation, was not the most fitting accompaniment one could desire to one's literary occupations. By degrees, however, I began to grow accustomed to it, until at length, so far from looking upon the merry chatter as an annoyance, I began to miss it, and felt as though something were wanting, when for one reason or another, such as a rainy day and so forth, the children were unable to enjoy themselves in their wonted fashion. Not only this, but I often found myself leaning out of my open window, lazily watching the circling round or little stationary groups of girls and boys, and trying to puzzle out the intricacies of the games they were playing. With the boys I had but little concern, for their games were few and simple, and consisted mainly of the one national American game of base-ball, a form of glorified rounders, which, as a rival, and a triumphant one, of our cricket, I could not but, as a patriotic Englishman, frown upon and hold in modified contempt.

It was otherwise, however, with the games played by the girls, little and big. Here I found not only novelty, but interest, and it was not long before I had solved the mystery of a majority of the games which made up the round of the day's employment of these young petticoated personages. In this self-constituted task I was aided not only by my wife, who had not left her playing days so far behind but that she was able to remember very clearly the fashions of her childhood in relation to games, but also by a junior member of the household, who was a not inactive participant in the games that went on daily under my study windows. At times even I was dragged from my honourable and professional seclusion, made to lay aside such poor shreds of dignity as I flattered myself on possessing, and forced, not much against my will, to join the romping ring of bright-eyed touzle-headed girls.

Thus it is that I speak, if not as an expert, at any rate as a somewhat earnest student of the outdoor games of American girls, such as "Tag," "Pots," "Jacks," "Huckery-buck," "Jennie O'Jones," "Chase the Fox," "Colours," and the various "Ring" games. Some of them, doubtless, are played by English girls; others are held in local esteem only; while others are variants, or, as botanists would say, "sports," from the parent game across the Atlantic. All of those to which I shall refer,

however, can claim at least one generation in antiquity, and are played by American children in all parts of the United States, from Maine to California, and from Illinois to Florida. It would be strange if, in a country so vast as the United States, there were not minor points of difference to be met with in various localities in regard to children's games; but so inherently conservative are youngsters of every nation and of every epoch, that I think these differences are due principally to the greater prevalence of various foreign elements here and there, and the consequent slight alterations of rules to suit the Teutonic or Gallic fancy, as the case may be.

I have referred to the conservatism of children. Nothing, I think, illustrates this more effectively than the study of the so-called "counting-out" rhymes, or as they call them in Scotland, "chopping-out" and "tilting-out" verses. It happens that in more than one outdoor game played by boys, as well as girls, one of the number has to take a part which is either one of honour, or is somewhat undesirable. Instead of drawing lots to determine who shall bear the burden on the one hand, or be exalted on the other, a method is adopted which arrives at the same result in a similar fashion, but by more interesting means.

In America, when a group of girls have decided, after much chattering argument, to play a certain game, their natural leader, who is either the oldest girl or she who has proposed the game and gathered the others together to play at it, proceeds to "count-out." Ranging the others either in a circle or a straight line, she proceeds to recite a certain set form of words, and as each word falls from her lips, she lightly touches one of the girls, including herself, with her forefinger, passing quickly down the line until the last word of the rhyme, if rhyme it be, is reached, when the girl whose fortune it is to be touched at that point steps aside—she is "out"—and the process is begun once more until another girl is "out," and so on until only two are left, one of whom may be the girl who is "counting out," unless she happens to have counted herself out earlier in the proceedings. The same words are repeated, and the girl who is not set free by being touched in consonance with the magic last word, is "it."

It is not unworthy of notice, by-the-way, and has, indeed, been pointed out by a well-known American philologist, who has taken a scientific view of these apparently trivial "counting-out" rhymes, that the word "it" is always used by children in the sense of denoting the one subject to the disagreeable duty, or bearing the highest honour in the game; no child ever questions its meaning, nor is there, so far as can be learnt, any equivalent for the significant monosyllable, generally carrying with it the force of a military command, which it would be the rankest mutiny to disobey.

As to the "counting-out" rhymes themselves, almost a book might be written. Mr. H. Carrington Bolton has collected, so he avers, more than eight hundred examples of these from every quarter of the civilised and semi-civilised world; for it is a curious fact that the children of India and Arabia, Turkey and Armenia, Japan and Hawaii, Greece and Sweden, the Basque country and Platts-Deutschland, use similar forms of words to attain a similar end. Whatever the language, the genius of the verse is essentially the same—a collocation of words more or less meaningless, and consisting of pure gibberish as well as words of known meaning, but employed with no real relation thereto. Rhyme is usual but not invariable, but rhythm is essential, the accent as a rule falling on the first syllable of polysyllabic words. As in the following instance—

"One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann,
Fillisey, fallasey, Nicholas, Jan,
Quiver, quaver, English knave-a,
Stringelum, strangelum, Jericho Buck,"

the last word in this, as in all other rhymes, being delivered with double emphasis. This particular piece of doggerel is peculiarly interesting for more than one reason. In the first place, it is perhaps the most widely disseminated of any "counting-out" rhyme throughout the United States; and in the second, I have it on the authority of Mr. Leland, the famous student of Romany, or gipsy, lore, that among that strange and ancient people an almost precisely similar form of words is used as an incantation with perfectly serious intent. It is not improbable that other rhymes, in daily and innocent use by children, might be traced back to some such source, and that the youngsters of to-day are playing their games with the assistance of verses that centuries ago were heard with shudders of awe; for sortilege, or choosing by

lot, was used by nations who flourished thousands of years ago, and even by the Israelites, as in the story of Achan related by Joshua.

It may be placed at the head of those rhymes which, in one way or another, are variants on simple enumeration, such as the familiar (on both sides of the Atlantic)—

"One, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage door;
Five, six, seven, eight,
Eating plums off a plate."

One American form of this is—

"One, two, three,
Mother caught a bee;
Bee died, mother cried,
Oh, dear, *me!*"

Or,

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to Heaven;"

while I have heard the children of German immigrants, playing in the New York streets, sing—

"1, 2, Polizei;
3, 4, Officier;
5, 6, Alte Hex;
7, 8, Gute Nacht,
9, 10, Auf Wiederschen;
11, 12, Junge Wölf;
13, 14, Blaue Schürzen:
15, 16, Alte Hexen;
17, 18, Madle Wachsen;
19, 20, Gott verdanzig."

the numerals, of course, being given in German, as "Ein," "Zwei," and so forth.

Another popular American rhyme, which I fancy is based on a Low German verse beginning—"Ene, bene, dunke, funke," is—

"Ana, mana, mona, mike,
Passa, lona, bona, strike,
Hare, ware, frow, frack,
Allico, ballico, we, wo, wy, *wack!*"

Their gibberish verses are, despite their apparent absurdity, really curious and interesting. The number used and remembered with surprising retentiveness by children is astonishing; and hardly less so is the exactness with which they have been handed down from one generation to another. Textual variations there are, naturally and in plenty, but rhyme and rhythm are faithfully adhered to. The phonetic values are roughly preserved, though the natural corruptions are indicative of the juvenile grasping for familiar words to put in place of those with which they are not acquainted. Thus the "bob-tail vinegar" of one part of the country becomes "baptist minister" in another, while in the same rhyme—

"One is all, two is all, six is all, seven,"

becomes—

"One-er-zoll, two-er-zoll, zikerzoll, zan."

In Rhode Island they have a verse which, while closely similar to, and probably founded upon, some others in metre, has become transmogrified as follows—

"Haley, maley, tippety, fig,
Tiney, toney, tombo, nig,
Goat, throat, country note,
Tiney, toney, tiz."

A more distinctly "Yankee" tinge is observable, however, in the following, which is to-day a prime favourite among the children of New York State—

"Ana, mana, mina, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe;
When he hollers let him go,
Ana, mana, mina, mo."

Curiously suggestive, too, is this—

"As I was going up the tree,
All the apples fell on me;
Bake a pudding, bake a pie,
Did you ever tell a lie?
Yes, I did, and many a time—
O U T spells *Out*."

Only American children, I take it, could have evolved this rather plebeian strain—

"Acker, backer, soda, cracker,
Acker, backer, do;
If your father chews tobacco,
Must you chew it too?"

Some other characteristically American strains I must reserve for another time, when also I shall describe some of the games to which "counting-out" and its requisite rhymes form merely a prelude or preliminary incantation.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE STUDIO.

AUD succeeded in obtaining the studio on which she had set her heart, and for the next fortnight she was engaged in the delightful occupation of furnishing it. No considerations of expense restricted the gratification of her artistic love of beautiful things. She searched the shops and sale-rooms of Rome for quaint furniture, rare tapestries, rugs, and costly fabrics of various kinds. She bought pictures, statuettes, plaques, vases, in such numbers, that Enid, accustomed to spend money carefully, was amazed at her cousin's extravagance.

"If I have a studio at all, I must have an elegant one," Maud would say. She wanted to begin where most artists finish. She was ambitious of having a studio which would compare with those of the famous painters of Rome, whose art treasures had been slowly and lovingly accumulated during many years of work.

She went about her purchases with a happy belief that she exercised much prudence, and made excellent bargains. There was an old Jewish dealer in curios in the Borgo Vecchio who found Miss Marian a very profitable customer. "It is too little, too little," he would say, shaking his head as he clinched the bargain; "but I do not like to refuse the Signorina." Yet as he took the money Maud gave him there was a gleam in his small, cunning eyes which convinced Enid he was congratulating himself on the transaction.

"It is well your father is rich," Enid said to Maud one day, when she laughingly showed her an empty purse as the result of her morning's shopping.

"It is indeed," said Maud. "I can't think what I should have done with a poor father, or with one less liberal than mine. He never minds what I spend."

"He is very good to you," said Enid, remembering the wistful look she had seen in Mr. Marian's eyes as he parted with his daughter.

"So he ought to be," said Maud playfully. "I am his only child."

"He must miss you very much," said Enid, thinking with pity of Mr. Marian living solitary in the great house at Streatham.

"Oh, I don't know," said Maud. "I expect Sidney Althorp will often drop in upon him of an evening; and my father likes his company."

"Which you do not," said Enid.

"Not particularly. He is very tiresome sometimes. He is so fond of telling me of my faults, and preaching to me."

"A tiresome peculiarity certainly," said Enid. "He is surely the only one of your friends who transgresses in that way."

"You are right," said Maud laughing; "most of them seem to like me as I am—faults and all. And it is well they do, for I know I am not a model of propriety, and I don't intend to set up as one. But I can read your thoughts, Enid—you think it well I should have one friend who is kind enough to remind me that I am not perfection. Well, I will give you leave to take that duty on yourself, as Sidney is not here to act as my mentor."

Enid laughed. She did not think her cousin perfection; but neither was she inclined to judge her. Maud's faults were tolerably patent, but they were accompanied by a personal charm which disarmed criticism. Had her form been less graceful, her smile less sweet, and the quick changes of her expressive countenance less fascinating, her calm assumption of superiority, and the egotism which marked her conversation, would have annoyed and even disgusted her acquaintance: but in Maud Marian they excited only the pleasurable amusement with which we regard the affectations of a pretty child. In truth, with all her self-possession and apparent knowledge of the world Maud was very child-like.

Enid did not always accompany her cousin on her shopping expeditions. Sometimes Maud preferred to be accompanied by an artist friend, in whose judgment she placed more confidence than in Enid's, whom she did not credit

with much taste or knowledge of artistic effects. Enid was not sorry to be left free to go sight-seeing. With her *Baedeker* as her guide she spent many a delightful hour in wandering about the neighbourhood of the Roman Forum and the Capitol. She did not again meet Julius Dakin. Maud seemed often to meet him as she transacted her business. She came home one morning in excellent spirits, and told Enid that she had met Julius Dakin on her way to the shops, and he had been good enough to go with her from place to place, and give her his opinion with regard to various important purchases.

"Is he an artist?" enquired Enid.

"No; he only paints a little as an *amateur;* but he has perfect taste, and understands art thoroughly."

"Has he nothing to do, that he can afford to spend the whole morning in attendance on a lady?" asked Enid.

Maud shrugged her shoulders. "He is supposed to help his father in the bank, I believe," she said; "but I am sure I cannot tell when he attends to business, for he goes everywhere, and one meets him out at all hours."

"I don't approve of a man who does nothing," said Enid, thinking of her father's busy, hard-working life.

"Oh, Julius Dakin is such a careless, light-hearted creature; the life of a *dilettante* suits him exactly. And there is no need for him to work; his father has plenty of money, so what does it matter?"

Enid was silent. She thought it mattered a good deal; but she hardly knew how to explain her ideas on the subject to her cousin.

When the workmen who had been employed upon the studio had finished their tasks, and the time had come for the actual arrangement of the room, Maud found her cousin of the utmost service. If Enid was not so learned with respect to things rare and beautiful as her cousin, she understood the simple, practical details on which the realisation of Maud's ideas depended. With needle and cotton, or with hammer and nails, she was equally skilful, and curtains were hung and fixtures adjusted with a knack which astonished Maud.

"I think it will about do," said that young lady at last, surveying her room with an elated air. "The general effect is good. I am not sure, though, that the Venus would not look better in this corner. Oh, I do hope Julius Dakin will pronounce it good. He will see at once if anything is out of harmony."

"I don't believe he *can* find much fault," said Enid, tired but well pleased with the result of her labours. "Shall I bring forward this other easel, Maud, or will you have it left here behind the screen?"

"Oh, bring it forward," said Maud; "there should always be plenty of easels visible in a studio. Besides, you will want one: you are to work too, you know. Don't you remember I told your father I would make an artist of you? And really those little paintings of yours are not bad; you will do something good in time if you work. Put that blackberry spray of yours on the easel."

It seemed to Enid that there was only one objection to be made to the studio, and that was that it was *too* elegant. There was too much decoration and not sufficient evidence of work. Everything, even to the palettes and brushes, looked new, and the few sketches which Maud had taken from her portfolio and pinned here and there about the walls hardly appeared to come up to the standard which the room demanded. There were some of Maud's more ambitious attempts handsomely framed upon the walls; but Enid found herself looking at these with a sense of regret that she could not admire them more. She supposed that they represented Maud's earlier efforts, and that she had not yet seen her cousin's best work.

Almost every room in the large old-fashioned house in the Via Sistina was let as a studio. As she went up or down the stairs—as in those busy days of preparation she did many times in the day—Enid occasionally met a middle-aged woman, small and pale, with a melancholy expression, and whose dress was not only shabby but exceedingly odd in its style. There were many curious turns and twists in the old house, and one day Enid saw this woman pass along a narrow passage turning off from the main staircase and enter a room marked "Studio No. 8."

"Maud," she said, when she returned to her cousin, "do you know who has Studio No. 8 in this house?"

"No. 8," said Maud; "I believe that is Miss Strutt's. She is a thorough old maid; one of the queerest-looking creatures you ever saw."

"Then it was she I met on the stairs," said Enid. "Does she live at her studio? For I believe she was carrying a loaf when I met her."

"Yes, she lives there, if you can call it living, for they say she is as poor as a church mouse. She is a Scotchwoman. I hope you admired the fashion of her dress. Someone told me that she was once about to be married, and had her *trousseau* all ready, when the match was broken off, and she has been wearing her wedding gowns ever since. I am sure the one I last saw her in looked as if it might have been made fifty years ago."

"Poor thing!" said Enid. "She must be dreadfully lonely if she lives there by herself. Has she no friends in Rome?"

"I can't say, I am sure," replied Maud. "Everyone who speaks to me about her seems to regard her as a kind of joke."

"What is her painting like?"

"Nothing remarkable. She paints in water-colour. By-the-by, I heard she had several pictures in the last *Esposizione dei Belli Arti*, and they were highly commended, so I suppose she can sell her work. Perhaps she is miserly."

The next time Enid met Miss Strutt on the stairs she ventured to utter a "Good-day." The poor artist looked up in surprise, and a faint tinge of colour appeared on her worn cheek as she returned the greeting of the English girl.

Maud had lost no time in issuing to her friends cards intimating the day on which she would be "at home" at her studio. She had talked so much about her studio that people were curious to see it, and when the day arrived she had quite a crowd of visitors. One of the earliest to enter was Julius Dakin. Maud welcomed him with one of her most winning smiles. "Now you have come to criticise, I know," she said, "and I give you leave to say what you like. Look round and tell me just what you think of things, and suggest any improvements that occur to you. But first allow me to introduce you to my cousin, Miss Enid Mildmay."

Enid was busying herself at the tea table. She had not looked up at the sound of Julius Dakin's voice, though she had known in an instant that it was he who entered. She was not subject to nervousness, but her hands were rather unsteady as she tried to kindle the spirit-lamp, and she was conscious of a strange sensation of shyness.

Her colour deepened as she met the look of surprise and pleasure which came into the young man's eyes. Maud saw it and was astonished.

"I think we have met before, Miss Mildmay, and at a more famous place," he said easily, "though who knows how famous this studio of Miss Marian's is destined to become?"

"What!" said Maud, amazed, "you have met Enid before!"

"Yes," murmured Enid, in some confusion, "I met Mr. Dakin at the Coliseum on the day of our arrival in Rome."

"And Miss Mildmay was good enough to allow me to act as her guide," added Dakin. "You know how proud I am of my knowledge of the ruins, since, unlike most of the inhabitants of Rome, I have really made a study of them."

Maud felt an annoyance which she could hardly conceal; but as Julius Dakin began to admire her studio, and delicately insinuate compliments on her good taste, the cloud faded from her brow.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ERL-KING.

By LILY WATSON.

THE hour of noon was chiming from a great clock in the hall of a vast and ancient house in a Scottish city. It was a bright warm day in June; the air was soft, the sunshine delicious, and Nature seemed to woo all who were within doors to come forth and enjoy the scent of the flowers, the caressing of the summer breeze. For without the gloomy house, just across the causeway, was a bowery garden, where many of the lady dwellers in the square were sitting to read or work, while children trundled their hoops and rent the air with merry laughter.

Within the house, as twelve o'clock sounded, was a sudden opening of doors, a rustle of dresses, a hurry and scurry of feet ascending and descending the wide stone staircase, and a pause in the tremulous mingling murmur of many pianos. One and another gentleman came rapidly forth from the different rooms, and departed through the outer hall, where Eastern rugs lay on the tiled floor, and a few stuffed wild animals in glass cases made the place appear like a museum rather than what it actually was—an "Institution" or college, where girls of all ages attended daily classes.

On the first floor were two lofty, echoing lecture-rooms, standing at right angles the one to the other. "Like the letter L turned topsy-turvy," said one of the little girls. "Or like the Greek letter Gamma," observed a more enlightened senior. The lecture-rooms were connected by a sliding partition, but each had its separate entrance from the landing. In the room looking out upon the square a little group of girls about one of the low, deep window-sills made an agreeable spot of colour in the great bare space, with its school-desks, forms, and tiers of seats ranged one above the other.

The central figure of the group, who would have attracted the attention of a casual observer, was one Phyllis Buchanan, a tall girl of sixteen, with pleasing, handsome features, fair hair clustering on her forehead and drawn low down into a knot on her pretty neck, and a simple though becomingly fresh pink cotton gown. No ink stains on her finger or ruffling of any detail of attire betokened the careless schoolgirl. She was reclining, with hands clasped behind her head, on the window-seat; a delicate picture thrown up in relief against the dark oaken shutters. Standing beside her was a young Jewess, with dark eyebrows, clear skin, and black eyes that at the moment seemed literally to gleam with angry light.

"I call it a disgrace to the Institution," the latter, Honoria Montague, was saying, in low, rapid, slightly guttural tones.

"What is the matter?" enquired an English girl who was sitting near, lifting her face from the book that had apparently absorbed her hitherto. "What is a disgrace to the Institution?"

"You are always absent, Lily," said the pretty girl, Phyllis Buchanan, in a rallying tone. "Perhaps you are not aware that the Prize Day is on July the twenty-fifth, and that the masters are beginning to decide who shall undertake the recitations?"

"Well, what then?"

"What then?" cried a fourth member of the group, Kathleen Murray, a girl with masses of lustrous red wavy hair, very untidily arranged, glints of the same colour in her hazel eyes, and flecks of it even in her exquisitely fair complexion. "Why, Herr Musaeus has told some of the girls to-day he is going to choose Ailie Munro instead of Phyllis Buchanan to represent the first class in German and to recite Goethe's 'Erl-König.' That is why we are so angry."

"I may be stupid," observed the English Lily calmly, "but I don't see what there is in *that* to make you too indignant to go and have your lunch."

"Why, he said 'either Miss Buchanan or Miss Munro' long ago. Neither of them can have a prize because of absence—Phyllis on that visit to the coast, Ailie because she was ill," explained Kathleen. "So it is all the more reason Phyllis should have the recitation. Her Uncle Eric, who studied at Heidelberg, and his wife, are coming to stay with her people over the Prize Day. She is their favourite niece, and likes to stand well with them, and told them she should recite in German. So altogether it is provoking."

"*I* am angry because Ailie Munro is such a wretched representative of the school," put in Honoria. "She is so plain, and dresses so very shabbily, that she will disgrace us."

"Honoria feels responsible for the credit of the Institution," observed Lily, with a smile.

"No wonder, as I and all my sisters have been educated here," retorted Honoria. "My opinion is that as Herr Musaeus is a comparatively new comer, he ought to be told it won't do. We like to do credit to the school in the eyes of our friends on the Prize Day, for they don't see us in full array any other time, and Phyllis will just be in the background doing nothing at all! It is preposterous."

"I suppose men don't understand the considerations that influence our judgment in these matters," said Lily, a little satirically. "Probably poor Herr Musaeus thinks that as Miss Munro is the best German scholar in the first class, she should be chosen to recite. Now, if a lady were only at the head of affairs, she would understand that she ought to exhibit the best-looking, best-dressed pupil, and leave all other qualifications out of the question."

Phyllis looked a little suspiciously at Lily's demure face, then said in a magnanimous tone—

"Don't let us discuss it any more. I am disappointed, very much disappointed, I will own. But Herr Musaeus must decide, and if he chooses Miss Munro, Miss Munro of course it will be. I must say that I *do* wonder a little—but then, I daresay I am too conceited."

A chorus of "No! no!" interrupted the speaker.

"It is very kind of you all to take it up," continued Phyllis, gracefully rising; "but now let us go and have our lunch, or we shall be late for class."

By one consent the little group adjourned to the upper storey, where a woman sat selling scones, rolls, and "cookies" from a great basket to the hungry schoolgirls.

There was only one out of the hundred and twenty pupils of the Clyde Institution who had no appetite, and she might have been found alone in the second lecture-room, at the back of the room where Phyllis and her friends had said their say.

A tall, thin girl, with a shabby black frock, too short for her, the ungainliness of the "transition stage" between child and woman manifest in her shoulders, hands, and feet, was standing at the window, at the opposite end of the room from the partition, her face pressed against the glass. When at length she withdrew it, and groped with long fingers for her pocket-handkerchief, tears were in her eyes. Her face, under ordinary circumstances, though by no means pretty, was not repellent, for the grey eyes were intelligent, the forehead was broad, and the mouth sensitive. But no girl looks lovely when she cries, and Ailie Munro was certainly not an exception to the general rule.

It was very hard! Of little consequence as it may seem to an outsider, the annual Prize Day to these Scottish schoolgirls of twenty years ago assumed the same importance as a Speech Day at one of the large public schools did and still does to their English boy-cousins. On that occasion the lecture-rooms on the first floor, thrown into one, were packed with tier above tier of admiring relatives and friends. The Institution was radiant with flowers, the Professors were ranged in state upon a platform, and some man of distinction in the literary or scientific world gave an address to the students, and distributed the prizes. Ailie's heart had beat high with satisfaction when Herr Musaeus hinted that she might be chosen to recite the "Erl-König" (Erl-King) in the hearing of this—to her thinking—distinguished assembly. And now she had inadvertently heard through the partition that she would be considered a disgrace to the school if she accepted the honour! As soon as Honoria Montague's remark had struck upon her pained ear Ailie had run to the end of the room and buried her head in her hands to hear no more; for had she gathered up her books and gone away, Phyllis might have detected her step, and much discomfort would have been the result.

What should she do? She would try to put it aside till lessons were over, and then reflect on the situation. So she dried her eyes, and went through her classes as best she could.

They seemed very long that afternoon, and when Ailie took her way home, swinging her books in a strap, her heart was swelling with indignation. She was a diligent student, and delighted in doing her very best. The injustice and thoughtless cruelty of the verdict of her schoolfellows stung her to the quick. She forgot for the moment that they had no idea she would overhear their colloquy—for deliberate spite had little place among these Northern lassies—and as she thought it over she almost resolved to care nothing, but to recite, and to do her best in the face of them all.

That was what she should prefer. Why should she not accept the fitting meed of her talents and industry? As she pondered on these things she unconsciously quickened her pace; her heart throbbed with wounded pride, and she held her head, in its shabby hat, higher as she walked.

Ailie's parents lived far away in the North of Scotland, and she lodged with relatives in a "flat" at the top of a tall, dismal house, where a large overgrown family of girls and boys made a terrible clatter in racing up and down the stone steps that led to the street door.

They were all kind to Ailie in their rough way, but it was a scrambling household, and

"'DID YOU HAPPEN TO LOOK AT THE VERSE ITSELF, PHYLLIS?'"

she knew the overtasked matron at its head would scarcely have leisure to enter into her school perplexities. However, Mrs. Munro, as she served the Scotch broth at dinner to the hungry boys and girls, could not help noticing her niece's heavy sigh.

"What ails ye, dearie?" she enquired.

"I'm just thinking over a matter at the Institution," replied Ailie, and the subject dropped. But that evening she confided her perplexities to her favourite cousin, who shared the scantily-furnished sleeping-closet that was Ailie's only quiet retreat.

"Why," cried Jeanie Munro, "you'll never be so poor-spirited as to let those girls triumph over you, and give up the recitation?"

"And that's just what I'm considering about," responded Ailie.

"It's not I that would be considering of it for long," declared Jeanie. "If it were at our school I would just stand there and recite all the louder because of their impudence."

Ailie sighed as she took up the New Testament to read her evening verses. Perhaps she would get some help from the Book she had taken to be her daily friend and counsellor; and she turned to the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, part of which was the "portion" for that night.

"You said 'poor-spirited' just now," she remarked, looking up. "What do you think 'Blessed are the poor in spirit' means, Jeanie?"

"I don't know," retorted Jeanie, "but I'm sure it doesn't mean 'Blessed are the poor-spirited.'"

No, Ailie felt sure of that. The poor-spirited—the craven and cowardly—were never praised in the New Testament. Not such were the men who stood before rulers and kings, who braved torture and death for the sake of the Nazarene. But "poor in spirit"—that must mean something altogether different.

Ailie tried to think it out, as she sat with her brow resting on her hand. Did it not mean lowly and humble of soul, destitute of pretension, ready to renounce for the sake of others? She took down from her little shelf an old volume that, child as she was, she had already learned to love, and lighted on the words—

"My son, make it no matter of thine if thou see others honoured and advanced but thyself contemned. Lift up thy heart into heaven to Me, and the contempt of men on earth will not grieve thee."

Again she read—

"It is most necessary . . . that leaving all he forsake himself and retain nothing out of self-love. . . . Then may he be truly poor in spirit. . . . Yet no man richer than he, no man more powerful, no man more free; for he is able to leave himself and all things, and to set himself in the lowest place."

Ailie saw it all clearly. To renounce herself, mortify her pride, and give up this little distinction for the sake of another, would be—not *poor-spirited*, for there was nothing cowardly about it, but in accordance with the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount.

Yet she was by no means resolved to make the sacrifice. Ailie was not naturally meek, and had a keen sense of justice, so the struggle was a hard one.

"Are you never coming to your bed?" called out the sleepy Jeanie at last. But her cousin was listening to two voices within—the one that said, "Take your *rights*, and never mind anything else"; the other that pleaded, "For the sake of the fair appearance of the school, for Phyllis, above all for *Christ*, deny yourself, and strive to be as the 'poor in spirit,' of whom you have just been reading."

With a last regretful look round the walls of the shabby little bedroom, which, in Ailie's private rehearsals, had often re-echoed the lilting lines of Goethe's poem, she made up her mind, and went to sleep with a sweet peace in her heart.

The next day she lay in wait for Herr Musaeus, the German master, a tall and alarming gentleman, with a bushy beard, fierce eyebrows, and spectacles.

Tripping down the stairs, she met him in the hall, and timidly said, her breath catching with excitement, "Herr Musaeus, will you please give the recitation to Miss Buchanan if you do not mind?"

"Hey, hey? What? Speak German, if you blease."

"But I can't express it so well in German," said Ailie, desperately. "If it will be the same thing to you, will you choose Miss Buchanan instead of me?"

The German looked doubtfully at Ailie's flushed face.

"You have the best bronunciation," he observed, "and you say the 'Erl-König' with spirit. But still she is also a goot German scholar. As you will, Fräulein."

So it was settled, and no one guessed what a sacrifice had been made by the plain shabby girl with downcast eyes at the end of the form, when Herr Musaeus formally proclaimed that Miss Phyllis Buchanan would represent the first German class, and recite Goethe's "Erl-König" on the Prize Day. It was hard to hear the announcement, harder still to see the universal satisfaction of the girls at the change of plan. But Ailie strove to repress the vexed and wounded feeling, and was able to smile with the rest.

"Lift up thy heart into heaven to Me, and the contempt of men on earth will not grieve thee."

The words rang in her ears as she went about her work that day, and Kathleen remarked to Lily, "Ailie Munro is evidently as glad as possible to be let off reciting."

"I suppose she was nervous," replied Lily; "but she is so reserved one can never tell what she is thinking, and I feel by no means sure of it."

Phyllis Buchanan stepped with a light heart that afternoon into the victoria that came to fetch her from school. Of all the girls she was the one most generally envied. She was the only child of rich parents, who lived in a large country house in the beautiful neighbourhood of the city. Handsome, charmingly dressed, of pleasant manners and average mental power, she was a favourite in the Institution with masters and pupils, and would have been more so but for a complete and unalloyed self-satisfaction that debarred her from full sympathy with others. Still, she thought she never showed any offensive self-conceit; that would have been against her code of good breeding!

To her mind, Phyllis Buchanan was the model of perfection in girlhood. It came to her as a natural thing that she should be chosen for this recitation; the only marvel was that Herr Musaeus should ever have wavered in his decision.

"I am to recite the 'Erl-König' on the Prize Day," she said gleefully, stepping up to imprint a kiss on the cheek of the invalid mother who doted upon her.

Mrs. Buchanan's eyes rested fondly on the girl's tall, graceful figure. "Of course they would naturally choose you, darling," she replied. "We must decide about your dress before Aunt Maggie comes."

"Aunt Maggie," Mrs. Eric Buchanan, the wife of the uncle Phyllis specially wished to please, was a great favourite with young people. She had no child of her own, and was tenderly attached to this pretty, brilliant niece, although she could not help seeing and regretting the dominant fault that advancing years threatened only to increase. It was difficult for her to find fault with Phyllis, who adored and made a *confidante* of this young and sweet auntie.

"What a lovely text that is you have brought for my bedroom!" cried the girl, running out into the garden early on the morning after Aunt Maggie's arrival. "How charmingly you paint, auntie! Those lilies of the valley are better than anything I have ever seen of yours. And the tuft of Neapolitan violets is exquisite! How good of you to do it for me!"

"I am glad you like it, darling," replied the elder. "Did you happen to look at the verse itself, Phyllis?"

"Let me see; I was so busy admiring the flowers I do not remember noticing the words. Oh, yes, I know—'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' Why did you choose that? I suppose you thought it would harmonise well with the modest style of flower."

"I had another reason, dear," said Aunt Maggie, taking the girl's hand in her own. "Promise me to think of the words, and try to find out their meaning."

Phyllis stared, then smiled and coloured a little.

"It is a pity sweet Aunt Maggie is so peculiar," she was thinking: but she only said, "Very well, dear; and now I want to tell you all the news about everything."

She sat down beside her aunt on the garden seat, and poured forth various items of school and home intelligence, not forgetting the incident about the German recitation.

"And this poor Miss Munro. Was she not disappointed?" asked Aunt Maggie.

"Oh, well—I don't think so. She is one of those insignificant whitey-brown people, without any particular character of their own. She must have known it was quite preposterous. But there is the breakfast-bell!"

As Phyllis walked towards the house she pondered, "'Poor in spirit!' I don't see what that can possibly have to do with *me*."

At last the all-important day of the twenty-fifth of July arrived. The Clyde Institution was in a brilliant state of preparation. Phyllis was satisfied that her "Erl-König" was perfectly fixed in her memory, and that, in her white embroidered dress and clusters of tea roses, she would be an ornament to the school. Her relatives, including the delicate mother, were squeezed expectantly upon the well-filled tiers of seats. The throng of pupils who were to take part in the proceedings stood at the junction of the lecture-rooms, and the masters were duly arrayed upon the red-covered platform, the University Professor who was to preside beaming benignly in the midst, over a flower-bedecked table.

The pupils who had no share in the performance sat upon forms in front of the spectators. Among them was a girl in a white gown that, although it was fresh and spotless, had evidently seen much service. It was of an old-fashioned cut, and tight in the sleeves.

"Look at Ailie Munro," whispered one lively damsel, nudging her neighbour. "She has worn that frock at least three years, and it must have been washed a hundred times. What a fright she is!"

A strong contrast was the lovely girl in her delicate embroidered draperies and scented tea roses who now stood up to recite Goethe's "Erl-König." A buzz of smothered approbation greeted her appearance, and she threw forth her clear voice in the most approved manner as she began—

"Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?" *

Herr Musaeus, sitting on the platform,

* "Who rides so late through the windy night?"

stretched his bushy head forward, and gleamed with satisfaction through his spectacles.

Phyllis had disdained to have any note or book in her *hand, so calmly* confident was she of her memory. She went smoothly on until she came to the sixth verse—

"Mein Vater—mein Vater——"

Then for one awful moment it all went from her.

She lived in that instant through an hour of misery. As she turned her appealing eyes towards the pleased but for the most part uncomprehending audience, all the disgrace and misery of a break-down pressed upon her with intolerable horror. She—Phyllis Buchanan—to fail in public! Why had she trusted her memory so implicitly?

At this torturing moment her ear caught the words, low, distinct, and penetrating, just in front of her—"und siehst du nicht dort?"

The clue was supplied! It all came back to her, and with a catch in her breath she went on to the triumphant close.

No one, except the experienced Herr Musaeus and Ailie Munro, whose study of the poem had enabled her to prompt her rival, thought of the momentary pause as anything but a means of producing effect. But amid the loud applause Phyllis went to her seat a humbler and a wiser girl.

She did not know whose voice had supplied the missing link, and tried, indeed, to believe that the words were prompted by her own brain. In this supposition she was confirmed by the fact that nobody came up to her afterwards to allude—as Phyllis herself in the like circumstances would certainly have alluded—to the narrow escape, and to claim the credit of helping her. Her schoolfellows gave her nothing but congratulations.

And Ailie? Nobody congratulated her; nobody thought of her as anything but an insignificant, awkward, dowdily-dressed girl. But when she found herself in her little bedroom, whither she went to take off, carefully fold, and put away the despised white gown, she would not have changed places with the most fortunate pupil in the school, for the peace of the Kingdom of Heaven was in her heart. The struggle had been hard for a little while, but now it was over, and a great happiness—the happiness that only those can know who submit themselves in humility to the Master's teaching—was in her soul. This happiness is the guerdon of His kingdom.

"Blessed," men say, "are the rich, the successful, and the fortunate." But He thinks not of condition, but of character; and, so thinking, utters His first beatitude—

"BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT."

WHAT TO DO WITH A WEDDING-GOWN.

ONE of the incubuses of a young married woman's existence is her wedding-gown. Let no one imagine that I speak unadvisedly, or without testing the truth of my remark by personal experience.

Of course it is the desire and pleasure of every young and pretty bride to go to be married in the dainty white gown and veil which are so becoming to her blushing morning face. And even if it be only the simple white muslin or cashmere, a girl so attired gives greater pleasure to her own admiring family and bridegroom than she would have done in the smartest morning-gown and most immaculate bonnet.

And many a mother, who can ill afford it, strains every nerve to provide the white satin gown and shoes, and the orange-blossom wreath—perhaps crippling the resources of her family for many long months—that will render her treasured daughter a fair and dainty bride to look upon.

During the short time that a bride is being fêted and honoured, and is taking precedence of more staid matrons at parties and dinners, the white satin gown is a thing expected by everyone, and much admired and regarded as a matter of course. For a bride without her finery is like a peacock without its tail—an anomaly.

But it is the year following her marriage that the satin gown becomes the incubus to the young matron that I stated it to be at the beginning of my article. It is still so clean that to dye it black would be a decided shame and pity; and besides, the little woman regards it with eyes of tender sentiment, remembering the happy day when first she put on its pure white folds—the day that began the new era of wedded life for her, which has proved, in spite of little clouds that must drift into every life, so blissfully happy. But again, to wear it in the second year of her wifehood unaltered cannot be thought of; for which of us has not heard, and perhaps shared in, the slightly contemptuous remark—

"Well, dear, and what did Mrs. Smith wear?"

"Oh, her wedding-gown, of course! Poor old frock! I wonder she doesn't try and do it up somehow."

The thought that these remarks will be made about her renders the wearing of the white satin rather nervous work the second year. And my advice is, to have it altered at once, casting sentiment to the winds. Every wardrobe should contain a white as well as a black evening-gown, and the wedding-dress may be easily converted into a smart dress by the following means.

I take it for granted that the gown is a simple white satin or silk one, made plainly, with a demi-train; but of course if it is of handsome brocade or rich material the transformation may be effected in exactly the same manner, with even happier results. Cut the bodice either low all round or square back and front, and also cut the sleeves off quite close to the shoulder. Then trim the top of the bodice with some handsome gold embroidery about an inch deep, which will cost about 1s. 2d. a yard; and if the bodice has been cut in the fashionable long shape, convert it into a short one by taking away the basque and putting a deep edge of the gold all round the hips, nearly up to the waist, the trimming in this case being four or five inches in depth. This arrangement will form a sort of band, and give a smart finish to the bodice. Then fill in the sleeves to the elbow with gold-spangled net, put in rather full, and drawn tight just above the elbow with a narrow line of gold embroidery.

The skirt may be left plain as it is, with just a beading of the gold round the hem in front and round the bottom of the short train. This is a most successful way of treating a wedding-dress, and the gold is a great relief to the dead white, which is often a little trying, even to a young complexion, although in point of fact perhaps a dead white gown is very seldom seen, there being so many lovely shades of ivory and cream to be procured at the present day.

This gown will grace many a festive scene before the gold is tarnished and the silk spotted, and the wife of four or five years' standing begins to think that it is high time to "do up" the dear old frock once more.

It is a great mistake to be in a hurry to dye a good silk, for the material is sure to shrink in the process, and the result be disappointing. So that once more inventive genius must come to the rescue, and the wedding-gown be overhauled and delivered into the dressmaker's hands. This time the object is to convert it into a species of magpie colouring, for the silk is spotted in some places, and not nearly so fresh as it was four or five years ago. So to begin with, all traces of the gold must be removed, and the whole garment laid out once more in all its uncompromising bareness, and perhaps shabbiness.

Then buy as much black velveteen—which may be nowadays procured in excellent quality at 2s. 4d. a yard—as will make a train of a pretty length, which you must set on to the skirt band in full gathers. Line this black train completely with the original white back of the gown, and tack a deep white muslin frill at the bottom, so that neither velveteen nor satin may sweep the floor. Cover the front of the skirt with fine black lace, kept in its place at the hem by a narrow band of black velvet ribbon; and also veil entirely the white bodice with the same lace, finished off by narrow braces of velvet from the waist over the shoulders.

Nothing can be prettier for the sleeves than straps of narrow black velvet showing the arm between, and coming down midway between shoulder and elbow, tied at intervals in dainty bows.

Arranged in this quaint and pretty fashion, the wedding-gown may go on for several years before it is finally relegated to the dyeing vat, and to becoming an inferior instead of the prominent part of an evening dress. In time to come it will probably descend as low as the foundation of a best morning-gown; but before then its owner will have got much pleasure out of it, and be thoroughly glad that she was endowed with so handsome a dress at the beginning of her social career.

Then a word as to the little et ceteras that go so far towards making up a successful toilette, and which are apt, if ill-considered, to make a woman appear dowdy even though the most expensive silk should be on her back.

Plain white suéde gloves and no bracelets should be worn with the white and gold gown, and white kid shoes or white satin ones, with a suspicion of the gold embroidery introduced into the rosettes.

If by these few hints I have managed to relieve any young matron's mind regarding the beloved incubus of her wedding-gown, I shall be more than delighted—yea, even thankful.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

ADELAIDE.—Applicants for admission into the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, must send in specimens of their work to show what proficiency they have already attained, with a printed form, properly filled in, on June 28 or on December 28, that it may be submitted to the Council. But it is necessary to warn our girls that the degree of proficiency now required of intending pupils at the Royal Academy has been raised to a much higher standard than it has been hitherto, and that in consequence of this new regulation a considerable number of aspirants to the honour have recently failed to pass the ordeal.

NORA.—China painting appears to offer but little in the way of further openings for young artists in this department. Glass painting is at present more likely to be remunerative. You might make enquiries at the Whitefriars Glass Works Company's Office, Whitefriars Street, E.C.

M. N.—You had better apply to the Secretary of the Artists' Guild, 1, Berkeley Gardens, Campden Hill, W. We have spoken of this guild before, and believe it is doing useful work, apart from giving instruction in painting on silk, satin, and velvet, as art work of this kind has been exhibited and found a sale.

MUSIC.

WILLING ONE.—We think that the organ accordian might be learnt without the aid of a master. A concertina would be more difficult.

A PRINCESS OF THULE.—The zither is a difficult instrument—more so than the guitar, although to play pieces on the latter is by no means easy. To play accompaniments for the voice is comparatively easy. You should apply to such a firm as that of Messrs. Novello and Co. for such information as you require.

OLIVE WYALLE.—You can obtain a suitable primer on the theory of music from Novello. Write to them on the subject.

YELLOW TOPAZ.—The organ is an instrument for which you will need a teacher. Badly played, it would prove a great trial to those within hearing.

FUDGE.—We do not know the dance-music of which you send a few notes from memory. You had better show it to some musicseller.

MUSICAL.—1. We recommend you to write for full particulars of the Royal Academy of Music to the Principal, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W.; or to George Watson, Esq., 52, New Bond Street, W., Secretary of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music.—2. Have you enquired about the "roller sheets" of which you speak of Messrs. Novello and Co.? We are gratified by your kind letter.

LADY MAUD.—Of course playing the violin may be successfully acquired by one who has a natural gift for music.

MONICA enquires what the lower figure stands for denoting the time in which a musical composition is to be played. The lower figure is the division of the semibreve. You ought to study a "first instruction book."

LETTY SMYTH.—We have several times replied to the question you have asked in reference to the Conservatoire at Leipsic. If you look over our Answers under "Music," you cannot fail to see all the information you need. There is a lady matron who attends to the girl-students. The English chaplain—and we believe there is one at Leipsic—would also supply you with useful hints and advice respecting local matters.

COOKERY.

WE TWO.—1. We are glad that you both derive so much benefit from our articles on "Dress: in Season and in Reason."—2. A good plain cake for a large family may be made thus: Take two pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of currants, or half that amount of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of butter, a quarter of orange peel, two ounces of ground ginger, two ounces of carraway seeds, and four teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda; mix all together, moistening with a pint and a quarter of new milk. The butter should be well melted before you mix it with the other ingredients. Of course you may leave out the sugar if the currants or raisins serve to sweeten the cake sufficiently.

EDITH FORSTER.—To prevent a pudding from sticking to the cloth, you should immerse the bag in hot water, wring it out, and then flour it. I am glad you find our articles helpful. Your writing promises well, and is very legible.

PORRIDGE.—"Peameal" is generally sold in tins at a grocer's. If you do not find it at your own, you have only to order it.

THE DODO.—To make a fig pudding you may take a pound and a half of figs, two ounces of flour, half a pound of breadcrumbs, a little powdered ginger, and a quarter of a pound of suet chopped very fine. Beat up two eggs and add sufficient milk. Butter a basin, and boil in it for four hours.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANXIOUS.—We do not "give away" our coloured pictures with the weekly numbers. Write to our Publisher, enclosing one shilling for the year's plates.

ADMIRER OF THE "G. O. P."—We have not heard of any demand for hospital nurses in any of the Colonies. You had better make enquiries at the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

CISSIE PITCHER.—John Mitchell Kemble, scholar and editor (born 1807, died 1857), wrote a *History of the English Language, First Period*, and *The Saxons in England*, and edited various old English remains. These, and other such works, have been published by the Olfric Society, instituted for the publication of Anglo-Saxon works; and Morley's *First Sketch of English Literature* will give you more information respecting the Abbot Olfric than we have space to insert. He wrote a Glossary in Latin and English; Homilies translated from the Fathers (eighty sermons); an abridged translation of the Pentateuch and the Book of Job. He became an abbot A.D. 1005. By others he is said to have been an archbishop. He is said to have evidenced great good sense, and held clear Christian doctrine, and to have been of noble birth. We thank you for the encouragement you give us respecting the value to you of our paper.

LOUISE.—You ask us to give the pronunciation of French and German names. This can rarely be done excepting by oral teaching, as English letters do not correspond with those of foreign languages. Of "Goethe" one can only say that the "th" is not sounded as in English, the "h" being mute; of "Wagner," that the "W" is pronounced as a "v," and the "a" extended as if a double "a"; "Noyeau," as "N-'y-o"; "Panama" as "Pan-a-ma."—2. We suppose you mean the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Music. Secretary, George Watson, Esq., 52, New Bond Street, W., whose certificates would be as good as any.

DARK EYES.—If your invitations were of a friendly character you might write a little note, and mention the fact that you were asking your friends on the occasion of this birthday. If you intend to invite mere acquaintances you had better say nothing about it. Were the boy or girl completing their twenty-first year, the heir to some grand old family place or title, the case would be different. A twenty-first birthday is nothing more than the first anniversary in any other position.

CARMEN.—You make very few mistakes, and have learnt English well. Had you repeated your queries, we might have answered. We have no recollection of having heard from you before.

MARITANA.—We have given two articles on girls' Christian names. "Emily" is Old German, and signifies "energetic" or "industrious"—the same as "Emeline."

KATE MILESTON.—Headaches may occasion greyness of the hair, as well as lack of nutrition of the roots, and also loss of nerve power. It may be hereditary. Your general health may need attention.

MADGE.—No; the origin of calling certain days in the summer the "dog days" (beginning on July 3rd and ending with August 11th) has no reference to the effect of the heat on dogs and lack of water inducing rabies. In point of fact, it is in the winter that most cases of that terrible complaint occur. In the time of the ancient astronomers, all the evils arising from extreme heat, such as we could never experience in our latitudes, were superstitiously ascribed to the "heliacal" rising of *Sirius*, the so-called "dog star."

EMILIE.—There is a large manufacturing town in the East Riding of Yorkshire called Beverley, which grew up around an ancient priory, founded in the beginning of the eighth century. This "religious house" was so named from a neighbouring morass, called *Beverlac*, or "the Lake of Beavers." The minster church of St. John, at Beverley, is reputed to be one of the finest Gothic buildings in the kingdom, and was founded in the thirteenth century. In early times, when surnames were given to families of the upper class of society, they were very generally taken from their lands; while those subsequently adopted by the lower classes were designations of their trades, or of objects, animals, birds and fish, and colours, etc. It is possible that the surname Beverley originated in the proprietorship of lands in that locality, but it does not now appear in Burke's *Landed Gentry*.

MARIE.—We recommend you to apply to the institution called *L'Union Internationale des Amies de la Jeune Fille*," at 19, Rue du Château Neufchâtel, Switzerland. We have an English office of the same society at 316, Regent Street, W. It befriends girls and women of all nationalities, and more especially when travelling or residing in countries not their own, and away from the protection of any family or friends of their own.

FLOSS.—A nursery governess has to wash and dress the children under her care, as well as to teach and walk out with them. No very young girl is qualified for such a charge, as experience, self-control, patience, and insight into character are essential; and the disposition and character may be formed for good or ruined by injudicious treatment in early childhood. You might obtain £20 per annum as a nursery governess; and if past thirty years of age, and experienced, you might get £25 per annum.

KILOSBERN LASSIE.—We were interested in your letter, and thankful that you have often profited by advice we have given to others. Fame is often the natural reward of workers of both sexes alike. It is not a case of "*may* succeed in the end" when good resolutions are made with prayer, in the name of our Blessed Lord, for Divine aid. Trust in this, and not to your own strength, though wholly in earnest in your steadfast endeavours, and doing your very best in every undertaking, small or great. Nothing is too insignificant to be undertaken with prayer, and in faith that such prayer will be accepted.

"SWEET SEVENTEEN."—Soreness of the eyes may have to do with constitutional delicacy, or may be a local trouble, which again may be produced by a blast in the eyes, or by reading too much and by a bad light. You should show them to a doctor, as we could not prescribe for a complaint of unknown origin.

PENITENT.—It is well that your conscience is tender, and that you desire to make restitution for the small wrong of which you were guilty ten years ago. As you have no opportunity of returning the stolen fruit which you took, and have humbled yourself before your Heavenly Father and asked His pardon, we advise you to give double their value to the box for the poor as the only fruit of repentance you can offer; and then be at peace, for "the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord cleanseth us from all sin."

SALLY.—Dogs that bite people are as dangerous as wild beasts—a sufficient reason for shooting them, apart from the dreadful possibility of their having and communicating rabies. If a dog were known to exhibit madness after any unfortunate person had been bitten by him, the terror it would inspire might be sufficient to produce madness in the sufferer. Thus, by the death of the dog the latter is spared the possible development in him, which might only have been savage and not diseased.

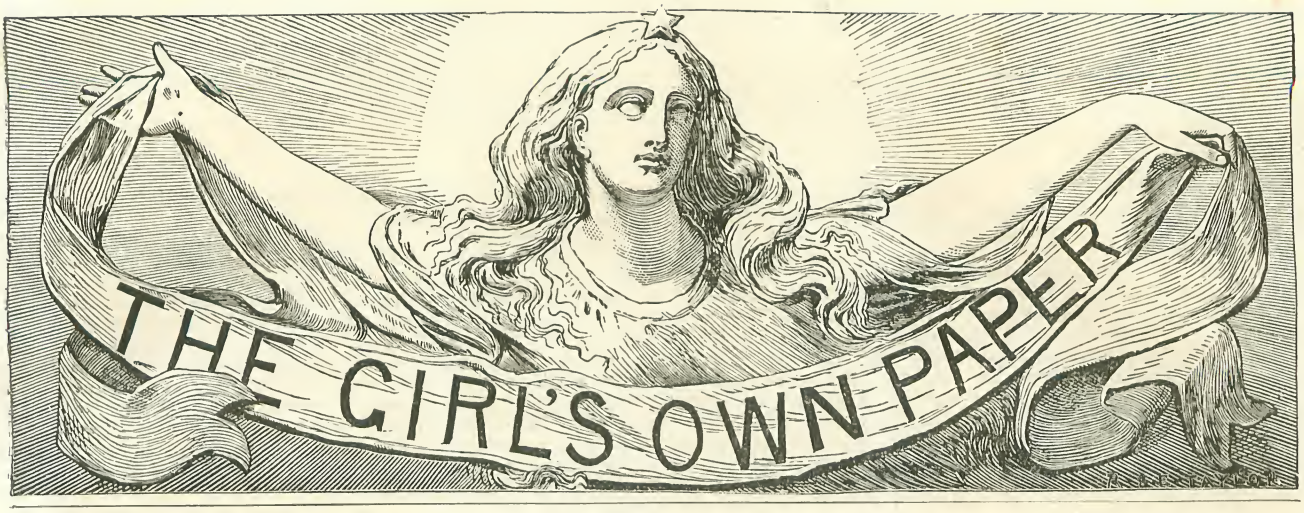
YOUNG MOTHER.—"Thrush" is a complaint only too common to infants, and is the result of not cleansing the feeding-bottles thoroughly. You should put a little borax and honey on the little one's tongue and gums with the point of your finger, and make a solution of twenty drops of Condy's red fluid in a pint of water, and dip the feeding-bottle pipe and end into it. Keep it in a basin for this purpose. We recommend you never to use a long feeding-bottle pipe or tube, as the milk cannot be thoroughly cleaned out of it, and diarrhœa, as well as thrush, may result from this cause.

BABY ONE.—The "i" in the word "lichen" is not changed from its original sound in the alphabet. It is pronounced as if written "ly-ken."

GERTRUDE.—It is not likely that you will find a situation as "second nurse where three are kept," so you may give up that search. You might get trained for a single-handed situation as child's maid by taking one as under-nurse for a year or two; or you might obtain a place, perhaps, as schoolroom maid. The wages for nursery maid, under a more experienced one, might range between £12 and £14 per annum.

MAGGIE MAY.—October 2nd, 1870, was a Sunday; and January 19th, 1872, a Friday.

SISSA.—Tomatoes may be reasonably regarded as a vegetable, since they are eaten with the meat or cheese course, and never at dessert.



VOL. XIII.—No. 618.] OCTOBER 31, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

EVENTIDE!

COME, my dearie, let us wander
Where the water-lilies grow,
By the streamlet where the willows
Whisper music sweet and low.
There, when youth was with us, dearie,
Youth, that like a flower has died,
Oft, as spread the sunset's glory,
We would rest at eventide!

Yes, my dearie, ne'er forgotten
Can be that fair spot of old;
Ever in our hearts 'tis present,
There was life's sweet story told!
Many years have come and vanished;
Ah! how soon they onward glide,
Since those fateful words were murmured
At the hour of eventide!

Come, my dearie, though life's journey
Now for us is nearly o'er;
Sweet it is to roam together,
Picturing the times of yore!
Lo! until our day shall darken,
We will still be side by side;
Heaven will, our journey ended,
Yield us rest at eventide! E. OXENFORD.

All rights reserved.] EVENTIDE.

LADY BEATRIX'S STEPMOTHER.

By OCTAVIA ALLEN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE doctor's opinion was reassuring. He said he could detect no injury to the spine or brain, but that, as nurse had suspected, the collar-bone was broken. He prescribed simple treatment, and bade them lay the child in his cradle. "He will be better so than being nursed," he said, and the mother obeyed, though she was longing to have the little head pillowed on her shoulder, and although he put out his one free hand to her, and kept making little plaintive inarticulate sounds, which she at least interpreted as calls to her to take him in her arms. But she would do what the doctor told her was best for him, cost her what it might; so she kept out of his sight, though she could not bear to leave the room. She pleaded hard to be allowed to sit up with him, as he appeared rather feverish and restless; but Lord Ludlow was inexorable, and insisted on her going to bed at her usual time, though it was only to lie for hours with wide, sleepless eyes, and ears straining to catch every sound from the nursery.

Lord Ludlow was mollified towards Beatrix when he heard his wife's account to the doctor of how the accident had occurred; and he was really pleased, though much surprised, when Beatrix came to him, and said quite meekly, if stiffly, that she was sorry for what she had done. It was the first time in her life that he could recollect her expressing sorrow for any of her numerous misdemeanours. He forgave her at once for the offence; and though he thought it necessary to give her a little lecture on the dangers of carelessness, he concluded it with an unusually warm kiss, which quite made amends to the child for the lecture. Beatrix, in thinking the matter over, could not altogether understand how it was that when she had done such real mischief she got more kisses than blame.

Baby Marmaduke's recovery was most satisfactory, for after the first night he did not apparently have any pain. Beatrix spent all her little spare time in playing with him, though she dared not take him again in her own arms. The spell of jealousy and reserve seemed to be broken, for now she made no secret of her affection for him; and as she allowed it to flow forth, it ever increased and deepened. So baby formed a strong link of sympathy between Beatrix and her stepmother, for they delighted to find out, and report to each other, fresh infantile accomplishments in their darling.

By degrees Beatrix became sufficiently confidential with her stepmother to tell her about her friend Edith Becket, and how much she hoped to see her when they went to London. Lady Ludlow listened with interest to her account of the bright, happy family in the little house in Sloane Terrace. She thought a week or two in the fresh country air would be healthful for Edith and her little sister, and she was convinced that the companionship of nice girls would be good for Beatrix, so she asked her husband what he knew of the family, and begged him to allow her to write to Mrs. Becket and invite Edith and Mary to Ludlow Court for the Easter holidays.

The invitation came as a great surprise to Sloane Terrace; but it was very tempting, and Dr. and Mrs. Becket, knowing by report the high character borne by both Lord and Lady Ludlow, determined to accept it for their little girls. Edith and Mary Becket on their side, and Beatrix no less on hers, looked forward with great delight to the proposed visit, and, for once, the pleasant anticipation did not outrun the reality.

What a happy month the three children spent together, scampering along the corridors and about the grassy slopes of Ludlow Court! Edith and Mary had never seen any place they thought so lovely; and Beatrix now for the first time discovered its beauties, and enjoyed them as she had never done before. Somehow the face of Nature seemed to have changed that bright spring-time. If Lord Ludlow was as strict as ever, Beatrix now less often offended him, and when he did reprove her, she no longer received his rebuke with black, sullen looks, but would sometimes apologise for her fault; and she even tried not to vex Miss Snow. Edith noticed the change in her friend, and said one day—

"Beatrix, you seem much happier than you used to be. What has made the difference?"

"Oh, it's mother. She is so kind, she makes one want to be good; so I don't get into as many scrapes as I used to do."

"Lady Ludlow seems to be very nice," Edith said thoughtfully; "and yet, Beatrix, I remember your saying it would be so horrid to have a stepmother."

"Oh, but she is not like a stepmother. Instead of scolding me and bringing me into trouble, she makes fun for me, and shields me from getting punished. She is so good, you know; she likes nothing better than going to church and visiting the poor people. I don't like going to church yet, but perhaps when I am grown up I shall. I should like to be like mother. I love her, and she loves me too."

Happy for Beatrix that she had learnt to love and to know that she was loved.

Perhaps the brightest of those bright days was the afternoon on which they had a tea-picnic in the woods. To the little Londoners it was an entertainment rarely surpassed in enjoyment. Even tea in the tea-gardens opposite to the gates of Hampton Court was not quite so delightful as that tea under the tall trees in the Ludlow woods. Had they not themselves collected the sticks for the fire, which Lady Ludlow lighted with her own hands! Never had they tasted any drink so delicious as that which they quaffed out of those big doll's cups, though the water they had boiled for it was certainly smoked, and although they had forgotten to bring any sugar, which was considered an absolute necessity in the nursery at home. But then in the nursery you have to sit upon stiff chairs, instead of lounging upon rugs and cushions under a canopy of pine trees. And the tea-garden at Hampton did not hear Lady Ludlow's merry ringing laugh, when baby Marmaduke put his foot in her saucer and upset her cup of weak tea among the pine needles. Nothing was esteemed a mishap that day; even the escape of the squirrel, which the coachman had caught for them, was declared to be a good thing "because it would only have died."

"'I never nursed a dear gazelle,'" cited Edith, secretly a little proud of her apt quotation.

"Mother, why is it that things we like best always *do* die?" asked Beatrix. "I had a lovely paraquet once, and that died; and then a canary that sang all day, and the cat killed that; and then Adeline de Courcy's brother gave me a lark he had caught himself, but father wouldn't let me keep that; he said it was cruel, because larks are meant to soar and sing."

"That was true, was it not, dear?" said Lady Ludlow. "You would not like to keep a lark, which likes to mount up so high, in a cage where it could not soar at all?"

"Yes," said Beatrix; "I suppose it is wrong to keep them; but," she added, with a half smile, "I cried at the time, and was very angry."

"We don't like giving up what we are fond of at the time, but afterwards we come to see it is best," her stepmother said thoughtfully, as she stroked back Beatrix's dark locks, which had grown wild in the breeze, since she had taken off her hat to fan their gipsy fire.

"But," pursued Beatrix, "I don't see why the nice pets should die more than the stupid ones, yet they *do*. I had an ugly canary which never would sing, and that lived for ever, till I gave it to one of the servants because I didn't care for it. You have not explained that, mother?"

"Can you explain everything, like our mother?" asked little Mary Becket, looking up very earnestly at Lady Ludlow.

"No, indeed I cannot," she answered, smiling, as she kissed the child's upturned face. "I cannot explain Trixy's difficulty. Perhaps it is this—that we notice more the death of the pets we care about, and forget that of the others."

"Oh, Mary," exclaimed Edith, "mother cannot explain everything; nobody can."

"Never mind; you have never yet found anything she could not explain, have you?" Lady Ludlow asked, pinching Mary's rounded chin.

"No, nothing," said Mary. Then turning to Beatrix, she continued, "Perhaps if you had kept that stupid canary instead of giving it away it would have died like the nice one."

They all laughed; and Lady Ludlow said, "Yes, Mary; I think even the ugly canaries die at last."

"We had a snail once, and that died," said Mary; "and Edith called that very ugly; she couldn't bear it. Joey and I liked it."

"A snail is a horrid thing to make a pet of, isn't it, Lady Ludlow," asked Edith.

"I couldn't myself fancy making a pet of a snail," Lady Ludlow replied smiling. "But I think almost any living creature would be interesting if one really studied its ways."

"I think babies are the nicest sort of pets," cried Beatrix, putting her arms round Marmaduke so as to impede his scrambling progress towards a coveted fir-cone. Which unexpected arrest was received by baby with an indignant squall. Beatrix at once released him; he was her lord and master, and she his obedient slave.

"When he can talk baby must learn to say 'please' instead of squalking like a macaw," said his mother.

"It was my fault; I ought not to have stopped him," exclaimed Beatrix, eager to justify her darling.

"Here comes your father," said Lady Ludlow, "and I am afraid the tea is quite cold."

"Oh, do let us make up the fire again, and boil some more water," cried the children, who were ready enough for the task. But Lord Ludlow did not feel inclined for their picnic tea. He thought his wife must be tired, and that it was time for them to go home. He turned politely to the little Beckets, asking if they had had a pleasant afternoon.

"It is the nicest picnic I ever had—at least almost the nicest," replied Mary promptly.

"Indeed," said Lord Ludlow smiling. "And may I enquire which was the *very* nicest?"

"When father took us by a 'scursion train to the seaside. We had to get up oh ever so early—at five o'clock, wasn't it, Edith?—and we spent all the day there, and we paddled in the sea and caught dear little crabs; and we took our dinner and ate it on the sands—we

had a hard-boiled egg each, besides buns and pears; and we rode on donkeys, and I didn't fall off when the donkey kicked. And there was such a crowd in the train coming back, we nearly got left behind—I did so *hope* we might be."

Lord and Lady Ludlow laughed heartily at Mary's graphic description of "the *very* nicest picnic"; and Lord Ludlow said, "I expect your father did not share your hope that you would all be left behind at the station. I am afraid," he continued, "we cannot provide you with the sea to paddle in, but you do ride the pony sometimes, and we might have given you each a hard-boiled egg without much difficulty."

"Yes," said his wife; "I wish I had thought of it."

"Oh, we have had everything," exclaimed Edith, blushing violently. "Mary did not mean that."

"No," said Lady Ludlow kindly; "I know she did not mean any disparagement of our little festival to-day."

Lord Ludlow was amused by Mary's naïve chatter. She was not afraid of him, as were the elder girls, and would talk almost as freely to him as to his wife. He sat down on the rug beside her and tried to draw forth some more of her quaint reminiscences. "And was that the happiest day you ever spent in your life?" he asked.

But Mary was abashed by the consciousness that Edith thought she had said something she ought not to have said, though what it was she could not understand, and so she would no longer be communicative, and he could get little more than "yes" or "no," or "I don't know," from her for the rest of the afternoon. When, however, Lady Ludlow asked her at bedtime if she had enjoyed the picnic, Mary replied confidently, "Yes, thank you. I should have enjoyed it quite as much as the 'scursion if father and the others had been here, and if it had been as long."

The happy weeks came to an end at last. There were unmistakable tears in Mary's eyes as she clambered into the train that was to take her back to London, while Edith could not trust herself to speak the pretty words of thanks she had prepared; and Beatrix felt a painful lump in her throat as she saw the train disappearing. There were cheering hopes of their soon meeting again in London, but, as Mary said in a choky voice, "It won't be the same."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE family migration to town was made later than usual this year. Lady Ludlow had not been well for some time past, and she dreaded the fatigue and bustle of London. She was also much interested in working amongst the poor people round Ludlow Court; and in town her husband would not allow her to visit them at all, he being afraid of her catching some infectious disease—for he was very careful over his young wife. Lady Ludlow had been under treatment from a noted provincial physician; but when she went to London, at his suggestion she consulted Dr. X., one of the first physicians of the day. He gave a vague report of her state of health, made some slight alteration in the country doctor's treatment, and expressed a wish to see her again in a week's time. There was no improvement. Dr. X. evidently thought her seriously unwell; but still he would say nothing definite as to the cause of the alarming symptoms. Shortly after the second visit Lord Ludlow had to go out of town, for one night, on business. The next morning, before his return, Lady Ludlow ordered her brougham, summoned her maid to go with her, and drove to Dr. X.'s house. She went into the consulting room alone. After the usual questions and answers there was a moment's pause—Lady Ludlow was looking at a particular spot in the pattern of the carpet. Dr. X. watched her with an uneasy expression in his keen eyes. He was going to break the short silence when she interrupted him.

"Dr. X., will you give me a perfectly truthful answer to the question I am about to ask?"

"I hope I should not tell your ladyship a falsehood," he replied, with a slight, uncomfortable laugh.

The colour flushed into her pale cheeks for a moment.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I meant, would you give me a perfectly direct answer—'yes' or 'no'—to my question?"

Dr. X. fidgeted with his papers.

"I will try to answer you to the best of my ability," he said.

"Thank you; I know you will not deceive me"—she lifted her sweet grey eyes to his face as she spoke. The doctor shaded his own with his hand; he could not bear her to see the glistening tears that gathered in them, strong man though he was. Again there was a moment's pause; then Lady Ludlow said in a low but firm voice—

"Am I suffering from cancer? You need not be afraid to tell me."

There was silence in the room for several moments; the doctor could not bring himself to speak. Lady Ludlow was the first to break that silence.

"Thank you," she said gently; "you have answered me—I understand."

Dr. X. looked up at her. "Don't be disheartened!" he exclaimed. "You will probably have—there may be—some—a considerable period of life before you. Everything is in your favour—youth, and—and——"

"One thing more I want to ask you; ought I—is it my duty to undergo an operation?"

"No; in your case I could not recommend it."

She gave a little sigh of relief.

"Thank you so much. I know it was very foolish, but I did have a great dread of *that*; it was very childish of me I know, but I am *so* glad."

"In the advanced stage of medical science, even with this serious disease, life can be prolonged, and the symptoms much alleviated, and no one but your immediate attendants and your husband need know the real state of the case."

Lady Ludlow smiled. "Oh, I don't mind about that," she said; "and I will try and be patient about the pain. I know I shall have every help and comfort. And as to dying soon, one can't be altogether sorry about that," she said in a low voice, almost as if thinking aloud, and looking on past the doctor through the window. She rose as she spoke, and put out her hand to bid him good-bye. For a moment he held it in both of his. "Forgive my saying so, Lady Ludlow, but you are a brave woman." She turned her eyes on him with an innocent smile like that of a child which had been praised.

"Thank you," she said; "I like to be told that; I thought I was such a coward."

On her return Lady Ludlow met her husband in the hall.

"Where have you been?" he asked, after greeting her.

She smiled but did not answer. He repeated the question in a tone that showed he meant to have a reply.

"I have been out in the brougham," she said gently.

"I don't like your going out alone; and *where* have you been? You should not tire yourself."

"I have not tired myself," she said, moving towards the staircase.

He stepped in front of her. "You have not yet told me where you have been?" he said, looking with grave enquiry into her face.

She put her hand on his arm, and said in a tone of gentle entreaty, "Let me go now, dear Ludlow, and I will tell you presently; I would rather not just now."

He let her pass, and she went on to her own room, where her maid was waiting for her. Lady Ludlow dismissed Mills as soon as possible, and locked the door; then she moved slowly across the room, with her hands pressed to her head as if she were stunned or perplexed. When she reached a certain desk with a stool before it, whereat she was wont to say her prayers, she sank down on her knees, burying her face in her hands. At times a moan escaped from her; sometimes she uttered words of prayer, but for the most part she was silent, though occasionally long convulsive sobs shook her frame. By degrees she became still and altogether silent. How long she knelt there she never knew. At last the gong sounded for luncheon. She sprang up hurriedly, and, going to the looking-glass, gazed intently at the reflection of her own white face, with the dark marks under her eyes, and a bright red spot on each cheek. She smiled faintly. "What a fright I look," she said aloud, and then began quickly to smooth her hair, and wash away the traces of tears. She hurried downstairs, and apologised to Miss Snow and Beatrix for keeping them waiting. Lord Ludlow only came in at the end of luncheon, and directly it was over followed his wife into her sitting-room.

"Well," he said, "what was your mysterious expedition this morning?"

She motioned to him to come and sit on the sofa beside her, and took one of his hands in hers, stroking it caressingly; but still she did not speak.

"Why don't you tell me, Phœbe? What *is* the matter?" he asked, and there was a slight shade of impatience in his tone.

She looked up pleadingly into his face.

"I went to see Dr. X.," she said deprecatingly.

"What made you go to him? Are you feeling ill?" he asked. Anxiety made him speak almost sharply.

"I felt I was not—that I was not getting much better," she answered hesitatingly.

"Why, what do you mean? He could have come here if you wanted him. What made you go off to him like that without telling me?" Man-like, being unhappy and anxious, he must find fault!

Her hands closed over his with an entreating pressure.

"Don't be vexed with me, dear Ludlow," she said. "I am not any worse than I was, but I wanted to see him alone. Perhaps it was foolish of me—forgive me"—there was a pathetic ring in her voice.

"There is nothing to forgive," he said almost pettishly; "only I wish you would tell me if you don't feel well, and I would send for the doctor—not slip off by yourself like that. But what did he say? I think you are better. You have been able to do a good deal this last week without fatigue. But you have overtired yourself this morning by this excursion. Come, you shall lie down here."

He rose as he spoke, and she allowed him to lay her down on the sofa.

"There, you will rest comfortably now," he said. "Don't even try to read, and I will give orders that no one is to be admitted."

He went towards the door; but when he reached it he paused, then came back again, and stood beside her couch, looking down at her with a scrutinising gaze.

"Phœbe," he said, "you have not yet told me what Dr. X. said."

There was silence for a few moments. Phœbe's hands were clasped tightly together; she was praying for strength and guidance.

"I don't think he thought me really much better," she said.

"What do you mean, Phœbe? What did he say? Tell me exactly!" Lord Ludlow cried impatiently.

"He asked me if the pain were less, and if I had had any return of the faintness; and I told him the pain was less since I had been taking his last prescription, and I had only had the faint feeling once or twice."

"Then you are better!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

A faint smile passed over his wife's face; she turned paler, and shook her head.

"No, dear Ludlow, you must not expect me to get really well and strong again. I am *sure* Dr. X. thinks that I shall not; but he said that I might——"—she gave a little nervous laugh—"it is very stupid of me, but I forget what he did say exactly—something to the effect that I might live a good while, I think."

"I should think so, indeed! A young woman like you! It would be different if you were old. Don't get it into your head, Phœbe, that you won't get well. Of course it will take time and great care; but you will get well in time."

She stretched out her thin white hands to him.

"No, dearest, we must not hope for that; let us make up our minds to the truth, and get ready for the end. Indeed it must be best, because"—her voice sank very low—"it is God's will."

"Don't get morbid fancies into your head, Phœbe. I shall go and see Dr. X. myself to-day, and hear the truth from him."

A desperate feeling came over her. She would rather have the pain of telling him the sad truth herself, so that she might comfort him, than that he should hear it from a stranger.

"Dear Ludlow," she said, "I can tell you *all*—I know it; you need not go to Dr. X."

"Well, then, tell me *all*," he said shortly; he had taken her hands in his. Her breath came short and quick.

"I asked Dr. X., and he told me what I had guessed—that I am ill of a—of a disease"—(she felt the pressure of his strong hands getting tighter and tighter)—"of a disease that doctors cannot cure."

She saw her husband's face becoming ashy pale, and that he bit his lips hard. The tears gathered in her eyes at the sight of *his* pain. It was a terrible moment.

"Ludlow darling, kneel down beside me and kiss me, and put your arms round me," she whispered tenderly.

He knelt down mechanically, and put his hand upon her shoulder.

"Go on, and tell me what you mean?" he said huskily. "What *is* the matter with you? Why cannot the doctors cure you?"

"It is quite incurable; *nothing* can make me well. But you will be brave, darling, and help me to be brave? Our last months together will be very, very happy, I hope."

Woman's tender flattery! It did not seem as if he would be the one to help the other to endure.

"Why do you pain me by talking like this!" he cried, in a voice that was hoarse with anguish. "What do you mean? If Dr. X. cannot cure you, other doctors can! You shall go to someone else. X. is a fool!"

She shook her head, smiling sadly. "No; Dr. X. is right, I am sure. I don't want to go to any more doctors; it will be of no use. Dear Ludlow, every life must come to an end here some time; it is only a question of a little longer or a little shorter."

"Don't talk like that, Phœbe; you drive me wild! Is everyone to give up life and hope before they are five-and-twenty?"

She looked at him with eyes full of tender pity. What could she say to comfort him? She could not buoy him up with false hopes. The end was so certain to her, and to-day it seemed so near. She had also a fear of seeing any other doctor, lest he should insist upon her undergoing an operation—her one dread. Nevertheless, she forced herself to say—

"I will go to any doctor you wish, dear. But, indeed, it is useless; I know they must all think the same about me!"

"But why do you talk in this hopeless way? How do you know that you can't be cured? Dr. X. cannot have been such a fool as to tell you so?"

"He did not want to tell me, but I guessed what was really the matter, and I asked him, and he could not deny it. He was very kind."

"I see!" he cried. "You have got some notion into your head because you are not well, and fancy the doctor said it. I shall go to him and learn the truth."

"Dearest, I know the truth, and can tell you," she said gently but firmly; and taking his hand caressingly between both hers, while she looked straight into his face.

"Then for mercy's sake tell me; don't torture me any longer!" he said, in a strange husky voice.

The tender yearning pity in her eyes grew stronger, and she held his hand pressed against her breast.

"I am suffering from cancer," she said, in a low firm voice.

"Who says so? I don't believe it—it is impossible in so young a person. Don't fancy such things; it is nonsense. You have overdone yourself. That attack you had in the spring has pulled you down, and you have got nervous about yourself. I simply don't believe it."

He had withdrawn his hand from her grasp and sprung to his feet. He moved about the room as he spoke with rapid strides, sometimes going away from her sofa, then again returning to it, and looking down at her with an almost indignant expression, somewhat as if she had uttered some slander about a trusted friend, which he too entirely disbelieved to be very angry about. She was silent, praying that he might be helped and comforted. All her sorrow now was for him. But her silence irritated him; the spectre was more difficult to combat when he met with nothing to fight, no argument to refute.

"Promise me that you will not allow yourself to think such morbid thoughts," he said, returning to her couch and bending over her with a masterful expression in his face.

She looked up at him with the sort of grave deep compassion that a mother might have for a rebellious child. For a moment she was silent, not knowing how to answer him. Then she said—

"It will do no good for us to shut our eyes to it, dear Ludlow. Sit down here, and let me tell you just what the doctor said."

"Yes, that is what I have been wanting to hear. Tell me at once."

He drew a low chair up to her sofa, and sat down facing her, and looking intently into her eyes as if she were a witness whom he was about to cross-examine, and expected to find some error in her statements.

Lady Ludlow spoke slowly, for it cost her an effort to go over again the painful conversation she had had with the doctor. Her husband's face grew whiter and whiter as he listened, and he clenched his teeth as if in mortal pain. When she had finished, he sat still as if stunned for a moment; then he let his head fall forward on his hands, and groaned aloud.

Phœbe sat up, and putting her arms round him, leant her pale cheek against his dark head, striving to soothe him with tender words.

"Oh, Ludlow, my darling, don't grieve like that! I may still have a long while to live, and we will be so happy together; I am sure God will help us through it all."

"If it were anything but *that!*" he moaned.

"But even *that* must be right, dear; and Dr. X. was very kind. He told me how that now even this disease can be very much alleviated."

"How can you talk so calmly of it—such a——" He broke off abruptly, and rising from his seat, left the room.

When he was gone, Lady Ludlow buried her head in the cushion, and wept piteously.

"Oh," she sobbed, half aloud, "will he cease to love me?"

* * * *

The March sunshine fell brightly on the smooth-shaven lawns, and on the distant woods of Ludlow Court. The trees as yet could boast no leaves, but tiny pinkish and yellow buds had appeared on the twigs, and the branches had acquired the fuller, warmer colouring that comes with the rising sap. Catkins dangled from the hazel trees; and among the long grasses of the orchard celandines reared their starry heads. The squirrels leapt and scampered among the trees, and the birds contributed their delicious song, as the crowning joy of spring. Along one wing of the great house runs a verandah, and here there is a sheltered corner, where a low couch and numberless cushions have been spread. Presently, through the open French window, appears the tall figure of Lady Ludlow. She is much thinner, and a shade paler than she was last year. Her cheeks are hollow, her eyes sunken, and her hair has lost its brilliancy; but there is still the same sweetness in the eyes, and the peculiar mixture of firmness and gentleness in the mouth, though the lips have lost their ruddiness. But the far-away look, which used sometimes to appear in the eyes, has become their habitual expression, as if their owner's thoughts were constantly occupied with the unseen, and only occasionally recalled to surrounding objects. And about the mouth there are lines of suffering, though none of fretfulness. She is leaning upon her husband's arm, who walks very slowly, lest he should hurry those feeble steps. As they cross the threshold into the bright sunshine, she is saying—

"What a lovely day! Was the hunting very good this morning, Ludlow? Why didn't you stay longer?"

"I didn't care to stay out any longer. It is too late in the season really for good hunting; besides, I wanted to get home."

"To come and wait upon your troublesome wife, I do believe. Oh, Ludlow, no one is so unselfish as you!" she said, leaning her cheek tenderly against his shoulder.

"There is nothing unselfish in doing what pleases one most," he answered smiling. "I feared you might let this fine day go by without getting out, if I didn't come to take you."

At last she was placed on the low couch, and he had arranged every cushion and shawl to his satisfaction, and for her comfort.

"Thank you! I am quite comfortable now; nothing could be better. I think no one can settle me so nicely as you can," she said tenderly, and stretching out her hand to take his. He was seated on a low chair beside her. He took the thin white fingers in his, and kissed them almost reverently. She drew his hand up to her face to fondle it, saying softly, "I wonder what other poor people do when they are ill, who haven't got a Ludlow to make them happy."

"Are you happy, Phœbe?"

"Happy? Oh, yes; I think these last six months have been the happiest of all my life. I have been happier ever since that mission here—you remember—and I think these last months have been the happiest of *all*. It was hard to bear, when I first knew the truth what was really the matter, and that I couldn't get well, though even about that there was comfort in looking forward beyond this world. But it was

ups and downs. I used to feel *very* unhappy at times, but that has long all passed; I have no unhappy times now."

He looked at her as if he did not quite understand her; then he said half reproachfully—

"Then you do not mind leaving us?"

A quiver as of pain passed over her face. Lord Ludlow bent to kiss her.

"Forgive me, darling," he said; "we will talk of something else."

"No, dear one!" she said firmly. "I want to speak of this; it is best to face it. I *do* grieve to leave you and Beatrix and baby; my heart does cling so round you all—round you most of all. I should like to stay and walk through this life with you; but as it is God's doing, I know it is best, and I know I am not *really* needed. Yes, dearest, I know what you mean," as an almost impatient exclamation broke from him. "I know you all want me and love me, but I mean that God can make it up to you. He lets us work for Him, and help each other as long as we are here; but when He takes one, the others can do without that one. I don't mean that you won't miss me, or that you will not grieve; only that it won't *really* be bad for you, whatever it seems, because God does it."

"Not be really bad for me, when you have taught me more religion than anyone else ever did!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"It is not I that have taught you. God has been teaching us all our lives, before we knew each other, and since we have been together, especially these last few months. God visits the family when one member is ill, doesn't He? So if we listen, we learn a great deal, I suppose. But indeed, Ludlow, you will find the rector a great help—at least, he has been so to me. Truly his life seems 'hid with Christ in God.'" This last was said rather timidly.

"I prefer you for my teacher," he answered, smiling sadly.

"Husband and wife do learn many things together, don't they? One helping the other. I think I should be still sadder about leaving you if it were not for Beatrix; she will become more of a companion to you every year."

"She can never fill your place," he answered sorrowfully. "But what wonders you have done for her. She is not like the same child."

Lady Ludlow smiled, and kissed her husband's hand, which she held caressingly in hers. "I like to hear you praise me," she said, "however little I deserve it. But I do think it has been a help to Beatrix to have even a stepmother; she seems to be a nature that wants womankind about her. You must cultivate nice girl friends for her. Ah, here she comes!"

Beatrix came bounding across the lawn, "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "this is nice to see you out of doors. You will get better now you can get out."

Lady Ludlow did not answer, but drew the girl down for a kiss.

"Miss King is waiting for me, so I must go. I shall see if I can't find a primrose for you," Beatrix said as she sped away.

"You are tired, Phœbe; we have talked too much," Lord Ludlow said as he looked anxiously at the white wan face before him.

She smiled gently, and nodded an assent, too weary for words. So they remained silent for some time; then she said, "I am tired—I should like to go in now."

Tenderly her husband helped her to rise, and then almost carried her tottering form into the dressing and sitting-room that had been arranged for her on the ground-floor, and quickly pulling off her wraps, laid her on the low bed, which gave more complete rest than a sofa. They neither of them knew it was the last time that she would go out; nor a few days afterwards, when she was carried upstairs, that it was for the last time. Mercifully for us, the knowledge that it is "the last time" is often hid from our eyes. Then came weeks of suffering, heroically borne without the aid of the anæsthetics which the doctors pressed upon her. "Oh, no," she would say; "I can bear it yet awhile, it is not so very bad. And I want to have my mind unclouded."

At last there came a day when Lord Ludlow could hardly be induced to leave his wife's bedside, though she could not speak to him. And when Beatrix stole in at night for her usual kiss, something held her spell-bound beside the bed in awe-struck silence; and no one bade her go, though an hour slipped by. At last her father said, "Thank God she is at rest," and laid the pale head he had supported so long upon the pillow.

Beatrix saw, but as if in a dream, her father sink upon his knees by the bed, burying his face in his hands. Then she felt the nurse's arms round her, and heard her say, "Come away, dear, to bed—it is all over." She obeyed, not knowing what she did. Everything seemed a blank—as if a great gulf separated her from the past, and before her was darkness and sorrow. But she could realise nothing; she felt stunned. At last there came into her mind words that her mother had spoken to her—was it years or days ago?—"When I am gone you will comfort your father, and be a mother to baby." Then she began to weep, and sobbed aloud, "Oh, mother, I will try, indeed I will!"

[THE END.]

THE INFLUENCE OF ART.

By LADY MARY WOOD.

For such of my readers who have never read that chapter on "The Character and Dignity of Christian Art," written by one who exemplified in himself the truths which he so constantly upheld, I venture to begin by quoting from it the following passage, which bears on the subject before us.

It runs thus:—

"The perfection of human nature implies the union of beauty and strength in the body, the balance of imagination and reason in the intellect, and the submission of animal passions and intellectual pride to the will of God in the spirit.

"Man was created in this perfection; but Adam fell, and with the fall the original harmony ceased, the elements of being lost their equipoise; spirit, sense, and intellect, with the two elements of intellect, reason and imagination, have ever since been at variance, and consequently every production of man partakes of the imperfection of its parent.

"Nevertheless the moral sense, although comparatively deadened, still survives, witnessing to what is pure, holy, and fitting; and the struggle between imagination and reason (marvellously overruled) still reveals to the calm intelligence the vision of truth immortal in the heavens; of truth in the abstract or universal, inclusive both of particular truth and of that beauty which, being antithetically opposed to it, is falsely deemed its enemy; in a word, of the Ideal, that point of union between God and man, earth and heaven, which, crushed and crippled as our nature is, we can recognise and strive after but not attain to. Nevertheless it is thus striving that we fulfil our duty and work out our salvation. So long as we keep the Ideal in view we rise, from sense to intellect, from intellect to spirit, but the moment we look away from it we begin to lose ground and sink, from spirit to intellect, from intellect to sense; with this difference, that whereas we ascended slowly and with difficulty, yet bearing with us everything worth retention that we had culled in the regions we had left behind, the breezes of a purer and yet purer atmosphere ever fanning our brow, so we sink more rapidly, our backs once turned to the light, and the gross vapours from below overpowering us more and more with their stupifying influence. . . .

"The Ideal is to us as a bright particular star which we fancy we shall grasp if we reach the top of the mountain, and so we still toil on, up and still upwards for ever, love, if it be true love, supplying the motive to persist, even though the higher we ascend the more distant it appears, the more hopeless our pursuit.

"Such is the Ideal, such its influence on the artist. No work of genius has ever been produced apart from that influence, and nothing in either of the three branches of Art has ever come fully up to its requisitions. Woe to the artist or the man when he begins to be satisfied with himself, when he ceases to exclaim, "Ancora imparo" (Still I learn). And as for the union of the sister arts in one glorious

whole, in that peculiar perfection, harmony, and inter-dependency which the mightiest artists have dreamed of and longed to realise, it remains and must remain ever a dream, unless it indeed be, that in the life to come, our intellectual as well as our moral faculties are to receive their full expansion in the service of our Maker, and Michael Angelo, Leonardo, and Donatello be destined to build, paint, and sculpture temples to God's glory with the materials of that brighter world, throughout eternity." *

These are the broad foundation lines on which the minds of our children should gradually and patiently be built up. Art has a purifying and elevating influence which we should do well not to neglect, for it softens and beautifies the harshness and asperities of life, it balances the scales which nowadays are so heavily weighted with matter-of-fact-ness and materialism; it is a humble stone, but still a stone, of the bridge which spans the chasm between the natural and the supernatural.

While forming the material body by slow, progressive, and careful labour, it yet (if one may say so reverently) possesses that which can breathe into the lips of clay the breath of life, and make the material body into a living soul. It is a witness to a "power beyond mortal grasp," and though its votaries may be ignorant of its true mission, misuse its gifts, and waste its energies, yet in itself it remains a living power always pointing upwards to the vision of perfect Beauty to which it strives and struggles to attain.

In old pictures we are often struck by the peculiar radiance and brilliancy of the colouring, and wonder in what it consists; but if by chance a little of the paint flakes off we find that the old masters had painted on gold.

This may serve as a simile for ourselves; we should make our background gold, and the colour of the minds which we are engaged in training will retain through life a purity and beauty which otherwise they will fail to possess.

No one is able to define Beauty, but I suppose it consists for the most part in perfect proportion and complete harmony. One object of Art is the translation of Beauty, and one indirect influence which it possesses on the formation of character is that it helps to produce that proportion and harmony which go to make up what is so much better than a highly educated mind, viz., a well-balanced and noble character.

Art has a negative as well as an active influence on the character, and its negative power can hardly be overestimated. Part of a good education, as we all know, is to train the mind to meet the temptations and trials of life with firmness and resignation, and many and many are they who can look back on severe suffering or trial with sincere thankfulness that they have been able to while away a few hours in the all-engrossing occupation of painting, or forget themselves and soar away on the wings of beautiful melody, at times when severe mental strain would make intellectual study an impossibility, or bodily injury render exercise and change unattainable.

This is one side of its negative power; another is its restraining influence from evil. The young man or woman who loves Art, who spends all his or her spare moments singing or playing, drawing or carving, what hours of *ennui* fraught with danger do they not avoid. It leaves no loophole for waste of time, that enemy of true progress. And its active influence, how strong it is; what an incentive to work; what a power for good; what an agent for opening, instructing, enlarging, and raising the mind!

In the first place, it teaches, as part of itself, that our human nature needs something more than bread alone; it at once sets to work to beautify and hallow all it touches. The child begins to carve a wooden boat—the sides are rude and bare and straight, but it floats; then gradually it sees that a curve, while it does not spoil its floating powers, looks prettier—it learns the line of beauty; then comes proportion—the mast must be adapted in height to the breadth and length of the ship, the sails to the mast, then the sides of the ship must be painted in colours, gaudy at first, and then, as the sense of harmony develops, more blending and subdued, and then the child's ship and toy is finished, to its own momentary satisfaction—only momentary, for the next day it has seen something better in its mind, and has begun laying the lines of a larger and still more beautiful vessel. "Da capo"—always "da capo;" and so the training of the mind goes on.

Many things can be reduced to rule—Art never. The work, the execution, the facility, must come under it, and there is no more fatal mistake than to suppose that true Art is attained without long and diligent work; but still the divine spark must come down from above and animate the lifeless form, or else why is it that careful study, years of patient toil, fail to produce a work of real Art by themselves? No; that something is intangible, inconsequent; it comes without rhyme or reason; it falls on whom it will; and it is a living protest to those who would reduce all things to mathematical precision, who argue that, certain premises given, such and such results must follow. There it stands, and bids them explain What am I? whence came I? whither go I? It bids those faithless mortals who can only believe what their minds can grasp, see and handle in itself the type of that vast unknown, unseen, unrealised "outside," whose fringes we touch sometimes with trembling hands, only to draw back and shrink from.

But to come to smaller matters of detail. Art is invaluable as encouraging the habit of observation, of teaching the child the relative value of things; first, as applied to things of itself, and insensibly later, as applied to general matters; thirdly, *true* Art inculcates self-restraint and moderation.

First, as to observation—People generally look out for things they care for; encourage a child to draw by always giving it paper and pencil: its first wish will be to draw a horse, a train, or a ship; it will find directly it begins to put it on paper that it cannot remember which way a horse's hock goes, so it runs to the window and watches for the next horse to pass; so with a train or a ship, it has to look again and again, and then remember the details which it wishes to represent.

The more you can make a child observe, and then apply the results of its observation, the better. A child's first efforts at drawing, or its first attempt at poetry, or its great ideas for a musical composition, should never be snubbed or laughed at; it has probably put its whole soul into it, and all that cultivates the imagination in healthy directions is useful and elevating.

I do not for a moment wish to underrate the value of precise and practical teaching in intellectual studies; but, to compare the mind to a picture, the purely intellectual part we may call the form, the imaginative and artistic part the colour, neither without the other being complete.

Secondly, as to perceiving the relative value of things. No quality is perhaps more useful, for it saves waste of thought, waste of energy, and waste of time, and puts things in their proper light and proper place.

Nothing is more common than to see a person with any amount of energy and ability wasting it all on an utterly unworthy object, squandering their talents on some matter of petty detail instead of using them for things of real use. For instance, the same patience and perseverance which might be devoted to collecting a valuable library which would be a benefit to mankind, is spent in making the largest collection of monograms in the world, or it is as if a physician were to give his whole attention to curing a cut finger when his patient was dying of consumption.

The way Art teaches the relative value of things in drawing or painting is to concentrate the attention on the principal figure or point in the picture, throwing the remainder into subordinate colouring or shadow. Nothing is so confusing or distressing than when everything is on a dead level, and the eye wanders about seeking repose and finding none.

In music, the motive should be the salient point, the harmony and the accompaniment, however elaborate and complicated, all leading the ear back to the central theme, which floats on its calm, placid course undisturbed by the waves of melody which surge and swell beneath.

And then as to self-restraint and moderation. Perhaps if we look at some of the pictures which disfigure the walls of our galleries, we shall be tempted to say, "*That* is the last thing I should have thought it would teach."

But look again. Beside that daub there is a quiet sober-coloured picture on which the eye delights to rest. The catalogue might describe it thus:—

"Young woman in red and green skirt, with child in her arms, looking out of window; distant hills and church among trees." What does that description convey to the mind? Nothing. A red and green skirt—how hideous it sounds, but how beautiful the artist has made it! Though the skirt is red, there is but one tiny spot of colour, which, cut out of the surrounding parts, you could call by that name; the green blends into it in the shadow, so that we can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins; the attitude of the child, and the mother holding it close in her arms; the hills so shadowy and soft in the distance, a sort of no colour you could not describe; the trees, which you know must be green, but which are in reality a misty blue; the church, which you perceive is red brick, but which is painted a dusky brown; the one bit of bright light in the whole, the woman's face, standing out clear and white against the shadow on the wall. What is it that delights you in that picture? It is the self-restraint, the moderation, the leaving something to the imagination to supply.

Or listen to a great singer—What is it that brings tears to your eyes and a lump in your throat? Is it the volume of voice or a great bravura song? No, it is the great voice hushed to a whisper that you strain your ears to catch, it is the volume of sound brought under control, the sense of power behind, conveyed by that subdued tone so full and yet so soft. Moderation and self-restraint are surely the lessons we should lay special stress on in these days: we cannot begin by teaching them too young.

"Youth has its anguish, boys may bleed
like men,
Like men endure, like men subdue themselves,
And slaves without, rule o'er the world
within."

Self-indulgence is too much the order of the day, not merely in bodily things, but self-indulgence of the intellect and imagination as well.

Some people have no temptation in the one direction, but in the other they run riot over intellectual feasts and orgies; their mental digestion is not strong enough to cope with the mass of food which they try to absorb into their brains, and so they sicken and

* From *Christian Art*, by Lord Lindsay.

droop, and lucky are they if they do no more. In intellectual things as well as in others they should take the food adapted to their natures, and if they wish to rise to higher flights, they must go slowly step by step, as the great thinkers before them have done, and not hope to jump at the height which they have obtained without a grievous fall.

And here Art may come to the rescue. Let the one balance the other; the true artistic nature *perceives* what intellect cannot always explain; it *knows*, by that something which corresponds within itself, what logic cannot prove, and thus it is of inestimable importance to cultivate the artistic part of a child's nature as much as possible alongside of the intellectual.

People say, "I'm not at all artistic; I never was taught to draw; I can't play and I can't sing." But Art is something above and beyond that; it is true, the drawing, the playing, and the singing are its outward expressions; but Art may be within, though unexpressed—you would not say that a man was incapable of great and noble thoughts because he was dumb. It is almost impossible to define what I mean, but it seems to me that to have an artistic nature means more than anything else that you possess the power of appreciation and perception of true Beauty, and this can, no doubt, and should be, highly cultivated.

How unedifying is the spectacle of a man or woman who will stand before a priceless work of art and criticise some minor detail of whether one side is not a little crooked, or one corner rounder than the other!

You may show them one of Raphael's masterpieces and they will see in it but a painted canvas, with figures in red and blue grouped on it. They will stand silent and absorbed before it for several minutes, and at last you will begin to think with remorse that you had not given them credit for so much appreciation; but as you turn to see what especially appeals to their admiration, you will find their eyes fixed on some obscure spot in the background, and you will experience a revulsion of feeling as they remark to you, "I have just been calculating that that lizard on the wall would be six feet long if its tail were straight out." Or again, if you lead them up to one of Titian's glorious portraits, where the eyes of some great figure in history seem looking and looking down the vista of future ages, as they have looked and looked for past hundreds of years, and from whose lips the gentle words of wisdom seem ever ready to come—if you take them up to such a picture, they will not this time stand silent before it, they will turn round to you at once with rapture and exclaim, "Isn't it *wonderfully* like Mr. * * *?"

These, and such as these, are hopeless; but while our children are young we can at least save them from that!

And now to sum up. We have seen, or think we have seen, the value of Art's influence in training the mind in habits of observation, in teaching the relative value of things, and imposing self-restraint; but there still remains that with which we began, and that with which we must end, and that is, setting before the mind an ideal to look up to, an ideal to work for, and an ideal to achieve. All our lives through we shall be striving after it, it will always be a little higher, and yet a little higher, but insensibly we shall ourselves rise higher in stretching after it. Still we shall strain our eyes through the mist of gloom and darkness, dimly we shall look through the glass darkly, till at last our eyes will close for very weariness; but when they re-open, as one day they will, and we awake after that Likeness which alone can fulfil the aspirations of the human heart, we shall behold with our eyes the vision of perfect Beauty—and be satisfied with it.

MISTAKEN.

By IDA LEMON.

BECAUSE you are so poor you will not speak,
Nor tell the passion in your noble heart,
Nor stretch your hand for that which others seek,
But sternly stand apart?
Dear, you are wrong. God gave me wealth indeed
For this alone—to help you in your need.

Because you are so weary and so sad,
So worn with life's hard struggles, that is why
You will not throw your gloom on one so glad
And young and fair as I?
Dear, you are wrong. God placed me in the light
That I might make your shadowed pathway bright.

Because you are so lonely, and none care
If it be well or ill with you, you say;
You will not come my love-gilt life to share,
Nor change your night to day?
Dear, you are wrong. God gave me love, 'tis true,
But not to keep. I give it all to you.

A USE FOR OLD PIANOS.

THERE came into my possession, many years ago, a very old-fashioned upright piano.

We found a place for it in my study, more for the beauty and quaintness of the case, which was of rosewood, and of the usual excellent workmanship, than from any hope of deriving comfort from any sweet music the mellow ivories might produce. It was old, and its time and power for discoursing sweet music were past and gone; try as we would, by a new string here and another there, it refused to send out any but shrill and discordant notes, and in despair we locked it up. And so it might have stood for many years to come, pleasant to look upon, but utterly useless, had it not been that a good many books were scattered about the house and demanded a case.

While trying to reconcile ourselves to parting with the piano to make room for the bookcase, the thought struck us, "Surely this would make a splendid bookcase if its inside could be bodily taken out without injury to the frame?"

We sent for a workman, who saw the possibility of doing this for us at a moderate sum, and the result is, that we have a beautiful piece of furniture and bookcase combined.

The upper part, consisting of about two-thirds of the height, contains three shelves for books, and a writing desk—the former keyboard—running the whole depth and width of the piano, while the under third forms a famous cupboard for manuscripts and magazines.

Thinking that many people may have a piano similar to mine, and that rather than sell it they would desire to keep it and make it useful, I send you this short account of what we have done with ours.

FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

So far as one can see, there is nothing newer than the three-quarter jacket, or *paletôt*, as it really ought to be called. The new fur jackets are universally in this shape, without a seam at the waist, cut all in one, and fitting almost tightly to the figure. They have the high collar and high top to the sleeve, and the linings are generally of the most costly and beautiful kind. Fur trimmings to cloth jackets consist of high collar, cuffs, and bands of fur down the front, or wide *revers*, which can be closed at pleasure, and handsome frogs of ornamental *passementerie* buttoned over them. Dresses also are much trimmed with bands of fur this winter round the plain skirts, and on the bodice or coat. The newest woollen materials have a very shaggy surface, and such long hairs that I think them quite unpleasant looking. All rough-looking stuffs are liked, and woven borders of astrachan with shaggy curls are much admired. The colours in some of

these rough materials are decidedly gay, much red being introduced in stripes, or flecks of colour, over the rough surface. Very large checks are shown in all the shop windows, but they are too *voyant* except for slight figures.

I have spoken of the three-quarter jacket as being new, but for all ordinary wear I think the capes we have been wearing for the last year, under the name of Tudor, etc., will be really more used than anything else. At the most fashionable shops in town I see them of all materials; but the handsomest of them are much longer, and come down to within half a yard, or even less, of the foot of the dress. They are trimmed with great magnificence, are made of velvet, brocaded and plain, and of cloth. The favourite trimming is *passementerie* fringe, fur, feathers, and quantities of handsome jet. In short, we have returned to the days of magnificent mantles again. The high collars and sleeves are seen on all of them as well as on jackets; and on the latter a profusion of braiding, which sometimes extends over the whole surface of the mantle or the jacket.

As to colours, I hear on all sides that brown is quite to take precedence of all others for our winter dresses. Brown serge is already much worn, and every shade of heather mixture, dark and light in hue, is to be seen. But if we may judge from the recent wedding of Miss Gurney with Lord Dudley, grey is the colour amongst those who are able to choose their gowns without thinking of economical considerations. Silver grey and steel grey are too light, in their lightest shades, for winter wear in London; but the grey homespuns and tweeds are not out of place in the country. Black serge, trimmed at the edges with the narrowest gold braid, is one of the very popular gowns of the autumn; and, indeed, serge as a material seems quite likely to keep its ascendency through the winter. Homespuns and tweeds I need hardly mention as being worn, for in the wardrobe of an Englishwoman they are always to be seen; and if I may judge from recent Continental experiences, the three last-mentioned useful materials are equally well liked and patronised by American, German, Italian, and French ladies. In fact, it has become rather difficult to know an Englishwoman, now that her neat tailor-made costume, her jackets, shirts, and blouses, are being so universally adopted. Hitherto Englishmen have set the fashion in dress all over the Continent, and Frenchwomen have set the fashion for Englishwomen as well as the women of the rest of the world. To-day all this leading by the Frenchwoman seems changed, and all the fashionable world attire themselves *à l'Anglaise;* and one gives up in despair the question of guessing at nationalities by their style of dress. The foreigner has adopted ours entire—sailor hats, lawn tennis and yellow shoes, etc.

The latter have been so much worn this summer and autumn, with stockings to match them in colour, that one wonders what we shall do when winter approaches. I am told, however, that dark brown and dark red—a kind of wine colour—will be worn on the fine days of winter, and the stockings will be made to match them as well. Shoes are more worn than boots, and the toes are decidedly less pointed than they were. I am told that in Rome Queen Marguerite has made her liking for squarer toes so very decidedly known, that when you enter a shoe shop you are at once shown a wide-toed boot or shoe, as "Our Queen always wears them," they say.

There are numberless new stockings, and I often wonder who will have the courage to wear the wonderful magpie designs and stripes; but those embroidered with satin-stitch in floral patterns are very pretty, though they are mostly intended for evening wear, as black stockings are the universal wear in the daytime; while in the evening the stockings match the dress. I hope all my readers will enquire for the new kind that are "triple spliced," or woven much thicker at the instep, so as to prevent the coming of unsightly holes, and the still more unsightly darns which have sometimes filled them up! So long as shoes are in fashion, we shall have our stockings worn at the instep. If "Swiss darning" had really become common amongst us (and considering the time it has been taught in our schools it ought to be well known), we could have had our stockings renewed and strengthened invisibly. But, after much enquiry, I have not found a single person who could mend in this way. What becomes of the children who are taught in our common schools? It seems to me that the needlework altogether of to-day is inferior to that of our mothers and grandmothers.

Boas are quite as much (or more) worn this winter as they were last, and are in both fur and feathers; but in the latter they are not lasting; and even the expensive ones shed their feathers so dreadfully that they are soon spoilt. Those of curled feathers have been immensely popular, by reason of their becomingness—if I may coin a word; but they are the worst of all in point of wear. Fur muffs are much larger than those of last year; and with them the deep fur tippets have arrived, which were worn with them at least fifty years ago—if we may judge from the pictures of the costume which then obtained. Sealskins seem to be abundant, I am sorry to say. How I wish the fashion for them were past! Beaver is also worn, and astrachan. Sable is for the rich only, judging from a jacket I was lately shown costing £900; but mink is a very good fur to replace it, and looks very handsome. In our very uncertain climate, however, for people who take much walking exercise, I think fur linings and fur garments are of doubtful value, for you are apt to get much overheated in them, and then to catch cold.

In gloves, we seem very generally to fancy the English doeskin glove with gauntlets; and I see so many of them that they are evidently found to wear well. For ordinary

gloves, dressed kid are more used than swèdes; and four buttons is the general length for the daytime, but it is easier to obtain those with two buttons than it was. Lined gloves for winter wear are really beautifully made, and very generally have gauntlets.

Jerseys have been quite brought up to date, and made fashionable by being improved with deep basques. They are braided and trimmed as much after the model of dress-bodices as possible. Blouses have become so useful, that most people have had their silk ones lined for the colder weather. The best material to use for this purpose is a nun's veiling, to match the silk exactly in colour. This clings to the silk, and is quite warm enough, and is so light and thin that it is not felt. The newest blouses have yokes or tucks, and often a flounce of either black or white lace below the waist-belt; and my readers who have had pretty coloured blouses for the summer will find it easy to re-trim them for winter use in the evenings spent at home.

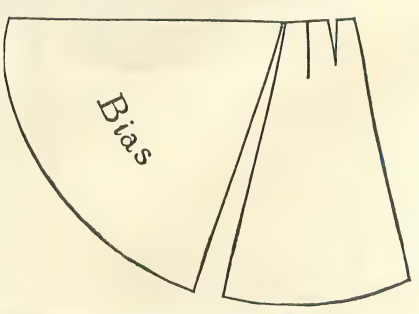
I must not forget to say, that the Continental fashion of using crochet very largely on underclothing is now introduced into England. I fancy that this has come to pass because lace is not a good trimming for the many woven garments in silk, wool, and cotton-tricol, which we now wear. I see that in Germany these garments are made up with very handsome crochet yokes and sleeves, and vests are shown which are most ornamental, and could be used instead of petticoat bodices. I feel quite glad that our old friend crochet has returned to favour, for it is so well-wearing, and the manufacture of it gives employment to so many people who could do nothing else so well, and with little strain to the eyes.

Our illustrations show the general shape of hats, which will be large this winter; while the new bonnets are generally small, with much silver sheen and golden glitter about them. In shape they have not much altered, and the suggested alteration—from narrow strings to wide ones—has not, so far, taken place that I can see. Ostrich feathers are in high favour for all handsome hats, and the ruthlessly slaughtered birds of last year seem to have gone from our disgusted sight.

The paper pattern for this month is the fashionable tight skirt, called by some of our modistes the "umbrella"; but it seems not quite the right designation. However, it is nearly tight-fitting, and should be cut from a double-width material, as it is only in two pieces, back and front. It is best to make it without a lining or foundation skirt, is plainly hemmed round the bottom of the skirt, and the edges of the waist and openings are lined and faced with ribbon. Care must be taken to make the back breadth *exactly* on the cross, with no join at the back. The exact bias will be in the centre of the back breadth. Two yards and a half of double-width material will be required.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, American bodice instead of stays, Corday skirt with pleats, jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, cape mantle, yoked cloak, Tudor cape, new skirt, gymnastic suit, yoked blouse, summer out-of-door jacket, and new combination.



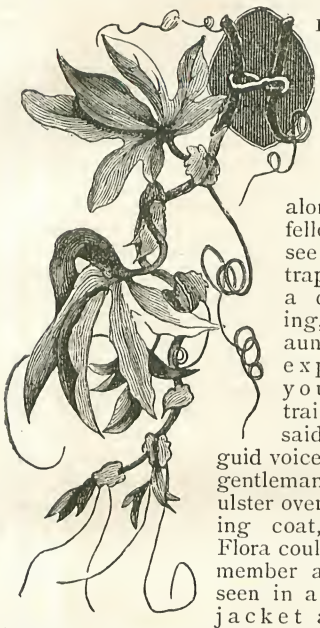
(PAPER PATTERN.)

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. AND MRS. HERBERT BENNET, AND THEIR DAUGHTERS THREE, AT HOME IN KENSINGTON SQUARE.



"HERE you are, Flora! Glad you have got so far. Come along. These fellows will see after your traps. I have a cab waiting, and your aunt will be expecting you. The train is late," said the languid voice of a tall gentleman in an ulster over an evening coat, whom Flora could just remember as having seen in a shooting jacket at Inverlochan seven years before. She had no doubt that it was her aunt Bennet's husband, though whether she ought to address him as "uncle" with so little knowledge of him she could not tell, she being such a great girl—as Flora appeared to herself—and he such a young-looking man.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting," she said hastily, starting to walk by his side at his pace—a very deliberate one, though his words had implied a desire to hurry in the direction of the cab.

"Oh, dear, no; nothing to speak of!" came the answer, delivered in an off-hand, abstracted way.

"I—I don't wish to keep you here," hesitated Flora, stopping short, and speaking anxiously; "but will the porters be sure which is my luggage? Do they know where to follow us? And mayn't I bring the things which were in the carriage with me?"—for it struck her that her uncle Bennet spoke and acted like one in a dream—with entire nonchalence.

"Needn't trouble—all right," said her companion, still with the same mingled serenity and vagueness. "Luggage addressed, eh? There's no danger: man knows me by sight. Have been accustomed to travel: find it best to leave porters and other people to manage their own business." Flora had to be content with the assurance. She had to trust that this very cool and careless gentleman knew what he was about, and she was presently relieved by the sight of her old friend the guard—he was quite an old friend by this time—ostentatiously piloting a porter with her belongings. The men in a twinkling hoisted up the trunk and portmanteau, together with Miss Arabella's bag and the several baskets, touched their caps, and, well-nigh to Flora's consternation, accepted unblushingly a handful of small silver, which Mr. Bennet drew at haphazard from his pocket, and dropped, without disguise, into the broad palms, the fingers of which closed without delay on the "tip."

Flora had been accustomed to a silent guardian in her father; therefore she was not astonished when Mr. Bennet leant back in his corner as if his task was accomplished, staring meditatively out at the lamps, and only at intervals, when there was a cessation in what struck her as the constant rumble of cabs, exerted himself to say a few words to her. There was no lack of friendliness in the words, though they were scarce, and sounded more depressing than exhilarating. Thus, Mr. Bennet asked how the country was looking, muttered something of the May of the poets, and wound up with a deep sigh, and a brief, well-nigh gloomy statement that those were happy people who dwelt far from the madding crowd. She was tempted to fear that her uncle could not be in good health in spite of his youthful aspect, else why should he speak so languidly, sigh for the country when his home was in the town, the great city, and express his sentiments in a strain of misanthropy. She wished he had not had the fatigue and exposure of coming to the station at nine o'clock at night to meet her. Her conscience felt guilty in the matter. But the drive was so long, and she was already so fatigued, that she could not pity him or reproach herself in any very active fashion.

"Here we are; let us be thankful!" said Flora's escort, as the cab turned into a square of houses of different sizes, drove half way round, and then stopped before a covered porch, under which a half dozen stone steps led up to a heavily corniced door. Flora's heart beat so fast again that she could hardly tell what her gaze encountered, in the bright, white light as of day, which burst upon her as the door was opened to the master of the house's double knock. A hall larger than that at the Castle, a softly-carpeted grand staircase, with many flights of broad, shallow steps, and wide landing-places—one of them having a recess like a room, with tables and chairs, and a great jar with flowers, a spacious corridor, and opening from it a door which, suddenly thrown open, disclosed a drawing-room on as big a scale as everything else. This spacious room contained many pieces of furniture, and had, at that moment, several people moving about in it, yet it looked nearly empty under the shaded lights which made a contrast to the bewildering broad daylight—electric light, in fact—of the staircase and hall. The shade was not so deep as to prevent Flora's instantly recognising a little blue-eyed lady who rose quickly from one of the sofas at the side of the tiled hearth, and came forward to take her by the hand, reach up and kiss her, and lead her to a seat. Mrs. Bennet was a much smaller woman than her sister Mrs. Macdermot had been, and the two women were never considered to resemble each other; but there had been between them that intangible likeness—which is neither in features nor in complexion—that often exists between members of the same family. If it has remained comparatively in abeyance in life, it is sure to come out with striking effect when death has done its work, and the image of the one sister or brother, as it may be, only exists in the memory of the survivors. A positive awe and tremor took possession of Flora, for it seemed to her that the mother who had died when her little daughter was no more than ten, and by whose mouldering dust the body of Flora's father had just been laid in the churchyard on the lonely hillside in far-away Inverlochan, was advancing to greet her in this fine London drawing-room. The girl could hardly hear what her aunt said, and she had no attention to spare for the cousins who were introduced to her, so strong and strange was the impression.

"Poor Flora!" a brisk, compassionate voice was saying. "We did not count on the train being nearly an hour late, in addition to the long day's journey. Here is your cousin Dorothy. Kate had her lessons to prepare, and went off an hour ago. Dick is at Oxford, so this is all of us, except Mary yonder. She is our six years' old baby. She would sit up till you came, though she is too shy to speak to you now that you are here."

Flora could only look around with dazzled, unseeing eyes, and a tremulous, half-forced smile, she was so startled and overcome by the vision she had encountered—the first thing in the middle of her utter weariness.

"Poor Flora!" Mrs. Bennet repeated; but there was a shade of impatience, even annoyance, in the kindliness of her tone; for she dreaded that her unknown niece was going to be foolish, and make a scene. It might be excusable under the circumstances, but it was senseless, and a bad beginning. Above all, no man ever hated scenes with a more hearty hatred than Mrs. Bennet hated them.

"Rest and refreshment are the first things to be thought of, aren't they? We have dined"—(Flora, if she had been herself, would have cried, "I should think so, between nine and ten at night!")—"but I ordered dinner to be kept for you;—or do you prefer tea? and whether will you have it here, or sent up to your room? Just say what you like best, my dear, and it shall be done," said her hostess emphatically, for she was a hospitable woman by nature, and her heart yearned in its own way after her only sister's only child.

Tea at ten o'clock at night was as unprecedented as dinner at that hour to Flora, for the Castle had been old-fashioned in its habits. She managed to say that her aunt was very kind, but she—Flora—did not wish for anything to eat; she had had a great deal to eat on the road. If she could only get to bed and fall asleep that would be best.

"I daresay that is wise. You shall go to your room at once, Flora," said Mrs. Bennet promptly. "Dorothy, show your cousin the way. But she must not go without food, if it were only a slice of chicken. Amelia will bring it up. Good-night, my dear; never mind the others. Sleep soundly, and you will feel all right in the morning."

Flora stumbled up another flight of wide stairs, accompanied by that shadow of a Cousin Dorothy, whom she could neither see nor hear plainly, though she was not without a consciousness that the shadow stared at her with the modified stare of politeness. The slice of chicken arrived punctually, but Flora could not taste it; and she declined any aid in undressing from so imposing a domestic as Amelia, who did not wear a housemaid's cap and apron, or, for that matter, a cap and apron of any kind. She wore a silk and cashmere gown, such as Miss Arabella would have hoarded for her best dress, and showed elaborately-arranged hair, like what one sees on the heads of "young ladies" in the milliner's department of drapers' shops; for "Amelia" turned out to be Mrs. Bennet's and the Miss Bennets' maid, as well as general factotum to everybody.

All that Flora needed was the peaceful oblivion of profound slumber. Such a boon does not require much wooing from the young, after they have gone through unwonted fatigue and excitement, when their health has all the reserves of vigour and elasticity it ought to have, and the worst burden they have on their simple minds is tender regret, before the wistful, weary fiend of home-sickness has had time to assert itself. Flora slept soundly, and after the first bewildering feeling of not knowing where she was when she awoke, and the next, giddy sensation of still moving in a moving room—the sympathetic reflection of her many hours of moving yesterday—she was all right, as her aunt had said. She was thankful in her quaint way, as Miss Arabella might have been, to have escaped "the dangers of travel," and arrived safely at her destination. She was ready to be pleased, like the good-humoured, intelligent girl she was, with the novelty and the rush of life around her.

What a beautiful room she was in to begin with! She set it down at first as the spare bedroom in the house, the spare bedrooms being always the best in Inverlochan; the very Castle having its guest-chambers, which were like state-rooms in their out-of-date grandeur.

Later, Flora discovered that the room she occupied was a facsimile of the dainty rooms belonging to her cousin Dorothy and even her half-grown-up cousin Kate, while little Mary still retained for her sole use what seemed to her cousin perfectly sumptuous nurseries, one, that is, for day, and another for night.

Flora had been accustomed to each of the young Macdougals claiming for herself, as she grew up, a room in which she installed her person and her personalities, where she reigned with much good-natured self-assertion and despotism, subject, however, to the noisy invasions of her sisters whenever the fancy took them. Flora had also heard Lady Adelaide say, with fine sarcasm, that she believed the day would soon come in England when only sister-princesses would have a bedroom in common, for the very maid-servants stipulated for separate garrets, and protested against any intrusion on their privacy. But the Fearnton rooms were not like this one; they were comfortable and showy after their fashion. They contained the last fashion in window-curtains and beds, with commodious wardrobes for the girls' dresses, and, perhaps, an ambitious attempt at a jewel casket, in addition to elaborate dressing-cases, for their trinkets. But the rooms were heavy, dark, and tasteless compared to the room which Flora was henceforth to call her own, furnished in delicate light wood, with its pretty brackets and pictures, its last pleasant fancy of cool, brown Etruscan ware in place of gaudy china, its inlaid toilet-table—a marvel of ingenious and exquisite contrivance—its ivory-backed brushes and hand-mirrors, its swing-glass, its writing-table and work-basket all complete, its book-shelves with their choicely-bound little volumes as dainty as everything else, its little medicine-chest—as if girls wanted medicine!—its bath.

"Why, I might live in this room if I was not frightened to move for spoiling any of these pretty things," Flora said to herself delightedly. "I can write to Miss Arabella without troubling anybody. I declare there are stamps in the little stamp-case, as well as paper and envelopes in the stationery thing. Can I be intended to use them without asking permission? Oh, how kind and thoughtful of aunt Bennet! And I may mend my gloves, and tack in clean frilling, here, at any time." Then she reflected in consternation, what did her aunt think of her bedroom in the manse of Inverlochan when she visited there? Bedrooms in the old home were as clean as well-scoured boards under well-worn carpets and well-washed chintz covers could make them, but as for lounging-chairs and couches, and little tables, they were not so much as thought of. Bedrooms at Inverlochan were for sleeping in, and little more.

(*To be continued.*)

RELIGION.

AN ADDRESS TO SCHOOLGIRLS.

By the Ven. ARCHDEACON WILSON, M.A., Vicar of Rochdale.

I am not going to preach you a sermon of quite the usual type, but intend rather to offer a few detached remarks without attempting to weave them into any unity of plan, or to connect them with any particular text from the Bible. Such unity as these remarks may possess will result not from design but from the nature of the subject. For I am going to write about religion.

Now as I write this word I almost fancy I hear the rustle of an audience composing itself to endure what it foresees must be a dull and uninteresting address. "Religion! he can't make that interesting." Now, why is this? What is religion, that in the eyes of so many clever and intelligent and well-educated young people it should be thought dull?

Of this one point I am quite sure, that it is the fault of our misunderstanding and misrepresentation, in the past and the present, that religion seems dull.

Religion is, in its essence, the opening to the young mind of all the higher regions of thought and aspiration and imagination and spirituality. When you are quite young you are occupied of course with the visible things and people round you; each hour brings its amusements, its occupations, and its delights, and reflection scarcely begins. But soon questions of right and wrong spring up; a world of ideas and imaginations opens before you; you are led by your teachers and your books into the presence of great thoughts, the inspirations that come from beauty in all forms, from nature, from art, from literature, and especially from poets; you come under the influence of friends—fathers, mothers, or other elders—who evidently have springs of conduct and aspirations you as yet only dimly recognise; and mixed with all these influences there is that influence on us from childhood upward of our prayers that we have been taught, our religious services, our Bibles, and most of all the Sacred Figure, dimly seen, but never long absent from our thoughts, enveloped in a sort of sacred and mysterious halo—the figure of our Lord Jesus Christ enshrined in our hearts, and that Father in Heaven of Whom He spoke. All these are among the religious influences; and what is their aim and object? What is it that we should try and extract from them for ourselves? How should we use them in our turn to better those who come after us?

Well, I reply, they should all be regarded as the avenues by which our human nature as a whole ought to rise, and the only avenues by which it can rise, to its rightful and splendid heritage and its true development. We cannot be all that we might be without straining our efforts in this direction of aspiration towards God, towards all that is ideal, spiritual, and divine.

We are often inert, effortless, and then the religion I have spoken of repels us because it demands an effort; we are often selfish, and it repels us because it calls us out of self; we are often absorbed in the small and immediate aims for present enjoyment, interested in our own small circles, and religion insists that these are not enough. It is for ever calling us, as all true education calls us, as literature and history call us, to rise higher, to see more, to widen our sympathies, to enlarge our hearts, to open the doors of feeling and emotion. Religion therefore may make great demands on us; it may disturb our repose; it may shake us, and say, look, look; look up, look round; it may be importunate, insistent, omnipresent, but it is not dull.

There is a sham semblance of religion which you are right in regarding as dull, for it is dull. When it is unreal and insincere it is deadly dull; when phrases are repeated, parrotwise, by people who have either never felt or have long lost their power and inspiration, then too it is deadly dull. When a sharp line, moreover, is made between all the various influences that elevate us, and place us in presence of the ideal and spiritual world; when the common relations of life, when art, poetry, criticism, science; when educated and refining intercourse and conversation, and all that occupies us on our intellectual sides, is classed as secular, and the only helps to religion that are recognised are services and creeds and traditions of our particular church, then such religion cuts itself off from many of its springs, and from most of its fairest fields, and *is* barren, and unprofitable, and dull.

You are not likely to make this error. You are perhaps more likely to make the opposite error, by a natural reaction from this. Because, when all the world of interest and beauty and human life is opening before you, you cannot believe that religion is confined to the narrow sphere of ideas in which it was once thought to consist, and is still sometimes declared to consist, you may think that you can dispense with that narrow but central sphere of ideas; and there you are wrong. I am quite sure that there is no inspiring and sustaining force, which shall make your lives worthy, comparable to the faith which Christ taught the world, that we are verily the children of God, and sharers of His Divine life, heirs of an eternal life in Christ towards which we may press, and the appointed path to which lies in the highest duties that our daily life presents and consecrates. On this inspiring power of faith in Christ I shall not speak to-day. I mean to speak on one only of the duties which form the path to the higher life, which you may overlook, and yet which is inherent in religion.

The duty which I shall speak of is the necessity of entering into the life and needs and sympathies of others; of living not with an eye exclusively on yourself, but with the constant thought for others. It is the law of our being that admits of no exception. You may hope that the law of gravitation will be suspended in your case, and leap out of the window; but you will suffer for your mistake; and you will be equally mistaken, and equally maim your life, if you think that somehow the law of the spiritual world would admit of exception, and that you can win happiness, goodness, and the full tide of life; become the best that you are capable of being, while remaining isolated, self-absorbed, by being centripetal—not centrifugal. It cannot be. Now this is worth saying to you, because you know here at school what a united social life is. All girls do not know this. You do. There is distinctly here a school life, a school feeling, a house feeling. No casual visitor to your playing fields and hall can mistake this. And you know that this enlarges and draws something out of your nature that would never have been suspected had it not been for school life. But when school life ends, what will become of this discovery that you have made? Boys, when they leave school, and have developed the passionate feeling of love for their old school—the strong *esprit de corps*, the conviction that in brotherhood and union is their strength and happiness—contrive to find fresh united activities, and transfer to new bodies their public spirit and power of co-operation. Their college, their regiment, their football club, their work with young employés, their parish, their town—something is found into which they can throw themselves. And again and again I have watched how this has become a religion, a binding and elevating and educating power in the mind of young men; and again and again, too, I have noticed how without it men lose interest, lose growth and greatness; individualism creeps on them, half their nature is stunted. For the individual life is only half the life; and even that cannot be the rich and full and glorious thing it might be, unless it is enlarged on all sides, and rests on a wide social sympathy and love.

But how is it for girls when they leave school? It is distinctly harder for you to find lines of united action. Society tends to individualise young ladies; its ideal for them is elegant inaction and graceful waiting, to an extent infinitely beyond what it is for young men. You do not find at your homes ready-made associations to join, or even an obvious possibility of doing anything for anybody. And so I have witnessed generous and fine schoolgirl natures dwarfed, cabined, confined; cheated of the activities which they had learned to desire to exercise, becoming individualistic, and therefore commonplace; not without inward fury and resistance, secret remonstrance, but concealing it all under the impassive manner which society demands.

Something is wrong: and your generation is finding this out, and finding out also its cure. Year by year greater liberty of action is open to educated women; and educated women are themselves seeing, and others are seeing for them, that they have a part to play in the world which none others can play; if they do not play it, then work, indispensable to the good of society, and therefore to their own good, is undone. I say to *their own good*, for we all want happiness; but happiness is not won by seeking for it. Make up your minds on this point, that there are certain things only to be got by not aiming directly at them. Aim, for example, at being influential, and you become a prig; aim at walking and posing gracefully, and you become an affected and ludicrous object; aim even at breathing quite regularly, and you fail.

So if you aim at happiness or self-culture or individualistic completeness, the world seems to combine to frustrate you. People, circumstances, opportunities, temper, everything goes wrong; and you lay the blame on everything except the one thing that is the cause of it all—the fact that you yourself are aiming at the wrong thing. But aim at making everything go well where you are; aim at using this treasure of life that God has given you for helping lame dogs over stiles, for making schools, households, games, parishes, societies, sick-rooms, girls' clubs, what not?—run more smoothly; wake every morning with the thought, What can I do to-day to oil the wheels of my little world? and behold people, circumstances, opportunities, temper, even health, all get into a new adjustment, and all combine to fill your life with interests, warmth, affection, culture, and growth; you will find it true; good measure, shaken down, heaped together, and running over, shall men give into your bosoms.

Ah! but *what* can one do? It is so hard to find out the right thing. Yes; and no possible general rule can be given. You must fix the ideal in your mind, and be sure that in some way or other openings will arise. I will not touch life at school; you know more about that than I do, and perhaps need not that I should speak of public spirit, and generous temper, and the united life. I will only say that a girl who does not throw herself into school life with the generous wish to give pleasure, and to lift the tone around her, does not get more than a fraction of the good that a school life like this can give, and does not do her duty. I speak of later years alone. And in the first instance, and always in the first place, stand the claims of home. I daresay you remember the young lady who wanted to go and learn nursing in a hospital, and was asked by the doctor why she desired this. "Father is paralysed," she said, "and mother is nearly blind, and my sisters are all married, and it is so dull at home; so I thought I should like nursing." I don't want you to emulate that young person. Grudge no love and care at home; no one can give such happiness to parents, brothers, sisters, as you can, and to make people happy is in itself a worthy mission; it is the next best thing to making them good. And remember also, that there are many years before you, and that though it may seem that years are spent with nothing effected except that somehow things have gone more smoothly, you yourself will have been matured, deepened, and consolidated by a life of duty, in a way in which no self-chosen path of life could have trained you. And if, as is quite possible, some of you are impatient already for the exercise of your powers in some great work, I will preach patience to you from another motive. It is this: that you are not yet capable of doing much that is useful, from want of training and general ability. I remember Miss Octavia Hill once saying that she could get any quantity of money, and any quantity of enthusiasm, but that her difficulty was to get trained intelligence, either in men or women. So, a few days ago, a lady, who is Hon. Secretary of the Women's Trade Association, said to a friend of my own that she had had many voluntary lady helpers of various degrees of education and culture, and that she had found without exception that the highly educated students were the most fitted to do the work well; that they alone were capable of the patience, accuracy, and attention to detail which were one essential quality to the doing of such work, and that they alone could provide the other essentials, which can only spring from a cultivated mind, viz., wideness of view, sense of proportion, and capacity for general interest in other important questions—social, literary, and intellectual. "It is this cultivation of mind which prevents you from being crushed under the difficulty and tedium and disappointment which must attend every effort to teach principles and promote ideal aims among the mass of ignorant, apathetic, uninterested, and helpless working women, who must themselves in the last resort be the agents in bringing about a better condition of industry."

You may rest assured that if you set your mind on a career of splendid usefulness for your fellows (and I hope every one of our girls aims at this), then you will need all the training that the highest and most prolonged education can give you. Become the most perfect creature you have it in your power to become. If Oxford or Cambridge is open to you, welcome the opportunity, and use the extra power they will give you. If not, then utilise the years that lie before you, in perfecting your accomplishments, in self-education; in interesting and informing yourself on social questions; in enlarging your horizon, while you cheerfully, happily, brilliantly perform *all* your home duties.

And during this period of preparation which you all must go through, remember that there

are some things which you can do better in your inexperience and ignorance than any other people. How is this? Tell me why it would be more comfort, and do more good sometimes to a poor sick woman to bring her a few primroses or daffodils than to give her any substantial relief? The reason is the same. The very freshness and innocence of young faces, that sympathise without having the faintest suspicion of the sin and misery of the world, is more refreshing and helpful than the stronger sympathy of one who really knows all the evil. You can be primroses and daffodils, and give glimpses into a purer world of love and gentleness and peace.

And if a prolonged training is impossible to you, it is often possible for you to assist in some humble capacity some lady who is so engaged in work on a scale which you could not yourself touch. Be her handmaid and fag and slave, and so gradually train yourself to become capable of independent action.

But to sum up all I am saying it amounts to this—Where there's a will there's a way, and I want you to have the will.

Did you ever think for what reason you should have had such a splendid time of it in your lives? Not two girls in a thousand are getting such an education as you are, such varied studies, such vigorous public school life, such historic associations. And why? Because you are better than others? I think not. It is that you play your part in the great social organism—our national life; hundreds are toiling for us, digging, spinning, weaving, mining, building, navigating, that we may have leisure for the thought, the love, the wisdom that shall lighten and direct their lives. You cannot dissociate yourselves from the labouring masses, and in particular from the women and girls of England. They are your sisters; and a blight and a curse rests on you if you ignore them, and grasp at all the pleasures and sweetness and cultivation of your life, with no thought or toil for them. Their lives are the foundations on which ours rest. It is horrible in one class to live without this consciousness of a mutual obligation, and mutual responsibility. All that we get, we get on trust, as trustee for them. I remember that Thring says somewhere, that "no beggar who creeps through the street living on alms and wasting them is baser than those who idly squander at school and afterwards the gifts received on trust."

I know that our class education isolates us and separates us from the uneducated and common people as we call them, makes us perhaps regard them as uninteresting, even repellant. Part of what we hope from the girls who come from great schools is, that they shall have a larger sympathy, a truer heart. Remember all your life long a saying of Abraham Lincoln's, when he was President of the United States. Someone remarked in his hearing that he was quite a common-looking man. "Friend," he replied gently, "the Lord loves common-looking people best; that is why He has made so many of them."

You can all make a *few* friends out of the lower class; you cannot do much; but learn to know and love a few, and then you will do wider good than you suspect.

But you are beginning to ask—Is all this religion? You expected something else. Let me remind you of the man who came to Jesus Christ, and asked Him what he should do to obtain eternal life. And this question, I may explain, means—What shall I do that I may enter on that divine and higher life now while I live; how can I most fully develop my spiritual nature? And the answer was—Love God; and love your neighbour as yourself. Go outside yourself in love to all that is divine and ideal in thought and duty; go outside yourself in love to your neighbour—and your neighbour is everyone with whom you have any relation; and then, and then alone, does your own nature grow to its highest and best. This is the open secret of true religion.

Religion glorifies, because it idealises, that very life we are each called on to lead. Look, therefore, round in your various lives and homes, and ask yourselves—What is the ideal life for me here, in this position, as school-girl, daughter, sister, friend, mistress, or in any other capacity. Education ought to enable you to frame an ideal; it ought to give you imagination, and sympathy, and intelligence, and resource; and religion ought to give you the strong motive, the endurance, the width of view, the nobleness of purpose, to make your life a light and a blessing wherever you are.*

* From *Three Addresses to Girls at School.*—Percival & Co.

THE FLOWER-GIRLS OF LONDON.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER I.

"Flowers are, in the volume of Nature, what the expression, 'God is Love,' is in the volume of Revelation."—*Chapter on "Flowers."*

Many and varied are the servants that wait upon our great city, supplying its needs day by day. Merchant princes and humble traders vie with each other in satisfying the needs of body and mind; and so efficiently is this done, that we take to it all quite naturally—as if, in fact, all things grew to our hand.

Rich and poor alike are born with a love of the poetic and the beautiful, and it is well for their happiness if this can be satisfied. To the rich of course this is easy, for money will buy all things, whether for mind or body; but the majority of the five millions of inhabitants of London are not rich, and yet are filled with a yearning for the bright and the graceful; and so, if it were not for the existence of the more humble street-traders, many of them would never have a chance of indulging it.

Owing to the splendid arrangements of London in the matter of supply and demand, all classes may, according to their means, provide themselves with things of beauty to cheer and refine their daily life.

The most poetic and exquisite among things graceful in Nature are flowers, and in a city like London, where the struggle for daily bread is all-absorbing, they are of infinite value in keeping alive within us the desire for things lovely, and the longing to grow nearer and nearer to the good and loving Father who made them all.

This love of flowers is a naturally implanted passion in rich and poor alike, and is without any alloy or debasing object as a motive.

Yet it is not so long ago that the sale of these in our streets was of rare occurrence, and never at a price which brought them within reach of our poor. Now, on the contrary, every corner of our thronged thoroughfares is graced by their presence, taking away from us the reproach that we only worship capital, and that there is no particle of poetry in dear old London.

The trade in cut flowers is quite of recent growth, and is still rapidly increasing. It has sprung from a single grain into a mighty tree sufficient for everybody's needs. The origin of it was that some thirty years ago the farmers brought to the market a few old-fashioned flowers, such as the stock, sweet william, polyanthus, cowslip, and cabbage rose, mixed in with the various vegetables; and seeing that these always found ready purchasers, they gradually increased the number, setting aside in their country homes a little more land than formerly for the growth of flowers.

These were sold, as a rule, in front of the railings round St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, but without stalls on which to display them. One of the flower-sellers of twenty-five years ago is still remembered and spoken of; his name was Smith, and he was known to the flower world as "Napoleon." He was always to be seen on market days at the corner of King Street with arms folded, his basket of flowers at his feet, looking for all the world like the general after whom he was called. He was quite a character, and it would not have been market day without his familiar figure. Mr. Barr says he remembers him well. As time went on it was necessary to put up some benches for the flowers which came in in such abundance. It was about this time that Mr. Dorrien Smith persuaded the farmers of Scilly to cultivate flowers for Covent Garden. They, as a rule, were disinclined to follow his advice; but one man thought well of the plan, and collected some then growing in his garden and sent them, and for the little lot cleared two-and-sixpence. This was the commencement in those islands of the flower trade, which sends out in a season as many as two hundred tons of cut flowers—the expense of conveying them to the market being seven-and-sixpence a ton. At length the benches gave place to the new flower market, which, within the last few years, has been enlarged to its present magnificent proportions, and where one can see and purchase all the choice flowers which England, Scilly, the Channel Islands, France, and other places supply.

The capital locked up in the culture of flowers round about London is enormous, and it is every year increasing. One man whom I could name started twenty years ago with a five-pound note, and now has so much glass that no insurance company could pay for it; and his success is that of many another.

The flowers themselves would be a delightful subject on which to write, but it is of the girls who sell them in our London streets, and who have become a familiar feature there, that I have been asked to tell what I know.

Every new advantage or privilege we enjoy brings with it its corresponding duty. Without the abundance of flowers for the millions we should not require flower-girls in our streets; and being there, it is our bounden duty to learn what their condition is, and if peculiar trials and temptations beset them in their calling, to find out what is being done to help them to resist.

We wish we could present them to your notice in a more picturesque garb, such, for example, as that adopted by many of their sisters on the Continent. We hope the time may not be far distant when the dirty woollen shawl, which covers, I fear, a multitude of shortcomings, and the hat with its coarse prominent feathers, may be discarded for a dress more in harmony with the lovely flowers in their baskets. Efforts have been made in this direction, but without success. Mr. Groom some time ago tried to reform their dress. He clothed ten women and fifty girls among the flower-sellers in print dresses, black jackets, and straw hats. They were placed under the protection of the police, who did their best for them; but they had to stand where they did not interfere with the traffic—they therefore could sell nothing. He supplied them with penny, twopenny, and threepenny "button-holes"; but the gentlemen gave them frequently threepence for a penny one, and sixpence for a threepenny one, and this led to dishonesty; and still further, the other flower-sellers frightened them, and took their good flowers from them and gave them bad and faded ones instead. Altogether the attempt was a failure.

Neither will the flower-girls wear the special dress provided for them at Bayswater, and for which they pay a shilling a week, unless it pays them to do so.

If only a pretty costume could be secured, our streets would look as cheery again; but we must not forget while condemning the dress—and I am afraid the manners as well—that some of the flower-girls in their incongruous robes are veritable heroines; and if we knew them intimately, we should be amazed at their power of endurance and self-sacrifice.

Mr. Groom, who has devoted the last twenty-five years of his life to these small street-traders, has given me some very touching instances of this. One especially interested me. It was of a flower-girl named Mary, fifteen years of age, and the eldest of five children. The father had just died, and the mother was very ill, and not expected to recover. He tried to persuade this girl to go to service; but in vain. Her answer to him was, "What will the children do if mother dies? No, sir; I'm goin' to keep 'em," and this he assures me she does. She buys and sells her flowers and keeps the home together; she sends the children to school and waits upon the mother, and effects this almost entirely by her own exertions.

And there are scores of them who are keeping widowed mothers and younger children, and nobly fighting against the sins and temptations which beset them in their daily work, and who, by their quiet and good behaviour, secure police protection and create a regular custom among residents and passers-by.

You have only to watch the flower-girls to perceive that they include many classes and many phases of life; their calling is one of extreme hardship and temptation, and the long hours of work would never be tolerated if they were not self-imposed. At four o'clock in the summer and at six in the winter mornings they must be in the market, and from that time till ten or eleven at night their work is incessant. The hard part of it is that so much time is of necessity wasted before the majority of them can make their purchases; they have only a small capital, and must look about and watch for the opportunity of laying it out well. Great caution is needed in buying—prices may rise or fall, the prospect of the day, wet or fine, has to be considered, for these girls are as much dependent upon the sun for success as is the butterfly for life.

Their ambition is to secure the best flowers which are left when the West-End dealers have had their pick of the market. As soon as these have gone, the flower-girls step in and select with the utmost care those which are most likely to please their customers.

The routine of market life is a little interfered with at the season for red roses, which are such universal favourites and are so plentiful. They are grown principally in and about Enfield and Edmonton, and being somewhat fragile, they will not bear cutting overnight; so at the first appearance of dawn the growers and their workpeople are in the fields, where there are thousands of rose trees. Here they cut and tie the best roses in bunches, while those of second quality are put loose into paper bags. All this is done as rapidly as possible, and with fast horses and ponies the growers race to market, which place, however, many of the roses never reach.

The flower-girls know the route, so they tramp five or six miles from London on the road to meet them, thinking nothing of the extra fatigue so that they get the flowers; and in this way they buy up nearly all the stock. With the few remaining the growers appear in the market a little after five in the morning, to find hundreds of women and girls awaiting their arrival with anxiety; and great is the pushing and struggling for the little stock left, for the red rose in all its freshness never fails to attract customers.

As I have said there are many classes among the street flower-sellers; formerly they used to be poor but respectable middle-aged women; but now, during the season, every girl who will not brook service, and who for many reasons is out of work, and who will suffer anything to enjoy liberty, rushes into the flower-selling trade, thereby damaging it for the regular flower-girls who pursue it all the year round, and who are very superior to these intruders.

There are the more respectable women, who, with all kinds of cut flowers, sit in the West-End thoroughfares to sell to ladies requiring them for drawing and dining-rooms. These are the cream, so to say, of the flower-girls, and as such enjoy all the advantages.

With the more fortunate must be classed those who are permitted to sit round the statue at the Royal Exchange and such favoured spots—a privilege jealously guarded, and considered as an heirloom.

Then there is the simple button-hole seller—the girl who stands at railway stations, music-halls, and busy corners from morning until far into the night.

And again, there are the little children sent forth by brutal guardians to beg or sell flowers, in fact, to do anything so that they bring back to them money.

The streets are places of great temptation to girls, especially the pretty ones, and result either in very early marriages, or in dispensing with that ceremony altogether.

The remark has been made that the class of flower-girls in our streets never seems to improve, and that it remains at one dead level. This is accounted for by the fact that a respectable girl never stays in the streets when by steady perseverance she has saved enough to open a little shop. We could give several instances of girls who have got on and opened shops, and are now not only subscribers to the mission that helped them in their early days of struggle, but supply the Homes in connection with the mission with fruits, vegetables, and flowers at cost price. Some of these girls who commenced trade in our streets as flower-sellers have now a good banking account, the result of their industry and respectability; but I am bound to say that the majority of those who have thus succeeded are tectotallers.

The opinion of those well acquainted with them is, that one of the flower-girls is worth any six men in the market, both in the matter of selling and in setting out her stall or basket. "Why," said one of the growers to me, "if these girls had to set out a stall of common and ungraceful whelks, they would arrange it prettily, and decorate it with parsley so that one must pause to admire it."

While many of the flower-girls are repaying a hundredfold the interest taken in them, the character of the majority is deteriorating. Drink, miserable homes, associating with women who are not good, are all doing their work of stamping out God's image in their hearts. Certain of these women employ children and young girls who have lost their own little capital, to sell for them on commission, paying them a penny, twopence, or threepence on the shilling, as the case may be.

The little ones thus employed are for the most part ragged, neglected, helpless little figures, and are as a consequence the most successful sellers; for who can withstand the pathetic contrast they present to the beautiful works of nature in their hands?

The result of this is that these children become the slaves of their inhuman task-masters, and they learn to trade on their own account, thereby losing the chance of respectable service.

The streets are hard teachers for little ones; they become old very early in life, and the cold of winter, added to the drink which, alas! finds its way to their lips, brings on sickness and starvation, and they find their way into the poor-house when Death delays its claim.

Many of these have been rescued, and are being well cared for by the mission of which the Earl of Aberdeen is the president, and Mr. Groom the hon. superintendent. I hope to give some interesting stories of the little ones thus rescued in another chapter.

All is not so dark as this in the lives of the flower-girls, neither are all the homes wretched, as I hope to show. Most of them are very poor, but many are scrupulously clean. The respectable among the flower-sellers set aside Monday as a rule for scrubbing and cleaning up their homes and doing the washing and mending for themselves and their little ones.

The next chapter will be an account of an early morning spent by us with the flower-girls in Covent Garden market, and a late evening with them as they sold their flowers outside the Angel at Islington.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

EFFIE and L. L. F.—The little *Dictionary of Girls' Clubs and Educational Societies* would give you a good choice and all particulars. We advise you to get it. If some have resigned their clubs into other hands, or changed their addresses, there are many more to which you might apply.

MARION.—For all particulars respecting the College of Preceptors write to the Secretary, C. R. Hodgson, Esq. Diplomas of three grades are given—Associate, Licentiate, and Fellow. Both sexes are eligible for them. Fees for the exams. of pupils for certificates, 10s. each candidate; teachers for diplomas, one guinea. Lectures upon the theory of teaching are delivered in the college rooms; 10s. 6d. for the course. Member's subscription, one guinea.

AMY.—The address of the Home Sloyd Union Institute is 115, Vassall Road, Brixton, S.E.; the Hon. Secretary is Miss Johnston, 52, Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell, S.E. Meetings are held at the Institute.

E. M.—We think that your best plan under the circumstances would be to join the National Home-Reading Union, which is designed for the encouragement and direction of study at home. This is just what you want. The Secretary is Miss Mondy, and the Central Office is Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

OUR SHINING STAR.—There is a small book now published designed to teach, so far as possible, the pronunciation of French without oral instruction. But at best it cannot be very efficiently done, as we have no letters or combination of letters in the English alphabet that can produce the sounds which are characteristic of the French language. The nasal sound has no counterpart in English, nor that exemplified in the words *œuvre*, *œuf*, and *mœurs*, etc.

TWO RIPE BLACKBERRIES.—There is a Reading Society of which the Secretary is, or was, Miss Young, The Grove, Hollington, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Theology, history, biography, travels, the standard poets; literary, philosophical, and scientific works; and the leading articles in the daily papers, are included in the list prescribed for study. The subscription is 2s. 6d. annually, paid in advance, or for half-yearly readers, 1s. 6d.; the half-year commencing on Nov. 1.

MUSIC.

EDYTHE.—We do not give prices. You should enquire at the musical instrument shops, where guitars and banjos are sold.

A. L. M.—There is a musical Conservatori in Thuringia, at Londerhausen, which is under the direction of Professor Carl Schroeder, and we understand it is both excellent and economical. Thorough training in the instrumental and vocal departments is to be had there for about £20 per annum. Free admission to the Court orchestra and rehearsals of the Court opera are granted to the pupils. As to residence and the suitability of young women pursuing their studies there without a chaperon, we are not in a position to advise you. It will be necessary for you to obtain all information direct from the professor at the head of the institution. Enquire about the matron, and whether she be entrusted with the personal care of the girl-students.

OLD GOLD, ETC.—It is impossible for us to tell you "the usual price of a violin." You must go to a musical instrument seller and learn such matters from him. There are cheap ones of modern manufacture, and second-hand ones of a superior kind which might be reduced in price. There are some still existing by the greatest European maker, Stradivarius, A.D. 1700 to 1722, which are worth some hundreds of pounds; and of his master, Andreas Amati, who founded the great Cremona School. But the oldest of the celebrated Italian makers was Gasparo di Salo, of Brescia. The antiquity of an instrument of which the violin is a variety dates back to 500 years B.C., and was invented by Ravanon, a king of Ceylon. The Chinese also have one of much the same character. There were also other predecessors of some centuries back—the *guddok* of Scandinavia, the Welsh *crwth*, the *rebec*, and the old English *fithele*. Jacob Stainer, a Tyrolese, was a great maker, and specimens by such masters of the art fetch large sums—not less than £500, and even more. But for your first lessons you might get a cheap one that would suffice well enough for practising upon—perhaps for £1 or £1 10s.

MARIANNE.—The composer Beethoven was of Flemish descent. According to Edouard Grégoir, the Belgian "musicographer" gives proof that his family settled at Antwerp in 1650, and that one Louis Beethoven left that city in 1660 to become a singer in the private chapel of the Elector of Bonn. Like almost all the great Belgian and German composers, the family was Hebrew.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOUBLE CHERRY BLOSSOM.—We are unable to give time to try your game, but we do not think the result could be effected from the place on the board which you have marked.

WHITE DAISY.—The bridegroom provides his own carriage only, in which he takes his "best man" to the church and his bride from it. The bride's parents provide two carriages, as a matter of course—one for them and the bride for going to church, and one for the bridesmaids for going and returning. It is quite optional whether they engage any other carriages for the guests or not. People of good fortune might place a certain number at their disposal, otherwise the guests provide their own. It is obligatory for either bride or bridegroom to occupy a room in the parish for a certain number of days before the marriage. The clerk will supply all information on this point.

"FLORA MCGREGOR."—Certainly. Marry at once since your parents desire it, and you are both so "madly" attached to each other. What object could be gained by further delay?

MORBID ONE.—You style yourself correctly, and your mother is right. What do the Scriptures say? "He hath given us all things richly to enjoy." "He hath made everything beautiful in His time." "He delighteth in the prosperity of His servants." "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice." A man may wear or shave off his beard, and part and brush his hair whichever way he may fancy, and a woman—of whom it is even said, "if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her"—may certainly wear it as she may fancy likewise. Try to see the full and extended meaning of those words, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and *joy* in the Holy Ghost." This is quite opposed to the teaching, so emphatically condemned, of the "touch not, taste not, handle not," teachers, who would "lay heavy burdens" on those already scrupulous for their Divine Master's honour, and desirous to "abstain from all appearance of evil," and who endeavour to live a life of faith and holiness.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—The 24th of May, 1872, was a Friday. The name "Penelope" is pronounced as if spelt "Pe-nel-o-pe."

FLORENCE.—You seem to have a feeble action of the heart. It does not follow, however, that there is anything organically wrong. Take daily and moderate exercise, and keep yourself warmly clad. "G. O. P." had better overcome her objection to seeing a doctor. We could not prescribe for her. There are various kinds of bad throats, swellings, etc., arising from as many different causes, and she must remember that we are not "quack doctors."

STRAIGHT-HAIRED LASS.—People who have curly hair usually try to straighten it, and those who have straight hair want it to curl. We can suggest no new device to attain your end but hot curling irons, or cold wires, or curling paper.

"SOMEBODY'S DARLING" appears to be in a diseased condition of health. To eat camphorated chalk, which is only suitable for application to the teeth as a cleaning powder, shows a most unwholesome appetite. We pity "Somebody," and should recommend him to look out for a healthier wife, with more natural tastes. A rosemary wash for the head is made exactly as you would make tea.

A FRENCHWOMAN.—You evidently mean well by your remarks, but you cannot lay down rules for general use suitable for absolutely exceptional cases. The circumstances you name are perfectly unique. When we give counsel we take individual circumstances into consideration, of which no outsider like yourself, who never read the letters, could be a judge. For one case where a girl desires to escape from infidel home influences to be a missionary, there are scores in which she would run away from God-given family duties to undertake those for which she is utterly unsuited and incompetent. Besides, were *all* these would-be missionaries to heathen lands stimulated only by a desire to escape from religious persecution at home, it would not justify us in sanctioning such an alternative, because it would give no evidence of qualification for it. The counsel we give is advisedly given. The sad case you name should certainly be a subject of united prayer.

DELIA.—Yes, there is a house of rest for governesses and others at Brighton—Engedi House, Eastern Road. The terms are very moderate, but that is all we know about it. You might make further enquiries yourself.

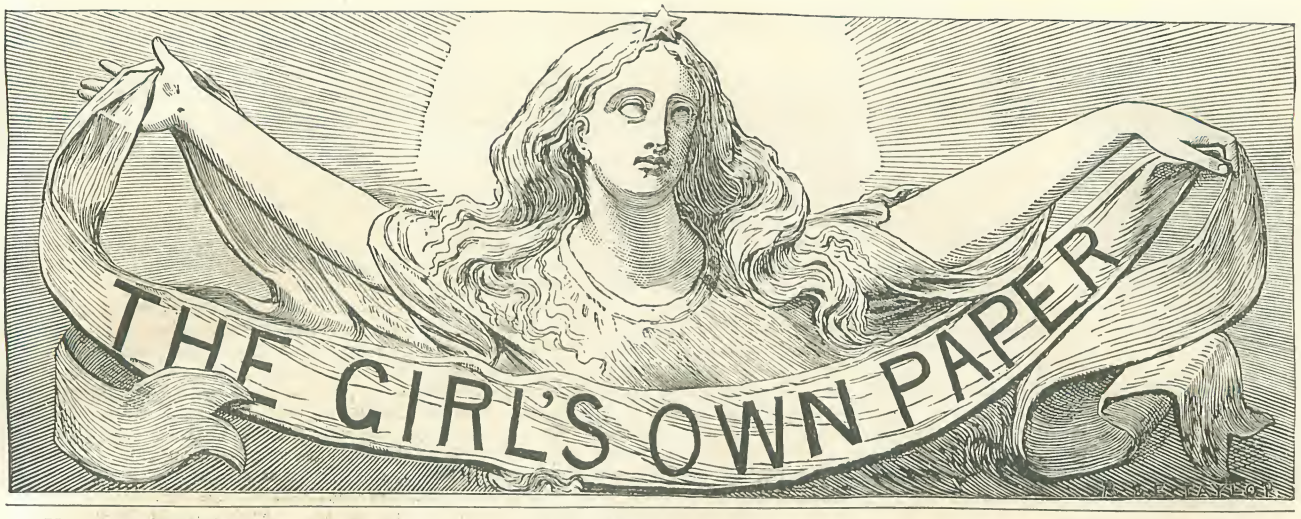
CARRIE MORTON.—Your verses are fairly correct and smoothly written, but it shocks us to hear that the gifts so freely bestowed on you as on us all, and so undeserved, by our divine Creator—the tokens of His loving thought for us—should lose all their value simply because some other woman has proved fickle in her fancy for you! And so you would vent your anger on her account by "tearing down" the lovely "blossoms of the rose," etc. We think you had far better tear up your verses!

GERTRUDE.—There is an opening for good domestic servants in different parts of Australia, and at Sydney amongst them. Under some circumstances the passages are assisted. Enquire at the Government Emigration Office in Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

BESSIE GREY.—There would be no harm in making enquiries about a situation as bookkeeper or cashier in a shop, supposing you understood the work. But beware of giving up your present situation.

AN INTERESTED READER, who has had experience of the satisfactory character of the "Sea-side Rest" for governesses and teachers, and young girls whose mothers could not accompany their daughters, might find a respectable and religiously conducted home. Address to Shaftesbury House, Seaside Road, Eastbourne.

BACCARAT.—Certainly; pulmonary consumption is catching more or less. It is not safe to take the breath of one already suffering from cough; and sleeping with them is most dangerous. This will be obvious on remembering the fact that the stomach is empty at night, and all injurious influences are felt, and poisonous germs imbibed by the lungs, much more largely and strongly then than by day. You write well.



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MY HOME IN THE CLOSE.

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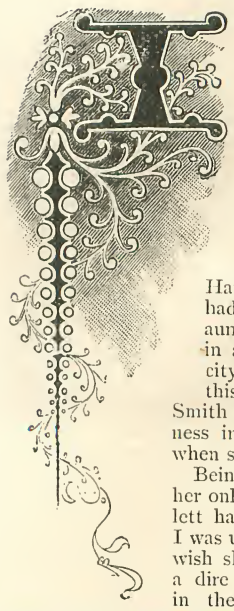
"WITH BENT HEAD AND CLASPED HANDS."

CHAPTER I.



I DOUBT even now if my story will interest anyone; but still I will write it down, and see how it looks on paper before I give up the idea.

I must go a good way back for a beginning; in fact, to my school days at Mrs. Smith's, Hampstead, where I had been placed by my aunt Barlett, who lived in a northern cathedral city, but had chosen this school because Mrs. Smith had been her governess in those far-off days when she was a girl.

Being the orphan child of her only brother, Miss Barlett had adopted me; and I was ungrateful enough to wish she had not, as I had a dire foreboding that life in the Close under my aunt's strict rule would be far from exciting, for I loved variety and movement, and longed to see *life*.

I was considered clever, which, I presume, was true; for my masters praised my industry, and the girls openly envied the ease with which my lessons were attacked.

My glass frankly told me that I possessed a pair of fine sparkling brown eyes, shaded by curly lashes, a quantity of silky bronze-brown hair, and a passable complexion and figure.

I left school at eighteen, and well recollect with what dejected feelings I sat, with some other girls, who were likewise leaving, in my bedroom, discussing plans for the future.

School life at Hampstead cannot be called dissipating, but it was livelier than the stagnation to which I felt I was doomed; and I instinctively knew it would be one of the happiest periods of my life. I loved London with all my heart, considering it the centre of everything desirable; and being the only one of our girls who did not live in it, I heard enough about its glories to make me wish, more than ever, to live in it.

"I wish your aunt had seen her way to letting you visit us for a week or ten days," said Brenda Colville, my special friend, who resided in the West-End with her parents. "Next Monday I'm going to begin to make up for my long seclusion by going everywhere, and of coxrse you would have gone too. Monday night there's a party at our house; Tuesday a concert at St. James's Hall; Wednesday——" But here in an agony I put my fingers in my ears and begged her to stop, as this recital of pleasures, in which I could not participate, maddened me.

She laughed, but desisted, merely adding, "You must often write to me, Gerty, and tell me all your experiences."

"I shouldn't think Gertrude would have any very thrilling experiences to relate," sneered Charlotte Standish, who was my bitter enemy, since I was her successful rival in both mental and physical qualities.

This remark, which implied a slight on my future life and prospects, stung me to the quick, so that taking my fingers out of my ears, and regardless of the facts that I was supposed to be deaf and that my heart echoed her words, I exclaimed defiantly, "I shouldn't wonder if I have the most romantic career of you all."

Even Brenda laughed at this, observing, somewhat sarcastically, "Happy is she who expecteth nothing, for she shall not be disappointed."

This speech from my dearest friend wounded me so deeply, that I felt the most dignified thing for me to have done would have been to leave the room in majestic silence.

Inasmuch, however, as the scene was my own bed-chamber, I felt that this course of action might lead to difficulties, as no matter how impressive my departure, my re-entrance could not be anything but ignominious, unless I cooled my heels in the dull passages or empty class-rooms till these girls dispersed.

This melancholy proceeding did not recommend itself to my fancy; so after a hasty mental review of the circumstances, I decided on merely taking refuge in offended silence, which accordingly I did.

To my chagrin they did not seem much affected by it, but chattered on as gaily as ever; so at length finding I was only punishing myself, I joined in, and we separated for the night in the best of spirits and temper with ourselves and each other.

Next morning the scene was changed, and all my hard-won control broke down on parting with my school friends.

To them it simply meant leaving behind all tiresome lessons and routine, and going to loving homes and fond parents; to me it signified bidding farewell to happy irresponsible days, and taking up a dull, colourless existence.

The cab which conveyed me to the station echoed with my sobs, and the damp ball I convulsively clutched in my hands bore but a remote resemblance to a pocket-handkerchief.

The journey was long and dreary, so there was ample time in which to make myself miserable; and I showed great ingenuity in making the most of it.

Looking back now, I can see how very foolish and wicked it was thus to fabricate my own troubles, instead of looking on the bright side of things; but in those days I had an idea that the world was made for me, and was proportionately discontented if all were not to my liking.

By the time I reached my future home, I was a sufficiently pathetic spectacle, begrimed with dirt, peevish in temper, and showing traces of sorrow and shabbiness in face and dress.

A highly respectable man-servant received me at Dulminster Station, and piloted me and my luggage to the house in the Close, which proved to be a red-brick Queen Anne building on the north side of a square, having the Cathedral in the midst, the whole enclosed by ancient walls and gateways.

It was all inhabited, I discovered afterwards, by church dignitaries and officials, and both the houses and their tenants were most dignified and dull.

My aunt—whom I had not seen for years, as by her desire my holidays had all been hitherto spent at Hampstead—proved to be a stately, handsome dame in a brown silk dress, who received me with dignity, kissed me coldly on the cheek, and after polite enquiries for Mrs. Smith's health and my journey, handed me over to a stiff, grim maid, who led me to a room facing the Cathedral, and assisted me to unpack and remove the ravages made by travelling.

I then descended to the drawing-room, where, after a serious attempt at easy conversation, we adjourned to the dining-room, partook of a solemn meal in almost unbroken silence, and then, to my joy, my aunt dismissed me to bed, remarking that I must be tired.

No need to detail my life for the next few months.

There was a painfully automatic regularity about my aunt's household which nearly drove me mad.

True, school had been regular in its life, but somehow not like this; for I at least had companions of my own age to bear it with me, and the atmosphere had been young, whereas here it was suggestive of decay.

The families round had no young members with whom I might have associated; my aunt was too exclusive to mix with the townspeople who had; and the county magnates were too exclusive to mix with us.

The Close, too, was deadly dull, for no traffic passed through it, and few passengers to speak of, as it led nowhere in particular, except to the Cathedral.

My aunt's house stood in a corner away from any life there might be, and a row of trees near the front shut out air and light, making the rooms additionally sombre and dark.

Inside the house was heavily, if handsomely, furnished in a ponderous style, which had obtained in Aunt Frances' youth, and which she had not cared to change.

Her father had been a Cathedral dignitary, and thus she had the privilege of inhabiting the house after his death, keeping up the establishment in what she considered a style suitable to his memory, and her position as his daughter.

For this reason she retained the supernaturally solemn butler and abnormally stiff maid, who, with a middle-aged cook and two housemaids, formed the indoor servants, while a fat, serious coachman constituted the outdoor staff, as there was no garden.

The housemaids were the only young things about the place, so a fellow feeling drew us together, making me invariably nod or smile at them if we met on the stairs or in the rooms.

Our life, day after day, week after week, never varied.

We rose at seven, breakfasted at eight, Aunt Frances went over the house while I practised for an hour; we attended Cathedral service at ten, my aunt then wrote letters while I kept my diary—though there was little enough to put in it—or wrote to my school friends. I was generally sent for a constitutional with her maid behind me if the morning were fine, and so the time got filled till luncheon.

Aunt usually indulged in a siesta till three, while I stitched away at my embroidery; then we drove for an hour unless visitors came in—old men who had known her father, or middle-aged ladies who had been her girlhood's companions.

Tea at four, after which we read French, German, or Italian for an hour, as she was extremely well educated; Cathedral service at five, after which she produced knitting, while I read aloud some improving book; dinner at eight, and then I discoursed sweet music on the piano, varied by patience or cribbage; prayers at ten, and bed.

After a month of this I was a changed being. For the first week I had borne it; for the second I secretly raved at it; for the third I indulged in weeping over my fate when I went to bed; and by the fourth I had settled into dumb, dull, despairing submission, and bid fair to be as automatic and regular as everyone else.

My saucy tongue, which had been the delight and torment of the girls and teachers, never exercised itself now in brisk repartee or daring pun, for Aunt Frances was not at all the person to encourage what she would have termed "forwardness."

She was kind in her way, and meant well, having done violence to her feelings already by admitting me as an inmate of her house; but she forgot that the life to which her age and temperament inclined her was hardly congenial to a girl of eighteen, brimming over with spirits, and longing to take part in the world's events. It was like caging a bee and expecting it to gather honey. I longed fiercely for some change, however small, in the dreary routine—if my aunt would be but five minutes late for a meal, if the cook would spoil the

dinner for once, if the drive might only take place in the morning instead of the afternoon.

But no! The resistless hands of habit swept aside my vain complaints, and, as I said, I settled into a grave, automatic Gertrude, who would scarcely have been recognised by her companions of a few weeks back.

Brenda wrote pretty frequently, and her letters were often moistened with my tears, called forth by her gay accounts of entertainments, receptions, and concerts, with minute details of her numerous toilettes, and graphic descriptions of her favourite partners and cavaliers.

It was well my aunt never asked to see these epistles, for their frivolous tone would not have pleased her, and she might have forbidden our corresponding.

That indeed would have been the last straw; but happily I was spared this blow.

Things went on in this state till about the beginning of July, when one morning at breakfast I received a glowing letter from Brenda to the effect that she and her mother were coming on a visit to a country house a few miles from my prison, as I mentally dubbed it. This afforded me no special pleasure, for a furtive glance at my aunt's sombre face told me her rules were not likely to be relaxed for so slight a cause.

Next day we had just returned from the Cathedral morning service, and I was in my room slowly removing my hat and gloves, when one of the housemaids came to say that a visitor for me was in the drawing-room.

I opened my eyes wide, and not even the sympathetic twinkle in hers warned me who it was till I entered the gloomy apartment, when a radiant apparition darted to meet me, and a gay young voice exclaimed, "You dear old Gertie! Aren't you glad to see me?"

It was Brenda, resplendent in a grey dress, with suspicions of pink about it, which made me feel that my morning gown of brown holland left much to be desired both as to freshness and fashion. A dainty pink parasol went one way, and a pair of irreproachable grey kid gloves another, as she seized me, and for the first few moments we did nothing but chatter.

Then, mindful that my aunt would not readily forgive any lack of attention or etiquette, I bore Brenda off to be introduced, and to my stupefaction aunt asked her to luncheon, which invitation, to my joy, Brenda accepted.

I whirled her up to my room for a chat; but when safely there she took my hands, looked earnestly into my face, and said slowly, "Oh, you poor Gertie, what have they done to you? You are not a bit like the Gertie I knew at Hampstead! You are pale and thin, and your eyes are wistful! What *is* the matter?"

I was over excited, I suppose. Anyhow, to her horror and my own disgust, the pent-up storm of the last few weeks broke bounds, and I incontinently burst into passionate tears.

"This place is killing me!" I managed to gasp between my sobs. "I shall die, I know I shall, if I stay here much longer! I feel a hundred years old, and might as well look it!"

With great tact and gentleness she soothed me, urging me to tell her all; and by degrees, nothing loth, I poured out the whole tale, ending with a bitter reference to my boast at school that I might have the most romantic career of any of my companions.

She said nothing, merely nodding her head gravely; but when I had done she jumped up, exclaiming, "I see! Now let's talk of something else." Accordingly, we changed the subject; but she turned absent, moving restlessly about, examining my mantelpiece, which was crowded with little souvenirs of school-life, as it was the only part of my room where I dared show any individuality.

She had herself given me many of the ornaments, but might have been taking an inventory of them, so long did she linger there.

When the luncheon bell rang, I found, to my dismay, that my face bore unmistakable signs of the late tempest; but I dared not wait to remove them; and even with all our speed we were late, Brenda having loitered behind to arrange her hair.

My aunt was in the dining-room waiting when we entered; but beyond a sharp glance at the clock and another at my eyes, took no notice of my tears and unpunctuality.

During luncheon she devoted herself to Brenda, so I only had to speak now and then, secretly wondering how my friend could be so saucy in face of my aunt's immovable gravity.

Directly after luncheon she took leave, and we dropped back into our usual routine, I dreading all the day long that aunt would attack me on the subject of my tears; but to my great content she never alluded to them.

Next day I was conscious of an excited feeling, for which there was no warrant, as nothing happened; and when I went to bed I felt all the flatter in consequence.

The day after I was preparing for our customary drive, when the maid arrived to say there were visitors in the drawing-room, and my aunt desired my presence.

Reluctantly obeying, I found her entertaining Brenda and her mother, the latter of whom I knew slightly, and who looked bored to extinction.

Brenda, elegant as ever in white with pale lavender ribbons, bore me off to a corner of the drawing-room, where we conversed in whispers till our elders summoned us, and our visitors took leave.

My friend had given me to understand that the visit concerned me, so for the rest of the day I momentarily expected my aunt to allude in some way to it. But the drive, tea, and dinner passed in the usual way, and I made up my mind that I should hear nothing that day.

After dinner, however, as I was dutifully preparing to perform, according to custom, for aunt's delectation, she called me; and so unexpected was the summons, that I quite jumped, and knocked over the music-stool.

She waited in cold displeasure till I had set it right, and then said severely, "I wish you would remember, Gertrude, that an exhibition of clumsiness and a noise like that upsets me for the rest of the evening. Come here; I wish to speak to you."

Trembling with suppressed excitement, I obediently took the low chair she indicated and waited, while she counted her stitches, till she began in measured tones which nearly made me jump out of my skin with impatience.

"I was grieved, Gertrude, to see the other day what a want of reticence you must have displayed before your young friend. You had evidently been crying, and from what Mrs. Colville said to-day, you have certainly led them to think—whether intentionally or no I cannot of course say, but I trust not the former—that you are very unhappy and ill-used here. Now what there is to cry about I am sure I do not know; but, anyhow, I think I have a right to expect you not to give false impressions of your home to strangers."

She paused here as if waiting for me to say something, so I murmured my contrition, inwardly wondering what was coming next.

"Be that as it may," she resumed, after a portentous silence, broken only by the clicking of her knitting-needles, "Mrs. Colville, no doubt meaning well, has asked permission to take you on a trip up the Rhine with herself, her daughter, and a friend"—my heart leapt into my mouth for joy—"but"—it sank like lead—"I told her I could not answer hastily or without mature consideration."

I fairly gasped with suspense, and I suppose the sound caught my aunt's attention, for she looked at me for the first time and said abruptly, "Would you like to go, Gertrude?"

"Like it, aunt!" I ejaculated, and could get no further for very lack of words with which to express my feelings.

She looked at me oddly for a moment as if wishing to say something, but turned away in silence, and I heard—or was it fancy?—a faint murmur, "Can I keep no one's love?"

When she turned back her face was as stern as ever, and her voice was as hard when she spoke.

"Well, Gertrude, you shall go!"

I could hardly believe my ears, and was bursting into incoherent thanks when she stopped me coldly by saying, "Spare me your ecstasies, child, for I see quite plainly enough how glad you are to escape."

Effectually silenced, I sat embarrassed till she said, with a certain fiery impatience and restlessness wholly different from all my previous experience of her, "Why are we to have no music to-night? We have had enough talking, I should think."

I rose hastily and walked to the piano, where I played softly; but instead of sitting quietly to listen as usual, my aunt paced feverishly up and down, with bent head and clasped hands, till I found myself watching the tall figure, elegant still, though its youth had gone, fascinated by its regular monotonous movements, and wondering what hidden chord of the past had been touched that night. I went to bed unsatisfied; but in the morning she was the same as ever, and Brenda's arrival at an early hour chased away all my speculations. My friend was as charmed as I at hearing that I was to be allowed to go, and we spent the morning very happily in chattering over plans and dresses.

At luncheon, to which Brenda remained, I laughed and talked as in the old Hampstead days, and I caught my aunt glancing at me in surprise; but somehow she did not seem displeased, though she was more silent than ever. Afterwards Brenda, with my aunt's tacit consent, carried me off for an afternoon's shopping, and when we returned I felt a different being.

How that last week passed I do not know. I felt twinges of conscience concerning Aunt Frances, which I tried to appease by being more than usually sweet to her; but still I felt an unmistakable sense of relief when at last the eventful morning arrived; my modest luggage was piled on the cab, and the grim maid was waiting to accompany me to the station, where Mrs. Colville and Brenda were to meet me.

"Good-bye, aunt!" I exclaimed, throwing my arms impulsively round her neck for the first time. "And thank you ever so much for letting me go."

"Good-bye, Gertrude," she answered calmly as she kissed me. "I wonder whether you will thank me as heartily for letting you come back?"

At another time I might have wondered what she meant by this strange remark, but now I was too excited even to notice it, and dived into the cab without further delay. Joyfully I bade farewell to the stately Cathedral I was so thoroughly sick of seeing, not at all agreeing with one of my aunt's visitors, who said, "What a blessed privilege it is to have that noble pile always before your eyes."

Joyfully I turned for a last look at the house in the Close, but somehow as I saw my aunt still standing at the door looking after us, an almost irrepressible desire not to leave her came over me, a presentiment of coming trouble, and a feeling of insecurity which made me tremble. Before it was well there we had turned out of the silent Close, and once at the station I forgot my unreasonable fears in the joy of seeing my friends and the bustle and confusion of starting.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO HELP IN THE HOUSE.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

HERE seems to be a very general feeling abroad that, in the present difficulties with our servants, we shall find the best solution in the *aid* of our own daughters, who will assume the duties now performed by our maidservants, and execute them with the superiority born of education, and higher training, and loving goodwill. Women are not all born teachers, doctors, or artists; and when the clever ones are all educated and filling the higher posts, there will still remain a large proportion to be provided for without the abilities with which their more talented sisters are endowed, but who, by their excellent everyday cleverness and common sense, are thoroughly well fitted for the duties of the home in all their several divisions, *i.e.*, house and parlour-maids, nurses, cooks, and kitchen-maids. Thus we shall have real helpers—not the careless servant, who makes as much work for others as she does herself, and neglects all she ought to do—but educated work, which will be lightened by good methods and thoughtful care in small things, the head in all things saving the hands and feet.

I am told also that this idea exists more among country people than among Londoners, and, when put into practice, has been found to work most successfully, and with comfort to all parties concerned. "And do they wear caps and aprons?" was one of my queries. "Certainly," was the answer. The cap and the apron are nothing to be ashamed of, surely? They are the badge of service in the home, just as the uniform of the nurse is in the hospital or the private house, and that of the soldier is of the army, or that of the sailor which shows that he belongs to the renowned navy which has made our country safe and respected.

A lady writer, some months ago, made a practical suggestion as to how to obtain the needful training. "We must prepare for the life," she says, "by adopting the simple method of our poorer sisters. Let the gentlewoman go as 'help'—if she prefer the word—in a small domesticated family, and there let her learn all there is to learn in home work, not 'picking and choosing,' but conscientiously doing with her might the work that has to be done. She will thus discover for which department of house-work she is most fitted and may prefer, and can eventually make her choice of another home accordingly. But she must learn first, and be content with a learner's remuneration."

Now, to my mind, the best place to find this much-needed training would be *in the* most suitable as well as the most natural place, *i.e.*, *her own home*, where she could see how everything was done, and go through the training in a more pleasant and suitable way than in another person's house, under the authority and constraint of a stranger and a stranger's home. Why should she get her training in this somewhat fraudulent manner without paying for it? There is no thoughtful mistress of a house that has not felt *the dishonesty of the* present system of our servants' method of obtaining their information and training. What more common thing than to hear some lamenting mistress say, "As soon as I had taught her all I knew, and made a good servant of her, she left me to 'better herself?'" How often does a servant come into our house who has to be taught everything, and who is hardly worth her wages during the process of teaching. What pains we take with her; and many of us try in every way to make a better girl of her, and while we teach housework, endeavour to train the mind and heart as well. I have often thought that the universal habit of paying our servants while we are really teaching them, and making servants of them, leads to some of the unconscientiousness of which we hear so much complaint. We often pay them wages which *we* have earned and they have not; for until they were instructed they were not worth even the food they ate. A mistress has no redress, however. If her work has to be done, and she has an ignorant person to deal with, she must teach her, and the law does not take cognizance of how the work is done, nor whether the servant knew her work, when it enforces the payment of her wages. "Domestic service," said an eminent social economist one day, "is the only trade or profession where no apprenticeship nor training is required before entering it, and where both are obtained without payment, the law requiring the wages to be paid whether the servant was competent to earn them or not."

Now this training which we are obliged to bestow on our servants, whether we like it or not, we should be much wiser in giving to our daughters; nor could we bestow on them a more valuable provision for their happiness in after life than to make them competent in every department of domestic service in the house. I feel sure that thoughtful and competent womanly service will do wonders for our homes. It will make our work lighter in the first place, because we shall get rid of much of the dirt-making of which we are at present the victims; and we shall learn the value of absolute cleanliness and tidiness in everything that we do. We shall keep everything in its place, and have a place for everything; and it is only in the practice of these rules that we shall find out how much they will lighten the burden of the house duties.

There is a right way and a wrong way of doing everything in the house. There is a labour-saving way and a laborious way; and it is my anxious desire to show, in these few articles on "Helping in the House," how we can best manage, by good methods and a little forethought, to lessen labour, and to give such a wise, helping hand to all household departments, that our young people may be taught in the best methods, and the wheels of the household may turn easily with less exertion and less effort. One of the best directions to begin in to help in the house is in the dusting of it. For dusting is one of those things which takes some time to do properly, and much of the prettiness and comfort of the house depends on its being done well. "Dust," said Lord Palmerston, "is merely matter in the wrong place." And dusting consists in removing, every day, all the atoms which the ever-moving atmosphere floats about, and which finally settle on each and every article in the house. But we must also remember that the true art of dusting does not consist in displacing dust, and to drive it from one resting-place to another, but to get rid of it entirely, and to adopt the best means for so doing.

And here I find a short sentence, written by Miss Florence Nightingale on this subject, which shows that that able woman thought of other practical things as well as nursing, which, in fact, included them all. "No particle of dust," she says, "can be got rid of by the present method of dusting. Dusting in these days means nothing but flapping the dust from one part of the room on to another. It is better to leave the dust lying in its original position if you are not going to remove it altogether. The only way I know to remove dust, the plague of all lovers of fresh air, is to wipe everything with a damp cloth."

The damp duster will need, Miss Nightingale further explains, frequent rinsing and wringing dry, or the furniture will be made smeary, and streaked with the mud that has resulted from the dust and the wet of the duster; and the work of the dampened duster must be supplemented by that of the dry one. So you will require two dusters, the dry one carried over your arm, to use when needed as a polisher. Now you must quite understand that what Miss Nightingale advises is not a wet cloth, but a damp one, and if you do not comprehend the difference, you had better try to find out by actual experiment.

The dry duster will need shaking in the open air in order to get rid of the dust contained in it; and in doing this, if you go to a window, you must be careful not to shake the duster so that the dust contained in it will be blown back into the room, and settle down there again. The best way is, to leave the room you are dusting, and shake the duster from a back door or small back window, where there is no draught of air to blow the dust back. All these cloths should be soft and pliable, not hard and rough, for if so they are likely to break delicate ornaments and glasses.

Dusting a room and its furniture should be done soon after the sweeping, and when the dust has settled down; and the windows should be widely opened to allow the fresh air to circulate. Before beginning to dust close nearly all the windows, and commence with your feather or soft bristle brush, and gently dust the picture-frames and all ornaments hanging against the wall, being careful not to move or pull them, and to put all back as you found them. Until the dusting of the walls be concluded you should not take off the dusting-sheets, which, I am supposing, are on the furniture all this time; and before you begin attending to the pictures you ought to have given your atttention to the fire-irons, fender, and grate, polishing, black-leading, or cleaning everything in the latter.

Although I mention a feather dusting-brush, I do not think them so good for any kind of dusting as a soft cloth, but they must be used for pictures out of reach, ornaments, and any article with crevices in it. But common sense tells us that shaking the dust into the air must imply its resettlement somewhere; and so when rooms are dusted entirely with the feather or hair brush there would be no chance of getting rid of the dust, but only of changing its place, so the air of the room would not be freshened, nor the dust carried away.

The orderly method of dusting is to begin in one corner of the room and work all round steadily and carefully to where you began, taking every chair, table, sofa and ornament in your way, and paying particular attention to all the woodwork. In many houses the mistress herself dusts the ornaments, and the maid only goes over all the larger things, leaving the more delicate work to her mistress. One lady whom I knew told me that it took her exactly one hour to dust the drawing-room after the maid had cleaned the furniture, and that she did her own part three times a week.

The windows and blinds should be carefully

wiped in your journey, the panes and sashes rubbed with care; and if this be remembered, the windows will not need half as much cleaning as they usually do. It is not always needful to sweep before dusting; it is often better to go over the carpet with dustpan and brush, and wipe the floors, when polished or matted, with a cloth, and to set apart a regular day for a good turn-out and sweeping. The dusting, however, should be done every day, and with care, for the enemy to be met is a swift destroyer of everything, and shabbiness and dinginess soon set in in the undusted and uncared-for house. The furniture may be old and faded and the home poor, but we know the instant we put our noses inside the door whether the duster has been used; for the nose is an unfailing detector of a stuffy house, where every footstep and movement raises a cloud. Dust is one of the things that can be smelt; and even if we do not see it, we must always remember that it is there all the time, and that our lungs breathe it in—to our great detriment. Now that we know so much about "microbes," we may be sure they are to be found in all the household dust. Many of our houses would be far healthier and more enjoyable if they were more empty. We gather round us furniture, ornaments, rugs, curtains, and drapery, bedding, and personal clothing, as the barnacles grow on a rock, and they ever accumulate, and harbour our insidious enemy. It is a surprising thing to observe how few of us have the courage to get rid of our dusty encumbrances, and how we cling to old furniture that would be better out of the way. The craze for art muslin draperies and Japanese fans is evaporating, and we are getting rid of dust traps of other kinds from our living rooms, much to our advantage and the benefit of our health. All curtains are dust traps, and unless great care be taken they may be as injurious to health as a dirty carpet is. They speedily show, however, by their smell when they are dirty, and the house-mother who values health and good spirits at home will banish them from the family living rooms. I know many a house where the curtains are stiff with dirt and dust, and where no amount of shaking would avail to get rid of it. In these houses there is a great parade of opening windows, while the true source of offence and evil is allowed to hang on uncleaned and unwashed. Excepting so far as their warmth is concerned—weighted as we are with ill-fitting windows and ill-hung doors—we should be better off if we banished all curtains and hangings, and we could supply their place with screens, which are most useful and easily portable articles, neither collecting nor harbouring dust and dirt. They are so inexpensive at present, that we can all have them; and if not real screens, then that easily-made and useful substitute, a clothes' horse; with some short curtains of cretonne if for a bedroom, or covered neatly with the same material for the use of the living rooms.

The tidying-up of the room should go on during the process of dusting it; everything should be put in its proper place, cushions beaten and dusted, antimacassars arranged, chairs put straight, and the books on tables dusted and put in order. Where many papers are about, they will require dusting and careful rearrangement. Gas brackets and glass shades should not be forgotten, nor should the table-cloths be left unshaken. Dusting is a perfect index of personal character, and we should not be disappointed in trusting much to a woman who was a careful duster.

There is something special to be said when you come to dusting books. The general way of doing them is to push them back on the shelves and dust the front only. Now the best thing for the daily dusting of the books is a small hair brush with long bristles, which enables you to brush the tops of them without trouble. When there is time—at least once a fortnight or so—the books should be thoroughly dusted, not by taking them all out and throwing them in a heap on the floor, but by taking half-a-dozen out at once and dusting them and the shelf they came from well, and putting them back in the *exact* order in which you found them; in this way they will be kept in their proper places always.

After all it is in the little things we can show our faithfulness. There are no great actions required of us, and it is not often given to either man or woman to be a hero or heroine.

. . . "Nothing can be so mean,
That with the tincture, 'For Thy sake,'
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

—*George Herbert.*

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER V.

More visitors arrived, everyone ready to admire the room and compliment the fair owner. For some time Enid was kept busy at the tea-table, whilst Julius Dakin made himself useful in handing the cups to and fro. At last, when everyone was supplied, there was a pause of a few minutes, and Enid had leisure to observe the social qualities which Julius Dakin was displaying. He seemed a different being as she watched him now from the man who had explained to her every point of interest attaching to the Coliseum. What an inexhaustible supply of small talk he seemed to possess! What nonsense too he talked; and yet it was a clever kind of nonsense. It was clear that he was a great favourite with the ladies present, and no wonder, Enid thought, as she heard some of the words he addressed to them. Now he was admiring the pretty gown worn by a girl present, and subtly suggesting to her that it was becoming; now he was talking to a young mother of her fine boy; and now congratulating a rather worn-looking spinster who wore glasses on the hanging of one of her pictures at a recent exhibition.

"He aims at making himself generally agreeable," thought Enid. "I shall know what it means when he pays me compliments."

The next moment he was at her side.

"You are taking no tea yourself, Miss Mildmay. Now do let me give you a cup. I assure you I know just how you English ladies like it. Three lumps of sugar and plenty of cream. That is right, is it not?"

"Not for me," said Enid laughing. "I take no sugar."

"No!"—with a look of surprise. "Oh! I forgot; it is the Americans who like it so sweet. But what is this?" he added, catching sight of the easel Enid had drawn into the corner by the tea-table, hoping it would escape observation. "Miss Marian did not paint that?"

"No," said Enid, "that is an attempt of mine. Don't look at it, please."

"Indeed, I must look at it. It is very good. The bloom of the fruit and the colour of the leaves is excellent. It is really"—he lowered his voice—"the best thing of the kind in the room."

Enid coloured.

"Oh, please don't," she said hurriedly. "I hate to be complimented."

"But I am not uttering an empty compliment," he said, looking at her. "What! you do not believe me?"

"I think you are clever at making pretty speeches, Mr. Dakin."

He laughed, and evidently felt complimented.

"So you have been taking notes, I see. That is the way with you quiet people. But surely one is bound to try to make oneself agreeable, and ladies as a rule like that kind of thing."

"And men are quite superior to it, I suppose?" said Enid mischievously.

"Oh, of course," he said, laughing again. "But really, Miss Mildmay, you mistake me if you think I was not speaking sincerely when I said that was the best thing in the room."

"And yet you would not tell Maud that."

"Why should I? *It would be most gauche* to do so now I know it is not her work. Surely one may have regard for truth without saying with brutal frankness exactly what one thinks?"

"Well, yes, I suppose one must exercise some reserve," said Enid. "Yet I like people who say straight out what they mean, even though they are sometimes guilty of bluntness."

"Then I will try to please you in that respect, Miss Mildmay. I promise you I will pay you no compliment from henceforth save that involved in telling you the exact truth on every occasion."

"Thank you," said Enid. "I assure you I shall consider that a compliment. But who is this gentleman?" she asked, glancing at one who had just entered the studio, and whom Maud was welcoming with enthusiasm. "He is surely an artist?"

"He is," replied Dakin, "and one of the most distinguished in Rome. He will please you, Miss Mildmay, for Herr Schmitz is famous for saying on every occasion exactly what he thinks. Really I wonder at Miss Marian's audacity in sending him an invitation."

The painter was a man of short, thick-set figure, with a large leonine head covered with abundant grizzly hair. His countenance was homely in the extreme,

and pitted by small-pox; but his gray eyes were keen and far-seeing, and though his expression was not exactly amiable, Enid fancied she could detect a gleam of humour in his eyes and indications of the same in the lines about his mouth.

He was explaining to Miss Marian that he had not come to the house for the purpose of calling on her, but to see a friend of his, an artist, who had a room below; being there, however, he thought he might as well take a look at her studio.

"It is very good of you—indeed, I feel highly honoured," said Maud sweetly.

Herr Schmitz frowned. Apparently he liked compliments as little as Enid. He raised his *pince-nez* and began to look critically about the room.

"Too pretty, too pretty," he said, speaking in English, though with a strong foreign accent. "A very charming *salon*, but not a workshop. It does not please me to see all this luxury in a studio."

"Oh, don't call it luxury," said Maud with an air of deprecation. "Everything looks horridly new at present, I know, and so spick and span; but the place will be littered enough when I begin to work."

"You'd better lose no time in beginning," said the painter gruffly. "Don't make a plaything of your studio that will beguile you from your work. What have we here? A child holding an apple with an impossible arm. My dear Miss Marian, don't attempt things of that kind till you have learned to draw. Get plaster casts of arms and legs, or dummies with movable joints, and draw them in every possible position. You should not think of painting till you have mastered form."

Maud coloured, and looked intensely mortified; but her self-possession did not desert her.

"You are right—I need more practice," she said. "I knew there was something wrong with that arm. Of course all my poor attempts must appear very faulty in your eyes."

"Nonsense! Any eyes that know what arms are would see that that is out of drawing. And here we have a bit of the Tiber and St. Peter's in the distance. Colour fair, but don't you see the shore-line could not possibly have been so?"

"Yes, yes, I see what you mean," said Maud hurriedly, feeling it unendurable that the defects in her paintings should thus be exposed to the company gathered to admire her studio. "But before you look at anything more you must have a cup of tea. Yes; indeed, my cousin will be quite disappointed if you do not taste the tea she has made. We English pride ourselves, you know, on being able to make good tea."

"I never drink tea," said the painter brusquely; "but I shall be happy to make your cousin's acquaintance."

So Herr Schmitz was brought to where Enid sat, and introduced to her, and almost immediately, to her horror, his eyes fell on her little painting.

"Ah, let me see!" he exclaimed, moving nearer to the easel. "This is a new departure." He examined it critically for a few moments, and then, aware perhaps that Miss Marian was hurt by his previous remarks, he began to commend warmly the one thing he had found which he could praise.

"This is good," he said; "you have taken pains with this. There is careful drawing here, and the colour is good. That shadow might be deepened with advantage, and this leaf should be more transparent; still, it is a distinct advance. I did not know that you went in for this sort of thing."

"Nor do I," said Maud coldly. "That is the work of my cousin."

"Ah! you paint too then," said Herr Schmitz, turning upon Enid a keen, interested gaze. "You are very fond of painting—is it not so?"

"Yes, indeed I like painting," replied Enid; "but I have had little instruction."

"No matter—you have talent; and if you work, work, work, you will get on. You have an eye for form and an eye for colour—too excellent gifts; but you must develop them. Practise drawing constantly; accustom yourself to draw all kinds of forms—there is no other way to attain freedom of hand."

He went on to give Enid quite a lesson, to which she would have listened with pleasure but for her consciousness of the mortification Maud was enduring. Then, without noticing anything more of Maud's, or giving her a word of encouragement, the great man took his departure.

Miss Marian's friends rallied round her when he was gone. She must not think anything of what Herr Schmitz had said, they assured her. Everyone knew he was a perfect bear; for their part they believed he was envious because her studio was so much better furnished than his own. Julius Dakin told an absurd story to prove that Herr Schmitz believed there was but one great modern painter, and that was himself. An Italian gentleman present—not an artist—foretold that Herr Schmitz would learn one day that he was mistaken, for there was at least one other artist in the world, the fair painter of the Studio Mariano. This speech was received with applause, not because his prophecy was believed, but because everyone was struck with the happy way in which he had named the studio. It was a name which stuck to it. Henceforth Miss Marian's place of work was constantly spoken of by her friends as the Studio Mariano. Happily she never knew how often the mention of it raised a laugh, since amongst the artists of her acquaintance who were permitted to visit her there the Studio Mariano came to be regarded as an excellent joke.

Maud did her best to hide her wounded feelings. She admitted that Herr Schmitz was very hard to please, and that she was properly punished for her presumption in inviting him to her poor studio. But though she laughed and joked about it, Enid could see that she was sorely hurt, and when her company had departed she no longer attempted to hide that she was so.

"Horrid man!" she said, as she threw herself into an easy chair; "he has put me out of heart with everything. Just as I was so pleased with my studio too! I wish he had not come."

Enid was silent. She was afraid of saying the wrong thing if she spoke, and Maud was certainly not in the mood to be soothed by any words from her cousin. As she glanced at the little painting which had received such praise from the master, a feeling of envy and bitterness crept into her heart. She nursed her sore feelings in silence for some time, but when she next addressed her cousin her voice expressed somewhat of the bitterness she felt.

"Why did you not tell me, Enid, that you met Julius Dakin at the Coliseum?"

"I meant to tell you," said Enid, "but when I got back to the house you were out, and when you returned it was almost dinner-time. There was really no opportunity that evening."

"There have been opportunities since," said Maud drily.

"Of course," replied Enid. "I really hardly know myself how it is I have not told you. You must remember I did not know when I met him that he was a friend of yours."

"You must have known on the following afternoon, when we saw him on the Pincio."

"Yes, I knew then," said Enid.

"Please understand, Enid," said Maud, her voice quivering with passion, "that you and I shall never get on together unless you are perfectly straightforward with me. There is nothing I detest like underhand ways."

"Maud!" exclaimed Enid; "what do you mean?" She was naturally quick-tempered, and the insinuation conveyed by her cousin's words excited her warm indignation.

"Pray explain what you mean by 'underhand ways,'" she went on as Maud continued silent. "No one has ever accused me of such; what can you have seen in my conduct that can give you any right to suspect me of deceit?"

"I have not accused you of anything," said Maud; "I have only warned you."

"Then you might wait till such a warning is necessary," said Enid.

Maud made no reply, but rose and began to put on her hat and cloak. Having uttered the last word, Enid had time to discover that she was actually quarrelling with her cousin. She was dismayed at the thought. They had barely been three weeks together and they were disagreeing already! Still, Enid could not feel that she alone was to blame. She set to work to gather the cups and saucers together and put the room in order with a sense of grievance on her mind. Suddenly she felt Maud's hand on her shoulder, and Maud's voice said, "Forgive me, Enid; I should not have spoken to you so; but that horrid Herr Schmitz has made me as savage as a bear."

Enid accepted the apology, and kissed her cousin. Apparently all was as before between them, but in truth the incidents of the day had effected a breach in their friendship, though as yet so slight as to be almost imperceptible.

(To be continued.)

SIMPLE PSYCHOLOGY.

By the Rev. J. N. SHEARMAN.

I.—Sensation.

Psychology is the Queen of Sciences. This I am confident no intelligent person can deny; for it must be acknowledged that there is no higher or more wonderful object presented to our observation than that marvellous instrument of thought and emotion which we call the Mind. Nor can it be doubted that only in the study of the mind itself may we hope to find a key to those perplexing metaphysical questions by which every science appears to be mysteriously limited and restrained. Now one would think that such a subject ought to be both popular and interesting. Surely most people might be expected to take more interest in themselves and their own nature than in plants or butterflies, telegraphs or chemicals. Multitudes are ready to talk about themselves; why should they not be pleased to hear themselves talked about, and to learn the how and why of their mental movements? Thousands can be got to listen while a Faraday or a Tyndall explains in simple language the mysteries of inanimate nature; why should they not listen with equal interest to a simple explanation of the mysteries of the mind? They must take a great deal for granted in all these popular scientific lectures. The hearers cannot start off to the Alps and stay there for months measuring and examining the forms and motions of glaciers; they cannot procure expensive apparatus and make elaborate chemical experiments, or set up powerful telescopes and spectroscopes to examine the sun and the stars. Of all these things mere descriptions or pictures must suffice. But all the materials and apparatus for the study of psychology are ready at hand. Without spending a penny on it the whole furniture of the laboratory is waiting to be used; the pupil is on the same level as the teacher, and can repeat every observation and experiment as soon as he hears it explained. Then there is surely something very delightful in feeling that you are not merely listening to results or reading the story of a voyage, for you go through the whole process, and bring out the results yourself; you take your passage in the ship and know as much of its voyage as anyone else can. If there are some difficulties to be overcome, they are only such as are necessary to give interest to your pursuit, and when you overcome them you have the usual reward. Is it not for the sake of that reward that almost all games and exercises are practised? Who would care for lawn tennis, or chess, or gymnastics, if it were not for their difficulties and for the exhilaration and suppleness which are gained by conquering them? Let no one then make an objection out of the difficulties of psychology, for without them it would lose its greatest charms; and if we are to make comparisons, we may safely say, that while it is not more difficult than chess, it is five times as interesting. Perhaps all this only makes it at first sight harder to understand why chemistry and astronomy should be interesting to persons who are not professed chemists or astronomers, while psychology has little attraction, except for professed psychologists; but it has brought us to a point at which we may find a simple explanation of the difficulty.

The real attraction which psychology possesses has very marked peculiarities of its own. It is more like the attraction of chess than that of physical science, and yet it in some degree resembles both. Outsiders wonder at the importance which the student attaches to the writings of old philosophers in whose opinions no one now believes; but the fact is that he looks on them as a beginner in chess looks on a game between two great players. He goes over the whole contest for the sake of learning the method of the masters, and catching something of their style. But besides this he feels that in these old systems lie the germs and first indications of truths which have since become the property of all philosophers, and without all doubt the best way of learning the full meaning and value of those truths is to trace them from their first beginning. Thus ancient psychology is not thrown aside like ancient chemistry, but has still a value of its own; and even in the newest psychology we do not, as in the physical sciences, look merely to the amount of truth discovered, but the argument and the method excite an interest almost as great. Thus psychology has a double interest for its students; it attracts them as a game or contest, and also as a search after truth; and this double interest becomes so absorbing that, as will be seen by all who care to read the works of the great psychologists, no one will consent to withdraw his attention from the game to explain its rules to the mere amateur. Even those who profess to do this, and who think they are doing it, are in reality only leading up to their favourite method or their favourite views, and never give the beginner a fair view of the board, with all the pieces set out in their proper positions. Hence it happens that everyone who enters upon this study has to flounder about for a while in what seems a very chaos of confusion, until by degrees he begins to find the meaning and order of the science, and then he learns to love it as it deserves. But the process is tedious and disheartening, and many grow weary of it before it is half accomplished.

If I have been successful in this explanation of the nature and difficulties of psychology, the reader will understand that I propose to open for him a new source of intellectual pleasure, which has less affinity with the pleasure given, say, by one of Procter's lectures on the moon, than it has with the pleasure given by chess problems, games of patience, or Browning's poems. I have therefore, I hope, established such a claim on his attention as may justify me in introducing him to what, comparing it with chess, I may call an easy opening.

I set aside for the present all formal definitions and nice distinctions, both because it is over these that the beginner always breaks his heart, and also because, if he likes to take them up afterwards, he will do so with greater ease, and I ask his attention as a preliminary to one plain and evident distinction, which has only to be stated to be understood. We are conscious of certain feelings which spring up within us, such as hope, fear, joy, etc.; we are also conscious of certain sensations which we ascribe to the bodily senses: we call the former, in a general way, feeling, and the latter sensation. I propose now to keep our feelings as much as possible out of sight, and to concentrate our attention on sensation. This being premised, I shall ask the question, What do we know about sensation?

This is, in one sense, the most important question in psychology, for if you know how a thinker answers it, you know how to classify him as a psychologist, and you have a clue to his whole system. But I am not going to look for a full answer; I shall only seek now for such an answer as everyone might have ready, if he knew how to express his belief, or indeed had ever proposed the question plainly to himself. What I want to get at is the latent belief which explains and is involved in all our actions, in so far as they are guided by the testimony of our senses. If I show the reader that he has such a belief, he will see that he has unconsciously built up a system of metaphysics for himself, and this will teach him the secret of the more elaborate systems of the philosophers.

As a first step towards arriving at this belief, I ask, Can you classify your sensations in any other way than as they arise from different senses? The reader will at once classify them as pleasurable or painful. But another classification is possible, and if he thinks of that before he is shown it he may justly look on himself as one who is born to be a psychologist; for some distinctions, which are plain enough when pointed out, are very hard indeed to find for oneself. Supposing, however, that help is wanted, I ask again, What is the difference between saying 'I feel a pain,' and saying, 'Something hurts me;' or between 'I feel hot,' and 'I feel something hot'? The difference is, that our sensations sometimes tell us of an external object, and sometimes they do not. When I feel a pain and can say no more than that about it, I am not conscious of the cause of it, but have to send for the doctor to find it out. When I feel something hurt me, I don't want anyone to tell me where the cause is; I perceive it at once. I may feel hot without knowing why, and wonder whether it is that I am not well, or that my clothing is too warm, or that the room in which I am has been heated without my knowledge; but if I sit down beside a hot fire, I am in no such doubt. I say at once that I feel something hot. There is surely nothing in this to puzzle anyone, and yet the reader who has mastered this truth has made his P to K 4 in the greatest and most interesting game ever played on this earth. A few blank pages might appropriately follow here to indicate that we have at last got something which will bear to be meditated upon; but as that would not be in accordance with the modern style of printing books, it may not be amiss to suggest some of the thoughts which would naturally occur to the reader if he turned the matter over in his own mind.

I have a great variety of sensations, and I am firmly persuaded that I do not make them for myself. They are not at all under my control, as my thoughts appear to be, and I am quite sure that every one of them has a cause. If a doctor tells me that he cannot find out the cause of my pain, I can quite understand him; but if he were to tell me that it had no cause, he would appear to me to be talking nonsense. I must believe that every sensation has a cause. But some of them tell me of the cause at once and directly, and this I express by saying that I feel something hard, or cold, or hot; I see something bright, or blue, or dark, and by many similar expressions. I mean by this way of speaking that I get my sensation of heat or cold, or whatever it may be, from something now present which gives it to me. Other sensations do not tell me of their causes, and of them I can only say I feel a pain; I have a taste in my mouth; There is a singing in my ears; I feel hungry, and so on; but still I am persuaded that every one of them has a cause, even though it may not be immediately evident.

Now if I go back a step, and ask what I mean by saying I feel hot, it seems to me that I mean two distinct things by it. First, I mean that I have a certain sensation, and then, that I could communicate that sensation to another person. Another who touched me would say, or at least I would expect him to say, "You feel hot to me." Is this what I mean when I say that the fire is hot? By no means; for although I ascribe to the fire the property of making me feel hot, I do not believe that it feels hot itself. What I call the sensation of heat is not in the fire. Is there then anything in the fire which resembles a sensation? I

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cannot think so. The fire can have no feeling of any sort, and nothing but feeling can resemble what I experience when I come near a fire. And the same holds good of the colours of the flowers and the sounds of the winds and waters: there is something there which produces a sensation in me, but it cannot be anything at all resembling my sensation. What I hear from scientific persons confirms me in this belief; for they tell me that sound is only a vibration in the air, caused by the movement of the sounding body, and heat and light are vibrations in an invisible æther, caused by movements in the particles of the body which I call hot or bright. If I shake a stick backwards and forwards, I do not see in that movement any resemblance to a sound, and yet no doubt if the movement were only rapid enough I should hear a sound. I conclude then that there is nothing in any object which I can perceive at all resembling my sensations of heat, colour, sound, or any other quality.

Such are the thoughts which may be supposed to occur to the mind of anyone who meditates on these subjects, since they are the thoughts of every philosopher who has ever given his attention to psychology. To some they have appeared of such importance that they have tried to draw attention to them by expressing them in a startling and paradoxical form. They have, for instance, affirmed that the fire is not hot, the sun is not bright, and ice is not cold; meaning, of course, that the fire does not feel itself hot, the sun has no sensation of brightness, or ice of cold; or they have disputed our right to say that we know what anything is like, since there is nothing in any object at all resembling our sensations, but only a power, which we do not understand, of producing these sensations in us. No one, of course, ever meant to question the truth or propriety of such expressions as "The fire is hot;" "I know what a rose is like": their intention was only, by talking in this startling way, to make people think, and to induce them to ask themselves what is the meaning of such language. I did not myself think it well to begin in this way, as the inexperienced reader might be deterred and disheartened by statements which he would naturally think incomprehensible, if not absurd; but to anyone who has accompanied me thus far, they ought, I think, to appear quite simple and intelligible.

What we have now accomplished is this: we have made two full steps forward, and planted one foot on disputed territory. The mental exertion involved has been, I suppose, about equal to that required for guessing two riddles, while the result has been a permanent addition to our powers of thought. That result I would like to leave as it is for the present. In some subjects it is a mistake to go too fast. Knowledge which lies in the mind for a little while is digested and assimilated, and thus becomes useful as a means of making further progress; while that which is pushed aside and withdrawn from the attention by the too rapid accumulation of new materials becomes a mere burden on the memory.

I think, too, that to some, at least, the conclusion that we cannot suppose our sensations to resemble in any way the objects around us, may seem so strange as to dispose them to suspect that some unknown fallacy may lurk in the process of reasoning by which we arrived at it. I would not wish such persons to stifle their doubts; I would rather get them to go over the matter for themselves, and make sure of their ground. I dare say I can even help them to find out where the difficulty lies. Consider the question in this way. If you prick your finger with a pin, it hurts you. Evidently your sensation of pain arises from the pin; but you do not for a moment suppose that the pain is like the pin. If you handle the pin gently you get a sensation of smoothness, but you do not suppose that sensation to resemble the pin more than the other. When you listen to a piano you do not imagine that your sensation of sound resembles the piano, or its strings or hammers, nor do you imagine that your sensation of sweetness resembles a lump of sugar. Up to this point you feel no difficulty; but what you find it hard to grant is, that when you see an object clearly, the sensation which *you then* have does not resemble the thing you see. Yet if you reflect a little, you will perceive that you can get no sensation from the object except that of light, for you cannot discern it in the dark, and that the object can no more have your sensation of light or anything resembling it than it can have your sensation of sweetness or of heat.

This reasoning will probably appear to you unanswerable and yet unconvincing; and as it is unpleasant to feel that you have an objection and yet not to be able to express it, I shall try to assist you. What you would say is this: "I can believe that my sensation of colour no more resembles the coloured object I see than my sensation of pain resembles the pin that pricks me; but besides the colour of the object there is its shape, and surely I know what that is like?" If you can feel that I have helped you to express your difficulty I am glad of it, for it shows that I have found an apt pupil, and one who is likely to take real interest in psychology: you will at least then have no difficulty in understanding the answer.

I cannot here discuss the shape of the object or what you know of it; to enter into that question fully would be to take you through some of the most difficult controversies in psychology. Its discussion in a simpler way I must leave for a future paper; but I will ask you to remark that, whatever you see you can see only by means of the sensations produced in your eyes by light. Now it is to those sensations that our attention is at present exclusively directed, and you cannot imagine that anything in the object resembles them. You were mixing up the sensation itself with the information which the sensation gives you. How this happens I cannot explain until you have taken another step forward. I can only hope that your experience of the road which we have begun to travel together has been such as to make you willing to go a little farther in the same direction.

(*To be continued.*)

PLAIN WORDS TO SCHOOLGIRLS.

By the Ven. ARCHDEACON WILSON, M.A., Rector of Rochdale.

There is a very real danger in our high schools that the intellectual side of education may be overestimated and overpressed, not by mistresses, but by yourselves; and that the natural, human, domestic, and family elements in it may be undervalued. What are you yourselves at home, in society, with parents, brothers, sisters, children, friends, schoolfellows, servants? Is the better education, that you are undoubtedly getting, widening your sympathies, opening your heart and mind to all the educational influences which do not consist in books or in work? Is it giving you greater delicacy of touch? Is it opening new channels for influences, streaming in on you or streaming out from you? Your daily life may become a higher education, and is so to the truly noble-minded and well-educated girl or woman. Do not regard as interruptions, and as teasing, the calls of household, the duties to parents, visitors, children, and the rest; it is part of the education of life to fulfil all these duties well, delightfully, brilliantly, joyously, enthusiastically; these things are not interruptions to life, they are life itself. There was a pitiful magazine article written the other day by some lady complaining that social duties, the having to see her friends, her cook, her gardener, her dressmaker, etc., prevented her from reading Herbert Spencer, and developing her small fragment of soul. Social duties, rightly done, are one of the developments of soul. Let it be seen that you girls who can enjoy your literature, and your history, and your music, and your drawing with keen appreciation are not made thereby selfish or unsociable; but that you are more delightful creatures than those who have no such independent resources and joys. A girl who gets her certificate or prize and is cross or dull at home, and does not think it worth while to be kind and agreeable to a young brother or an old nurse, to every creature in her household down to the cat and the canary, is a traitor to the cause of higher education.

Again, it has been observed that the practical and artistic elements in school education have been, in general, more thoroughly developed of late years since they were put into a secondary place. This is as it should be. Such subjects as music, drawing, cooking, housekeeping, wood-carving, nursing, needlework, when they are studied at all, are studied more professionally and thoroughly and intelligently, and less in the spirit of the amateur and dabbler. So I would say to you, show that your education in intelligence has given you wide interests and powers to master all such subjects. Take them up all the more thoroughly.

Closely akin to this merit of thoroughness is the large spirit of unselfishness that ought to come, and certainly in many instances does come, with wider interests, a more intelligent education, and a more active imagination. Women in our class have more leisure than men; they can actually do what is impossible by the conditions of life for us men to do, link class to class by knowledge and sympathy and help and kindness. They can be of immense service in this way. There is a story in the life of an American lady, Mrs. Lynam, that occurs to me. There was much conversation about a certain Mr. Robbins, who had lately died; he had been such a benefactor, such a good man, and so on. A visitor asked, "Did Mr. Robbins found a benevolent institution?" "No," was the reply; "he *was* a benevolent institution." Women of our class may be, they ought to be, "benevolent institutions." And such women exist among us; pity is there are so few of them. They can unobtrusively be centres of happiness, and knowledge, and generous attitudes of mind. Now there ought to be more of such women, and I look to our high schools with hope. They ought to make girls public-spirited and large-minded.

There is another element in girls' education which is only imperfectly as yet brought out, and which you yourselves can do something to develop. I mean the better appreciation of

an education which is not in books, and not in accomplishments, and not in duties, and not in social intercourse. How shall I describe it? Think of the old Greek education of men. There was a large element of literature and poetry and natural religion and imagination in it; and a large element of gymnastic also; but besides all this it was an education of eye and ear; it was a training that sprang from reverence for nature, as a whole, for an ideal of complete life, in body and mind and soul; and not only for complete individual life, but also for the city, the nation. It was a consummate perfection of life that was ever leading the Athenian upward, by a life-long education, to strive for a certain grace and finish in every one of his faculties. And we see to what splendid results in literature and art and civic and personal beauty it led them.

This element is still wanting in our higher education; it is the ideal of nobility of life and perfection. We lack it in our physical education. That is still far from perfect. If we all, parents, children, boys and girls, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, had some of the Greek feeling of high admiration of physical perfection of form and grace and activity, we should not see so many boys and girls of very imperfect gracefulness, nor should we see fashions of dress so ruinous to all ideals of perfection and grace. We cannot make up for the want of this national artistic ideal of beauty of figure by artificial gymnastics, scientific posturings, and ladders and bars. They are better than nothing, they are a protest, they certainly remedy some defects and prevent others. But do not you be content with them. By self-respect and self-discipline, by healthy life, early hours, open air, natural exercise, the joyous and free use of all your powers, playing games, by refusal to give way to unhealthy and disfiguring fashions, and, above all, by an aspiration after grace and perfection, do what you can to remedy this national defect in our ideals for girls.

This leads me to say that games contribute much to remedy another deficiency in our ideal. There is a defective power of real enjoyment of life, of healthy spirits, among us moderns. There is more enjoyment now than there was. I think my generation was better than the one that preceded us in this respect; we had more games, more fun, more *abandon* in enjoyment than our fathers and mothers, your grandfathers and grandmothers, had, if we may judge from letters published and unpublished. And they too often thought we were a frivolous generation, not so staid and decorous as we might be, and repressed and checked us; while we, on the contrary, urge on you to enjoy more fully the splendour of your youth and vitality. We desire to see you skip, and sing, and laugh, and bubble over with the delicious inexhaustible flow of vital energy; we know that it need not interfere with the refinement of perfect manners and decorum, and we know too that there is the force which will sober down and do good work, and there is the health-giving exercise, the geniality, and the joy that will make you stronger and pleasanter, more patient, and more persuasive to good in years to come. There is a word in German which has no English equivalent; it expresses just the missing ideal I am speaking of. It is a terrible mouthful, as German words often are —Lebensglückseligkeit—it is the rapture and blessedness and happiness of living. Carry the idea away with you, and make it one of your personal ideals, and home ideals, and school ideals, and life ideals, this Lebensglückseligkeit.

> 'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want.

You can carry this idea with you into society, and use it to brighten its conventional sociabilities, and stimulate them into positive enjoyability by more of intelligence and animation.

This quality of Lebensglückseligkeit—it is a sort of intensity of life, of vivacity, of willingness to take trouble, to interest and be interested, that is a little lacking in our English ideal of young ladies; and we must be on our guard, lest any school ideals of study and bookishness should actually increase this deficiency. Anyone, mistress or girl, who makes good education to be associated with dulness, and boredom, and insipidity, is again a traitor to the cause of higher education.

From *Three Addresses to Girls at School*.—Percival & Co.

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER V.

FLORA went to the window, peeped out through the venetian blind, and was a little consoled. She looked out on no waving birch and fir trees, no mighty Ben, with light or shade, a smile or a frown, on his great rugged face, as an index of what would be the weather for the day, but on a large square of houses of different widths and slightly different heights, different degrees of brick-stains, and varieties of facings—like the facings of regimentals—to the doors and windows. Nothing very imposing in this. Indeed, she was puzzled to understand how such a fine interior as that of the house she was in could be found in connection with one of those parti-coloured, occasionally battered exteriors. And yet Flora was convinced afterwards that she had from the first seen an air of antiquity and distinction about the houses in the square; a kind of hint that their floors had been trodden long ago by aristocratic feet, and were still haunted by ghosts of renown. Yet how inferior Kensington Square, in its irregularity and patchwork, was to Moray Place and Charlotte Square, in their gray, grand, solitary unity, as Flora had walked round them in Edinburgh.

Flora found all the ladies of the house in the morning-room, to which a servant took her. Whatever the family hours might be at night, Mrs. Bennet was too energetic and sensible to allow them to be late in the morning. Besides, Kate and Mary had to be at their respective schools by ten o'clock.

"You slept well, I hope, Flora?" Mrs. Bennet added to her cheerful "good-morning," as she stood pouring tea and coffee from the silver tea and coffee-pots—she was such a little woman that she always discharged this office standing—and she was so busy that she could only spare a quick, scrutinising glance to Flora, while she said, "Dorothy, the toast for your cousin. Kate, pass the eggs and the sardines—or she may rather have bacon."

Egg-stand and sardine-dish were of silver, like the toast-rack, only the cruet, which Flora would have expected to be of the same precious metal, was of white china.

In the centre of the table was a tall glass, which greeted Flora's pleased eyes—pleased, not because it was full of such gorgeous or delicate hothouse flowers as those which the Macdougals were proud of commanding in abundance; not even of such garden flowers as sometimes did duty in the epergne at the Castle, but of ox-eye daisies ("horse gowans," Flora called them,) such as one might pluck in handfuls anywhere in the fields or by the roadsides in the country. But in London—how did horse-gowans come there? Why were they apparently prized there as no cottage-bred child would prize them?

But Flora, though she had a housewifely eye, was less inclined to remark on the arrangements of the table than to renew her acquaintance with her aunt. However, Mrs. Bennet was too much taken up with her occupation and her plans for the day to share much in the general conversation, but the three girls were ready to make advances, and open to advances in return.

"I hope you have got over your fatigue, Flora," said Dorothy.

"I hope you were not disturbed by the noise," said Kate. "We think it perfectly quiet in the square; but when people come from the country I believe they always hear noises in London," she finished rather sententiously.

"Cousin Flora—(mamma says I may call you Flora because we are cousins, you know, if I remember to say 'cousin' before it, and then it will not sound forward from a little girl to a grown-up girl like Dorothy," said Mary, a small damsel who was generally full of one idea, at which she hammered with a mixture of transparency and matter-of-factness) —"Cousin Flora, will you have preserves? Mamma always lets me finish with them. Of course you are grown-up, and can do as you like. This is apricot, and the other is strawberry jam."

Dorothy was considerably taller than her mother, though not quite so tall as Flora, while she was nearly two years her senior. But Dorothy at nineteen did not look so womanly as Flora at seventeen. It was not from any absence of the well-bred ease and confidence of a girl who had already seen a good deal of society in her father and mother's circle, it was from the lack of those experiences which had already befallen Flora. Dorothy and her mother were dressed somewhat similarly, a little to the visitor's bewilderment, and she would have also said very plainly, if she had not been gifted with sufficient feminine instinct to compre-

hend that the morning-gowns of black material, worn as mourning for the minister of Inverlochan, were in their unornamented, unobtrusive simplicity of the best *quality*, and probably in the best style.

Kate, a schoolgirl of thirteen, and the three years younger Mary, were, if anything, more scrupulously plain than their seniors; but Flora had an instant impression that they were, as she would have said, "all in keeping"; hats and jackets, boots and gloves, in perfect order and harmony—nothing loose-looking, all trim and severe. They did credit to Amelia, who was supposed to look after them, and to the lynx eyes of Mrs. Bennet.

All the girls were rather pretty, in a pale, slight, neat way—neat in features as well as in apparel. Flora had an overwhelming sense that if all London girls resembled the young Bennets, her cheeks must be like peonies, her cheek-bones like well-stuffed pin-cushions, and her mouth like—like a slit in a post office by comparison. As for her heavy black frock, already an oppression in the May of London, though it had been made by the best dressmaker in Inverlochan, under the careful superintendence of Miss Arabella, it had all at once begun to hang oddly, to feel baggy in every direction, and to look dreadfully overloaded with bead trimming and crape.

Kate bore the least resemblance to her mother, and Flora could readily believe, what she learnt afterwards, that she was not quick, though she was plodding and dutiful, and like Mary, apt to be solemnly wise. She was declared to have funny, erratic tastes for cooking and needlework, which were never likely to be of much use to a girl who was a rich man's daughter, while they interfered with the prosecution of her studies and accomplishments.

The breakfast was finished, and Kate and Mary were starting for school, when Flora suddenly bethought herself of a great and ungrateful omission of which she had been guilty. "Oh, I hope Uncle Bennet is not worse from coming to meet me," she asked anxiously.

"Worse!" exclaimed Mrs. Bennet, with some brusqueness under her polish. "What do you mean, Flora."

"I thought my uncle looked rather delicate," stammered Flora, getting redder than red. "He seemed tired last night; he was so longing for the country, and he is not down this morning."

Mrs. Bennet smiled. Dorothy laughed a little.

"My dear, appearances are deceitful," said the matron, as sententiously as if it had been Kate or Mary who had spoken. "Your uncle never had an illness, with the exception of an attack of rheumatic fever, in his life. He is out at his club, if he has no dinner engagements, later than he was with you, six nights in the week; on Sundays, I am glad to say, he is generally good, and submits to be a family man, goes to church with us in the morning, dines early to let the servants get out, and dozes over a book till we have prayers in the evening."

Flora tried not to stare. "And does he not care to live in the country?" she ventured to enquire diffidently, as all that was left for her to say after the mistake she had made.

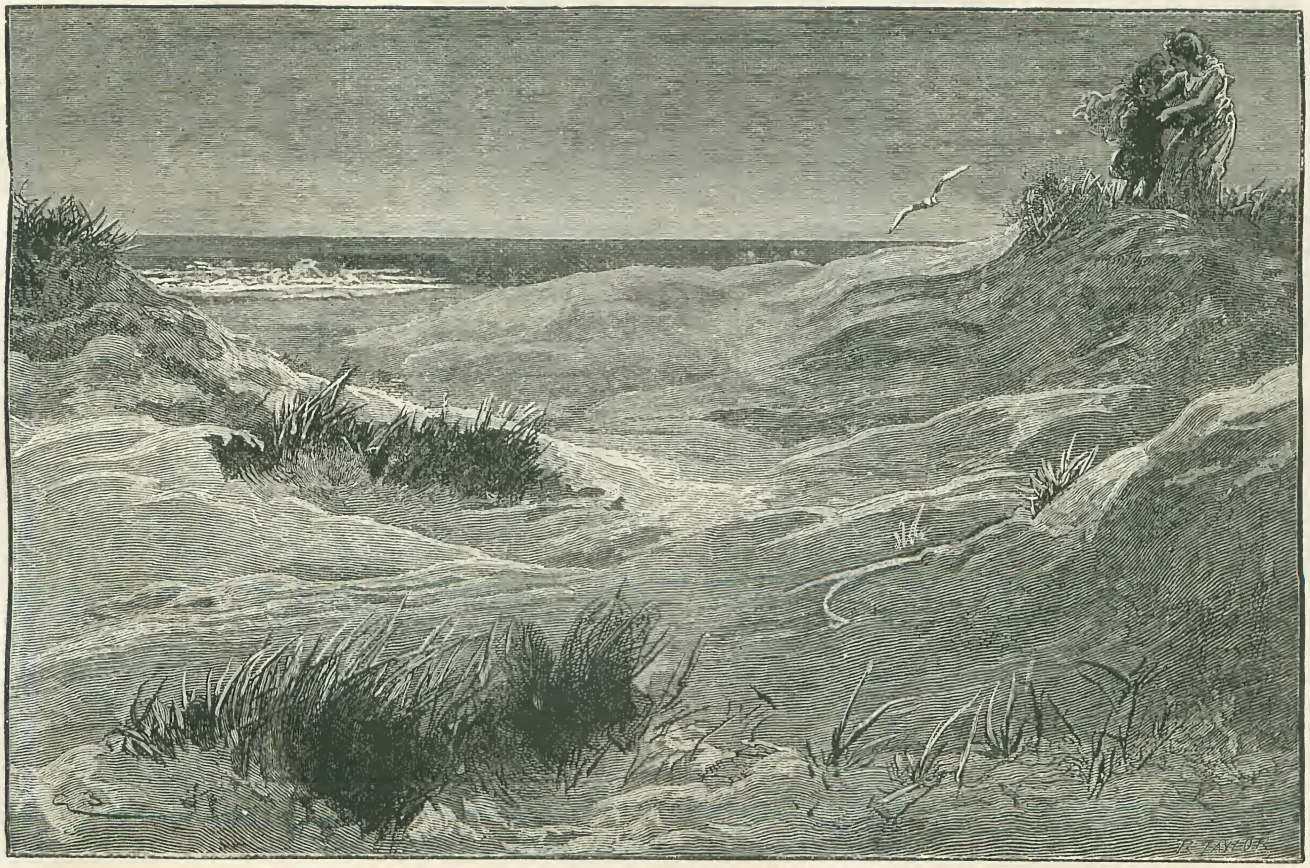
"Not for more than a day at a time on any account, unless in the shooting and hunting seasons," said his wife emphatically.

"I don't know anybody who would miss the town more than papa," chimed in Dorothy lightly. "What could he do without libraries and exhibitions, and lectures, and company always at hand; without the Row and the Museum, and the Albert Hall, not to say his office, which I have mentioned last because he only goes there when there is a meeting of the partners. Papa would not know what to do with himself."

(To be continued.)

DAISY'S DREAM; A STORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS SCULPTORS.

By JESSIE M. BARKER.



"SAND DUNES."

CHAPTER II.

THE next place to which Daisy was conveyed was a very remarkable valley, for along it lofty pillars were posted at intervals like sentinels. The effect was the more curious because on the top of each was perched a large block of stone, and Daisy was much puzzled to conceive how they came there.

"The rain has been hard at work in this valley," said the Queen. "It has worn away as much of the cliff as it could, but every here and there a large boulder has acted as an umbrella, and protected the ground beneath, and so we have these roughly-hewn columns."

"The pillars are of such different heights," remarked Daisy. "Here is a very short one."

"It all depends upon where the stones were found," replied the Queen. "A great deal of surface was washed away before that one was reached."

"It is strange to think all this has been done by the rain. I should never have guessed it if you had not told me."

"I dare say not, and yet the very same thing has often taken place before your eyes."

It had begun to rain heavily while the Queen was speaking, and she called Daisy's attention to a bank close to them, and told her to fix her eyes on a tiny pebble lying on the surface. In a very short time, to Daisy's great delight, the soil all round was carried away, and the pebble left on its little pedestal.

"See what one shower can do," said the Queen, "and then you will not despise the powers of the rain, though it has only little drops of water to work with. Every loose particle it finds it washes a little lower, nearer to the stream or river which is ready to carry it to the sea, and the steeper the slope the more quickly it can do this. I must tell you, too, that the rain is not content merely to remove loose soil and sand and wash away soft cliffs like those in this valley; it also attacks many hard rocks. You often find limestone carved into all sorts of fantastic shapes."

"By the rain?"

"Yes. The rain dissolves and carries away the lime. But rain is not the only enemy the rocks have to fear," continued the Queen, and taking Daisy in her arms, she put her down on the edge of a cliff. "Look over," she said, pointing to the foot of the crag, which was strewn with blocks and crumbled stone.

The air was very chilly, and Daisy, who had put out her hand from under her veil, drew it in with a shiver.

"You find it cold, no doubt," said the Queen, "for Jack Frost is at work here. Perhaps you did not know that water could get, not only into the joints and cracks, but also between the particles of hard rocks. Now when the frost finds its way to this water it makes it expand, and so the cracks are made wider and the particles are pushed apart. Come a few yards this way, for here is a block that has been pushed each winter further and further from the rest of the rock, until now it hangs over so much that its weight may bring it down at any moment."

"There it goes!" cried Daisy, for suddenly the heavy mass toppled over with a loud noise, breaking up as it reached the foot of the cliff, and splitting fragments off the rocks against which it fell.

"That is only a beginning," said the Queen, "for the frost will set to work again to break it into still smaller pieces. It would try your patience, or I could show you how the same thing may come to pass in quite a different way. In some countries where the days are hot and the nights much cooler, there are many rocks which expand during the heat of the day, and cool and contract so quickly at night that the surface splits up into fragments, and sometimes even crumbles into sand."

"What becomes of all the sand and crumbled rock?" asked Daisy.

"You may well ask," replied the Queen, "for if you look at that line of cliff in the distance, which once, with the cliff on which we are standing, formed part of a level plain, you will see what an immense amount of material must have been cleared away. The greater part, no doubt, has been carried off to the sea by streams and rivers; but wind also helps to remove sand and dust, particularly in dry and barren countries, as I will show you."

In a very short time the scene was changed, and Daisy found herself standing in a vast plain, surrounded by wave-like hillocks of sand stretching as far as the eye could see—a dreary waste, broken only by a little scanty vegetation here and there.

"You might think this was a specimen of the old sea bottoms I was telling you about," said the Queen; "but if I meant to show you one of those, I should take you to the Sahara, where you would find cockle-shells lying on the sand. This desert is entirely the wind's doing. It has gathered together these loose particles, and whirls them about and blows them into waves—as you see," added the Queen, pointing to a cloud of sand which was rapidly approaching them.

"Wind," she continued, "can also attack solid rocks. Put out your hand and feel with what force it is hurrying the grains along."

Daisy obeyed, but quickly withdrew her hand, for the driving sand made it smart.

"Now you shall see what is taking place near that distant line of cliff."

At the foot of the crag lay fallen blocks of stone, and these Daisy was surprised to find scratched and polished. She was also curious to know why it was that many of the stones appeared to stand on narrow pedestals, and the Queen called her attention to a cloud of sand drifting along near the ground, and pointed out that it was the base of the stones which was chiefly attacked.

"The sand wears away the base until it becomes too small to support the weight above, then the stones topple over, and the grains find a new surface to work upon."

"What made this hole?" asked Daisy, pointing to a hollow on the top of a large stone.

"The wind," replied the Queen. "It keeps those tiny pebbles going round and round, grinding out the hole in which they are lying."

They took another journey, and again found themselves in a sandy region. Before them, reaching inland for a mile or more,

"LOFTY PILLARS—LIKE SENTINELS."

stretched a range of sand-hills, bare as those of the desert but for patches of scanty grass here and there.

"Where are you now?" said the Queen, making Daisy look straight before her.

"Ah!" laughed Daisy, "I hear the sound of the waves behind me, and I spy some houses and trees in the distance, so I am sure we are not in another desert."

"These little hills are called dunes," said her guide. "They are also the work of the wind, which, finding an exposed shore, has been constantly driving the sand inland. In many cases woods, houses, and, indeed, whole villages have been buried in this way, and even here, where the wind is not so powerful, it is only those pine-woods, of which you catch a glimpse, that prevent the sand from encroaching still further. A little way along the coast, however, the sand has invaded a marsh, and there grass has grown up over the dunes, and prevents the wind from blowing them away."

"The grass is useful, then?"

"Yes; it protects the land from both wind and rain, and would be able to protect it still better if it were not for some very industrious little creatures. Come and see!"

"Whose garden are we in?" asked Daisy, looking rather timidly round her when they again alighted.

"No one can see you through your veil," said the Queen reassuringly. "I brought you here to look at these little brown spots on the lawn."

"The worms made those, didn't they?"

"They did. This garden covers about an acre of land, so there must be, speaking roughly, fifty thousand of them at work in it bringing up earth to the surface. In a corn-field of the same size there would be about half the number."

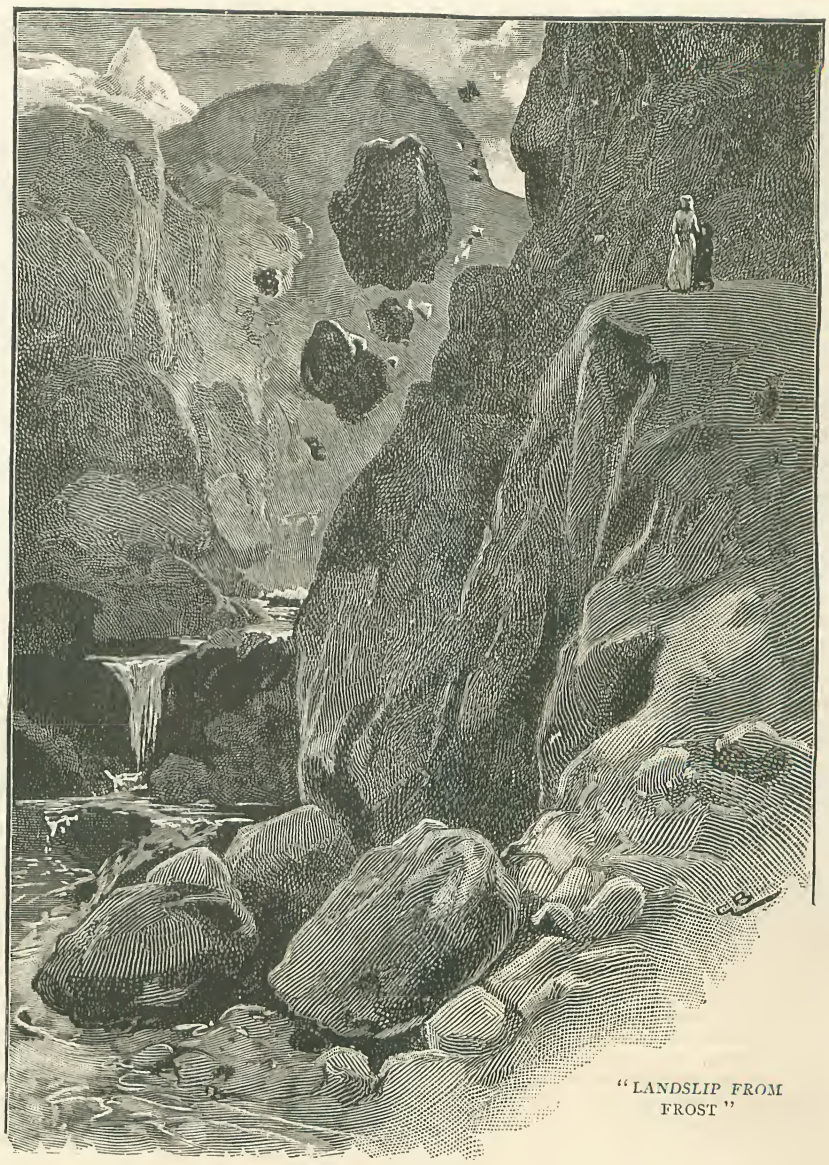
"What good does that do?" asked Daisy.

"Can't you guess? The soil is protected by this grassy covering until the worms throw it up into little heaps, and then the wind can blow it away, and the rain can wash it down the slopes."

"I never thought worms were of any use, except for birds to eat," said Daisy.

"They are useful in a multitude of ways. Wherever there is a thin layer of earth, there they are at work, acting as little ploughs, and keeping the soil in order for the plants to grow in."

(*To be continued.*)



"LANDSLIP FROM FROST"

HOW FRENCH GIRLS ARE EMPLOYED.

By HELEN ZIMMERN.

A BOOK of remarkable interest, especially for women, has just been published in Paris. It is called "The Young Girl's Practical Guide in the Choice of a Profession," and is compiled by Madame Paquet-Mille. It has been furnished with a preface by M. Jacques, the deputy for Paris. From these pages may be learned more than one hundred methods by which Frenchwomen may earn an honest livelihood in the city of Paris as well as in the provinces. These occupations are classed by the industrious compiler under the heads of—

1. Liberal professions.
2. Teaching.
3. Employment in public administration.
4. Private employment.
5. Trade, strictly so-called.

These are again sub-divided into—A, needlework; B, work connected with the household; C, printing work; D, professional trades; E, industrial trades; and F, artistic trades.

A few occupations, such as the cultivation of silkworms and the manufacture of steel pens, belong exclusively to the provinces. All the information given is in a clear, practical, and exhaustive form, and after perusing the book one cannot help feeling a thrill of admiration at the enormous amount of skilled labour it shows to exist in Paris, and the industry and intelligence that it must require. So many women, too, are employed in trades wholly feminine in their nature, but which demand, of course, a luxurious class for their maintenance, such as the manufacture of stuffs for furniture, brocades, etc., as well as the *articles de fantaisie*, which need continual invention to keep up with the fashions. Where would socialism place all these industries? one cannot help asking, and feeling more than ever how, if that system were introduced on the lines proposed by its advocates, a larger number of persons than they imagine would be thrown out of work.

Truly this book should form a very *vade-mecum* for Frenchwomen, who can find here information regarding every profession and trade open to them; information carefully arranged, and accurately specifying the methods of instruction, the prices paid for work, and the periods of interruption which occur in the same. They will also learn with what documents they must be furnished.

The liberal professions consist of artists, doctors of medicine, health officers, druggists, dentists, midwives, professional nurses, lady inspectors of charitable institutions, hospital assistants, herborists, stenographers, and inspectors of work in manufactories.

For musical artists there exists the Conservatoire, which is the best preparatory institution of the kind on the whole continent. The list of studies is: (1) Solfeggio, oral harmony, study of the piano, and of easy dramatic rôles; (2) Singing; (3) Lyrical declamation; (4) Piano and harp; (5) Stringed instruments

to be played with the bow; (6) Wind instruments; (7) Counterpoint, organ, and composition; (8) Dramatic declamation. The instruction is entirely gratuitous. For admission to the classes the candidate must be not less than nine years old and not more than twenty-two, and must register her name and deposit a copy of her certificate of birth and of vaccination. There is only one entrance competition each year, and the number of places in each class is limited, except in the case of choral solfeggio. The duration of study when there has been some previous instruction is from two to three years. A sum of 600 francs a year is offered for competition, to enable the successful scholar to continue her studies. Every pupil who misses two classes in a month is crossed out of the books, and no pupil can appear in public without permission from the director. They are further obliged to promise not to take any engagements until their course of studies is finished, and to give aid if required at any one of the subventioned theatres. Ten pensions of 600 francs and twelve of 1,200 francs are given annually, as adjudged by the examining committee, to the pupils in the classes of singing and declamation. These pensions can be withdrawn by the same authorities if for special reasons they think it desirable to do so. The candidate who gains the first prize can remain in the class for another year. For the second and third prizes silver medals are awarded. Two trials are necessary for admission to the class of dramatic declamation—a scene chosen by the aspirant—and if she succeeds well in this she is allowed to pass to the second trial, and recite a scene chosen by the jury from a list prepared by the candidate. The Conservatoire is open to foreigners, which, with a few exceptions, is not the case with the other trades and professions.

Painting is taught in professional schools and in private studios, there being no Government institution for the teaching of painting open to women. The "Association des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs," founded by Madame Berteux, offers to its members the best chance of success in this profession.

Since 1868 women have been authorised to study medicine under precisely the same conditions as men. They are also permitted to be health officers, and here too the conditions are the same as for the male candidates. The school of pharmacy requires for the diploma of chemist either a Bachelor's degree or a teacher's certificate. The course lasts six years, of which three are passed in practical work in a pharmacy. For dentists there is a school of odontology, founded in 1884, and here too women are received under the same conditions as men. Midwives must be furnished with the diploma of first or second-class. At the *Clinique d'Accouchement* women from eighteen to forty may attend the weekly practical lectures. After ten months' course of study an examination for the second-class diploma is held. The pupils leaving the Maternity usually possess a first-class diploma. All licensed midwives must possess a first-class diploma. From among these are chosen the nurses who reside at the hospital. These receive in payment 800 francs the first year, 1,000 the second, and 1,200 the third year. Seventy-five wet nurses are attached to the children's department of the *Clinique d'Accouchement*, and there are also certified wet-nurses attached to the other hospitals. They are paid 300 francs a year.

For the position of lady delegate no conditions are exacted. These ladies receive from 1,800 to 2,000 francs a year. The sick nurses can rise to be under-inspectors and even head-inspectors of their wards. These sick nurses must also be furnished with diplomas, but that given by the municipal schools is held sufficient. They receive from 230 to 500 francs a year with lodging, and from 1,500 to 2,200 without. There is no regularly established school of nursing in France, though it is probable that one will ere long be established. The prices for private nursing are the same as in other places.

Herborists learn their profession by following the botanical classes in the school of pharmacy.

There is no Government school of stenography—it must be learned under private teachers. France is probably the only European country enlightened enough to allow the post of stenographer to the Chamber of Deputies to be open to women. For their services in the Chamber they are paid 3,500 to 6,000 francs a year. Stenographers who report lectures, congresses, or conferences, are paid 60 francs an hour, each hour implying eight hours of transcribing. So far the method of Prévast Delaunay is the one most used.

Women are also chosen in France as inspectors of work of women and children in factories. Here there is a limitative age; they must be over 30 and not more than 45. They must pass an oral and written examination in the text of the laws bearing upon the subject, and they must prove that they have lived for at least five years in the Department of the Seine. They have 150 establishments to visit in a month, and concerning these they must report to the Prefect. They are all sworn in. To these posts there are no pensions attached, and the salary is about 1,800 francs a year.

As might be anticipated, the teaching profession is much overstocked. For private teaching no diploma is required, but practically it is needed, for a diplomaed teacher is always preferred. Ladies are sometimes attached to large scholastic establishments solely for the purpose of receiving the relations of the pupils. For their offices they are paid 50 francs a month and their board.

Secretaries and readers are paid from 100 to 300 francs a month: their hours are long and their duties fatiguing. Interpreters get two francs an hour. For the post of interpreter the candidate must get herself into good relations with the hotels, for it is here their services are chiefly required.

In a lower class of life, respectable women can earn 10 or 15 francs a month by taking children out for a walk every day, and thus relieving hard-worked mothers, and saving them the expense of a nurse. These women are not, properly speaking, teachers, but they often talk some foreign language, and are often required to do so, in order that their little charges may gain practice.

The public schools are divided into primary, secondary, and superior. In the primary the best positions to be obtained are those of inspectors. There are five inspectors of boarding schools and five of infant schools. The salary is a minimum of 4,000 francs a year, and a maximum of 5,500, with a biannual rise of 500 francs. The inspectors also receive 500 francs a year for extra expenses. In Paris itself there are six inspectors of girls' primary schools, and three of infant schools. The salary is 6,000 francs a year, including expenses. There is also an inspector of the class for book-keeping and modern languages, in which the salary, together with the expenses, amounts to 7,200 francs; and one post of inspector of schools for dressmaking and cutting-out. These schools are in the suburbs of Paris, and the salary is 3,000 francs a year. The postulants must be thirty years of age at least and thirty-five at most, and must hold the highest diploma. They can all receive pensions, calculated after the rules applied to the *employées* of the Préfecture of the Seine—that is, after thirty years' service they have the right to a pension equal to half their salary. This sum is deducted from their salaries at the rate of twenty per cent. The teachers in primary schools must also hold the highest diplomas, except in the infant schools, which require a simple diploma and certificate of aptitude. Here the salaries for the teachers are from 1,500 to 2,500 francs, for the directresses from 2,750 to 3,800 francs. Promotion can only be obtained after three years of service, and becomes a right after five. Good posts are those of adult school teachers, there being seventeen schools for adult women in Paris. There are sixty drawing schools throughout Paris and the provinces, but the salary of the teachers here is not fixed by Government. These schools are excellent, and are the best places in which to begin the study of art.

It is pretty evident that teachers in France are by no means ill-paid. In the professional schools the instruction given is entirely free, but the number of pupils admitted is limited. The ages range from thirteen to eighteen, and only candidates of French nationality are permitted. In these schools the pupils cannot live on the premises. The scholars are taught trades, such as fine white sewing, ironing, stay-making, artificial flower-making, millinery, dressmaking, and so forth, as well as household work. There are also classes for cooking and washing, and the pupils are further taught how to market with advantage. The number of pupils varies in the different schools, but none admit more than 200 at a time. To these professional schools commercial classes are attached, which are held in the evening. Here book-keeping is taught, and double entry. The school for the professional education of young girls, founded by Elise Lemonnier, has produced excellent results. In the Philo-technique association a section named after Victor Cousin is also open to women. The classes are held in the evening, and no formalities are necessary for entrance.

The high schools for women comprise the normal school at Sèvres, twenty-six lyceums, (of which two are in Paris), and twenty-six colleges. The educational curriculum differs from that given to boys. For entrance the highest French diploma is required, or a foreign one that answers to it. The candidate must not be less than twenty-one years of age, and must submit to the preliminary trials fixed by the law of 1860. The salary of the directresses is fixed at a minimum of 6,500 francs, and that of the under teachers at 1,400. For the schools in Paris the salary is slightly higher. The stewards, or rather clerks of the high schools, must pass two years' apprenticeship in one of them, and must produce a certificate. Five years' service is necessary before they can receive promotion. At Sèvres the mistresses have board, lodging, and washing free. The teachers of drawing receive from 1,600 to 3,000 francs a year, in return for which they must give sixteen hours' teaching a week. They are paid extra for supplementary lessons. The teaching of gymnastics is also confided to ladies in the girls' schools. They must have a certificate of competency, and give at least twelve hours' lessons a week. The salary is from 1,600 to 2,000 francs, and sixteen hours' service may be required of them every week without extra pay. The date of the *concours* of these posts is fixed every year by the Minister of the Interior. Besides the usual documents, aspirants must produce a medical certificate of their physical capacity. The examinations are in general the same as in other countries. The average salary of a governess is from 1,200 francs a year; but as this is a private matter, it of course varies according to the generosity of the particular family in which she is employed.

The Bank of France employs a very large number of women as accountants in the classification of bills, in the classification of coupons, and in the department of printing and binding. The ladies employed in this category are called *dames titulaires*. They are paid three francs fifty centimes a day, and are required to pass a preliminary examination in

writing, spelling, and arithmetic. The limiting age is from eighteen to thirty-five. In the printing office an apprenticeship of two years is required as *brocheuses* (pamphlet sewers). These women work in the same shop as the men, and are paid at exactly the same rates. After twenty years' service they are retired with a pension of 400 francs. Recommendations from influential persons are requisite for obtaining positions in the Bank of France.

In order to obtain employment in the administration of the railways it is necessary to be either the daughter, wife, or widow of an *employé*. Nearly 500 ladies are thus employed in the railways. Indeed, at French railway stations the ticket officers are nearly all women. In the railways there is not the same just payment as in the other State departments; here the women are paid just half as much as the men, while working quite as well.

The Crédit Foncier employs about 2,000 women on its staff; the entrance is by examination, and the limit of age sixteen to thirty-five. Candidates must produce good conduct certificates, both official and private, and must receive at the examination a maximum of marks—that is to say, twelve out of twenty. The salary in the first stage is three francs a day, rising to 1,700 francs a year. A tax of four per cent. levied upon the salary gives the right to a pension after twenty years' service.

In the Crédit Lyonnais women are also employed. For their entrance in this department the rules are not yet fixed. A cashier receives the salary of 2,000 to 2,500 francs a year, and a clerk from three to five francs a day.

In the Post, Telegraph, Telephone, and Postal Savings Bank Departments women are employed as follows: First, as auxiliaries in bureaux of secondary importance; secondly, as *employées* at the telegraph and telephone offices in Paris and other important towns; thirdly, as clerks in the Savings Bank and book-keeping department of Paris; fourthly, as receivers. The *personnel* is recruited from the auxiliaries, who must be sixteen years of age, and free from any weakness which would prevent their being employed in any branch of the service. These *aides* are under the direction of the receivers, and rise by examination. Postulants must prove that they have lived honourably in company with persons of their own families. Age for entrance, eighteen to twenty-five. The relatives of *employées* have the right to come up first for examination. The value of the appointments varies from 800 to 1,800 francs a year, rising at the rate of 100 francs at a time. Posts in the Savings Bank are reserved as far as may be for the wives, daughters, daughters-in-law, and sisters of public servants and officers of the army and navy.

There is no continental country in which women clerks are more employed than in France. Indeed, it is rare to enter a French shop and find a man in the post of accountant. Book-keepers are paid from 1,000 to 3,000 francs a year, and accountants much the same. In the commercial houses, where women clerks are also employed, they are often accorded an interest in the business.

In trades properly so called the apprenticeship is regulated by contract, and in most cases French nationality is held indispensable. The limit of hours of work for women is fixed by law at eleven daily after eighteen, and at ten for children under thirteen. There are seventeen institutions in Paris alone for the teaching of different trades. Those that are dangerous to health are forbidden to young children. The term of apprenticeship naturally varies according to the nature of the employment. Some trades are very intermittent in their times of work. The compiler gives an exhaustive list of these, from which it is interesting to cull a few examples. Thus: Basters do not work during January and April, and are paid about thirty-five centimes an hour. In embroidery no work is done in June, July, and August; if skilful, the workwomen are often paid at rates varying from three to twenty-five francs a day. Embroidery in silk and wool is especially well paid. The making of soldiers' linen is remunerated at the rate of from thirty, forty, to forty-five centimes an hour. Corset-makers for nine hours' good work receive an average of four francs a day. Dressmaking is very well paid, and so is the sewing of furs, and the making of costumes for the theatres. Ready-made clothes for export can generally be worked at home, and sometimes mantua-makers and ready-made dress makers can also take their work to their own abodes. The aspirant for employment in the mantua-maker's trade must learn the art of trying-on, and if possible must know one foreign language. For these the salary is from two to four francs a day. In this trade it appears that there is no intermission all the year round. Plain white sewing is not well paid owing to the competition of the large warehouses; but *articles de haute nouveauté*, on the other hand, are often remunerated at the rates of twenty, thirty, and sixty francs per garment. In men's cravat-making there is also excellent steady work, as well as in lace-making and glove-making. The trimming of bonnets, the making of bows for shoes, umbrellas, and parasols is intermittent, and so is the making of trimming of all kinds, this being dependent upon fashion.

A woman can earn a decent livelihood by going out as a mender to those ladies who have not time or capacity to do their own household work. Restoration of embroideries and tapestries is sometimes paid as much as four francs a day, but this work is, of course, very uncertain. In pleating and ruching, no work is done in January and February. In tailoring, women are paid according to the quality of their work. All work for children is well-paid and steady, and this work includes the dressing of dolls.

Women also do mattress-carding, which in France is generally done in the house. Laundresses are paid by the piece. Bread carriers are paid from eighteen to twenty-two francs a week, according to the quarter and the custom received, besides two pounds of bread per diem. Printers, stitchers, and folders are paid from one to three francs a day. A fairly remunerative occupation is the colouring of playing cards. As lithographers, cromo-lithographists, as fillers and markers of ink-bottles, as compositors, as bookbinders, good workwomen can earn five francs a day. The *articles de Paris* are well-paid, but change constantly according to the fashion, and the work cannot be depended upon. The making of fireworks is subject to accidents.

Too many to mention are those other small industries for women, comprising the making of small balloons, flags, steel springs for stays, and buttons. The latter is an extensive and important branch. Fairly well paid too are barbers' and dressmakers' dummies, but they must, of course, be good-looking. Fan making in all its branches, from the simple fan to the highly ornamented one, is a most important branch of woman's work in Paris, and in the case of artistic painting is often very highly paid. Well-paid, too, are the artificial flower-makers, for in this profession much natural taste is required. Strangely enough, some branches of this profession are unhealthy. For artificial flowers there is always a certain demand, but it fluctuates according to fashion. Some girls only make one species of flower.

In all trades connected with food women are, of course, largely employed. In biscuit-making they need to serve a somewhat arduous apprenticeship. The manufacture of shawls is very well paid, but is fatiguing. Taken as a whole there are not so many women employed in factories in Paris as in some other French towns. Sorting rags is a very unhealthy occupation; in this women are much employed, and receive in payment fifteen francs a week. Women are also employed in leather manufactories, preparing the leather, which is afterwards pressed in machines. In the making of military equipments women work equally in *ateliers* and in their own homes. Several large firms have the monopoly of this work, which is chiefly done by means of the sewing machine. In the making of perfumery, too, women are much employed; this and soap-making need but a very short apprenticeship. Tobacco employs 1,500 women a year out of 1,800 workpeople. For this six months' apprenticeship is needed, and the lowest salary is three francs fifty centimes a day. Weavers of fine stuff for furniture often receive three francs a day. The weaving of galloons for carriages and ribbons for decorations is done entirely by women.

Among the artistic trades, that of pottery in its various branches requires special aptitude and a long apprenticeship. It is sometimes very hurtful to the health. It is paid according to quality. To the class of artistic trades belongs the colouring of fashion plates, lithography, photography, and so forth. Religious picture cards for first communion, and other small religious publications, are extremely well-paid, especially if the designs are original, and the illumination carefully done. It is not a little amusing to read that the imitation of autographs is a profession that is well remunerated; one would rather have thought that it would lead its author to prison. The engraving of music is also largely done by women. It is well-paid, but requires expensive tools. Engraving on paper is being largely driven out by photography. Painting on porcelain and colouring glasses are all taught at the professional schools.

Under the head of trades connected with printing is ranged the immense amount of work given out by journalists and publishers. The paper industries, too, give employment to a large number of women. The immense amount of work done for export only is very striking; also the great number of fancy articles manufactured, such as cotillon favours, which all require more or less taste and skilled handiwork. All these employments are well, that is evenly and steadily, paid, and are regulated in a sensible and considerate manner. The French habit of classification and arrangement makes it possible for anyone to choose from this bookful of useful trades and professions the one most suited to the natural aptitude of the candidate. Altogether, the perusal of these pages proves that it is not without reason that France claims to be in the front ranks of civilisation. There is no European country that has such a noble record of women's work to show.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

BEATRICE.—Apply for the prospectus and information respecting the Oxford and Cambridge Exams. (Junior and Local) to H. T. Gerrans, Esq., Clarendon Buildings, Oxon.; and to Professor G. F. Browne, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge.

LILY BELL.—1. The address of the writer on "Bible Reading and Bible Study" is Miss Mary Petrie, B.A., Hanover Lodge, Hanover Terrace, W. She will gladly give you information about the "College by Post."—2. We regret that your verses are not suitable for publication, although perfectly unexceptionable in sentiment.

JERSEY.—Yes; there is the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls at St. John's Hill, S.W.; the office, 5, Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, W.C. This school is for the daughters of reduced or deceased Freemasons. For any further information, terms, and rules you should write to the Matron (or Lady Superintendent). The fact that it is intended for those in reduced circumstances must suggest small expense, if not free altogether.

EVELYN GILBERT.—1. We recommend you to apply to Miss Arabella Shore, Orchard Poyle, Taplow, Maidenhead, who will send you a list of subjects with a view to preparation for passing the higher Local Exams. There are small entrance fees and expenses of each term's course of education. — 2. February 2nd, 1875, was a Monday.

"N. or M."—You can obtain advice and the direction of home study from Miss Mondy, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C., Secretary of the National Home-Reading Society.

OLIVE BRANCH. — For sorting clerkships and telegraph learners in London the limits of age are fourteen and eighteen years, and in provincial towns fourteen and twenty-five years.

COB-NUT. — We believe that Miss Pryde has an agency as well as a Home for Governesses in Paris, but it is exceedingly rare that situations are found for them such as it would be desirable to accept. You might write to Mrs. Lewis also, at 77, Avenue Wagram. Miss Pryde's address is 153, Rue de la Pompe, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

AN INQUIRER.—Write for a prospectus to Professor Knight, Secretary, University of St. Andrews, N.B., which grants the Higher Women's Certificate (two guineas fee) and the title of LL.A. The subjects are those taught in the University, and in addition most of the physical and natural sciences; the French, German, and Italian languages and literature, history, music, fine art, and æsthetics. The standard of attainment, both for pass and honours, is the same as that required for the M.A. degree. To obtain the LL.A. degree you must pass in seven subjects, one at least being a language; or must gain honours in one subject and passes in the other five; or gain honours in two subjects and passes in the other three; or else gain honours in three subjects and a pass in one more.

COOKERY.

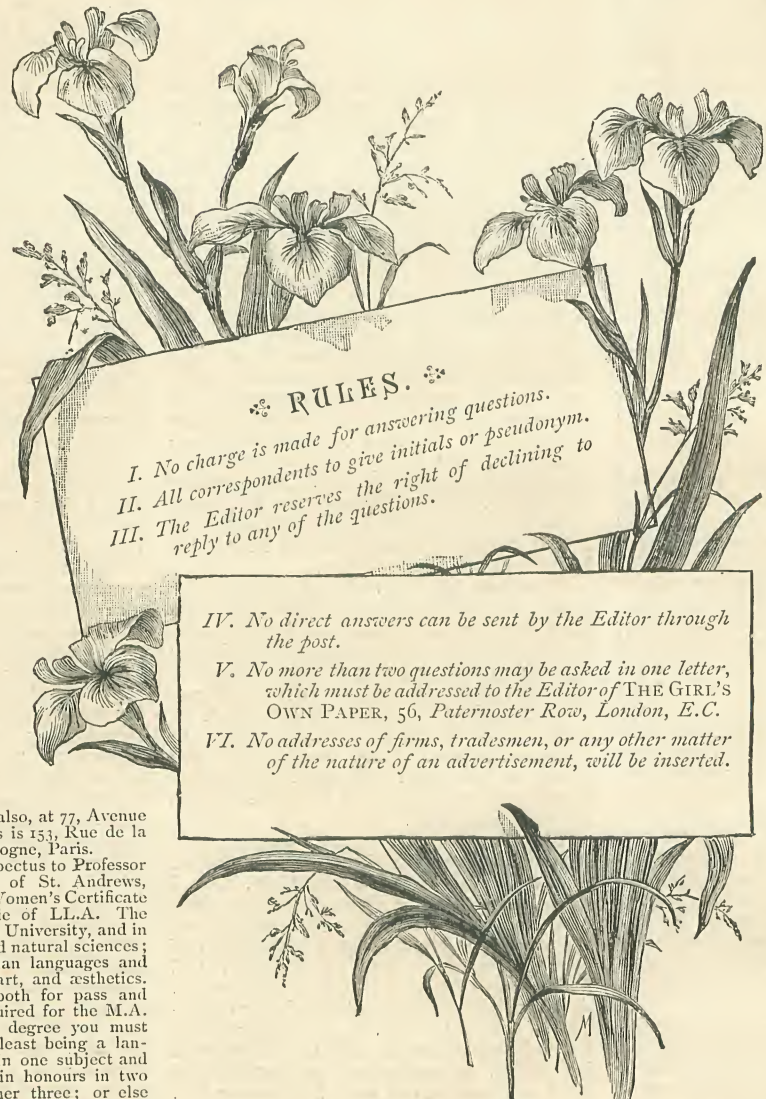
QUEENIE sends us a recipe for cream toffee:—Take equal quantities of cream and sugar, boil together, adding a small amount of essence of vanilla. When the mixture begins to thicken drop a little into a cup of cold water and feel whether it be hard like toffee, but not as hard as sugar toffee. If so, pour it into a flat buttered dish, and cut it when cool.—2. Various origins have been attributed to the sport of making April fools on the first of that month, but that which seems the most likely is this:—March 25th was formerly New Year's Day, and April 1st its octave, when its festivities culminated and ended. But they are by no means peculiar to England. The *Poisson d'Avril* is well appreciated in France; and on March 31st the Hulé Festival is kept in Hindostan; and similar tricks on the unreflecting credulity of others are played. In Scotland an April fool is called a "gowk," or cuckoo. We are glad that you so much appreciate our stories and cookery recipes, and thank you for yours.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INEZ DE JERSEY.—November 5th, 1870, was a Saturday.

IRISH LASSIE.—It is evident that you have never lived in Ireland. We have never seen a lady driving an "outside jaunting-car," nor indeed an "inside covered car" either. They drive phaetons or small wagonettes.

DISTRESSED MOTHER.—You will have to tie a light bandage, or put a little black shade, over the eye that can turn properly, and thus oblige the child to use the bad eye with the contracted muscles until the latter work freely.



A. D.—We must refer you for all such information as you require to the minister of the Congregational church you propose to attend.

THE REV. A. H. MACDONALD (New Hebrides).—Your letter was read with great interest, and we wish you much success in your missionary work. It pleases us to hear that you like our magazine; and whenever you may feel disposed to write to us again we shall like to know how your work prospers, and that you and your wife are safe and well, and not discouraged in your anxious and arduous labours.

SILVER.—You would have to enquire at a chocolate manufactory, or some such place where silvered paper is employed.

BEALY.—The washing of a mirror with quicksilver must be done by a professional hand. No amateur could accomplish such an art.

MRS. H. V. JACKSON.—It is against our rules to give shop addresses.

ONE IN DOUBT.—Let no vow whatsoever come between you and God. You are absolutely bound to obey His commands. Every other engagement must come second to that.

ALEXIS.—The clause refers to a marriage contracted within the limits prescribed in the "Table of Kindred and Affinity," to be found in the Book of Common Prayer. You are troubling yourself without cause. Of course were your intended husband an unbeliever, there is a solemn warning given of uniting yourself to such being opposed to your own Christian faith; but were you to set aside this warning to your soul's great danger, if not positive injury, you would not thereby contract an illegal marriage, nor cause your children to be illegitimate. There is no reason that we are aware of to prevent your acceptance of the friendship of the girl of whom you speak.

LEONÉE (Paris).—We are glad to hear that you like our paper so much. Your English is very creditable. There is no society that provides stories or other works for translation into French. You will have to write to the author of any book you wish to translate, and ask permission so to do (to the care of the publisher, who will forward your letter). You have given no address except Paris.

IVYLEIGH.—The style of your letter is old-fashioned in form (as you ask for an opinion of its composition) and the spelling also. The word *Selah* is supposed to be a term having reference to the musical rendering of the Psalms, which are metrical in character, and used to be sung or chanted in Divine worship by the Israelites; a direction, in fact, to the musicians. Your spelling is very incorrect. This is the chief fault which we see in your letter, which is a kind one, and for which we thank you.

UNCERTAIN ALLISON should not give her photograph to any man if not engaged to him, nor should she either give or receive any presents. It would be giving him very great encouragement, or courting his favourable intentions, and it would be indelicate and undignified to do that.

PIN.—We think you may call yourself "Pin" with reason, as you risk giving your sister continual pin-pricks if in the habit of kissing her intended husband. It is certainly far from expedient, or usual, and a feeling of pride may influence her in her silence about it. If from great affection to you, and much confidence, she may tolerate your great familiarity with one who is nothing to you (excepting after the marriage for your sister's sake), you should only be the more scrupulous and delicate towards her feelings in return. As it is your conduct is unseemly, and you are "playing with edged tools." Of course at the wedding, when so many kiss the bride, her husband may kiss her sister in public, and usually does so. Whether they do so in after life—at the morning greeting, or a meeting after absence—depends on circumstances.

J. and O.—If you wish to be "prevented from eating so much," ask your mother to give you what she considers a reasonable amount, and do not ask for a second helping. You speak as it you had no strength of purpose and power of self-restraint. Do not, however, attempt to *thin* yourselves by insufficient nutrition, or your blood will become thin, and you may get blotches and other troubles in consequence, neuralgia included.

ELLEN.—1. Yes, there is a demand for well-trained servants of all kinds in the United States and British America.—2. Your hand is quite unformed, and your spelling needs attention.

BASIL.—As a rule for general guidance you should return a visit within a few days, or even immediately if a first visit. The sooner it is returned the more appreciation is evidenced of the honour or pleasure the visit has afforded you. It is not polite—not to say cordially friendly—to leave a visit long unreturned.

SCOTCHIE.—We thank you much for your kind proposal, but we have ceased to issue cards for that object.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

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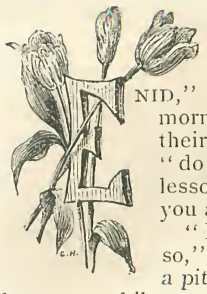
"'JUST LOOK, ENID, WHAT LOVELY FLOWERS.'"



CHAPTER VI.

NEW FRIENDS.

NID," said her cousin one morning, as they were on their way to the studio, "do you think of taking lessons in Italian whilst you are in Rome?"

"I should like to do so," said Enid; "it seems a pity not to acquire the language whilst one is in the country."

"It does, indeed," said Maud, who spoke Italian fluently, if not with perfect accuracy.

"Well, if you are disposed to learn, I have heard of a teacher for you. Signora Campodonica was telling me yesterday of a young lady, a friend of hers, who wishes to give lessons. She is well educated — for an Italian girl — and speaks English; but she has never taught before, so her terms will be low."

"Which will suit me excellently well," said Enid.

"Yes, I think she would do for you. All you want is to learn to speak. Signora Campodonica speaks of Signorina Ravani as a charming girl. She is of good family; but her mother is a widow in very straitened circumstances. There is a son who is married and in a good position, and it seems that he exercises rather tyrannical authority over his mother and sister."

So it was arranged that Enid should take lessons of Signorina Ravani. As the house in which she lived was near the *pension* where Enid and her cousin boarded, and it is not considered correct for Italian young ladies to walk unprotected through the streets, Enid agreed to go there to receive her lessons.

At the hour fixed for her first lesson, Enid, after climbing several flights of stone stairs—an inevitable preliminary to every visit one pays in Rome—reached the small *appartement* occupied by Signora Ravani and her daughter. The servant ushered her into a small anteroom, simply but prettily furnished, with snowy curtains at the window, and flowers tastefully disposed here and there. As the morning air was rather sharp, the servant placed at her feet a *cassetta*, as the Italians call the perforated boxes filled with hot charcoal so much used in Italy, and gave her a *scaldina*, or earthenware vase filled with hot ashes, at which to warm her fingers. A few moments later, Adela Ravani entered the room.

Enid had come prepared to be pleased with her teacher; but the beauty of the young Italian girl fairly took her by surprise. Here was a face and form such as books had described to her as belonging to Italy, but which she had not before beheld. Adela's features were delicately cut as a cameo, she had the pure olive complexion, so peculiarly Italian, and the most glorious eyes imaginable. Enid could hardly conceal the admiration with which this girl's appearance inspired her. She fell in love with her at once, and was ready, with all a young girl's passionate enthusiasm for beauty in her own sex, to believe that she saw before her one who was as good and noble as she was beautiful.

Her young teacher appeared quite unconscious of the effect she produced. There was not a trace of vanity in her demeanour. She seemed anxious and even nervous about the lesson. She had never taught before, she said, and she hoped Miss Mildmay would tell her if she did not like her method. Enid happened to have a decided opinion of her own as to the best mode of studying a language, so in the end she instructed Signorina Ravani how to teach her. But the first lesson was a simple enough affair, and Enid went away well pleased with it, and with her teacher.

"You must see her, Maud," she said to her cousin; "she is the loveliest girl you ever saw in your life. You will want her for a model, I am sure. She would be splendid for a picture."

"A model! Enid, what are you saying? Fancy a Roman lady condescending to sit as an artist's model!"

"Well, all I meant was, that you should paint her portrait," said Enid.

"But I am no portrait painter, alas!" said Maud. Her complacency had recovered from the shock dealt to it by Herr Schmitz's criticism; but she had not quite forgotten the lesson.

"Did I tell you, Maud, that father and mother wished me to take some lessons in painting whilst I am here?"

"Yes, I think you said something about it. You will find no difficulty; there are plenty of masters."

"But I want a really good one," said Enid. "Of whom did you learn, Maud?"

"Oh, I used to go to Signor Campodonica's studio," said Maud; "but I must warn you that his terms are very high."

"Then that will not do for me," said Enid. "However, there is time to consider the matter. I cannot settle to steady work till I have seen more of Rome. I am going to the Capitol now, Maud."

"Very well; go and enjoy yourself in your own way," said Maud. "Here is my model, so I am bound to work hard for the next two hours."

A round-faced, olive-skinned boy, with melancholy dark eyes, entered the studio. He wore the picturesque costume of an Italian peasant, and his face struck Enid as very familiar. In fact, she had already seen it under various guises in the picture shops of Rome.

Maud set to work, and Enid went on her way to the Capitol. As she ran down the stairs she met Miss Strutt toiling slowly up them. She looked so pale and sad that Enid could not bear to pass her with a mere "Good morning." So she plucked up courage to stop and say, "Good morning, Miss Strutt. You know, perhaps, that my cousin and I work in a studio upstairs. Since we are neighbours, I have been wondering whether you would mind letting me see your paintings some day, whenever it is convenient?"

Miss Strutt looked surprised, but not displeased. "Certainly," she said, and her voice had a pleasant sound; "I am always at home to show people my pictures on Thursday afternoons." She looked observingly at the young girl before her, then added, as if wishing to express more cordiality, "But I shall be happy to show them to you at any time. Perhaps you could look in this afternoon?"

"Thank you; I shall be very pleased to do so," Enid said.

Maud laughed at her cousin for being so eager to make the acquaintance of an old maid, and declared that she would find her a bore; but Enid's experience was quite otherwise. She had proposed her visit with the hope of brightening somewhat a lonely, dreary life; but her kind thought was richly rewarded. She was surprised that Maud should have spoken so slightingly of Miss Strutt's work when she saw how very beautiful her water-colours were. They were the work of one who had a passionate love of Nature, with insight and skill to catch and reproduce the changeful beauty of her moods. Here were lovely little bits of the Campagna crossed by the broken arches of the old aqueduct; an avenue of trees, with their play of light and shadow, framing a distant view of St. Peter's; fragments of ruined temples, with a glowing sky for background, and many distant country scenes, with which Enid was as yet unacquainted. It was a delight to Enid to see such pictures as these.

"You paint yourself," said Miss Strutt, reminded of this by the way in which Enid was observing her paintings.

"I try to," said Enid, half in despair; "but I shall never, never do anything to be compared with these."

"Yes, you will; and better things, I have no doubt, in time. Will you bring some of your paintings to show me some day?"

"If you would like to see them," said Enid; "but they are really not worth showing."

"Your modesty does you credit, my dear. I have little doubt your work is better than you think. Anyhow, let me see it. I may be able to give you a hint or two which may be useful."

"Indeed I should be most grateful for them," said Enid eagerly. "I want to take some lessons whilst I am in Rome. I suppose," she added, on a sudden impulse, "you do not give lessons?"

"I have never done so," said Miss Strutt. "I do not think I have sufficient patience to teach; but I shall be very happy to give you any help I can. I had myself a most excellent teacher."

"Indeed!" said Enid, interested.

"Yes, Herr Schmitz was my teacher."

"Ah, you do not mean it!" cried Enid. "Was he not dreadfully hard to please?"

"He certainly was. You see, he has a very high standard, and nothing short of the best will satisfy him. It was just that which made him so good a teacher."

"His own paintings, I suppose, are very fine?" said Enid.

"They are, indeed. He is a genius. I owe much to him, for he has been a true friend to me. He *is* kind at heart, although he has such a way of riding

rough-shod over people's feelings. I could take you to see his pictures some day if you would like."

"I should like it immensely," said Enid. She felt strongly drawn to Miss Strutt, in spite of her peculiarities of manner and odd dress. Her face, if melancholy, had a kind, sympathetic expression as she talked, and Enid liked the sound of the strong Scotch accent which years of residence abroad had not impaired.

Miss Strutt's studio presented a marked contrast to the Studio Mariano. The furniture was of the homeliest kind. There was nothing decorative save some fine palms and ferns, carefully tended by their owner, a few plaster casts, and Miss Strutt's own sketches, with which the walls were covered. These last would have sufficed to beautify any room. The arrangements for Miss Strutt's personal comfort were of the simplest nature. It touched Enid to see the tiny cauldron of hot water on the stove, and the little earthenware teapot and solitary cup and saucer on the table. "I could not bear to live all alone like this," she thought.

Presently Miss Strutt produced another cup from the cupboard, and invited her visitor to take some tea with her. Enid did not refuse. The tea was excellent. In spite of the homeliness of her surroundings Enid was inclined to doubt whether Miss Strutt was so poor as Maud had represented her to be. Such pictures as hers were hardly likely to lack purchasers, especially as she could boast the friendship and approval of Herr Schmitz.

As they took their tea the two talked more freely.

"You have lived many years in Rome, I suppose?" said Enid.

"Fifteen years," was the reply.

"How long!" said Enid. "But you have been home—to Scotland, I mean—during that time?"

"Only once, and that is eleven years ago."

"Indeed! Then Rome has really become your home. You do not long to return to Scotland?"

"No," said Miss Strutt, in rather a sad voice; "I shall never go back to Edinburgh again; I have no friends in Scotland now."

"But you do not stay in Rome all the year?"

"No; as a rule I go to Montepulciano, or some country place where I can work out of doors for the summer. But I *have* passed more than one summer in Rome."

"And you are not lonely?" said Enid, suddenly asking the question she had resolved not to ask.

"Not now. I have my work and I have Nature. Ah! you young things cannot understand how some of us older ones, whose lives lack so much that seems to you desirable, learn to love Nature; how she reveals herself to us, takes us to her bosom, unfolds to us her secrets; how her voice becomes to us the very voice of God, soothing, guiding, teaching. The weeks which I spend amongst the mountains are the happiest seasons of my life. But if I talk in this way you will think me sentimental."

"No, I shall not," said Enid. "Indeed, I understand you better than that. I too love Nature."

"I know you do; but——" Miss Strutt paused, and looked observantly with a gentle, kindly air at the bright young face before her ere she went on. "But you will never come so near to Nature as I have, because your life will be quite different from mine. I can venture to prophecy that. You are not made for a solitary life."

"I have had no experience of solitude as yet," said Enid smiling. "I certainly cannot imagine myself liking it."

"You belong to a large family?"

"There are seven of us," said Enid; "father and mother and seven children, of whom five—is it not dreadful?—are girls."

"I see nothing dreadful in it," said Miss Strutt. "I think you are very happy."

She asked a few questions about Enid's brothers and sisters, and Enid, only too happy to talk of it, was soon giving her a full account of her home life. The time passed so pleasantly thus that she was surprised to hear the bell of a neighbouring convent begin to ring, which told that it was nearly five o'clock.

"I must go now," she said rising; "Maud will wonder what has become of me."

"Will you come again?" asked Miss Strutt. "Believe me, although I have grown used to solitude, a visit now and then from you will make a very agreeable break in its monotony."

"Thank you; I shall be very pleased to come," said Enid.

"And bring some of your paintings to show me when you come again, will you?"

Enid promised that she would do so.

As she emerged from the narrow passage which led to Miss Strutt's studio, she met Julius Dakin descending the stairs.

"And where do you spring from, Miss Mildmay?" he asked, when they had shaken hands.

"I have been in Miss Strutt's studio," said Enid. "Do you know Miss Strutt?"

"Only by sight," he said, a mischievous look in his dark eyes; "only by sight; but it is a great thing to know Miss Strutt by sight."

"Now, I am not going to let you laugh at Miss Strutt," said Enid. "I like her very much, and she paints beautifully. You would not laugh at her paintings if you saw them."

"No, should I not? One often sees paintings that are very amusing, especially when they are not meant to be comical. But tell me about Miss Strutt's paintings!" And he leaned against the banisters, evidently in no hurry to move on.

"She paints in water-colours; but I cannot describe her work. I wish you would go and see her pictures some day."

"Then I will, certainly. On what day does she receive?"

"On Thursday afternoon."

"Perhaps she would think it strange of me to appear without an introduction," said Dakin insinuatingly. "I wish you would be so kind as to accompany me some afternoon, Miss Mildmay, and introduce me to Miss Strutt?"

"Oh, certainly," said Enid carelessly; "Maud is coming down with me some afternoon to see Miss Strutt's pictures, and there is no reason why you should not join us if you would like to."

This was not exactly what Julius Dakin desired; but it was impossible to object to the arrangement.

"Thank you; I should be most happy to do so," he said. "I will call for you on Thursday afternoon, with your kind permission. I have just seen Miss Marian; she has been working very hard to-day."

"Yes," said Enid, prepared to move on; but he made another effort to detain her.

"You are much interested in this Miss Strutt?"

"I like her, and I feel sorry for her," said Enid simply. "She seems to lead a very lonely life, and she works very hard. I wonder if her pictures sell well. She has a good many to show."

"Would you like me to buy one of her pictures?" asked Julius quickly.

"I like you!" said Enid surprised. "That is entirely your own affair, Mr. Dakin."

"Yes, of course; I mean—I should have said—would you advise me to buy one?"

"Oh, I could not advise you, Mr. Dakin. I think the pictures good, but I am no judge. My advice would be worth nothing."

"You are mistaken; it is worth a good deal to me."

"Now you are flattering me, Mr. Dakin, and I will wish you good-day," said Enid, retreating up the staircase.

"Indeed, that is not flattery," he protested. "I am keeping strictly to our compact. Do you not remember that we agreed to say to each other exactly what we mean on every occasion."

"I do not think *I made any* promise," said Enid laughing; "and I certainly did not agree to advise you with regard to buying pictures. Good-bye." And she ran up the stairs.

Entering the studio, she found Maud engaged in arranging in vases a profusion of exquisite flowers.

"I met Mr. Dakin on the stairs," Enid began breathlessly. She was determined there should be no concealment on this occasion.

"Yes, he has been here," said Maud. "Just look, Enid, what lovely flowers he has brought me! He stayed here talking for some time. He thinks I have made a good study of my model."

Enid silently turned to look at her cousin's drawing.

"It was good of him to bring me these flowers," said Maud, evidently delighted with the gift; "such lots of heliotrope! He knows how I love heliotrope."

In truth, Julius Dakin had intended to present the flowers to both the young ladies. They were no more for Maud than for Enid, but finding the former alone, it had been difficult to explain this, and he had had to endure the vexation of seeing Maud accept the flowers as a token of devotion to herself.

(To be continued.)

BESSIE GILBERT.

By ALICE KING.

THERE are some lives which are coloured by their surroundings; there are some lives which give colour to the things around them. Bessie Gilbert was one of these latter. God laid upon her a heavy infirmity to bear throughout her earthly journey, but at the same time He gifted her with a strength of will, and energy of purpose, which enabled her to become a blessing to thousands, and to paint with brightness many and many existences, which, in all human probability, would otherwise have remained, as far as this world was concerned, wrapped in densest shadow.

One day in August, 1826, a new baby, the third that hitherto had been added to the family, was carried into the nursery of the house of Mr. Gilbert, the principal of Brasenose College at Oxford. The cradle of the tiny maiden was rocked in grave scholastic shadows, but as soon as she was able to spring out of it, she began to laugh and gambol in a way more suggestive of the woodland fairies than of the demure classic sprites who glide hither and thither through academic cloisters. No merrier, more winsome, more tricksy elf ever played on a nursery floor than little Bessie; and above all the other features which twinkled, and danced, and sparkled in that little rosebud of a face, everyone who approached her noticed the beauty and expression of the large, dark, shining eyes.

Not for long, however, were parents and loving relations and household friends to rejoice in the radiance of those twin pair of stars; not for long were those intelligent eyes to bring news of the outer world to the young mind which was waking with such bright promise. Bessie was, in truth, to be always a child of light, but the light was not to come from the sun, or even from loving faces looking down upon her. She was but three years old when she caught the scarlet fever; the disease grew rapidly worse, until it declared itself in a most malignant form. Day by day the sad parents watched beside the bed of their darling, and day by day the lamp of hope flickered more and more faintly. It seemed, at length, as if they must resign themselves to their loss; medical skill had done its utmost, but without result; they bowed their heads and whispered, "Thy will be done." The child would soon, they thought, be the happy companion of the angels.

But Bessie was not yet to go up into the Better Land. The disease took one of those sudden turns for the better which, in such cases, sometimes astonish the most watchful and experienced medical care, and the house rang with a hymn of thanksgiving from end to end as the glad news went forth through it that the child would live.

At first no one had an idea of anything but that their Bessie would be restored to them just as she was before; restored to go her way brightly and bravely through life, following the ordinary course of woman's story; but they were soon to learn, that though, in truth, she was to go on her earthly road in courage and strength, hers was to be no commonplace history. A crushing calamity was to come upon her, but just that calamity was to make her a woman whose story would be worth writing; she was to be enveloped in darkness, and yet out of that darkness she was to shed forth much light. Had a prophet stood by the bed of the child lying there slowly shaking off the burning hand of the deadly fever, and predicted these strange paradoxes concerning her future, he would have been listened to by the watchers there with about as much attention as they had lately paid to the delirious babblings of the little patient herself; and yet these strange, apparently impossible, words were literally to come true in the life of Bessie Gilbert.

The child's eyes had suffered considerably throughout the illness; but this is not unusual in scarlet fever, and it was hoped that they would completely recover as her bodily health improved. Her throat must, they knew, be permanently affected by the complaint; she would always have to drink in sips; the lining of the throat was so much injured she would never again be able to swallow liquids with rapidity; but her eyes, they surely, by-and-by, would completely be restored. As the days went on, however, the faces of the kind doctors, as they bent over the little bed and examined the young eyes just opening on the world, grew more and more doubtful and sad, until at length the word "blind" began to be whispered mournfully among them, began to reach the loving parents' ears. They strove for a little while to hope against hope; but soon the innocent little one herself confirmed their worst fears, as from her lips came the piteous request, "Oh, nursie, if I am very good, will you promise to light a candle to-morrow, and let me see my doll?"

Yes, there was no more any use in trying to avoid the knowledge of the sad truth—the child was blind for life. The cleverest oculists of the day were powerless in the case; the sight was gone irrecoverably. It was an agonised certainty at first for Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert; but they were brave, Christian people, and they resigned both themselves and their child humbly to an Almighty Father's will, and resolved to meet the trouble bravely and cheerfully. The child should suffer as little as possible from her loss; and first of all she should not, on account of her infirmity, be condemned to live an isolated, separate life; she should be brought up with her sisters just as they were, and should, as far as possible, be kept from the knowledge that blindness is regarded as a terrible misfortune by the generality of mankind.

These principles, laid down by Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert for the bringing up of their blind daughter, were fully carried out throughout Bessie's whole childhood and girlhood. With her sisters she was taught music and languages, and her correct musical ear, and retentive memory and quickness of apprehension, made her able entirely to keep pace with them, and even sometimes outstrip them in these studies. She ran about and played with the other children as merrily as the rest, for her faculties of hearing and touch had been so delicately sharpened that they took the place of sight, and she appeared not in the least to miss the loss of her eyes. She was taught to read with her fingers, and at family prayers, when all the children read a verse of scripture in turn, little Bessie's verse rang out in the holy chime, which went round the household circle from the young voices, as steadily and clearly as the verses of any of the rest. She did exactly what her sisters did, and friends who came to the house quite forgot that Bessie was blind. So full of warm, bright vitality, indeed, was she at this period that her pet name in the family was "Little Blossom."

But while they thus carefully guarded their blind daughter from leading a life apart, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert spared no trouble in enquiring far and near with regard to everything that was invented for the instruction of the blind. In this they were ably seconded by a very intellectual governess, who had the warmest affection for Bessie, and took a real pride in the development of her mind. In those days, however, the education of the blind had not been made the object of thought and invention that it has of late years, and with the best will in the world for the task, parents and governess could not find out much to do for Bessie in this direction. She was taught to write by means of a frame invented by a Frenchman called Foucault, but this invention fell immeasurably short of the beautiful American type-writer, by means of which the blind can now compete with those who have sight in rapidity as writers, and can far excel most people with eyes in clearness and distinctness of handwriting. However, Bessie did learn to write in this manner on her French frame, and was thus enabled to correspond with her many friends.

Best of all, Bessie received from her parents the highest, most precious gift that can be bestowed upon a child in the daily education of a Christian home, where right doing and feeling and thinking came to the children with the very air they breathed. Such a bringing up was, in truth, a priceless treasure for the blind girl, and became for her a staff of life throughout all future years of suffering and difficulty.

Bessie Gilbert was just stepping into early womanhood when her father was made Bishop of Chichester, an event which brought her into closer contact with the great world than she had been before. Her figure stands out very distinctly before us at this period. A graceful, girlish form, with a refined face peculiarly remarkable for April-like mobility of expression; a laugh that rings out joyous as a bird's spring note; a sympathy ready as a harp-string to thrill at every touch of gladness or of sorrow from those around her; an intellect that made her able to float down deep currents of thought, or to sparkle into witty fun as she talked with the men of mind who frequented the Principal's home at Oxford or the Bishop's Palace at Chichester; a talent for music that made her equally proficient with piano, or harp, or guitar, while her flexible voice ran on from operatic air to old ballad with swift facility. These things, blended into a fair, harmonious whole, formed the Bessie Gilbert of the period of which we are now speaking.

Before long, however, there was to come a grey cloud over the brightness. When the girl began to mix with the great world of London, there came over her, for the first time, a feeling that her blindness placed her at a certain disadvantage. It was a morbid idea that, in reality, had very little truth in it, but perhaps it was a natural one at her age and with her surroundings. She was also further saddened by her favourite sister leaving her for a new home at a husband's side. Thus it came to pass that the blind girl fell into a state of despondency, and that, for a time, it seemed likely that her existence would be spent in gliding along a stream of listless apathy. Those who loved her grieved over her, yet saw no help for her: but she was soon to find help for herself, and for many another besides.

Bessie Gilbert was a Christian woman in the highest, noblest, fullest sense of the word; and, moreover, Bessie Gilbert was a woman who

had in her character vast stores of energy and will and strength. One day, when she sat alone, there flashed into her mind a thought of the hundreds upon hundreds of blind people who had not had her education and advantages. That thought grew rapidly into a great purpose, a firm, brave resolve. In those days of which we are writing not a single effort had, as yet, been made either to educate the blind or to make them helpful to themselves. Some people said that to struggle with such a disability as blindness was useless and impossible, and like trying to manufacture sunbeams out of darkness. Some people took what they were pleased to consider higher ground, and said blindness was a judgment of God, and that it was absolutely wrong to do anything to mitigate its effects. Some people—and these were the larger part of the community—never troubled themselves with thinking or speaking about the blind at all. But this blind woman, Bessie Gilbert, determined that, God helping her, these things should no longer be; blind men and women should be enabled to take a reasonable, active place in the community, and to live by the work of their own brains or hands. The higher classes, the moneyed classes, should hear of such an effort, and should be made to co-operate in it. Men of intellect should be enlisted in the cause. It seemed, in truth, an overwhelming, a chimerical undertaking for a blind girl; but she had hope and steadfast energy; she had a vast capital of Christian love and of deepest human sympathy; and she went forward boldly and calmly to the work for which God had raised her up. From her godmother she had inherited a fortune which made her independent, and placed her in a different position from most young women at her age; and here at once was a point of vantage ground to start upon. She did not, however, separate herself from her family when she set about what she believed to be her mission. The love of her parents, and more especially of her father, followed her approvingly in her course, and throughout her career her brothers and sisters were always her sympathising, appreciative friends. This feature in Bessie Gilbert's story should be noted and remembered by girls who undertake any special work in life.

Bessie Gilbert's work for the blind sprang into being and vitality with what seems almost fabulous rapidity, showing what sustained energy of purpose, even in a single woman, may do. A blind association was formed; institutions for the blind started up as if by magic; blind men and women were taught different handicrafts, and were enabled to gain their own livelihood, and to hold their own in the social system instead of being a dead weight upon it. Such names as those of Bishop Wilberforce and William Gladstone were on the roll-call of those who came forward to champion the cause the courageous blind lady had taken in hand, and royalty itself set a seal of gracious sanction upon her noble, self-devoted work.

Various scenes of Bessie Gilbert's history rise up before us in quick succession. We see her walking round the sunny garden of a country vicarage leaning on the arm of a man from whose face, so radiant with mind, so instinct with power, we cannot turn away our eyes. We listen in rapt eagerness as sentences of deep earnestness or flashes of fun leave his lips; and no wonder, for we are looking at and listening to Charles Kingsley.

Next we see Bessie in a little back parlour of a house in a narrow London street. What a strange living picture here meets our view. A man, with the most intense eagerness written upon every speaking feature, though no light of sight is there, is sitting motionless as a carved figure, while a little girl stands by his side with a newspaper before her, making with her hands what seem to the uninitiated the most extraordinary cabalistic signs round and round his head. This is one of Miss Gilbert's favourite *protégées*—a blind and deaf man whom she has put in the way of earning his own living, and to whom she has taught the deaf and dumb alphabet, by means of which his little girl is now communicating to him what she reads in the newspaper through letting him feel the letters formed by her fingers. Another time we find Bessie listening to a wonderful blind north-country lad, who worked exactly as well as if he had had eyes—leading horses on the farm, or going about with his pony and cart, or walking from field to field in the fulfilment of his duties, as swiftly as if he beheld the sunlight guiding his steps.

Bessie Gilbert's work for the blind became very widely known, and letters from distant lands often reached her concerning it. Blind men and women blessed her in America; institutions for the blind in various European cities were founded on her plan. She occasionally wrote short practical papers on the same subject. But her life was too busy a one for her thoughts to get often on to a printed page. She also wrote a little poetry; but the verses would never have made a mark upon her generation.

Bessie Gilbert was not to spend her whole life in active work. It was her Heavenly Father's will that she should learn the full, blessed meaning of the words, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Her health, which was always delicate, began very much to flag as she approached middle age. Spells of rest grew of necessity more frequent, and had to be longer and longer in duration. Her powers of walking became less, and she had gradually to give up all physical exertion. The doctors at first attributed the weakness to overwork, but, at length, the real cause of it was discovered to be what is called medically "degeneration of the spinal cord." It was believed that this disease had originated in the deadly fever which had cost her her eyes, and that it had been secretly sapping her vital powers ever since. Bessie was told that her days of work were over, and that from henceforth her life must be spent upon an invalid couch.

It was a heavy trial, but she bent her head meekly under it. Her life was further darkened by the loss of her father, her favourite sister, and other dear friends; but she was always cheerful, always resigned. As much as she could she still thought and planned for her blind people, and when she could do nothing else she suffered to the glory of God. She was watched by much love and care, and it was with the music of earthly affection ringing in her ears that Bessie Gilbert went up to have her eyes opened in Heaven. She has left a bright picture of brave struggling with difficulties, of the force of steadfast will leaning on prayer and faith, of radiant Christian resignation, for us to copy.

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE LAP OF LUXURY.

MR. and Mrs. Herbert Bennet were fortunate in being exceedingly well off in their worldly circumstances; in fact, they had rather a larger income than they knew well what to do with, even with a son at Oxford, daughters grown and growing up, and an expensive, luxurious establishment fitting in with the requirements of the expensive, luxurious circle in which they figured.

But even this halcyon state of matters had its disadvantages. It had developed in Mr. Bennet, who was otherwise estimable, a certain fancifulness and discontent, bred partly of satiety and partly of a natural inclination to covet what he had not got; and it had fostered in Mrs. Bennet a high-vaulting ambition of a not particularly lofty order.

Mr. Bennet was a sleeping partner in an old-established wealthy firm of wine merchants. Never having had to encounter any difficulty in making his way in the world, or to struggle for the possession of its tangible good things, he set himself to undervalue them, and succeeded in pursuading himself that he was the wrong man in the wrong place.

His eyes failed to be opened to the fallacy of this belief by what was otherwise the satisfactory circumstance, honourable to the man, that though he was to all intents and purposes a sleeping partner, when any trouble arose—and even the most successful and wealthy mercantile houses have their troubles—he woke up instantly, and did not delay a moment in coming to the front, and showing himself, under his languid manner, a keen and capable man of business. In ordinary times he took refuge in cultivating, in a *dilettante* manner, a few antiquarian and literary tastes, and in broadly stating to himself, and in mildly hinting to others that if fortune had not been against him he might have "witched the world" by his performances as a great historian or essayist.

It was in accordance with his proclivities that the family were settled at Kensington, and in *the* square *par excellence* instead of in Belgravia. Happily for all connected with him, his delusion with regard to the unkindness of destiny had not soured him, or rendered him morose or tyrannical: it had simply lent him a dash of not inelegant or unattractive melancholy.

In the slang of the careless world Mr.

Herbert Bennet passed for something of a "duffer"—not particularly bright or entertaining, but a handsome, gentleman-like fellow for his age, and so liberal with his purse as to cover a greater amount of dulness and of fads than he could be justly accused of.

Mrs. Bennet was the reverse of her husband. She was an alert, practical woman, without a grain of unnecessary sentiment in her composition, and without so much as the power to believe in sentiment in others. Yet she could have said with conviction, that she and her husband pulled excellently well together. He rarely contradicted her, and she was good-naturedly indulgent to what she could least understand in him. The couple were honestly attached to each other without being at all sympathetic. Mrs. Bennet was well principled, and kind-hearted to generosity. Her radical defect was her want of imagination, which kept her from ever seeing beyond her immediate standard and sphere. She thought there was no place like London, and no attainments equal to those she had made in social life. She was in the habit of pitying her sister, "poor Mary Macdermot," who had thrown herself away on an impecunious Highland clergyman; worthy, of course, but with nothing of an income to speak of. Their primitive establishment was all very well by way of an amusing change for townspeople during a few weeks in the middle of summer, but to last all the year round, and where civilised society and its ways were in question, it was positively a banishment—a cruel, barbarous exile from all that was cheerful and agreeable. And all the time Mrs. Macdermot had been a woman of much wider range of thought and feeling than her sister had shown herself. She had been happy in the out-of-the-way old manse, where great pains were needed to make both ends meet, yet under whose peaceful roof not only was the religious element profounder and more prevailing, the intellectual element pure and simple was somehow twice as real and robust, and a great deal more satisfying, than in the luxurious house at Kensington.

Mrs. Bennet was a woman who was just by nature, and who had every intention to be fair to all connected with her; but she could not overcome certain biases, the more influential because she was only half conscious of them. She was sensible on all points save one, and in this Mr. Bennet agreed with her; which was fortunate, perhaps, for their unanimity, but not so fortunate for the bringing up of their family, and for preserving anything like a rational balance in their aims. Mr. and Mrs. Bennet were bent on rising and carrying their family with them even higher (in their estimation) in the social scale. They were also bent on doing all that was required of them on a more elevated stage, and on extending their expenditure in proportion to their exaltation. For this, Mrs. Bennet especially worked and planned, suffered and strove, and was lavish of her means to the verge of the family's ample supplies, and far beyond what either her conscience or her judgment approved of. But some day it would all be paid back when Dick, who was going into a crack regiment, had distinguished himself, and was made a K.C.B., and when Dorothy and the other girls had married—not money, but blood and culture; entered into old county families—into the peerage itself; who could tell to the contrary?

"Of course, Dorothy," said Mrs. Bennet, "Flora must do a little sight-seeing, and a little visiting also—that is, she must be at home to help me with visitors as you do. But first, we must not present her quite as if she had come out of the ark—eh, Flora?"

Flora glanced down at her dress, and winced more for Miss Arabella, who knew nothing of the condemnation of her taste and trouble, than for herself. But she was anxious on her own account also. "It is very kind of you to trouble about me, aunt, but I am afraid I ought not to have new dresses yet. I am sorry you don't like these I have, but they cost a good deal. The money Mr. Macdougal is collecting for me from what was got at the sale, and from what remained of poor dear father's stipend, is not much—will not last me long with the greatest care—and I was warned to be so cautious in spending it," stammered Flora.

"Bless the girl!" cried Mrs. Bennet, with one of the ringing laughs which grated a little on Flora. "She doesn't think she has come to live with us, and yet spend her poor little penny of a portion! No, no, Flora; you are to be like a child of the house, as you may well be; my own poor sister's child, to whom I should have done my duty even if the expenses had been to come off a narrower income than, thank goodness, they have to do. Your dressmaker's bills and any other bills will be sent in with mine and Dorothy's and those of the other children; and I can assure you that Mr. Bennet is perfectly able to discharge them were they ten times the amount. It will not be that which will bring him into the bankruptcy court. We are not needy people, Flora; we are positively well-to-do—if you will believe me," asserted Mrs. Bennet with mock gravity.

"I should think so," said Flora, quickly glancing round; but she was not altogether silenced. She could not escape a perception, that though her aunt's purse-pride was of the kindest description, and was also more graceful and less obnoxious than that of the Macdougals, it was purse-pride still.

"You are all very good to me," protested Flora, with the tears starting to her eyes; "but I don't think I ought to be entirely dependent on you and my uncle Bennet, who is not even a blood relation. If you would give me 'house-room,' as we say in Scotland," she went on, smiling faintly, "it would be a very great deal to begin with, and allow me to try and earn pocket-money for my clothes and other things. I could teach a little, or help an old gentleman as amanuensis—I was father's amanuensis latterly; or read to an old lady—I used to read to Miss Arabella and her sisters. If you would even trust me to prepare Mary's lessons—I am afraid Kate might be beyond me; or if I am too young and ignorant to do anything yet, would you permit me to qualify myself to do something later? Indeed, indeed, I should be so much happier!"

"Not another word, Flora!" Mrs. Bennet put her niece down with startling sharpness. "What would anyone think of people in our position consenting to avail ourselves of our niece's services as a nursery governess, or to let her go out as an ordinary companion—better say as a shop-girl at once? That would be a fine story for Mrs. De Lisle. We should all lose caste by such a false step, in addition to your own prospects being ruined. You do not know what you are saying. It sounds high-minded and independent, but it only shows how little you are acquainted with the real world; how little you are aware what *prestige* means. There, you intend no harm, my dear, and I don't wish to scold you for merely being silly; but let me hear no more of this nonsense."

And what about Flora's happiness, which would have been so much greater if she had got her own sensible, right-minded way? Oh, it had to go to the wall, like many other valuable possessions in the headlong race after "high things;" even though Mrs. Bennet entertained a genuine regard for her niece, and meant to do the best in her power for her.

The next thing to overcome was Flora's accent—it was so unmistakably Scotch; and Mrs. Bennet, though she was not actually ashamed of being a Scotch-woman by birth, was still enough of a cosmopolitan to pride herself on having got rid of her nationality. Everything local or provincial was in bad form.

Flora's tongue was tied, but her patriotic pride was roused. She felt a hundred times more hurt than if her red cheeks, which she could not defend, the fashion in which she dressed her hair on the top of her head, that her father had liked; the manner in which she disposed of her hands, or sat on her chair, had been attacked simultaneously. She could have quoted with relish—

"What though upon her lips there hung,
The accents of her mountain tongue?"

But she was too modest and too wise. Her quotation would have been thrown away; besides, it would not be right for her to cast it in the teeth of her senior and protectress. Her protest was addressed to herself, and to no other. "Of course I shall try not to say Scotch words, which no one here except my aunt can understand, but as to slurring my "r's" and softening my "a's," and "nabbing high English," I cannot—not even to please Aunt Bennet. I should only make a fool of myself, which she would be the first person to see, for she is what father used to call nimble-witted. I could not if I would hide that I am a Scotch girl; and I shall never wish to hide it. What! conceal that I am a countrywoman of St. Margaret, and Queen Mary (poor woman!), and John Knox, and Sir Walter Scott, and Burns? Never! What would everybody in Inver-

lochan think if they heard such a proposal? Why, we try there not to be too hard on the poor, fine English folks, who have a Shakespeare and a Milton, it is true, but are without ballads and people's songs, or, what is worse, have forgotten them; who burnt their great Reformer, and who, when they are out on the mountains with nothing save a bit of oat cake and a flask filled with sherry, or perhaps, like Miss Arabella's nephews, with cold tea, are fit to faint with fatigue and hunger."

The Bennets were all perfectly kind to Flora. Dorothy was not very companionable. She was much engrossed with her engagements, which Flora did not even share at first—on the plea of her mourning; but as Mrs. Bennet said privately, till she could be "tamed and smoothed down a little, poor child," speaking of Flora as if she were a young wild Indian squaw, or a girl-native of Otaheite.

Dorothy had no end of friends—old school companions, the younger members of families in the adjoining houses, who, carefully sifted and weeded out, were of sufficient standing to be on her mother's visiting list. She had her hours for riding with her father and driving with her mother, for assiduously "keeping up" her music, for shopping, for loitering and gossiping in the Academy or the Grosvenor. She had always on hand, under her mother's chaperonage, an evening party or a visit to the theatre, or the opera, or a garden party at Richmond or Roehampton, or a rowing party further up the river. She was thoroughly occupied beforehand with what she was to wear on each occasion, with the fit of her riding habit, the new whip papa had given her, the new hat she had coaxed mamma into buying, the flower she must have to suit her dress, the fan she had seen—with regard to which she was so eager to get another like it before that fan should have become common. She was full of conjectures about the people she was to meet at these perpetually recurring engagements, on no account to be broken; yet it seemed to Flora that her aunt and cousin were always meeting the same people, while they did not care particularly for any of them, and none of them sounded particularly worth caring for, so that, to Mrs. Bennet especially, accomplishing the round was often making a toil of a pleasure.

Dorothy was too amiable, with all her self-engrossment, to be disdainful of her country cousin, or unwilling to chatter her thoughts; but she had neither the time nor the talent to make unfamiliar scenes familiar to Flora, who felt half stunned, half dazzled by the whirl into which she had descended. Though she was only a looker-on as yet, she was cheerfully assured that she would be in the middle of everything next spring. She took some compensation in the meantime from marvelling over all the pretty details around her, and writing copious accounts of them for the enlightenment and delectation of Miss Arabella and her friends.

Kate Bennet was as much monopolised by her school engagements as Dorothy was by her young lady round; and Mary was too young to serve as anything else than a pet for the bigger girls.

But Flora did not feel herself overlooked or neglected. Many of the spare afternoons and rainy days were devoted to her service, and as her spirits rose under the change of scene, and the uniform kindness with which she was treated, she began by enjoying a great deal of the new world around her She was ardent in her sight-seeing, and not easily fatigued—a wonder to her less hardily brought-up cousins. She was taken to most places she wished to see, and had a lively interest to show even for the outsides of the Mansion House, the Bank of England, the lions of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, and for St. Martin-le-Grand. As for Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, inside and out, it was more awed delight than mere interest she experienced.

But Flora had to learn that there are ranks and degrees in sights as well as in other matters. When she mentioned the Tower, Mrs. Bennet said quickly, "Oh, we must leave that for some other time. It is not a nice locality for a long drive now that the weather is getting warm; and of course the Underground Railway and the penny steamers are not to be thought of for girls, unless your uncle can go with you, which is improbable. A collection of white-washed passages and mouldy old rooms, with a few musty or gaudy relics—you don't lose much by deferring the sight of them. You are a little out of date in your tastes, Flora. I should almost expect to hear you say the Monument next. Would not half a day at the Crystal Palace be better?"

Half-a-day at the Crystal Palace better than a couple of hours at the Tower, where the little Princes were slain, and Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard were beheaded; where Elizabeth was a prisoner, and Raleigh began his History of the World to beguile his captivity! How could her aunt think so? Was the Tower not only old but old-fashioned; and did she call the regalia gaudy?

Dorothy was poking fun at her too when she said slyly, "Don't you wish to go to Madame Tussaud's next, Flora? The waxworks come generally after the Tower."

Madame Tussaud's waxworks come after the Tower, or within a thousand miles of the venerable citadel of London, written all over with national history! True, Madame Tussaud's was a venerable institution too, but it was a venerableness of a very different kind. Yet Mrs. Bennet and Dorothy did not seem to see the great difference, though they were conscious of the absurdity of the waxworks, while schoolgirl Kate did not even see the absurdity.

"I think Madame Tussaud's figures are very ingenious, and the dresses are beautiful," she said seriously; Mary chiming in with a confident, "Of course they are grand, Cousin Flora," Mrs. Bennet winding up by laughing, and declaring Mary had a royal warrant for her taste since all the foreign royalties went to Madame Tussaud's and very few of them to the Tower. She believed the waxworks were the favourite spectacle of the Shah of Persia.

Flora listened puzzled. Was history stilted or vulgar? were its vestiges in the grim old Tower commonplace, a sham, or a mockery?

Dorothy had her smart, slight, caustic explanation of her mother's illustration of Madame Tussaud's claim to distinction. "The royalties go to see themselves in effigy—better yourself in effigy than the footsteps of your neighbours three or four hundred years back."

Probably the observation was not original, while it contained just the cynical smartness which was the fashion of the day; and Dorothy was nowhere if she was not in the fashion.

"If Flora wants to see a palace we can go into the Gardens, and pass the big, red-brick house at the gates," said literal Kate.

"Big red-brick house!" repeated Flora, her breath nearly taken away. "Is not that where the Queen was born, where William and Mary lived, and where Queen Caroline—the Queen Caroline of the *Heart of Midlothian*—kept court with her pretty maids of honour?"

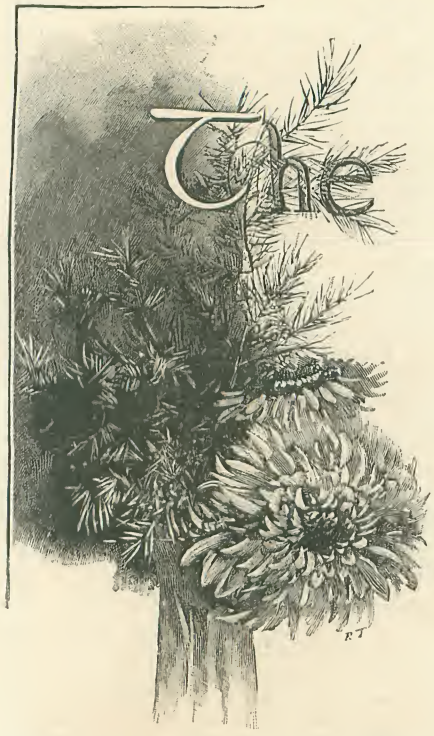
Mr. Bennet, who had been reading his mid-day letters, looked up with faint approval. "These brats of mine are very disrespectful, but it may interest you, Flora, to hear that the houses in this fine old square, the very house we are in among them, were occupied by the foreign ambassadors and other high and mighty men in William and Mary's reign. Before then, the discrowned Queen of Bohemia — the Queen of Hearts, you know—found shelter in one of the older houses, and a niece of Cardinal Mazarin's took up her quarters a few doors off. Later, just over the way, Prince Tallyrand gathered all the wits of London around him. By-the-by, I wonder that rascal at Mudie's doesn't send me his Memoirs."

Flora was not only greedy for such charming crumbs of information, she was impressed by so long a speech from her uncle for her benefit. To Dorothy it was only papa riding his hobby, and she did not hesitate to tell him so in cheerful, honest defiance.

"I must say I think Melbury Road, with its beautiful new houses, is worth dozens of such poky old squares; and it is of far greater consequence to the people who live in them—don't you agree with me, mamma, that a modern *grande dame* like Lady Baillie—who has left her card for you, mamma—and gives such charming "At Homes" once a month, has not abandoned the crumbling old place, than that Queens and Cardinal's nieces lived in it hundreds of years ago?"

In spite of the failure of the librarian in question, the house seemed full of new books and illustrated papers to Flora. They passed through it in a continuous stream; and though they were for the most part fugitive, not stationary, they formed an *embarras de richesses* which almost tempted her to hold up her hands and cry, like her renowned countryman, Dominie Sampson, "Pro-di-gious."

(To be continued.)



The chrysanthemum is still the most plentiful flower in gardens, greenhouses, and shops; but towards the end of the month the beautiful white hellebore, or Christmas rose, lifts its buds almost from the bare ground.

Some shrubs, as the laurestinus and strawberry arbutus, are coming into bloom; while the latter and others, as the holly and mistletoe, are ripening their berries.

From the Riviera and the Scilly Isles comes also a supply of rosebuds, Roman hyacinths, paper narcissi, freesias, tulips, and the graceful yellow acacia, or mimosa; while our own market gardeners force for Christmas quantities of arums, poinsettias, geraniums, and double white primula. But all these are, as a matter of course, expensive.

It is now perhaps, and for a month or two, more difficult than at any other time to make a little money go a long way; but although flowers are scarce, they have the merit of lasting very much longer than in the summer, so that one outlay will often suffice for the week.

On the whole, it is more economical to have a large single group of flowers on the dinner-table than several small vases, and in the drawing-room the same; while a good quantity of ivy or barberry will last for a week or two, and by force of contrast will give a few bright blossoms much greater prominence.

For a plain dinner, ivy makes a very good decoration by itself; and I have seen about a dozen well-berried sprays in little globes look quite enough for rather a long table, and the glossy well-washed leaves shone cheerfully in the lamp-light. Barberry leaves would be pretty arranged in the same way, or either of them might be placed in a circular trough round each lamp; three large chrysanthemums in specimen glasses would then make quite a festive ornamentation. Now is the time for pretty table centres, and with schemes founded on dark leaves, the brighter the colours of the embroidery the better. A long piece of Cretan embroidery, such as may be often bought for a few shillings if slightly damaged, repaired and mounted in bright red silk, will make a beautiful ground for ivy to stand upon; while with red barberry, bright yellow and orange threads should predominate.

The leaves may also be arranged in a punch bowl; but then I think a few flowers are necessary for a dinner table, although not for a drawing-room or hall. The larger kinds of ivy, especially that variegated with white, are quite handsome enough by themselves; but the small-leaved creeping sort should always be considered as an accessory to something else, and best displays its distinctive beauty by being laid simply on the tablecloth, the trails winding in and out among the vases and dessert dishes, or by hanging lightly down from the necks of tall vases.

The mimosa, with its varying foliage, but always bright yellow, fluffy little ball-like flowers, is comparatively a new visitor to English shops, but is already so plentiful and cheap, that one may rely on it for a good deal of decoration throughout the winter. A fair-sized piece, when it first comes in, will cost about a shilling, and should break into sufficient small sprigs to fill four or five specimen glasses for the dinner table, or will make a handsome focus for the drawing-room decorations, particularly in a large blue and white jar. Little pieces of it look picturesque in almost any of the small coloured pots with bulbous bases and narrow necks. If we are extravagant enough to afford other flowers at the same time, the mimosa should be looked upon as a secondary blossom, and may fitly accompany such flowers as Roman hyacinths, single tulips, and yellow rosebuds, which all come with it from the south; or chrysanthemums, brown, yellow, and white. A pretty ornament is made by filling a china basket or soup plate with moss, studding it with violets, two or three in a knot, and their leaves, and then sticking in some sprays of mimosa to wave over their heads, some grey mimosa foliage and brown ivy trails hanging over the edge of the plate.

The Christmas rose ought to be in its full beauty, although a very bad winter like that of 1890 will spoil the buds and make them very expensive to buy; perhaps in London as much as threepence each. However, those who have plants in their own gardens will find it quite worth while to protect the buds with glass before the snow comes. Their own foliage is very seldom cut, from a prevalent idea (whether true or false I do not know), that to do so impairs the blooming power of the plant; but ivy goes almost equally well with them. And no more beautiful object can well be imagined than a dish or basket filled with dark glossy ivy leaves mingled with the pure white stars.

I have dressed a table for a Christmas party of thirty people very successfully with these flowers, placing them in glass troughs of straight and semi-circular forms, with which I described three circles round the silver-branched candlesticks, connected by two long, straight troughs, with a shorter one projecting at either end. Alternately with the flowers in the troughs were small pieces of dark ivy just to emphasise their form, which was particularly fine; then, on the cloth, on either side of the troughs, and entirely concealing the glass, were trails of green and white variegated ivy, among the outer pieces of which were put some little silver plates of sweets, olives, etc. These and the candlesticks were choice possessions, but nice lamps and plain white china plates would not greatly alter the effect. I used about fifty Christmas roses, which, bought at a shop, would have cost at least four shillings, and would have been probably very inferior specimens, but they were sent to me by a country friend as buds a week before, and I had kept them meanwhile in dishes of lukewarm water

in an airy cupboard, by which means I ensured their opening clean and perfect. I would advise my readers to adopt the same plan, if they can obtain outdoor-grown buds, which are always the finest, but likely to prove a bad colour if left to develop in the frosty air. The ivy was also a gift; and as I have never bought any of the variegated kind, I am unable to reckon what the quantity used was worth—but probably about one shilling and sixpence. No table centre was required, and the candle-shades were yellow.

Another pretty decoration for a Christmas party was contrived with the same design in troughs holding box sprigs thickly interspersed with well-berried sprays of mistletoe, the ivy trails being green. The box grew on the premises, and mistletoe being cheap that year, the whole arrangement cost about one and sixpence. On this occasion the table centre and lamp-shades were pink.

Another Christmas Day, when the party was much smaller, I had the dessert on the table in four old low Spode china dishes alternated in a row down the middle with the silver candlesticks, and put at equal distances down both sides six silver decanter stands, each well but loosely filled with *caladium*, *colœus*, begonia, and other fancy leaves, which a neighbourly florist cut for me out of his greenhouse for a shilling, and three pink tulips costing twopence each, while to every guest was a specimen glass holding a piece of pink begonia in bloom, and some *Asparagus plumosus*. This arrangement had pink candle-shades, and the table centre was a piece of Kells embroidery worked in brown, green, and salmon colour.

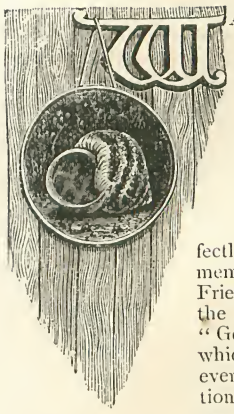
Christmas decorations are still popular in most large families, and give scope for much ingenuity in design, even where very elaborate trophies are not attempted. Much must depend on the height of the rooms, and what kinds of shrubs are used; but I suppose the most usual method is to tie together miscellaneous bunches of laurel, ivy, box, and holly, stick them above pictures and mirrors, and hang boughs of mistletoe under the hall lamp and in the doorways. The plan has some disadvantages; for instance, the mistletoe, if hung too low, may strike against the heads of tall, unwary visitors with rather too strong a reminder of its popular significance, while the bunches of evergreens are very difficult to place gracefully over pictures, and have a tendency to rattle down at awkward moments, to the ruin of something breakable. These last objections do not apply to festoons made of trail ivy tied together with bows of ribbon of a similar or congenial shade to the wall-paper, and suspended to the picture rail or between the pictures themselves, when they are easily fastened to the cords. Where they are tied together should be inserted small sprigs of the other evergreens; but the larger masses of these should be reserved for grouping in large jars for the floor, tables, or shelves in sitting-rooms. If the walls are somewhat bare, wreaths of laurel, box, and holly, separately woven in classic fashion with narrow ribbon, may succeed each other at intervals, and be connected by the ivy festoons; and where the pictures are too close to allow of any festoons, such wreaths may very appropriately be hung between the cords of family portraits.

A drawing-room decorated in this manner would require few flowers, if any; but to harmonise with shrubs of this description, the poinsettia is particularly valuable. The blossoms, or clusters of red leaves, will cost from sixpence to a shilling each; but as a good one in a nice jar is quite enough ornament for a room if placed conspicuously, and will last fresh for two or three weeks, they are really rather economical purchases at this time of year. I have also mixed some mimosa with one of the scarlet flowers for a dull-looking room, with brilliant and yet not gaudy effect. The ivory kind are rarer, and not so handsome; but the two go very prettily together, and but for the expense I might recommend a plan which is novel and striking enough for a very smart dinner, and consists of equal numbers of white and red poinsettias separately in tall Venetian glasses of a greenish white about eight inches high, each head having two or three green leaves left on its stalk. Between the glasses were low, bushy maidenhair ferns planted in silver decanter stands. No stretch of imagination can, however, consider this an economical decoration, nor is a similar arrangement which would substitute arums for the ivory poinsettias.

Arums are expensive always, and although one bloom with two or three leaves is a very handsome ornament, it would so soon fade in a warm room that I think it could not fail to be an extravagant purchase: and if the plants are grown on the premises, it is a pity to spoil their beauty by cutting.

CONSTANCE JACOB.

"MISTRESS OF HERSELF."



ATCH with Christian tenderness over the opening minds of your children; inure them to habits of self-restraint and filial obedience." These words, which will doubtless be new to many of our readers, are perfectly familiar to every member of the Society of Friends, being part of the pithy and practical "General Advices" which are read aloud in every Quaker congregation at least once every year.

How far the admonition is carried out among them is not for us to say; but it is a strong sense of the great value of habits of self-restraint which induces us to bring the subject before the thoughtful girls who read the GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

How many quarrels, accidents, and estrangements have been caused by a lack of self-control! Sometimes in tales one reads of the sweet, impulsive child of Nature, who weeps and laughs, is outrageously gay or unreasonably sad, as the mood takes her; but in the commonplace prose of everyday life what a nuisance such a character makes herself!

The spread of education and the habits of polite society have done much to teach self-control. The lady of to-day would never beat maids and children, stamp and storm and scream when her will is crossed, as we are told that even noblewomen did in the days of Queen Bess.

Want of self-control is but a relic of barbarism, for the savage does not look beyond the impulse of the moment. We believe the habit may be inculcated almost in infancy, thereby rendering the little people happier, and far less trouble to their elders.

"Tommy, darling, you must stop crying," says a wise mother to a small child who has been frightened by a dog.

"Tommy tant 'top!" roars the infant.

"Oh, yes, Tommy can, and mother's brave little man is going to."

And accordingly the howls cease much sooner than if the mother had taken him in her arms and said—

"Did the naughty, naughty dog frighten him! No wonder that he cries! Naughty father to bring Fido near my precious Tommy!" as we have heard a fond and foolish mother say.

Good Mrs. A. is terribly afraid of taking the joy out of her children's lives, so she never tells them of any plans until the last moment for fear of disappointing them, and they grow up like irresponsible little machines. Having been so elaborately taken care of, they have no notion of taking care of themselves, or of others, while Mrs. B., next door, talks over everything with her boys. The desirability of a change of schools, the summer visit to sea-side or farmhouse, are all discussed months beforehand, "for," says Mrs. B., "the pleasure of anticipation is very great to them, and if anything prevents our going, they will see the reasons, and will have learnt to face the disappointments (which they must meet with in later life) bravely and well."

To bear disappointments—even small ones—graciously is a most desirable attainment. Who has not known a girl make a whole household uncomfortable with her sulks and grumbling when a wet morning puts a stop to some cherished project, when she might have bowed to the inevitable, and by her cheery good humour made the sunshine within which was lacking without.

The novel of the last century, in which the heroine "swooned" on the slightest provocation, has become a thing of the past, and the later species, in which the sweet girl "bursts into tears" on every other page, is fast following it.

For, my dear girls, it cannot be denied that crying is singularly unbecoming, and the sight of it is far more likely to move the average nineteenth century man to annoyance than to pity. If you must cry (and in some systems the lachrymal glands are inconveniently near the surface), gulp it down until you have reached the privacy of your own room, and having had it out, bathe your eyes with cold water, rub your pale cheeks, and go bravely down to tea, and you will be far more likely to gain the respect and love of your friends than if you had stayed sobbing in the parlour.

These feelings and impulses of ours are hard things to control, but the habit of self-restraint keeps us out of manifold scrapes.

For instance, Minnie is belle of some party of pleasure. The boating excursion on the river, the tennis match, and the unusual attention that she receives, quite turns her pretty head, and she chatters and laughs, and allows cousin Jim to take liberties that she cannot think of afterwards without burning cheeks, for in her soberer moods she knows that Jim is not to be trusted, and will probably make of her conduct an excellent story at some noisy bachelor party; whereas, if poor Minnie had kept her pretty self well in hand, and not yielded to the excitement of the moment, she might have been spared this humiliation.

Or even worse;—many an unhappy marriage has been caused by want of steady self-control on the part of the wife when she is first sought. She is flattered and excited, and allows herself to be drawn too far for an honourable retreat, after she has found that the lover is far from being the hero that her fancy painted him.

The foolish way in which some people "lose their heads" in an emergency has often been the cause of serious accidents. Only a few days ago a lady was driving a friend along a country road, when there was some object in the way that the horse for the moment refused to pass. It was a quiet horse, and there was no danger, but in a panic of fear the friend seized the reins above the hands of her hostess, jerked the horse back, and landed the whole party in a deep ditch!

In another accident, of which we were once witnesses, no harm whatever would have been done if two ladies had had self-control enough to keep their seats quietly.

A gentleman was driving his family down a moderately steep hill when part of the harness broke, and the horse started into a gallop. The road was broad and smooth, and a steep hill opposite soon stopped the frightened horse; but the lady and her daughter, with wild screams, jumped from the wagonette, and lay in the road, the mother bruised and bleeding, the daughter (who was most inappropriately named Patience) in violent hysterics. When the rest of the driving party—who had been sensible enough to sit still, and were quite unhurt—came back, they found Patience sitting on the bank, and giving forth such a series of shrieks and yells as I never heard from human throat before or since. Her friends tried to pacify her, but in vain, until a grim, determined-looking woman from a cottage near brought a spoonful of vinegar and salt, which she remorselessly shovelled into the open mouth. The screams were checked, and Patience was helped into another carriage and driven away sobbing, and we saw her no more. Very likely she was a girl of an excitable, nervous temperament, to whom self-restraint might have been very difficult; but had she practised it in little things it would not have so utterly forsaken her in the moment of fancied danger.

It is a curious fact that people take much less trouble to control themselves at home than elsewhere. Mrs. Smith will be exquisitely polite and forbearing to the greatest bore in a party of pleasure, but once in the shelter of her own mansion she is sarcastic to her husband, snubs her timid daughter, and snaps at her schoolboy son without a pang of remorse.

She loves them fervently, and would do any *great* thing for them with untiring devotion; but the equal duty of controlling her feelings in little matters when she happens to feel tired and cross has never entered into her estimate of wifely and motherly love and duty. Solomon says: "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles" (Prov. 21, 23); and it certainly is the "unruly member" which makes the greatest difficulty in this matter of self-restraint. The hasty, bitter words slip out in a moment of exasperation; we may forget them, but the sense of their injustice may rankle for years in the hearts of those who, in our better moments, we feel we would give our lives to influence for good.

Again, when telling our troubles to a too sympathising friend, facts are very apt to slip out which ought never to have been mentioned, and untold mischief may be done. This is a very real temptation to those whose surroundings are not what they would wish them to be.

There were once some unsatisfactory brothers who were driven farther away from all that is good because it came to their knowledge that their very religious sisters used openly to lament the brothers' shortcomings among their chosen circle of like-minded friends. Human sympathy is very sweet, and in some cases it may be right to seek it; but there are many troubles which are best poured out on our knees alone. Miss Havergal realised this when she wrote one of the poems in her *Loyal Responses*.

> "Nobody knows but Jesus!
> Is it not better so,
> That no one else but Jesus,
> My own dear Lord, should know?
> When the sorrow is a secret
> Between my Lord and me,
> I learn the fuller measure
> Of His quick sympathy."

No need of self-restraint when we seek "in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, to make our requests known unto God!" Yet how trifling things fall into their due place when we pray about them. The small trouble which we would grumble about for an hour to a human friend sinks into nothingness when contrasted with the "unseen and eternal."

Another matter in which we women need to exercise our self-restraint is the temptation to make a fuss, and worry ourselves and our friends over small difficulties and discomforts. Many a home has been rendered too hot to hold a grown-up son because his mother and sisters, who are well-meaning women enough, make such a commotion and fuss about the least request of his. If he wants a meal an hour earlier or later than usual, or to bring a friend home for a quiet evening, he is beset

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."] [EDMUND EVANS, LONDON.

GOLDEN SUMMER.

(From the painting by KATE GREENAWAY.*)*

with objections—the chimney-sweep is coming, the attic is to be papered, the Hon Mrs. Jones may call, the maids may be out, or they have not time for the elaborate preparations which they consider necessary for even a single guest. And this while all the time they are quite willing at heart, and really anxious to please their dear Jack, only they have allowed the foolish habit to grow upon them of making a flood of feeble objections to every plan of his.

Molehills are so apt to become mountains when much brooded over. It is said that the way to really know a person is to take a long journey with him, and just in proportion as he bears cheerfully the heat, the dust, the delays, the draughts, and the unsatisfactory food and drink met with on the way, will he be able to bear the ups and downs in the journey of life.

Have you never travelled with a woman who frets over every discomfort as though all creation were conspiring against her, in spite of the assiduous attentions of her unfortunate companions, and also with one who will wipe the dust from her weary face with cheerful patience, and thank her husband with a beaming smile for the cup of exceedingly doubtful refreshment-room tea, which was the best he was able to procure for her?

A railway carriage on a long journey is no bad place for the study of character.

There is one other phase of self-control on which we must touch—the control of our inclinations and appetites. Thoughtless girls, who can ill afford it, spend an incredible amount of money on small self-indulgences. They would say that they cannot afford to buy the book or magazine which would be a lasting pleasure to themselves and others, yet they spend pennies and halfpennies constantly on the cheap, scrappy comic papers with which our railway-bookstalls are piled, to be laughed over or yawned over, as the case may be, and thrown aside directly.

Have you ever noticed the number of handsome, high-rented shops in the best streets which are now devoted to the sale of sweetmeats alone, and reflected on the amount of hard-earned money which goes for this one form of self-indulgence? It is really pitiful to watch the customers at such shops. Well-dressed, well-fed school-girls and boys, young servants and factory-hands, little ragged children, all spending on a pleasure which will be so soon over and leave nothing but an impaired digestion behind.

Pray do not think that we are arguing against the use of sweets in any form. A toffee boiling is capital holiday fun; a box of good chocolate or a bottle of pure barley sugar is a very nice thing to bestow on a family of children, and many of their elders will confess to a "sweet tooth," and share the treat; but it is the waste of the children's own pence which seems such a pity. Even tiny ones may be taught that it is greedy and silly to buy for their own eating, and that the pennies, if saved, will buy the set of doll's spoons, or the coveted paint-box, which will be a lasting pleasure. There was once a large family of country children whose wise father never gave them any pocket money, but encouraged them to earn it when they happened to want any.

They searched for snails in the garden (at the magnificent price of a farthing a dozen); they gathered the stray locks of wool left on the bushes by the sheep, picked up acorns for the pigs, and collected haws to plant for hawthorn hedges.

Money so earned was not likely to be parted with foolishly, and one of them, who still keeps the comical little account book of her childish days, says that they would have felt it a deep disgrace to make the entry "sweets" among their spendings.

It has often astonished and pained me to see how many pence the children of the very poor spend on "goodies." If some poor mother were to see the sum which she gives out in the course of the year (very likely to pacify a cross child) all together, she would be shocked that so much had gone for trash instead of for the much-needed clothing and wholesome food.

There is another and a very strong reason against allowing children to squander their pence on sweets—that it is fostering a habit of self-indulgence which will make it far more difficult to withstand the more serious temptations of later life. The boy who has been accustomed to gratify his palate with sweets whenever he feels inclined, will be far less likely to resist when the only too common temptation to indulge in strong drink comes before him. Perhaps few of us realise how terribly frequent this form of self-indulgence is among the middle and upper classes.

Nobody ever *meant* to let the habit of taking stimulants to grow to be his tyrant; but day by day the chain binds closer, until, humanly speaking, there is but slight hope of the victim escaping from its thraldom; and, sad to say, it is far harder to reclaim a woman who has so fallen a victim than a man. So, dear girls, while it is still no hardship to you, will you not, for your own sake, and that of your weak sister, exercise your self-control, and put from your lips for ever the intoxicating cup?

Perhaps some of our readers will say that an entirely self-controlled woman would be a cold and uninteresting character; but self-restraint is not necessarily self-repression. We may yield to good and loving impulses, to gentle and sweet words, as freely as possible, only keeping out of sight the harsh and fretful ones.

The victory over self may not be won in one day, or one year, and to some ardent temperaments it is a much harder fight than to the cooler, and more phlegmatic one; but many a woman in later life has been thankful that, through prayerful effort in her girlhood, she has acquired the blessed habit of self-restraint, and is in a large measure mistress of herself.

MAUD MORISON.

MY GARDEN.

See "GOLDEN SUMMER," by KATE GREENAWAY.

My garden is my paradise on earth,
For there my happiness is mostly found;
It seems to me that angels sweet surround
Its every plant and flower, and all around
The air is filled with sounds of happy mirth
Of bees and birds—of holy songs the birth.

Men laugh that I should dig and sow and plant,
And little know the health they'd gain did they
But bend the wholesome soil above, and stay
To watch the brilliant sunshine ray
The magic buds unfold, and beauties grant
In blossoms kissable and ministrant.

Such odours they emit, such colours rare,
Defying dyer's art and painter's skill;
And O! what joy some yearning hand to fill
With cherished blooms, for lo! there still
Will grow sweet flowers more fair and debonair,
If only we with our dear sisters share.

Surely such joys leave not on soul a dearth?
Oh, no! for all the year if you had sat
To view sweet flowers' procession at the plat
Like Mary, you had hymned Magnificat
For soul bedight—for heart's more vigorous girth;—
My garden is my paradise on earth!

C. P.

"MY SUPPOSED FATHER MAKING SOME REMARK TO WARD OFF SUSPICION."

MY HOME IN THE CLOSE.

CHAPTER II.

We reached London that day, spending the night at an hotel; and my delight over the commonest incidents alternately excited the pity and mirth of my companions.

Mrs. Colville generously took us to a concert that evening, and my joy thereat was great, while Brenda had already acquired a fine air of having outlived these things, which I secretly admired, as vastly superior to my childishly open pleasure.

Next morning we met our fourth fellow-traveller, a Russian Countess, whose name was so long and unpronounceable that I will call her Countess Catarina for short, and who proposed going with us as far as Cologne, and then proceeding to her Russian home alone. She was tall and rather good-looking, pleasant to talk to, though singularly quiet and reserved; but I was almost sorry to have a fresh person introduced to the party, for we were so happy before.

The day after that we started, and from first to last the journey was full of pleasure to me. I proved an excellent sailor and untirable traveller, and when we arrived at the Hotel du Nord, Cologne, felt as fresh as when we started.

Next day we set to work to explore the town, and I enjoyed it all to the full, for the strange language and faces, foreign ways and meals, odd dishes and customs, enchanted me. I kept Brenda out all day, and fancy we did Cologne thoroughly. I know we walked and drove in all directions, but the two things that struck me most were the swift rushing Rhine and lovely cathedral; for though Dulminster Cathedral had so terribly bored me, this one seemed different, and wholly enchanting. Brenda laughingly declared I had taken root there, so long did I stand gazing up at the beautiful lace-like spires; but I paid no heed to her jests.

Next morning, after breakfast at one of the little tables under the verandah round the garden, we went on to Coblenz, where we were to take the boat up the Rhine, stopping at any places which struck our fancy. Countess Catarina came with us, as she was in no special hurry to get home, and wished to see Coblenz herself.

Mrs. Colville was too tired to care for much exertion when we got there, but I coaxed Brenda and the Countess to walk out a little way, being anxious to explore the town.

"We really must go in, Gertie," said Brenda at last as I lingered in the lovely gardens by the Rhine. "Mother will think we are lost, and we can come back here to-morrow."

"Yes, of course," I said absently, reluctantly tearing myself away from the place; "I suppose we can."

I was sorry to turn homewards, for the novelty of it all was delightful; but then, as Brenda said, we could return to-morrow, so we wended our way back to the Riesen Hotel. We had been away some time, and Brenda walked rather quickly, never heeding my evident reluctance to go in. She was the first to enter the hotel, and was met at the entrance by the porter, who said that madame had sent down a message to say that directly we returned we were to go up to her room.

"Is anything wrong?" Brenda asked in alarm.

"Madame has received news from England, I believe, Fräulein," said the man respectfully. "I sent a telegram to her room half an hour ago."

Thoroughly frightened we made our way upstairs, and found Mrs. Colville half distracted, with the telegram in her hand. To our questions she could give no coherent answers, till Brenda gently took the fatal paper from her and read aloud—

"Your husband has met with a serious accident. Come at once."

It was soon evident that Brenda would have to take all responsibility, for Mrs. Colville, never a strong woman either mentally or physically, seemed utterly crushed, and could do nothing but cry. My school friend, however, developed a wonderful business capacity, making arrangements for their departure *viâ* Cologne, Brussels, and Calais, packing up and sending off telegrams as one to the manner born.

In the intervals of business she came into the reading-room, where I was dolefully sitting with Countess Catarina, inwardly marvelling what would become of me. Seating herself beside us she said in a low voice—

"I have been speaking to mamma about you, Gertie, and she agrees with me that it is a great pity your holiday should be cut short in this way, but there seems no help for it unless——" and she glanced tentatively at the Russian lady.

That individual, who had not apparently been listening, broke in on my perfunctory acquiescence by saying rather reluctantly—

"If your friend likes to travel with me to my home she can. I am going straight there, and will receive her if she does not think it will be dull. In three weeks I return to England, and she can then come too."

The alacrity and ease with which Brenda and her mother both agreed to this abrupt proposal told me that they were anxious to get rid of me; but I confess at the time I would have gone anywhere and done anything to avoid returning to my dull home in the Close just when I had tasted freedom; so I jumped at the offer, swallowing my wounded feelings as best I could, and calmly ignoring the Countess's cold invitation. Mrs. Colville arranged to write to my aunt and explain, to which I also assented in the usual careless happy-go-lucky fashion of youth, though knowing well I ought to have written myself, and not trusted to them.

As I walked back from the station, however, after seeing them off, I could not help feeling lonely, and doubtful whether my aunt would really approve. Nevertheless, the die was cast now; and besides, there was a spice of adventure about it which was a distinct recommendation. The Countess had a passport made out for herself and a friend, so, as she proposed bringing me back, there seemed no necessity for providing me with a separate one.

Next day we started, and travelled, it seemed to me, for weeks without stopping, except to have our luggage and passport examined a vexatious number of times. We arrived at St. Petersburg at ten in the morning. Nor was our journey over then, for we next took a train to a country station; and as it was a very slow one, did not arrive till late at night. By this time I was so tired that I have but a dim recollection of being lifted into some conveyance and driven to a large half-ruinous house, where several wild-looking, shaggy dogs and Russian servants rushed out at us and carried us in a whirlwind into the house. I remember getting something to eat and being taken into a room, where I was put to bed, and fell into a profound, dreamless sleep. When I awoke it was broad daylight, and for a time I could not imagine where in all the world I was till I slowly remembered, sprang out of bed, and ran to the only window. It merely looked into a deserted courtyard, and as I felt perfectly refreshed I decided to dress and explore. No sooner said than done; and while thus engaged I took stock of my room, which was large and well-furnished. But if I hoped to see any characteristics of a foreign country I was disappointed, for the appointments were all purely French in character.

Ready at last, I essayed to go out by the door through which we had entered the previous evening; but on trying it I discovered, somewhat to my alarm, that it was locked ontside. This was curious and rather unpleasant; but on further search I found a second door at the head of the bed, concealed by a tapestry curtain which opened readily into a long passage. Full of excitement—for at length I seemed on the threshold of something like an adventure—I traversed this corridor, which ended in a flight of narrow stairs leading into the courtyard I saw from my window, and which contained servants' offices, mostly in ruins, and a pigeon-house minus the pigeons. Thence by a gateway I ventured into a vast and neglected-looking garden surrounded by a high wall.

I had been accustomed to connect Russia with barren steppes, ice, and snow, so was agreeably surprised to find that the garden had evidently been in other days well cultivated. Now it was a somewhat weedy wilderness, with narrow paths wandering among the high grass, while under some old apple, plum, and cherry trees a large swing was hung, which I promised myself should be used before the day was over. It was a Russian one, consisting of a long plank of wood hung by strong ropes from either end to a pole above, which latter was supported by two upright poles. I conquered my desire to try it at once, and walked on to a small clear lake at the end of the garden, surrounded by large lime trees, on whose surface a boat of rather ancient appearance was floating. Near by some dog-roses attracted my notice, which, with some sunflowers, constituted all the flowers I could find. There was a small desert of red-currant bushes, which had too obviously seen their best days; and these, with a garden bench on the shore of the lake, formed the limit of my discoveries. I met no one, and after rambling aimlessly about for some time, took a path which led to a side-door, opening, I supposed, into the road. But it was locked, so I wandered along another, which finally ended on a tolerably well-kept lawn in front of the house.

It was three stories high, and possessed an outer staircase leading to an open balcony, while underneath was a verandah draped with red and white linen.

On some of the closed shutters I made out remnants of painted representations of birds or flowers, and a great deal of carving adorned both staircase and balcony.

In spite of this, an air of decay hung about the place; one of the shutters hung by a single hinge, the staircase steps were broken and grass-grown in many places, and the house was evidently sorely neglected.

Finding a side door open, I crept in, and found my way to an upper gallery, attracted by some queer-looking pictures there.

Sauntering along, my eyes fell on a pair of boots, which had a strangely familiar air, standing outside a door, and on investigation my suspicions proved correct — they were mine, so I tried the door itself with a sudden idea.

It opened easily, and the first thing I saw as I peeped in was my own little portmanteau —for it was indeed my room, the door of which had been evidently unlocked after my departure.

As I stepped into the gallery again, a girl approached from the further end, and *intimated* in excellent French that breakfast was ready downstairs.

I descended, and found the Countess on the verandah, where the semovar, or urn, was steaming away, and every preparation made for the meal.

She was accompanied by a young man, sufficiently like her to be her son, who was introduced to me as such, and proceeded to be very attentive.

I took an unreasonable dislike to him at once, but politely sought to conceal it, and had it on my mind to tell the Countess about the locked door, but refrained, as I thought it was probably a mistake; neither did I tell her about the extra door in my bedroom, thinking it unnecessary.

After breakfast she said something in Russian to her son, to which he replied in the same tongue, and then turning to me remarked in English, "Shall we go and feed the fishes, mademoiselle?"

I have an unfortunately keen sense of the ludicrous, and his words recalled a certain circumstance with which I always associate them, namely, crossing the Channel, so that I could not restrain my mirth; but I was alarmed at the angry flash of his eyes, which reminded me that Russians, for all their veneer of civilisation, are not to be treated like other nations. "Scratch a Russian, and the Tartar is seen underneath."

I choked down my laughter and hastily assented, whereupon he took a plateful of crumbs from the table and we walked soberly down to the lake, where we solemnly threw them in one by one, as if it were a religious ceremony.

It was a melancholy proceeding, and I was not sorry when all the crumbs were disposed of and we turned away.

The sight of the swing suggested a livelier amusement to my mind, and I timidly proposed—for Count Ivan had not got over his sulks—that we should try it.

He agreed, and the morning ended better than it had begun, for I was an enthusiastic and daring swinger, and never tired of it. In the afternoon Ivan took me for a row on the lake, while his mother sat on the shore and watched us; but they both seemed surprised when I took an oar and proved no mean proficient at it.

The evening passed in music and cards, in which latter I did not, of course, join; but I much enjoyed listening to the Countess's brilliant playing, and her son's really fine voice.

The Countess bade me good-night at an early hour; and being somewhat tired, I did not mind; but I had reason to think that the rest of the household did not retire till much later, for after I was in bed I heard much subdued talking and distant banging of doors, and once I was awakened towards morning by the sound of horses' hoofs galloping away from the house. The next morning either I rose later or the household earlier, but anyhow the usual door was unlocked, so I was more than ever convinced it had merely been a mistake the day before. The house itself was not at all interesting, as only a few rooms were furnished, and that in very ordinary French style.

After breakfast I was meditating as to what I should do to employ myself—for the young Count, mindful of my behaviour yesterday, had walked off alone to feed the fishes—when his mother called me into an inner room and amused herself by dressing me in the national peasant costume of red, blue, and white, with a highly-embroidered chemisette and ends of gay ribbons tied to my long neatly-plaited hair.

When finished I certainly did not look bad, and Count Ivan was called in to admire the effect; but he was so loud in his expressions of praise as first to annoy, and then to alarm me; for I was not used to young men, and his compliments and admiring glances somehow were too bold to please me.

The Countess, however, did not take any notice, though she looked uneasy and anxious I thought, and I was too inexperienced to know how best to check him.

The afternoon I devoted to writing a long letter to Aunt Frances—a duty I felt had been too long neglected—explaining the whole thing, which I gave to the Countess to be posted; but, I may say, in passing, it never left the house, and consequently never reached my aunt.

The evening wore away as before, Count Ivan hanging over me while I played, and whispering compliments in my ear the whole time.

A week passed like this, none of us ever going outside the walls, much to my surprise, for there were horses and vehicles in the stables, as I one day discovered; but neither my host nor hostess ever proposed going for a ride or drive, so I of course could not be the one to suggest it.

One day, when Ivan and I were wandering aimlessly along the garden, we came suddenly on the side door into the road, which chanced to be ajar. I naturally put out my hand to open it and see what the world outside was like; but to my anger and astonishment he seized my hand in one of his, while with the other he swiftly shut and locked the door, muttering something in Russian as he put the key in his pocket.

I snatched my hand away and walked on in silence, too indignant to speak; but he was beside me in an instant, saying in his most persuasive way, "Forgive me, mademoiselle, for so rudely preventing what you wished to do, but in truth it was for your own sake, as the neighbourhood is full of dangerous characters, who, if they once caught sight of your face, would never rest till they had you in their power."

I bowed stiffly, not in the least believing him, but more perplexed than ever, as this was but another strange circumstance to be added to others I had noticed in the course of that week.

Many things had mystified me, for if the house and garden were deserted by day they were lively enough at night; horses trampling, men talking, lights flashing, rendered the dark hours anything but restful, though I had not had the courage to ascertain the reason for these disturbances.

Then the servants seemed so well educated in things not generally supposed to be within their province, and so badly taught in what they should have known well.

Besides this, they were so strangely familiar with their master and mistress, looking at and speaking to them in an almost insolent way sometimes, which, however, they did not seem to dare resent, though I often saw young Ivan flush angrily.

Altogether it was a most uncomfortable house to be in, and most horribly dull, for I saw no one but the servants, the Count, and his mother, and was left many hours alone, for they often disappeared even in the middle of a conversation; and by dint of putting two and two together, I discovered that this always happened when one of the servants, a tall, distinguished-looking man, appeared and laid his fingers in a peculiar way against his lips.

Sunday I spent in my room, for home influence proved strong enough to induce me to pass the day in a way conforming to English customs; and as neither Countess Catarina nor her son seemed to possess any religious ideas—the latter read French novels all the morning—I had to mark out a path for myself.

On Monday I noticed an added shade of trouble on the Countess's face, and an extra degree of sullen ill-temper on Ivan's. I was left to my own devices all the morning, which I passed in swinging and rowing myself about on the lake, meditating meanwhile on the fact that another fortnight had to be passed away before I could go home, and learning the salutary lesson, that other places were quite as dull, if not duller, than my hated home in the Close.

By this time also I was beginning to be troubled at my aunt's long-continued silence, for surely I might have had a letter ere this; and I gathered from it that she must be seriously angry with me, though even then she might certainly have written to say so. Evening arrived at last, and the only thing that gave me any pleasure was the fact that Ivan seemed tired at length of bestowing on me attentions which were received with so little favour, for he kept persistently by his mother's side, conversing in Russian. That night was the first really quiet one we had had since my arrival, and the strange death-like stillness almost frightened me, it seemed so ominous.

Tuesday was, to all appearance, the same as other days, except that an air of suppressed excitement filled the household; and I frequently caught glances directed at me by one or other of its members, which gave me the impression that I was in the way, and a source of perplexity to them.

I repented bitterly of my indiscretion in coming at all, and while wandering disconsolately about the garden such a sense of desolation and depression came over me that tears welled up in my eyes, and overflowed in spite of all my efforts to suppress them. At a comparatively early hour the Countess made the move for retiring for the night, and I was not sorry, as I felt anxious to steady my nerves and regain my self-control.

When in my room, I did not, however, prepare for bed at once, but, sitting down, read over my old diary, which I had brought with me; and in the light of my new experience and feelings I saw how calmly happy the dear old days might have been. While recognising my own culpable discontent, I inwardly resolved that if ever it should fall to my lot to have the chance given me—which in my present state of mind I more than half doubted—I would resolutely cultivate a more cheerful and contented spirit.

After a time, somewhat comforted, I was leisurely undressing when my attention was drawn to a sound of stealthy footsteps stealing along the gallery towards my door, which I had carelessly left unlocked.

Instinctively feeling they belonged to someone who wished to be unnoticed, and was after no good, I stood motionless with terror as they crept nearer and nearer, finally pausing at my room.

Expecting every minute to see the door fly open and admit I knew not what, I was proportionately amazed and quite as frightened when, after a minute, during which nothing happened, they slowly retreated and gradually died away.

Suddenly a suspicion crossed my mind, and hastily walking to the door, I tried it, and found it was locked outside.

I understood now that my discovery the first morning of my arrival was no mistake, and no doubt it had been locked every night since after I was asleep, but my accidentally sitting up later than usual had led to my finding it out.

This was mysterious behaviour, and remembering the other door, I impulsively made up my mind to go downstairs and see what was going on to warrant a guest being locked in her room.

Always impetuous, I gave myself no time to think, but quickly let myself out of the extra door, ran noiselessly down the passage and staircase, across the courtyard and garden, weird and ghostly in the moonlight, and finally into the house again.

Once here I stood irresolute, till a murmur of voices coming from a room on my right convinced me that those I sought were to be found there; so boldly walking across the hall, I pushed the door open and stepped in.

Fortunately for me, a large screen shut out my view, and, on peeping round it, a curious scene met my eyes.

At a long table sat the Countess, her son, and all the servants, in familiar and intimate intercourse.

They were speaking in low, guarded tones, and I noticed that before each lay some weapons.

As they at first spoke Russian, I could not understand; but presently one of them said a few words in French, which plainly told me that, all unconsciously, I was assisting at a Nihilist meeting, the members of which expected to be surprised at any moment by the police, in which case everyone in the house would be involved in one common ruin.

The servants were simply rebels in disguise, and this was at once their hiding and meeting-place.

I had scarcely taken this in, before the distinguished-looking man, who had played the part of major-domo, said authoritatively—

"The night wanes, and we have yet settled nothing. Unless we do something quickly, escape will be impossible. Each hour renders it more difficult."

"True," answered Countess Catarina. "But what about this English girl, for whom I am answerable to her friends? Moreover, it would lead to our own capture unless we see after her safety."

"You should never have brought her here," said Ivan roughly. "It was a mad and foolish thing to do."

"I know," was his mother's meek reply; "but I had no idea the crisis was so near, and had no choice. It was so evidently expected of me; and besides, what harm can she do if we take her with us?"

"Oh, we'll take care she does no harm, the little idiot!" was the cool reply, with a significant glance at the pistols before him.

Even at this moment my wounded vanity asserted itself, and for a second mortification swallowed up fear.

Only for a second, however, for the major-domo, who was listened to, I noticed, with marked deference, said decisively—

"Let us have no unnecessary violence. It would be best to lock her securely in the secret room, leaving her discovery to chance. She can tell the police little or nothing about us, thanks to our precautions; and it would hamper us in our flight, and might lead ultimately to our capture to take her with us. That will be your work, Ivan."

"I had best see about securing her at once then," said the young Count eagerly, making a move as if to rise.

"Nay, my son, there are other more important matters to be decided before that," was the imperious reply. "At present she is safe, so in half an hour you can go; meanwhile stay where you are."

He subsided reluctantly, but his action roused me to a sense of the danger I ran if I were found there; and so, scarcely daring to breathe, I softly returned to my room as quickly as my trembling limbs would let me, the same way I had come.

Once there, I sank on a chair and reviewed the situation—a truly alarming one for an unprotected girl of eighteen.

I had half an hour in which to quiet my confused brain and effect an escape, for at the end of that time I must choose between imprisonment and starvation or resistance and a speedy death, since I was with desperate people, who had no scruple about taking life, and Ivan's face told me entreaties or tears would avail me nothing.

Oh, how I longed for the calm security of the house in the Close, let it be never so dull!

There was no time, however, for sentimental regrets, and a louder murmur from the room below made me fear they were coming. I sprang up in feverish haste and terror, crammed my hand-bag with everything it would hold, locked all I could not get in there into my trunk, which I left to its fate, in the hope of some day getting it back, and finally, donning cloak, hat, and veil, and grasping my bag, crept cautiously downstairs by the back way, starting nervously at every sound and every shadow.

The fear that chiefly possessed me was that the door into the road would be locked, in which case my capture was certain. And it was well I had kept in the shadow, for as I drew near it I saw an armed man walking up and down before it—a sentry, stationed there, no doubt, to give notice of the approach of foes. I shrank behind a tree and waited, meaning to make a rush for the door when his back was turned; and of course if it were locked he could not fail to see me, in which case I meant to have a fight for my liberty, as I was strong for a girl, and danger lent me courage. I had not, however, to resort to so desperate a course of action, for as I waited a low whistle sounded outside the walls. The sentry drew near the door, and a dialogue ensued between him and some unseen person without. Finally he seemed satisfied, and undid it.

Now was my chance; so edging as close to the gate as possible, I watched eagerly till the door was opened to admit the visitor. As he slipped in and strode towards the house, I struck the sentry smartly on his back, and while he looked angrily round I whisked through the door and down the road.

Taking the precaution of crouching behind a convenient buttress, I had the satisfaction of seeing him glare up and down the road, and then slowly retire and re-lock the door, evidently perplexed and baffled. I breathed more freely now I was outside the awful house; and slowly rising from my cramped position, flew rather than ran towards the station, I fondly hoped, though never having been outside the walls since my arrival, I really did not know in which direction it lay.

This was a disadvantage; but by great good luck I happened to have taken the right turning, and soon saw the station before me. I had to moderate my pace now, for some men who passed glanced curiously at me, and, above all, I wished to avoid attracting notice.

Once in the station, I managed in schoolgirl French to make known my desire for a ticket to St. Petersburg; and having luckily changed all my money into Russian coins a few days previously, was able to pay for it quite naturally.

Whether I had enough money to get home remained to be seen. A train was not long in arriving from some town further south, and I was not sorry to get off, for the official who supplied my ticket looked suspiciously at me; but at that moment someone else claimed his attention, so I dived into the nearest carriage unmolested.

The official, however, was not satisfied, for he spoke to another standing near, evidently of superior rank. Both stared at me, and as the train moved I saw them enter the telegraph office.

I did not take in the meaning of this, but only felt intensely grateful at being so far on my road, and turned to look at the other occupants of the carriage, half hoping a lady might be there, to whom I could appeal for assistance and protection.

To my disappointment there were only two people besides myself, both of the opposite sex. One was a middle-aged man, with kind blue eyes and a reliable, strong face, while the other was quite young, a handsome Saxon type, with clear grey eyes, fair hair, golden moustache, and a frank, bright, honest air about him. My abrupt entrance caused them to look up; but finding I seated myself as if all were right, they settled down in their corners again, and we crawled on some way in silence.

Presently the young man looked up, yawned, and remarked wearily in English, "How precious slow this train is, father! I suppose in a short time they'll want to look at your passport again? It'll be worn to rags with simply taking it in and out of your case."

"Yes, indeed," replied the other, as he lay down his book, and took a neat leather case from an inner pocket; "but without it we should never get home, so I suppose we mustn't complain."

A fresh fear assailed me as I listened, for in my haste and inexperience I had never heeded the fact that I had no passport; and now what would be the result?

As usual my face plainly expressed my feelings, for the elder man, glancing casually at me, evidently saw something was amiss; and overcome apparently by a sudden impulse, leant forward and said kindly, if hesitatingly, "Would you like this window open?"

This gave me—as he meant it should—an opportunity which I seized thankfully by saying, "No, thank you, it is not too warm," adding timidly, "I heard you speak of a passport, just now. Do you know how I ought to set about getting one when I reach St. Petersburg?"

"Have you none at all?" he asked rather anxiously.

"No," I faltered, painfully conscious of indoor shoes and gloveless hands. "I left in a hurry, and had no idea of wanting one—in fact, never once thought about it till I heard you mention it."

He glanced across wonderingly at his son, who lifted his eyebrows in surprise, while I sat with burning cheeks, fully alive to the suspiciously odd look of things.

"But how did you get here without one, as you are evidently English?" was his next question, put very kindly.

Relieved at the chance of explaining, and attracted by his refined face and courteous manners, I detailed my experiences at some length, being listened to with great attention, while the son broke into a boyish cheer when I related the history of my escape.

At this distance of time I cannot be too thankful that fate led me to gentlemen and men of honour, for in my schoolgirl's ignorance of life I put myself completely in their power, and I tremble to think what might have been the result had they not been what they were. They listened silently, but I noticed the elder man flush curiously when I mentioned my aunt's name, though Dulminster was evidently unknown to him.

They did not, however, speak till I had finished, when the elder gentleman said gravely, "I congratulate you on your escape; but all danger is not yet over. You are suspected as coming from a suspicious house, and from what you tell me I conjecture that the officials have telegraphed to the next place to stop you, and we all know too well what arrest and imprisonment in Russia mean. Moreover, without a passport you can't even get as far as St. Petersburg, let alone England."

In spite of my late heroic actions, I relapsed into an ordinary schoolgirl at this doleful intelligence, and could not restrain my tears, although my pride tried hard to keep them back.

"Don't cry," he said gently, attracted by my audible sniffs. "I fancy I see a way out of the difficulty if you won't mind using it. My name is Bevan, and my passport is luckily made out for myself, my son, and my daughter, who intended coming with us, but was at the last moment prevented by my wife's illness. Will you avail yourself of this chance, so that if any questions are asked I can point out that my passport is for three people?"

I was in too desperate a case to refuse, and besides, his tone and manner were so kind and considerate, that to have displayed stiffness or hesitation would have been absurd.

I gratefully accepted, and then by his directions took off my veil and cloak, which I crammed into my bag. Next he removed from his watch-chain a carbuncle ring—the souvenir of some earlier day, and handing it to me, bade me put it on. I produced from my bag a pair of gloves and a shawl to put over my shoulders, and this, with a pair of eyeglasses provided by the son, completed my preparations. The young man had watched in amused silence, looking as if he thought it all a capital joke.

We had not finished a moment too soon, for just as his father had wrapped a large rug round me so as to leave merely my eyes in sight, the train stopped, and the dreadful examination began. It was not the usual station for it, but the telegram had evidently taken effect, for my arrival was expected, and it was well I had found friends, as the officials glared suspiciously at every girl with or without a veil.

When they arrived at our carriage, my heart almost stopped, but I kept resolutely quiet while they looked critically at me and the passport, my supposed father making some remark to ward off suspicion.

They lingered so long, I feared all was lost, talking excitedly among themselves, and questioning my friend in a threatening way, to which he replied calmly and with some dignity.

After what seemed an interminable time, during which I suffered all the horrors of suspense, we moved on, the ordeal being over; and my companions considerately left me in peace so that I might recover. When they thought I had regained my composure, Mr. Bevan seated himself beside me and gently drew from me my plans, which were vague and sketchy enough.

It turned out that he and his son intended going as far as Cologne, so he arranged that to that point I could benefit by his passport; while from there to London no such difficulty need be expected. At St. Petersburg he had made the acquaintance of a lady who was going to London — unless she had already gone — whose company would be pleasant for me when he had to leave me at Cologne. If she had left, he would try to find another, as there were usually many such, he said, so he apprehended no trouble in that quarter. In every way he showed the utmost kindness and consideration, which, young as I was, I could yet appreciate.

Several more times ere we reached St. Petersburg our passport was examined, and I should have fared badly except for my friends. Once arrived, he drove me straight to his hotel, giving me in charge of a kindly young woman, who showed me to a room; and so exhausted was I by my varied experiences that I rapidly fell asleep.

My last conscious thought was a dim recollection of that memorable speech of mine in the old bedroom at Hampstead, and a dreamy feeling that I had not been so far wrong after all.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATIONAL.

MRS. A. EWING requests us to inform our readers that she has changed her address from that in Oxford to Winterslow Rectory, near Salisbury, Wilts, and those who wish to obtain the benefit of joining her Mutual Improvement Society must note the change of address.

DORIS fails to specify in which department of the Civil Service she thinks of looking for a clerkship. Perhaps she had better procure a little manual called *Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices* (Cassell & Co.).

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WANDERING DOVE "so wants" the title of a lugubrious song, one verse of which begins with—

"Oh, that we two were lying
Under the churchyard sod."

We never heard of "wandering doves" that wished to be "under the sod!" Had she described herself as a mole or a worm, we should have thought it natural. As to the second party in this pleasant arrangement, we think he would rather be excused. "Save me from my friends!" But we should regard the matter in a graver light. To "desire to be with Christ" is a very different aspiration, with which the "charnel house" and the "sod" have nothing to do. But even while entertaining so holy a desire, it should be united to a willing acquiescence in the Divine will. "My times are in Thy hand." The song you quote from is Kingsley's "O That We Two Were Maying," set to beautiful music by Gounod. The same poem was also set as a duet for two voices by Alice Mary Smith.

PORTEA and NERESSA.—A belief in the transformation of a man into a wolf, although firmly held in Auvergne, Brittany, and Limousin, was common all over Europe, and is of very ancient origin. Ovid, Herodotus, and Pliny all leave stories confirmatory of such an idea. We find that the question of its credibility was seriously discussed in the fifteenth century by a council of theologians convoked by the Emperor Sigismund, and that they decided that this "were-wolf" was a reality. In France it is called the "loup-garou," "garou" being, it is supposed, derived from "werou" or "worou," as in "warlock"—"ore" being an "ogre." In this country, once abounding with wolves, the superstition is an ancient one, for "were-wolf" is a compound of Anglo-Saxon words—"wer" denoting a man. This monster was said to roam about devouring infants, and its skin being bullet-proof, according to legendary history, could only be pierced by one blessed in a chapel dedicated to St. Hubert.

TEMPERANTIA VINCIT.—1. Your hand is not yet formed, but promises well.—2. The 30th of April, 1872, was a Tuesday; and the 31st of January, 1874, a Saturday.

TWICKENHAM FERRY.—We advise you to send for the *Englishwoman's Year Book*, which gives a list of homes of various descriptions and terms. Price 1s. (Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.).

NEAPOLITAN VIOLET.—1. No such eggs as those of ants are sold anywhere that we are aware of. You must collect them yourself for your gold-fish. But this food is not essential for them by any means.—2. The word "gruesome" means weird and dreary.

AILEEN.—1. Supposing that no question of conscience be involved in the case, the guest might go to the place of worship attended by her hosts and the family during her visit to them.—2. You had better get a book of the kind you require recommended to you at one of the Swedish Exercise or Kindergarten establishments.

MONA.—Only a very few of our stories are published in separate form. Your writing and spelling need reform.

DISTRESSED SISTER.—It would be a far greater act of kindness to have your sister's heart and chest examined by a doctor than to yield to a feeling of nervous apprehension on her part. "A stitch in time," &c., is a wise old proverb; so you must sometimes "be cruel to be kind.".

NELLA.—We are sorry to tell you that, distressing as your case may be, and severe as your mother may appear, you are merely reaping what you have sown. Your would-be "intended" did wrong in not asking permission to pay his addresses to you, and you did wrong in accepting a proposal without your mother's knowledge and consent. When he proposed you should have said, "Ask my mother's permission before I can consider your suit." Now, we can only recommend you to make a humble acknowledgment of unfilial conduct, and tell your mother that, whether she ever feel disposed to reconsider her decision or not, you feel you owe her this apology, and you ask her forgiveness. You had better write this. Be patient; do nothing clandestine; time and your apology may do much—especially if you got some mutual friend to suggest to your lover that he should make an apology too. By-and-bye someone may intercede for you. But this must not be attempted until her feeling of displeasure have worn off, and the wound, occasioned by want of confidence and by being set aside, be healed.

MISS I. K. MORTON.—We have pleasure in naming your Amateur Literary Society, to which members subscribing 1s. per annum may send their stories, having sent a stamped envelope for the rules addressed to your residence, Wilson House, Wilson Road, Birchfield, Birmingham. Our readers may like to know that two prizes are given annually. President, John d'Este, Esq.; Treasurer, J. Morton, Esq.

DANIEL.—The pretty art of skeletonising leaves and flowers has been described in vol. i., pp. 582-3; weekly number for September 11th, 1880. Your letter, and warm appreciation of our magazine, is most gratifying, and we thank you for them.

BIRDIE.—You should address a medical man as "John Brown, Esq., M.D." To say "hadn't ought to," or "didn't ought to," is very incorrect, and particularly vulgar likewise. You ought to say, "You should not," or "You ought not."

THERESA, or TERESE.—Consult your relatives as to your proposition. If they have confidence in your industry, steadiness, economy, and thorough acquaintance with your business, and you could show that you could establish a commercial connection, so as to find a ready sale for your goods and permanent customers, they might propose to start you in your business, having an interest themselves in the gains you would make.

MISS LONGMAN.—A Dorcas Society is under the direction of Mrs. Noble, 32, Hamilton Road, Ealing Common, W., and we have often directed attention to the Odd Minutes' Society, formed for the benefit of the East-end poor. The Secretary is Miss J. Powel-Luctons, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

A READER.—An Early Rising Society used to be conducted by Miss C. Hacking, Seymour Grove, Old Trafford, Manchester; also by Miss Allen, 79, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight.

F. D.—1. A cockade is not a civil but a military decoration or badge, and is worn by servants of officers, naval and military, or of those quasi-military in character, such as the lords-lieutenants of counties.—2. The paintings by the old masters are usually signed; and if not, are much deteriorated in value, although they may be recognised as genuine by experienced connoisseurs and professional adepts.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—It is usual to give half a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of tea, and threequarters of a pound of sugar to a general servant.

A "DAUGHTER OF THE KING."—Your mother is your divinely-appointed teacher, guide, and example, a position for which, from all you say, she is worthy to fill, and your father likewise. Secondly, remember always that on matters of minor importance, in opinion and in practice, a great degree of liberty is allowed, and that we may not judge one another. God-fearing and exemplary Christians hold different views one from another, and "to their own Master they must stand or fall." We are told that to such as love him He will make His will plain, and His burden is light, and He gives us all things richly to enjoy.

PUSSY and BOY send the following query:—1. "If a canary were sitting on a post, and a person walked round the post, the canary turning so as to face the person all the time, has the person walked round the canary?" We reply, no; the person walks round the post only, because the canary turns round with the person, and accompanies him in his circumlocution, and he cannot walk round the bird without passing round his tail, which he has never done.—2. The 28th of August, 1872, was a Wednesday; and the 22nd of April, 1873, a Tuesday.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You should soak a coarse sponge in water, and sow it with almost any kind of small flower-seed, such as lobelia, convolvulus, etc.; or you could sow mustard and cress in it, keeping well watered.

X. Y. Z.—1. A schoolgirl should retire to her room at nine o'clock, as there is a good deal to be done when there—to keep the hair in order, for which there is little time in the morning ablutions, and your religious duties.—2. Sugar and milk supply all the nourishment in tea.

E. S. B.—The Young Men's Christian Association has branches throughout Great Britain, and boarding-houses and restaurants in all large towns. You should apply for all information to the Secretary, 16A and 17, Old Cavendish Street, W.

CHIPS and BONES (Australia).—1. It is most undesirable for women to smoke. As a rule, those who do so are of the would-be masculine class, and want to appear "fast." It certainly does not improve the complexion, because it is hurtful to the liver and digestive powers; and it discolours the teeth and makes the breath offensive. So the money wasted upon it had better be given to the needy, and the sweetness of the dwelling-house preserved for others. Men are more necessarily exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and are rougher in their habits, so the habit sits on them with a better grace; and to soldiers and sailors it may be regarded as beneficial in moderation.—2. It is both unbecoming and injurious to dye the hair, and hideous for a young girl to wear a wig! Wear a pleasant, frank-looking smile, and it will lend beauty to the warmly-tinted hair.

IGNORAMUS.—Do not feel troubled on account of having a large end to your nose. It is no bad sign at all. It is said to indicate a reflective mind. Dr. Samuel Johnson keeps you company in this peculiarity. Your letter is a very creditable one, and we are much gratified by all you say.

LOGWOOD BLOSSOM (Jamaica).—1. We regret that your former letter was not acknowledged. Ground-glass windows can be cleaned like the plain glass, only employing soda as well.—2. Write for one or two of the most difficult pieces by Schumann, and Bach's "Fugues." Mention your object to the music-seller, and he will select for you what will be useful for practising, and be worth the trouble taken in their acquirement.

STUDENT.—Winchester College was founded A.D. 1387 by William of Wykeham, as a training school for the New College he had already founded at Oxford. It is the oldest of our public schools. The see of Winchester is much more ancient, having been founded A.D. 635.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

"FLORA WAS, AS A MATTER OF COURSE, A GOOD DEAL TEASED BY DICK, WHO WOULD TELL ALL SORTS OF GOOD AND BAD STORIES OF SCOTCHMEN."

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CHAPTER VII.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—YOUNG DICK BENNET AND HIS VIEWS OF LIFE.

FLORA had felt as if she could never lack amusement and interest in London, and it surprised her to find how soon the feast began to pall a little. It might be because she stood slightly aloof from it still, that she saw so clearly, and was not swept away by the current. Everything was too easy, too abundant. It was like men and women reclining all day long on beds of down, and having whatever their hearts could desire brought to them, without the slightest effort on their part. At Inverlochan life had been full of bracing self-denial and exciting struggle. Here it was, "Hold out your hand and take." The capture of a new book had been an era there. The Macdougals' *Graphic* and *Judy*, and Sir Ewan's *Blackwood* and *Punch*, were lent far and near, up and down, as if their owners had kept a circulating library. A new piece of pretty fancy-work, to employ the winter nights and the summer mornings, was a prize that sent up Flora's spirits to singing pitch. Yet, in spite of the march of taste as far as Inverlochan, such fancy-work was almost ugly compared with the sumptuous and dainty bits of embroidery, which were so plentiful, while so long of getting worked, in the equally sumptuous and dainty work-baskets in the drawing-room in Kensington Square. Kate had revolted from the splendour and the dim fascinations of their dyes, the extravagant grace of their designs, the fantasticalness of their stitches, to the gratuitous practice of plain sewing, as one turns from rich cake to simple bread.

It was strange and rather striking to find how so many things, when they ceased to be treats, grew more or less insipid, even wearisome.

Flora had soon ceased to feel the little stimulus of apprehension lest she should do anything wrong—that is, ill-mannered, or spoil the treasures scattered freely all around. The treasures had failed to be so precious when their places could be supplied afresh without the slightest difficulty. Her aunt, who was very particular about her daughters' manners, made allowance for Flora, who was quick to learn the *beinséances* of the situation, since she was not stupid, though she might now and then appear awkward, and she was not too proud to be taught.

But much had gone from life, as she was not long in discovering, though she could not very well tell what at first. She was sure that to pay the Bennets a visit would have been delightful beyond anything; but in the course of a very few weeks the idea of staying on with them all her life dismayed her, though she reproached herself for inconstancy and ingratitude. It was not merely that she pined for the old surroundings, and the old faces from which she had been parted; she did pine for them, but it was for something else also.

It might be the heat of the weather, for May had given place to a particularly hot June. Flora had only known June as inconstant as April, bearing on its wing a touch of north or east wind as often as of zephyrs from the south or west, even when the sloe was milk-white with blossom, and the purple heather-bells were beginning to swell to their July fullness. There was plenty of heather in Surrey, she was told; but she could hardly believe it; and even if it were so, it would not be "the bonnie, blooming, heather" stirred by the mountain breeze, for which she began to long almost as passionately as Edom o' Gordon's victim sighed in her extremity for "A breath o' the wastlin' wind."

It was not that Flora was indifferent to the comparative luxuriance of England—the very flower-carts in the streets filled her with pleasure; the lilac, and white plumes of the lilac, the trails of the laburnum, the budding, clustering roses, the overwhelming scarlet of the masses of geraniums, all so much earlier and richer than they were at her home, were greeted by her with glad satisfaction as what she was prepared to expect in England. She was taken to see the chestnuts at Bushey, the gardens at Kew, and the old thorns in Greenwich Park; and she was not disappointed. But always there rose to her lips snatches of the song which had haunted her on her journey south the day she had crossed the Border—

"Away! ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
In you let the minions of luxury dwell."

Were the Bennets minions of luxury? Would Flora grow, in her turn, to be a minion? Surely not. Surely not, so long as her heart could echo the craving—

"Give me the rock where the snowflake reposes,
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar."

Her native Ben was but a miniature Lochnagar, yet she could not have loved it better if it had been a peak of the Andes.

It was very irksome to Flora to be shut up in the finest London house, and not suffered to go out save under surveillance—she who had been the mistress of a house, to whom the glen, the spital, and the moorland, far or near, had been as free as the manse garden. Mrs. Bennet might like girls to be independent and self-reliant on a journey, as she had written to Flora; but in London, following high precedents, she treated Dorothy and Flora still more like children than she treated Kate and Mary. *They* might go each by herself to school, to shops in the High Street, or houses in the neighbourhood; but not a step could Dorothy and Flora take unless the girls were together, or attended by Amelia, if by no better protector. What did Mrs. Bennet fear for them? Why could they not be trusted? What did she think must become of all the girls and young women who had to go out unattended on their proper business from morning till night? But though the restraint galled Flora, she was not so conceited as to imagine that the rules of the house ought to be altered to suit her.

Everybody was so much alike, Flora murmured to herself next. Certainly there were shades of difference in the Bennet family; but even when she got as far as the servants, the similarity existed, though she was aware the cook was an older, more important person than the house and table-maids, just as old Flory had been of greater account than Jessie at the manse. Amelia was in a higher grade still, since she was entrusted with Mrs. Bennet's keys when the mistress of the house was from home, and went out and executed commissions for her in a curious reflection of Mrs. Bennet's personality, for Amelia succeeded to the plainer of Mrs. Bennet's left-off dresses and mantles. All the servants were very much a body of strangers and foreigners to Flora. She could never look upon them as she had looked upon old Flory and Jessie, though she and those strange domestics were to spend the rest of their lives together, within the same four walls. This was a figure of speech, because Mrs. Bennet, who aimed at a council of perfection in her household, and was a strict disciplinarian, changed the most of her servants at the rate of once in three months.

Flora was fain to hope that these English servants, who were so polite, silent, low-spoken, did not hate her outright. In spite of lingering national enmity, it would have been difficult for them to do so, when she was so scrupulous in giving them unnecessary trouble, and so anxious to oblige them without infringing the code of the house; but she had an instinctive perception that they looked upon her with a species of good-natured contempt, as an oddity, and "a guy" of a young lady—a poor relation, very shabby, in the train of Mrs. Bennet.

In like manner, the visitors who came to the house, the ladies of whom Flora saw most, were distressingly the same in her eyes. They were uniformly well dressed and well bred; they all talked of the same thing, after the staple topic of the weather, the bazaar which the Princess was to open in the Town Hall, the Academy, the conversazione at the museum, the last concert at the Albert Hall, interspersed with little bits of private annals, and glossed over social scandals of which Flora possibly did not understand one-tenth. The speech, to her unaccustomed ears, had still a curious family likeness; and Flora had been accustomed to such broad contrasts, and strong characteristics, extending from Sir Ewan and Lady Adelaide at the Castle to the humblest crofters. All these English ladies were courteous, but she was not sure that they too did not look on her under their drooping eyelids as an oddity. The franker ladies invited

her to their houses, and she went with her aunt and Dorothy, facing the battery of their covert inspection, and receiving her baptism of afternoon tea as poor young Louis Napoleon took his baptism of fire at the commencement of the last great European war. But though the hostesses and their daughters were bland and gracious, there was no cordiality about them that Flora could discover. When would they take possession of her, as the Macdougal girls used to do, Lizzie snatching off her hat, and Bella seizing her gloves — the whole band rejoicing over her, and pouring out all they had been doing for good or for ill, their failures and disappointments, as well as their successes, their mistakes and misadventures, in a very hurly-burly of noise and laughter, in her friendly ears? When would these dignified matrons and spinsters trot after Flora, trouble about her, potter over her, with the affectionate, if sometimes trying, solicitude of Miss Arabella?

Flora went to church with the Bennets. The days of Jenny Geddes were long past; Mr. Macdermot, though a Presbyterian minister, had not had a strong objection to a liturgy; he had even taught Flora to regard the collects of the English Prayer Book with great admiration; yet whether from lack of custom, from radical Presbyterianism, or from some fault in herself, she missed in the Church services also the spontaneity and individuality for which she was secretly crying out. Nevertheless, these services were a comfort to her in what she was tempted to call her luxurious house of bondage. When a favourite text of her father's occurred in the gospel or the epistle for the day, or when the choir sang a hymn which had a place in the Scotch Hymnal, and so was occasionally used in Inverlochan Church, she bent her head to hide the tears of happiness which rushed to her eyes, for she felt at home again. And if Flora felt at other times half chilled, half stifled, in her girl's "Capua," how could the Bennets help that? She was a carping, fault-finding creature to be able to see so many motes in her neighbours' eyes.

The summer continued unusually hot, and there was no compelling cause, save Kate and Mary's schooling, why the Bennets should remain in town throughout June and July—waste away, and grow more like ghosts by degrees, as Kate solemnly declared. She and Mary would have had no objection to close their books, and Mrs. Bennet would not have minded carrying them away, and engaging a holiday governess for their benefit. But Dorothy's season could not be curtailed; besides, Parliament sat till August, and Mrs. Bennet was not going to leave town before one or two of her friends, who had the good fortune to have members of their families in the "House."

One relief to the girls was afforded by the return of Dick from Oxford, at the close of the summer term. With Dick to bear them company, Dorothy and Flora were allowed much more freedom of action. Yet Dick's protection was nominal, to say the least, since he was quite as likely to get them into mischief as to keep them out of it. He was the very type of an undergrad—light-hearted, jovial, a trifle boisterous, but thoroughly gentleman-like. He stood between Dorothy and Flora in point of age. He was not so delicately handsome as his sisters. Their complexions were fair as well as pale, and their hair was the prettiest, sunniest, bright brown—the colour of a nut when it has taken on its first tinge of brown. Dick was as weather-beaten, and his skin was as near a brick in tone, as athletics and boating could render them. He had other disadvantages. His nose—where had he got it?—was a blunt snub, and his cropped hair was the most pronounced red in hue—a distinction which caused Flora to turn over a fact in her mind. Though red is the most approved colour for the hair of heroines in this generation, there is no permission to heroes to approach nearer to the sanguine in the scale of colour than what is vaguely defined as "tawny"—an uncertain definition, which she had heard Kate calmly explain as "old gold" colour.

"Who ever heard of a man with old gold coloured hair and beard, you ridiculous girl!" cried out Dorothy, in fits of laughter. "Why, his head would be like that effigy of the Prince Consort in the Albert Memorial! You might as well compare Dick's head to a scarlet poppy."

"I cannot help it—tawny is old gold colour," persisted Kate.

"And the truth is the truth," put in Flora. "But I always thought 'tawny' was russet, like a field of ripe corn."

"Russet, sober russet hair! Why not say hodden grey at once? You are almost as bad as Kate. You two girls will kill me with laughing," said Dorothy.

There was one thing that his worst enemy could not deny Dick Bennet—he was well-grown and well-made, which, considering that he was to be a soldier, was of more moment than hair and complexion.

Listening to Dick, who was nothing loth to recount his adventures, it appeared to Flora, a good deal to her mystification, that he led much the same life in the learned university city that his sister Dorothy led in London, subject to such variations as were incidental to the circumstance that Dick was a lad and Dorothy a girl. Flora heard a great deal about private theatricals, concerts, balls, and pic-nics, intermingled with cricket matches and boat races. The changes were rung on them perpetually, but she was told little or nothing of lectures and examinations.

"When do you find time to study?" she asked in perplexity.

"Oh, I don't sap," answered Dick, with careless confidence. "I've been pulled through Mods., and my next five-barred gate is a long way ahead. Besides, it don't matter much though I'm plucked after all. What does a soldier fellow want with rot of Latin and Greek? If it had been foot and horse drill now, better than one gets in the Volunteers," pursued sapient Dick, "or even draughtsmanship or fortification, there might be some sense in it—it might be a pity to lose sight of it."

Flora was not rendered much wiser by Dick's reply. Of one thing she was sure, in her youthful severity—that he must lead a life of great idleness and much play; and as she had far less hesitation in judging her contemporaries than in presuming to condemn her seniors, she felt a strong disposition to turn up her nose at poor unconscious Dick. She had a great deal of shrewdness and spirit in the middle of her sweet submissiveness, and the serious side of life had an attraction for her which would have been utterly incomprehensible to Dorothy—which might indeed have been incomprehensible to many an older woman.

She did ask Dick, rather sarcastically, why he had gone to Oxford when he had so little sympathy with the spirit of the place, a remark at which Dick stared in his turn.

"Why, it is the jolliest place on earth for fellows finishing their education," he announced. "The only drawback is, that it does run away with a lot of tin; and if your boss ain't liberal-minded, you may as well cut the whole concern. But though I've a few goodish long bills at the livery stables and elsewhere, the governor is so taken up with the old women—that is these blessed antiquities the dons—when he comes down, that he has no time to pull long faces. Besides, mum will pull me through, see if she won't. Look here, cousin Flora; if last year had not been my freshman's year you would have come up a fortnight ago, as my people did last summer, and you would have gone in for "Commem.," and heard all the fun in the theatre, and been at our ball, and in our boat to Nuncham; and then you would have known what Oxford was like."

Flora was thinking that some of the stories of poor Scotch students which her father had told her might belong altogether to a past generation. There might not nowadays be peasants' sons homely and uncouth to look upon, but mighty to work in the class-rooms and in their garrets. They had hurried to Edinburgh or Glasgow, Aberdeen or St. Andrews, and on little more than the bags of oatmeal and potatoes and barrels of salt herrings which they brought with them, contrived to keep body and soul together till they were able to earn a little money by drudging and teaching at every spare moment, in order to complete their university course. When they went home for their long vacation it was not to form reading parties, or to take a run over Norway or Switzerland; it was to give their services in the parish schools—aye, even to shear the harvest. They might be boorish and blate, these ardent followers of knowledge under difficulties; but they were men, not boys. If these "hedge scholars," as some people called them, belonged to the past, though Scotland might mourn it if it were so, there were lads like Miss Arabella's nephews at the back of the Ben, well born, yet ill supplied with the "penny sillar," whom only the combined exertions of their entire kindred, men and women alike, sent up to one or other of the colleges. And they were so alive to what they had cost, and so set on paying it back, that they allowed them-

selves only one round with their clubs and balls of the golf course, and one "daunder" after supper, to withdraw them from books and papers till they won the prizes in their path. The lads returned to the back of the Ben long and lean and white-faced; so did the old soldiers of fortune after half a century spent in the wars of "Hie Germanie." It was graphically described in one case—

"With a star upon his breast, and a Sir before his name,
An' a grey, grey head, young Randal cam' hame."

But Miss Arabella's nephews did not stay away long enough to be forgotten or superseded. And oh! what proud folk their mother and father and sisters were to walk about with them and speak behind their backs of their honours. The signs of what the lads had suffered for their victories were but the scars which are a soldier's glory. Dick Bennet was going to be a soldier; yet he ran the risk of being but a carpet knight, since in his first campaign—his college campaign—he did not so much as dream of incurring scars and gathering laurels.

But though Dick and Flora could not be said to stand on the same plane, or to understand a quarter of what each other thought, they were very good friends notwithstanding. It would have been hard to resist Dick's exuberant good spirits, his satisfaction with all things, his cheerful assurance of having his advances well received, his very inexperience of life, of which he had so little suspicion, which he would have denied so indignantly, that was yet so patent to Flora. Dick Bennet a year older than she was! She had a notion that, so far as feeling went, she might have been Dick's mother, without having attained any sublime heights of sense and staidness.

Flora was, as a matter of course, a good deal teased by Dick, who would tell her all sorts of cock-and-bull stories of Scotchmen whom he had met at Oxford, and imagine she would believe him. Or he would pretend she was dying for the smell of singed sheep's head, or the taste of Cocky-leekie; or he would imperatively summon her to a window to listen to the squeal of the pipes played by a couple of degenerate Tyroleans, and affect to believe that these miserable mountebanks were genuine Highland pipers. How could she resent his tricks, even though she had not been as good-natured as he was, when there was not a person in the house, young or old, great or small, who was not fair game for Dick. Did he not style his father "the knight of the rueful countenance," or "the L. O. M." (the Languid Old Man), and dub his mother, who could find no fault in her son, a bare-faced tuft-hunter?

(*To be continued.*)

MY HOME IN THE CLOSE.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I awoke it was late the same day—as we had arrived in the early morning; and feeling much refreshed by slumber, I sprang out of bed and rang the bell.

The same girl I had seen before answered it, bringing hot water and a note from Mr. Bevan, to say that when I came down I should find him in the reading-room.

With all possible speed I dressed and descended, to find him in earnest conversation with an elderly lady of pleasant appearance, who proved to be the one he had mentioned—Mrs. Morel-Robertson. She had luckily not gone, as unexpected business detained her, but she intended starting on Friday—this was Wednesday—and Mr. Bevan acquiesced, saying it was a pity I should not see some of St. Petersburg now I was there, as it was unlikely that I should come again.

We had of course to leave out many interesting objects, but Mr. Bevan insisted on my mounting the dome of St. Isaac's to obtain a bird's-eye view of the city, and also took me to the Gostinoi bazaar, as one saw there national types of every grade. Prices, he said, had risen greatly of late years, so I decided not to buy anything, though the Russian leather slippers, worked in gold and silver, and the pretty sashes and ties, attracted me very much. We went inside St. Isaac's to admire the lavish use of bronze, granite, malachite, and lapis-lazuli, but I was so haunted by the fear of detection and discovery that I paid but half-divided attention, and did not profit much by Mr. Bevan's learned accounts of the public buildings and statues we drove past.

Next day we started, and I was relieved at the prospect of getting off Russian territory, for all my courage had evaporated, leaving me weak and nervous.

The journey proved annoying and vexatious by reason of the many delays caused by the over zeal of petty officials in that land of surveillance and distrust, and more than ever I saw how utterly hopeless it would have been for me to get home unless I had luckily met with kind, honourable people.

My funds, fortunately, were sufficient for my wants, and Mr. Bevan's passport and protection spared me all awkward questions.

He maintained throughout a most thoroughly courteous, chivalrous manner, aided by Mrs. Morel-Robertson, and ably seconded by his son, so that in spite of my desire to be safely back at once in despised Dulminster, I was unfeignedly sorry when Cologne was reached.

We spent Sunday there, quietly attending service at the tiny church in the garden of the Hotel du Nord.

It was our last day together, as next morning the Bevans went to Frankfort, and Mrs. Morel-Robertson and I to London.

As I was walking upstairs to my room, having said good-night to them all in the reading-room, Mr. Bevan overtook me.

"Miss Barlett," he said hurriedly, with an unwonted flush, "your face reminds me greatly of a friend I once had, and the coincidence of your name being the same increases the resemblance. I am old enough to be your father, so you need not mind accepting some trifle from me as a souvenir of our journey together. Will you take this packet, and think sometimes of the old giver when you look at and wear the contents?"

I readily promised, thanking him at the same time for all his kindness; and once in my room could not resist opening the parcel.

It was very small, and looked and felt like a jeweller's box, which sure enough, on removing the paper, came to sight.

While opening it I wondered whether I should find inside a brooch, ring, or pair of earrings, inwardly hoping they would not be too valuable.

My fears and speculations were alike wasted, for the box merely contained a deep orange-coloured shell shaped like a saddle, such as I had never seen before, but which had evidently been picked up off the sea-shore, and was not apparently intended for an ornament.

Nothing could I find to solve the mystery, so I came to the conclusion that he had made some mistake, and given me a trifle he had intended for one of his children.

As I could not very well tell him so, I decided to go to bed, thinking he would probably discover his error and let me know it next day. However, when morning arrived I found that he and his son had left very early, so I departed for England, carrying his queer gift with me. From London I travelled alone, telegraphing to my aunt to intimate by what train I was coming.

I had written a very humble letter from Cologne, and had half expected she would have come to town to meet me; and as she had not done so, I concluded she was still angry with me.

It was a wet, windy day, and anxiety about my reception gave me so bad a headache that somehow everything went wrong.

I missed the proper train, and had to take a slow one instead, which stopped at every station, and involved three changes. I lost my hand-bag—fortunately my purse was in my pocket—and finally, when I arrived at Dulminster hours behind my time, cold, wet, hungry, and hysterical, every cab in the place was engaged, as there was a grand dinner at the bishop's palace, and every vehicle in the town was clustered round it.

Again I was bitterly disappointed, for aunt might surely have reserved one to meet me if she could not come herself, and I took this as a fresh sign that I had offended past forgiveness.

Choking down my tears I decided to walk, and so crept slowly through pouring rain and cold wind to my home in the Close—which I had left so gaily—dreading to face my guardian's stern reproofs, and yet longing to see her again.

I was soaked to the skin and tired to death when I reached it; but it looked unusually friendly as I approached.

Strains of music from the bishop's palace on the other side floated across, and lights in the dining-room glowed rosily through the crimson blinds on to the wet ground.

I stood there trembling for some time, feeling too frightened to enter, and might never have summoned up courage to do so at all had not a carriage suddenly dashed up, and my aunt herself got out and went in.

Impelled by a sudden impulse I darted in too, so quickly that the old butler had not time to prevent me.

I ran into the dining-room, and there stood Aunt Frances by the fire, thoughtfully looking down into it as she unclasped her bracelets.

Her face was so sad, that forgetting my carefully-worded, prim little speech, I flung myself into her arms with a burst of hysterical tears, and a pitiful cry of, "Oh, aunt, forgive me, and let me come back!"

She was too startled to do more than soothe and caress me, clasping me close the while, regardless of the damage my travel-stained garments, soaking and dripping, were doing to her rich grey satin dinner-dress. But at last, when the storm of sobs that shook me had somewhat abated, she hurried me up to my room, sent for her maid, and in less time than one would think possible I was warmed and fed and comforted in bed.

She would have left me then to sleep, but I begged her to let me tell her all, as I felt feverishly awake; so she sat down by me, and bit by bit drew the whole story from me.

She too had much to explain, as the Colvilles had carelessly omitted to acquaint her with our change of plans; and finding that her letters to me received no answer, she had become so anxious that she had written to their town address, and thus had discovered their return and my journey to Russia.

They had written a profusely apologetic letter, which she had answered by upbraiding them in no measured terms for their breach of trust, and had at once written to the address they gave her; and had only this morning received an official reply to the effect that the Countess, her son, and other confederates had all been imprisoned as spies and rebels, their house and walls laid level with the earth, and the garden converted into a dust-heap; but no English girl had been seen, though one had undoubtedly been there.

My poor aunt's distress of mind may be imagined, as she thought at least I was murdered, and she bitterly blamed herself for having let me go out of her sight.

My letter from Cologne had miscarried in some mysterious way, and as she had been from home all day, the telegram had arrived when she was not there, and had been forgotten in the bustle of dressing for the bishop's dinner-party.

Now, happily, all our troubles were at an end; and even as my experiences had changed me for the better, so had hers wrought a change in her, for there was a new, strangely sweet tenderness about her that I had never seen before as she caressed me, murmuring her joy at receiving me back safe.

"You were right, auntie, about my being as glad to come back as I was to go," I whispered shyly, as she prepared to leave me for the night; "only I am twice as glad."

"That is well, dear," she said gently; then with an odd embarrassment most unusual with her she remarked, "Did you say your kind friend in need was named Bevan?"

"Yes," I answered sleepily; "I must show you to-morrow the funny present he gave me."

"About how old was he?" was her next question.

"Oh, I don't know," I replied, with the customary exaggeration of eighteen; "about seventy I should think!"

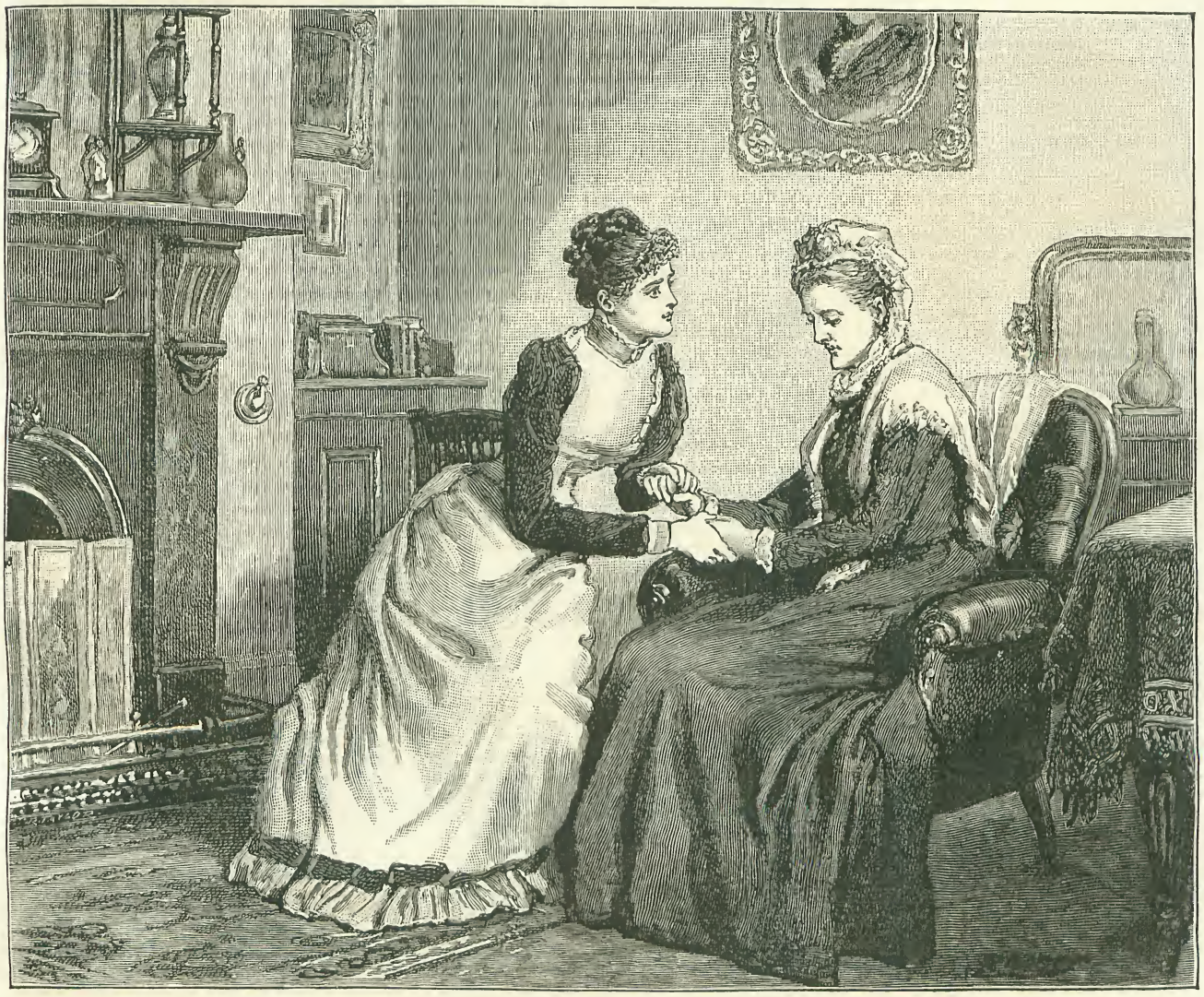
"Ah, it can't be the same, then," she murmured as she shut the door.

I had omitted to tell her his parting words, as the more important part of my tale had completely occupied my attention.

* * * *

Next morning I slept till late, as many will imagine, and sprang up with a lively recollection of my aunt's well-known displeasure at unpunctuality.

I dressed hurriedly, but, as I feared, when I entered the dining-room my aunt had evidently



"AS IF LOST IN PAINFUL THOUGHT."

long finished, and was knitting busily at the window.

Again was I struck by the change in her, for instead of coldly snubbing or reproving me, as once would have been the case, she listened indulgently to my apologies, merely saying—

"You were so tired last night, Gertie, that there is much excuse for you, and indeed I gave orders that you were not to be disturbed, intending you to have breakfast in bed. When we get into our ordinary habits, I know you will not let it occur."

After the meal was over I showed her my shell, laughingly relating Mr. Bevan's parting words; but I was surprised to see her change colour, though she recovered herself directly, and made no comment.

By evening I had developed a severe cold, and consequently had to remain in bed three or four days, as, what with one thing and another, my strength had been overtaxed, and only aunt Frances's unremitting care and attention warded off a serious illness.

When able to move about once more, I felt a great delight in taking up the old humdrum life again, though I doubt whether this feeling would have long outlasted my restored health and first enthusiasm at arriving home once more.

However, it was not put to the test, for though my aunt did not, and could not, be expected to change her mode of life on my account, she had evidently been thinking during my absence, and I heard the results of her thoughts as soon as I was well enough to get up.

"Gertrude," she said, as I was preparing to commence my daily practising, "I have been thinking over matters lately, and I see I made a mistake in expecting my dull, quiet life to suit a girl of your age."

"Oh, aunt Frances," I exclaimed, deeply remorseful, for her voice sounded sad, "I was awfully naughty to be so discontented, but I mean to be very different now."

"My dear, it was no doubt natural," she answered with unwonted patience; "and I daresay at your age I should have felt the same, so we will say no more about it, but try the effect of a change."

Then she proceeded to unfold her plans, which were, that during the coming winter I was to have masters for singing and other accomplishments, and in the spring we were to go to my beloved London to see a little life.

I thanked her heartily; and now began a very happy period for me. I was passionately fond of singing, and in the pursuit of that and painting the time flew swiftly by.

Soon after my return I wrote to Brenda, but received a very cold, brief reply, in which she stated that her father was better, but still ill, and her mother too was in bad health.

From the whole tone of her letter I gathered that the Colvilles had quite taken up the position of injured innocents, and, following my aunt's advice, I did not again communicate with them.

My trunk, which I thought would never be seen again, arrived unexpectedly one day from Russia with an official letter; but as most of the contents had been abstracted, or bore evidence of much rough handling, and the lock was broken, it was not of much use to me.

I will not say that during the winter I never once felt dull or lonely, for that would be making myself more than mortal, and I was—and am still for that matter—very human; but still one thought of my Russian experiences, or one look at Mr. Bevan's queer present, always sufficed to bring me back to a proper state of mind.

Besides this, a new bond of love and sympathy had sprung up between my aunt and myself, and I soon saw that there were great depths of tenderness beneath her cold exterior; and by degrees we came to understand each other better, so that life in my home in the Close assumed quite a different aspect, and I was almost sorry when spring came, and with it the time for our London visit.

Almost, I say, but not quite, for I could not help feeling secretly overjoyed at the prospect more than I would let my aunt see, for fear it should pain her after her efforts for my happiness. Of course we did not go in for the season, as aunt did not know a fashionable set, and would not have cared to do so; but I was touched at the way she sacrificed her inclinations to give me pleasure, and patiently accompanied me to concerts, picture-galleries, and even parties, when she would rather have stopped at home.

It was towards the close of our visit that we had an adventure. My aunt had yielded to my desire to see the National Gallery, so one morning off we started.

It was early when we entered, and only a few people were there, and when we went into the second room only two other persons beside ourselves were in it.

They were both gentlemen—one older than the other; but we took no notice of them, though something about them struck me as being strangely familiar.

The sound of our footsteps made them turn round, and then, to my amazement, I saw they were Mr. Bevan and his son. I sprang forward in my usual absurdly impetuous way, and then, recollecting myself, I turned to my aunt to explain.

I was startled by her face, which was white and drawn as if with pain, and, glancing at Mr. Bevan, saw that he was evidently uncertain what to do.

"Aunt Frances," I said hurriedly, to cut short the embarrassing silence, "this is Mr. Bevan, who was so kind to me in Russia."

She bowed coldly, and said in a constrained voice a few formal words of thanks which seemed to me wretchedly inadequate; but, to my surprise, Mr. Bevan had quite lost his cordial, frank manner, and was every whit as constrained, and after replying briefly bowed stiffly, took his son's arm, and quietly left the gallery.

The young man seemed as mystified as I was, and would apparently rather have stayed, but his father dragged him off, leaving him no choice but to go.

I did not much enjoy the pictures that morning, for my aunt was manifestly depressed, and hardly spoke a word, seeming for the rest of the day to have relapsed into the aunt Barlett of my early days in the Close.

As it happened we had no engagement that evening, so after dinner she called me to her side and remarked, "Gertrude, you were doubtless astonished at my lack of cordiality this morning; and as you are old enough to be trusted, I propose to tell you the reason."

"Thank you, aunt Frances," I answered, kissing her. "I should like to hear it very much."

"The fact is," she continued slowly, "Mr. Bevan is an old friend of mine, or was so, I should say, for it is years since we met; and time changes people and things, so he may not care to renew the acquaintance."

She was silent a moment, as if lost in painful thought, but resumed presently—

"I guessed who he was some time ago, because the shell he gave you (by accident, no doubt), was one I had myself given him years ago, when we were staying at a country house together near John O'Groat's house, on the most northerly coast of Scotland, not far from Thurso. They are found on that coast and nowhere else, and are called 'John O'Groat's Saddlebacks.' He gave me one too, but that was white; and I remember perfectly well giving him the orange one, which is a much rarer kind, and not so often found."

"How strange and interesting," I exclaimed. "And to think that he should have been the one to help me."

"There was a time when knowing you belonged to me would have been an added reason for helping you," said my aunt softly, "for in those days I was speaking of we were engaged to be married."

I was not very much surprised at this, having put the various things I had heard and seen together with womanly quickness, so simply remarked, "How was it then that you never did marry him, aunt?"

"A misunderstanding arose," she answered quietly. "Improbable as it may seem now, I was, when a girl, very fond of excitement and gaiety, and he was very quiet and strict in his ideas about girls' behaviour for a young man. That day we exchanged shells we had gone to Duncansby Head for a picnic, and he took exception to my conduct towards a young Frenchman, who paid me great attention. I did not take his words in good part, and to show him I did not care what he said, talked almost exclusively with the Frenchman at the house we went to in the evening. I foolishly thought his love and my power over him were too great to be disturbed by this; but I was mistaken, for next day he spoke to me seriously, saying that if I cared so little for his wishes before marriage, there was not much chance of happiness after it. In a fit of petulant temper I told him he need not feel bound yet to act as my conscience, for since he evidently wanted his freedom back, he might take it and go. He too had a proud temper, and on my repeating the words he turned and left me without speaking, and we never met again till to-day. Once news reached me that he was married, and then I settled into the dull, humdrum, monotonous life which has so sorely tried your patience, Gertrude; but you will understand better now why I shrink from society and strange faces after hearing this tale."

"He did not seem to know where you lived," I remarked.

"No," she answered. "When I knew Hugh Bevan my father was rector of a northern village nearly on the border. It was only three years before his death that he came to Dulminster, and that was five years after our quarrel."

I gently stroked her trembling hands while I whispered, "Why did you not marry someone else?"

"Because I loved him too well, but yet was too proud to call him back," she replied, with a vivid blush which made her look almost young again. "I received many offers, and refused them all."

We were silent awhile, till I said softly, "Auntie, shall we go back to the house in the Close soon?"

"Child!" she exclaimed quickly, "do you really mean it? Would you mind?"

For all answer I kissed her and told her to bid her maid pack up, for I plainly saw she longed to be back at home with the instinct of a wounded animal which creeps to its den to hide.

So two days after our confidential talk we started, and I was not sorry myself to see the dear dull old house once more.

By degrees my aunt regained her calmness, but to me at least she could never be uninteresting again, for, like most old maids, she had her story, and I pondered much why it is always the woman who remembers while the man generally forgets.

Life flowed on in even channels after this. I never heard from Brenda, but at Christmas sent her a card, which she briefly acknowledged, and a sort of hollow peace was patched up, though we have always been constrained since, and have never regained the old friendly footing.

This, however, troubled me little, as I had found a friend in my aunt, and the only danger was that I should soon be as shy of seeing new faces and going into society as she herself was.

(*To be concluded.*)

ACROSS THE IRISH CHANNEL.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

We leave Euston Square by the Irish mail at 8.45 P.M., and are borne swiftly along in the darkness; lit up sometimes by the bright stations past which we fly, or (in rare instances), at which we stop for a few minutes; and illuminated also, as we get far from London, by the glare of furnaces in the Black Country. The weird effect of those flaming chimneys, like enormous torches flaring high in the dark night, must be seen to be appreciated; but anyone who has once witnessed, it and has an eye for the picturesque mingled with a dash of the uncanny, will not fail to be on the look-out the next time he or she takes that journey. On flies the train to Holyhead, where the chill air greets us as we leave the carriage, and go on board the steamer, generally speaking in a drizzling rain. Why it should be so is impossible to say, but so it is more often than not; and consequently the gangway, the deck, everywhere, in fact, is wet and slippery. However, the luggage is got down, and—if we are wise and the night is rough—we are down too on a sofa in a nice deck cabin, which can be had, as a rule, by merely writing for it beforehand.

Sundry noises sound in our ears preparatory to the start, and then we are off, plunging through the waves at speed; pitching not much, but rolling, if there is any sea on, more than enough for most people. If it is calm, all very well; but if not, let us draw a veil over the hours which pass before the welcome voice of the stewardess informs us that we "shall be in in ten minutes." We feel then that "life is worth living," which maybe we began to doubt during the crossing; and gathering ourselves, and our odds and ends, together, we scramble up the companion and along the slippery gangway to the train; the morning air feeling too brisk and unsympathetic probably to suit us at the moment.

Why boxes and bags are banged about at Kingstown as they are, and how they ever contrive to hold together in spite of that process, are unexplainable marvels, but they do survive it, and get stowed away by degrees in the luggage vans; and we are about to start when the figure of a man with long black hair, apparently just emerged from an oil bath, appears at the carriage window, and offers us a choice of Irish papers. If the physical need of breakfas' does not more than counterbalance the mental need of information, we buy a GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and away we go slowly along past Salt Hill, to Westland Row.

Oh, that place in days gone by, when cars, cabs, and horses were all mixed up anyhow like the pieces of some puzzle thrown loose into a box! In those days boxes and portmanteaus might be seen flying through the air from the arms of porters, alighting by chance possibly on the vehicle they were intended for, but alighting oftener on the ground. It was sheer happy-go-lucky, and the wretched travellers had need of all the patience they possessed. But now things are changed for the better, and "outsides" or "insides"—the word "car" being understood—can be got easily enough; and we begin a progress across Dublin to our next halting-place, Kingsbridge Station. The way thereto is somewhat insalubrious, skirting as it does the banks of the Liffey, which at best is an unattractive river, and at its worst is a trench of black mud. Pocket-handkerchiefs and eau de Cologne are not to be despised upon that route by the olfactory organs; and as for the visual ones, there is not very much for their entertainment, as the way lies a good deal through slums, and in the early morning, a sleepy shopkeeper opening his shutters or a man driving one of the square carts peculiar to Ireland, are the chief objects to be seen.

At Kingsbridge we breakfast fairly well, and after the inevitable wrangle with the cabman, can sit down and wait till our train arrives. The Dublin cab fares are of course fixed by law, but the drivers regard that fact with lofty contempt; and one of them being told that he "knew he was asking a great deal more than his due," replied, "Well, sure, an' if I didn't, how would I live at all?"

But here comes our train, and we are off again. Where to, depends upon circumstances; but in whatever direction we go, we are sure of seeing a green carpet for one thing, and hills—which would be called mountains in England—either near or in the distance; for another, also, we are sure of being irritated by the slowness and want of punctuality of those trains generally, and of being at the same time amused by the cool acceptancy of those facts by the officials, as an inevitable part of the system.

"Yes," said a station-master, in answer to some remarks about not keeping time, "we take it rather happy-go-easy here"—and he smiled benignly at the foolishness which expected anything else. And now our journey has come to an end, and we find ourselves at our destination; having done the last few miles in the carriage sent by our host to meet us, and which saved us the bodily stiffness and mental anxiety inseparable from a progress on one of the "kyars," which lay in wait at the station.

Certainly there are cars and cars, and the vehicle called by that name which is found in a gentleman's coach-house is a delightful thing (although even in that case there is at first a sensation of want of balance to the unaccustomed Saxon); but the Irish car pure and simple, such as is seen in the streets of Dublin, or jaunting along the country roads, is a terrific mode of locomotion to the unpractised; with its narrow seat far removed from the foot-board (the latter, moreover, making an obtuse angle at its point of junction with the car, so that the traveller's feet are on a slant always), its step so completely under the foot-board that to get either on or off is a work of difficulty, not to say danger; and last, not least, its motion, which—especially where tramways abound—has a desperate freedom about it that necessitates the straining of every muscle to "keep on" at all.

But this is a digression, and has nothing to do with the "domain" which we have come to visit, and which casts a spell over us at first sight. Truly Irish estates, like Irish eyes, are beautiful, with their avenues of splendid trees, their hills richly-wooded from base to summit, and covered besides with a thick undergrowth of every imaginable shrub and fern; the deep salmon rivers, spanned here and there by picturesque old bridges, and the lawns and gardens with turf which, for its velvety softness as well as its miraculous colour, is like nothing on earth but itself, and is in some places attended to with such care that a sketch is extant of two gardeners standing under a tree "waiting for a leaf to fall," so that they might sweep it up at once!

Add to these various beauties the distant mountains; unchanging ever as to form, but changing ever in colour according as the bright sunlight gilds them, or a grey sky gives a cold and stern aspect to their heather-covered tops and rugged sides, and we have a picture to be seen every day in Ireland; but none the less to be admired on that account. Then there are the people. What fun they are sometimes.

"Charley," said an English sportsman to an old lodge-keeper, "are there any fish in such a stream?" naming one of which he knew nothing.

"Ah, sure, yer honour, it's full of fish."

Away went the Englishman and tried his best; but it was no use, and at last he came back to the lodge.

"Why, Charley," said he, "I've been fishing for an hour, but not a sign was there of anything!"

"Ah, sure, yer honour," answered Charley unabashed, "yer might as well fish on the turnpike road." The simple fact being that an Irish peasant's one endeavour is to say whatever will best please the person he is talking to, no matter about the correctness or otherwise of what he says; and he is not one bit ashamed when his little ruse is found out, as he looks upon it merely in the light of a necessary courtesy. It may chance, however, that the courtesy is only on the surface, and hides a very different feeling underneath. There is a form of words in use among the peasants which may be (as it sounds) a blessing, but which, by the addition or omission of a word, becomes a curse. This sentence is often spoken by beggars, and the ignorant *Sassenach* walks on unknowing whether he is being blessed or cursed by the ragged object behind him. The old nursery rhyme, "Some in rags and some in tags," comes pretty often to the mind in the "Green Isle," for the garments, or the want of them, are a real wonder; and the unclothed conditions to be seen even in Dublin are enough to make one stand still and ask oneself, "Where are the police?" For, assuredly, if such absence of costume was noticeable in London, presence of the law would soon be observed in the shape of a "Bobby."

Nevertheless, scantiness of wardrobe and possibly shortness in the way of food have no power to destroy either the bright spirits or the brilliant complexions possessed by the children as a rule. They look pictures of health, and as full of mischief and humour as any human creatures can be. "Give me a penny, miss," shout the ragged urchins racing headlong after the carriage as it drives slowly through some wretched-looking town; and the crimson cheeks, bright eyes, and white teeth are marvellously pretty and taking, contrasting as they do so forcibly with the miserable surroundings. Some of the stories told of the people are very amusing. A car driver was asked one day by an English tourist what he did in the winter when visitors were few.

"Sure," said he, "we spind all that time inventing lies to tell the English in the summer."

Another story is of a wedding at which two friends were present, one, however, speaking with a great deal more "accent" than the other. The bride had just driven away amidst a shower of rice and slippers, when the first man complained that no shoe had fallen to his share to throw.

"Oh," said the other, "never mind; just throw your *brogue* after her," brogue being the synonym for shoe in Ireland.

But this paper is getting too long, and must end at once with the return journey from Kingstown, when, if we wish to be comfortable, we shall sleep at Holyhead, and go on next morning at a reasonable hour by the mail, which will give us the opportunity of seeing beautiful wild scenery and sea views to begin with, changing by degrees to the quiet fields and homesteads, which are so essentially English; and these again giving place to the mass of bricks and mortar overhung by a heavy grey sky and lit up by miles of lamps, which we are accustomed to associate with that dark, murky, but still, to many of us, clear and delightful city, London.

II.

CURIOUS and interesting as the "counting-out" rhymes, to which I referred last month, may be, they are not in themselves games in the strict sense of the word; and fond as the American girls are of these oftentimes meaningless jingles, they merely use them as a means to an end. The girl who is counted out is "it," and then the game really begins. At the same time it always seemed to me as though the youngsters enjoyed the preliminary process rather more than the real business of the game itself. Nor was the affair always peaceably conducted, and many complaints of unfairness or mistake had to be investigated and settled with the summary justice so dear to children. Whether the rhyme was the following, which is a great New York favourite—

"Ana, mana, dickery, dick,
Delia, dolia, dominick,
Haitcha, paitcha, dominaitcha,
Ah, pah, *nee*";

or this, which is more prevalent in Virginia, and is self-evidently of home manufacture—

"As I was looking at the steeple
I saw a lot of coloured people,
Some were white and some were black,
And some were the colour of a ginger-*snap*";

or whether the verse were one of those I noted down in my first article, certain it was that some slip would be made by the "counter-out," or a claim set up that it had been made, and the process have to be "begun all over again."

Perhaps the afternoon's merry-making would begin with a game of "Tag," which in its essentials differs not greatly from the English game of "Touch," or "Tick." In its simplest form it consists in the girl who is "it" chasing her companions here and there, and endeavouring to touch one of them with her outstretched hand. As soon as she succeeds in her attempt the girl who is so touched becomes "it" in her turn, and has to chase the others, so with its hair-breadth escapes and varying fortunes the game is kept up until the players are too exhausted to race about any further, and a general halt is called.

This is "Tag" in its primeval simplicity, as it has, I suppose, been played for countless centuries by children of all climes; but American ingenuity has added variations which complicate it, and vary its monotony. There is, for instance, "Hop-tag." In this, as its name indicates, both pursuer and pursued hop about on one foot, and in order to prove beyond peradventure that they are hopping in a *bonâ-fide* fashion, the foot which is off the ground (generally the left one) is held up by the hand nearest to it. Should one of the

players, through weariness or misadventure, put this foot to the ground, she immediately becomes "it," whether she is "tagged" or not. Most of the amusement of this form of the game is extracted from the extraordinary antics through which the players go in their endeavours to preserve their balance while they do their best either to escape the "tagger," or with outstretched hand try to "tag" the others.

"Touch-tag" is an ingenious whimsicality which is generally resorted to when the players are growing tired, and wish, therefore, to decrease their labours by rendering the task of "it" somewhat more difficult. When a girl is "tagged" and becomes "it" she has to keep one hand on the place whereon she was touched, and in that position (which, as may be imagined, is often a comical one), she has to chase her companions. Thus, we will suppose she has been touched on the left shoulder: she will then have to hold her right arm across her breast and clasp the left shoulder with the right hand, and in this rather uncomfortable posture chase her companions until with her disengaged left hand she is able to touch one of them."

The not very euphonious title of "Squat-tag" is applied to a third variation of the original and unadorned game. It takes its name from the peculiar attitude taken by the players when they wish to assume a position of safety and render the touch of "it," even if she should overtake them, of no avail. They drop down into a crouching posture, a "squatting" one, in fact, as they call it, with traditional use of a very old-fashioned English word, from which is derived the common expression of "squatter," or one who settles or sits down on unoccupied land. It seems at first telling a very simple expedient, and one so easily put into operation that the unfortunate "it" would appear likely to find herself condemned to her unenviable position during the whole of the game. This view of the matter, however, is in practice proved to be erroneous, for when one is careering across a grassy lawn at full speed it is extremely difficult to suddenly check oneself and come to the sudden standstill which alone allows one to "squat" fairly and squarely. Then too the natural love of daring and risk which is inherent in nine girls out of ten causes them to put off till the very last moment the assuming of the position of safety. Thus the changes are quite as frequen t as in the ordinary game, and there is an added element of fun and surprise which is to the advantage of the players.

"Home," or "Hunk-tag," is yet another and a very favourite form of the game. A definite place of safety is in this variant of the sport decided upon, to which the players can run when "it" is chasing them too closely, and it is, of course, the latter's endeavour to so head her companions off as to prevent their reaching this desired haven of rest. I am inclined to think that this form is possibly the original "Tag" or "Touch," for the simple game to which I gave the first position in my list is as a rule referred to as "No-Home" or "No-Hunk-tag," as though to distinguish it from the original game, which is played with a "home," or coign of vantage. Sometimes, indeed, there are half a dozen of these "homes" scattered about in various parts of the playing field, and then of course the unfortunate girl who is "it" has a hard time of it, for she has to bear in mind the position of all these trees or posts or whatever they may be, and so run as to keep her companions out of the dangerous neighbourhoods. As I have hinted, the "home" can be of various descriptions: sometimes it is a circle marked out with small stones, sometimes a natural enclosure formed of trees, while in the last-mentioned case detached stones, trees, or posts are utilised.

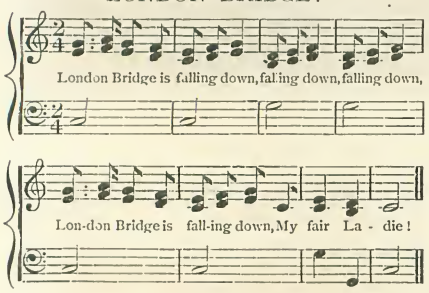
"Silent-tag" conveys its meaning in its title. The players are not allowed to speak or make any audible sound under penalty of at once thereby becoming "it." Warning cannot, therefore, be given as to which girl is to be shunned as being the dreaded "it"; and countless are the misadventures arising out of this, and many the ruses resorted to by the "tagged" girl to delude her prey into fancied security. When it is not convenient to have any permanent Cities of Refuge in the form of "homes" or "hunks," there is a very commonly-employed device whereby those chased can obtain immunity from their pursuer. This consists in crossing the first and second fingers of the right hand one over the other, and holding them in the air with the warning declaration of "Fingers crossed!" which done, the player so acting is secure from any danger of being "tagged." It would appear, as in "Squat-tag," that the expedient were so simple and so easily put into execution that no chance were afforded to the "tagger"; but it will be found that in practice the confusion of mind into which a girl is thrown when hard pressed by her companion, and exerting all her mental as well as physical powers to dodge or otherwise get out of the way, prevents her in nine cases out of ten from being alert enough to resort to this means of obtaining safety with the degree of celerity requisite to make it availing.

I may mention here that from this last variation has grown a game which, though it is called a "Tag," is really hardly properly so termed. This is "Last-tag," which is much more akin to some of those sleepy eastern games which we are told continue for a lifetime between two players, than the bustling, rushing game of "Tag." When a group of girls is separating for the day one of them will, as they are just on the point of leaving, touch one of her companions and exclaim "Last-tag." She in her turn makes a dart for one of the others, but is generally unsuccessful, as on the first cry of "Last-tag" every girl present has crossed her fingers, and is thus in security. The wise girl then affects to have forgotten the incident, and continues the conversation in the hope of catching one of the others unawares without the saving grace of crossed fingers. Should she fail she will treasure up

the memory of the stigma cast upon her until the next time of parting, when she generally manages to free herself by "last-tagging" someone else. So it will go on, maybe through the whole summer, the players never losing an opportunity of catching each other unawares, and if possible under such circumstances as will effectually preclude all chance of retaliation.

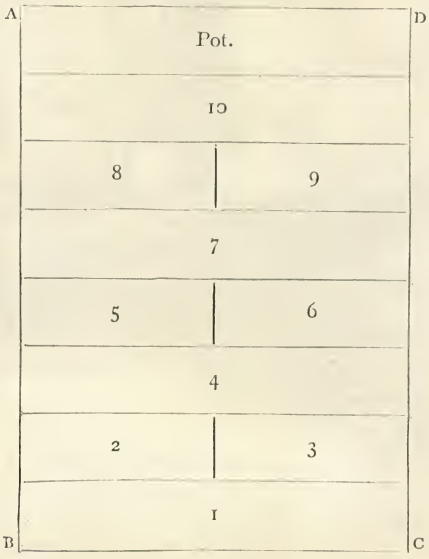
The game of "Pots" was never played on the green, but generally on the flagged walk which surrounded it. The first thing to be done, when the game was properly and seriously played, was to choose sides, and the preliminaries in this as in other games were to the full as intricate as the game itself. First, the two leaders have to be chosen by one of the "counting-out" rhymes, or else two of the elder girls, by right of seniority, assume this more or less responsible position. Then these two girls hold each other's hands, and facing one another, lift their arms as high as possible and sing, while the other girls in a continuous chain pass and repass under the uplifted arms as if they were going under an archway—

LONDON BRIDGE!



Off to prison you must go,
You must go, you must go,
Off to prison you must go,
My fair lad*die*."

As the last syllable is pronounced the uplifted arms descend, and imprison whichever of the girls happens to be passing underneath. She has to stand behind the first of the two leaders, and the rhyme, with its accompanying ceremonies, is begun again. The second girl captured goes behind leader number two, the third behind number one, the fourth behind number two, and so on, till all the girls are divided into two parties of even number, but chosen entirely by chance. With a piece of chalk the following diagram is then drawn on the pavement—



the distance from A to B being from twelve to sixteen feet, and from B to C and A to D about three feet. A flat cobble stone is then taken by the leader of the first party and by her thrown into the space marked "1." She has then to hop on one foot into the space, hop round the stone, pick it up, and hop out without touching any of the chalk lines surrounding the space. She then throws the stone into "2" and does the same thing, then into "3," and then into "4." Here the procedure alters somewhat. In hopping out from "4" she has to turn round in the air and alight with one foot in "2" and the other in "3," then hop into "1" on one foot, and so out. She repeats this when number "7" and "10" are reached in their turn, jumping with both feet into the double divisions and hopping on one foot into each of the single ones. Finally, when "Pot" has been reached, and the stone safely removed therefrom, the game is won.

It must not be imagined, however, that a girl can go thus simply and easily through all the various stages. She is bound either to fail to throw the stone into its lawful space, or else to touch one of the boundary lines with her foot while hopping out, or even to lose her balance and fall down. Then she has to step aside and let one of the opposing party try her luck. Thus, the game is prolonged sometimes for hours, and it rarely happens that more than one or two girls reach the "Pot" in safety.

This game is, of course, a form of the "Hop-Scotch" played by English children, and which has a history reaching back for centuries. Indeed, I am told that the little Hindoo children have a game closely resembling it, called *Khapollo*, from the piece of tile with which it is played. There are only seven spaces used, however, and no double ones, the spaces being marked in turn *Ekaria*, *Dukaria*, *Tikaria*, *Kachkolan*, *Sastanawa*, *Choika*, and *Barká*. Some of the North American Indian children also play a game similar in many respects, so it will be seen that girls of very different countries, climates, and epochs are not so very far apart when they once begin to play.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

ENID'S MASTER.

JULIUS DAKIN did not fail to appear at the Studio Mariano on the following Thursday. In the company of the two girls he paid his visit to Miss Strutt, and Enid was pleased to find how highly he appreciated that lady's work. Maud too admired it warmly, though it seemed to Enid that she was rather disposed to patronise the "little old maid," as she always called Miss Strutt. She invited Miss Strutt to take tea at her studio, and the invitation was accepted, though Miss Strutt stipulated that she might come when Miss Marian and her cousin were alone, as she shrank from meeting many people. "The life I lead does not fit me for society," she said. "Your friends would find me odd and queer. Oh, yes, they would, my dear; don't attempt to deny it." She checked Maud, who was about to interpose a kind word. "My ways are odd. I must confess I do not understand the modern ideas; I cannot talk slang of any kind—fashionable, artistic, or what you will. I should be quite out of place in the midst of such persons as you draw about you."

"I think you are mistaken," said Maud kindly; "but it shall be as you like. Enid and I shall only be too glad to have you to ourselves. I will show you all my things, and you shall give me the benefit of your candid criticism."

For Maud still cherished the delusion that she desired candid criticism.

"You might invite me," suggested Dakin playfully; "I should like to make one of the party. You would not object to meeting me, would you, Miss Strutt? I am perfectly harmless."

"I don't know about that," said Miss Strutt, shaking her head. "No, indeed, you must not be admitted. A gentleman is always such a distraction. We should have no quiet chat if you were there."

"What an insinuation!" exclaimed Julius, in an injured tone. "One would think I were given to monopolising the conversation."

When they had quitted Miss Strutt's studio, Julius returned with the girls to their own, and diverted himself there for some little time.

"By the way," he said, as he was about to take his leave, "my mother may be expected to reach home by the end of the week. The steamer is due at Genoa to-morrow."

"Oh, I am glad to hear that," said Maud eagerly. "I have missed Mrs. Dakin so much."

"My father and I have been very dull without her," said Julius. "One cannot entertain when the lady of the house is

absent; but now I suppose my mother will receive her friends as usual on Wednesday evenings; and I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you, Miss Marian, on those occasions, and you, Miss Mildmay."

"We shall be delighted to come," said Maud. "Mrs. Dakin's receptions are always most enjoyable."

"My mother is bringing a young American beauty, Miss Blanche Amory, back with her," observed Julius tranquilly. "She has been fascinating the fashionable world of New York, and is now coming to exercise her spells in this European city. You will be charmed with her, Miss Marian."

"Shall I?" said Maud, a little dubiously. "Is she so very beautiful?"

"Well, that is a matter of taste. 'Beauty,' you know, 'is in the eye of the beholder.' I have seen women whom I admire far more than I do Miss Amory; but still there are artists who rave about her."

"How very dreadful for their friends," said Enid.

Julius laughed.

"You are satirical, Miss Mildmay," he said. "You have a quiet way of letting us know that you find the conversation of us lesser mortals sadly frivolous. But what have you been doing in the way of sight-seeing since I last saw you? Are you still fascinated with the ruins of Rome?"

"More than ever, I think," said Enid; "only I wish I understood them better. If I had known in advance that I should spend this winter in Rome, I could have read up for it. One feels one's ignorance dreadfully here."

Julius thought of a young lady from England, whom he had one day in the previous spring conducted through the sculpture galleries of the Capitol, and who, when he told her they were in the hall of the Dying Gladiator, had said, with an assumption of interest, "Oh, so this is the hall in which the Gladiator died." Enid had been so far from betraying ignorance to him that he had actually wondered to find her so thoroughly acquainted with the history of Rome. But it must be owned that Julius Dakin had not been fortunate in his acquaintance with young ladies.

"If you are disposed for hard reading," he observed, "my father has several standard works on ancient Rome in his library, and I am sure he would be most happy to lend them to you—or to Miss Marian," he added mischievously.

"Please don't include me," cried Maud. "I would not read such books to save my life. I don't pretend to any knowledge of or any interest in the old kings and emperors, only I feel grateful to them for having left us such picturesque ruins."

"That is frank, at any rate," said Julius laughing. Then he shook hands with the girls and took his departure.

"What an idle fellow he is!" remarked Enid, when he had gone. "I hope he has wasted enough time today."

"My dear Enid," said Maud, who had sunk limply into an arm-chair, "you really must not expect everyone to manifest such energy as yourself. You have a standard of excellence which is quite beyond ordinary people like myself and Julius Dakin. But when you have lived a little longer in Italy, you too will succumb to the charms of *dolce far niente*."

"I hope not," said Enid; "and you need not talk as if you were addicted to laziness, Maud. You are a model of industry beside Julius Dakin."

Maud laughed.

"He certainly does take life easily," she said. "Oh, dear! I feel very curious about that Miss Blanche Amory. I wonder if she really is so beautiful."

Miss Strutt paid her promised visit to Miss Marian's studio. She raised herself in that young lady's estimation by the taste and discrimination she displayed in her admiration of her pretty things. She praised too as much of Miss Marian's work as she honestly could praise; and if she thought more highly of the little paintings Enid showed her, she was careful to conceal her opinion of their merits. Although she lived such a solitary life, and never went into society, Miss Strutt had a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and keen insight into character. She saw that it would be an unfortunate thing for Enid if the jealousy, from which such vanity as Maud Marian's is seldom free, were to be excited by the perception that her cousin's work was more highly appreciated than her own.

Miss Strutt was glad, therefore, when she presented herself at the Studio Mariano a few days later, to find Enid alone. She had begged to be excused from accompanying her cousin, who had gone to a friend's "At home," and was working away very happily alone.

"Are you very busy?" asked Miss Strutt. "I came to ask if you would come down to my studio for a little while."

"With pleasure," said Enid, beginning to unbutton her apron. "I cannot do much more till this wash has dried."

"Please bring those studies with you that you were showing me the other day," said Miss Strutt—"the daffodils and the group of apples, and anything else that you have which is good."

Enid could not imagine why Miss Strutt should wish to see these things again; but she willingly did as she was asked.

Entering Miss Strutt's studio, she was surprised to find Herr Schmitz there. He greeted her very kindly; but Enid was overwhelmed with dismay when she discovered that it was for his benefit that she had been asked to bring her paintings. Without heeding her protestations, Miss Strutt took them from her, and placed them one after another upon an easel before the master's eyes. Enid stood by, feeling ready to sink through the floor, and scarce daring to lift her eyes to his face. Never had she been more painfully aware of the defects in her work.

But she need not have been so much afraid. The dreadful pause, during which the master looked at each study without uttering a word, was over at last, and Enid's suspense was relieved by the emphatic "Good," which Herr Schmitz uttered.

"Good," he said again. "As I told you before, you have eyes, you see form, you see colour. You will do, if you work. But you must really work; you must not play with Art. Are you afraid of work?"

"I think not," said Enid; "if it were worth while for me to work very hard I would do so."

"It is always worth while to work one's best at whatever one attempts. There is no road to success save the painful, uphill one of hard work. You have a good chance if you try your best. I will tell you what you should do."

Enid listened earnestly to the instructions he proceeded to give her; but what was her astonishment when she found him offering to give her two or three lessons himself. "Simply as a friend," he said, for he no longer gave lessons save under very exceptional circumstances.

Enid knew not how to express her gratitude for his kindness. Awe, indeed, mingled with her pleasure in accepting it, for there was something rather appalling in the idea of learning of Herr Schmitz. But he was thoroughly in earnest about it, and insisted on her fixing a day for her first visit to his studio. Then bidding her and Miss Strutt a friendly good-day, he departed.

"I congratulate you," said Miss Strutt to Enid; "there are few young aspirants who win such approval from Herr Schmitz."

"It almost frightens me," said Enid. "I fear he thinks too highly of my work, and I shall disappoint him in the end. But he is really very kind."

"He is indeed," said Miss Strutt, "though his extreme irritability often leads people to suppose the opposite. You must not mind if he gets cross sometimes, and says rude things to you."

"That will be rather hard," said Enid; "but if he begins to call me names some day, I'll try to remember what you say, and keep my temper."

She went away in high glee, eager to tell her cousin the wonderful thing that had happened. In spite of Herr Schmitz's admonitions with respect to work, she could accomplish little more that afternoon. She was far too excited; and feeling at last that she would only spoil her painting if she worked longer upon it in her present mood, she washed her brushes, set the studio in order, locked the door, and went home to the *pension*. Maud came in a little later and found Enid awaiting her in her room.

Maud was tired, and rather out of humour; but Enid, in her eagerness to tell her news, did not perceive this. She began upon it the moment her cousin entered. Maud heard her through without saying a word; but Enid wondered to see how the colour mounted in her cousin's face as she listened. Ere she had done, Maud had turned her back upon her, and was standing apparently absorbed in studying her own reflection in the mirror. In truth, Maud was experiencing a bitter moment. It was impossible for Enid to know the anger and

envy the communication she had so innocently made had roused in her cousin's breast. She could not know that Maud, on her first coming to Rome, had been ambitious of securing lessons from Herr Schmitz, and had sought an introduction to him with that view; but the master, as soon as he saw some of her work, had brusquely declined to receive her as a pupil. But as Maud continued silent, Enid knew instinctively that her cousin was annoyed.

"Why *do you not* speak, Maud?" she asked presently. "Are you not pleased that I should have lessons of Herr Schmitz?"

"What would you have me say, Enid?" demanded Maud in a cold, hard tone. "How can it make the least difference to me of whom you take lessons?"

"But it is so kind of Herr Schmitz. I thought you would be glad. Miss Strutt says he hardly ever gives lessons now, and he has always been very particular what pupils he took."

"Miss Strutt is an old simpleton. She must know that it is only a whim of Herr Schmitz's. He is the most whimsical man in the world. I wish you joy of your lessons, Enid."

"I expect to enjoy them very much," said Enid, feeling nettled. "It will be a great advantage to learn of such a master."

"Of course you think you are on the way to becoming famous now," said Maud scornfully; "but it takes more than a few lessons from Herr Schmitz, however he may flatter you, to make a great painter, let me tell you, Enid."

"Thank you; I was aware of that before," said Enid coolly; "but I thought you had had sufficient experience of Herr Schmitz to know that he is not given to flattery."

Her words carried a sting which Enid did not intend to convey. She had forgotten how bluntly Herr Schmitz had criticised her cousin's drawings when he made his call at her studio; but Maud, in whose mind the memory of his words still rankled, believed that Enid deliberately reminded her of them.

Enid was sorely hurt by the way in which her news had been received. She had come, glad and eager, to share her happiness with her cousin, and had met with a sharp rebuff. But she would not show how much she felt it. She was a proud little person in her way, and she quitted her cousin's presence with an air of quiet dignity, of which Maud was conscious in the midst of her annoyance.

Alone in her own room, however, Enid could no longer keep back her tears.

"I cannot understand it," she said to herself; "why should Maud be annoyed at the thought of my taking lessons of Herr Schmitz? Sometimes I fear she is beginning to dislike me. Whatever shall I do if she does? It will be dreadful being always together if we cannot be friends. And I thought everything was going to be so delightful!"

Then she remembered that her mother had warned her that she must not expect to have gold without alloy. How true the words were proving! But the thought of her mother brought comfort. There could be no doubt that she would be pleased to hear of the kind encouragement Herr Schmitz had given her daughter, and his proposal to give her lessons in painting. So Enid took her desk, and sat down to relieve her wounded feelings by writing a long letter to the mother of whose loving sympathy she felt so sure.

And Maud sat alone, nursing the bitter, wrathful feelings that resulted from mortified vanity. She, poor girl, had no mother to whom she could unburden her heart, and she had never been wont to confide in her father.

(*To be continued.*)

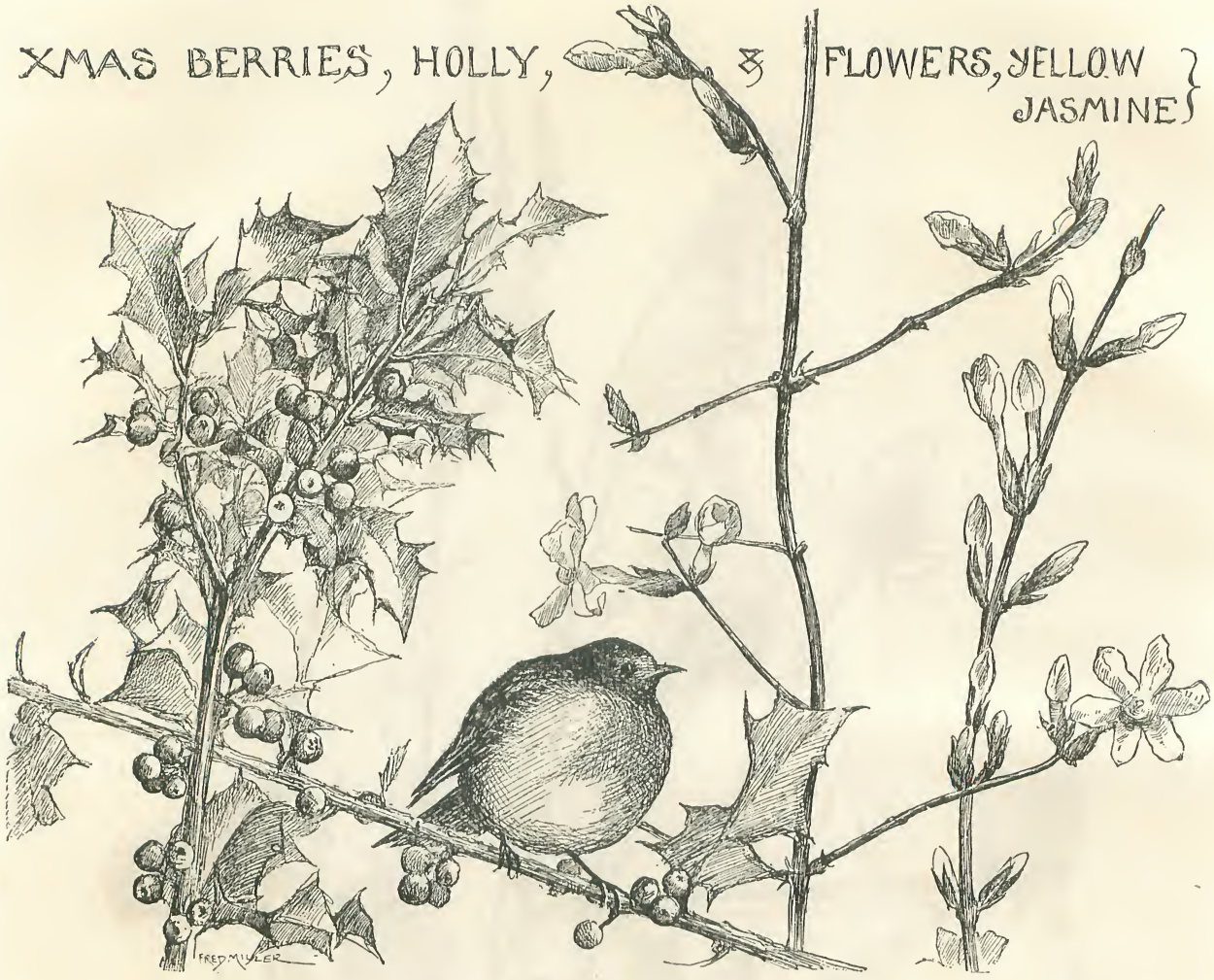
By AN ARTIST-NATURALIST.

THE fairy who transformed the rats and other things for Cinderella, could not have effected a greater change in a brief space than does hoar frost the face of nature. On several occasions in December I have seen in the space of an hour all the trees frosted over with rime; and as this goes on collecting all day when there is moisture in the air and a low thermometer, the scene the next morning is fairy-like in its beauty. It completely transforms nature, and the trees remind one of delicate branching coral, so abnormal do they become under the magic spell of winter. One could imagine that the world looked something like it does at such times as these, with the snow covering the ground, in the Glacial epoch, when, as the geologists tell us, this world was completely ice-bound. And there is a feeling of loneliness, too, which heightens the illusion as one walks over the snow-covered fields, for everything seems unfamiliar to one, when the well-remembered landmarks are obliterated or altered beyond recognition. The hedgerow plants, like the meadow-sweet and hemlock, are like silver jewellery marvellously fashioned, and have a beauty that pen cannot describe. The crystals that stand out from the stems and edges of the leaves bring out the beauty of form and delicacy of details that one hardly notices in an ordinary way, and anyone wishing for a unique decorative scheme could not do better than paint some of these familiar hedgerow plants when covered with hoar frost.

A sunny morning adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, as it gives the frost a roseate hue with delicate bluish-grey shadows. When I came to notice the landscape narrowly I found that snow has much more colour in it than I was aware of. In painting it, rose madder and cobalt would have to be used—of course very delicately. Birds tell out like brilliant spots of warm colour, and I think they never look more beautiful than in winter. I strongly advise those of my readers who paint, and who are looking out for a subject, to try a winter scene, such as a spray of meadow-sweet, with some birds upon it, somewhat after the style of the illustration on page 128. I have not attempted to indicate frost upon the foliage, as I wanted to show the full beauty of these relics of summer that fill our ditches and remain right into the spring—until, in fact, they are hidden by the new growths. The meadow-sweet, with its seeds and dead leaves, gives a beautiful colour scheme, the former being yellowish-brown, while the latter are purple and silver, for the leaves have a way of curling over, and wherever the underside is seen it is a brilliant silver-grey. These relics of summer are a conspicuous feature along the river-bank, as they remain so erect and defiant all through the winter. For vase decoration, a collection of these dead plants is beautiful in colour and form. I gathered a few and made a sketch, which accompanies these rambling notes, so that those of my readers who have hitherto passed them by as weeds may be induced to treat them with a little more deference in future. The most conspicuous are the loose-strife, willow-herb (with its curling, thread-like seed vessels), figwort, teazel, burdock, dock, and sedge, all of which are shown in the sketch. The general colour of these dead plants is a warm purplish-brown; but they are at the same time very grey in tone; and in painting them no positive colour must be used. It is much more difficult to hit these tertiary colours than appears, for the tones are very subtle, and are easily missed. I painted a threefold screen, using dead plants as the *motif*, though in this case I chose thistles and dock with dead oat-grass, just as they all grew at the edge of a ploughed field. The purplish earth made a capital background for the silvery greys of the thistle and the warm reds of the dock. As each panel was five feet six inches in height, I reproduced them life-size, and I was well satisfied with the effect when finished. I shall be tempted to try another screen, using similar *motifs*, only seen under the conditions of rime frost.

There are some ponds near my house where bulrushes grow in profusion, and this winter, while skating upon them, I was much struck by the beauty of these dead reeds. The general colour is a golden brown, and the flower heads are a rich deep brown, and when slightly silvered with frost are most telling. Some of our beautiful birds, like the bearded

tit, could be introduced perching upon the reeds. Beyond these bulrushes were a row of pollarded willows coming against some elms. Willows in winter are a great feature in the landscape, especially when the sun shines upon them, for the colour is a reddish-purple inclining to golden brown. The elms, on the other hand, are very bluish when seen at a distance; but it is a superficial, ill-considered opinion that affirms that leafless trees are uninteresting or wanting in beauty. Most painters will tell you that trees never paint so well as they do when nearly leafless or quite bare, for they have much more individuality then than when hidden neath a mass of foliage. I noticed some oaks in a wood while I was painting outside in December, when the sunlight was upon them. The trunks were a lovely greenish-grey, and were thrown into relief by the purple of the underwood beyond. Oaks, too, generally carry their reddish-brown dead leaves all through the winter, and it is not until the young leaves push these last year's relics off that the trees are really bare. An oak wood on a sunny December day is a sight to be remembered. Mrs. Browning makes Lady Geraldine speak



of her "woods in Sussex with their purple tints at gloaming," evidently alluding to oaks, which grow in great perfection in that county.

December is a month, too, of berries. The scarlet hips of the wild rose, the haws of the hawthorn, the white snowberry, the black bunches of the privet, the deep red of the holly, and the delicate greenish-white of the translucent mistletoe, are conspicuous features wherever any of these abound. I have given a series of sketches of this last plant, because, although very familiar in Christmas decoration, many folk have never seen mistletoe growing. It is a true parasite, only living upon other trees as though it could not derive its requisite nourishment from the soil itself, but had to live upon the inorganic matter assimilated by some friendly plant. In the Botanic Garden at Oxford a quantity of mistletoe is to be seen growing on two hawthorn trees, and it was from one of these that I sketched the pieces given in the illustration. The whole tree seems impregnated with it, for on almost all the branches a thickening of the wood is to be seen with a small shoot of mistletoe growing out of it (Fig. 3). This is the first year's growth, and in Fig. 2 a more advanced sprig is shown, which in time will develop into a thick bunch having quantities of berries growing from the joints, as in Fig. 1, which is one shoot of a large spray. The absolute regularity of its growth is plainly seen from this piece. I have the recollection of reading in some child's history when I was a small boy of the reverence attached to mistletoe by the Druids when it was found growing on an oak, and that these ancient Britons used a gold sickle to cut it from its foster-parent. Mistletoe most frequently grows on apple trees; but I have also seen it growing very freely on black poplars.

Before the frost set in, a root of primroses had a quantity of blossoms in the centre of the leaves, and would, if it had continued mild, have been in flower by now. Several wall-flowers had small tufts of bloom on them, and in one garden some biennial stocks were in bloom. The annual phlox kept on blowing until quite recently, as they withstood the less severe frosts we had in November. It is a capital plant for late blooming, and is very varied in colour. I sowed the seed in boxes in a frame in March, and put the plants out in the borders in June. It is better to grow them in masses, so that the full effect of the varied colour is obtained.

The most beautiful of our winter flowers is unquestionably the Christmas rose *(Helleborus niger, major)*. The plant is perfectly hardy; but to get the flowers in perfection a hand light should be put over the plant in wet or frosty weather. One good root will continue to throw up blooms from early in December until February. There are many varieties of hellebore; but the one named is the only one worth cultivating. The flowers of most other varieties are greenish in hue. Another familiar plant always to be found in bloom at Christmas-time is the yellow jasmine, which always blooms before it comes into leaf. It is a climbing plant, and looks very effective over a porch.

Gilbert White, in his well-known book, gives some particulars of severe frosts he experienced; and the frost that began here at the end of last year seems likely to take its place among the historic frosts of the century. The river froze over in one night, so that by the morning it was completely covered with ice. I was told by one of our villagers, who has lived all her life by the river, that she has never known this to happen before. Last Christmas was what folk called an old-fashioned one. Snow covered the ground, and it was possible to skate for miles upon the river; in fact, I saw no reason why one could not do the Thames on skates. One would have to walk round the locks; but with that exception the ice was perfectly safe, especially at the sides where the river flowed over the old ice during a rise in the height of the river and frozen through. I saw a hole made with a pickaxe, and the ice was from five to six inches thick. The villagers told me that it is over thirty years since the river was so completely frozen over. The last two days of last year were intensely cold, all the water in jugs, cans, and bottles in the bedrooms being frozen. The lowest temperature recorded by a self-registering thermometer in this village was twenty-four degrees of cold; but on several occasions we have had eighteen and twenty degrees.

So soon as the frost set in in right earnest I fixed a tall thin pole slantingly in the ground opposite one of the windows, having previously nailed a crosspiece on, so that when the pole was in the ground the crossbar was horizontal. I then tied on to the bar some pieces of fat, and from the pole hung a common tallow candle. This very soon attracted the birds,

though for a day or two they were somewhat shy of venturing upon the perch. Robins, of course, were the first to visit the larder, they being by far the most fearless of all the feathered tribe; in fact, robins have none of that timidity shown by other birds. You have only to start digging, and you will be sure to find one hop on to the freshly-turned soil within a few inches of your feet.

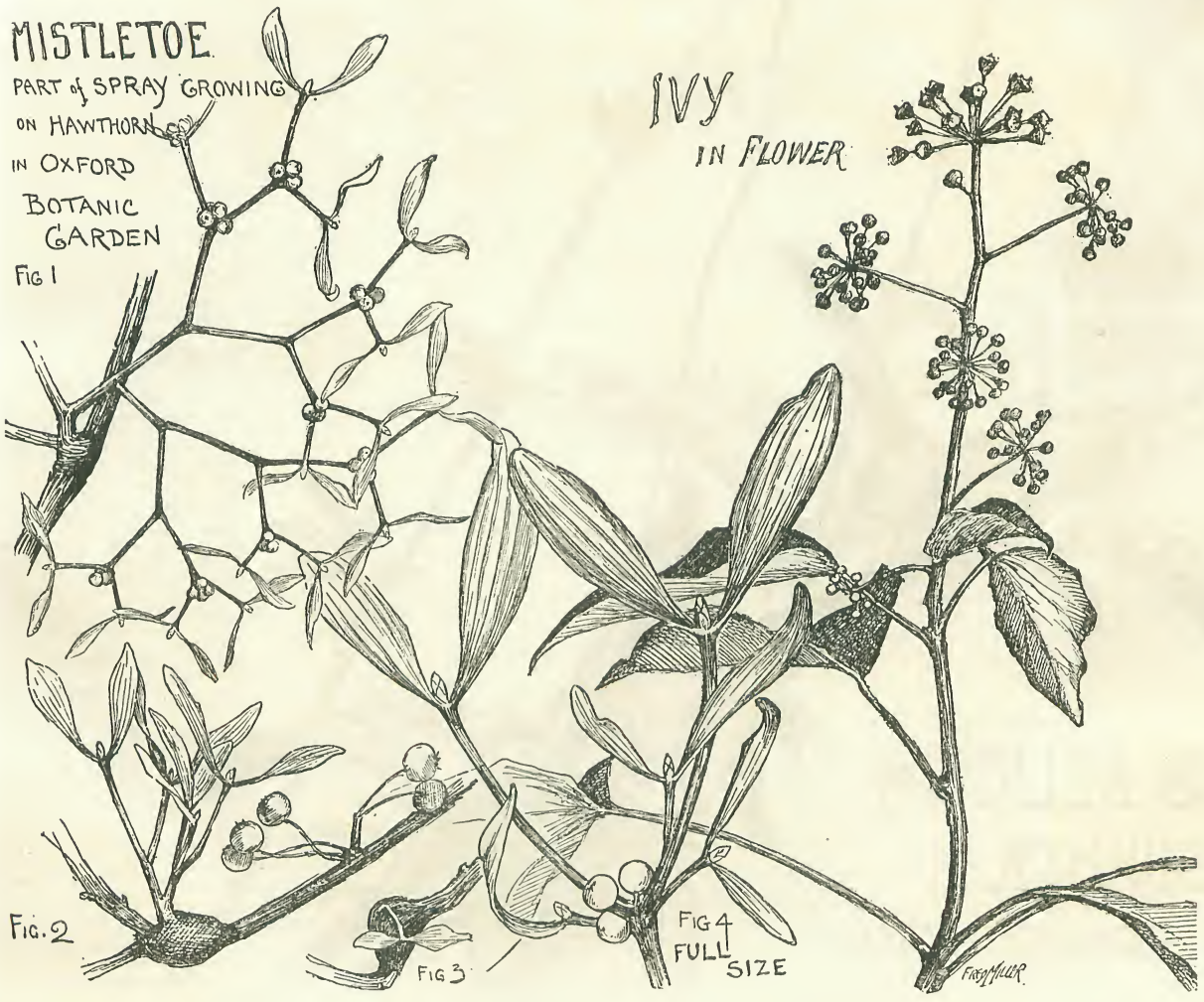
My bird perch acted admirably, and as I sat indoors I had an ever-changing tableau to look at. There is no better way of studying birds, and I keep some paper and a pencil always handy to make rough sketches of some of the characteristic attitudes, for nothing teaches one so much as these rough notes from nature. With these, and access to a collection of stuffed specimens, one ought to have little difficulty in getting life-like effects, which is so rarely the case if you rely wholly upon mounted specimens. Watching the birds constantly as they flew to my improvised larder soon makes me aware how far short of nature the best stuffed specimens come. There is a plumpness and a roundness about a live bird that always departs in the stuffed specimens, which are usually too long and too thin-looking. And how beautiful a robin is in colour, with his brownish-purple back and brick-red breast going into greyish-white on the belly, and his large black fearless eye. Very pugnacious too are the robins, for if one flies on to the perch and another one shows a disposition to come also, the one already there sets up his back, drops his wings, and shows fight—and means it too.

Tits are the next most fearless birds, and it is very amusing to see them clinging to the candle and pecking a hole in it. I get the two kinds, the small blue tit, with its delicate colouring, and the larger and more highly-coloured ox-eye. These come all day long, and while one is feeding, the others perch near by, and look on until their turn arrives, for they rarely feed in couples. Tits seem always masters of the field, and allow no competition. They are most sprightly, active little birds, and seem well able to take care of themselves. So long as any berries remained on the yew tree they were to be seen all day long clinging to the sprays to get at the coveted berries. Being able to cling in any position, they can get food that perching birds, like robins, cannot reach, and it afforded me much amusement, one winter in Norfolk, to watch the robins sitting on a rail near which the candles were suspended, watching with envious looks the tits filling their bellies with the fat of the candle that they themselves could not obtain. Now and then, in sheer desperation, they would fly at the candle, causing it to swing to and fro, but were unable to get a morsel of the coveted dainty through their inability to cling to it.

Thrushes sometimes visit the larder and make a meal, but they do it in a very furtive, suspicious sort of way, that shows how little at home they feel themselves. The longer the frost continues, the more hard-pressed the birds become; but so far I have seen no other birds on the perch. A wren has occasionally flown on to it, but not to eat. These and tits will frequently fly at the windows, but I noticed it was in their endeavours to get any insects that may be lurking in the corners of the recess. Wrens are by no means shy, however, as I more than once found them indoors this autumn. Blackbirds and thrushes come around the house to pick up any stray crumbs. I notice, too, that both these birds come to the holly hedge to get the berries, and by the end of the year not a berry remained.

We had no waits here before Christmas, but some mummers came round the few nights preceding Christmas Day, and on invitation came inside and sang two or three songs, and did their best to amuse us. The men who played the parts dressed themselves out in cut paper dresses of divers colours, which made them not unlike North American Indians on the war-path. Of course they expected, and generally received, the *largesse* of those who invited them indoors. On Christmas morning, just about breakfast-time, a whole group of children, girls and boys, came into the garden, and ranging themselves round the hall door, sang some doggerel lines, which I got one of them to say slowly so that I might write them down. Here they are. They are probably the corruption of some old English song, and as ancient as the rhymes that are recited in such games as "Oranges and Lemons."

"I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year,
A pocketful of money and a cellar full of beer.
Bounce a bounce, a barrel of beer,
Christmas comes but once a year.
Holly, ivy, and mistletoe,
Give me red apple and then *I'll go.*
Give me another for my little brother,
And then I'll go home and tell my mother."



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ESMERALDA.—We advise you to order a small book which gives a long list of such charities, and the terms on which ladies in poor circumstances may be received—*The Englishwoman's Year Book* (1s.), F. Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

POPPIE would do well to varnish the Christmas cards on her screen with white transparent varnish, such as bookbinders employ. She can obtain it at any artists' colourman's.

ALYS CAMERON.—We thank you warmly for your most gratifying letter. We never heard of a case in which blue eyes in infancy turned dark afterwards; but the contrary is not uncommon.

ECCLESIASTICUS.—Yes, it is called a "stole." We cannot give addresses of shops nor prices of articles. You should go to an artistic embroidery shop for what you want. Beware of injuring your eyes.

BLOODLESS.—Your writing is very good. Porridge does not agree with everybody. It is too heating for some, and will bring out a rash on them. Wheatmeal, oatmeal, cornmeal, and ryemeal, each and all, will help to keep bones, teeth, nerves, and brain in good order, if you get them unadulterated. For bones and nerves and pure blood you also need liberal supplies of fruit and vegetables. To breathe pure air and take in plenty of oxygen is also essential for the blood. Fresh air, free ablution, and good friction with clean towels are blood purifiers.

BERTIE'S JOY.—1. We believe that the *Great Eastern* is the largest ship ever built (with the exception of Noah's Ark). A careful measurement of this enormous ship, which we once had the pleasure of seeing, gave 2,366,242,816 cubic feet. The number of cubic feet in the Ark was 364,539,184 cubic feet more than the *Great Eastern*.—2. If you have a mother, confide your trouble to her, and ask for her interference; if not, you should tell your father, and on no account accept any present from him.

AILEEN.—1. Give your left foot to the groom who helps you up to your saddle.—2. Perhaps Mary Cowden-Clarke (*née* Novello) may supply you with the critical work you require. Procure it under the title, *A Complete Concordance to the Works of Shakespeare*, 1845.

"A GIRL OF THE PERIOD, WITH THE CHILL OFF," writes to us thus: "Would you kindly tell me of some way of finding out who you are going to marry?" Now we are not prepared to inform you whom we are going to marry, however "kindly" you would regard the confidence. If you felt it an urgent necessity to "find out" any personal prospects of ours, we think you would have a somewhat troublesome task. How do you know that we are not already married? or, perhaps, "crossed in love," and "laid on the shelf" for ever and a day? What sort of garment is your "chill"? and why did you take it off?

MARY T. S.—It is impossible for us to tell you for what sort of remunerative work you are qualified, more especially when you say that you have no great amount of education. Perhaps you could be a shop-assistant if you know the common rules of arithmetic.

M. A. L.—The use of a backboard and faceboard, which we have so often described and recommended, for even an hour daily, would probably result in putting the shoulder in again. You should lie down on an inclined board also for a time every day.

EDELWEISS.—The tone of your letter is unseemly and offensive, and we strain a point in deigning to answer it. Many of those benevolent persons who take the trouble of promoting the education of girls and try to benefit them, without payment in return, may retire from their work through ill-health or other circumstances; may change their residence, or resign the undertaking into other hands. Of such events we cannot be aware unless they write to apprise us of the same. Thus, sometimes it may happen that a letter may not reach the hands for which it is designed. Try Miss Hacking's, Seymour Grove, Old Trafford, Manchester; or Miss Clift's, Fernbank, Cheltenham.

A WOULD-BE ARTIST.—1. The length of your notice for a wedding invitation could not be governed by any hard and fast rules, because such events are sometimes hurried at the last, and drag at a slow pace on other occasions. But perhaps about a month or six weeks might be considered a fair notice. You should specify on your card of invitation whether the guest is to accompany or meet the wedding party for the ceremony at the church, or only to be expected at the breakfast.—2. You must enquire yourself at shops where you wish to dispose of your paintings.

COB-NUT.—The 25th of March was dedicated to the Virgin, in commemoration of the Annunciation by the angel Gabriel.

SOUBRETTE.—You must enquire at a music publisher's. We are always glad to hear from our readers, but cannot answer all their questions. One of yours is not suitable for a magazine of this kind.

LONDON.—1. We think that your best way of pulling yourself straight will be to carry the baby on your right arm. You ought not to have been allowed to carry it at your early age, and not nearly finished growing. You should also lie down for a full hour on a board every day after your early dinner, to rest the spine and muscles, which have been both overstrained and strained the wrong way.—2. Put some harmless bitters on the fingers. Go to a chemist, and he will give what will do no harm, yet prevent the child from sucking her fingers.

DAISY may certainly have a dressing-gown, although only thirteen; at any rate, it is desirable to wear a loose washing *peignoir*, or jacket, to keep your clothes clean when brushing your hair. We do not undertake to give answers "in the next" following number.

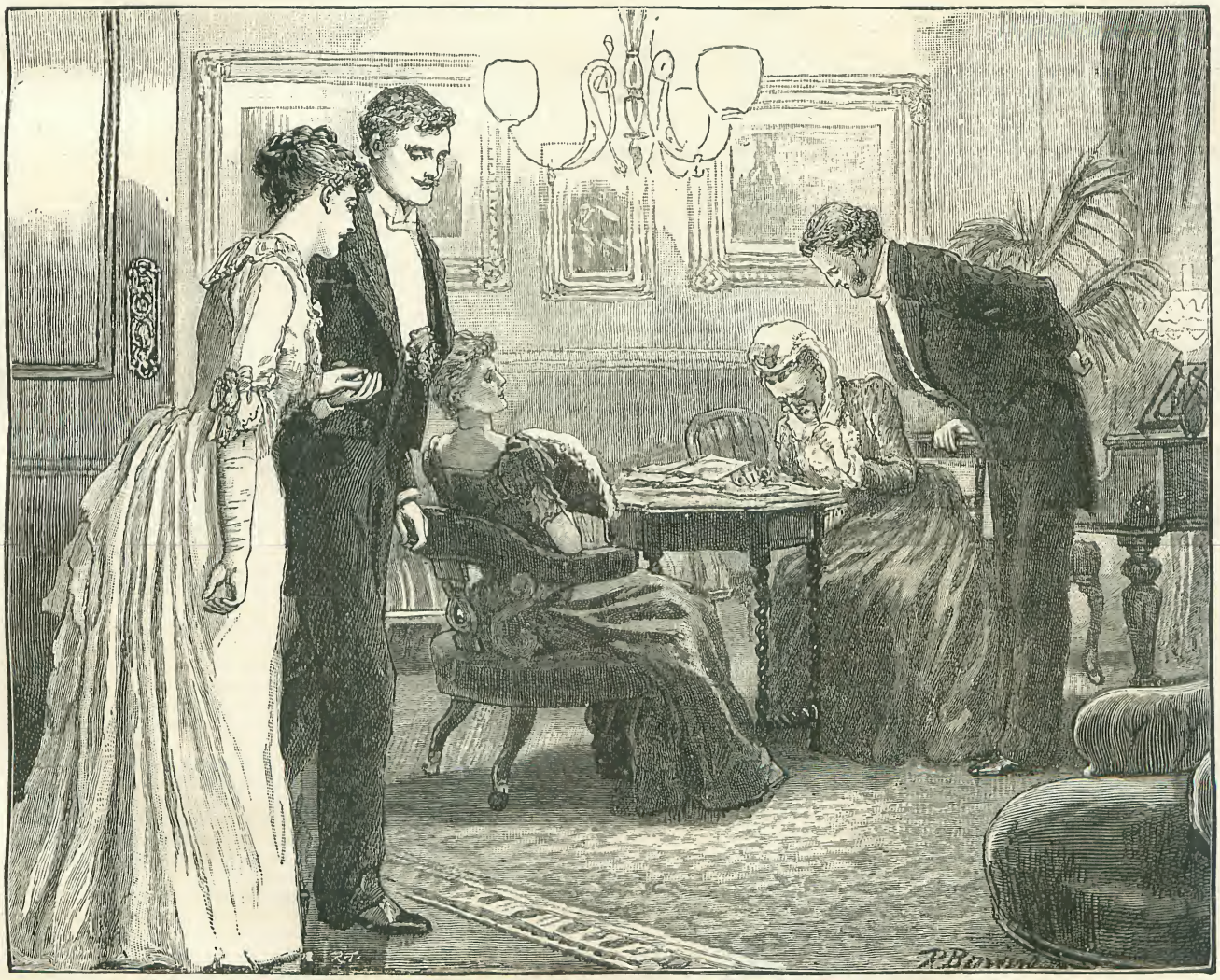
GRACE PELISSIER.—We do not give trade addresses. Pronounce "piccolo" as "pe-kolo," "Zuinglius" as "Tzwing-le-oos," "Spohr" as "S'por," "Mattei" as "Mat-tay-e," and "Straduarius" as "Stra-doo-a-reus."

ARIADNE.—We advise you to make enquiries at the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington. Lace, point, etc., are still made. If you procure *The Dictionary of Needlework* (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.), a standard authority, you will find exhaustive information on the subject of lace, and illustrations of every description of the same, as well as of all other work, appliances, and textiles.

(NO NAME GIVEN).—The bride stands at the bridegroom's left hand during the marriage ceremony.

VOL. XIII.—No. 622.] NOVEMBER 28, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MY HOME IN THE CLOSE.



"ADVANCING HAND-IN-HAND."

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CHAPTER IV.

One morning at the beginning of autumn my aunt came into the dining-room where I was arranging some flowers, with every appearance of agitation.

In answer to my enquiring look she observed, "Gertie, you know the house which stands in its own grounds at the far end of East Street?"

"The æsthetic one?" I asked doubtfully, "which has been empty ever since I came here?"

"Yes," she replied; "that is the one I mean. Well, I've just heard that a family named Bevan, consisting of a lady and gentleman with their son and daughter, has taken it for a year, and I wondered whether——" she paused suggestively and glanced at me.

"It seems likely to be my Russian acquaintance, doesn't it?" was my careless remark, while I pretended not to notice her excitement. "Don't these tawny chrysanthemums look lovely, aunt, with the sun on them?"

"Yes, indeed," she returned; "you have arranged them very tastefully."

The rumour proved correct, and we also discovered that they were truly the Bevans I knew, which gave me mingled feelings of pleasure for myself and apprehension for my aunt.

She, however, made no comment on it, and it seemed likely that our acquaintance with them would go no further, when, to my astonishment, one day she announced her intention of calling on Mrs. Bevan, who was a great invalid.

Of course I merely silently acquiesced, and we set off, the prospect of seeing my friend again filling me with pleasurable anticipation.

When we arrived at Ivy Lodge—as the house was called—Mr. Bevan and his son happened to be in the front garden giving directions to the man about some new flower-beds; but on seeing who was at the gate they both hastened to meet us.

My aunt turned deadly pale, but on the whole passed through the ordeal very well, though when Mr. Bevan asked us in to see his wife and daughter, I noticed her tremble and shrink back.

The son took charge of me, and together we entered the house.

Mrs. Bevan proved to be a pale little woman, with a pretty peevish face and fretful voice, whose ill-health had reduced her to a chronic state of petulant ill-temper—such a woman as I should never have thought would have attracted Mr. Bevan after having known my aunt. But there, marriages are always incomprehensible!

My hopes of finding a friend and companion in the daughter were also disappointed, for Daisy Bevan had a stiff manner and prim way of speaking which did not suit me at all; and as I had to drag every word out of her by main force almost, conversation languished.

My aunt found Mrs. Bevan quite as hard to get on with, so it was a relief to all when she rose and said we must be going.

The father and son escorted us to the gate; but aunt Frances went on in front with Mr. Bevan, while Maurice lingered with me behind.

I could not, however, help hearing her say, "Hugh, is it peace between us?"

"Yes, Frances," was his low-toned reply; "it has never been anything else on my part."

After this I did not wonder at her silence on the road home, or at her retiring to her room early, for I understood better now, as she said I should.

In time we grew very friendly with the Bevans—at least with the father and son, for our intercourse with Mrs. and Miss Bevan was always constrained, and never really became anything else.

Maurice and I got on so well together that I felt I had a new and delightful brother; nor did I know he looked on me in any other light than that of a sister till one day when aunt and I encountered his father and himself on one of our walks. Aunt Frances and Mr. Bevan seated themselves on a bench under a tree, while Maurice asked me to go with him to see some wonderful view or other near by.

I agreed the more readily as I fancied our elders would like to have a quiet talk alone, though the thought did strike me that Maurice being a new comer, it was odd of him to propose showing me a view with which, as a resident, I was probably familiar.

However, I let it pass, and graciously accompanied him to a stile, whence one obtained a very ordinary view, well known to me, and by no means one of my favourites.

"I don't think much of that," I remarked disparagingly, seating, or rather perching, myself on the seat. "There is a far better one on the other side of the Home Woods."

"I really didn't bring you here to look at the view," he said confusedly.

"Then may I ask what you brought me here for?" I demanded sharply, looking down at him from my elevated seat.

Something in his face or eyes, I suppose, warned me of what was coming, for I commenced to scramble down in a violent hurry, with the intention of returning to my aunt, when my tiresome dress caught on a nail, and of course Maurice must needs be officious enough to try and disentangle it, taking a mean advantage of my being a prisoner by saying what I never would have listened quietly to if I had been free.

I told him so when my dress was disengaged, adding that he had seriously displeased and offended me, finally walking off with all the dignity I could muster.

"What a long time you have been, children," said my aunt, with a glance at my scarlet cheeks and Maurice's crestfallen face. "I began to fear you were lost."

"I'm very sorry," I stammered. "It wasn't *my* fault"—with an indignant look at the offender.

When we got home I ran up to my room at once, somehow rather regretting that I had so coldly declined to shake hands with Maurice when we parted, and with a vivid recollection of a certain look of determination in the sunny blue eyes.

Next morning I saw him coming up to our house with a bunch of flowers in his hand, so I promptly bolted by the back door into the town, where I spent the morning in reckless shopping, returning home in time for luncheon laden with sundry and divers parcels as mute witnesses to my extravagance.

During the meal I saw my aunt look at me meditatively once or twice; but I resolutely took no notice, and chattered continuously, carefully avoiding any allusions to Ivy Lodge.

After tea she called me to her side to hold a skein of wool; and when it was fairly started she began. "Maurice Bevan called this morning, dear, and brought me those lovely single dahlias."

"Indeed," I said, with an elaborate assumption of indifference. "I thought I saw him loitering about."

"And he says," pursued my aunt tranquilly, "that he fears he offended you by what he said yesterday. Is it so, Gertie?"

I would gladly have covered my burning face with my hands, but they were not at my disposal; so I sat helpless with downcast eyes till my aunt gently repeated her question, on which I burst forth, "I think it's very mean and unkind of him to come here and enlist your sympathies like that."

My aunt smiled, but continued pitilessly, "I would not willingly, my dear, that your life should be spoilt as mine was by your own fault and misunderstanding, nor have you any right to keep him in suspense beyond what is kind and considerate. Think well, dear, before you throw aside a good man's love; and from what I have seen of Maurice Bevan I should feel perfectly satisfied to give you to him."

I made no answer, for somehow the skein had become so entangled it required all my energies to reduce it to order.

"Tell me, Gertie," said the voice above me, "do you think you love him truly enough to be his companion and helpmate through life?"

Forced to answer—for though gently my aunt spoke authoritatively—I faltered desperately, "I don't mind him—in fact I rather like him; but I wish he had not bothered me like this. We were getting on so nicely before."

"May he come to see you, Gertie, as he wishes to take his answer from your own lips?" she said.

"If you like," I murmured, blushing furiously.

"And think over what I have said," she went on, caressing my hair, "so as not thoughtlessly to accept or lightly throw away the highest honour a man can pay you, and the best gift he has it in his power to bestow."

Thereupon she let me escape, which I did gladly, happy to hide my face, which proclaimed only too plainly the state of affairs. My aunt's wise advice had sufficed to turn my thoughts to the serious side of the matter, though I do not think I was the sort of girl to forget the responsibility of my position, even though my first offer could not fail to excite in me girlish sensations of pleasure and pride.

Next day, when she announced that Mr. Bevan, Maurice, and Daisy were coming to dinner, I knew that she had made this an opportunity, and I was ready with my answer. I took unusual pains with my dress that night, choosing a pretty soft white surah silk, daintily made, which suited me admirably, though I repeatedly declared to my reflection in the glass that it was only because aunt Frances liked me to look nice, and for no other reason whatever.

My anxious desire to look my best resulted in my being late; and such a paroxysm of shyness came over me as I walked downstairs, that for some minutes I stood at the drawing-room door listening to the voices inside before I could summon up sufficient courage to enter. When at last I slipped in I was conscious only of Maurice holding my hand unnecessarily long; while as for the others, I had but a dim idea of what they said and what I answered.

I scarcely eat any dinner for thinking of the coming ordeal, but my silence was gallantly covered by aunt and Mr. Bevan, so I hoped it was not noticed.

After dinner Maurice enticed me into the conservatory, and said the same things over again, only more fervently, till I stopped him by giving him his answer in a word of three letters, which manifestly pleased and gratified him.

It was about the most exciting three-quarters of an hour I ever spent in my life; but I was

not sorry when he led me into the next room where aunt and Mr. Bevan were making elaborate pretences to be engrossed over some photographs, while my future sister-in-law was turning up her nose at everybody as much as to say, "You can't deceive *me* with your transparent devices."

Somehow, when I looked at those three, and caught a glimpse in the glass of two red-faced young people advancing hand-in-hand with a wofully conscious air about them, the funny side of it caught my attention, and I began to giggle nervously.

Aunt looked up, so did the prospective father-in-law, and I was greatly relieved at the laudable quickness with which they guessed the state of affairs.

Daisy of course made herself as disagreeable as she could by compelling us to explain the whole thing in the most cold-blooded way imaginable, and ended by pecking at me coldly, and offering congratulations which resembled icebergs more than anything else.

However, the evening turned out very merry and happy in spite of the wet blanket, and Mr. Bevan explained that the present he had given me was quite a mistake, as he had intended to present me with a little brooch, which must now be reserved for the wedding. Nevertheless it arrived next day—a beautiful little chased gold brooch—and I have worn it ever since in company with my sapphire engagement ring.

That night I heard aunt say to Mr. Bevan, as I was wishing Daisy and Maurice good-bye, "So the old quarrel is healed by our children, Hugh, and our sorrow will end in peace!"

As Maurice was well off, and I too was not portionless, there was no real reason why we should not marry at once, only I did not like leaving aunt alone till she herself declared that my lover's wistful eyes and face were a constant reproach to her selfishness; so on my twenty-first birthday we were married, aunt giving me away and Daisy Bevan and Brenda Colville being my only bridesmaids.

My life since then has been placidly happy, with the exception of certain sparring matches with my sour-minded sister-in-law, who has never quite reconciled herself to my appearance in the family, though my mother-in-law has got used to it.

We live in Dulminster still, as I love the place dearly.

Aunt Frances and I both learnt a lesson during our life together which I think we have never forgotten; and I often reflect tenderly on the dear old days in My Home in the Close.

[THE END.]

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

BEFORE reviewing our monthly collection of ballads, pianoforte pieces, and other selections of the smaller class, we feel it a proud duty to point out to those of our readers who take a more serious interest in music, the really wonderful list of compositions of the greater class—cantatas, oratorios, and so forth—which have emanated mainly from the English musicians, who, with the grand exceptions of Dvorak and Brahms, are the only great composers of the present period — Dr. Villiers Stanford, with his *Battle of the Baltic* and his marvellous sacred drama, *Eden;* Dr. Hubert Parry, entitled (not without reason), the English Bach, with his masterly polyphonic writing, his *Blest Pair of Syrens, Ode to St. Cecilia*, and, finest of all, *De Profundis;* Dr. Mackenzie, and Dr. Harford Lloyd, with works of very high standard and excellence. These and others combine to form a "school" worthy of the attention of the entire world of music.

Space will not admit of our examining in detail these noble art productions, an analysis which we hope all advanced students will make for themselves, and from which we can promise them much intellectual profit and enjoyment.

CANTATAS.

The Child of Elle (London Musical Publishing Company), a traditional ballad set for soli voices, chorus, and orchestra, by Erskine Allon.—This will prove an interesting work for young choral societies, the choral writing being as good as any part of the cantata.

PART-SONGS.

Soft Wind of Eve (Joseph Williams). No. 2 of twelve two-part songs, by Arthur Richards. —If the others are in any way equal to this graceful duet, here is a mine of wealth for ladies' singing classes.

Slavonic Cradle Song (Laudy and Co.). Composed by Anton Dvorak.—A four-part song for mixed voices, of great simplicity in melody, and much ingenuity in harmony. An example of how nice consecutive fifths may be made in experienced hands is to be seen between the sixth and seventh bars of page 4.

Pastoral Albums (Paterson and Sons), by Alfred Moffat.—These are two series of two-part songs, the first six dealing with subjects akin to spring and summer; the second six to autumn and winter. There is a painful similarity about them all—a lack of originality and freshness. Surely the time has gone by for writing in thirds and sixths only, and we have reached a period when some independence and variety may safely be given to each part, even in children's songs. If not, what is the good of the higher grant for singing from note rather than guessing by ear in our Board schools? It is a pity that the lower part in these songs is so suggestive of that obsolete expression "seconds," which invariably meant thirds!

The Last Rose of Summer (Paterson and Sons), arranged as a four-part song by James Fleming, has a distinctly Scottish flavour, accentuated by slight but observable alterations in the Irish melody. There is a clever little piece of canon between treble and tenor in the last line.

ORGAN OR HARMONIUM MUSIC.

March Album (Tuckwood).—The best specimen of a march in this small volume is the one by Edwin M. Flavell. This would make a useful voluntary.

National Organist, Book 6 (Tuckwood), consists of six little voluntaries effectively written for the instrument by Edwin M. Flavell.

Canterbury Voluntaries for Harmonium (Phillips and Page).—These are excellent. We have two books before us containing arrangements from the great masters and original compositions by J. W. Elliott, whose services in the cause of the harmonium are well known.

Holyrood Albums for Harmonium or American Organ (Paterson and Sons). Arrangements by the late Dr. Rimbault of Classical Transcriptions in Book I. and of Scotch Airs in Book IV.

VIOLIN MUSIC.

Selected Compositions for Violin, by H. Herrmann. (Laudy and Co.)—The numbers we have seen—No. 27, a Berceuse; No. 28, Marion Gavotte, a beautiful little movement in D minor, with a pleasantly-contrasted trio in D major; No. 37, a Romanesca in G minor, plaintive and quaint; and No. 40, Vieille Chanson—are all well written, are easy for a violinist, and are accompanied by the piano in an interesting manner.

Serenade, by Arnold Dolmetsch (Laudy and Co.) is more difficult perhaps, but quite as effective as the compositions just spoken of.

PIANO MUSIC.

We have received a number of things disguised as Pas de Ballet, Intermezzo, Caprice, Old Dance, etc., all of which turn out to be feeble gavottes, attempts to articulate when

there is nothing to remark, with a dread of deserting the tonic and dominant, the only props upon which they venture to lean. It is refreshing, then, to turn to a Pizzicato, *Fairyland*, by John Francis Barnett (Patey and Willis), and find that this eminent musician has something to say, and can say it gracefully, as is his wont.

Lose Blätter. — Three compositions by Jadassohn (Forsyth Brothers). No. 1, Elegy, No. 2, Mazurka, No. 3, Waltzes. The latter is the one which we think the best, but all three are worth playing.

L'Automne, a waltz by Albeniz (Stanley Lucas), is a thoroughly poetical conception, and will repay the labour requisite for its proper performance.

SONGS.

Ever Constant. Music by Leslie Conyers (Tuckwood).—A song with violin obligato, possessed of a graceful melody.

The Banks of the Bann. Song by Edward German (Phillips and Page).—A charming ballad, with an easy compass from D to E flat.

Album of Seven Songs, by Cuthbert Harris (Laudy and Co.).—The fashion now is to sell six or seven songs in this octavo form for the usual price of one, and an excellent plan it is for those who cannot afford to buy expensive music. Many points of interest make this collection one worth possessing.

A Rose and a Dream, by Arthur E. Grimshaw (Patey and Willis), is above the average ballad in merit.

Strive, Wait, and Pray, by J. Haydn Parry (Patey and Willis), is an excellent setting of Adelaide Procter's noble words. An unusual modulation occurs at the foot of the third page, viz., from F major to A flat major. It is used in Wagner's "Lohengrin" with great effect.

My Shepherd Boy. Song by Charles H. Fogg (Stanley Lucas).—A quaint, fascinating ditty.

The Silver Chord. Sacred song by Alfred Hollins, and *My Mary*, a ballad by the same composer (Stanley Lucas), are fairly good songs, and derive special interest as being composed by the well-known blind organist.

Asleep, by Halfdan Kjerulf (Stanley Lucas).—This is a reprint of one of the most simple and spontaneous of the songs of Kjerulf which we have learnt to love and admire. The translation of Björnson is by Theo. Marzials.

Songs and Ballads of Scotland (Paterson).—A collection which has the great advantage of Mr. Hamish MacCunn's musicianly accompaniments. He has, in his respect for the songs themselves, avoided all preludes and postludes, and simply accompanies, and by his harmony colours the grand old melodies of his native country. The book, which is artistically and tastefully got up, contains twenty-five airs, and costs half a crown only!

The Earth and Man. Song by John E. Barkworth (Paterson).—The setting is not good enough for the words, a veritable poem by Rev. Stopford Brooke.

PRIMERS, ETC.

Exercises in Harmony and Composition, by Frederick Corder (Forsyth).—A capital idea, a work much needed. Chorales and melodies to be harmonised in appropriate manner, followed by half sentences to be *completed*, and phrases to be developed by the student. A sure help to composition.

Art of Voice Training and Vocalisation, by T. A. Wallworth (B. Williams).—This is an admirable and a most complete guide for vocalists from their earliest efforts to the end of their studies, and is based upon the teachings of nature. Mr. Wallworth uses the text applied by the late John Parry to the whole subject of declamation—B ♮! There is the whole secret in a nutshell. *Be natural!* He rightly inveighes against the many artificial quackeries, which undoubtedly produce *notes* of a right sort, not for the would-be singer, but for the pocket of the would-be teacher.

He deals in a clear and concise manner with breathing, articulation, position when working, and the whole practical side of the question. We should like to have quoted many of the good suggestions and useful hints contained in this work, but would rather that you should get the book and read it all yourselves. Every sentence is to the point. Carefully-written exercises will be found, progressively arranged in the latter pages, followed by an explanation of all such terms as a singer ought to know.

Preparatory Exercises for the Piano, by Adolphe Henselt (Augener).—A new collection of exercises and examples by the St. Petersburg professor, which are the outcome of Henselt's personal studies, and which introduce difficulties which he has struggled with and overcome. They aim at perfect tone production and the highest *technique;* and to carry out these laudable objects amongst our English students, Miss Bettina Walker has just started a "Henselt School" at 33, Upper Gloucester Place, where, with Miss Florence Ashe, a pupil of Hallé's, she will work upon Henselt's method.

"HEAVINESS MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT."

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL.

THE light of God's sweet eventide
Slid through my window bars,
And the moon rose out of a bank of cloud
Set with a myriad stars.

I could not sleep—my heart was sore
With thoughts of what had been;
And I lay and watched that ladder of light,
Where the shadows lay between.

My heart soared upwards in its track—
I was a child once more;
A child I lay in my mother's arms,
And learned her gentle lore.

And with me in the dear old home
All I have loved and lost;
Those who are waiting in Paradise,
The waves of Jordan crossed.

From childhood's blessèd innocence,
From truth without a stain,
I turned, in the moon's bright mirror, and saw
Myself a youth again.

"Oh! darkest image—saddest page!"
I cried unto my heart;
"Can I have wandered so far away
From childhood's 'better part'?"

I read a record, sad to see,
Of sin, and doubt, and pride;
And the better deeds that I should have done
Stood weeping at my side,

Like spectral ghosts in sad array,
To bid me to despair;—
And the moon sank down, and her light was dead,
And the dark was everywhere.

And as I cried, with bitter tears,
"Too late—oh! God, how long?"
Clear, still, and pure in the dusky world
A thrush took up his song.

"Towards the east
A tremulous light;
The day is dawning—
Farewell! O, night!

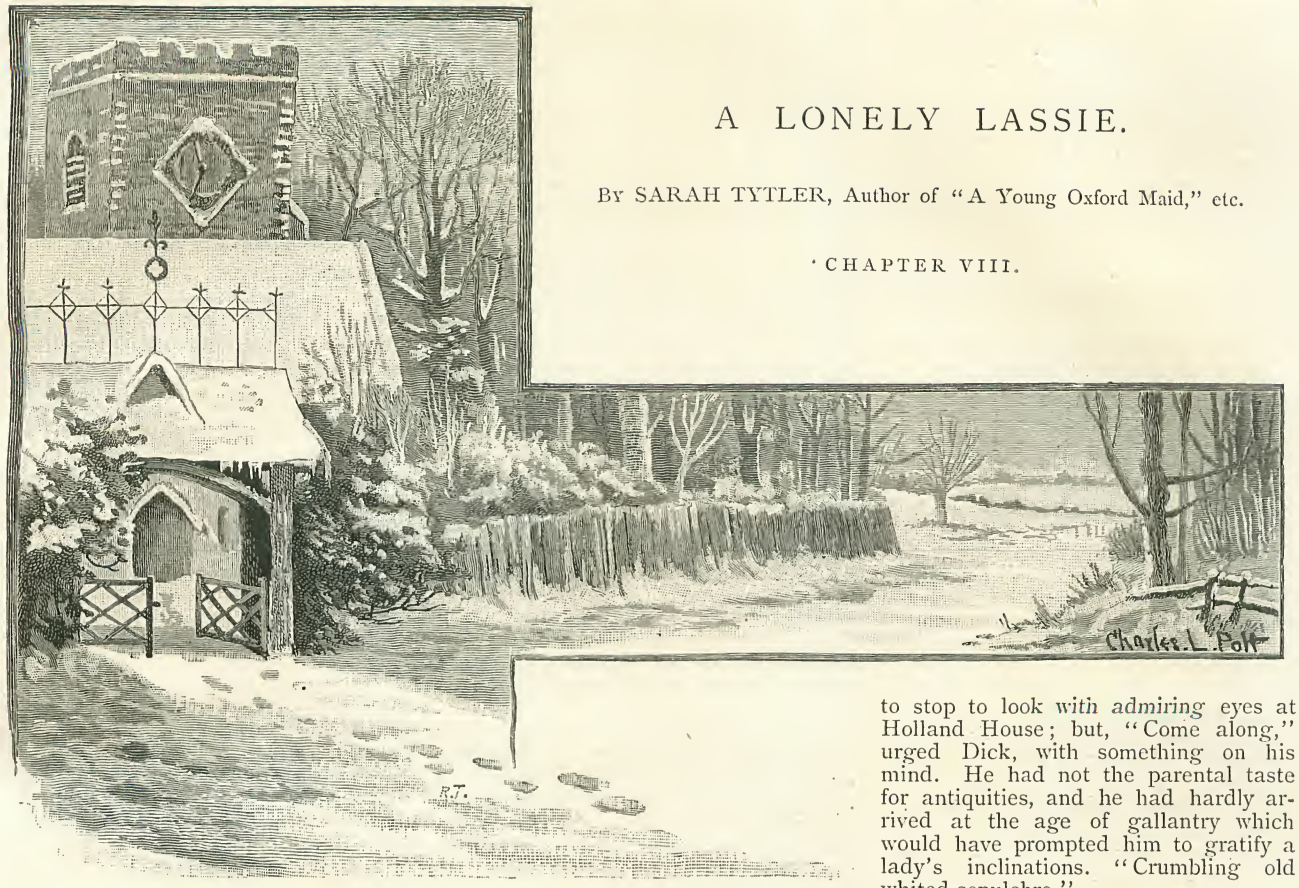
"Sorrow for one:
For all, the day:
Lift up your hearts:
Rejoice alway!

"Cast off the dark,
Strive to the sun;
So let each day
Be a race begun.

"Glory to God,
From dark to light!
Hail! hopeful morn!
Farewell! sad night!"

Across my bed one golden beam
Quivered, and day was born;
And my heart sang praises to God in Heaven
For the throstle's song at dawn.

God never bids us to despair,
In loneliness or pain;
Though the night be dark, yet morn shall break,
And joy be in its train.



FLORA'S FIRST INTRODUCTION TO "COLLARS."

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"No, Dick; I will not be called 'Flo' or 'Flossie.' These names have nothing to do with mine; I was never addressed by them in my life. They may belong to Florence, and have no disparaging sound to English ears; but they don't refer to a Scotch Flora," cried Flora hotly.

"Well, Goddess, it is rather hard lines on a fellow, who is your near and dear relative, not to permit him to hail you save ceremoniously. I always knew that Scotch people were pedantic; but I was not aware they carried it to the extent that after they had named their babies for heathen goddesses (shade of John Knox!), the babies refused to allow any familiar version of the Dianas and Floras and so forth."

"I was not named for a heathen goddess," declared Flora, swallowing the bait at once; "I was named for my mother's mother—your grandmother as well as mine. Flora is a common name in the Highlands—oh, quite a common name. Our old cook was a Flora, and so was Miss Buchanan, Miss Arabella's elder sister; and they had a niece Flora—you heard of Floras everywhere."

"Whatever?" suggested Dick maliciously.

She did not deign to take any notice. "And we also have a familiar Scotch version of the name," she explained laboriously; "we say Flory."

"Oh, Florry; we can easily say that; we are accustomed to that," said Dick.

Flora put up her hands to her ears in an energetic disclaimer. "Oh, no, no; that is worst of all; that is a Cockneyism of the first water, not in the least like our Flory!" She dwelt tenderly on the homely sound. Her father's voice was in her ears, saying softly and wearily, "Be a good lassie, Flory," in the middle of the talk and laughter, and her eyes grew dim.

Dick detected the change in her expression on the instant, and made a slight diversion in the conversation. "Dorothy is Dolly to her attached brother, and I should as soon call Kate Iphigenia or Andromache as Catherine. Then with regard to this object"—indicating Mary, and speaking speculatively—"what is this person's proper name? Is it 'Mince-meat,' or 'Nettles,' or 'Dish-clout?' Do tell me?—my poor memory has failed me."

"Dick, Dick, you cannot have forgotten that my name is Mary! Your own sister—you must remember my name! What could put horrid things like these as names for me into your head?" implored Mary, in acute distress.

"My child, one is a very nice thing; perhaps I ought to give up 'Nettles;' but the other is highly useful, if not ornamental."

"Never mind him, Mary," recommended Dorothy. "He is nothing more than a great schoolboy. Call him 'Dicky-bird,' and see how he will like it."

The girls were walking up Holland Lane escorted by Dick. Flora wished to stop to look with admiring eyes at Holland House; but, "Come along," urged Dick, with something on his mind. He had not the parental taste for antiquities, and he had hardly arrived at the age of gallantry which would have prompted him to gratify a lady's inclinations. "Crumbling old whited sepulchre."

"Oh, no, Dick," Flora contradicted him; "I don't know much about it; but surely those stacks of chimneys and that window are beautiful. And only think it was to that house that Macaulay used to go and dine!"

"I don't care where he dined," said Dick disrespectfully; "but if your desires point in that direction, we have only to turn the corner and you may see the house where he breakfasted, teaed, and supped, and for that matter departed this life. I say, Dorothy, we must get along. I met 'Collars' in Regent's Park to-day, and he said he was coming down this afternoon. I should not like him to arrive with only the mum at home to receive him, or with her, too, at the ends of the earth for anything we can tell. It would be beastly mean."

"What an infliction!" cried Dorothy. "Will he stay till the dinner-bell rings and not say half-a-dozen words in the interval, then get up and declare he must go down to the Grays within the couple of hours? He will leave us all crushed and uncomfortable, and without capacity to enjoy our food because of the supposition that he has not eaten a decent meal out of a restaurant (and I believe he dines there on stale sandwiches and a glass of luke-warm water) for an age."

"Unfortunate 'Collars'!" said Dick, with dramatic emphasis.

"Couldn't he have a slice of beef to his afternoon tea?" suggested Mary hospitably.

"Or eggs and bacon," amended

Dick, with the utmost gravity. "I think we'll hand him over to Kate here. I've always detected a resemblance between Kate and 'Collars.'"

Kate, who was a quiet young mortal, had been walking along in silence; but she bristled up at the comparison. "Like 'Collars!' No, indeed; when did you see me with my collars frayed, or the buttons of my jacket shiny and dangling loose, or my boots down at the sides?"

As Kate was a pattern of tidiness, the imputation sounded a gross aspersion.

"Who is the untidy gentleman with the queer nickname?" asked Flora.

"Oh, he is a poor cousin of ours," answered Dick. As he said the words he caught her eye, and coloured high, and it was to spare his feelings—for Dick was not a bad boy after all, and would no more have insulted a lady, or wilfully hurt the feelings of his kinswoman than he would have spoken like a sage under the light weight of his eighteen years, that she subdued the twinkle in her eye, and arrested on the tip of her tongue the demure comment, "Like me."

"He ain't half a bad sort," wound up Dick hurriedly.

"But tiresome, dreadfully tiresome," interposed Dorothy, with an affected shudder.

"How can he be lively, poor beggar?" objected Dick, now put on his honour to uphold his cousin's merit. "You know he has the whole Hayter tribe hanging like a mill-stone about his neck. He is at his wits' end how to eke out his salary and make it serve—not for his own wants—he gets little enough of what he earns—but for the wants of the swaggering idiot his father, and the ingrained blue-stocking his mother, and the die-away beauties his sisters. I can tell you, girls, and the L. O. M. could tell you the same if he would rouse himself to make the remark, that there must have been some, aye, a precious deal, of grit in Gil Hayter, before he could rise step by step to fill the berth in the Government office he holds now, and he not above five years my senior. Fancy your humble servant maintaining a family, united to swamp him, by the time he is three-and-twenty."

"Fancy it, indeed!" echoed Dorothy, derisively. "Why, you couldn't keep us in glove-buttons and boot-laces."

"Yet you expect 'Collars' to be chatty and brilliant in the dog-days, you unreasonable monkeys," cried Dick, shaking his head as if in sorrowful deprecation of the crying injustice of the expectation.

"I think he must be a goose to let himself be swamped and sat upon by his family," said Flora in serene condemnation.

"And what would you do, Miss Flora," demanded Dick severely, "if you had a father a venerable windball, and a mother an impracticable blue-bag, and two sisters drooping butterflies, unable to shake out their painted wings, as Dorothy here shakes out hers? No great harm in any of them, but not a particle of sense or spirit or 'go,' whatever you like to call it. Would you simply turn your back upon them, and leave them to perish? Would that be what your filial and fraternal feelings would bring you to?"

"They deserve to be abandoned to their own resources," said Dorothy coolly; "it ought to be a case of *sauve qui peut* with 'Collars.' Uncle Hayter is a conceited fool, and Aunt Hayter has been engrossed with her metaphysical and poetical nonsense, to the neglect of her house and family. And the girls Beata and Minnie—what right have they to expect to unfold their wings, or to imagine they have wings at all, when they have been no better than paupers ever since I can recollect? If it were not for 'Collars,' they might all be in the poor-house—that is, if the poor-house would take them in. Father has done all he could for them. I know he made Aunt Hayter an allowance till he found that it was all spent on Uncle Hayter's speculations and Aunt Hayter's equally crazy attempts to publish on her own account. Then he grew desperate, like 'Collars,' and had them transported into the depths of the hop country, where they might vegetate on what 'Collars' could spare, and do as little harm as possible."

"But perhaps they are trying to do better," said Flora eagerly. "You have no idea what an excitement there is in trying and learning and beginning to feel your feet—in planning and contriving, and squaring your expenses, and having the satisfaction of finding you've just done it, and brought your accounts and your income to tally. You ought to do a great deal more than that," animadverted Flora brightly; "you ought to have a good margin for accidents and a rainy day. But to begin with, I think you may be almost content with succeeding in paying your way, and helping your neighbours whenever you can."

Dick whistled in a minor key.

"I think it would be a great bore to have to think of expenses," said Dorothy frankly.

"No, indeed," insisted Flora, carried away by her subject; "you care so much more for things when you have to wait for them for a bit, and to struggle to win them. You feel you are in the thick of the battle—and we like to be in the heat of a battle when we are young, don't we? It gives so much more zest to life to be put on one's mettle—not to fall behind, not to fail our friends, to be good soldiers in the ranks. One does not feel drowsy then, I can tell you; there is no sense of dawdling on a bed of roses in these circumstances." She stopped abruptly, feeling suddenly shamefaced, dreading that the Bennets might guess that she had felt condemned to lie for ever on a bed of roses in Kensington Square.

"But you like pretty things, Cousin Flora," put in Mary's piping voice, speaking almost beseechingly.

"Of course I do, Molly," replied Flora heartily; "but I like them all the better if I have to strive hard to get them, and if I cannot always have them even when I make still more frantic exertions. When it comes to that, there is a comfort in doing without them sometimes, in the course of duty. I feel a little of a Spartan then—an honest Christian, as father used to say."

"I think it would be rather disagreeable and very difficult," said Mary, with so deep a sigh that everybody laughed.

"If I were Aunt Hayter, and Beata, and Minnie, and if I were trying to get along, as Flora thinks they are," said Kate, "I am sure my first work would be to make collars, or get 'Collars' a set of new ones"—with a deplorable flounder. But what was bad grammar and obscurity of language in the heat of a discussion!

"To the neglect of your practising, and of doing your proper work in learning the rest of your lessons. I daresay you would, Kate," said Dorothy, with the cheerful superciliousness of a grown-up elder sister, "unless your own wardrobe happened to monopolise you. I am sure it is the misery of your life that collars and handkerchiefs are sold ready stitched, and that you cannot plead the necessity of attending to them as an excuse for ending your existence illiterate, unmusical, inartistic."

"It would be a variety," observed Dick meditatively, while he plunged his hands into his pockets, and pushed up his shoulders.

"All girls are not so fond of being amateur sempstresses and cooks," finished Dorothy, "though they might be so in the depths of the hop country, or in the colonies, to some purpose."

"I always said Kate had a sneaking kindness for 'Collars.'" Dick renewed his attack. "And you hear she pines to repair his wear-and-tears."

"I do not," denied Kate, very much in earnest. "If I were he I should cut the whole family, and have collars, and handkerchiefs, and things, like other people."

"You need not tell all Kensington what you would do if you were another person," Dorothy admonished the speaker.

"Here we are, in that beastly alley, Young Street. Hold on, Flora; Thackeray used to eat his meals in that old house with the bow-windows," proclaimed Dick.

But Flora knew that interesting piece of information, and was busy dealing with something else in her mind. How could Dorothy and Kate be so unmindful of the absence of all generosity in the term by which they distinguished their cousin, and in the general, half-vulgar tone of their speech about him? She answered her question that these young people, Dick included, knew nothing of poverty and its straits. Dick, Dorothy, and Kate were probably being more or less unfair to the family of poor cousins whom they stigmatised. These Hayters might be doing their best to back up their son and brother. It might be because of these very endeavours to second him, and to lessen his responsibilities, that they had not the attention to spare to externals on which the Bennets, from the eldest to the youngest, set great store. It seemed to Flora that naturally her sympathies must be with the poor Hayters, for whom

she had a strong fellow-feeling, though that did not prevent her from liking the Bennets, and being grateful to them. But from that day she was fond of picturing to herself the country house in the depths of the hop country. She felt its occupants were seeking to practise an honourable economy, and to fit themselves to bring in, according to their abilities, future contributions to the common fund in order to lessen the family's dependence on the one member. He was privileged at present, but he ought not to continue to usurp the privilege of supporting the household; and all the time they would be as jolly as Mark Tapley under difficulties; for there was no friction for developing one's energies, and keeping up one's spirits, like a healthy, happy emulation in work—real work, necessary work. Flora set up from her own imaginings a wistful, affectionate interest in the Hayters, the father of whom was doubtless an ill-starred but gifted inventor, like some she had read of. Dick had spoken of his craze for speculation. The mother admittedly was a woman of intellect, though a woman whose intellect had not yet received recognition. As for the daughters, Dick had called them drooping butterflies, a contradiction in terms; but he owned they did not spread their wings like Dorothy—which meant they lived in retirement—did not go into society, and had not the means for the complete equipment in dress and pocket-money which the Bennets had been brought up to regard as absolutely necessary for girls like themselves. Even little Mary could not get up or go to bed without her dressing-jacket and her dressing-slippers, and her hair combed with a couple of combs, and brushed by as many brushes, for half an hour at a time by Amelia. Kate had her little gold watch and her sealskin jacket, as her mother and Dorothy had theirs. Dorothy's furs and evening wraps, her silver-mounted dressing-case, her various ornaments in sets of coral, or pearls, or gold, were little inferior to her mother's. Only in the diamonds, which were sufficiently valuable to pass most of their lives in a strong box at the bank where Mr. Bennet transacted his business, did Mrs. Bennet assert the superiority of the matron over the maiden.

The Hayter girls, Flora thought, were, without question, quietly, not visibly, making the best of the situation, keeping house for their pre-occupied mother, doing calculations and drawing plans for their enterprising father, learning for themselves and coaching each other in such modes of saving or earning money as girls can compass. Oh, the Bennets could know nothing about the secret cleverness and industry of that household, though it would come to light and receive its reward some day! And what a charm the thought of it had for Flora Macdermot. How it seemed to bring her nearer to Scotland and Inverlochan.

* * * *

There was nothing about the young fellow seated in Mrs. Bennet's drawing-room calculated to disperse Flora's visions. He was a pleasant-looking lad enough, a little tired looking, as might be expected in a young man who came up from the country every morning, worked all day at a desk, and went back to the country to sleep at night. He was much graver-looking, just as he was, in Flora's eyes, far manlier-looking, than Dick, but not exactly silent or stupid, not unmistakably handsome, but a good deal nearer absolute comeliness than was his cousin Dick. Gilbert Hayter's middle size had not been developed by any athletic exercises to speak of since he was well out of his teens. His chest was not so broad as Dick's, and he stooped a little, but he had the air and bearing of a man of gentle breeding. His face, fair, not red like Dick's, and pale in spite of his perpetual excursions into the country, was an honest, thoughtful, kindly face, though what might have been its pretensions to manly beauty were marred by a certain gauntness in its beardless outline. It recalled to Flora not so much Dorothy's scornful supposition that "Collars" probably dined on stale sandwiches and lukewarm water, as the look on the faces of those aspirants to fame and fortune, those poor gentlemen like Miss Arabella's nephews. They went up to their colleges with little more provision for a luxurious life than was possessed by the few peasants' sons who sat on the same benches, in the same class-rooms, both gentlemen and peasants being rich only in the determination to conquer, and the endurance which fulfilled the determination. But Gilbert Hayter had probably less of pugnacity and elasticity than was to be found in the Scotch lads. He was certainly a little spent by his single-handed wrestle with the world. His eyes especially, clear, bright, hazel eyes originally, had at once a strained and introverted expression, and a perceptible lack of buoyance. It was not the affectation of weariness, not uncommon in the gilded youth of the period. It was not at all like Mr. Herbert Bennet's languor; there was nothing *blasé* about "Collars." He was merely overdone, and unable to hide it entirely. Whatever might have been the occasional deficiencies of his wardrobe when hard driven for time and means, there was none to be seen on the present occasion; his well-brushed coat might be a little bare in the texture and nap, but Flora was glad to remark that his collar and cuffs were irreproachable, and his boots were not down at the sides. Perhaps a gratified consciousness of his freedom from these drawbacks rendered him livelier than was his wont. He certainly greeted his cousins with becoming animation, laughed a little at Dick's salutation, "Welcome, Brutus!" and spoke with sufficient spirit of the weather and of how well the country was looking in spite of the drought. He responded to his introduction to Flora by taking the trouble to look at her, though she was only his cousin's cousin, to enquire what she thought of England, and to tell her that he had never been to Scotland, but that he would greatly like to go.

"I am sure you would like it if you went," said Flora, with a flattering earnestness of conviction which showed unconsciously to more than herself how much inclined she was to like and trust him.

"You ought to make a point of going north for your holidays," Mr. Bennet, who happened to be present, said carelessly. He was drumming lightly with his fingers on the table by his side, in such a very exhausted manner, that the next thing one looked for was to see him slide unconscious from his lounge, and subside, insensible to mortal woes, in a heap on the floor.

Young Hayter glanced up at his uncle, and said nothing.

"Suppose we set out on a walking tour, Gil old boy," proposed Dick cheerfully. I'll engage to walk you down the very first day."

"I don't doubt you would, Dick, both the first day and the last," said his cousin, raising his eyebrows.

"You might do it, Gilbert, if you managed better," said his aunt, who had a propensity to arrange for everybody in every situation. "I wonder you don't take lodgings in the City, and only go down to the Grays once a week. Surely your people could do without you six days out of the seven. Your daily ticket for the season would pay for your lodgings and your breakfasts and suppers. Besides, you would save the waste in time and bodily fatigue."

"It sounds a better plan, but it would not answer," said the young man, briefly contracting his eyebrows, and Mrs. Bennet said no more. It was clear that "Collars," though he might submit to be put upon by his own family, was not disposed to be interfered with and dictated to by his remoter kindred. So the lady set him down without ceremony as pig-headed, in spite of his abilities and steadiness, like the rest of the Hayters.

Flora wondered what he thought of her. Did he realise that she was a poor relation, like himself? Did he envy her, or pity her for having been, as it were, adopted by the Bennets? Surely he would not envy her if he guessed how she envied him and his sisters down at the Grays, with all their trumpet-calls to action, all their ingenious devices to supply omissions and shortcomings—brilliant contrivances which she would revel in—while poor Dorothy, who did not know the stimulus and fun of such inventions, would disdain them in the light of miserable makeshifts. As Flora's fancy flew hither and thither, a comical recollection occurred to her of a farcical song she had heard sung, in which a couple of sturdy sailors, rolling along the deck of their ship when "a stout sou'-wester" was bellowing in the shrouds and tugging at the rigging, took to pitying "them poor folks as lives on shore now," about whose devoted heads chimney-pots, slates, and bricks were flying. Was the attitude of her mind, and of Mr. Hayter's—supposing he sympathised with her in a certain amount of commiseration for the well-to-do Bennets—like that of the rollicking Jack tars, who so loudly congratulated themselves on not being land-lubbers?

(*To be continued.*)

FUR-EDGED WINTER GOWN AND MANTLE.

FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

ROUGH materials, coarse as well as hairy, are the extreme of fashion for this season. Camel's-hair cloth is the ordinary name for this kind of material, and under that designation the hairs may be long, and lie quite smoothly, or may be short, and lie in line-like stripes. The longer hairs are not to be recommended, for they get matted, and knot in wear, and you have an unpleasantly moulted appearance by the time the dress is half worn out. Black camel's-hair stripes, or waved and crinkled lines on grey, brown, and a red shade of "petunia," are all to be seen, and with them we find much velvet used as trimmings. Sleeves, drapings for the bodice, Senorita jackets, and bodice frills, are all of velvet, generally of the exact shade of the ground, but very often of black also. Velvet and velveteen have quite emerged from their long seclusion, and this winter they are everywhere seen. Ladies' cloth with printed designs on it — which give somewhat of a table-cover look—are much worn; but the announcement that very large plaids were to form the special feature of the season does not seem quite justified by the facts. Although there certainly are plaids, they are of a modified kind, and do not play an outrageous part on the Cheviot serges, flannel cloths, tweeds, or homespuns. The corduroys, of wide or narrow cords, are much in favour for house dresses; the lighter hues—beige, stone, brown, and grey—are the most liked. These dresses of corduroy are very little trimmed, and are best worn with a flat *galon* laid on the edges, and perhaps studded with jet nailheads. So far, I find the rough and coarse blue serges quite as much worn as anything for morning use, especially for young people. When made with coat bodices and jackets, they are quite simple and untrimmed; when, however, they are made with ordinary bodices, they are generally trimmed with velvet, have long points, and very often narrow sashes of either velvet or ribbon, from about two inches to two and a half wide.

For the evening, black grenadine has apparently superseded black lace, though three deep black lace flounces are quite the last thing; and one lace flounce, arranged in scallop-like shapes on the bottom of the skirt, is also much used. The silk foundations most used are white or grey; but excepting this I think black is more than usually popular—a very good thing for the woman or girl who has but a modest allowance to dress upon. For both of these cases black is the most useful thing to invest in for the evening; and jet trimmings, though they seem expensive, can be used so often that they are cheap in the end.

Nearly all the winter capes and mantles that one sees are Tudor in their origin, and may be divided into Tudor capes and Tudor mantles, the latter reaching sometimes nearly down to within six inches of the edge of the skirt, or else what is generally known as three quarter length. There is a new hood added to them, which is called the "Horse Guards"; and the cape on which these new hoods are generally placed is a simply cut circular, with a bias seam at the back. When made thus of the material of the dress, they often reach to the knee. They are often double-breasted, with the straps underneath that cross the chest and fasten at the back. Some of these circulars are made in velvet, and lined with a thick silk.

The yokes of the longer walking mantles are often made of fur. They are also fur-lined and fur-edged, like the cape which we illustrate. Other mantles which have sleeves have the yoke and sleeves of fur; and this fancy for different sleeves and yoke is carried so far that we find sealskin mantles provided with astrachan, or even sable yokes and sleeves. Mink and Tibet are the most fashionable furs this winter, though plenty of astrachan and other furs are seen, especially beaver and astrachan, for the narrow fur edgings that are universally worn.

The newest makes of sealskin are not wadded, but only lined with satin, thus removing one of the great sources of the objections to them, as being too impervious to the air to be healthful. The price of sealskins is greatly advanced this season; in fact, they are said to have trebled in value within the last three years. For this winter muffs are often made to match the gown, when this is of thick material and fur-trimmed. The small fur-trimmed toque, or bonnet, is again revived, and every preparation made for a very cold winter, like our last one. Let us hope that these anticipations may not be realised.

The blouse still retains its popularity, and numbers of them are turned out made of materials suitable for winter use, such as velveteen, serge, cashmere, and other fancy woollens. Some are fur trimmed, and all are intended to be worn with differing skirts; in fact, the new blouses, or jerseys, are a very remarkable product of the winter, and they are as different as possible from the original jersey, being decorated and made up to the very latest style—as like a bodice and as unlike a jersey as one could imagine. All our bodices are very full in front, and are fussily draped and frilled, white lace frillings being often used as a front to serge jackets, or to those of tweed and homespun. Frills are quite a feature of the present style of bodices. They are sometimes so wide that they look like a cape at the back and on the shoulders, some of them getting narrower as they go down the front towards the waist.

The use of deep fringes on the edge of bodices still continues. They are sometimes deep all round, and others form a long point in front, jet being much mixed with gold beads and *passementerie*.

There is no doubt as to the style of skirt used this winter, and all efforts to introduce drapery of every kind have failed, and nothing is to be seen anywhere but the perfectly plain skirt. This is in three varieties, viz., the gored, in four or even more gores; the fan skirt, with a bias seam down the centre of the back, and a few plaits negligently arranged, but otherwise quite plain; and the umbrella or parasol skirt, which is cut round exactly on the umbrella idea. These skirts are all plain in front, and are sometimes buttoned up on each side, thus making short placket-holes, no other placket-hole being made.

The two last-named skirts require to be

THREE QUARTER PALETÔT.

DRESS WITH SHOULDER FRILL, AND TAILOR-MADE COSTUME.

made of double-width material, either fifty-four or forty-five inches wide; in fact, such is the popularity of this wide width, that all the best materials are made in nothing else.

In our sketch of a dress with a shoulder frill we have tried to show the way in which the frill is put on, and also the method of using velvet as yoke and sleeves to a woollen dress, the under petticoat being often also of velvet, and the dress is raised over it, or cut in points, to show the under-skirt. The three quarter mantles are much seen, and are often edged all round with fur, especially when they are made of the material of the dress. There is little change in the bonnet. It is very small, and the hat is smaller than it was. We are promised a "poke bonnet" in the spring.

The pattern selected for the month is that of the gored skirt in four gores, the front being cut without a seam in the centre, while the back seams must be cut so as to be on the bias of the material. This skirt, when cut out, should be fitted on the figure, so that the seams and gores should fit without a crease. No foundation skirt is needed, but the breadths may be lined if required. The edge of the skirt is usually lined with a hem cut exactly to fit the shape of the gores, made of the material of the dress, which will require careful fitting and tacking to make it set well. The trimmings are various. Sometimes *passementerie* is placed up each seam except at the back; sometimes only round the skirt above the hem. All kinds of bodices may be used with it, from a pointed one to a long basque. The amount of material required is three yards and a half of double-width, and from seven to eight in single-width material. This pattern may be used as a model to re-make our old skirts, as they can easily be cut from it; and if not quite fresh, the addition of some trimming on each seam will give them an air of novelty and freshness that will surprise us.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic under-clothing have already been given: — Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Mantles.* — Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

(PAPER PATTERN.)

IT having been pointed out to us by Messrs. Weldon & Co., 7, Southampton Street, Strand, that our artist copied, in our last August part, some of their copyright costumes, we beg to acknowledge the error, and to express our regret that we should have caused any annoyance or have injured in any way any of their admirable properties.

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. DAKIN'S RECEPTION.

"I DO believe, Enid, that that woman is going too!"

"Going where?" asked Enid, wondering at the annoyance in her cousin's tone.

"Why, to Mrs. Dakin's reception. Just look at her attire! I know she has letters of credit on Mr. Dakin's bank, and he is fond of inviting to his house all the English people he sees. It is tiresome to think that we cannot get away from her there."

Miss Guy had come to dinner resplendent in crimson plush, with a lavish display of Roman pearls coiled about her throat. She was explaining to one of her neighbours that she disliked going out of an evening, but that her friends had made such a point of her being present at their "At home" that she had found it impossible to refuse them.

"Gammon," muttered Maud, under her breath. "She won't make me believe that anyone is so anxious for her society."

Maud was not mistaken in her surmise. When she and her cousin entered Mrs. Dakin's crowded drawing-room, they soon perceived the crimson plush and pearls; but their wearer was sitting disconsolately in a corner alone, and had not the appearance of one whose presence had been eagerly sought by her hostess.

Mrs. Dakin was a tall, graceful woman, young-looking for her five-and-forty years, with sparkling dark eyes and a vivacious manner. She had a warm welcome for Maud, who, in the pretty gown she had worn at her aunt's wedding, was certainly looking her best. Mrs. Dakin quickly contrived to say in her ear, "You look charming to-night, my dear. There is no fear of my New York beauty eclipsing you"—a speech which delighted Maud, and enabled her to meet the young lady with equanimity.

Yet in truth Miss Blanche Amory was a very fascinating young person. Her beauty was of a purely Grecian type. Her small shapely head, the broad, low brow over which the light brown hair fell in such bewitching little curls, the straight, delicate nose, the small curved mouth, and the lovely violet eyes, were already inspiring every artist present with an eager desire to paint her portrait. Her bearing was marked by a piquant audacity of speech and action which the English ladies present decided to be "thoroughly American," whilst her dress had the quality which Europeans distinguish by the significant word *chic*.

"Is this your first visit to Rome?" enquired Maud, by way of opening the conversation.

"No; I was here with my parents five years ago," replied the beauty, with the high nasal intonation peculiar to her nation.

"Then you have seen most of the sights?"

"Yes; I guess I did enough sight-seeing when I was over before. I don't mean to go round with my guide book any more. If there's anything new to be seen I'd like to see it—that's all."

"I daresay we can accommodate you," said Julius Dakin, who stood at her elbow. "It will be a refreshing change. Most of our visitors can interest themselves only in the old things of Rome, and despise everything belonging to the present century."

"Ah, I guess—musty old churches, underground tombs, and impossible relics. But that's not my taste. I like to keep above ground whilst I can; and I don't know that I should be any the better for seeing the chains of St. Peter or the head of St. Paul. I went into the burial vaults of the Cappuccini and had a look at the old skeleton monks when I was last in Rome, and it made me feel sort of queer-like."

"It is not an agreeable sight certainly," said Maud, with a little shudder. "But there are many beautiful things to be seen in Rome, and the country round is most interesting. I suppose you explored it when you were here before."

"You may be sure we did. My father is not one to do things by halves, and I am his own child in that. Before we came to Italy we were in Greece, and we went all through the mountains on horseback. We roughed it then, I can tell you. Often I was in the saddle for twelve hours at a time; and such riding as it was!—no roads. We just had to make tracks across country, fording streams and leaping gullies. It was hard work—but how I did enjoy it!"

"You are such an experienced traveller, Miss Amory, that you make me feel quite small," observed Julius Dakin. "I have had no adventures that can compare with yours."

"Well, I guess I've travelled all round Europe, anyway," replied the fair American; "but I have not done India yet. I must have a try at that some day."

Not Julius Dakin alone was feeling small. Maud Marian was made aware that she was but an ordinary mortal after all. She could boast no such achievements as the young American continued to describe, and her knowledge of the world she lived in now presented itself to her as pitifully limited.

Enid meanwhile was listening with quiet amusement to all that passed. Maud presently disengaged herself from the group about Miss Amory, and began to move through the rooms, meeting at every few steps with some acquaintance. Enid, who found herself alone amidst strangers, had a momentary sense of dreariness. She glanced round the room, and her eyes fell on poor Miss Guy, who wore a most discontented expression, and was furtively stifling a yawn. A sense of sympathy helped Enid to conquer her dislike to this lady's conversation, and she made her way to her through the crowd.

"You don't mean to say that *you* are here!" said Miss Guy, with an affected surprise which was not flattering. "Did you ever see such a crush? I call it absurd to invite so many people at a time. My sister manages her receptions much better, she is always careful to invite people of the same set to meet each other, and never more than will fill the room comfortably, though her drawing-room is quite as large as this, and more elegant, I think. Don't you find that there's a great lack of ornament here?"

"Everything is in exquisite taste," said Enid, whose eyes at that moment rested on an Etruscan vase of most beautiful form. "People who live in Rome, I fancy, can tolerate nothing in the way of ornament which is not really good."

"I don't know what you mean by *good*," returned Miss Guy scornfully. "I am sure those old earthenware things cannot have cost much. For my part, I like to see plenty of knick-knacks in a drawing-room."

"And I often feel impatient at the ridiculous trifles people strew about their rooms," said Enid. "There was a fashionable lady at Devonport who took to putting frogs and beetles about her drawing-room. They were everywhere—on curtains, antimacassars, cushions; and one day a lady caller, who was very short-sighted, and had a great horror of such things, received a dreadful shock. I believe she had hysterics, or something of the kind."

"Well, I don't like frogs myself," said Miss Guy; "but one must be in the fashion. A while ago tiny black monkeys were all the rage in London, and my sister had three hundred of them in her room."

Enid inwardly shuddered to think of that room; but she maintained a discreet silence, and Miss Guy went on—

"Talking of fashion, how few well-dressed women there are here to-night! I heard someone say just now that Mrs. Dakin has her gowns of Worth; but if that is his production she is wearing to-night, I don't think much of it. Nothing but plain grey velvet without a bit of trimming save that tiny piping of satin!"

Enid looked round with some fear, for Miss Guy had not thought it necessary to lower her tones. Enid's glance met that of Julius Dakin, who was making his way to her.

"Found at last!" he said, as he came up. "I was wondering where you had

hidden yourself. Will you allow me to take you to the library? There is something there I should like to show you."

Enid consented willingly; but she had not moved away many steps ere she paused.

"Oh, I forgot Miss Guy," she said. "Would you mind if she came too? I am afraid she is having rather a dull time. You see, she knows no one here."

Julius looked at her for a moment with a curious expression Enid was far from understanding. Then he said—

"You are right; Miss Guy must not be neglected. Ah, here is Evans, the most good-natured fellow in the world! Do you mind waiting here a moment?"

He gave her a seat and hastened to arrest his friend, whom he forthwith led up and introduced to Miss Guy. In a few moments Dakin returned to Enid.

"That's all right," he said. "I've told Evans he is to entertain Miss Guy, and started them on a book of photographs. Evans is a clever fellow; he can talk to anyone, anyhow, about anything."

Enid laughed at this description of his friend's ability.

"He will have his reward," she was wicked enough to say. "If he entertains Miss Guy, she will doubtless entertain him."

He gave her a quick comprehensive glance.

"Ah," he said, "so you have been victimising yourself. I thought Miss Guy could hardly be a congenial companion for you."

"We live at the same *pension*," said Enid.

"I see. It was good of you to remind me of our duty towards her, but just like the angel I begin to perceive you to be."

"Please, Mr. Dakin, remember your promise."

"What promise? I never promised that I would not tell you the truth about yourself."

"But that is not the truth."

"I think it is. True, the wings are lacking"—he glanced playfully at her shoulders—"but that is a mere accident."

"They have been broken off, perhaps, like those of the Eros of Praxiteles in the Vatican," said Enid laughing. It was impossible to take him seriously.

In the library they found Mr. Dakin with one or two visitors. Enid began to examine the books, and was delighted when the old gentleman gave her permission to borrow any she liked, and pointed out those that would be of most interest to her in her study of Roman antiquities. Talking to him she forgot that she had been brought to the library for a special purpose; but Julius waited patiently till her attention was disengaged.

"Now, Miss Mildmay," he said at last, "I will show you something that I think you will be pleased to see."

He led her into a small ante-room and raised the lamp he carried, so that its light fell upon a picture hanging on the wall. It was a painting of the Campagna with the ruin of an old tomb, and some grand stone pines standing up against the blue sky. It was already familiar to Enid, and a favourite with her. She had thought it one of the best of Miss Strutt's paintings.

"Oh!" she exclaimed involuntarily, in her surprise, "you have bought that of Miss Strutt! How good of you!"

"Not at all," he replied, with a look of pleasure. "It was my father who bought it, and he was only too glad to secure such a charming little picture."

"But you took him to see Miss Strutt's pictures?"

"Why, yes, I was guilty of that, certainly; but you would not have had me keep to myself my knowledge of the good things that were to be seen there?"

This was unanswerable. Enid was perhaps foolishly delighted that the purchase had been made, and she could not rid her mind of the impression that her influence had played a considerable part in the matter. She believed that Julius had wished to give her pleasure. And yet how little ground there was for such a fancy!

If Julius Dakin had been actuated by any such motive, he was rewarded as he watched Enid's undisguised pleasure. They lingered awhile in the ante-room, talking and looking at the pictures. When at last they returned to the drawing-room they had been absent more than half an hour, but to Enid it had seemed but a few minutes.

Maud Marian was seated near the door by which Enid and Julius entered. Enid moved towards her cousin, intending to tell her of the purchase Mr. Dakin had made; but ere she could reach her side Maud rose, said a few words to the gentleman with whom she was talking, and passed rapidly to the other side of the room. Enid was astonished. She felt sure Maud had seen her come in, and wondered that she should turn from her in that way. Had she unwittingly offended her cousin again? Maud had recovered from her annoyance on learning that Herr Schmitz had proposed to give lessons to her cousin. The breach between them was to all appearance mended, but Enid was no longer at her ease with her cousin. She was subject to fear lest her words or actions should be misunderstood, and give offence. As she glanced at Maud now across the crowded room, she could see that something had occurred to disturb her cousin's equanimity, though Maud was making an effort to hide the fact that she was not enjoying herself.

Julius placed Enid under his mother's care, and then strolled off to where the American beauty was still surrounded by a little court of admirers. Enid wondered if the general attention bestowed upon this young lady were a source of mortification to Maud. But now Mrs. Dakin introduced her to two young English girls, who were very pleased to meet with a girl-compatriot. The three chatted together in lively fashion for some time, till the mother of the girls came to take them away. The room was already thinning. The departure of the girls, and of one or two others who moved away at the same time, made a stillness about Enid, in which the words of two ladies of mature age, who were seated on a settee behind her, fell distinctly on her ears.

"Now I wonder if Mrs. Dakin means her son to marry that American beauty," said one.

"No doubt she would like him to wed one of her countrywomen," replied the other; "and the girl is an heiress, I believe."

"As for that, he might afford to marry for love, I should think," returned the first speaker. "It is all very well for his mother to choose for him, but he may be of another mind. Last winter everyone said he would marry Miss Marian."

"Well, he has not paid her much attention to-night, for I have been watching him," remarked the other. "There was another girl he seemed very friendly with."

"Well, really! If you are going to take note of every girl Julius Dakin regards with friendliness, you will have enough to do. He knows how to make himself agreeable to ladies if ever a young man did. He has just that way, don't you know, that makes every girl he talks with suppose that he admires her."

Enid heard no more. She rose and moved away with burning cheeks. She was greatly disturbed by the idle words she had overheard. She resented them for her cousin's sake; but not for that alone. Her own self-esteem was wounded, and she even felt irritated with Julius Dakin.

"I suppose he thinks I admire him," she thought with disdain; "but I do not. He is handsome, of course; but as I have often told Alice, I dislike handsome men."

Julius Dakin was unfortunate that evening, for Maud also was feeling annoyed with him, though from a different reason.

Mr. Evans, "the most good-natured fellow in the world," had striven manfully to entertain Miss Guy for some time after Enid and Julius had quitted the drawing-room; but even his patience gave out at last, and he was glad to slip away from her. Then Miss Guy, seeing Miss Marian not far from her, presumed to approach that young lady, and, undeterred by her repellant manner, began to talk to her. It was no liking for Maud which drew her to her side. Miss Guy was not so obtuse as to be unaware that Miss Marian desired to avoid her. She resented warmly the hauteur with which that young lady invariably treated her when they met at table, and it was with a malicious desire to wound her that she now addressed her. It is marvellous how keen such persons are to discern the vulnerable point at which a dart may be aimed.

"Your cousin and Mr. Dakin seem to find the library very attractive, do they not?" she observed, with apparent carelessness.

Maud surveyed her for a moment with haughty astonishment ere she said—

"Excuse me. I do not understand to what you refer." She had missed Julius from the room, but was not aware that he had quitted it in Enid's company.

"Mr. Dakin took your cousin away to show her something in the library. I

am quite curious to know what it is that has detained them there for half an hour."

Maud changed colour for an instant, but her self-control did not fail her.

"If you ask Mr. Dakin when he returns, I have no doubt he will be pleased to satisfy your curiosity," she said in a tone of cold indifference.

"I am afraid I should not get much for my pains," laughed Miss Guy. "When a young gentleman is smitten with a girl, anything will serve as an excuse for taking her aside. It is easy to see that Mr. Julius Dakin takes a warm interest in your cousin; and no wonder! for she is really a nice, compact little person."

Maud rose from her seat, white with anger. "Excuse me, Miss Guy," she said, with icy composure; "I must ask you to reserve your remarks upon my cousin for some other listener." And she swept away, leaving Miss Guy to experience a sense of discomfiture.

But that frame of mind was so foreign to her nature that it could not last long. Her self-complacency quickly revived, and she said to herself, with an agreeable sense of her own cleverness—

"After all, I hit the mark! She would not have been so angry if she had not cared for him."

Maud moved towards the door through which she supposed Enid and Dakin would return from the library. She seated herself in a position to observe their entrance. In truth, it was not many minutes ere they appeared, but the time seemed long to Maud as she watched with jealous eyes, and her anger increased with every minute that passed. When they came in, her indignation had reached such a heat that, fearful of betraying too openly her annoyance, she made a hasty movement to avoid speaking to her cousin.

Her feelings did not soften as the evening wore on; but she got them under control. Annoyed as she felt with Julius Dakin, she was far more angry with Enid, though what she had to resent in Enid's conduct it would be hard to say. But she meant to show no annoyance; she was anxious to maintain her usual demeanour towards them both. So she smiled and spoke brightly as she bade Julius Dakin good-night. It was Enid whose manner towards him was cold. Maud noticed its constraint, and was puzzled, till it occurred to her that Enid was perhaps seeking to deceive her. "She does not look deceitful," she thought; "but I have read that there are persons with an open, frank air, who yet have a perfect talent for dissimulation."

As soon as she was in the carriage Maud gave way to ill-temper.

"It has been a most stupid evening," she said. "If Mrs. Dakin's receptions are all to be like that, I shall not trouble to attend many of them. The fuss made over that Miss Amory was sickening. And after all she is no great beauty."

"She is very pretty," said Enid decidedly.

"Not more so than plenty of other girls; and her Yankee accent is terrible."

Enid made no reply, and for some minutes they rolled along in silence. At last Enid roused herself and said—"Mr. Dakin has bought one of Miss Strutt's pictures, Maud. Mr. Julius took me into the library to see it."

For a few moments Maud did not respond. Then she said with a strange bitterness in her tones, "He might have spent his money better; but I suppose he bought it out of charity, to help the poor old thing."

"Indeed, I think he had his money's worth," said Enid with warmth. "It is a lovely little picture."

"Of course you are a judge," said Maud, with quiet sarcasm. "When you have lived a little longer in Rome you will perhaps see things differently."

Enid felt that she was being made to see things differently now. Certain delusions were vanishing, and leaving in their stead a blank sense of pain. She felt weary and home-sick to-night.

The next morning, as they went to their studio, Enid looked in upon Miss Strutt. The little woman's face wore an unusually serene expression, and she greeted Enid with a bright smile.

"I wanted to see you," she said; "I have to thank you—it was all your doing, I know."

"What was my doing?"

"That Mr. Dakin bought my little painting."

"I had nothing to do with that," said Enid.

"Yes you had," said Miss Strutt, sagely shaking her head. "I know better; you had everything to do with it."

"Indeed you are mistaken," said Enid. "I am very glad that Mr. Dakin bought it. I saw it last night in his library, and it looks so well where it is hung."

"I am really very grateful to you," said Miss Strutt, who was not to be persuaded that she owed Enid no debt of gratitude. "It is a great help to me. Some day, perhaps, I may tell you why I have to work so hard, but not now. You are impatient to get to your work; but do not work too hard, my child. You do not look so bright as usual this morning. Is it work, or dissipation, that has fatigued you?"

"Dissipation, I fear," said Enid laughing. Already the heaviness of her mood was gone. She could not help sharing Miss Strutt's pleasure over the purchase of her picture. And as she ascended to the Studio Mariano she thought more kindly of Julius Dakin.

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE SCHOOL OF SORROW.

By LILY WATSON.

On a lovely afternoon at the close of July a large old-fashioned garden was bright with patches of colour other than those afforded by the beds of geranium and pansies. Under the shade of elm and cedar, gaily-dressed women, young and old, were pacing to and fro, with a due admixture of the opposite sex. The strains of a band, stationed on the lawn, and a tent for refreshments, gave evidence that a garden-party was in full progress.

It was a garden-party of special and solemn importance—no less than the annual function that marked the close of the term in a fashionable girls' boarding-school near London. Parents had come down in shoals by train or carriage to be overawed, delighted, or critical, according to their character, touching the arrangements made for their reception by the dignified ladies at the head of the establishment. A brief indoor concert had just taken place, at which the mothers of the girls who distinguished themselves had felt compassionate superiority over the mothers of the girls who were nowhere. It had, on the whole, been successful, and the "garden-party" was going off as well as could be expected of an entertainment where there was no social link to bind the guests together, but an impulse of unspoken jealousy to rend the breasts of certain of the less high-minded matrons.

Many of them felt a pang of envy as they looked at the "head girl," Sylvia Grantham, who had played most brilliantly at the concert, and was now strolling through the garden with her father and mother. A quartette of brothers and sisters from ten to fifteen years of age brought up the rear, and in their unformed adolescence acted rather as a foil to the lovely Sylvia. Miss Grantham would certainly have been an ornament to any school or any garden-party in her tall graceful maidenhood, with her blonde beauty, and face under a "picture hat" dimpled with smiles. Her mother, a gentle, frail little lady by her side, felt more proud than she had ever done before of this charming daughter, and her heart swelled with joy and exultation to think that she would have her in a few days to adorn her home.

"I should think you would soon let Hannah and Mildred come here," the beauty was saying, in a half disparaging tone. "They really do *need* something of the kind, mother."

"My dear, they grow so fast I find it almost impossible to keep them properly dressed," replied Mrs. Grantham, with an anxious glance behind her at the lanky children. "Miss Faulconer is attending to their education very well, and now you are coming home they will improve; but they *do* seem all arms and legs, I know, and are decidedly awkward."

"And Ted has been three times into the tent for ices," continued Sylvia, with a severe

glance at a culprit in Eton jacket and enormous white collar advancing towards her.

"It's so slow, there's nothing else to do," retorted her brother, turning red.

"Can't you talk to some of the little girls, and make yourself agreeable for once? That is what you were invited for," said Sylvia, in a tone of admonition.

"Don't disgrace yourself by greediness, at any rate," said Mr. Grantham, turning sharply upon the unlucky Ted, who, more crimson and sheepish than ever, slunk behind and confided to his brother Will that he couldn't help being hungry, wouldn't talk to a parcel of girls, and wished he hadn't come.

But the deficiencies of her family only served to enhance the beauty and consequence of Sylvia. Many were the congratulations lavished upon the fair young queen of the school, whose talents and good qualities—so the lady principals assured Mrs. Grantham—had endeared her to teachers and pupils alike. "We only wish we could keep her; but you must be longing to have such a daughter at home permanently with you."

"Not very permanently, I fear," put in a jocose old gentleman, who was taking leave of his hostesses at the same time as the Granthams.

The festivity was over, but the garden was still bright with knots of girls in their pretty *fête* dresses. The mistresses of the establishment were indoors, resting after the fatigue of receiving and entertaining visitors incessantly all the afternoon; the resident singing and piano governesses, on whom had fallen the real drudgery of preparing for the concert, were each a wreck, lying down with a violent headache. The girls themselves, relieved from the burden of anxiety that had pressed on many a young performer, with the term's work behind them, and the delights of the summer vacation before, enjoyed to the full their evening's freedom. There seemed one exception—an overgrown girl in black, who was straying alone in the shrubbery.

"How miserable Annie Meredith looks," observed one of a group of satellites around Sylvia Grantham.

"As 'midst her handmaids in the hall,
She stood superior to them all,"

had been enthusiastically quoted by a girl-admirer only a few minutes before. It is true that they were not in the hall but in the garden, and the others were not handmaids but schoolfellows; still, as the poetic young lady indignantly said, it is sordid to be too literal.

"Annie Meredith! I really do not wonder she should be miserable," replied Sylvia, a little disdainfully. "She played so badly this afternoon that I for one quite blushed for her."

"And it was far worse, coming after your 'Chopin.' I never heard anything more brilliant in my life, Sylvia," protested another of the little court.

"Well," began Sylvia, with an emphasis and deliberation that showed she was accustomed to attention, "I *do* think that if a girl is chosen to play before visitors, the least she can do is to practise properly beforehand, and see that she does not disgrace herself and her teacher and us. I do not lay claim to any particular genius"—here a dissentient murmur greeted her remark—"but I do maintain that every girl can acquit herself decently if she chooses to exert a little *industry* and *self-control*."

"Perhaps she was nervous," timidly suggested a little girl.

"Nervous! nonsense! Of course everyone is nervous; *I* was. But what of that?" sharply replied Sylvia. "You can control nervousness if you choose, and if you do not wish to make a perfect idiot of yourself."

No one liked to controvert propositions so decidedly laid down by the young lady who was an authority among her companions, and poor Annie Meredith was suffered to wander unconsoled and lonely. No one knew how she longed for a kind and cheering word after the fiasco which she felt so keenly, and which was brought about by lack of physical strength and nerve-power rather than by any lack of industry. But the young queen of the school willed it otherwise. *She* was always able to fulfil her part in life properly; *she* saw no sense in girls making hysterical absurdities of themselves; she would not for the world say anything unkind to Annie, but as for encouraging that sort of thing, she should not do it.

"She is hard; yes, she *is* hard," thought Annie, watching the tall figure with its little attendant coterie sailing over the lawn. "Sylvia has never known failure or sorrow. She has riches, parents who adore her, beauty, accomplishments, everything anyone can want; while I—— Ah, if she knew," and the poor girl sought the house to hide the tears she could not repress in the solitude of her own room.

It was true that Sylvia Grantham seemed to have everything heart could wish. She was the darling and pride of her mother and father, who thought nothing too good for her. The country home where she was tenderly welcomed a few days after the garden-party was prepared with the utmost care and taste for her reception. She had her own boudoir, piano, and bedroom sacred from her younger sisters; a season in town was promised her in the ensuing spring; the invitations to picnic, tennis, and rowing parties, flowed in fast and furious. Mrs. Grantham, a delicate woman, who bore the care of the family entirely on her own shoulders, was never weary of catering for her beautiful daughter's amusement, and never reflected that Sylvia's home-coming had added to, instead of lightening, her daily burden. Only the younger daughters, who, in their half-grown awkwardness, were very much in Sylvia's way, would consult together, and agree with bated breath that their sister was selfish. Her brothers, who lived at home, and studied under the village clergyman, never came to her in any of their "scrapes," and soon learnt that their society was not congenial to her unless they were panoplied in their best clothes and manners.

"Cannot you let Sylvia help you at all?" enquired the father one night. Mrs. Grantham was lying, pale and exhausted, on the sofa, after nursing her youngest child, a sick baby, whom she would not leave to servants, for the greater part of two nights and days.

"Sylvia? Oh, no! You know that Charlie would not be good with her, for one thing; then nursing is not in her way; and she is so much out, dear child! It would never do."

Mr. Grantham looked uneasy. It had struck him several times of late that his wife seemed frailer than of yore. The succession of visitors and of visits since Sylvia's return from school had taxed her slender energies, already absorbed by the cares incidental to a large family—cares that no wealth can remove from a conscientious mother. Sylvia had offered to help her to nurse Charlie, but the little fellow, fretful and restless, and knowing instinctively that his elder sister had no love for the task, pushed her aside. This gave her a tiny stab, and she felt angry with the child for wounding her. She was accustomed to know nothing but what was soft and pleasant to her, and, a spoiled child of Fortune, had come to accept universal homage and kindness as her due.

She was the "charming Miss Grantham," and had grown to feel, although she would not have put the notion into words, that her fellow-creatures owed her a debt of gratitude for condescending to exist and smile upon them.

It was not through deliberate selfishness or unkindness that she never dreamt of sharing her mother's burdens. Mrs. Grantham, in mistaken indulgence, had trained Sylvia from infancy to regard herself as by right exempt from care or trouble. If by accident the toddling child fell down, the floor was slapped and chidden for hurting her, and the spirit of this action was carried into after life. Everything went well with Sylvia; she was always strong, never subject to headache like other girls, never unduly tired or nervous, or in any way incapacitated for life's pleasures. At school she was successful with her teachers, adored by the pupils, and now she had come, full of bright anticipations, to enter on her grown-up life. If the sorrows of other people obtruded themselves upon her, she would tell herself, like Gwendolen Harleth, that they must have "managed badly," and put the troubles aside as of no account to her. The poor, she fancied, would be all comfortable enough if they would be sober and thrifty; if people would only take care they need scarcely ever be ill, and so forth.

"Have you noticed how pale mother is looking?" abruptly enquired her sister Hannah one autumn day, as the two were in the garden together.

"Mother? Oh, well, she never had very much colour," returned Sylvia easily. "Charlie's attack of croup tired her very much. I could not help her, though I tried. Charlie is so spoilt no one can do anything with him."

"Charlie is not the only one who is spoilt," indignantly thought Hannah; but she went on to say—

"Miss Faulconer says mother ought to have her cough attended to without delay."

"Miss Faulconer *is* all very well as your governess, but I don't think she understands much about mother's health," returned Sylvia a little uneasily, for her love to her mother was intense. It was a love which took all and gave nothing, but it was none the less the atmosphere in which the petted child had lived and moved for nineteen years.

Mrs. Grantham's cough did not get better as Sylvia prophesied, and in spite of herself the daughter grew uneasy. Almost fretfully, and with an unspoken feeling that she was wronged in thus being defrauded of her anticipations of happiness, she would urge one and another precaution on the invalid, and then reluctantly admit their uselessness. A day came at length when the attentions of the country doctor were supplemented by a visit from an eminent London physician.

What Sylvia endured during that hour while the great man was examining his patient, consulting with the other doctor, and talking to her father, seemed an age of misery to her. At last she heard the carriage drive away, and with eager impetuosity rushed to arrest the country surgeon before he left the house.

"Come in here, Dr. Mills. Please tell me directly. What does Sir William Jones think of mother?"

The doctor, an old friend of the family, entered the library and looked pityingly at the fair face convulsed with agitation.

"Your father will tell you everything if you ask him."

"No, tell me *now*," and the doctor complied. It was evil tidings. There was considerable mischief; Sir William had many apprehensions; but if the patient were at once removed to the Riviera for the winter, the threatened danger of consumption might be averted. She must start at once, and her husband must accompany her.

"Could I—have I——?" sobbed Sylvia in incoherent anguish—"is it in any way my carelessness that has brought this about? Could I have helped it?"

"*You?* Certainly not," returned the doctor in surprise, not understanding the

sudden tide of remorse that had risen in the daughter's heart. He added sundry details in proof of his statement; the weakness was of old standing, and it was to be hoped that change and rest would do much.

At a later hour of the day the doctor's wife, a homely woman, with whom Sylvia was no favourite, put things very plainly. "The girl is not to blame for it, as you say; still, it will do her good to have to think of something besides her own pleasure. She is in a fair way to become selfish and hard. I don't like your 'beauty people.' Perhaps this will teach her a lesson."

"A severe one I am afraid," sighed Dr. Mills, as he went to his surgery.

Poor Sylvia in the library at home was giving way with unrestrained violence to her tears, and in the midst of her anguish was the feeling of keen self-pity. This was the first domestic trouble in which her mother had not been at hand to console and pet her. What should she do without that never-failing, tender presence, even for a few months? Then—it was a commonplace reflection, yet it came even in that supreme moment—who would head the household, manage the servants, order the dinners, keep the accounts, look after the children? Why—she—Sylvia! whose only existence had been pleasure heretofore, without a touch of responsibility! And the promised season in town? Gone, of course, with all the other joys of life! Then, as the dread possibility that lay behind all others dawned upon her, a rush of truer womanly feeling came over the girl, and she cried aloud with genuine agony—

"Oh, mother, mother! I care nothing if only *you* are spared to me."

As she raised her tear-stained face from her arms, and looked around, her gaze fell on a little book open on the study table, and half mechanically she read two verses of a poem on the page in front of her—

"From lips divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell—
'Blessed are they that mourn.'

So to the hopes by sorrow crushed,
A nobler faith succeeds:
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds."

"'Hearts oppressed and torn' like mine," thought the girl; "but how can 'those that mourn' be blessed?" The words were familiar enough, but had never struck home to her heart before, or rather she had always taken them in the conventional sense of mourning for sin. She read the sweet verses of the American poet through, and in spite of herself was struck by the simile in the second—

"Life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds."

Could it be that her nature was to be compared to the hard ground that will not yield its produce until it is torn by the ploughshare? What a barbarous thought! and yet Sylvia wept on with some repentance in her tears.

The next few days were bewildering in their swift, sad occupation. Poor Mrs. Grantham perforce resigned herself to the preparations for carrying her away from home and children. She was very tired—too tired and weak even to feel very poignant distress; but a great share of her concern was for her beautiful Sylvia.

"Poor child! How hard for her! How terrible that *she* should suffer, and have so much care in her bright youth!" Mr. Grantham took it differently. "Don't be too hard on the boys, Sylvia! Remember you can't expect old heads on young shoulders; and be kind to your sisters!"

Sylvia promised, with a flush of shame that these admonitions should be necessary.

At last the invalid and her husband, with a trained nurse, Charlie, and a maid, were gone from the desolate home, and Sylvia awoke to a new life.

She had a considerable power of administration and a clear head, so found little difficulty in taking up the domestic management, and in dealing with the sympathetic and amenable servants. But she felt suddenly strangely alone. Her mother away from her, her constant occupation of visiting and amusement gone, she was bereft and solitary indeed. Her sisters, she thought, avoided her; the boys were always out of sight if they were not at the vicarage at lessons.

Could it be that they were afraid of her? Absurd! She, the charming member of the family, courted and flattered, whose very presence, without effort to make herself agreeable, was accepted as a boon by her father and mother! Surely it was a privilege for the children to have her rule over them! "What a comfort that they have *you*, dear, as well as that elderly governess!" more than one sympathetic friend had exclaimed. So Sylvia shut herself up in exclusive absorption of grief.

The poor girl, heartsore and miserable, might have welcomed the society and sympathy of her young sisters; but they were always wandering off together *tête-à-tête*, and she was left alone to brood on the terrible change that had come over her bright young world.

One gloomy December afternoon in the holidays Sylvia was reclining in the old-fashioned deep window-sill of the schoolroom, where cushions made a comfortable lounge. It was twilight; the red curtains were drawn between her and the room, and she lay with a cushion behind her head, looking forlornly at the rising moon, and listening to the sighing wind. The sound must have had a soporific influence upon her, or else she had been crying so much that she was tired. Certain it was that she lost consciousness for a few moments, and awoke with a start to hear her sister Hannah's voice.

"It is no use now mother is away. Everything is horrid without her."

"Would it be of any good to ask Sylvia?" suggested Mildred dubiously.

"Oh, no; Sylvia wouldn't care"—uttered in desponding tones. "She would only think we were troublesome and silly."

"So she would. I wish she were kind, like mother."

"Elder sisters are a mistake," uttered Ted's voice in energetic tones. "Why, if she were only back at school we should be ever so much happier. We could have some fun then."

"Oh, Ted! *fun* while mother is ill!" remonstrated Hannah.

"Well, we shouldn't have a refrigerator at every meal," retorted the boy, "and be made twice as miserable as we need be!"

Further conversation followed, to which Sylvia listened in utter wretchedness. It became plain the younger ones were discussing a scheme of giving pleasure to the village school-children by a tea-party on Christmas Eve, a scheme in which it was taken for granted she would feel no possible interest. But what distressed her most was the constant evidence that she had utterly failed to endear herself to the others. At one time Sylvia would have only felt indignant at this; now, with her own heart sore and aching, longing for tenderness, it seemed more than she could bear.

Afraid to move, she stopped her ears and lay quite still. After a time the conversation died away, and one and another left the room. With burning eyes and an aching head Sylvia sprang from her concealment and rushed away, to cry more bitterly than she had yet done in her solitude.

Her self-reproach grew as she pondered over the bitter experience of the evening.

She had failed! and failed in what she could not help seeing was her duty—the duty that lay nearest to her.

"Life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds."

Could it be that this great trial of her mother's illness was to bring forth the fruit of tender actions towards these young brothers and sisters of hers? "Blessed are they that mourn," rang in her ears. "But," argued the inner voice, "I thought that meant—Blessed are those that mourn *for sin*. How else can unhappy people be blessed?"

She went into her sisters' room that night determined to begin once and for all to live an altered life with regard to them. Kneeling down by the bedside in the dark, that her face might not be seen, she said with effort—

"Hannah and Mildred, do try to love me a little. I know I am not like mother; but indeed I will try to make you happy if you will only show me how."

Tears prevented her from saying more. The embarrassment of her sisters was only equalled by their amazement; they had no words in which to reply. Was it Sylvia, the beautiful and elegant sister, kneeling by their bed in humiliation! "I am so lonely; do try to love me a little," she repeated.

They answered with incoherent, girl-like protestations. Could it be a dream? But the next day in their sister's altered demeanour they saw it was true. She set herself with her whole heart to enter into their thoughts and wishes, and strove to forget herself.

Her brothers marked the change with incredulous amazement. It was some time before they could grasp the fact that Sylvia cared in the very least for their pursuits and amusements, or could sympathise in their boyish troubles. But her heart, softened by her own sorrow, yearned over them, and she found her tenderness grow by its own exercise.

It would take too long to describe in detail all the process of Sylvia's transformation. The trouble she had to bear that winter was very keen and bitter. There were times when the news from Mentone wrung her inmost heart with anxiety, and the only consolation she could find was in loving care for the children left in her charge. Their ready affection was lavished upon her, and together they strove to bear the weary months of waiting.

But the supreme trial of bereavement was happily not to be theirs. Slowly but surely came the news of convalescence as the spring sunshine gladdened the earth. Each letter spoke of returning health, and with the days of early summer the mother was again with her family.

"What a wonderful alteration in Sylvia!" was the father's comment when, after a few days of domestic life, he had grasped the fact that the elder sister was adored by the younger ones, who had dreaded her before.

"Darling girl—she was always the best of daughters," replied the mother; but even her fond and partial affection could not deny that trouble had wrought a change for the better in her brilliant child. Unselfishness and sympathy had now entered into Sylvia's character, tempering her other good qualities with an added charm; and there was something in her every act which, but for sorrow, would never have been; she had mourned, but—

"Life, by trials furrowed, bore
The fruit of loving deeds";

and the comfort that had followed was a comfort that merely selfish pleasure could never, never know. For her the beautiful words had henceforth a new, deep meaning—"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

NANCY W.—Have you got our *Girl's Own Cookery Book?* which is excellent. Also *A Year's Cookery*, by Phyllis Browne (Cassell & Co.).

M. S. (Newfoundland).—We thank you for your welcome contributions to our cookery recipes.—1. *Caledonia Cream.*—Take two ounces of raspberry jam, two tablespoonfuls of sifted loaf sugar, and the whites of two eggs. Beat together for three-quarters of an hour, till quite stiff. Pile high in a glass dish and serve.—2. *American Cheese-cakes.*—To one pound of flour add a little salt, and rub in two ounces of butter. Mix with about half a pint of water into a smooth firm paste, and roll it out. Then take half a pound of butter, squeeze the water out of it, and lay it on the paste. Fold the latter over it, and roll out carefully, not letting the butter break through it. Fold over twice, and roll out again, and put by to cool if the weather be hot. Roll out again twice, put by to cool, and roll out twice more, thus making good puff paste. Then line some patty pans with it, and fill with red-currant jelly; and, lastly, make and drop a tablespoonful of the following mixture on each: Take a cup and a-half of flour, one cup of sugar, one-third of a cup of butter, one-third of a cup of milk, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one egg, and a little vanilla. Bake in a quick oven.—3. *Chantilly Basket* forms a pretty ornament as well as a nice addition to a supper-table. Make a syrup of sugar boiled to the crackling height. Dip the edge of some macaroons into it, and line a mould with them, taking care that the edges touch each other. When firm, and removed from the mould, fill the basket with whipped cream or jelly, varying the colour of the latter.—4. A good dish for supper is the *South Carolina Rice Pie*. Take any remains of cold roast beef—about three pounds—mince finely, and place in the stewpan in one quart of water. Chop finely one medium-sized onion and one medium-sized potato and a large slice of fat salt pork. Place in the stewpan with the meat, adding salt, pepper, and allspice, and boil till the gravy be reduced two-thirds. During this process take one pint of rice, boil with a little salt; when tender, steam, turning it up to let the steam pass through. Stir in one large tablespoonful of butter and two hard-boiled eggs, sliced thinly. Put the whole into a baking dish, lay two more sliced eggs over the top, press them down into the rice to prevent their drying up; sprinkle with pepper, and bake till brown, when serve hot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LITTLE NELLY.—The first six volumes of the "G. O. P." are not to be had in the usual way from our Publisher. You should advertise for them if you wish to possess them.

WAIF.—1. The past and present participles stand by themselves. You should refer to your grammar. We do not undertake to give lessons.—2. The town of Kingstown and low lands of Jamaica are not reputed to be healthy, more especially for Europeans, and the northern peoples like our own. Fever is common, and we believe that "Yellow Jack" makes occasional visits. But it is otherwise up on the high grounds. We are not aware that they are ever troubled by such visitations.

"UNDERSTAND SIGNAL."—It is difficult indeed to obtain work, especially of a regular and permanent kind, for any paper or magazine—at your age we should imagine impossible. We could not give advice on such a subject.

FRENCHIE.—Your height is good for your age. Your frock should reach to the top of your boots, or where boots would terminate.

A. C.—We think it would be unwise to throw yourself out of a situation because you "found it dull." You could not expect to be received into good ones after short service anywhere. In former times servants for many years in one place were valued accordingly, and pensioned when they remained nearly a lifetime with their employers. As to leaving for a holiday, such matters should be made a subject for arrangement before a final settlement to take the situation. You do well to pray for Divine guidance in so serious a matter as giving it up. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." There are so many homes for servants, it is difficult to name one above another. Write to the Matron, 7, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington—one belonging to the Girls' Friendly Society.

E. J. and A. W.—Wear gloves if you wish to preserve the whiteness of your hands. Plaiting the hair does it no harm. Go to bed at nine; and if your hair be not very long, you might wash it once a week. In any case you might wash the skin of the head, parting the hair in many places, and using a wash or a little soap on a sponge without washing the long hair. You should roll a rough towel round your head (after rubbing out the water) to make it thoroughly dry before dressing it, if the hair be thick or long. This will preserve you from catching cold.

AN INVALID.—Amongst books of travels there are those of Miss Bird, Miss Gordon Cumming, Lady Brassey, and Sir Samuel Baker. Have you read Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*, Stevenson's *Central America*, or any of the Alpine-climbing histories? We sympathise with you on being confined so long to your bed, and hope you have realised the Divine presence of Him who would "make all your bed in your sickness," and gladden the sick chamber with His peace. We should add to your list of books some on natural history, and Professor Ball's last book on astronomy, to enlarge and elevate your mind. Works of fiction will not do that.

YELLOW TOPAZ.—Enquire at a fancy-work shop as to the prices of all appliances, materials, and instruction connected with every description of work.

CARRIE.—A girl so young as you are should not have given such a promise without consulting your father and mother; nor was the young man honourable to ask you to write to him under the circumstances. As long as girls are being educated it is better their minds should be free from love affairs; and you are too young to know your own mind.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—The question for you to consider is, How to avoid taking cold? With care there is no doubt you can keep yourself well. So begin directly and try to do so.

NIL DESPERANDUM, CHARITY, A BARRISTER'S DAUGHTER, MARIE, K. V., and SQUASH, all send us specimens of poetry, but none of it is good enough for our columns, nor is it worth money; nor do we think that poetry is a money-making article just now.

ULNA.—Try at some surgical instrument maker's in London.

TRITS.—Mourning for a parent is usually worn for one year: deep mourning with crape six months, and six months in black mixed with grey, and lilac in the last three if you like.

JAVA, Miss E. H. (Dublin).—1. Such situations are usually obtained by advertisement.—2. "May I," or, "Allow me to introduce Miss C.—Miss B."—mentioning both names—"Miss B.—Miss C."

A. M. H. is desirous to enlist the sympathy of our girl-readers in behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. She recommends the contribution of cast-off clothes for distribution (when poor relatives of their own have not a prior claim), and names the example set by the girls of the high school at Stockton, who got up either an entertainment, concert, bazaar, or working party in aid of this most desirable charity. The address is 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

JESS should advertise, and perhaps might obtain a purchaser for her postage stamps.

E. D.—There are children's hospitals in the provincial towns and cities as well as in London; but unless you think that the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, 8, Goldsmith Road, Hackney Road, E., be sufficiently out of the more central parts of the City to suit you, we do not know what hospital to suggest.

A "MAIDEN ALL FORLORN" should make enquiries of the agents in the localities where she desires to find a residential club. By reference to the advertisements in the daily papers she might find what she requires, and by asking information at the local district post offices.

AMATEUR GARDENER.—Yes, it is true that you may change the natural colours of flowers, as, for example, you may produce a blue hydrangia by mixing iron-filings with the soil in which it grows; and other flowers may be varied in hue by means of watering them with chemical mixtures. This idea has been very successfully carried out in Norway.

P. W. M.—Get some friend to ask him the question about his intentions as to whether he means to come forward. This will give him an opportunity.

SAVOIR VIVRE.—There is no need to take off or raise your veil when you are paying a visit.

N. A.—The age was formerly eighteen we believe, but now the limit has been raised, and is from twenty-five to thirty-five or forty years of age for all applicants for admission to the nursing profession.

GREATLY PERPLEXED.—It would depend on the length of your acquaintance with the gentleman whether you accepted his proffered refreshments and allowed him to pay for them. If only a chance or slight acquaintance, you had better pay yourself for what you require than put yourself under obligations to anyone, especially a man.

KITTY MALTESE.—You had better write to the Editor of the periodical in which you saw the recipe. We never heard of it before.

K. L.—All visitors should be announced. The ordinary phrase that is used is, "What name shall I say, sir?" (or "madam?" as the case may be), unless you know the name, when of course you need not ask it. Precede the visitors to the door of the reception-room and, opening the door wide, say "Mrs. Brown," and stand back to let the visitor pass.

M. B. W.—There are many homes and institutions for crippled children—one, the Cripples' Nursery for Boys, at 15, Park Place, Clarence Gate, Regent's Park, N.W., and 10, Seaview Terrace, Margate; one for Crippled Children of the Poor, at Harney Villas, Church Road, Willesden; and Lady Sandhurst's Home for Crippled Children at 148, Marylebone Road, N.W. There is also the Hutton Memorial Home, Oak Villa, Sunbury, and at 9, Kinnerton Street, Belgravia, S.W. Hon. Secretary, H. L. Williams, Esq., at latter address.

AILEEN.—The letters of our correspondents are far too numerous to be answered in the small space allotted for the purpose, and those that are the most important are answered first.

NORFOLK and A SUFFERER had better consult a doctor for the excessive nervousness.—2. Stammering is often cured by the efforts of the victim to it. Reading aloud when alone in the room, slowly beating time, pronouncing each word carefully, and taking a good full breath before speaking, are some of the best means of cure. In your case also we think some occupation would be useful, as an idle or unoccupied life is the source of many of the evils of which you complain. Make yourself an occupation or a study, and aim at self-forgetfulness. We regret that you refused an offer of marriage; but we think you could not have cared much for the man you refused, certainly not as much as he cared for you, or you would have tried to make him happy, and perhaps you would have enjoyed increased comfort, and have got over your troubles.

EUPHRASY had better consult a doctor for her general health, as she seems to require some attention. The state of the eyes is so much affected by the health of the body that only a doctor's opinion would be of use.

AIMÉE FOREST.—Marriage, to be legally contracted, must be solemnised by a duly qualified minister of religion, or else made a civil ceremony by a registrar in a public office provided for the purpose. No other method is legal.

DINAH.—Read books on natural history, travels, popular astronomy, Professor Smith's *Discoveries in Syria*, Steven's *Central America*, our own *Bible Encyclopædia*, and travels in all parts of the world. We suppose you have read our standard English authors.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—"Nellie" is the contraction or pet name of Eleanor, and also of Helen and Ellen.

A GRATEFUL ONE and ROSE.—A red nose is certainly very trying. The treatment is a matter of care and prevention; so in the winter you must use a veil, and never allow your nose to get so cold that the blood congeals in it. In the summer avoid burning it with the sun and wind. In the winter keep your feet warm, and do not go near the fire when you come in after a cold walk. Of course there are other red noses that are produced by indigestion, with which the doctor must deal.

EDITH.—Apply the rosemary tea to the roots of the hair with a small sponge two or three times a week.

MULBERRY.—The price of silk is regulated by the supply and demand, like every other commodity. Coccoons are sold by the pound, and so is reeled silk; but we think if it were a guinea the ounce there would be very few silk gowns!

A BAD WRITER.—There is no need for anyone to say, "So happy to make your acquaintance," on being introduced to a stranger, unless you have heard of each other through mutual friends before meeting.

*** The results of our "Famous Cities" Competition will appear in our next part—this delay being occasioned by the enormous number of papers sent in.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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DAISY'S DREAM; A STORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS SCULPTORS.

BY JESSIE M. BARKER.

CHAPTER III.

"I HAVE shown you how frost, wind, and rain wear away the land; now you shall see what the water that sinks into the ground can do. We can't follow it as a tiny spring creeping downward through the rocks, but we can visit it when it becomes an underground stream."

The Queen proceeded to draw back Daisy's veil, leaving her face uncovered, and then carried her away.

"I was wondering whether you had forgotten that I could not see in the dark," said Daisy, when she opened her eyes upon midnight blackness, possessing herself at the same time of the Queen's hand. "I hear the water, though."

"Will that satisfy you?" returned her guide laughingly, and drew the veil over her face again.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she cried, for now she saw clearly a magnificent hall, fantastically draped and festooned with white, and surrounded by snowy columns.

"Water is a wonderful architect," said the Queen. "It has hollowed this chamber out of the solid limestone. That line above your head once marked the level of the stream that now flows at our feet."

"Do you mean that this has all been done by the stream?" asked Daisy, looking round the spacious cavern.

"It has carved out by far the larger part of it. But the water which trickles down through the rocks above—you hear it dropping all round—has a share in the work, and may claim all the credit for these magnificent decorations. What it does is to dissolve the limestone by means of an acid it contains."

"It looks as if the roof were covered with dripping icicles," said Daisy.

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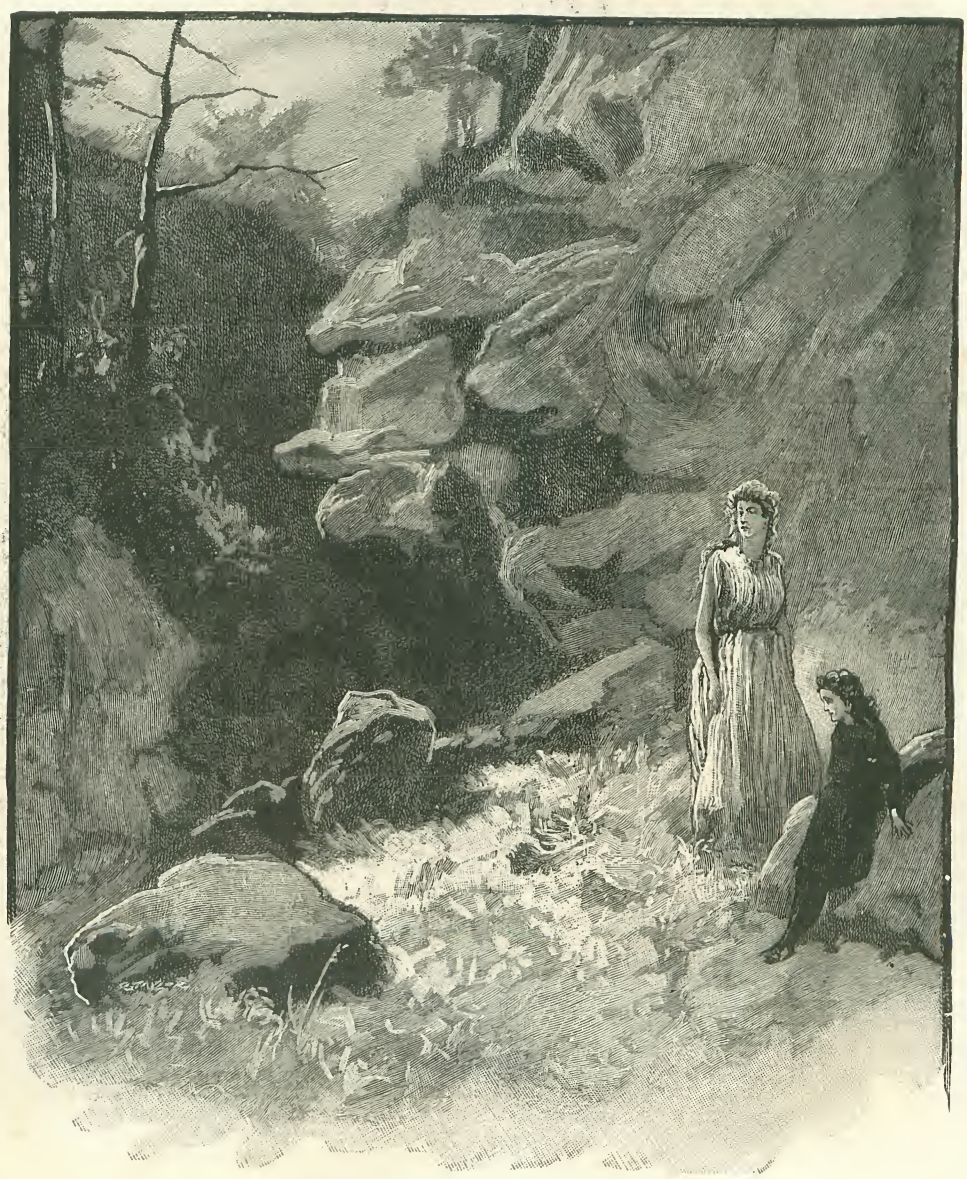
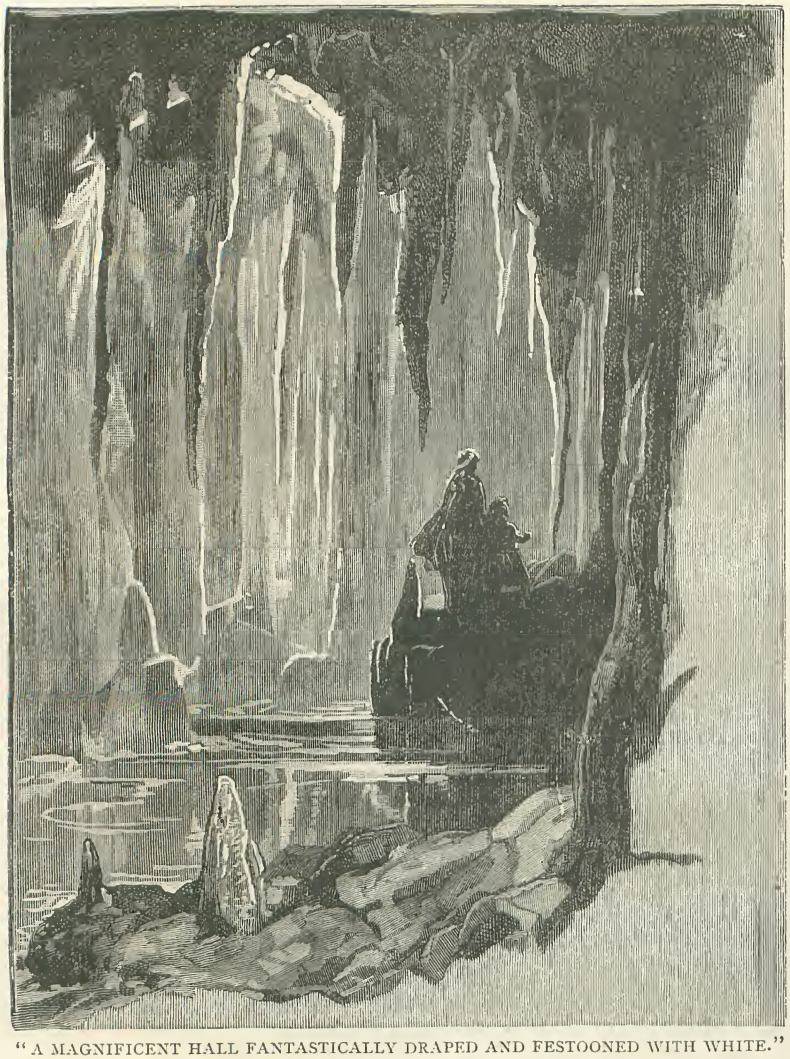


"HEMMED IN BY LOFTY WALLS OF ROCK."



"A MAGNIFICENT HALL FANTASTICALLY DRAPED AND FESTOONED WITH WHITE."

"They are stalactites," replied the Queen. "Each drop as it gathers on the roof begins to evaporate, and is obliged to leave some of its carbonate of lime behind in a tiny ring; so by degrees a long tube is formed, and afterwards filled in. The same thing takes place when the drops fall to the ground, and so we have the crust of stalagmite, which covers the floor of this palace."

"How are the pillars made?"

"Look here," said the Queen. "One of your icicles nearly reaches the ground, and a little peak of stalagmite is rising up to meet it. As soon as these two touch they will begin to thicken out, and in time form a column."

They followed the course of the stream through a long passage until it widened into a lake. The rocks were arching over it on all sides; but the Queen bore Daisy across, and another gallery led them to a lofty chamber piled up with fallen blocks of limestone.

"The roof is giving way," said the Queen. "The water has been creeping about through the rocks, and has stolen so much of their lime that they are ready to come down on the smallest provocation. A little further on you will see what will happen next."

A low passage brought them to the mouth of the cavern, and Daisy found herself in a narrow defile, hemmed in by lofty walls of rock fringed with ferns and overhanging shrubs.

"Now can you guess how this gorge was formed?" asked the Queen.

"I suppose it must once have been part of the cave, and the roof fell in."

"Quite right. The same sort of thing often happens along the coast, where the water creeps about through the sandy layers of the cliffs, carrying them away by degrees and moistening any harder rock that may lie above, until it comes sliding down, and we have a landslip. A terrible instance of a landslip occurred at the beginning of this century."

"Please tell me about it?" begged Daisy.

"There were several little villages at the foot of a beautifully-wooded mountain in Switzerland, called the Rossberg. About five hundred people lived there peacefully. But early one morning their slumbers were disturbed by a loud crash, and in a few hours an enormous slice of the mountain had come thundering down into the valley and buried it under great masses of rock."

"How dreadful!" cried Daisy. "What made it come down?"

"The mountain was built up of steeply-sloping layers of rock, soft and sandy below, and harder and heavier above. It had been an unusually wet summer, and the water had been creeping about in the sandy layer, and had made the under surface of the hard rock above smooth and slippery, and separated it from the lower bed, so that at last its weight made it come sliding down."

(*To be continued.*)

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A DIFFICULTY.—MRS. BENNET'S SUMMONS AND FLORA'S CHARGE.

THE Bennets got away at last, and Flora with them, to Ryde, which was infinitely fresher than Kensington in the month of August, but which always struck Flora as like a bit of London by the sea. She did not know much of the sea, since her father's had been a landward and not a seaboard parish; and as for boating, save to cross a ferry, there was little boating on such rapid, rushing rivers as those to which she had been accustomed. But if she had got her choice she would have instinctively selected the remotest and most unvisited fishing-village in the kingdom, where she could have worn her worst frocks, made acquaintance with the natives, and dabbled all day long by the edge of the waves, if not upon them.

As it was she admired the fleets of yachts with an ignorant admiration, though she could not get up Dick's enthusiasm for them, and she enjoyed a day's yachting, as she was not a bad sailor; but it was in spite, not because of, what were the principal elements in Dorothy and Kate, and even in Mary's enjoyment of the scene, the smart yachting dresses with which all the girls were provided, and the numbers of familiar acquaintances, rather than friends, whom they were constantly encountering. It was not that Flora was a young hermit-crab, as Dick described her, or misanthropical, or with a taste for savage solitude and nothing else. She liked pretty things and gay things, as she had told Mary, with very much of a girl's fervour; but she did not like her diet to be all cake and no bread. She did not care to be constantly in society, always in society dress, with society manners, and nothing behind them. She felt as if her soul could not grow in the circumstances—as if she were frittering away existence in unremitting becks and bows and superficial chatter. It appeared dreadfully monotonous to her to be confined to one class, she who had known all Inverlochan, to whom she was "Miss Flory," "the

minister's lass," whom the people had seen "a girlie" running in and out of their houses, whose father had gone in and out among them, father and daughter their friends and helpers. Here she was told she must not speak to or ask questions of sailor-lads, or fishermen's boys. She must not even talk freely to the landlady; and the girl had the sense to see that all the conditions were different; but the result was good style, excellent decorum, and a great monotony.

In Mrs. Bennet's plan for the year Ryde was not followed by a round of country houses, where shooting-parties and hunting-parties congregated, and lasted long after Christmas. Her diploma of gentility had not received this hall-mark which she coveted so ardently, that like the longed-for "silk gown" of one of Flora's proverbs, she was tolerably certain to end by getting "a sleeve," or "the tail-end" of these shooting gaieties. In the meantime, it was only Mr. Bennet who had his shooting-quarters, of which Flora heard wistfully, for were they not in Yorkshire, if not in Perthshire or Invernesshire. But this year there was some knotty point in connection with the wine trade and the French and Spanish vineyards which he was not sure that he might not be called upon to go abroad to disentangle. Therefore the head of the family came back with his household to forsaken London in the beginning of September, and roamed forlornly about abandoned museums, clubs, and parks, bemoaning the unkindness of fortune.

It was at this time that a misunderstanding came to pass between Flora and her aunt, which made Flora very unhappy for a time. It began with what ought to have been a source of pleasure to the girl. Indeed, it was with innocent pride and joy that she asked leave to read aloud, one morning at breakfast, a note from Lady Adelaide Buchanan. Lady Adelaide had courageously come up to London in its benighted September state, in order to meet an invalid niece, the wife of the governor of an Indian province, who was expected to arrive any day. The great lady was established in Portman Square, without Sir Ewan of course. He was entertaining his usual autumn party at the Castle. She would have been a woman of her word in any circumstances; but in the dearth of all intercourse with her circle when London was in its brown holland covers behind its closed shutters, like Tadmor in the wilderness to her, she took special thought of "Miss Macdermot," and graciously summoned her to see what London was doing for her, and to tell her what was happening in Inverlochan.

There was a moment's silence after Flora had read her letter. It caused even a greater sensation than she had expected; a letter from a Lady Adelaide was not received every day in Kensington Square. Mrs. Bennet had various wives of knights and baronets, but no peer's daughter among her correspondents. Even Mr. Bennet refrained from turning over his newspaper. Mrs. Bennet broke the silence in a brisk, well-pleased tone. "Very nice of Lady Adelaide to think of you at once, my dear; I shall take you in the carriage this very day. As I was not aware that she had come to town, she will not mind my not having left a card."

Flora looked up from her note, coloured, and hesitated. "I wish you would not put yourself about to take me, aunt. Lady Adelaide does not get up till the middle of the forenoon, and, you see, she bids me come in the morning—(after she is down in the drawing-room, of course), which will be about your lunch-time. I can easily do without lunch for once if you will let Amelia go in the tram with me, or if you will only trust me to find my way. I have been in London for more than three months," pleaded Flora falteringly.

"You may depend upon it, Flora," said her aunt, with decision not the less absolute that she was still smiling as she spoke, "that I shall neither send Amelia with you to Portman Square, nor suffer you to run all over London by yourself. A pretty thing for Lady Adelaide to learn in the first talk she has with you."

"But Lady Adelaide is sure to think a girl like I am ought to be able to make my way, and take care of myself," began Flora hastily.

"Because she has only known you in the Highlands, or because she is not acquainted with your friends here, and has not been informed that they are in a position to look after you. Say no more, Flora; you may trust me to judge what ought to be done. I shall be glad to know Lady Adelaide, and to thank her for her attention to you when you were still at the manse of Inverlochan. I must do my best to repay it. It is an extremely awkward season; but I find the Tressels have come up to town for their son's marriage, and the Warrens are with their cousin, Lady Baillie, out of pure charity. Fancy! She is so lazy that she has not been out of the Square for more than a week since Easter. Lady Adelaide will be dreadfully dull in Portman Square just now. I shall wait till she returns my call, and then send her a card for a quiet little dinner. Perhaps if her niece has arrived, and feels able for it, it might amuse her to come over to Kensington before she and Lady Adelaide go down to Scotland."

Flora fidgeted and looked helplessly at her uncle. She had no reason to expect him to come to her aid, except that her father, little as he cared about such things, would have known that the arrangements which were being made were altogether out of place. But Mr. Bennet only played with his teaspoon, and displayed a sudden wide-awake complaisance in proposing to order the carriage at the hour when it was wanted. There was no help for it where Flora was concerned. She could not tell her aunt that she—Flora—believed that Lady Adelaide did not want Mrs. Bennet's company, and might consider it an unwarrantable intrusion. Flora did not enjoy her drive, and had worked herself into a state of positive nervousness by the time the porter opened the door in Portman Square in response to Mrs. Bennet's coachman's resounding rat-a-tat with the knocker. Flora had not before seen the London functionary who rose solemnly from his chair in response to the coachman's challenge; but her heart flew out to an elderly footman from the Castle, who was standing at the foot of the staircase, and she looked at him so beseechingly as to dissipate a little of his official starch. He allowed his face to brighten into a polite recognition.

"Yes, Miss Macdermot, my lady expects you; come this way." He cast a dubious glance at Mrs. Bennet, in one of her perfect toilettes; but to Flora's immense relief he did not forbid the aunt to follow the niece. Lady Adelaide was found in the back drawing-room, which had been prepared for her occupation; but in order to reach her the visitors had to pass through the dimly-seen shroudings and swathiness of the front drawing-room, which its mistress had ordained was not to be uncovered and put in order for her short stay in town.

Lady Adelaide and Sir Ewan felt so assured of their own dignity in the ranks of humanity, that they did not hesitate, in spite of their old-world formality, to appear in deshabille when it suited them. Flora had seen Sir Ewan riding to attend a meeting of justices in a coat shabby enough to have covered the shoulders of a penurious old farmer. Lady Adelaide was sometimes seized with the freak of wearing out her old clothes, and so would present herself in faded, out-of-date apparel, which Mrs. Bennet's Amelia would, if the articles had been given to her, immediately have handed over to the housemaids, to be disposed of by them to any wardrobe woman who would be persuaded to give a few shillings for the shabby perquisites. A brief sojourn in London when nobody was in town constituted to Lady Adelaide a fitting season for figuring, metaphorically, in her dressing-gown and slippers. Flora was accustomed to the practice, which took Mrs. Bennet completely by surprise, though, being a candid woman, she did not deny that the elderly lady who looked up from a piece of old-fashioned, truth to tell, hideous, worsted-work, with a lace fichu tied like a string over her grizzled, rather rough hair, and a gown not without crumples and creases, from having been literally overlaid by half a dozen other gowns in the dress-closet, or at the bottom of a drawer, where it had rested for a period of years, was in bearing, in brow, and lip, and carriage, a true patrician.

Lady Adelaide, like her henchman, brightened at the sight of Flora, but looked dubiously at Mrs. Bennet. The hostess was too perfect a lady to be uncivil in her own house. She rose and submitted to have Mrs. Bennet introduced to her by the stammering Flora, offered a long, narrow, ivory-hued hand to Flora, and three fingers to her aunt, addressing a few advisedly suave words to the elder woman all about Flora, remarking that she had not fallen off, and that London did not seem to disagree with her—as if the speaker were surprised to find it so—then turned to Flora for the rest of the call, and talked

of Inverlochan—what was happening at the Spital, how the old ladies at the cottage had spent the summer, what changes the new minister was making at the manse; even when, according to public report, Miss Macdougal of Fearnton's marriage was to take place—subjects which were so much Gaelic to Mrs. Bennet.

Flora could hardly listen to the last news of the dear old place. She felt hurt and ashamed. She was thankful to get away. Her comfort was that somehow Mrs. Bennet, though so much a woman of society, did not seem to see anything amiss. She merely said that Lady Adelaide struck her as a little eccentric, which people of her age and standing not unfrequently were, and went on to reckon when the visit was likely to be returned, and to fix the day for her little dinner-party. Flora had a secret conviction that Lady Adelaide would not return the call, else why should she have said at parting, "I am glad to have seen you, Miss Macdermot," and no more save that she added, as if on second thoughts, "I do not expect to be kept long here; but if you happen to be anywhere near in the course of the next few days, and care to take the chance of not finding the house shut up, I shall be pleased to carry back what messages you like to send to our friend Miss Arabella. Sir Ewan writes that she is to come up to the Castle and do the honours if any ladies arrive unexpectedly in my absence."

Flora said to herself Lady Adelaide was as nice as possible in her manner to her, as she had always been; but she did not expect to see her ladyship in Kensington Square; and truly no Lady Adelaide appeared.

Mrs. Bennet accepted her disappointment and chagrin silently to begin with, though she succeeded in conveying to the conscience-stricken Flora the impression that she was as much in fault as Lady Adelaide.

Then, as Mrs. Bennet was but human after all, in the middle of her good breeding she had it out, in vulgar parlance, with her niece. "I am afraid, Flora," she began darkly, when the two happened to be alone together one day, "I cannot let you go near that woman when she comes to London again. She has no right to treat you so cavalierly, not to speak of her abominable rudeness in not returning my call. I could not have believed that a person of her pretensions could have been guilty of such impertinence."

"I am very sorry,' began Flora in distress, "if you think Lady Adelaide has been rude to you."

"Think!" exclaimed Mrs. Bennet; "there cannot be a doubt of it."

"As for her behaviour to me," Flora hurried on, "of course I always knew she only took notice of me because I was her minister's daughter. There is nobody quite like Sir Ewan and Lady Adelaide in Inverlochan; but there are people nearer them in rank—there are the old Miss Buchanans for instance, who were Buchanan of Knockmore's daughters, and are distantly related to Sir Ewan."

"I know nothing about your clan distinctions," Mrs. Bennet broke in again, not too patiently; "though I am Highland born, as your mother was. I am thankful to say that I came to England soon enough to get rid of these foolish old notions, and to be satisfied that a lady was a lady wherever you found her, though she might not happen to be third cousin to a chief, or daughter to an earl," she ended bitterly. The next moment she began again: "I think, Flora, you might have had more proper pride, or your father might have had it for you, than to let yourself submit to be treated by Lady Adelaide simply as her minister's daughter."

Flora restrained herself by an effort. It was not her place to contradict her aunt when it could do no good; but she felt that she might have said that there was quite as much proper pride—ay! and dignity—in consenting to recognise the different grades into which her world was divided, without putting too much value upon them, than in setting her heart on quitting her sphere, which she had always regarded as honourable in its degree, and forcing her way, however skilfully and delicately the operation might be masked, into circles neither morally nor intellectually, simply socially, superior.

As if to show Flora, who did not need to be shown, what her aunt could do apart from Lady Adelaide, Mrs. Bennet had her little dinner, an affair of which Flora had already seen several examples in the course of the summer. They had amazed her at first; now she had ceased to make comparisons. When Sir Ewan and Lady Adelaide had given dinners to which Flora and her father had been invited, and cheerfully taken the lowest places without a pang or twinge of mortification, neither the host and hostess nor their guests had seemed to mind that the fare, though excellent in its way, was not of extraordinary rarity and costliness. The mutton had been raised on the home farm, the venison had been shot on the hill, the salmon drawn from the river. The three or four wines were of a respectable age, and sound in quality, that was all. The mass of the company might dine as well any day. They were not supposed to come to the Castle for dainties in food and drink. But in Kensington Square even Mr. Bennet's equanimity was ruffled when the fishmonger failed to provide a fine enough turbot. The lamb and the salmon, the peas and potatoes, were nothing, if not far in advance of the season. Mrs. Bennet, though no gourmand herself, had tasted an entrée here, and a salad there, and a pine-apple somewhere else, in the houses of her friends, which, if not equalled and surpassed by her cook, why then her cook would hear of it, and the cook's mistress's, nay, her master's head also, would not lie quietly on their pillow. As for the small forests of wine-glasses for every superb vintage out of Ouida's novels, from the rosiest of Burgundies to the whitest of ports, Flora would have been tempted to suppose that the exhibition was a kind of advertisement in connection with the wine trade, in which her uncle was engaged, had she not felt sure that the supposition would have filled him with unutterable disgust. Was the game worth the candle? But oh, what did it signify if older people, who could afford to be lavish, liked to engage in it! It was not for her to sit in judgment; but she would give a great deal if only the dreadful coolness which had sprung up on her aunt's side—a coolness Flora naturally exaggerated—might pass away.

The coolness was dissipated sooner than Flora could have dared to hope. Mr. Bennet, the very day after the dinner, received the intimation he had been looking for, which pointed to the propriety of his going abroad in the interests of the firm. He obeyed the intimation with an alertness which nearly took Flora's breath away, though it was received as a matter of course in the circumstances by his family. He had not been gone a week—a period of time in which a man can travel a considerable distance in these days of lightning speed—when Mrs. Bennet got a note from him to tell her that he was lying ill in a small town in Gascony. The letter came by the last post, when those of the family at home who had not retired to bed were together in the drawing-room. Mrs. Bennet, Dorothy, and Flora were there. Mrs. Bennet sat up in her chair, and at once announced the bad news she had received to her companions. For a moment Flora was guilty of treating the matter as part of the joke of her Uncle Bennet's assumption of weariness with the world in general; but when she saw the cloud which came over her aunt's bright blue eyes, how her hand trembled, and how white she grew, Flora felt ashamed of herself.

"Poor Herbert! I must start instantly to join him," his wife was muttering to herself. Then she added aloud, with a grand inconsistency which was positively pathetic, "There must be something very much amiss, for you know, Dorothy, your papa never complains." The next instant she had sufficiently recovered herself to qualify her assertion.

"Not when there is anything really wrong; he would not write home and alarm me if he could help it."

From Dorothy's consternation it was clear she held her mother's opinion, though she rallied presently, and was able to say with girlish hopefulness, "He may be better by this time, you see, mamma. He writes that he has been fortunate enough to secure a good doctor, that the hotel accommodation is not bad, and that you must not fret."

"That is his kindness; I see between the lines," said Mrs Bennet, drawing in her lips and contracting her forehead. "He always rises to the occasion. It is his second attack of rheumatic fever, and if it should be as bad as his first, God help him and me and you. I cannot forgive myself for having let him go abroad alone."

"But he has done it often before—he has done it often," urged Dorothy. "He says he can travel so much faster."

"Yes," that is all very well," granted Mrs. Bennet, clasping her nervous hands tightly together; "but I have not been without a fear that there might come a time when he would break down, though he is so strong and active when there is any necessity for it. I must set out the first thing to-morrow morning—nobody need try to prevent me. All the arrangements must be made and the packing done to-night. Ring for Amelia; there is not a moment to lose; you two girls can remain up and help to write notes and do little things."

"Oh, we will do anything, aunt!" cried Flora eagerly, while Dorothy hurried away to find a time-table. "I wish we could spare you that long journey all by yourself, and you so anxious on my uncle's account," she added sorrowfully; and at this hour of the night it did sound an arduous undertaking for a little woman like Mrs. Bennet to leave her comfortable, sheltered home at a moment's warning, and travel over land and sea without halting till she reached the little Gascon town in which her sick and helpless husband lay.

Mrs. Bennet did not coldly reject the sympathy. She only said with a quick, imperative shake of the head, "No; nobody can act for me; you will understand that, Flora, when you are a married woman."

There was nobody to dispute Mrs. Bennet's will; she decided at once that she could not take any of the girls; she could not even take Amelia, who was a kind of safeguard to the young people in their mother's absence. There was a little doubt whether Dick ought not to escort his mother; but he too was wanted to look after the family left behind. His father might object to his son's losing any of his Oxford term. Above all, Dick happened to be from home—as far off as Wales—visiting a college companion; and even though he were summoned by telegram, if his mother waited for him considerable delay must ensue. That settled the matter. Mrs. Bennet had been occasionally abroad with her husband and elder children; she was a good business woman, and though she was no great linguist, Southern France was not the wilds of Central Asia, where the English tongue was unknown. Above all, she possessed that best "open sesame"—a full purse, with sufficient discretion in emptying it.

After a sleepless night spent in planning for every possible emergency, the dauntless little woman stood, cloaked and bonneted, issuing her final directions, taking leave of her assembled family, since she had forbidden the girls to drive with her in the dusk of the autumn morning to the station. "Of course you will go nowhere," she said to Dorothy and Flora. "Luckily there is no great inducement, for you are not likely to receive invitations just now. You will have Dick's company for three or four weeks longer. I shall write; but be sure and tell him I was sorry not to see him before I went. By the time he goes, your papa, please God, may be able for the journey back with me—you may be sure we'll return without delay. Kate, remember you are growing a big girl—I shall be disappointed if you don't make more progress this quarter. I have written to Aunt Kate"—mentioning an unmarried sister of her husband's—"to beg her to give up her rooms in Bath for the present and join you here, while your papa and I are unavoidably detained in France. You will do your best, Amelia, and see that all goes well," Mrs. Bennet went on, looking over the heads of the younger group, and appealing to the elderly maid in the background. "You will take good care of yourselves, children. Don't cry Mary, my pet, and be a brave little girl. I believe you will be good without the promise of a reward; but there is no saying what papa and I will bring over to our little girl."

"Bring yourselves, mamma," sobbed little Mary, who was a remarkably affectionate child, the much-prized cadette of the family; "I don't want anything else."

"Then you must be looking out for us, darling—the first to welcome us!" cried the mother, with wet eyes. These eyes met Flora's wet in their turn, and Mrs. Bennet's next words proclaimed that the amnesty between her and her niece was complete. "You've been the head of a house, my dear," the elder woman said, as a new idea struck her. "You have more experience than your cousin Dorothy, which makes you older in some respects for your years. I think I'll give you a special voice in the matter," continued the mistress of the house, with a generosity which Flora never forgot. "Amelia, if Miss Bennet and you have any difficulty, I wish you to ask Miss Macdermot what she thinks. Flora, you will take particular care of Mary."

(*To be continued.*)

ALL ABOUT ORANGES.

"Oh, that I were an orange tree—
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dresseth me."

So wrote good George Herbert more than two hundred and fifty years ago, and we can easily understand the ground of his wish. Orange trees are indeed, under favourable circumstances, exceedingly prolific. Some live to a great age, and they bear fruit from fifty to eighty years. One which was planted at Versailles, near Paris, lived more than four hundred years, and there are orange trees growing at Cordova, in Spain, which are said to be more than six hundred years old. A good tree will produce a large quantity of fruit; and as many as a thousand oranges have been know to grow on one tree. There is no wonder that the poet said an orange tree was "a busy plant."

Oranges are amongst the most delicious of fruits. They are exceedingly wholesome, and are enjoyed by the sick and the hale. It is well for us that we have them in such abundance, for we should sorely miss them if we were deprived of them. Large as the demand for them has been of late years, it is steadily growing, and some idea of the quantity imported may be gained from the fact that a fruit-broker of whom enquiries were made a few months ago said that during the previous year there were 453,000 cases of oranges shipped to England from Valencia alone, and that each case weighed over a hundredweight, and contained from 400 to 700 oranges. That is to say, that averaging them all round at 500, there were imported from Valencia alone 226,500,000 oranges, weighing about 32,000 tons. After hearing this, no one can say that oranges in England are not appreciated.

When oranges are ripe, sweet, and sound, it is scarcely possible to do better with them than eat them *au naturel*. The individuals who care for the fruit most are generally most averse to cooking it. This is a mistake, for in many forms it is most excellent when cooked. For the benefit, therefore, of those who feel disposed to experiment in this direction, it is proposed to give a few suggestions for dainty dishes, into the composition of which the orange may be allowed to enter. Girls acquainted with these dishes would be able to introduce a most agreeable variety into the daily fare of the household.

Before, however, speaking of oranges in cookery, it will be well to say a word or two about the choice of oranges, and the best way of buying the fruit.

Within the last few years oranges have been obtainable in England very nearly all the year round. Until a very recent date, however, they were in season only from November till May or June, so that during the autumn months we had to do without them. Every year, however, the fruit appears earlier and stays later, so that it may almost be said that oranges are always with us. Two or three years ago it was hoped that Australian oranges would be available during the autumn months; but we cannot congratulate ourselves that the orange trade between England and Australia is as yet thoroughly developed, because the cost of freightage is so heavy, and this makes a difficulty. Even the most enthusiastic lover of the juicy fruit does not care to pay threepence or fourpence each for oranges when plums, pears, and blackberries are to be had in perfection, especially if the said costly treasure is not quite up to the mark, creating the impression that it is past date, and has lived through the prime of its life. If, however, Australian oranges are not always quite what one would wish them to be, it is to be remembered that they have been brought from a very long distance, and that their importation can scarcely be said to have passed as yet beyond the experimental stage. Fruit merchants say that when the difficulties have been surmounted there is a great future before Australian oranges, and that they will arrive here in excellent condition if only they are

properly packed. It is to be hoped that this prediction will be fulfilled.

Of the oranges which come to us from parts nearer home, probably the best of all are the *St. Michael's*. This variety comes chiefly from the Azores, and not many years ago it used to be thought that no other orange was worth mentioning by the side of it. Of late it has somewhat gone out of fashion, and dealers tell us that of the five islands of the Azores which used to supply us, only one now sends it; the trees therein have ceased to bear, and have not been renewed. "Why have they not been renewed?" girls will perhaps ask. The answer is that other varieties are preferred by orange buyers. The fact is that St. Michael's oranges do not keep well; also they are not handsome, and the public of to-day is very eager for what looks beautiful. Curiously enough the more speckled and battered a St. Michael's orange looks—so long as it is sound—the more likely it is to be sweet and juicy. This orange is light-coloured, and has a thin, smooth rind, and it usually comes to market packed in the long, dried leaves of Indian corn, whereas Valencia oranges and other Spanish sorts come wrapped in thin paper. If, therefore, girls see at the greengrocers cases of light-coloured oranges, with long, thin, dried leaves about them, it will be fairly safe to conclude that the oranges contained therein are real St. Michael's.

For two or three years *Valencia* oranges have held the market. They are very excellent, very juicy, and very good; they are generally to be had in perfection towards the end of January. *Jaffa* oranges are a recent importation; they are most excellent, large, juicy, substantial, and delicious. Heretofore the chief objection to them has been their price; but they are getting cheaper. The small *Tangerine* oranges are usually approved as a dessert dish. They are excellent for decorative cookery, because they can be freed so entirely from the white pith. The skin of these oranges has a delightful fragrance; and one of the most delicious ice creams of which we have any knowledge is made of cream flavoured with the rind of Tangerines. Maltese oranges are quite unlike all others. The pulp is streaked with red, and is very soft and juicy, and there is a sweet bitterness in the taste which is quite confined to this variety. It is said that Maltese oranges owe their peculiarity to the fact that they have been grafted on the pomegranate tree. *Seville* oranges are of course not fit to eat, being very bitter. They are used for making marmalade, wine, and bitters. They generally come in towards the end of February, and are at their best during March. Girls who think of making marmalade should not defer the business over long.

Now let me give a few recipes for dishes made of oranges. First in popularity comes—

Orange Marmalade.—This preparation is known and approved all over the civilised world. It is understood to be the pet dainty of the people of Scotland, and Scottish housekeepers are particularly expert in making it. The great Thomas Carlyle spoke eloquently in its praise, and said that it was "a delicious confection, pure as liquid amber; in taste and look most poetically delicate." Students and men of letters are almost invariably partial to it; and it is so wholesome, so excellent, and so satisfactory, that it would scarcely be possible to speak extravagantly in its praise. There are in existence scores of recipes for making it, and many of these are very good; indeed, the majority of proved recipes are good, and the difference between marmalades made by one and by another is as the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. The objection usually brought against them is that they are very troublesome, and girls who have made marmalade once or twice, and who have other work on hand, feel tempted, when March comes round, to shirk the business, and buy their marmalade of the grocer.

Now there is no denying that much of the marmalade offered for sale is very pure and good; still, there is a charm about home-made produce which commercial products can never boast. Girls, therefore, who have become a little out of patience with the elaborate methods usually followed, are recommended to try the following recipe. The marmalade made from it is most delicious, and also very economical, and the method easy indeed. Marmalade made thus with lump sugar at threepence per pound cost me twopence three-farthings per pound.

Recipe.—Slice six Seville and one sweet orange. Cut the fruit into very fine strips and remove nothing but the pips. Put pulp, fruit, and everything into three quarts of water, and leave for twenty-four hours. Turn into a preserving pan and simmer for two hours; at the end of this time add five pounds of white sugar and boil for one hour, or longer if necessary. When the marmalade is quite clear it is done, but the thing is to boil it enough. Stir all the time after the sugar is put in.

Orange Jelly is a very pleasant change from marmalade. Take three pounds bitter oranges, three pounds sweet oranges, and six lemons. To each pound of fruit allow three pints of water. Cut the fruit in round slices, and boil the pips and all until the liquor is reduced to one half. Strain through a jelly-bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound and a half of lump sugar. Boil about an hour, until the preparation jellies. This confection is more easily made than the last, because one does not need to stand over it at all. Yet it is most excellent.

Orange Pudding.—There are three or four ways of making the dish which is served with this name.

No. 1.—Take three ounces of stale cake-crumbs (ratafias or stale sponge-biscuits will do; cake with currants in it is not suitable). Rub them through a sieve and put with them two ounces of sugar, the grated rind of two oranges, and the juice of three. Pour on half a pint of milk, the yolks of three and the whisked white of one egg. Line a pie-dish with a little good pastry, pour in the mixture, and bake till set and a light brown colour.

No. 2.—Boil the rind of a Seville orange till a pin will pierce it easily, then pound it to paste in a mortar. Put with it a quarter of a pound of fine breadcrumbs which have been passed through a sieve, the strained juice of the fruit, a piece of butter the size of half an egg, a teacupful of white sugar, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Whisk the whites of the eggs separately till they are firm, and just before the pudding is to be cooked dash them lightly in. Turn the preparation into a buttered mould, put a piece of buttered paper on the top, and steam it for an hour, or till firm in the centre. Let it stand a few minutes before turning it out.

No. 3.—Peel and cut three or four oranges into thin slices, free them entirely from the white pith (which, if left, will swell and quite spoil the pudding), lay them in a pie-dish, and sprinkle white sugar thickly over them. Boil a pint of milk, mix a tablespoonful of flour smoothly with a little cold milk, add it to the boiling milk, and stir till thick. Add also two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of three eggs well beaten. Pour the preparation over the sliced oranges, bake it in the oven, and serve hot or cold.

An *Orange Sauce* for any of these puddings may be made by soaking thin orange rind in syrup till the latter is pleasantly flavoured, adding orange juice, and thickening the preparation with arrowroot.

Francatelli's Orange Pudding (very rich).—Put the strained juice of ten oranges and the rind of three rubbed on lumps of sugar into a basin with six ounces of bruised ratafias, six ounces of sugar, a pint of cream, ten yolks of eggs, and six whites whipped. Add a pinch of salt and a little grated nutmeg. Work these ingredients together for five minutes with a whisk, and then pour the mixture into a pie-dish already furnished with a thin border of puff-paste round the rim of the dish and reaching half way to the bottom. Shake some bruised ratafias over the surface, set the pudding in a baking-tin, and bake for about half an hour, till it is a light fawn colour.

This recipe, it is very evident, is the original of which recipe No. 1 is a humble modification. Francatelli's pudding is intended for people who can use cream and eggs galore; it would be regarded as most extravagant by ordinary individuals.

Orange Soufflée.—Girls who have succeeded in making soufflées know that they are not costly, and are both elegant and good. The chief points to be careful about with regard to them is, first, to cook the sauce very well, to whisk the egg-whites very stiffly, and to steam the pudding very gently and regularly. Prepare a quart tin mould with straight sides by greasing it well, and by twining a broad band of double paper, greased, round the outside, to make the sides of the mould several inches deeper. The paper must be fastened securely with twine, and must be close to the top of the tin, not low down, or the water would touch it. Put the thin rind of a small Seville orange into a basin with half a pint of milk, and set in a warm place till pleasantly and rather strongly flavoured. Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan over the fire, stir in two dessertspoonfuls of flour and one dessertspoonful of arrowroot; mix and cook thoroughly, then add gradually the flavoured milk, with sugar to sweeten the preparation. Stir the mixture with a wooden spoon till it boils and thickens. When it leaves the sides of the stewpan quite clean it is enough. Draw it from the fire, let it cool a little, then drop into it (still off the fire) one by one the yolks of three eggs. Just before it is to be cooked whisk the whites of four eggs to a firm froth, stir these lightly into the batter, taking care not to break down the foam, and lay a piece of greased paper on the top to keep out the moisture from the steam. Place the tin in a deep saucepan with boiling water to reach half way up the sides, and steam steadily and gently for three quarters of an hour. When the soufflée is very light, and feels firm to the touch when pressed in the centre, it must be turned out carefully and served on the instant.

Orange Cream is an excellent and easily-made sweet. Soak an ounce of gelatine in a gill of milk. Put the thin rind of two or three oranges (without any of the white pith) in three quarters of a pint of milk, and sweeten with four ounces of loaf sugar. Boil and strain over the soaked gelatine, stirring well the while. Let the milk get cold; then mix with it half a pint of orange juice and the juice of one lemon. Mould when the cream is beginning to get firm. Of course this cream will be all the richer if cream, or a portion of cream, be used instead of milk. In this case the cream should be whipped stiffly before being added to the other ingredients. A pleasant change may be made by adding egg yolks to the milk, and thus converting it into custard. This will give it the yellow tinge which suggests oranges.

Orange Jelly for immediate use is of course simply jelly flavoured with orange juice. It is easily made because it does not need to be clarified. It makes variety to introduce sections of orange into the jelly, instead of having it quite plain. The oranges should be freed entirely from pith, and cut into small pieces with a sharp knife. They should then be stirred into the jelly just as it is beginning to set. If put in while the jelly is liquid they

would sink to the bottom; and what is wanted is that they should permeate the mass.

Chartreuse of Oranges is a most elegant and tasty preparation. Line the inside of a plain round mould with straight sides with sections of Tangerine oranges by dipping the sections into jelly just ready to firm, and fixing them on the tin. If the mould has been rinsed in cold water and left damp, the sections will attach themselves instantly. When the lining is firm fill the mould with orange cream, made as above, or made by whipping half a pint of double cream, sweetening it with two ounces of sugar, flavouring it with the juice of three oranges, and adding to it a tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a little milk.

Orange Tarts.—Line a shallow dish or tartlet tin with pastry, spread some orange paste upon it, and bake till the pastry is done. To make the mixture put the grated rind and strained juice of three oranges upon the beaten yolks of three eggs, and add an ounce of butter and a quarter of a pound of sugar, or less if the oranges are sweet. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, and put them in a small stewpan; keep stirring one way till the paste is as thick as honey.

Orange Compôte.—Divide oranges into sections; free them from pith, and boil them for a few minutes in thin syrup flavoured with orange juice. Drain them and boil the syrup till thick. When cold lay the orange sections in a compôte dish; sprinkle desiccated cocoanut over them, and also a little of the syrup. Repeat until the ingredients are used. If the employment of alcoholic beverages is approved, a little sherry or brandy may be added to the syrup.

Orange Fritters.—Sections of orange freed from pith and fried in batter constitute a most excellent and elegant dish for the pudding course. Probably girls know well how to make these, so it is not necessary to give the recipe in full. Good batter may be made with a quarter of a pound of flour, a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a gill of lukewarm water, and the whites of two eggs whisked to a firm froth and dashed lightly in last thing. The batter will be all the lighter if made some hours before it is wanted. It is to be noted that oil used instead of milk makes the batter crisp instead of leathery. If liked, three tablespoonfuls of oil might be used instead of two—then the whites of the eggs could be omitted altogether. Batter thus made would be too rich for everyone.

Orange Jelly set in Orange Peel.—Gouffé's Recipe.—Oranges thus prepared look very pretty when they are a success; and they are not as difficult to make as one would imagine. Girls with clever fingers, who would bestow a little pains upon them, could make them well enough. Choose some even-sized oranges, and with an inch plain cutter make a hole in the top of each. Remove the inside of the oranges carefully and completely, partly with a fruit knife and partly with the fingers, and be very careful not to tear the rind. When the skins are clear put them into cold water to soak for awhile; then drain and dry them. Afterwards set them on pounded ice, and fill them with orange jelly. When the jelly is firmly set cut each orange in four pieces, and arrange them on a graduated stand with laurel leaves between the pieces. They will look better if the jelly with which the skins are filled is of different colours. Sometimes the orange rinds are cut into the shape of baskets with handles, and the jelly, instead of being set in the baskets, is set separately, then coarsely chopped and set in last thing. The handle of the basket should be marked evenly across the stalk end of the fruit, and should be about half an inch thick. If the peel should be broken at all when cleaning it for the jelly, the hole can be stopped with a little butter, which can be removed when the jelly is set. If the rind has become thin, a little butter may be run over the inside to make it hold. The pulp can be most easily detached after the basket is cut out.

Rice Balls with Orange.—Wash a teacupful of rice in one or two waters; drain it, and cook it slowly in a pint and a half of milk, with five or six almonds, till the rice is quite tender and has absorbed the liquid. Beat it vigorously for three or four minutes to make it smooth, sweeten it with sifted sugar, and pack it tightly into small cups which have been rinsed in cold water and left wet. Cut the thin rind of an orange into neat shreds. Boil these in half a pint of water till soft. Take them out, and put into the water three ounces of white sugar, and boil to a clear thick syrup. Turn out the rice. Pour the syrup over the balls, and baste them with it in order to glaze them; sprinkle the cut rinds over them, and serve with cream.

Orange Marmalade Pudding.—Take six ounces of fine breadcrumbs, a pinch of salt, six ounces of finely-shred suet, two ounces of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, six ounces of orange marmalade, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and two eggs. Put the mixture into a greased mould, lay a buttered paper over the top, and steam for four hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

Orange Baked Custard.—Take the very thin rind of a Tangerine orange (if this is not to be had, an ordinary orange may be used), boil it till tender, pound it to a paste, and mix with it a tablespoonful of brandy. Beat the yolks of four eggs in a basin, and pour on them a pint of boiling milk; stir well. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, and the orange paste. Turn into a buttered dish or mould; set this in a tin containing warm water, and bake in a moderate oven till the custard is firm in the centre. Do not move it or shake it in any way. When cooked lift it out as gently as possible, and let it remain till cold. If necessary, put more water into the tin in which the pudding stands, but be very careful not to shake the pudding itself. Standing in water thus will ensure moderate cooking, and will make the pudding firm and smooth throughout without the holes which spoil the appearance of baked custard. When the pudding is quite cold turn it out carefully; pour orange syrup round it, and garnish with whipped cream. Orange custard may be converted into a very excellent sweet by turning the custard upon a layer of orange jelly, made according to the directions for the second of the jellies. (The first jelly is intended for storing.) The layer of jelly should be a little larger than the custard pudding, and should be stiff enough to support it. The orange sauce is made by boiling a quarter of a pound of sugar with a gill of water, adding three tablespoonfuls of orange juice and the rind of the orange, which has been boiled till tender and cut into thin strips. If four eggs are considered extravagant in making this dish (and eggs, be it remembered, are always dear when oranges are in season), two whole eggs may be used instead of four yolks. The eggs must, however, be fresh; and it is to be noted that though, when this number of eggs is used, the custard will taste good, it will not look as rich, and it will need to bake more than twice as long as if the larger number of eggs were employed. As, however, it is to be served cold, this does not signify. The custard can be put in the oven and left till firm; and if baked in water, it will be smooth and even throughout.

Such are a few of the recipes for dishes of which oranges are the distinguishing feature. It is to be hoped that girls who make them will succeed with them, and will enjoy them.

PHYLLIS BROWNE.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

By RUTH S. TYLER-COVE.

"COME lay thy head upon my breast!
What ails thee, sweetheart mine?
Art weary, saddened, or oppressed
With cares, that thou should'st pine?

"The old tale is it, little wife?
Some friend who once spoke fair
Hath parted with thee now in strife,
New friends to seek elsewhere!

"Dear one, my heart is sore for thee!
'Tis often thus with those
Whom once we deemed would surely be
The last our love to lose.

"But One above, my own dear wife,
Is ever true and sure;
He never fails us all our life,
His mercies aye endure!

"Then lay thy head upon my breast,
O'er troubles ne'er repine;
What matter false friends, while we rest
Both His—you mine—I thine!"

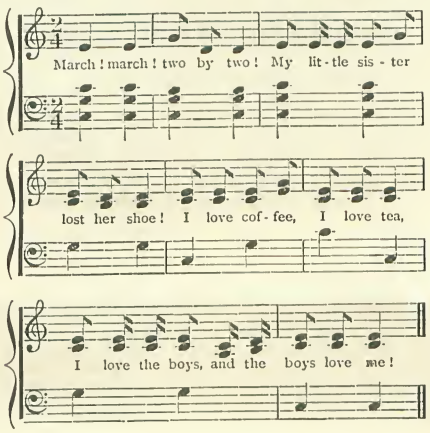
III.

THE games I have lately been describing are, to a certain extent, played by boys as well as by girls, though the latter are more inclined to them than the former. There is, however, one set of games which the American girl monopolises for her own, and which the rougher sex rarely dares to meddle with. The chief requisites for the playing thereof are a tenacious memory and a good ear, as well as a certain modicum of voice. These games I have christened as a class "ring games," for in all of them the first essential is a ring of girls, who clasp each other's hands and circle round, making the still summer air musical with their soaring treble voices, and vying with the cheery blue-bird and the comical cat-bird as they flutter in and out of the shady recesses of the elm trees.

As soon as an American girl can walk, it appears to me she begins to sing, and though she does not despise a solo, she appreciates much more highly a chorus, and seems to enjoy the sound of her own voice all the more when she hears those of her companions chiming in therewith.

Thus, before they are even old enough to join in with the "ring games," one may see and hear them toddling along in a tiny procession, each pair of wee dots holding each other's hands and piping out—

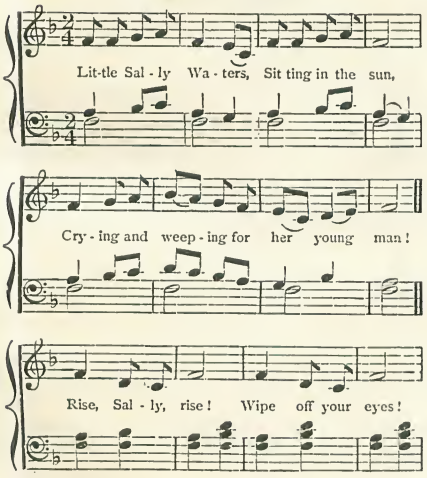
MARCH! MARCH! TWO BY TWO!



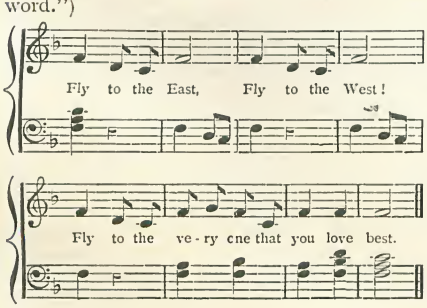
I'll tell ma, when I go home,
The boys won't let my curls alone;
They pull my curls and break my comb,
I'll tell ma when I go home."

Probably the most widely-known and universally popular of these "ring games" is that called "Little Sally Waters," which, in the most complete form in which I have been able to obtain it, is probably only a portion of some vastly more elaborate and comprehensive entertainment. So popular indeed is "Little Sally Waters," with a popularity which is largely dependent upon the catchy air to which its quaint words have been set, that it has been woven into a characteristic New York melody by Mr. Dave Braham, who is probably known best to English readers as the composer of that unpleasantly familiar strain, "The Bogie Man." When girls want to play "Sally Waters," they either "count-out" or choose one of their number to enact the part of the bereaved "Sally." She sits down in the centre of a ring formed by her companions, and holding the hem of her dress to her eyes, pretends to sob violently as she rocks herself to and fro; the others then walk slowly round in time to the following air, which they sing in chorus:—

SALLY WATERS.



(here "Sally" gets up, and as the old stage directions used to say, "suits the action to the word.")



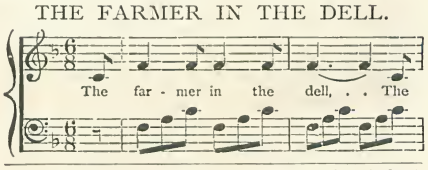
and "Sally" makes a rush for one of the girls in the ring. The two exchange places, and the new "Sally" is then sung to, and goes through the same pantomimic display of grief and consequent recovery, and the game continues *ad infinitum*, which in this case means until the girls grow tired of playing it.

More elaborate and more like a real game, perhaps, is "The Farmer in the Dell," which is also a great favourite in all the Eastern States of America. One girl is chosen either by acclamation or by the "counting-out" process, which may in this case be conducted with the aid of the following versicle, which I have not yet set down. It is most evidently of modern origin, and as far as I can learn has not travelled outside New York city. It runs as follows:—

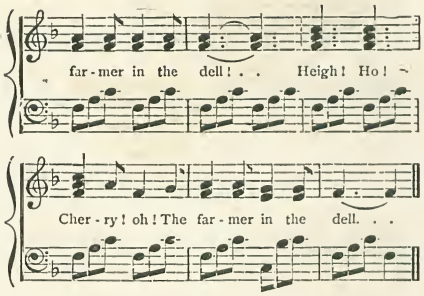
"I had a little nigger,
And he would grow no bigger,
So I set him in the window for a show;
He fell out of the window,*
And broke his little finger,
And couldn't play the old banjo."

The girl chosen in one way or another stands in the centre of the ring, and while the others circle round her, they sing:—

THE FARMER IN THE DELL.



* Generally, I am sorry to say, pronounced "winder."



Then there is a pause, and then the second verse is taken up:—

"The farmer takes his wife,
The farmer takes his wife;
Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!
The farmer takes his wife."

The girl in the middle who represents the farmer then runs up to one of the ring and escorts her out of it and into the middle, while the others, closing up the breach thus made in their ranks, go on singing:—

"The wife takes the child,
The wife takes the child;
Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!
The wife takes the child."

Then the "wife" runs up to another girl and takes her into the middle in her turn, and "the ring" sings:—

"The child takes the nurse,
The child takes the nurse;
Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!
The child takes the nurse."

and the "child" in her turn chooses out one of the ring to act as "nurse." The song then is taken up again with this change :—

"The nurse takes the dog," etc.

The "nurse" chooses the "dog," and the chorus goes on :—

"The dog takes the cat," etc.

and the "dog" chooses out the "cat," the song continuing :—

"The cat takes the rat," etc.

Then when the "cat" has picked out her "rat," the few remaining in the ring sing :—

"The rat takes the cheese," etc.

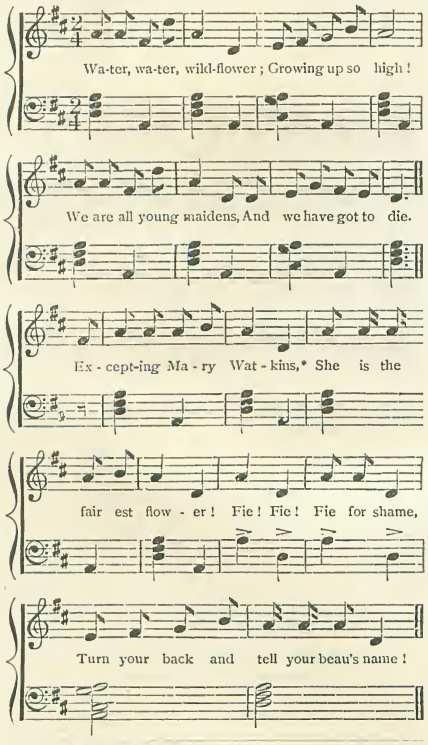
and the "rat" picks out the most athletic girl she can espy from among those left to act as the "cheese," and then the last verse of the song is sung as follows :—

"The cheese stands still,
The cheese stands still;
Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!
The cheese stands still!"

And as with vigorous emphasis the last word is pronounced the ring breaks up, and with one accord all the girls, including the "farmer," his "wife," "child," "nurse," "dog," and "cat," fall upon the "rat" and the "cheese," and endeavour to part them from each other, while they in their turn vigorously resist the attempt. The game thus breaks up in a general romp, accompanied by shrieking and laughter *ad libitum*.

A pretty game, but one hardly so elaborate as the foregoing, is "Water, Water, Wild-flower," which, as are the majority of these girls' "ring games," is concerned, if not with marriage and the giving in marriage, at any rate with the pretence thereof, a fact which may, as an old writer observes about something entirely different, "cause the judicious to grieve." In playing this the girls simply form themselves into a ring and circle around singing :—

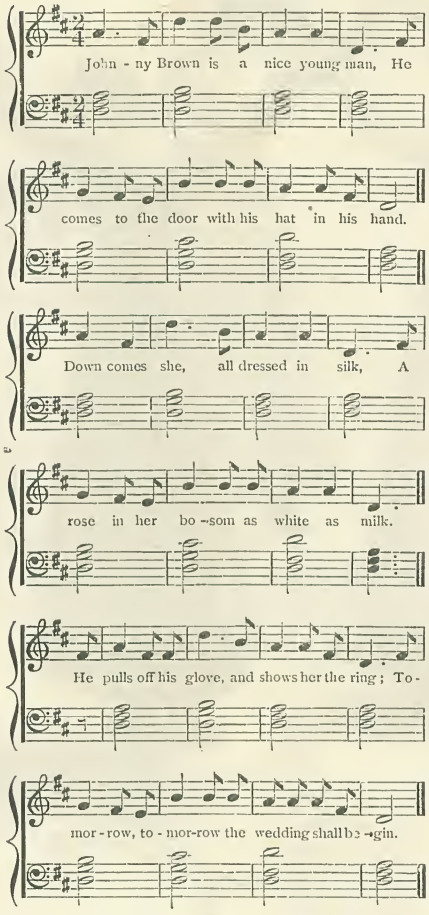
WATER, WATER, WILD-FLOWER!



* One of the players' names is here inserted, and in the next verse the name of some boy the other girls wish to tease her about.

And still holding the others' hands, the girl so singled out turns around and continues marching in the ring in this attitude with her back instead of her face towards the centre of the ring. Then the second verse is thus taken up with a noticeable change of air :—

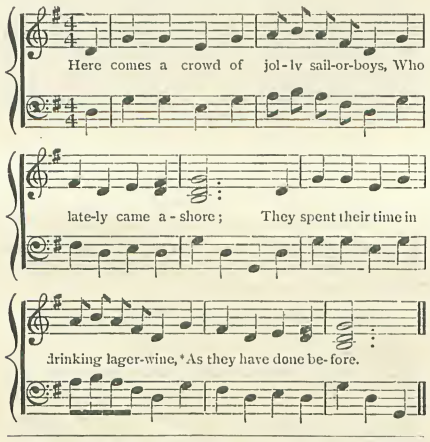
JOHNNY BROWN.



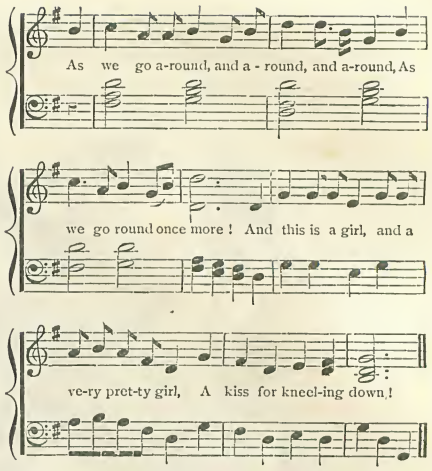
And then it all begins over again with some other girl named as "the fairest flower."

An ingeniously pretty game is "The Jolly Sailor Boys," with two extremely catching airs cleverly blended therein. The girls form as usual in a ring, one of them, who is chosen either by "counting-out" or in some other way, standing in the middle. These preliminaries arranged, the ring begins its slow circling around, singing :—

HERE COMES A CROWD OF JOLLY SAILOR-BOYS.



* There is no such beverage as this known, but it suits the metre, and is perhaps all the better for being meaningless.



Then the girl in the middle takes up the strain, and with her forefinger points at one after another of the ring as they circle round :—

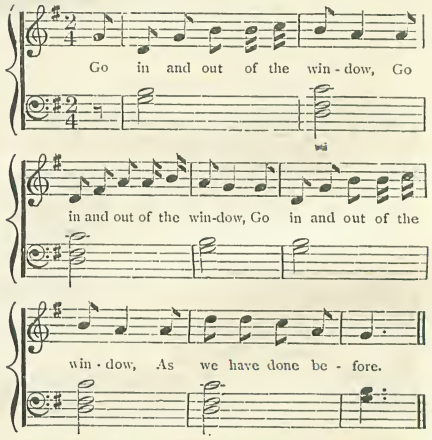
"And this is a girl, and a very pretty girl!
A kiss for kneeling down!"

The girl at whom her finger is pointed, as the last word is emphasised, leaves the ring and kneels down in front of the leader. The ring then repeat with a slight change :—

"Here comes a girl, and a very pretty girl!
A kiss for kneeling down!"

On which the kneeling girl rises to her feet, and is kissed by the leader. Now comes one of the prettiest parts of the game. The girls in the ring separate somewhat, and, holding their clasped hands high up in the air, sing :—

GO IN AND OUT OF THE WINDOW!



And the leader threads her way in and out between the girls in the ring, passing under their up-held arms. She finds herself at the end of the verse standing outside the ring, and the girls circle round, letting their arms drop, and sing :—

"Go back and face your lover!
Go back and face your lover!
Go back and face your lover!
As we have done before!"

Then once more they raise their arms high up, and as they sing the following verse, the leader threads her way backwards and forwards between them :—

"Go in and out of the window!
Go in and out of the window!
Go in and out of the window!
As we have done before!"

She is now "facing her lover," and the game is so far finished. The leader now takes her place in the ring, leaving the other girl in the middle, and the song is begun again from the

beginning, with the girl who is left in the middle playing the leader's part, and choosing another girl, as she herself was originally chosen; so as in all these "ring" games the girls play on and on until they are tired, or some one proposes some such variant as will give them less trouble and exertion to play. Some of the "ring" songs, which I hope to give on another occasion, are apparently composed for the very purpose of giving the girls a needed rest.

(To be continued.)

GRANNIE'S GINGHAM;

OR,

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "Miss Pringle's Pearls," etc.

CHAPTER I.

WANDERERS over our northern moorlands here and there come across solitary low-roofed cottages of grey stone, lichen-dappled and weather-worn, either standing out defiantly to the four winds, or sheltering in some cosy nook under the lee of a bald ledge of out-cropping rock which, mayhap, had furnished the stone for building.

In the low doorway of a cottage of the latter description, set in a patch of garden ground reclaimed from the moor, and fenced round with a low wall of uncemented stone, stood, one February morning, a comely woman of middle age, looking up at the sky with some degree of perplexity and indecision.

She was a widow—the wisp of limp black crape on her bonnet, and the thin *rouleau* of white crimped muslin under the brim visibly proclaimed it—and a widow of rather long standing, for the well-saved bonnet was out of date. Then her coarse stuff dress was also black, and the large thick woollen shawl she wore cornerwise over it was iron grey, with a black border; and though both were indented with creases, indicative of much folding up and putting away, they had assuredly seen more than one year's wear.

Behind her stood a healthy, fresh-looking girl, between twelve and thirteen years of age, with clear eyes that matched the dark chestnut hue of her hair, pushed away over her ears, and resting in a half curl on the back of her neck. Her short-skirted, short-sleeved frock had, once upon a time, been black cotton sprigged with white, but much washing had gradually toned it down to a clayey drab, only one remove in colour from the coarse wrapper pinafore she wore to keep it clean. Black stockings and strong shoes completed her equipment. In her hand she held a closed umbrella of rather bulky proportions, made in the days when durability was of more importance than slim gentility. In its youth its whalebone ribs had been clothed with indigo-dyed gingham, and its long brass ferule was bright and beautiful; but time and use, that had worn the buck-horn handle smooth, had taken the shine from the ferule, and paled the blue of the gingham.

On the deal table stood a large wicker market basket, with a handle across, neatly covered with a white cloth, and beside it, a large bundle tied up in a blue check market handkerchief.

"Here is grandmother's umbrella," said the girl to her mother. "I've given it a good brushing."

"I don't think I'll take it, Susie. The sky does look a little grey to be sure, but it's early yet. It may clear off as the sun gets up."

"Well, mother, you know I told you what old Mrs. Braithwaite said when I went for the milk yesterday, about her rheumatism and the change of weather that was coming."

"Pooh, child! Old women are always fanciful. If I'd minded all your old granny used to say—— But there—I declare I'm ashamed to take that queer-looking thing with me. Heigho! what a dreadful thing it is to be poor! I can't afford to buy a new umbrella, and Mr. Gilliman said it would cost more to mend the one the wind turned inside out than it was worth when it was new. It seems quite a shame, for it was such a nice light umbrella. Heigho!"

"Well, mother, but you said it always let the rain through, and spoiled your crape bonnet!"

"So it did, child; but it kept off some of the wet; and I wish I had it now."

"Grandmother's won't let the rain through, and I'm sure I should take it if I was you, for Farmer Braithwaite himself said there would be a downfall of some sort before twenty-four hours were o'er our heads."

No answer from the mother but another weary sigh, another dubious searching of the wide expanse overhead, where never a ray of sunshine or even a gathering cloud broke the monotony of dull grey, resembling the hue of whitey-brown paper, or the fleece of a newly-washed sheep.

A bright thought seemed to strike the girl.

"Suppose you take grandmother's big woollen cloak instead of the umbrella. That will cover you all over; and the cape will cover your basket and bundle both. You know it will never do for you to get wet either going or coming back."

"Nay, lass; that would be a heavier load than the umbrella, and I should look as if I came out of Noah's Ark, or, at any rate, from one of those outlandish countries where they have umbrellas as big as table-tops, and all the colours of the rainbow. It's downright provoking, considering the load I've got to carry: but since there's no help for it, and it won't do to be laid up again, with so many mouths to fill"—another sigh—"I suppose I must e'en make the best of it, and take the faded, clumsy old thing, though I declare I'd almost as lieve get wet."

"There—that's right, mother!" cried Susie cheerfully, ignoring the pettish tag to the reluctant concession. "You are sure to find it handy to help you up the hills, even if the rain or snow keeps off."

"My goodness, child, don't talk of snow! Rain's bad enough to tramp so many miles through over the lonely moor. Why your father should stay and live in such an out-of the-way place is a puzzle to me."

"Wasn't he born here, and didn't grandfather leave him the house, with no rent to pay?"

"Hmph! Much good's that, with one's living to earn. Here, give me the things—I've no time to waste talking," and thus grumbling she turned to take up her burden.

"Here's your basket, and here's your bundle," responded the girl promptly, helping to adjust the great basket on her mother's arm; "and here's the umbrella. I hope you will have a good market and a fine day. You know granny always said that was her lucky umbrella."

"Your granny was always saying some rubbish or other," jerked out the woman, lingering a moment and looking towards the hearth, where three younger children were clustered. "Well, are none of you bairns coming to kiss me before I go?"

There was a rush of two girls, one much older than the other, who held up their lips with eagerness, and then Susie lifted a sulky three-year-old boy up to meet the parting kiss.

"You bring me some gingerbread then?" was put interrogatively before the boy's lips were proffered; and not until an affirmative acted as a sweetener did he set the seal of a kiss to the bargain. Clearly, Master Tommy was spoiled.

"And you'll not forget 'Liza's knitting-needles?" suggested Susie, raising her own face to be kissed, regardless of a scowl from 'Liza in the rear.

"Trust me, I'll not forget. It's quite time she learned to be useful." And after bidding the children be good and obedient in her absence, the mother set off down the garden, with Susie running ahead to unlatch the gate. There Mrs. Colbeck stopped again to leave a few final instructions, such as "Sprinkle the clothes before you fold them, and be sure your irons are not too hot." "Be sure you look after Tommy, and don't let the others plague him." "See to feeding the chickens; and—and you may as well dig up the onion bed."

Susan, smiling and nodding assent, here put in a word. "If you make haste, mother, you may reach the road before Braithwaite's cart passes, and the farmer will give you a lift."

"Aye, lass, if there be room; but as like as not th' cart's full, or I may reach the last milestone afore they overtake me. I miss them three times out of four."

She had lingered saying this. Then she made a fresh start, only to stop a dozen yards away to call back: "Don't send Kate for the milk; go yourself if it's like to rain, and go early."

"Very well," came in cheery answer back; and whilst the well-laden mother trudged along the uneven path worn in the obstinate grass by a century of family feet, sighing as she went over the many hardships of her unhappy lot, the daughter hurried indoors, only bent on making the best of the work before her.

Another girl might have asked resentfully why she should go across the moor in the rain to save her sister a wetting? To Susan it was perfectly just and natural that the eldest should spare and protect the younger ones. As her mother said, and others—with a difference—she was "her father's girl all out," which, properly interpreted, meant that she was imbued with his cheerful spirit, and instead of manufacturing trouble out of nothing, set herself to make the best of such as came in her way.

When Catherine Bradley gave up a good situation as upper nursemaid to become the wife of Martin Colbeck, he had saved money by his own industry to stock a small shoemaker's shop, and furnish the house attached in a befitting manner. His means had not run to superfluities, but everything needful for home comfort was there, and Catherine, bringing gifts from her employers, took a pride in smartening up and putting an air of prettiness on her surroundings.

Martin was always busy, either selling, or cutting out, or making shoes for his customers, which he taught her to bind; and whether he hammered the leather on his lap-stone, or waxed his thread, or drew his stitches tight with a jerk, he sang snatches of old ditties, or hummed over the hymns he had learned in the village choir. No one ever saw him in an idle humour indoors or out. Publichouses he called "beggar-makers' shops," and avoided them. He sang "Home, sweet home," and did his utmost to make it so. He was proud of his wife, and her thrifty, industrious ways, and if he thought she inclined to dress a little above her station, and set too much value on outward appearances, he ascribed it all to living in great houses, and never said a word against it. And when she complained, as she did sometimes, that baby Susan kept her awake, or that she could not both cook the dinner and nurse the child, who so ready as he to hush the little one to sleep, or give it a lively tossing about until it crowed and chuckled with delight? Or if, for fresh air and a change, he took wife and child for a two-mile walk across the moor to see his old father and mother on Sunday or holiday, do you think he allowed her to be burdened with the babe all the way? Not he. "I don't envy the man that's too proud to carry his own child. Surely the man's stronger and fitter for the task than the woman; and it pleases the bairn," was his answer to jeering idlers, who would let a wife drop with fatigue rather than follow his example. And when the tiny toddler had a successor in the mother's arms, and ran alongside until little feet began to lag behind, who so ready as he to find a stout shoulder as a "gee-gee" for his pet.

It is not to be supposed that he had never any crosses in his business or in his life; but his maxim, when any irritating losses or misfortune came, was to "Make the best of it, and trust in God."

He had frequent occasion to put the maxim into practice, not only when customers spent their earnings at the beer-shop, and left him unpaid for the shoes they were wearing out, or when the new apprentice spoiled his work, or forgot the messages he had to deliver; for, in some way, as time went by, his Catherine developed a tendency to look only at the black side of the knight's silver shield—to "take up straws as if they were break-back faggots," as her husband told her, with a smile. Nay, his very maxim became a source of annoyance to her.

"Ah," said she, "something will be happening some day as you can't make the best of!"

And, surely enough, something terrible did happen at the very time when all things seemed most prosperous.

To black the edges of boot and shoe soles it was customary to hold a smoothly-polished tool in the smoke of a lighted tallow candle, then rub the tool briskly and forcibly along the wetted sole already pared to shape.

Careful Mrs. Colbeck was wont to complain that they burned their candles away very fast in the shop, but she never suspected the actual cause.

She sent the apprentice to bed in the dark for safety; but he was a thoughtless, lazy lad, with a passion for low and debasing literature, and he filched the candle-ends to read by in his little back room when all were abed. Sometimes he contrived, by the substitution of a reserved bit, to carry off a larger piece, for which he manufactured a sort of candlestick out of a lump of pliant shoemaker's wax, which he stuck atop of his box by the bedside, so that he might be at ease, snug and warm, revelling in stories of highwaymen and pickpockets.

He was generally pretty careful to extinguish his candle before the flame reached the lump of wax.

But the climax came to wrong-doing. One night, when he rejoiced over the length of candle he had secured, he read and read until he nodded. Then he pulled himself up and began to read again—not to put out his light and then he fell asleep, leaving the candle and the inflammable wax to their work of destruction.

The blazing wax must have run in liquid flame from the box to the floor, for both were well alight—as was the paper on the lath-and plaster partition wall, and also the bed on which he lay—before the scorching of his own limbs roused him from the double torpor of sleep and suffocation, caused by the fumes of burning wood and wool and stored-up leather.

"Fire!" he shrieked aloud, "fire!"—and, rolling to the floor in pain and desperation, rushed, all ablaze, through the blinding smoke to find an outlet for escape. The door he had bolted overnight not yielding readily, he flung up the window, and, still shrieking as the hot flames bit his flesh, dropped from the sill into the yard beneath, with no thought but the brute instinct of self-preservation.

Roused by Mike's first alarming cry, Martin Colbeck started up, half dazed and stupefied by the stifling fumes, scarce conscious of the appalling truth, until electrified by successive shrieks, and a tongue of livid flame darting through the thin partition wall and licking the head of Susie's cot.

He could never tell how he reached the cot and had the child safe in his arms, wrapped in her little quilt, or how he succeeded in rousing his torpid wife to a sense of danger, for she lost self-control, and rushed about in frantic terror, clutching her little Kate so tightly that its cries were added to her own, and almost drove the poor man wild.

He knew he hurried to the door, and bade her follow, but was only in time to find the staircase in a blaze, and retreat cut off.

In such crises minutes seem like years.

It was a miracle how he succeeded in dragging the upper sheet and blankets from the bed, for the very pillows were alight. But when he gained the window with his double burden, his wife's shrieks had an echo of shouts from the street, where a few half-dressed neighbours were hastening to the rescue.

As he threw up the window one man ran shoeless for a ladder, shouting and spreading the alarm, amid cries for "water" and "pails," which might as well have been thimbles for all the service they could be.

But ere ladder or pails were there, Martin, nerved by love and agony for his dear ones, had knotted a blanket and sheet together, and with a whispered word to soothe the frightened child, had lowered obedient Susan and screaming little Katie to receptive arms below.

The ladder proved too short, and though the fire was gaining on them, he had a struggle with his unreasoning wife ere she would consent to seek safety by the same means.

"You will let me fall; I know you will," she wailed, and only yielded as at the last moment a man mounted the ladder and offered to ease her descent.

"Thank God!" her husband cried devoutly, as she touched the ground. "Now for the lad!"—and before anyone guessed his purpose he had turned, and, with a blanket over his head, dashed through flames and treacherous partition—a crumbling wall of incandescent touchwood—shouting, "Mike! Mike! where are you?" and was groping in vain for what was not there to find.

Back, in less time than it takes to tell, he leapt from the window, a few blazing rags dropping in tinder from his scorched limbs; and there he lay, his left leg broken under him.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

COMPLICATIONS.

ENID continued to enjoy her lessons with Adela Ravani. The pleasing impression made on her when first she saw her young teacher did not wear off. She was charmed with the girl's beauty and grace, and the almost childish confidence and simplicity she displayed in their talks together.

Enid was quick at languages, and she soon began to understand what was said to her in Italian. The lesson usually ended with a confidential talk between the girls. Adela would confide to Enid some of the troubles of her life. She often spoke of the brother, many years older than herself, whom she seemed to regard with fear rather than love. This brother and his wife shared the home with Adela and her mother, and it was clear to Enid, from what the girl said, that he was the head of the house, and everyone else had to bend to his will. Adela appeared to have no affection for her sister-in-law, whom she described as full of deceit, and capable of the most spiteful actions.

"She is a spy," she said once; "she is always watching me; and she tells Francesco all she sees. I have the greatest difficulty in hiding things from her."

Enid was startled by the light thus thrown on Adela's life.

"But what can you have to conceal?" she asked. "Why should you mind your sister-in-law knowing all you do?"

"Oh, you do not understand," said Adela. "I should never be able to do *anything* if I let them know about it. Francesco would have me live the life of a nun. You cannot think how angry he was when he found out that I was giving lessons, for mamma and I kept it from him as long as we could."

"But why should he be angry?" asked Enid in surprise.

"He thought it beneath the dignity of our family. The Ravanis are one of the oldest families in Rome, and the daughters of such houses do not earn money," said Adela, with considerable

dignity. "But we are so poor, mamma and I, and Francesco is not generous. Look at my slipper, signorina—do you see how I have had to mend it? That will show you I have not much money to spend on my attire."

Enid glanced down at the dainty velvet slipper, and admired not only the skill with which it was mended, but the beauty of the perfect little foot it adorned.

"I wish I could sew like that," she said; "but I think your brother is mistaken in deeming it beneath anyone's dignity to teach. In England women are proud of being able to support themselves, and teachers are held in honour. At least they are by all but vulgar-minded people," she added, suddenly remembering that there were such people as Miss Guy in the world.

"Are they?" said Adela. "I like teaching—or should if all my pupils were like you. But Francesco will not be happy till he puts an end to it. He is looking out for a husband for me; but it is not so easy to find one, you see, because I have no dowry."

"Looking out for a husband for you!" exclaimed Enid, startled, as well she might be, for the idea is shocking to English notions.

"Yes; it is his duty, you know," said Adela calmly; but Enid saw that a cloud had fallen on her face.

"But surely not without respect to your wishes in the matter?" protested Enid. "You would not take a husband of his choosing merely."

"It is our custom," said Adela. "Of course," she added, with a quick blush, "I have read in books that people sometimes marry for love, and I should think myself that that was the happier way. But my mother says one should not think of love till one is married."

"And *my* mother would say it was very wrong of any woman to marry a man whom she did not truly love and reverence," said Enid, with some warmth.

"Would she?" said Adela, with sudden interest. "I wish my mother thought so. And oh, I do hope it will be long, long ere my brother finds me a husband."

Enid did not wonder that she spoke with such energy and in so troubled a tone.

"Well," said Enid later, as she repeated to her cousin what had passed, "I never felt more inclined to

> 'Thank the goodness and the grace
> That on my birth has smiled.'

I would not be an Italian girl for the world. How dreadful for Adela to feel that her brother can hand her over to any man who is willing to take her without a dowry."

Maud shrugged her shoulders. "It is the way here," she said. "A well-born Roman girl never dreams of choosing a husband for herself. She has no voice in the matter; it is her duty to obey the will of her parents."

"But if she should love someone else?" said Enid.

"Then she would commit a grave indiscretion. My dear Enid, a well-bred girl would never allow herself to fall in love."

"Perhaps not; but suppose she found it impossible to love the gentleman her father had chosen for her?"

Maud shrugged her shoulders again. "She would have to make the best of it, I am afraid. There is one thing to be said—Italian girls are not allowed friendly intercourse with gentlemen as we are, so there is less risk of their forming unsuitable attachments. They go nowhere unattended. An Italian mother is rarely seen without her daughters; they drive with her, they pay calls with her, they receive with her, till they attain freedom by marriage."

"Like those three girls we are always seeing about with their mother," said Enid; "all three dressed exactly alike, even to their shoe-strings, and all wearing the same bored expression. I have noticed that if a gentleman approaches their carriage on the Pincio they appear to say only two or three words to him. It is mamma who does the talking."

"Just so. Still, I believe the life of Italian girls is beginning to improve. They are being better educated than they used to be, and a higher mental culture must inevitably bring in for them a freer life."

"Poor things! I trust it may speedily," said Enid. "It is deplorable to see how poor Adela's spirit is crushed by the tyranny of her brother and his wife; and I am afraid she practises deception to evade it."

"Likely enough," said Maud, with scorn in her tone; "most Italian girls have a talent for dissimulation."

The next time Enid went to the Casa Ravani to take her lesson in Italian, Adela's countenance as she entered the room plainly showed that she had been weeping violently. Her voice was so tremulous, her manner so agitated, that Enid could see that it was only by a strong effort that she could maintain composure. Wishing to help her to gain control of herself, Enid for a while took no notice of her evident distress. The pupil's exercises were examined and corrected almost in silence; the reading which followed was scarcely interrupted, though Enid was conscious that she made one or two slips in pronunciation. But when the time came which they usually devoted to conversation, Enid could no longer rest in ignorance of what was troubling her companion.

"Now, Adela, what is it?" she said, as soon as the books were closed. "You are in trouble, and I insist upon knowing the cause, unless it is something I really may not know."

But it seemed more than Adela could bear even to speak of her trouble. In a moment her large dark eyes were full of tears, her lips quivered when she tried to speak, and she could only sob.

"Now don't—don't," said Enid soothingly. "Just tell me all about it, and then perhaps it will not seem so bad. What has happened to distress you so?"

"It has come," sobbed Adela; "I knew it must come some day; but oh, I hoped it would not be for a long time yet."

"What has come?" asked Enid, full of wonder.

"My doom," said Adela, with a tragic gesture. "Oh, signorina, if only I were an English girl! if I were free, like you!"

Light was beginning to break upon Enid's bewildered mind.

"Free," she said; "do you mean free to marry or not, as one likes? Is that your trouble, Adela? Does your brother want to make you marry someone against your will?"

"Ah, yes, you have guessed," said Adela, with another sob; "my brother has found a husband for me!"

"Who is he? You *do not* care for him?"

"Care for him! How should I? I have only seen him once. He is old and he is ugly; but he is rich. My mother says I shall have my own carriage, and drive on the Pincio every day. But what of that? Oh, Enid, can you not guess? My heart is breaking."

"But why should you marry this man if you do not wish to do so?" asked Enid, with indignation in her tones. "It is preposterous to think of such a thing. You must refuse to yield to your brother, Adela; you have surely a right to a will of your own in this matter."

"I dare not," said Adela; "it would be a most unheard of thing. Indeed, I could not be so undutiful; I should break my mother's heart. She is so pleased, my poor mother, to think that I shall have a home of my own; and she will live with me, for he has agreed to that."

Enid looked grave.

"It is not already a settled thing, Adela?"

"Not quite; but in a few days it will be," said Adela gloomily. "I see no way of escape. And it is not only that—oh, Enid, how shall I tell you? Can you not guess the rest?"

"The rest!" said Enid. "Have you not told me all the trouble? Indeed, it seems bad enough."

"Unhappily," said Adela—and the rich colour which suddenly suffused her face was more significant than her words—"we Italian girls also have hearts."

"Oh!" exclaimed Enid in a startled tone, "is it as bad as that—there is someone else you care for?"

"I could not help it," murmured Adela, her face crimson with shame. "I saw him at Montpulciano last summer; we were there for three months, and he was there too, making sketches—for he is an artist. We were living outside the town; and the place was so quiet and countrified that mamma was less particular about me. I could walk out alone, or go into the vineyards with the good countrywoman at whose house we lodged. And I often saw him. He had a way of finding out where I was likely to be. He liked to talk to me, and I—I liked to see him too, I suppose. Once he made a sketch of me. Ah, signorina, you are shocked!"

"No, not shocked," said Enid, smiling; "and please do not call me signorina. It was all very natural. I am sure I do not wonder that he wanted to see you; but it is a pity you could only meet in that stolen sort of way. But if he really loves you, Adela, as I suppose he does, why does he not come

forward and ask your brother's permission to marry you?"

"That would never do!" exclaimed Adela, looking frightened at the very idea. "Oh, how angry my brother would be! Lucio is only an artist, and an unknown one. He has no money. Do you think Francesco would consider him a fit match for a Ravani?"

There was a curious ring of pride in Adela's tones. It seemed as if she too were inclined to disparage her lover's calling, and deem him unworthy on account of it to wed with one of her ancient name.

"I do not know what your brother's opinion may be," said Enid warmly; "but it seems to me that every true artist has a rank of his own, and that ordinary mortals, whatever their birth may be, must look up to such a one. Surely you agree with me, Adela?"

"I don't know; I never thought about it," said Adela, opening her eyes. "But of course I think Lucio is very clever, and I can assure you his family is not to be despised. He has an uncle who is a rich banker at Florence. He has no children, and Lucio was to have been his heir; but his uncle grew angry with him because he was determined to be an artist, and would not work in the bank. Now he will have nothing to do with Lucio, and the poor fellow must make his own way in the world."

"Well, that is not such a bad thing," said Enid. "If he has talent and works hard he will succeed in time, you may be sure. You must be content to wait a few years for your happiness—that is all."

"Ah, how you talk, Enid! As if it could ever be! You forget that my brother is determined to marry me as soon as possible, and has already found a husband for me."

"Adela, I shall lose all patience with you if you talk in that way. I begin to think that you do not really love Lucio. If you do, you will not dream of letting yourself be married to someone else."

"What a thing to say!" exclaimed Adela, raising her hands in protest. "But you do not understand; it is because you are English that the affair seems to you so simple. How can I set myself in opposition to my mother? You would not like to make your mother unhappy."

"I should not, indeed," said Enid; "yet I hope I should have strength to withstand my mother if she wanted me to do something wrong; though really I find it impossible to imagine such a thing in connection with my mother."

"And my mother would say it was right; it was my duty to obey her," said Adela. "Don't you see how difficult it is?"

"It is perplexing, certainly," said Enid; "yet I feel convinced in my own mind that you will be doing a wrong, even a wicked thing, if you marry this man whom your brother has chosen for you, when your heart is given to Lucio. Surely, if you tell your mother the whole truth she will not continue to urge you to this marriage. Be brave, Adela. Don't be afraid to oppose your brother. He cannot drag you to the church by main force."

"Oh, I dare not think what he may not do," said Adela with a shudder. It was but too evident that she lacked courage, and Enid's efforts to inspire her with the same were not apparently attended with much success. They talked for some time longer, and when Enid rose to go away, Adela timidly asked if she would do her a kindness.

"By all means," said Enid heartily; "what is it?"

"I should like to go to-morrow to the Villa Borghese; and you know my mother does not allow me to walk out alone. Could you accompany me?"

"Certainly; I shall be delighted if it is a fine afternoon. I have not been to the Villa yet, but I have seen it from the Pincio, and the walks look very inviting."

"They are prettier in the spring, when the anemones are in flower; but it will be pleasant there to-morrow if the weather keeps like this. Thank you so much for consenting; it is so good of you."

Enid went away wondering that Adela should profess so much gratitude over what promised to be a mutual pleasure.

It wanted but a week to Christmas, but the next day was as bright and beautiful as a day could be. The sky was of a soft, deep blue, the sunshine brilliant, and the air delightfully fresh. Enid called for Adela at the hour appointed. She found her already dressed for the walk, and looking charming. There was no cloud on her face to-day, nor did her beautiful dark eyes show any sign of tears. She chatted so gaily as they walked towards the Villa that Enid wondered if her prospects had brightened, but refrained from asking any question for fear she should only remind her of her trouble.

There were but few persons at the Villa this afternoon. Enid was delighted with the secluded, romantic walks, winding amid groves of ilex, or shaded by tall pines breaking into green umbrella-shaped foliage, which contrasted vividly with the blue of the sky. Presently they approached an old fountain guarded by a stone nymph with a broken nose. Enid's eyes were on the feathery fern fronds clustering about the base of the fountain when she became aware that a young man had stepped from the back of the fountain and was greeting Adela. She looked at him, and recognised with some surprise a young Italian artist who had a studio in the house in the Viâ Sistina, in which was the Studio Mariano. She had once or twice encountered him on the stairs, and had been struck with the exceeding courtesy of his manner as he bowed to her. Now, as she noted the flush on Adela's cheek and the sparkle in her eyes, it occurred to her that this could be none other than Lucio.

"May I introduce Signor Torlono?" said Adela. And Enid returned the young man's bow, half amused and half annoyed by this revelation of Adela's purpose in bringing her to the Villa Borghese. It was by no means agreeable to Enid to play the part of a third at such a rendezvous, and she felt vexed with Adela for having beguiled her into doing so. Yet as they strolled on together, Enid had so much consideration for the lovers that she occasionally paused to examine a statue or to gather a few of the daisies which studded the turf, thus giving the two an opportunity of exchanging confidences. At the same time she felt thoroughly uncomfortable in the position in which she found herself. She hated concealments and deceptions of all kinds. Had she been asked, she would never have agreed to help Adela to meet her lover clandestinely.

For more than an hour they walked about the Villa. The time seemed rather long to Enid, but doubtless it passed rapidly enough with the other two. As they were walking along one of the roads a carriage overtook them. Glancing at its occupants, Enid met the astonished gaze of Miss Guy, who favoured all three with a prolonged stare ere she thought of returning Enid's bow.

"Who is that lady?" asked Adela, in a frightened tone.

"It is Miss Guy. She lives at our *pension*," explained Enid.

"Happily she does not know me or Signor Torlono," said Adela, "so she cannot tell anyone she has seen us here."

"Do you not think it is time we turned homewards?" asked Enid abruptly. "It is getting damp under these trees."

"I suppose we must go," said Adela reluctantly.

Signor Torlono did not pass through the gates in their company, but parted from them ere they reached the entrance, and strolled back into the shade of the trees alone.

"I know you are vexed with me, Enid," said Adela, when they had walked for some minutes in silence.

"Well, yes," said Enid frankly; "I hate such ways, Adela. Don't ask me to go with you to meet Signor Torlono again unless your mother knows that you are going to see him."

"You will not tell anyone about it? You will keep my secret?" said Adela imploringly.

"No, I will not tell anyone that you met Signor Torlono this afternoon," said Enid, after a moment's reflection.

"Do not be hard on me?" pleaded Adela. "I was obliged to see him—I wanted to tell him all about it."

"How did you let him know that you would be at the Villa this afternoon?"

Adela coloured and looked confused. It was evident she was ashamed of the means she had adopted. "Oh, I managed it," was all she said.

"And what does he say?"

"Oh, he is in despair—poor Lucio! But he says as you do, that I must not yield, and that my brother cannot make me marry if I refuse to do so."

"Of course not," said Enid. "Now take my advice; go home and tell your mother all about it. Let her know how you and Lucio care for each other; let her know that you have seen him this afternoon. Keep nothing back. Depend upon it that is the best way. You will only make more trouble for yourself if you hide things."

"But she will be so angry," said Adela.

"Never mind if she is," returned Enid. "Perhaps you deserve a little

scolding. Be brave, and make a bold stand, and the worst will soon be over."

"I will try to be brave," said Adela, "but I have not your spirit, Enid—I wish I had."

Then they parted at the end of the street in which Adela lived, and Enid went home to her *pension*.

A little later Miss Guy returned from her drive; and as she alighted at the door of the house she met Maud Marion, who was returning from her studio.

"I have been with some friends to the Villa Borghese," said Miss Guy importantly. "It was delightful driving there this afternoon."

"Yes, it has been a lovely day," said Maud languidly, as they began to ascend the staircase. "Were there many people at the Villa this afternoon?"

"No; very few. By-the-by, I saw your cousin there."

"Ah, yes," said Miss Marian carelessly; "Enid was going there this afternoon with Signorina Ravani."

"There was a gentleman with them when I saw them," said Miss Guy, not without a malicious intent—"a gentleman for whom I suspect Miss Mildmay has a strong attraction. It was all very well to say she was going with Signorina Ravani. I wonder how the signorina enjoyed playing 'gooseberry.'"

Maud was so taken by surprise that she had not a word to say. She instantly concluded, as Miss Guy meant she should, that the gentleman who had been with Enid in the Villa Borghese was Julius Dakin. The colour rushed in such a flood to her face that in order to hide it she stooped and pretended to be tying her shoe-lace. Happily they had now reached the third floor, on which their rooms were situated, and Maud gladly turned from Miss Guy without another word. Ere she went to her own room she looked into that of her cousin. Enid, still wearing her hat and jacket, sat at the open window.

"So you have come back," said Maud. "Did you have a pleasant walk?"

"Fairly so," said Enid, with some hesitation. "You know Adela is not very happy just now."

She checked herself from saying more, remembering her promise that she would tell no one of the meeting with Signor Torlono at the Villa.

Maud noted the hesitation, and thought she understood it.

"Did you see anyone at the Villa?" she asked, as a further test.

"Miss Guy was driving there with some friends," replied Enid.

Maud hastily closed the door and withdrew to her own room. Her heart was sore within her.

"So she wants to hide from me that she has seen him," she murmured to herself. "As if I cared about their meeting—as if it were anything to me whether or not he admires her! Of course he is only amusing himself with her. No; what angers me is Enid's slyness. Why cannot she be open and frank about things? I hide nothing from her. I am far too proud to stoop to concealments, I am thankful to say."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHEMIST.—You must be prepared for passing the pharmaceutical exams., and had better put yourself in communication with Mrs. Clarke-Keer (who takes pupils), 9, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, W. Many ladies are being trained in the schools of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

"IX."—For the Cambridge Senior Local Examinations apply to the Secretary, Professor G. F. Browne, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. Fee, £1. Held in December.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—The United Telephone Company employs a large staff of women. They must be the daughters of professional men, or of gentlemen not engaged in business. The salary begins at 10s. a week, and the clerks are under the care of a lady superintendent. The Civil Service and Telegraphy also employ many women, but they have to enter by competitive exams.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Perhaps St. Catherine's School, Bramley, near Guildford, might be suitable. Terms for boarders, £13 per term. Apply to Mrs. A. Russell Baker. You might also enquire about Sandwell Hall, Staffordshire, a public school for girls; Principal, Mrs. Ottley. Terms from thirty-five guineas, and reduced under special circumstances.

YOLANDE and PAVOIE.—1. We regret that your letter should have been one forming the lower strata of letters that rise mountain-like beside us. Pinnock's *Goldsmith's Histories* are reliable so far as they go; but it is well to keep up to date in teaching as the years go by. We have not published any history of the harp. The word "absolument," and such-like French words, should be accented on the second syllable, as "ab-*so*-lu-ment."—2. To remove ink-stains from linen, stretch the part stained over a vessel of boiling water, and rub some salts of lemon upon it; and then wash out both the stain and the salts in the boiling water.

IDA MEYER (Greece).—The best book for your purpose is *Dr. Angus on the English Tongue*, published by our firm; price 5s. You should not write "boughtest;" it is not a word in use. Your English and your writing do you credit. We are glad that you like our magazine so much.

MOINA.—French is reputed to be the easiest language for a foreigner to acquire, because the inflections of nouns and adjectives and pronouns, or changes in their terminations to form the oblique cases (*i.e.*, any case except the nominative), are so few in that language. But the nasal and gutteral sounds are difficult of acquirement.

WORK.

MATER.—We do not think you would make so much money thus as you would by hand-knitted stockings and socks, for which there is always a sale. Could you not get orders through some of the many outfitting shops for gentlemen? Most of the questions you ask can only be answered by going yourself to the sellers of the different machines.

ROSAMUND can send in her wedding present at any time during the last month before the wedding. Household linen is now much decorated with embroidery, frills, and lace (generally torchon). The letters used are very large, and may be worked in satin-stitch in the centre of each pillow. Cross-stitch may be also used, in which case you would have to place a piece of canvas over the linen, and draw out the threads after working, in order to have the letters straight. Washing silks or ingrain-cottons, bought at a reliable shop, are used.

MOLLY C.—Large hats will be as much worn this winter as during the summer. It is said that white and light-coloured felts will be used. Tan colour with black velvet and black feathers, or dark velvet and feathers with light-grey felt, are both pretty harmonies of colour, and would be suitable for you.

ART.

YARICO.—1. Enquire at an artists' colourman's. They could either supply all appliances for artistic work, or tell you where to find it. Of course they would supply you with tools for modelling, whether in clay or wax, and would know where the latter was to be procured.—2. We answer our correspondents ourselves. We do not obtain answers from our readers or correspondents.

ROSA.—There is only one way of preserving flowers—by pressing them. Refer to our Indexes, and many answers to the same query.

J. E. S. L.—Our venerable reader, "aged eighty," should take lessons in the art of making paper flowers, and might advertise for a teacher.

IRENE.—Do not attempt to restore any old painting yourself; it is a very difficult and delicate work. If the picture be one of any value, either from association or intrinsically, take it to some well-known experienced adept in the work. It has been brought to great perfection, and no amateur should practise an unskilled hand upon such a delicate enterprise.

MARY V.—We regret that we cannot say much in commendation of the drawings you send us for criticism. You have to begin from the commencement, and learn the free use of the pencil according to orthodox rules, before you attempt to draw complete figures or heads.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—You have not been forgotten. Sickness and bereavement in the home of the lady to whom you wrote have prevented an earlier reply. She read your letter with deep interest and sympathy, but advises you to remain in your situation where God has manifestly given you work to do for Him. You can strengthen your young mistress; set an example of patience and forbearance, and by your life prove the falsehood of the accusations alluded to. Three years' continuous service is in itself a good character in case you are compelled to change.

IGNORANT BELLA.—The phrase does not refer to the possible working of a rule, but to what is an impossibility. Squaring the circle cannot be done by any mathematical method. The question proposed is whether a circle can be made which would contain exactly the same area as a square. The difficulty presented is, how to find the precise ratio between the diameter and the circumference of the circle. Popularly it is 3·14159, etc., but the numbers would run on to infinity. Your fellow student is only jesting with you by proposing such a problem, for the phrase is only one employed to denote an impossibility.

CARRIE had better join a Reading Society. We think that a few years of attentive and careful reading would give her all she wants.

MABEL H.—The £6 a year seem to be your own to do what you please with; but the £20, being your father's allowance for a specific purpose (*i.e.*, dress), you should consult him as to what his wishes are, and enquire whether he objects to your giving some of it in charity. You must also find out whether you have to purchase stationery, etc., out of it, and materials for work. You might make your fancy work for charitable purposes if you like.

BOOKWORM.—The institution, by general consent, of the Saturday half holiday, has not, we believe, any foundation in a Jewish origin. There was an ancient law instituted by King Canute, which has never been repealed, to this effect: "Let every Sunday's feast be held from Saturday's noon to Monday's dawn;" and this law was only a Royal confirmation of one promulgated by King Edgar the Dane, A.D. 958, commanding the relinquishment of all labour at mid-day on Saturdays, and its resumption on Mondays at daylight. It has been inferred by some that the original intention was that in obtaining exemption from work. Outside the homestead domestic work could be attended to, so as to leave Sunday free, and was not designed simply for recreation. On this point we have no certain data by which to decide the question.

E. O.—You may be suffering from watery blood, or from indigestion through insufficient mastication, or from improper food, or from too much eating, or from some hereditary taint, or from skin disease. How can we tell what ails you? Get your mother to consult a medical man for you. You should say "a head," not "an head"; that article is, comparatively, rarely used.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—There is nothing to prevent the bride from having a bouquet, while the bridesmaids wear buttonholes of the colour of their dresses, or white if you prefer it.

TRURO.—The first call on a new inhabitant of the neighbourhood is generally paid after she has been seen at church.

CLARE C.—A servant must remain till her month is up, unless she makes some friendly arrangement with her mistress about leaving sooner.

FRANCESCA.—"Material pleasures" are, we should think, otherwise called the pleasures of the senses—eating and drinking, etc.

WHEN the Christmas bells are ringing, ringing softly o'er the snow,
And the wandering wind is bringing tender songs from long ago,
Then the robin, tired of roaming, lingers lonely by the stream,
And, amid the shadowed gloaming, lives again in summer's dream.

Then my Christmas flowers are blowing when the snow drifts o'er the wold,
With the starry dewdrops glowing on their fragrant hearts of gold;
All my Christmas roses gleaming 'mid the shadows long and grey,
As if ever softly dreaming, they would murmur, "Hope and pray."

And amid the snows of sorrow, on the storm-swept path of life,
Still the roses breathe, "To-morrow comes the resting after strife;"
And, with hearts uprais'd to Heaven, where for aye all shadows cease,
Comes the angel's song, God given, with its sweet refrain of peace.

YOUNG NATURALIST.—It is true that the spider is weather-wise, and her web is an indicator of the weather. Every twenty-four hours she makes some change. In calm weather she lengthens it. If she works during rain, it will not last long; and if bad weather be threatened, she shortens her filaments —"shortens sail," in fact. Each thread of the web contains 5,000 separate fibres. It is almost inconceivable, yet we know it from good authority. Have you read our little article entitled, "The Fairy Æronaut"?

DI'S PUPIL.—The abbreviation "Messrs." is from the French *Messieurs*, and should be pronounced as if written, "Mess-yours."

MALLET.—There are two or three "Georgetowns," the best known being Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, on the Demerara river; and Georgetown, the capital of Penang, one of the Straits Settlements.

IONE.—We regret that it does not come within the province of our society to give you the information you desire.

AN OLD GIRL.—1. The Crown Prince of Naples was born in 1869. His father is Humbert IV., son of King Victor Emmanuel, who died in 1878. His mother was the daughter of the Duke of Genoa (second brother of Victor Emmanuel), Princess Marguerite of Savoy. She was thus first cousin of her husband, and was married in 1868. She is a good and beautiful woman, and an excellent artist.—2. Yes, it is quite true that she is making a collection of all the boots, shoes, and gloves worn at the Italian Courts from the earliest period, and has a sandal said to have belonged to Nero; and many of our own queens are reported to figure in the collection, even though they did not visit an Italian Court.

WONDER.—The last accounts give, we find, the number of Jews in Europe as 5,400,000, and the whole number in the world as 8,000,000. There is a special Jewish Board of Guardians in London, and they provide for their own poor. The Chief Rabbi controls all spiritual matters in the orthodox body of Jews. There are several "Reform" congregations. The Spanish and Portuguese Jews are called "Sephardim"; the German and Polish Jews, "Ashkenazim." You spelt it wrongly. We do not know the exact difference; it is on points of ritual, we believe. There is an excellent and most exhaustive article in the last *Encyclopædia Britannica*, on "Jews, Modern," which you had better try to consult for further information.

MINNEHAHA.—With reference to the use of carrier pigeons, it is of very ancient and obscure origin. The Greeks availed themselves of their services, and the Romans adopted the method from them some 120 years B.C. Later on, about 500 years ago, we find the Turks employing them in a very systematic way. They erected high towers, at thirty or forty miles apart, where pigeons were provided, and officials were stationed to send out and receive the feathered messengers. In the present day they are factors in a very complete and extensive system of military communication, for the support of which nearly £2,000 is voted by Government per annum. The larger fortresses, such as Cologne and Metz, have some 600 trained pigeons in service for military purposes.

CARELESS ONE.—It is a practice amongst schoolgirls to remove fruit stains from their frocks by holding a common lucifer match near the stain, and the fumes of the sulphur take them out. You might make a trial of this plan, though you must be very cautious.

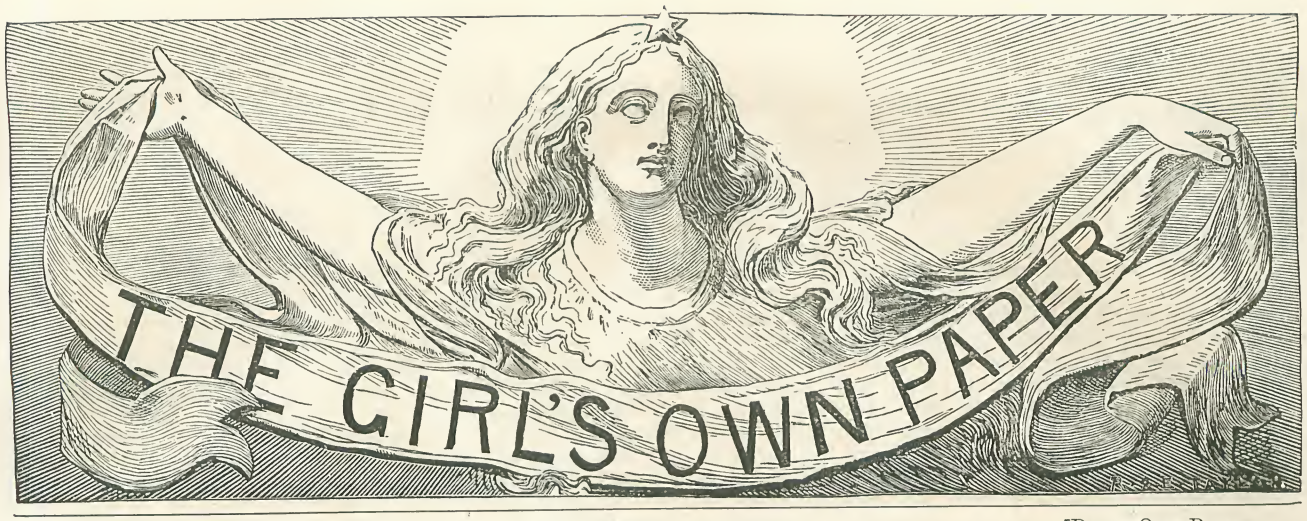
A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—We must refer you to our series of exhaustive rules on the subjects of "General Good Breeding and of Etiquette." That part entitled "Good Breeding in Walking" is the section you need. You had better read them all. Of course speak to the lady of the house or to the elder lady in walking before you speak to young people or to men.

ARGENTINA.—The Argentine Republic consists of fourteen states and nine territories, the seaboard being on the east coast of South America. It includes Patagonia; and the constitution and method of government is like that of the United States. Buenos Ayres is the capital. The climate is both healthy and temperate, according to all accounts. We sympathise with your anxiety, but trust your fears will not be realised, and that a stable government will be soon established.

MARIE.—The "Five Eras" are the Greek (Olympiads), the Roman, the Christian, the Julian Period, and the Mohammedan Era. These are periods of history, literature, and art, whose influence is distinctively marked on everything, as well as periods of great authors and great events.

A WOULD-BE WRITER.—The "poetry" is incorrect, and lacks originality.

HIGHLAND LASSIE.—Certainly, your friend may be married in his uniform if it please his bride; and she may wear any costume he may prefer.



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THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

"'I DO DENY IT,' SAID ENID, HER COLOUR DEEPENING AS SHE SPOKE."

CHAPTER X.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

CHRISTMAS came, and Enid Mildmay found the season at Rome very unlike the ideal English Christmas. True, bunches of red-berried holly were being sold at high prices in the Piazza di Spagna, small fir-trees in pots were ranged outside the florists' shops, and the loveliest toys and presents of all descriptions were displayed in the windows on the Corso. But the weather continued exceedingly mild; fires and wraps were scarce necessary; and ices, for which the Romans have an amazing predilection, continued to be an accept-

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able form of refreshment at every social gathering. It was not Christmas to Enid, and the letters and cards which came to her from home gave her the worst home-sickness she had as yet felt. She pictured to herself the party gathered about the table in the shabby old dining-room at home, and she longed to be with them. She knew that they would think and speak of the absent one. She thought with an aching heart of the Christmas-tree which would be lighted up in the evening, of the snap-dragons in which the boys delighted, and the fun and frolic with which the day would end. She even shed tears over the dainty little woollen wrap which her mother had knitted and sent to her. It was weak and sentimental of her, perhaps; but this was the first Christmas Enid had spent away from home, so perhaps she may be forgiven for indulging in a little emotion on the occasion.

Maud gave herself a few days' relaxation, and went with Enid from church to church to see the strange spectacles and curious ceremonies with which the Romish church celebrates the anniversary of our Saviour's birth. She had seen them before, and took an æsthetic pleasure in marking the effects of crimson drapery and glittering lights, or in listening to the exquisite music which accompanied many of the services. But what beauty there was, was spoilt for Enid by her sense of the childishness of many of the displays, and the superstition which they expressed. It was dreadful to her to see people reverencing as an object of worship an ugly painted doll with a gold crown stuck upon its head, or bowing in adoration before the gaudy theatrical show of a *Precepio*. The tinsel crowns stuck upon paintings of the Madonna and Child, the grotesque-looking dolls set up to represent the Holy Babe, the showily-decked images, the lavish display of dingy, artificial flowers, disgusted Enid's taste, whilst it filled her with pity for the poor, ignorant people to impress whose dull minds such means are employed.

"Ah, how lovely St. Joseph looks!" she heard a peasant woman murmur as she prostrated herself before the flower-wreathed painted forms of the *Precepio* of the Aracœli. "Gentle St. Joseph, hear my prayer, and bring my son home to me in safety!"

The English and American visitors in Rome attend in great numbers the famous church services, and at most to which the girls went they saw Julius Dakin in the company of Miss Amory. They generally met and exchanged a few words on these occasions. On Christmas morning at S. Maria in Aracœli, Julius drew Enid aside from the others to show her the little chapel decorated with the beautiful frescoes of Pinturicchio, and then, in the solitude that is to be found in the midst of a crowd, Enid was led on to talk to him of the Christmas at home, half unconsciously revealing her yearning to be there. She wondered, and was half ashamed afterwards, to think how much she had told him about herself and her dear ones.

"I really must not talk so much of myself again," she thought; "it is so foolish; but somehow he seemed interested. He has such a sympathetic manner—it can be only his manner. Perhaps in reality he was bored. I must be on my guard against abusing his kindness another time."

The Christmas excitements over, Enid again settled steadily to work. She had no lack of occupation. Three mornings a week she spent in the studio of Herr Schmitz, and they were long mornings, for that severe master reproved her for laziness if she presented herself there later than half-past eight. Nor was he anxious to make her tasks agreeable to her. He persistently chose the most difficult casts in his studio for her to draw from, and if he perceived that Enid had a dislike to any subject he suggested he at once insisted on her undertaking it. He required such care and accuracy in her charcoal drawings, and appeared so impatient of the least defect, that Enid was at times in despair, and but for a fear of seeming ungrateful for his kindness she would have discontinued her visits to his studio. But when he had by his severe words and manner impressed her with the conviction that she would never be able to draw, and might as well abandon the idea, Herr Schmitz would generally relent, and begin to encourage her again, for in truth it was his perception of the real talent she possessed that made him require of her such excellence.

Although when with him he made her draw steadily from plaster casts, he was willing that she should continue at other times the flower and fruit painting which was her special delight, and condescended to examine and criticise any which she liked to show him. In this way Enid made rapid progress, and even Maud, in spite of her jealous dislike to doing so, was forced to acknowledge the excellence of her work.

Maud too was working diligently in her way; but she had adopted a vicious style of painting, and self-love and vanity rendered her blind to its defects. Occasionally she was dissatisfied with her performances, and indulged in a little melancholy; but she never doubted long that she was destined to do great things, nor apparently ever questioned that she had done right in leaving her father to live solitary whilst she pursued the life of an artist in the city she loved.

"How unreasonable papa is," she said one day as she threw down a letter she had received from her father; "he actually suggests that I should return home at the end of February."

"I do not wonder he wants you to return," said Enid; "he must be very dull without you."

"Dull! Not he. You do not know my father, Enid," said Maud. "He is always absorbed in business; that is all he cares for, and in the evening he comes home tired out, and can only sit by the fire with a book, over which very often he will fall asleep. He cannot really miss me, and it is selfish of him to want to cut short my pleasure. But men are selfish."

"And are women never so?" was the question which rose to Enid's lips, but she refrained from asking it.

They were in the studio, and Enid was already at work upon a painting which she was finishing with great care. It represented a little branch cut from an orange tree, with a couple of oranges, one ripe and one just changing colour, whilst just within the juncture of the stems lingered a lovely blossom. Enid's model had been given to her by one of the monks of the monastery of St. Sabina, who had cut it for her, not from the famous orange-tree planted by St. Dominic, but from one of its numerous offshoots. She had succeeded better than could be expected with what was really a difficult subject, and Herr Schmitz had praised the harmony of colour she had maintained throughout her work.

"That is really good, Enid," said Maud, as she rose from the easy chair by the stove where she had seated herself to read her letters; "I like the look of your blossom."

"I cannot quite get the transparency I want," said Enid, moving a few paces from her easel to survey her work. "What do you think Herr Schmitz has proposed that I should do with this?"

"How can I tell!"

"He suggests that I should send it in to the exhibition of the 'Belli Arti.'"

"Does he? Then you had better do so."

"Oh, do *you think I might?* You are going to send some pictures, are you not?"

"Yes, I have promised to send three. I must make haste and get them done, for they must be sent in by the end of February."

"Herr Schmitz actually hinted that it was just possible someone might buy my picture. Would not that be grand?"

"Would you care to sell it?" asked Maud, with an air of superiority.

"Certainly. I should be delighted if anyone would give me a hundred francs for it. I see so many pretty things here that I should like to buy for mother and the girls. How rich I should feel with a hundred francs to spend as I liked."

Maud looked rather wistfully at her cousin. "It must be nice to have a mother and sisters to think about. I wonder sometimes what difference it would have made in me if I had had a sister. I guess—as Miss Amory would say—I should not have been just the girl I am."

At that moment someone knocked at the door of the studio. It was the porter, who handed in a note addressed to Enid. The writer was Signora Ravani, who courteously expressed regret that her daughter could no longer continue to give Enid lessons in Italian, since the state of her health obliged her to leave home for a while. If agreeable to Miss Mildmay and Miss Marian, Adela would give herself the pleasure of calling at their studio at half past three that afternoon to bid them adieu.

"Well, this is an astonishing thing," said Enid, showing her cousin the note. "Adela was quite well when I saw her a week ago, and we arranged to recommence the lessons on Monday."

"I daresay her health is only an excuse," said Maud; "and they have some other motive for sending her away. No doubt it is the doing of that amiable brother of hers."

"No doubt," said Enid, at once conceiving that Adela had dared to resist her brother's will with regard to her marriage, and that this was the result.

"At what hour will she be here this afternoon?"

"At three—no, at half past three. Signora Ravani wrote three at first, and then altered it."

"I am sorry I shall not be here. I promised to go shopping with Miss Amory this afternoon; but I daresay Signorina Ravani will be just as pleased to find you alone."

So Maud did not return to the studio in the afternoon.

Whilst awaiting Adela's coming, Enid bethought herself of something she wished to say to Miss Strutt, and ran down to her studio. As she passed along the narrow passage which led to it, the door at the end, from which a flight of steps descended into the garden, stood open. The glimpse of blue sky and glorious sunshine which it afforded was so inviting that Enid instinctively passed on to the doorway, and stood for a few moments looking into the garden. Suddenly two forms emerged from the shade of the old orange-trees laden with golden fruit, and to her surprise Enid recognised Adela and the young painter, Lucio Torlono. Enid shrank back hastily; but she need have had no fear of their seeing her—they were far too absorbed in their talk together. Wondering how Adela had managed to secure this interview with her lover, Enid hastily made her call on Miss Strutt and then hurried back to her studio. But it was more than half-past three ere Adela made her appearance.

She came in looking pale and weary, and her eyes showed traces of tears. They began to flow again as Enid affectionately enquired concerning her health.

"There is nothing the matter with me," she said, "except that I am very unhappy. I have tried to hold out bravely, Enid; I have refused to marry to please my brother; but oh, I have had a dreadful time, and now they are sending me away. I am to be shut up in a convent until I come to my right mind, as Francesco says. I suppose if I do not yield they will keep me there for ever."

"That is surely impossible," said Enid. "Women cannot be shut up in convents against their wills in these days."

Adela shook her head despairingly. "You do not know Francesco," she said; "he can always accomplish what he wishes. Besides, our uncle, the Abbé Ravani, is the director of this convent, and he and Francesco are great friends. It is in a lonely place, away amongst the hills. Once there I shall not easily escape."

"But it is dreadful, too dreadful, that your brother should have you so completely in his power," said Enid. "I would defy him if I were you, and refuse to go."

"That is impossible. You do not know what it means to defy him. Lucio says he cannot endure it; he will find some way to free me; but what can he do? I have no hope—none."

"How did you manage to come here alone this afternoon?"

"Oh, my mother brought me to the door, and she will call for me again at four o'clock."

"So soon," said Enid; "that gives us very little time together."

"Yes; forgive me, Enid; I have robbed you of half the time because I wanted to see Lucio. I could not go away without bidding him good-bye. Did you notice that the time had been altered in the note?"

"I noticed that Signora Ravani had written three o'clock and then altered it to half past three."

"I made that alteration. I contrived to open the envelope after mamma had closed it, and I changed the time. Ah, you are shocked; but you might excuse it. I should not have done it if I could have been sure of finding you alone; but I thought your cousin would be here, and it would be so difficult to explain. By altering the time I secured half an hour with Lucio without causing you any inconvenience."

Enid was silent. She was really afraid of showing what she thought of Adela's conduct. To stoop to such petty deceits, to open envelopes and tamper with letters, was a kind of meanness so utterly removed from Enid's open, honourable nature that it well-nigh quenched her pity for Adela's unhappy fate. She could not at once make allowance for the training in duplicity and falsehood which it was plain the poor girl had had.

"I assure you I had hard work to come at all," continued Adela, anxious to defend herself. "I had to beg and beg before mamma would yield. Francesco would be very angry if he knew I had come to see you, for he thinks you have taught me to rebel."

"I wish I could have taught you to rebel more successfully, my poor Adela," said Enid sadly. "Did you tell your mother about Lucio?"

"I did, though I wished afterwards I had not told her. She was dreadfully shocked and grieved. She said she could never have believed that her daughter was capable of acting and feeling as I have done. You may be sure I did not tell her that Lucio's studio was in this house or she would not have allowed me to come here to-day."

"Oh, Adela, it would have been so much better to have told her all," said Enid. "No good can come of half confidences; they only complicate matters, and make them worse."

But Adela could not see this. She cried and bemoaned her unhappy fate, and Enid was at a loss how to console her. It was a melancholy time they spent together, and Enid felt it almost a relief when the porter came to say that Signora Ravani was waiting below for her daughter. They parted sadly, and Adela, struggling hard to keep back her tears, went downstairs to join her mother.

She had not been gone many seconds when someone else knocked at the door of the studio. "Come in," said Enid mechanically, and Julius Dakin walked into the room.

"Alone!" he said, "and not at work! Actually!"

"Actually," said Enid smiling. "I have not been working this afternoon. I have had a visitor."

"Was it the young lady I met on the stairs, and who seemed to be in a tearful condition?"

"Signorina Ravani has been here. I am afraid your description may apply to her."

"Yes, it was she. I remember her now—your Italian teacher. Was she weeping over the perversity of her pupil?"

In vain Enid tried to foil his questions. He could see that the trouble, whatever it might be, was one which she shared, and gently, skilfully, little by little, he drew from her the story of Adela's unhappy attachment and its consequences.

"I know Torlono," he said. "He is a clever fellow; he will do something good one of these days, I believe. It was a shame of his uncle to throw him over; but he will think better of it yet."

"Do you think so?" asked Enid eagerly.

"Well, I should hope so. My father knows old Torlono, but not well enough to interfere in the matter, I am afraid."

"Oh, if only he could," said Enid earnestly. "I mean, if there were any hope of success."

"Just so. The attempt might do more harm than good. But I will speak to my father, and hear what he thinks about it."

"Thank you—oh, thank you!" said Enid heartily.

He looked down on her with a strange expression on his face.

"How seriously you take up your friends' troubles," he said. "You make them your very own. You have sympathy for everyone except me."

"You, Mr. Dakin," exclaimed Enid, colouring vividly in her surprise. "How can you possibly need my sympathy?"

"Oh, of course you think I have no troubles. You think me an idle, worthless fellow, incapable of feeling anything deeply."

"I think that!" exclaimed Enid, astonished. "What can you mean?"

"Oh, I know; I can read your mind. I can see that you deem me frivolous and shallow—that you have a low opinion of me, in fact."

"Mr. Dakin! I have no such thing. I think you most kind. But you are only joking; it is absurd of me to take your words seriously."

"I am not joking, and do not you try to put me off with smooth words. You know that we agreed that we would always speak the truth to each other. You cannot deny that you think me a poor creature, a lazy good-for-nothing, unfit to be named in the same breath with such a man as your father, for instance, of whom you are so proud."

"I do deny it," said Enid, her colour deepening as she spoke. "Now I will

tell you the very truth. I do *not* think you frivolous and shallow; but I fancy sometimes that you try to appear so, and it makes me sorry, because—well, because I am sure you are capable of better things."

"Thank you," said Julius in a low voice; and then he turned from her and moved about the studio, looking at this thing and that without, however, really observing anything. Enid wondered if he were offended. But presently he came back to her and held out his hand. "Thank you," he said again; "I will try to deserve your good opinion. I will see if I cannot do something to please you."

"Not to please me," said Enid; "do try to do something and be something in the world; but let it be from a high motive."

"What motive?" he asked.

"What motive?" she repeated. "Can it be necessary to ask here in Rome what should be the motive of a true man's life—here, where so many heroes and martyrs laid down their lives rather than disobey the voice of duty and of God? The past seems to me to teach so solemn a lesson."

"What lesson?" he asked.

For a few moments she did not reply. Then she said in low, grave tones, "That the world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Julius Dakin did not reply to her words. He laid down some tickets Miss Marian had asked him to procure for her, and to bring which had been his errand to the studio, then went away.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAMOIS LEATHER EMBROIDERY AND PAINTING.

It is a pleasure to bring to our readers' notice a material that can be used both for needlework and painting, and that promises a change that will be appreciated by skilful fingers from the well-known grooves of fancy-work. Leather is a material which does not at first sight promise much; as although the old proverb, "There is nothing like leather," is remembered by all, still the picture conjured up is not reassuring. The hard unyielding skin that bears rough usage so valiantly, is hardly the fabric to select for delicate and difficult embroidery, or one that is likely to permit itself to be fashioned into ornamental articles by girls destitute of a workman's tools, and without the technical training of a special trade. But the chamois leather that we recommend differs from the leather used for saddlery, shoes, portmanteaus, and book-binding. It is as soft as a glove, though of thicker texture, and bought in small skins, either of a natural *écru* colour, or dyed in various tones, and it can be cut to any shape with the help of a pair of scissors. By its use a transformation can be made in many a useful and every-day article, hiding as it does the groundwork of the ornament; and being thin, it will re-cover many a box or case that without its aid would have to be banished from society.

Photograph frames, jewel boxes, handkerchief and glove cases, watch stands, wall pockets, letter and card cases, blotting pads, "Bradshaw" and magazine covers, are amongst the small articles that can be covered with chamois leather, while for larger things that require whole skins, there are small table-covers, splashboards, panels, screens, etc.

Chamois leather skins are sold either dyed, or in their original leather-coloured tint. They are dressed, and have a slight gloss upon them, and do not resemble, either in texture or shade

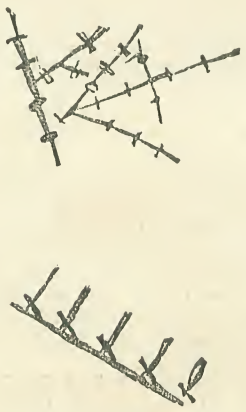


FIG. 1.—STITCHES.

of colour, the chamois leathers used for plate-cleaning. Some of the skins are much better than others, are larger, and of even thickness, and have not so many small seams in them. It is, therefore, best to select them yourself, and feel them over well. The skin should be soft and yet firm, as if too elastic it will stretch more than is convenient when it is being made up.

The undyed skins are the most useful, as they are easily tinted with water-colours; and as painting and embroidery are frequently combined in one piece of work, it is best to have a neutral groundwork to start with. The price of the skins is from three to four shillings. They are, like all skins, irregular in shape, and one cannot reckon upon more than a perfect square of eighteen inches from them, although, as they are longer than their width, several inches more than this stated measure (one way of the material) is obtainable. When embroidering the material, small flowers and delicate tracery are used for small articles, and large conventional designs for the tablecloths and panels. Filo floss, Roman floss, purse silk, and embroidery silks can all be employed; and most conventional or flower designs are finished with an outline made of gold thread sewn down with silk. The thick parts of any pattern are worked with satin and Kensington-stitch or basket-stitch, the finer parts with outline-stitch, Tête de Boeuf, French knots, diamond-stitches, or any other light open embroidery stitches.

Sometimes the grounding to a large design is tinted in with water-colours: at others it is covered with lines of silk interlaced with open wide-apart crossings. The bars so well known as connecting hand-made lace can also be employed, or the irregularly crossed lines shown in Fig. 1, which are made with double lines of silk, caught down with securing-stitches brought up from the back of the leather, passed over the line, and put back to the under side. The outline-stitch, also shown in Fig. 1, is used as a finish to any open edging, and resembles hem-stitch in its working.

Before commencing any large piece of work, it is better to learn how to cut the material and embroider it upon something small, and for this purpose select Fig. 2. This is an eyeglass case made in the shape of a geranium leaf, and acting as a rubber to clean the glass as well as to hold it. Select a small geranium leaf and cut out its outline, first in chamois leather, then in thin flannel and lining silk. Cut out a second piece of leather like the first, except making it pointed at the top (as shown in the design) instead of indented. Work the veins of the geranium leaf with lines of coarse shaded silk, selecting a russet-red shading off to yellow, and secure these lines with stitches brought from the back. With close satin-stitches work the deep band round the leaf, using shades of fine and dark-coloured green silk; line the leaf with the flannel and the silk, and secure these materials to the outline by

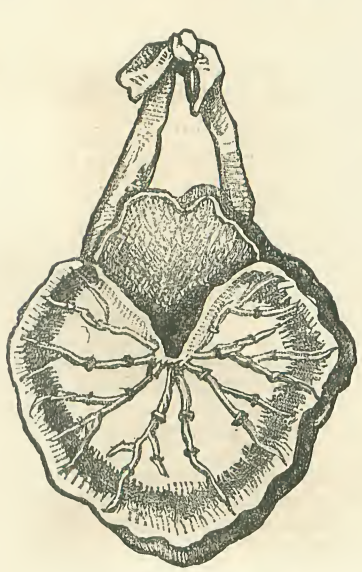


FIG. 2.—EYEGLASS CASE.

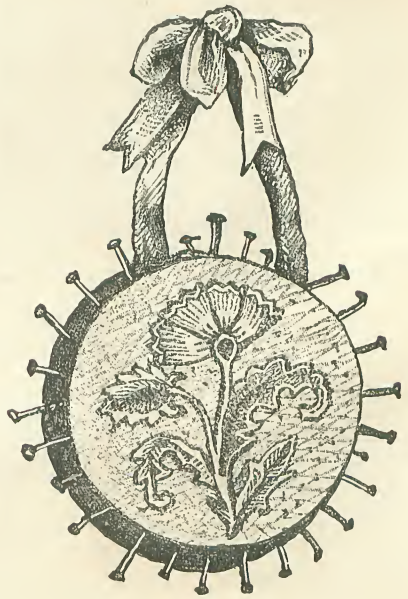


FIG. 3.—PIN-CUSHION.

FIG. 4.—GOLD SPOON CASE.

fine overcasting. For the second and under leaf, cover the piece that shows above the first leaf with crossed lines of silk, overcast the two leaves together, conceal the stitches so made by a line of gold thread, and sew a green ribbon to the top of the case, to hang it to the side of the waist. A little tinting of the grounding of the leaf in water-colours is an addition to the work; but this must be done in shades of yellow and light green, and before the embroidery is employed.

Fig. 3.—This pin-cushion is given of a large size to show the stitches for filling-in, and the grounding-stitches. It is made of two circles of leather, with a horse-hair stuffed centre covered with ruby-coloured velvet. To work the pattern, outline the design upon the leather, either by drawing it, or by tracing it off with the help of blue carbonised paper and tracing paper. Then work the grounding by laying filo floss in crossed lines on the ground, and catching these threads down by bringing a stitch up from the back of the material and returning it. Take two strands of filo floss, and with these work the filled-in leaves and the outline-stitches shown in the picture. Lay a strand of medium-sized gold thread round all the design, and fasten it down with securing-stitches. The piece of leather forming the back of the pin-cushion needs no ornamentation. Glue the two pieces of leather to the made-up centre of velvet, and finish with an ornamental bow and loops of bright-coloured ribbon.

Fig. 4 shows the ornamental outside of a case for keeping gold and silver apostle teaspoons in. This case when filled is laid upon the silver table, now found in most drawing-rooms. Instead of apostle spoons, it can be shaped to hold and show off one or two spoons preserved for their quaintness or rarity. The length of the case will depend upon the number of spoons. There must be ample room allowed for a separate pocket for each spoon, and for a flap of five inches beyond. To make the article, first cut the length and width of the case out in chamois leather, wash-leather, and crimson silk. Outline the design given and work it as stitching with crimson-coloured purse silk, using a darker shade of the same coloured silk where the shading is shown. Then prepare the inside. Take two long narrow strips of leather; fit these strips to the spoons so that they will just hold in a little pocket the top and end of one spoon; work in coral-stitch an ornamental bordering (half an inch from the edge) round the space intended for each pocket, and line the strips with crimson silk, bringing the lining over as an edging on one side of each strip. Lay the outside cover, the wash-leather, and silk lining together, place over them the two strips of leather prepared for pockets, with their ornamental silk edge inside, and overcast the pieces together firmly on the outside. Now stitch down the pockets to the silk and wash-leather linings, but not to the leather lining, and see that the pocket intended to hold the top of the spoon exactly faces the pocket intended to hold the base. The strips of leather for these pockets are made as narrow as possible so as to hide but little of the spoons. Finish the case by binding the outside edges with a narrow crimson ribbon stitched on with machine-work.

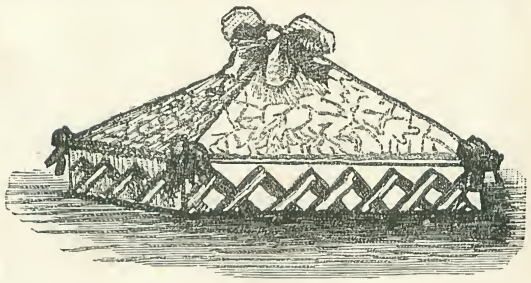


FIG. 6.—JEWEL CASE.

The card case shown in Fig. 5 is intended for a pack of Patience cards. It is made just a little larger than the cards, and of three pieces of leather; the front piece a long square ornamented with water-colour painting and a worked-in grounding; the back like the front, with the addition of a flap, and a long narrow piece of leather forming the sides and bottom of the case. The painting is done with ordinary water-colour paints mixed with Chinese white and aquarelle, the grounding as enlarged in Fig. 1. The case is lined with silk, joined together with overcasting the edges to the outside and stitching ribbon on as a binding. This description of case, according to its size, can be repeated for letter cases, circular note cases, photograph manuscript, and many other flat portable articles. The jewel case of Fig. 6 can be used as a handkerchief or glove case. Its best foundation is an old box. Many pretty shapes for such a case are to be found in sweet boxes, plum boxes,

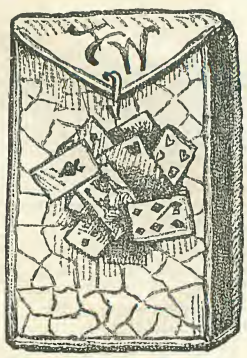


FIG. 5.—CARD CASE.

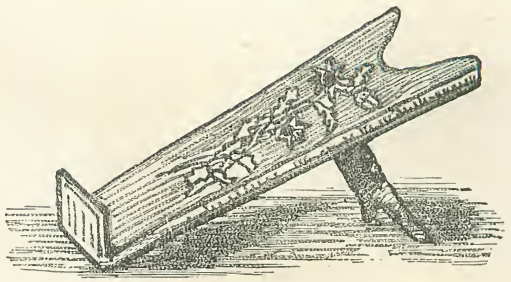


FIG. 7.—PHOTO STAND.

and boxes that linendrapers keep their goods in. The shape of the lid is cut out in leather that is embroidered, and the leather is glued to the background. The edges are hidden by sewing a dark silk cord over them, and a bunch of ribbons to the top and corners. The sides of the box are shaped in leather, and then two narrow pieces of coloured ribbon, such as navy blue and pale yellow, orange and dark green, plum colour and pale blue, are taken and stitched down in the running pattern shown. The ribbon is not cut, but turned over where the points show, and turned under the box where they do not. The inside of the box is lined and quilted with satin, and the bottom of the box made neat by glueing a piece of leather to it.

The photo stand (Fig. 7) is formed of a boot rest covered with leather, with a narrow ledge at its base made of millboard and covered with leather. The front of the rest is covered with leather ornamented with a group of flowers painted in water-colours. The back is covered with plush, and the two materials are overcast together, and the stitches concealed with a thick cord, as before described.

Fig. 8 is intended as a case to hold a silver drinking cup, christening cup, or bridal cup. This idea of a bridal cup has lately been revived, and is the remnant of the old custom of drinking the bride's health on her departure from home. The bride's cup is made of silver, and is an exact imitation of an old-fashioned drinking cup. It is fitted into a leather case lined with silk, with a leather lid made higher than necessary. Fitted into this lid, and kept in position with a leather strap, is a small book. In this book all brides and bridegrooms who have taken of the contents of the cup, and had their healths drunk, write their names and the date of their marriage. It is not

FIG. 8.—BRIDAL CUP CASE.

required that this ceremony be gone through on the day of marriage—any time during the first three months of marriage is sufficient: therefore anyone possessing such a cup will be able to collect all the signatures of her friends who have lately married. Some of the old cups made for these bridal cups were shaped like a woman holding above her head a small bowl on a movable hinge. This shape of cup was made that the bride and bridegroom should drink at the same moment out of it—the bridegroom from a hole made in the head of the figure, or from the cup made by the skirts of the woman—which was reversed and carefully filled with wine—and the bride from the bowl with the movable hinge.

To make a suitable case for a bridal cup, it is necessary to shape the size of it in strong cardboard or millboard, and sew a circle of cardboard into this as a bottom, and make the lid of a circle of cardboard and a narrow strip of cardboard. The lid overlaps the lower part to the depth of two inches, and should be made large enough to do so when lined, and deep enough to hold the book without its interfering with the cup. Having made the foundation, cover it on the inside with a lining of satin merveilleux, and on the outside carefully glue on the leather. Let it fully dry before ornamenting it with painting. For the background use silver and gold paints, running the two together, but not covering the whole surface. Buy a little pure parchment size and mix it with the silver and gold powders, and paint it carefully on to the leather. If you have by you any of the little ornamental punches used in repoussé brass-work, a few impressions of stars, *fleurs de lis*, etc., look well punched in by their aid over the gold and silver surface. Having finished the background, paint in the design with water-colours, mixed largely with Chinese white to render them opaque, and with aquarelle as a medium to strengthen and harden the colours. The background of gold should be under the coloured design, but it should be left plain, not stamped, the stamping being used here and there about the plainer parts in small wedges of ornamentation, not in solitary stamps. The lid of the box is gilded and silvered, and ornamented with a motto or quaint saying, such as, "Good luck to the bride," "Peace and plenty to all," "God grant all who drink health and happiness." These letters are painted in black and red, and should be made distinct, although the lettering should be quaint. The stamping down of the background looks well upon the top of the lid, where should also appear the monogram of the owner. When the work is complete and well dried, preserve the colouring by passing a very thin coating of leather varnish over the outside. This varnish looks quite brown, but if thinly applied, does not dim the colouring.

Large chamois-leather skins, and sometimes several skins neatly joined together by a saddler, are required for such articles as tablecloths, splashboards, and panels. Tablecloths are embroidered and the others painted. The splashboard shown in Fig. 9 requires two large skins to make it, with an edging of dark leather or of furniture plush. The background is painted in tints of blue, shading down into rose-red and yellow (the colours of a sunset), the bamboo tree entirely in grey tones with some of the prominent leaves black; the pepper-tree with its berries in natural tints, the peppers red and pink, the leaves dark green. The little birds upon its branches are coloured black and white. The painting is the better for a wash of varnish if it is used as a splashboard, but not if it is intended for a panel that will not suffer from damp, as varnish, however carefully applied, always gives a shiny look to the articles it preserves.

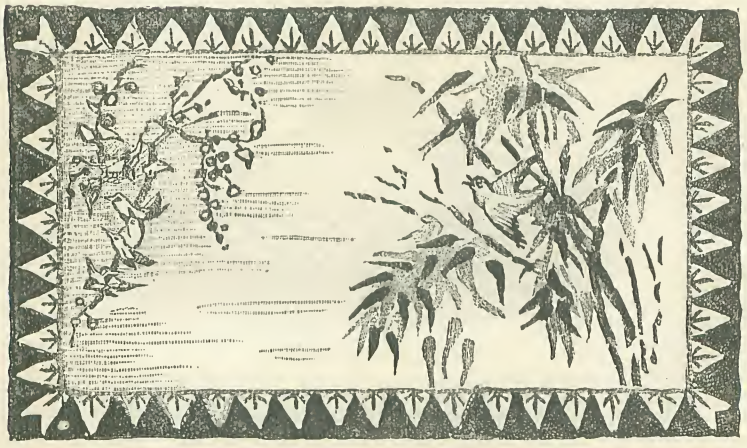


FIG. 9.—SPLASHBOARD.

Besides painting and embroidery, chamois leather lends itself as a background to scorched or burnt-wood engraving. The modern revival of the old Dutch poker-work, with improved instruments and patterns, has opened out a new and distinct class of decoration, but this decoration, from its nature, has been almost exclusively confined to various kinds of wood. The hot needle that is the operator's tool needs a hard resisting substance to work upon; and no highly-finished design, with deeply-burnt down background or outline lines, can be successfully produced without such a background. But outline subjects of no great depth are perfectly easily executed upon chamois leather, and are well worth the trouble, as they are more suitable for the decoration of music portfolios, book covers, blotting pads, and letter cases, than either embroidery or water-colour painting.

The designs are not far to seek; every child's magazine is replete with outline sketches of animal and bird life; every artistic paper, and even the advertisements used by such art shops as Liberty's, are full of quaint sketches of Chinese life, or sprays of delicate flowers, branches of pine trees adorned with their cones, chestnuts peeping from their well-defined leaves, groups of Japanese maidens at play, monkeys hanging by their tails from tree branches, or owls and bats flying across their only friend, the moon. Given but the "seeing eye," and there is no difficulty in obtaining patterns; while for the more gifted workers, an original design will always be well shown off upon this background. When using burnt-wood implements upon the leather, it is necessary to keep the needle fairly cool (this is done by not working the air-pump quickly). The lines that are required are even and thin, not deeply scored in, and not showing rough edges. The whole pattern is done in outline, and for shading or background nothing more is desired but a little cross-hatching worked in very lightly.

B. C. SAWARD.

THE FLOWER-GIRLS OF LONDON.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY MORNING AT COVENT GARDEN AND LATE EVENING AT ISLINGTON WITH THE FLOWER-GIRLS.

"Many a little maid to be seen in the flower-market in the early hours of morning would, on enquiry, turn out to be a genuine heroine, and the mainstay of her family."

"If you want really to know anything about the flower-girls, you must be in Covent Garden soon after sunrise," said one of the growers to us; "but it will be rough work pushing in and out of the crowds, and I dare-say it would answer quite as well if we wholesale people were to tell you what we know about them."

This, however, did not suit our purpose; we were, of course, very glad to obtain reliable information, but it must be in addition to, and not instead of, our personal experience.

We wanted to learn the habits and manners of these girls, and make their acquaintance in the early morning, as they came to market with their little capital to lay it out to the best possible advantage.

The next day being Saturday, the very busiest market morning of the week, we resolved to take the grower's advice, and join the assemblage of men, women, and children whose battle for life begins before London proper opens its eyes.

It seemed like getting up in the middle of the night, all was so still within and without. The sun alone appeared to have begun its daily work, and as it poured in at our window, served to remind us that we must at once bestir ourselves if we meant to carry out our plan.

So without loss of time we were up and dressed, and after drinking a cup of hot coffee, were in the street making our way to Covent Garden.

How quiet and fresh London was at *that* early hour! No one astir, no danger in crossing the roads except for one or two persons with the passion of tricycling upon them, who might have run us down perhaps; for they, like Jehu, were driving furiously.

Our thoughts as we walked along were much occupied with the flower-girls, whose search for food and independence entailed so much hardship and self-denial, and who yet pursued their course with steady purpose and unflinching courage.

We wondered if these girls were aware of how much they contributed to the general good of the metropolis, and that while scarcely earning bread for themselves, they yet added greatly to the comfort and convenience of the better-off class.

And then, as thoughts will, they carried us back nearly seven hundred years, when Covent Garden belonged to the monks of Westminster, who probably grew flowers within it to adorn their images, as well as salads for their tables.

We were roused from our reverie by the gradual disappearance of quiet and repose, and in their place the busy hum of life and activity made itself felt.

Strings of carts, barrows, donkeys, and baskets began to fill the streets, and men, women, and girls, all intent on business, were making their way to the market; and so great was the crowd, that it was with difficulty we reached the spot where our guide was waiting for us.

Some very sad sights met us on the way. One was that of two children, the elder about eight, the other three or four years of age, looking so tired and sleepy, so forlorn, hungry, and wretched! They had evidently been routed out of some corner or doorway, and, scarcely awake, were moving mechanically on hand-in-hand without noticing any of the passers-by.

Poor little things! How one's heart went out to them! What did they know of the happy spring-time of life, which braces and strengthens for summer and autumn. And without this how useless to expect anything but weeds at harvest-time!

This was no solitary case. One little girl of five years old, on being questioned, said, "I sleeps anywheres, ye know, wherever I sees a door open. In the mornin' I gits a swill at the fountains; and the bakers is kind, they is, an' I asks 'em for a bit o' bread."

These sights are of daily occurrence in our London streets at early morning.

Punctually at the time appointed we were at the market; and certainly it was a sight we on no account would have missed. It seemed as though Nature had poured forth in that one spot of her abundance everything that was pleasant to the eyes and good for food.

A writer,* now passed away, described Covent Garden market as "the metropolitan congress of the vegetable kingdom, where every department of the growing and the blowing world has its representatives—the useful and the ornamental, the needful and the superfluous, the esculent and the medicinal."

To an outsider the scene in and around the flower-market was one of wild confusion; but with a few explanations from our guide we were able to see the undercurrent of order and business, and that each person in the crowd seemed to know exactly what he or she wanted, and where to get it when the proper moment came for purchasing. There were wholesale growers presiding over their departments within the market, while the higglers, or middlemen, had their stalls without, and the costers and flower-girls were everywhere. There was also a sprinkling of visitors; not many, however, for it requires some effort and a good deal of self-denial to be there for the grand sight in early morning.

It was evident to us that the majority of people in the market were there for business and not pleasure.

About ten thousand people on an average attend Covent Garden on a busy day, and of these some two or three thousand are flower-girls. The number of flower-sellers varies, of course, with the season—and the state of the market.

Mr. Groom has on his books the names and addresses of eight hundred *bonâ-fide* flower-sellers, but at Christmas-time there will not be more than two or three hundred in all London. Then in the spring and summer the number will rise to some three thousand, while on days like April 19th the sellers are not to be counted.

As we looked round the market there was no mistaking one class at least of the flower-girls—the well-known feathered Gainsboro' hat, coarse apron, and woollen shawl were conspicuous everywhere, both at the stalls of the wholesale dealers and those of the middlemen.

Some of the girls and elderly women among the flower-sellers were quietly dressed, and it was interesting to follow them as they moved about, leaving no stall unexamined. Their searching eyes seemed to take in every characteristic of the day's supplies; and a question is asked here and there—"How much?" "Three" would be the answer: this meant three shillings a dozen bunches. Few words was the feature of all the transactions, I found. The retort would be hurled back, "Chaff, Mr. ——. How can a girl make anything out of that?"

Again, we came upon another with business-like aspect, bargaining for a large supply of China asters; another, pointing to some exquisite Gloire de Dijon roses, asked, "How much these Glories?" and hearing the price, said with a sigh, "Well, you are hard!" But for the first hour or so we saw very few purchases made. Still there were some who could not afford the time to wait for the lowering of the prices, and I watched them walk away to Beckwith's, to Werner's, and to others, and was astonished to see how much money they laid out. These were what were called the tip-top of the flower-girls, to whom time meant everything. They must be in their places with baskets dressed and "button-holes" made up in time to catch gentlemen coming in by the early trains and girls going to houses of business, whose little extravagance is a bright flower in the body of their dress. These flower-girls will spend as much as seven pounds in one morning, and having made their purchases, move rapidly out of the market, for they must walk every step of the journey home, be it near or distant—it is much too early for any conveyance.

We made special acquaintance with two of the respectable elderly class, one of whom had attended the market for more than thirty-five years, and the other had scarcely ever been absent since she was fourteen. The former, a teetotaler, told us she had been a widow for twelve years, had brought up eight children, was always in the market at four o'clock, never had breakfast till half-past eight, and was out selling until after ten at night! What a life!

This morning she was in a very happy frame of mind—the grower had asked three shillings for a dozen bunches of sweet peas, and she had succeeded in getting them for one shilling and sixpence.

I asked her what she expected to make on this quantity.

"Well, ma'am, I'll tell you. If I sell them all at fourpence a bunch, I'll make two and sixpence on the lot; but p'r'aps people won't be in a buying humour to-day—it's all a chance."

Moving on, I observed a girl buying a large quantity of flowers, so I asked her if she had been in luck lately, that she had so much money to spend. "No, lady," she answered, "I am buying for three other girls as well as for myself, to save them from coming to the market, for they have a deal to do at home, and I can't wait to buy cheap, because I've a good way to go; and then we have to share before we can make up." "How are you going to get home," I asked, "with that heavy basket?" "Get two penn'orth of Underground, and walk the rest," was her answer.

We made a point of asking every girl with whom we spoke where the flowers unsold during the day were kept at night, for it had come to our knowledge that many would-be purchasers were deterred by the thought that flowers were kept under the beds or in dirty rooms, and were consequently propagators of disease.

So to each one we said, "If you only buy flowers three times a week, what do you do with those remaining? Do you keep them in your rooms or under your beds?"

"Lor, ma'am," was the answer, "that's just nonsense. Why, they'd die in an hour if we did that; our rooms ain't fit for things like them. We can do with a deal less air than they can. You are wrong, too, lady, in another way. We buy flowers every day. When it is not market morning, we buy at the auctions or of the higglers, and we have only money enough to look after one day at the time."

"Yes," we persisted; "but if you have any left, what do you do with them?"

"Why, we put them in a cool wash-house and cover them with a damp apron, if you must know."

It was drawing near to eight o'clock, and several of the girls were leaving their baskets in care of a woman, to whom each gave a penny, and made their way to the flower-girls' early breakfast and club room at Lockhart's, close by.

Through the kindness of this firm a large, light, well-ventilated room is placed at the disposal of the Mission at a small cost from five o'clock till nine on market mornings. We followed, of course, and found about a hundred and twenty girls of all ages resting quietly, while they partook of a good breakfast of coffee, cocoa, and bread and butter; and best of all, there was a kind friend (Mr. Sullivan) present, who knew most of them, and was no stranger to their troubles and difficulties, for he was the missioner, and he lost no opportunity of speaking good and kind words to them. For those who were very poor he paid the twopence* for breakfast on behalf of the Flower-girl Mission. Formerly, there was but the public-house for them to rest in, and a little gin sufficed for their breakfast. This room was a blessed change indeed.

Soon a general move was made, for it wanted but half an hour to the closing of the flower-market, and it was this they had been waiting for—it was their opportunity of buying cheap.

Before following these girls back to the market, we spoke to Mr. Sullivan, who promised to meet us outside the Angel at Islington that same night, between eight and nine, to see how the flowers were selling, and who were the purchasers in that neighbourhood.

What an interesting study it was to watch these girls while they made their purchases. Their capital was very limited, and their anxiety and eagerness to do the best they could with it was intense. Some had only a few pence, others a few shillings; but it was their all, and on it depended their livelihood. In many cases we learned that the girl was the sole bread-winner of the family; in others, we saw a deserted wife, or one with a drunken husband—many of them had what is called a history.

Having exchanged their capital for a few fading flowers, they hurried away to their various posts, east, west, north, and south of London, with the full burden of life pressing heavily upon them; for all are aware of the uncertainty of the day's prospects—a rainy day, a fog, or biting wind, may mean the absolute loss of capital and stock-in-trade. The life of the honest, struggling flower-girl is one of constant care and anxiety, and demands our fullest sympathy.

* Charles Lamb Kenney.

* Last year the Flower-Girl Mission spent £170 on breakfasts.

NEWS OF THE WANDERING SON.

As the clock struck nine the market closed, and very little was left on the stalls; the flower-girls and the costers had pretty well cleared them.

From the highest authorities we learn that on an average £5,000 is spent daily in London for flowers during the season, and of this about one-tenth, or £500, is sold by the flower-girls in the streets.

The growers being a little less busy now, we were able to have a talk with them. They gave it as their opinion, that the flower-girls on the whole were well-behaved, but that the young ones had not the good manners of the older ones; they were fond of dress, drink, and music-halls, and spent recklessly what they gained with so much difficulty.

"Are they good customers of yours?" we asked.

"Well, yes, about the best, take them all round; their need of flowers is regular, and they clear our stalls."

"Lord Shaftesbury was right," said one of them, "when, at a public meeting at St. James's Hall, he declared that the best thanks of Londoners were due to the flower-girls and costers," though the pride of the former would be hurt if they were linked with the latter, for notwithstanding that they accost in the street and sell perishable goods, they refuse to be classed with costers.

The evening came, and with the missioner as our guide, we made the personal acquaintance of the many flower-girls who occupy spots within a quarter of a mile of the Angel at Islington.

Most of them had still a good many flowers on hand, but the pavements were crowded, and the majority of the passers-by cast a longing look at the prettily made-up bunches. As we approached a girl of about eighteen, she said, "Please, lady, buy some flowers! I have been more than an hour trying to sell this two-penny bunch," and then, as she saw our companion, her face brightened, and she addressed him with, "Hallo! Mr. Sullivan."

"How have you been getting on?" was his question.

"I have been out all day, and only sold a shilling's worth. See what a lot I've got in my basket. But I do hope I'll sell them before I go home."

She told me that some days she made as much as two or three shillings; but then on others she did not nearly get back what she had laid out in the morning.

A little further on sat three or four women making up tempting little bunches and button-holes; the youngest of them had two little children near her playing about under her eye. "Are you their mother?" I asked. "Yes, lady; and I have a baby two months old at home," she answered cheerfully. "What do you do with them on market mornings?" I enquired. "Leave 'em sound asleep mostly," was her reply.

"Who are your best customers on a Saturday night?" was my next question. "The poor man's wife, who always manages a penny or two for flowers of a Sunday." One of the other women broke in, "Sunday is visiting day at the hospitals, and everybody that can takes their relations a flower." "But who are the buttonholes for?" was my next. "Oh, you wait and see. They are bought by young men who want to look smart when they walk out with their young women on Sunday."

"When do you find time to look after your homes?" "Most of us who can, stay at home of a Monday and clean up and do our bit of washing. We can't do much of a Sunday—we are so tired." Of course these answers were jerked out in between the cries of "A penny a bunch!—penny a bunch!" or "See these lovely flowers—only threepence a market bunch!"

A little further on we came upon a very respectable woman sitting before a large stall, one half being filled with buttonholes, the other with good-sized bunches. She was assisted by a meek-looking man—her husband. She evidently had a belief in her calling, and had prospered. She had occupied the same place for many years, and had regular customers among the ladies of the neighbourhood. Several working-men who had just received their wages, we noticed, stopped at her stall to buy six pennyworth of flowers. "Would it be rude," I asked, "if I were to enquire about how much you can make in a week by selling flowers?"

"Well, no," she answered. "When I earn—that is clear—twenty-five shillings a week, I think I have done well. On an average I make about fifteen."

"Do you sell all through the year?" "Yes, it is my business, and I love flowers. I should not be good for anything else."

"Have you any children?" "No, ma'am; and I'm glad, for they'd interfere with the flowers dreadfully. If you want to know anything about the flower-girls you should go to the tip-tops, and not come here."

"But are not you one of the tip-tops?" I asked. "Well, no, I shouldn't say that. I've got a good character, and I never cheat; but I shouldn't put myself alongside with the swells that sit round the Exchange, or that sell in Regent Street and Brompton."

"I think you mistake. The girls that sell in Regent Street are not straightforward in their selling; they ask a penny, and get abusive if you do not hand them sixpence." "Well," was her answer, "I'm astonished. I shouldn't have thought you would have had 'catch-pennies' there. I'd like them all to be driven out of the flower trade, for they disgrace it."

While we were speaking with her we noticed, standing a few yards off, a quiet nice-looking girl selling buttonholes, and some young men, not of the most refined class, stood staring and smiling at her in a very rude way. This roused the ire of my nice woman, who called out, "Now what may you be wanting? Flowers? If not, just you move on and make room for them that do." The girl looked gratefully at her. "Who is she?" I enquired. "Well, she isn't used to it, you see; but she's a good girl, and taking her mother's place to-night." And so from one to another we went, hearing and seeing many pathetic things both among sellers and purchasers.

As we walked along I told Mr. Sullivan that we should like to see the homes of the flower girls; some of the best and some of the worst; and this we have since done; and in the next chapter, which will be the last, I hope to tell you something of the homes, and what is being done to raise the flower-girl.

(*To be concluded.*)

GRANNIE'S GINGHAM;

OR,

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "Miss Pringle's Pearls," etc.

CHAPTER II.

FORTUNATELY for the village, which possessed no fire engine, Martin's house stood aloof from others, a space being left for building a corresponding house and shop against it, otherwise the whole of the street might have been down.

As it was, though the blacksmith broke in the shop-door with his sledge-hammer, the blazing roof fell in so speedily little was rescued from the pitiless destroyer beyond the poor man's working bench and tools, the skins by his cutting board, a small pile of wooden lasts, and as many pairs of new boots as could be hastily swept together before the raging furnace in the back room burst with a roar through the glass door upon the friendly salvors.

House, home, stock, furniture, all were gone, or lying half consumed in one indiscriminate wreck of blackened brick and incinerated timber.

And he, the owner, the husband, the prop and support of all, he was pretty nearly gone too.

Catherine Colbeck had ample reason now for wringing her hands and lamentation.

Had the village doctor not been called up that night, or had he been detained half-an-hour longer with his patient, he would not have beheld from the bend of the road Mike's figure, framed as it were by the window against a fiery background, or have been on the spot when Martin leapt and fell.

A prompt man, though brusque, he ordered, and was obeyed.

"Some of you women take the man's wretched wife away," he cried hastily, and was down on his knees in an instant, setting the fractured limb with an impromptu splint and his own handkerchief, by the glare of his unfortunate patient's burning home, and at the same time making the sad discovery that the poor fellow's burns were more serious than the breakage.

"He must be removed at once to Moorcross Hospital. Who has a long sofa-cushion handy? He cannot lie here. The walls may fall."

Every door was open, every hand ready and willing to help. There was no delay in improvising a stretcher, or to find wadding to cover the burned man from the air, or in raising volunteers to carry him the five long miles round the shoulder of the moor when Mr. Forster gave the word.

"Stay!" said he, as they were raising Martin's softened litter from the ground; "where is the lad I beheld at the back window."

"Hegh, doctor, th' lad's deead! Brunt to a cinder ere this," was answered with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"Nay, nay. The lad escaped. I saw him."

"You saw him?" was echoed in amaze.

There was a general rush; the boy was found moaning and writhing under a tottering wall. Hands were prompt and feet quick to bear him away. But the bearers held their breath, and whispered, "It was a close shave." For where he had lain, barely a minute before, the space was piled with red-hot bricks and smoking rafters.

Two stretchers made their way to Moorside Hospital, with a humane surgeon in close attendance to regulate the pace of the carriers and administer restoratives if needed.

Two beds were there occupied for weeks and months by patient sufferers, who hovered between life and death—man and boy. In the utter anguish of remorse, the convalescent apprentice had a penitent confession to make by that other bedside where a broken limb had complicated matters and retarded recovery, and where the stricken occupant groaned in mental agony as he listened with breath drawn between set teeth.

Aye, Martin set his teeth hard, as he thought of all he had lost through that boy's wicked recklessness; of the wife and children who had had to thank strangers for food to eat and garments to cover them; who had no refuge or shelter but the humble cottage of his aged father and mother, and of the probability that he would go back to them crippled by the contraction of muscles beneath his knees, if not of his fingers also.

If the bitterness of the man's soul did not break out in open reviling, his sternly rigid silence and hard breathing spoke volumes.

"How was he, lying helpless there, to pardon such an offender?"

Michael was on his knees in piteous entreaty.

"Forgive me, master! Oh, forgive me! I know it must be hard. I know what a wicked boy I have been; but oh, do forgive me, and before Almighty God I promise to be a good lad for the future; and never, never again do by night or in secret anything I should be ashamed or afraid to do openly by day."

Not a word from the close-shut lips. "Will the lad's promise undo the past?"

"Oh, master, master, did *you* never do anything wrong in *your* life?—nothing you was afraid of your master knowing when you was a 'prentice lad? I didn't think I should fall asleep and set the place afire—I'm sure I didn't. And you know, master, how I have been punished for my wicked folly—punished with my own pain, and all I have seen you suffer. Think, master dear, what a load I shall carry on my conscience all my life; and do not, for pity's sake, add your unforgiveness to the load."

The beseeching boy had touched the right chord. Martin's mind flew back to unnumbered secret transgressions against *his* Divine Master, in thought, in word, in deed, and wondered for which of these *his* punishment had been meted out. Had he been too much wrapped up in himself, his family, his own concerns, his own prosperity? too anxious to add coin unto coin to heed or notice how the boy committed to his charge was filling his spare hours?

Whilst thus he lay in silent thought there was a great struggle going on unseen. His breath came and went, big tears gathered under his closed eyelids, and rolled down his thin cheeks; his chest heaved, and great sobs shook his whole frame.

"Don't, master, don't—it hurts!" cried the boy, in fresh trouble.

"Aye, lad, it does. But—I—I'm—bound to for—give you. I should have looked better—after you."

Mrs. Colbeck, however, was not so ready to pardon the penitent author of their calamities. She condoled with him as a joint sufferer with her husband so long as both lay swathed in hospital dressings, the cause of the conflagration a mystery.

But when, with his feet yet tender, he found his way painfully to the moorland cottage, offering to work out his atonement to the best of his ability, she turned upon him with gall upon her tongue.

She was not naturally hard-hearted, and might have spared him could she have seen how his young limbs and body were scarred and seamed. As it was, she saw only the decent new clothes in which his friends had hidden those terrible mementoes out of sight; and the contrast between them and the incongruous cast-offs in which she and her children were clad by the charity of others, stung her.

She loaded him with sharp reproaches; told him that he had brought them all to ruin and beggary, and that whatever he had endured served him right. Then she ordered him off the premises, and told him never to show his ill-omened face where she was again, quite regardless of the mild remonstrances of the old man and woman who had found her a home—to their own discomfort.

And when he turned away, sad and tearful, saying, "You'll be sorry for this some day, missus," and tender-hearted little Susie ran after him, crying for company, to offer the consolation of a kiss, she gave the child a smart slap across the shoulders, and dragged her roughly back.

Nor did her resentment die out readily.

When her husband, a month later, was brought home in Farmer Braithwaite's spring-cart, and she saw the difficulty with which he shuffled up the short garden-path even with the aid of two stout walking-sticks, his left foot little more than touching the ground, instead of thanking God for his return alive, she broke out afresh into bitter invectives against "the wicked wretch who had caused it all!"

"Be thankful it's no worse, my lass," remonstrated the grey-headed old grandfather, assisting his son's more tottering steps across the floor to the cushioned chair he himself surrendered.

"Thankful indeed! That Martin's a helpless cripple, fit for nothing in the world but to sit in the nook and play with the bairns?"

Those bairns, clinging close to their grandmother's skirts, were then staring hard at the strange man, who had a red line where once a brown beard had been.

"How can you ask it," she went on between her own sobs, "when even the children shrink from their own father?"

"They will soon get over that," answered the grandmother, her own eyes in a mist, adding mildly, "You will have to make the best of things, Catherine."

"Yes, my dear," came like a faint echo from the arm-chair, "we must make the best of things."

"The best of things indeed! Was it making the best of things to go groping through the fire for a worthless lad who was able to take good care of himself?"

"I think it was," returned the gentle old woman. "If not the best here, the best for hereafter. We were not sent into the world for ourselves alone."

That silenced Catherine if it did not convince her.

Very soon she discovered that the "helpless cripple" was about to put his own sentiment into practice.

With the remark that it "was well his was a sitting trade," he had his rescued bench placed under the kitchen window and began to handle his tools once more.

It is true his hands were still tender, but a shoemaker works with a sort of strong leather mitten on his one hand as a protection. This he calls a "palm." And Martin's first attempt was to make a second palm for the other hand. Then he repaired the family shoes; not altogether without pain that brought the beaded drops out on his forehead. But he persevered; and as his hands grew stronger, out of the few sheets of leather preserved, for which he expressed himself "truly thankful," he made new shoes for his wife and for the children, who had soon overcome their strangeness, and kissed and cuddled him irrespective of scars or crooked limbs. They loved him for he loved them—that was patent to their young perceptions; and he "was never cross, like mammy." Having shod his family, Martin proclaimed his intention to work for their maintenance.

"Work indeed! Where do you expect to find customers out on a desolate moor? I find it hard enough to sell my crochet or obtain needlework, with the full use of my limbs to get about!"

The compulsion to live on sufferance under another person's roof was one of Catherine Colbeck's secret grievances. That the cottage should be five miles from Moorcross, the market town, and two miles in another direction from the village where she had lived, was one of her open trials.

Instead of answering her, Martin, after a pause, turned to his mother, whose knitting-pins kept up a rapid clicking.

"Mother, do you think Farmer Braithwaite would drive me into Moorcross on Thursday? I think the man I shall have to get my leather from now would consent to take Michael as a turnover-'prentice on my recommendation, and——"

"What!—recommend the lad who burnt your house over your head and made you a cripple!" thrust in Catherine indignantly, without waiting for his mother's answer, or reflecting how the word "cripple" might wound.

"Yes," replied Martin firmly; "he will burn no more houses down; he has had a terrible lesson. But I am bound either to teach him his trade or to find him another master who will; and as you have yourself suggested that I shall not obtain custom here that would enable me to do him justice, and as I have no means to fit up another house, even if I could pay the rent, and could in no case bring another noisy intruder on my father and mother's peace and comfort, I must find Michael a berth elsewhere."

So said, so done. Farmer Braithwaite, out of sheer respect for the Colbecks, drove out of his way over what was more a path than a road to take Martin up in the morning, and when market was over brought him back at night along with a big bundle of assorted leather.

He had found Michael Toft a new master, who would keep a close watch over him; and he had had a few handbills printed which the grateful lad begged hard for leave to distribute.

Farmer Braithwaite gave Martin his fresh start with boots for himself and his wife. Some few of his old customers came back to him, mostly working-men, who did not much mind a two-mile walk "to help a lame dog over a stile," as they said jocosely, and cotters on the moor were glad to have a shoemaker at hand. But this was mostly heavy and ill-paid work; and had it not been for Mr. Forster, the doctor, who bestirred himself for the man whose life he had helped to save, he would have had none of the better and lighter work, and not sufficient of any even for his one pair of somewhat contracted hands.

But Mrs. Forster and the vicar's wife would come across the moor when gorse and heather and wild flowers were in full bloom, and perhaps bring son or daughter also to be measured, and sometimes they would ask to look at Catherine's crochet-edgings and anti-macassars, or bring her fine needlework to sew.

Pretty generally they carried away with them stockings and gloves of the grandmother's knitting, giving the younger woman a hint that hand-made hosiery could always find a market, and could be done between lights without trying the eyes.

Of trying the temper they never dreamed. Catherine, who could knit lace for trimmings, resented the suggestion.

"It is very hard," she objected, "that I should be expected to knit stockings like an old granny!" Yet on reflection she took the hint so far as to learn to knit socks for the children and Martin.

But everything she was now *compelled* to do she at first grieved over as a hardship.

Even when Martin bade her keep her own earnings to clothe herself and the little ones, supplementing her small means when he could, she deplored the absolute necessity to lay the money out on the useful and serviceable rather than the ornamental. She was never idle, did her best to make little Susie useful, and never suffered the grandmother to clear the litter made by Martin or the children, or to scrub the floor sullied by tiny feet trampling in and out; but it was a woeful grievance that every drop of water had to be fetched from a spring some seventy yards away instead of from a pump close at hand.

"Well, granny, I don't know how you have managed to wash and cook and clean up all these years with water so far off," she exclaimed one day as she came in from the spring, wetted with rain, and with water she had spilled in carrying.

"Well, my lass, there are folk on the moor worse off, and I've had to make the best of it. And I soon learned that it was easier to keep clean than to make clean."

"Make the best of it!" Oh, how Catherine hated those words, which seemed to Martin and his mother a panacea for all ills!

If the weather was bad, and the children could not go out to play, or if they fell down and cut or bruised themselves, they were comforted with the phrase as surely as with kisses.

The old people had for many years maintained themselves with the produce of their garden and poultry-yard. And whether it was wet or fine, hail or rain, the brisk old woman—she was sixty or thereabouts—trotted off over the moor to Moorcross with her basket of eggs and poultry every market day during the season, bringing back groceries and wool.

"I'm sure, mother, it's not a fit day for you to go out," urged Martin one drenching Thursday.

"Oh, my lad, eggs and chickens won't keep fresh. I must just put on my big cloak and take my umbrella. Folk as can't help themselves must make the best of things."

"Aye, mother, so they must," he acquiesced with a sigh; "but if I'd the full use of my limbs I'd make a different "best" of it, that I would!"—and a shade passed over his face as he bent to his work, sent his taching-ends through the hole his awl had made, and drew his waxed thread tight with a jerk.

"If he meant that as a hint for me, I'm not going to take it," said Catherine to herself, as a put-down to intrusive conscience. "She's neither sugar nor salt, and won't melt with that great cloak and umbrella to keep the rain off."

Then she closed the house-door to keep out the rain, having watched the cheery grandmother trudging along with the great umbrella resting on one shoulder and a large basket under her cape on the other arm. But although she bustled about her household matters with unusual energy, she was haunted by the thought of the old woman tramping her five miles through the wind and rain so cheerfully, and could not persuade herself that *she* had made the best of things.

The old man, who had been ailing for some time, having never recovered the shock of his son's dire calamity, was sitting by the fireside with a grandchild nestling against him on either side, and he kept conscience on the work by rambling on to Martin about the good wife the old dame had been to him, and the good friend to everybody in trouble, and how keenly he regretted his inability to lighten the heavy load she bore so uncomplainingly in her old age.

Catherine tried to sew, but as her conscience pricked, so she pricked her fingers, and down the work went in a pet. Then she took up her knitting, and spent her restless energy on that; but nothing stilled the unquiet thought that she was younger, stronger, and fitter to brave the storm than her husband's mother.

As the day sped, and the rain drove against the casements, her uneasiness sent her to the door from time to time, where nothing was to be seen but a blur of slanting rain, and she faltered a hope that "mother had met with Braithwaite's cart."

The old man grew strangely quiet as the afternoon wore, and sat with his head on one side as if intently listening.

At length the gate was heard to click, and weary footfalls sounded hollow on the stony path.

Catherine threw open wide the door, and down went Martin's last and stirrup. At the same instant the old man rose from his chair to welcome his wife with a smile, and her first glance was towards him.

Down went basket and wet umbrella. Grandmother Colbeck forgot fatigue, everything but the husband she had loved for forty years, for his face was twitching and working nervously, and he sank back in his chair unable to speak.

His anxiety had been too much for him.

In another week the chair was vacant. Grandfather was gone.

(*To be continued.*)

PER PARCELS POST.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY, Author of "Something New," "A Christmas Surprise," "A Friend in Need," etc.

OH, dear! oh, dear! what *are* we to do this Christmas? Has no one got a new idea?" was the cry that echoed again and again through the halls of "Merlyn" some two months previous to last Christmas; for Mrs. Greyden (whose Yuletide festivities have been faithfully reported in these pages for the benefit of you girls for the last four years), found herself in great straits in her search after a novelty.

As has been pointed out before, her guests had been literally spoilt in this direction, and had learnt to regard her entertainments as occasions on which they were certain to experience a pleasant surprise in some form or other. Therefore, she felt that it behoved her to see they were not disappointed.

As usual, many were the amusing remarks and "pumping" insinuations which reached her long before her friends were even aware that it was her intention to give a party at all; but to these she naturally turned a deaf ear; and I can confidently assert, that until the proper moment no one in Langton, where she lived, save those actually interested in the matter, was aware of the surprise in store for them.

And little did they know of the anxious consultations, the lengthy letters, the planning, the scheming, and the thoughts which had their being before so much as the idea was hit on.

For, believe me, girls, an entertainment such as one of those Mrs. Greyden has given for several years past is not a matter that can be decided on and settled all in a moment.

For any of you who, having read the following instructions, have decided to follow in her footsteps, the matter is one of comparative child's play. The subject is given you, together with hints and directions as to the easiest way of carrying it out, and the words the characters have to speak are all provided; you have merely to adapt the idea to your own surroundings, follow the instructions, learn the words, and—let us hope—entertain your friends.

You commence when the main difficulty has been overcome—for choosing the subject *is* the main difficulty. There are so many things to be taken into consideration. In the first place it must, as far as may be, be novel in idea and bright and amusing in treatment; it must require very few representatives; the scenic effect must be telling, and require but a small space; and lastly, the whole thing must provide occasion for the production and distribution of the presents.

This last is the rock on which most of the suggestions split. One may without much difficulty evolve a little plot or scene with picturesque surroundings and telling dialogue, but then the question arises, "How are the presents to be introduced?" and the whole idea is instantly shattered as useless.

There must be some connection between the plot and the presents. You couldn't, for instance, very well treat your audience to a dainty little pastoral *à la Watteau*, and after discoursing of purling brooks, bleating sheep, budding flowers, etc., suddenly introduce a large consignment of brown paper parcels of various shapes and sizes! It would look too absurd. The only possible way of treating such a combination would be by dealing with it in a burlesque spirit, as was done the year before last in the case of "A Friend in Need," described in the last Christmas Number.

But then what becomes of the daintiness of your Watteau surroundings? No; the selection of a suitable subject is the real *crux*.

I will not weary you with a description of the manner in which we cudgeled our brains, and discussed again and again the pros and cons of various suggestions, until at length Mrs. Greyden "struck oil," as our American cousins say, and her idea was taken as the foundation on which to build her entertainment of 1890.

Reverting to my old plan (for I have not yet discovered a better), I will give you a

description of the affair first, and then let you into the secrets of how it was done afterwards.

As usual, the invitations were for eight o'clock, and on the guests entering the house, they found the doorways and balustrades of the staircase draped with art muslin of two colours, viz., dark salmon and light blue, with excellent effect. After leaving their wraps, they were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Greyden in the dining-room, which had been cleared for dancing, and then had tea and coffee in the morning-room. The spirit of curiosity was aroused in the breasts of some by the fact that they were not shown into the drawing-room as formerly.

As soon as they were all assembled, a gong sounded, and a move was made upstairs to the room in which "Zadkiel's Cave" had been constructed last year; and here they came face to face with a Christmas-tree. But this Christmas-tree differed in many particulars from the usual run of such like Yule-tide shrubs. In the first place, it was a snowy tree; in the second, it only bore lights, ornaments, and a multitude of cards with curious inscriptions, such as, "Is the best policy," "Pussy's in the well," "Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise," etc., and lastly, the effect of the illumination was that of moonlight.

After it had been duly admired, the cards were cut off and presented, when it was found that there was one for each guest, and with these mysterious gifts they were fain to be content—for the present.

A move was then made to the drawing-room, when that portion containing the large bow-window was found to be cut off from the rest of the room by curtains extending from the ceiling to the floor. As soon as everyone had found a seat or standing room, these curtains were drawn aside, and revealed a very good imitation of the interior of a post-office as seen from the portion used by the public.

There was the mahogany-topped counter, on which were postal forms, weighing-machines, inkstands, etc., separated from the public by the usual metal grill, or screen, having a space at the bottom between it and the counter through which to hand money, and receive stamps and forms, while the back walls were hung with postal notices and bills connected with foreign mails, etc.

The illusion was capitally carried out, and after a few moments, in which the audience expressed their amusement and delight, a female clerk—Miss Sappho Briggs—was seen advancing from behind the curtain on the left-hand side (as seen by the audience). In her left hand she carried a large sheet of paper with some writing on it, and in her right a pencil. As she came into view she raised her eyes and arms towards the ceiling, and with great emphasis and still greater gesticulation, exclaimed—

Oh! vasty empyrean!
With many a cloudlet decked;
A large one and a wee 'un—
(*Then slowly thinking*)—Ti tum, ti tum, ti ——specked.

(Turning towards audience, she lays the paper on the counter, and placing her elbows also on it, rests her chin on her hands, and while looking intently at the paper, continues)—

That "vasty empyrean's" rather good;
To-day I'm in a most poetic mood.
And *wee 'un* as a rhyme is rather neat,
Though how I'm going to fill the last line's feet
I don't quite see. (*Pauses, and then writes rapidly.*) Ah! yes! of course that's it—
(tapping counter with pencil at each word)—
Ti tum, ti tum, ti tum, ti tum——just fit.
(taking up paper and reading with much gesticulation as before)—

Oh! vasty empyrean!
With many a cloudlet decked;
A large one and a wee 'un
Are on thy bosom specked.*

* * * *

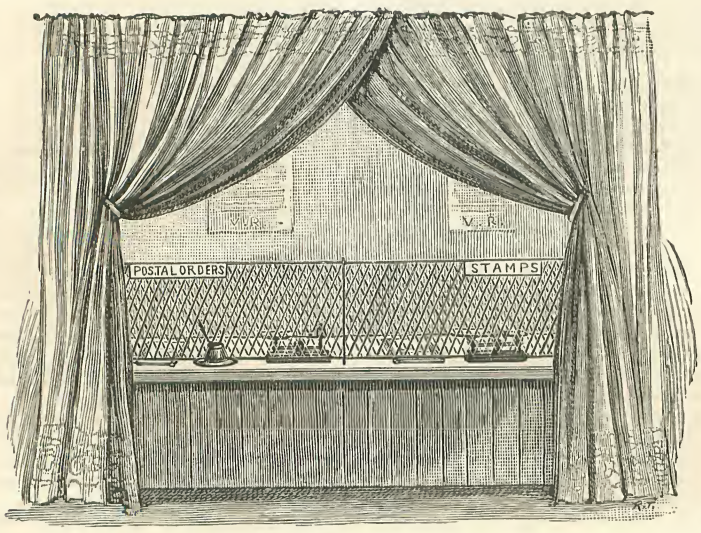
The next verse now (*pause*). Oh! lambent, lurid love!
(To rhyme with which of course I'll use—above)
Oh! lambent, lurid love!—That doesn't scan (*pause*).
Oh! love most lamentable! It is an
Eternal source of trouble and dismay
To me that metre always stops the way.
Metre and rhyme—Oh! why were they invented?
They drive me oftentimes almost demented.

(*Writes with some pauses, as if thinking, repeating the words as she sets them down*)—

Oh! love most lamentable,
On purple pinions bear
Me—that is, if you're able—
Ti tum, ti tum——the air.

(*Then extravagantly.*) There's pathos in these lines—poetic fire,
That breathes a yearning hope, a mad desire.

* The lines between the asterisks may be omitted if the representation is considered too long, as was the case at "Merlyn."



And I who pen them—oh! relentless fate—
Am fettered to vile work from eight till eight!
My soul revolts at its prosaic task—
I, who but ask to be allowed to bask
Upon Parnassus' slope, and sing my lays
In sounding numbers to the Nights and Days—
I, whose each thought with poesy's imbued,
By Government am cribbed, confined, and mewed
Within this office, fast behind this grill.
For what?—(*excitedly*)—I ask, for what? That I should fill
The place with poetry in tripping flow,
Until it answers back with laughter? No!
That I should deal out stamps—aye, ha'penny ones,
And fill in licences for dogs and guns!
That I should for the sordid Savings-Bank
Receive and pay out cash—oh! thought most rank!
And postal-orders sell for filthy lucre,
And cash them too, alike for lordly duke or
Lowly slave; and by the telegraph
Put back the dinner, wake the tear, or laugh;
Announce the fact that "sheetings" have gone down,
Or that papa has missed his train from town!
That I should take in parcels—yes, and weigh them!
And be blown up if I by chance delay them!
That I our good Queen's head with noisome ink
Should foul and smirch all o'er! Well may I shrink
From such like deeds, so very commonplace,
By sweet romance untinged, untouched by grace.
I *do* shrink from them—hate them and abhor them;
But still the fact remains—I can't ignore them,
Since they, alas! to me mean bread and butter.
And did I not perform them, then to utter
Destitution I should be the prey,
Since poetry, alas! now does not pay!
And so, like some sweet songster, erstwhile free,
Now caged, and robbed of all save melody,
I mourn my woeful fate and cruel wrong
In broken-hearted lilt and grief-tuned song.
And even this one pleasure I may not
Enjoy at will; it ever is my lot,
When some grand thought is surging through my brain,
To interrupted be again—aye, and again.
But peace! poor heart! forget your anguish sore,
And seek relief in poetry once more.

* * * *

(*She takes up the paper and reads, as in the case of the first verse*)—

Oh! love most lamentable,
On purple pinions bear
Me—that is, if you're able—
Ti tum, ti tum——the air.

Enraptured through the air? No; that's not grand;
It must be something folk don't understand;
That they've to puzzle o'er with much hard frowning,
Vide the late Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
Then you're a genius, mystic, wondrous, rare.
I've got it now! Heart swooning through the air.
I don't know what that means—no more will they.

A VOICE (*out of sight*). A stamp, please, miss!

SAPPHO (*vexed*). I said so; that's the way.
I'm always——

A VOICE. Stamp, please, miss!

SAPPHO (*retiring out of sight, and returning*). I'm coming, boy!

'Tis thus that trifles great minds oft annoy.
And now that phrase is gone—(*throws penny into drawer*).

ANOTHER VOICE. I say, miss, please,
A telegraph form—quick!

SAPPHO. Oh! do not tease.
I'm busy.

VOICE. Busy! Well, you're paid to be!
(*She goes to the side with the form.*)
Hard work with you girls don't seem to agree.

SAPPHO. Girls! Hoity! toity! we're young ladies!

VOICE. Oh!
Well, just you tot up that, and let me know
What I've to pay.

(*She goes to side, and takes form and reads it over aloud.*)

SAPPHO (*reading*)—"Not home to-night to dine.
Get steak and onions ready; supper nine."

(*She runs over the words with her pencil, counting, and then enters the number on the form.*)

That's sixpence. (*Takes money, gives stamp*). There's the stamp; now stick it there.

VOICE (*chaffing*). She won't do even that! Well, I declare!

SAPPHO. Such rudeness! Horrid wretch! It's nothing new;
Folk seem to think we've nothing else to do
But wait on them. Dear me! What *was* that phrase
I hit on sometime since? All these delays
My genius cramp. (*She devotes herself to her paper.*)

(*Enter behind the grill* TOM TAPP, *a postman. He goes up close to her.*)

TAPP. I say, Miss Briggs, look here!

SAPPHO. Well, Tapp, what is it? (*looking up.*

TAPP. Things is werry queer,
And not as 'ow they should be.

SAPPHO. What's amiss?

TAPP. Well, many things — particularly this.
You know, Miss Sappho, I knocks off for tea
At four o'clock——

SAPPHO. Well, what is that to me?
(*She returns to her writing.*)

TAPP. Not much, perhaps; to me it means a lot.
I knocks off sharp because I likes it 'ot—
My tea, I mean. Well, this 'ere arternoon——

SAPPHO (*vexed*). But what's all——

TAPP. I'm a-coming to it soon.
My mate, Joe Wright (you know him, miss), he says,
Says he to me——

SAPPHO (*excitedly*). Heart swooning was the phrase.

TAPP (*astonished*). No; nothing of the kind. He says, says he,
"Tom Tapp, as soon as you comes back from tea,
This load of parcels must go out to-night;
I'll get 'em all packed up for you." "All right,"
I says, quite nat'ral like—(You see, I knowed
I'd have to go). "Start in the Old Town road,
And work back home," says he. "I understand,"
I says——

SAPPHO (*looking up from her paper*). Heart swooning's really, truly grand.

TAPP (*indignantly*). You're not attending, miss!

SAPPHO. Oh, yes—get on!

TAPP. Well, then, when I had been my full hour gone—
(I allus takes my hour)—I comes back straight,
And finds 'em ready, so no need to wait.
And off I goes right to the Old Town road,
And precious heavy work I found that load.
Beneath the gas I takes a parcel out
For the address——

SAPPHO (*crossly, looking up*). What *is* this all about?

TAPP. I'm just a-telling you. But no address
Could I discover, but some silliness
About Jack Horner. "Well," thinks I, "dear me,
There *is* a name—that's sum'ut. Let me see
If there's a Horner living in the road!"
But bless yer! miss, there was not one as knowed
The name, much more the house. With that I tried
Another parcel, and another—I'd
The whole heap on the pavement, but could not
Find one address in all the blessed lot.
There was a something wrote on each, but I
Could make no sense of it; 'twas poetri.

SAPPHO (*starting up*). What! Poetry! Then let me see them here.
You brought them back?

TAPP. I did, miss, never fear.

SAPPHO. Then fetch them in—(*pushing* TAPP *off*). When poetry's on hand,
I must be there; it's what I can't withstand.
Perhaps I now may read some thoughts divine—
Not for a moment that they'll equal mine.

(*Re-enter* TAPP, *with a sack of parcels on his back, which* SAPPHO *helps him to set down.*)

TAPP. There! Here, Miss Briggs, you see there's no addresses,
And if I'd left them on the strength of guesses,
I might have made mistakes. Now I want you
To wire to Raikes,* and ask what we're to do.
Raikes should *smooth matters.*

SAPPHO. Well, I'll soon do that—
Raikes must be told *regarden* what you're at.

TAPP. *Hoe!* fie! Miss Briggs—a joke!

SAPPHO. A joke from me!
Poets don't joke—they utter *jeux d'esprit.*

(Exit to side, when the clicking of a telegraph is heard.)

TAPP. No matter; ask him quickly to reply;
I don't mean sticking here all night—not I.

SAPPHO (*entering*). There! Now while we are waiting his command,
I'll read you something mystic, wondrous, grand;
A little thing I knocked off——

TAPP (*decidedly*). Not to-night;
Thanks very much, but I must talk to Wright.
(*Bell heard.*) Ah! there's the call. (*Aside.*) Oh, joy! I'm saved in time
From being maddened by her raving rhyme.
(*Aloud.*) Go, see from whom it is, and what about;
I'll take it down if you will call it out.

(SAPPHO *goes out of sight; the clicking of the receiving machine is again heard. She calls out the following message slowly, while* TAPP *at counter repeats the words as he writes them down.*)

"RAIKES to BRIGGS. Take parcels to 'Merlyn.' Tell Mrs. GREYDEN to give them away to anyone who can prove claim to them by supplying missing portion of superscriptions. Don't bother me again. Just going out to dinner."

(*Re-enter* SAPPHO.)

TAPP. That's better. Well, I'll take them straight along;
This message, too, and then I can't be wrong.
You'd best come with me—come just as you are;
From here to "Merlyn" is not very far.

(TAPP *shoulders his sack, and comes through the curtain at one side into the room, closely followed by* SAPPHO, *to where* Mrs. GREYDEN *stands waiting.*)

(*To* Mrs. GREYDEN.) Good evening, mum. This lot (it's heavy, mum,
Tremenjus heavy), not long since has come
For you. Well, not exactly, mum, for you,
But our boss up in town has wired you knew
Who they was for; and so I've brought them here—
You'll find all the addresses desp'rate queer.
They're bits of poetry, as I makes out,
But this young party (*indicating* SAPPHO, *who is all the time studying her paper*), knows what they're about—
Or says she does. She calls herself a poet,
And may be one for all I know, and so it
Occurred to me she'd help. But my advice
Is, do not let her spout at any price,
Or you'll not stop her.

Mrs. GREYDEN. Thank you, Tapp; all right.

SAPPHO (*looking up from her paper.*) Madam, I'll read you——

Mrs. GREYDEN. There's no time to-night.

TAPP. Look here! Miss Briggs; you've no time now to shirk—
This ain't the post-office, so you must work.
(*To audience.*) And now, good folk, what you have got to do,
Is to conclude the rhymes called out to you.

(Mrs. GREYDEN *then took a parcel from* TAPP'S *sack, and read out the sentence forming the address; for instance, "Pat a cake, Pat a cake, Baker's man," to which the fortunate individual having the card bearing the remainder of the quotation read it out; and having substantiated his claim according to the Postmaster-General's directions, received his gift, and retired into the background to examine it. In this way some eighty odd gifts were distributed, quite filling three sacks, which* TAPP *brought forward as required.*)

At the conclusion of the distribution the guests were excluded from the drawing-room for a time, while it was being prepared for an exhibition of conjuring, which always forms part of the entertainment at "Merlyn."

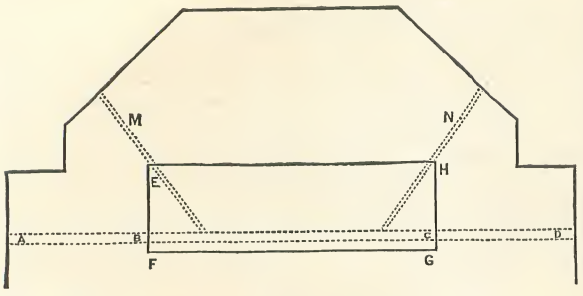
And now it is quite time to tell you how it was done. And this will hardly require as minute explanations and directions as last year, for the scenery was not nearly so intricate, and yet many people considered it quite as effective, though in a different way, as "Zadkiel's Cave" of the previous year. I shall be able to make my explanation more clear by the aid of a ground plan, which I give on page 174.

The dark lines give you the shape of the bow-window, which you will see took up nearly the entire end of the room. The first thing we did was to wedge a piece of timber about three inches in depth by an inch and a half in width between the two side walls, a little below the ceiling (shown by the dotted lines marked A. B. C. D). E. F. G. H. was the counter, made of boards with the top stained to represent mahogany, and the front papered with that wall-paper resembling wood. At the ends of the counter at B. and C. two supports reaching from the floor to the cross-piece were

* The above lines were of course written during the lifetime of the late Postmaster-General, and as this is an authentic account of what took place, I have allowed them to remain. More applicable ones will easily be written by any Miss Sappho Briggs among my readers.

fastened, and the cross-piece was fastened to these; it was further steadied by two light struts, M. and N., which had their ends fixed above the window-frames, so that the whole thing was as firm as a rock. We had a light frame of rod-iron made, on which was stretched ordinary wire netting of about one inch mesh, and this was screwed on to the counter about three inches from the front edge, and represented the usual grill, a space of about three inches being left between the bottom of the grill and the counter, for customers to pass in their money.

A glance at the sketch on page 172 will show you how we arranged the curtains.



They were tacked on to the piece of wood A. B. C. D. somewhat fully, and overlapped each other about a foot in the centre. When the time came for the commencement they were pulled back, and confined by two cords fixed about six feet from the ground on the upright at B. and C. The lighting was managed with two oil-lamps having reflectors, hanging on these same uprights *above* the curtain cords, and one on the counter itself, but shaded from the audience by a card bearing a postal notice, or something of that kind.

The back of our post-office was formed by the rightful curtains of the bow-window, on which we fastened such notices as we could get hold of. But we missed something which you girls can correct, and that is, to have a clock hanging upon the back wall. It will be observed in the sketch that the grill is continued behind the curtains on either side. This gave the audience the idea that it was carried much farther either way, and that therefore they were only having a glimpse of *part* of the office; and the voices of the boy asking for a stamp, and the man sending off a telegraph, were thus accounted for. The fact was, our stock of actors was very small, and we had to economise, and make Tom Tapp represent three individuals, two of whom were only *heard*. But there is no reason why visible representatives should not enter the room through the audience, and make their way up to the counter, transact their business, and retire: the illusion would certainly be truer.

The imitation of the clicking of the telegraph instrument caused us considerable anxiety and many experiments, which finally resulted in the use of two bone knitting-needles striking each other.

For the postal bags containing the presents we used ordinary sacks, but of course with no name on them.

Sappho was plainly dressed in an ordinary black dress, with white collar and cuffs.

Tapp's uniform gave more trouble. A tailor made the tunic with red collar and braid round the cuffs, and brass buttons; ordinary dress trousers were worn, and the cap was hired from a hat-maker, and was really a very old-fashioned volunteer shako with a red band round it. In this instance (though it is by no means absolutely necessary), Tapp "made up" old, with a semi-bald wig and iron-grey *crêpe* eyebrows, moustache, and beard. I have given full particulars and instructions with regard to this in former Christmas Numbers, so there will be no need to repeat them here.

The part of Tapp can be played according to the fancy of his representative. His accent can be a provincial or a cockney one: the only thing to be guarded against is that it must not be *too* refined. You will require a prompter, not necessarily to prompt, but to "work" the telegraph and the call bell; and the knowledge that there *is* one in case of need will often prevent a young actor from forgetting his part through nervousness.

And now let me conclude with the advice I gave last year, namely, do not spare rehearsals—you will need them in plenty, I am certain. The dialogue is catchy, and it will lose much of what little virtue it may possess unless it goes without a hitch. Your scenery you will find much easier this year than last, so you will be able to devote more attention to the dialogue. The difficulties are not great, so go at them boldly: you will soon overcome them, and, I trust, afford your friends a novel and pleasing entertainment.

One final word about another part of the entertainment, viz., the snowy Christmas-tree by moonlight. The snow was represented by cotton wool laid all along the branches and sprays, and had a most picturesque effect. But you must be most careful that it is out of the way of the lamps, for on fire touching it, it flares up more like gun-cotton than anything else; and since our own experience of its bad habit, we have had another terrible warning in the dreadful disaster when so many little girls, arrayed in it to represent snowflakes, caught fire, and some of them lost their lives.

For the moonlight effect, all the lights on the tree were enclosed in little opal glass lamps, such as are so much used at illuminations. But I fancy an even better effect would have been attained had blue glass lamps been substituted for the white ones. However, this is an experiment you can decide for yourselves.

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNRULY LAD.

FOR a little time after the family in Kensington Square were thus doubly bereft, affairs went on with a smoothness which was too unruffled to last. Everybody's behaviour was nearly perfect. Even Dick, when he came home, was enough subdued to abstain from idle escapades. But the tension slackened, especially when the fears of youth, easily quieted, were entirely dispelled by letters from Mrs. Bennet announcing her safe arrival, and communicating the cheerful intelligence that she had not found Mr. Bennet so ill as she had expected—in fact, the attack was passing off; but till it was fairly gone, it was impossible to say when they would return. Naturally the family spirits went up at a bound, until they had reached the height of the boy and girls' enjoying the practical absence of restraint which their position implied. The young Bennets were anything rather than destitute of regard for their father and mother; but to be virtually left to pursue their own devices was a pleasing variety on Mrs. Bennet's vigilant *régime* and laws as incontestable as were those of the Medes and Persians. If the girls could not quite do what they liked, for a few weeks they came nearer to it than they had ever done before, even on an acknowledged holiday. It was several weeks of holiday stretching out indefinitely before the holiday-makers; and though holidays may grow tiresome in the end, they are not so in the beginning. Even Flora was conscious of the exhilaration of being more her own mistress than she had been since she ceased to be the mistress of the manse of Inverlochan. They were all on their honour, Flora kept anxiously reminding her companions, and it was to be hoped they would not forfeit their honour; but nevertheless it was true what Mary said in her half-childish, half-quaint way, that whereas they had all been just as if they were sitting in church when first mamma went away, they were now like snails with their horns out of their shells, ready to crawl up the garden wall and get over at any moment. The passion for freedom expressed itself differently. Dick discovered no end of old cronies in town, and showed an inclination to disappear with one or other of them to innumerable cricket and football matches, rows on the river, dinners, suppers, concerts, etc. Dick was quite different from the girls—"a man at college," with college limitations no doubt, but these he was apt to keep in the background. He did not come to the same extent under his mother's jurisdiction; and if he had done so she had a very soft spot in her heart for her son, and was proud of his spirit and manliness. "Masterly inactivity" was at present Mr. Bennet's policy with "the boy." His father left Dick very much to himself in these days. The elder man might at any moment turn on the younger one, in one of those spurts of prompt and decisive action which Mr. Bennet exercised in his business on occasions, and might considerably astonish Master Dick; but this had not happened yet.

Dorothy found that the Warrens—the brother and sisters who were still staying with easy-minded, lazy Lady Baillie in her house in the square—were agreeable associates, though the girls were women of the world over thirty. To run about with them, and scamper as far as the Row, or even Piccadilly and Regent Street, was far more amusing, even in the dead time of the year, than to take a walk with Flora in the Gardens, or to the Boltons or Knightsbridge, or to go, with Amelia stalking at Dorothy's elbow, to match wools at the Art School, or to buy frilling at one of the elegant shops.

Kate, who ought to have been engrossed with a coming Cambridge examination, started a full set of underclothing for Mary's biggest doll, which was to be shaped and stitched as doll's underclothing never had been before. Farther, Kate, after accomplishing two failures in toffee without cook's permission, then with her countenance, failed in the concoction of a pudding and a cake. These were feats which, if repeated, Dick and Dorothy vowed would result in the death by slow torture of him or her who ate the sodden productions. It was a catastrophe which might happen to the confiding and unwary any day, since cook and Kate did not think fit to label the deplorable forgeries. Even Mary objected to go out with nurse, and proposed to play ball on the pavement, like the little girls in Young Street. But it was not Kate or Mary that would bring them all into discredit, Flora felt, after the trust her aunt had been so good as to repose in her. Mary was a mere child, and Kate's offences were childish too, of their kind; not only so, she had a stronger sense of duty than either Dick or Dorothy gave any signs of possessing at present. She might sulk a little, but she laid an honest remonstrance to heart. She made a desperate effort to pull her lessons into the career of homely usefulness after which she hankered, and she would tear herself from her beloved pantries, scales, and pastry-board, and huddle into her work-basket her equally cherished needles, cottons, and bits of calico, in order to fag at her detested German or music. The pity of it was that nature seemed to have meant Kate for a plain sempstress or cook, for which commendable avocations she was spoilt by being dragged off to pursue accomplishments for which she had no taste, in which she would never attain excellence.

It was Dick's and Dorothy's outbreaks which Flora feared. If Dick would not listen to his sister's lectures—and Dorothy was quite prepared to lecture others while she ignored the fact that she was herself a transgressor—was he likely to attend to the words of his cousin, at whose lack of knowledge of his world he was constantly laughing?

Again, Dorothy, though good-natured, and fond enough of Flora to resent warmly Gus Warren's having taken it upon him to refer to her as "Miss Blowsabell," had a strong spice of mischief in her character. In addition she was not free from a share in Amelia's pique at having Flora in a manner put over them. She was two years Dorothy Bennet's junior, and was not "come out." She was, after all, however nice she might be in other respects, a country cousin—the daughter of a poor Scotch minister. Yes, and whatever mamma might say of Flora's being older for her years than Dorothy was for hers, Flora was, in the eyes of the said Dorothy, a baby in all essentials. Dorothy would not have admitted to anyone the little meanness of which she was guilty; she left Amelia to give slight tosses of her elaborately dressed head, and to make meaning little speeches about young ladies who were very civil-spoken, and gave very little trouble to their inferiors, but who, all the same, knew on which side their bread was buttered, and how to make their way in the world. The supposed offence rankled nevertheless in Dorothy's mind, and made her still less disposed than she might otherwise have been to confide in her young country cousin, or receive any hint of warning from her.

"Oh, if the Bennets' aunt Kate were only here!" Flora sighed as fervently as Wellington sighed for Blücher before the battle of Waterloo. But misfortunes never come singly; in place of a letter, telling her nephew and nieces when they were to expect their relative, there came a few lines written by a friend, to say that the very day before Miss Catherine Bennet was to have set out for London, as she was hurrying home from the Bath Pump-room through a heavy shower, she caught the toe of her boot in a kerb-stone, was thrown to the ground, and suffered a fracture of her right arm. Instead of going to the assistance of her youthful kindred, she earnestly requested, through a friend, that one of them would come to her aid, and help to nurse her till she recovered the use of her arm.

The group in the breakfast-room in Kensington Square stared at each other in silence for a second. Then Dick, shrugging his shoulders, suggested that the girls should toss up as to which of them was to be despatched to Bath. "Or suppose I go? I know little or nothing of Bath, and I could fetch and carry, and read the newspapers aloud, as well as any of you girls. Does the letter say a niece precisely? Wouldn't a nephew do instead? By-the-by, the Goddess is no relation to Aunt Kate, so she may be scratched; and sister Kate is a schoolgirl, and must mind her lessons; if I don't come to the rescue, you are the person spotted, Dolly."

"I am not going to Bath," said Dorothy, with calm determination. "I am the eldest, and I am not going to leave the *younger* ones"—with an emphasis on younger—"to run riot while papa and mamma are away. The idea is absurd. Besides, I hate the place—a horrid, poky, choky hole! I am never well there—mamma could tell you that; though it seems to suit old maids like Aunt Kate, and gouty gentlemen her contemporaries. As for Aunt Kate herself," continued Dorothy magnanimously, "I don't mind her much. She does talk a good deal of the superiority of the days when she was young, and of the people who had the good fortune to live in them. When she is not concerned about her health she is in a fuss about her working-parties and her contributions to charity bazaars. But she is not a bad old thing; all the same, I think we can dispense with her presence here. I wonder what put it into mamma's head to invite her."

No, misfortunes never come singly; a third disaster seemed about to crash down on the Bennet family when Kate arrived in a state of excitement from school, two hours earlier than her usual time, to deliver a letter to Miss Bennet, as her mother's representative. Dorothy did not take the trouble to open it, for the contents were poured forth by Kate in tones of mingled awe and triumph. The school was broken up for the next six weeks; two of the house-boarders, Maud Middleton and Chattie Grey, had taken scarlet fever.

"Poor things!" said Dorothy, on the first impulse. "Poor Miss Braybrook!" mentioning the lady at the head of the school; "it will put her so much about, and be a great loss to her I am afraid. I hope you have not been much with Maud and Chattie lately, Kitten; only I believe there is no risk of infection in the first stages of fever." Then an inspiration flashed upon Dorothy, and she capped the doleful proverb of misfortunes arriving in companies by a more cheerful old saw. "It's an ill wind which bodes ne'er-a-body any good."

"Kate," said Dorothy with decision, "*you* will go to Aunt Kate. She is your godmother, and you've your name from her, so that you owe her a double duty. What an opening for a budding domestic and philanthropic genius! Think of the invalid food she will require, and how you may work in anticipation for her parties. I understand they are more or less on the Dorcas model, to furnish the simplest garments for waifs and strays. Amelia shall go to Bath with you to-morrow."

"Don't you think, Dorothy, you must wait and write to my aunt to ask what she wishes before Kate is sent to Bath?" Flora ventured to represent.

"Not at all." Dorothy dismissed the representation, delighted to assert her own authority, and steal a march on Flora. "Papa's sister lying sick and solitary in apartments—how would *you* like it? I wonder you can show so little feeling. Flora dear, it is clear you have never been ill or felt lonely yourself. Mamma would say there is no time to be lost."

There was some truth in what Dorothy said, and there was no use in contesting the point further, for Kate's ambition was fired by Dorothy's baits, and her sense of duty to Aunt Kate disturbed the balance of any other feeling of obligation on the girl's part. So Amelia, nothing loth to side with Miss Bennet, her mother's proper delegate, against a Scotch usurper, and to have a jaunt to Bath, went off with Kate within the next twenty-four hours.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

DOLLY.—You do not mention whether you reside in London or in the country. There are classes held for Latin at the College for Working Women, 7, Fitzroy Street, W., every evening; at the Birkbeck Literary Institute, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C., and at the Polytechnic, Regent Street. To any of these you can write for information, enclosing a stamp for reply. There are science and art classes all over the country, a list of which you may obtain, price fourpence, from the Secretary, Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

PLAIN READER and AURORA must advertise and look for advertisements for all such situations abroad.

IVY should get a book on freehand drawing as well as some copies.

TEACHER.—For information on the degrees of the University of St. Andrews write to the Secretary, Professor Knight, University of St. Andrews, N.B.

MISS BROWN.—We should be glad to notice your History and Composition Correspondence Classes had you stated that yours was an amateur educational society, giving assistance at a nominal charge to girls who were unable to pay for professional advantages. It is necessary for us to be informed on this point, as we do not advertise such classes in the ordinary way.

ESPÉRANCE had better refer to the small *Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices.*

ADÈLE might apply to the Hon. Secretary of the Amateur Literary Society, Miss I. K. Morton, at Wilson House, Wilson Road, Birchfield. This society is designed to encourage the writing of short stories on a given subject. Two prizes are given—one half-yearly; and the subscription 1s. per annum, with retiring fee of 1s. As our girls so often send us short stories for criticism, and are often disappointed because we cannot publish these juvenile efforts, such a society as this may prove an acquisition to many of them.

MIGNON need not fear that she will be made to open her mouth and show her teeth in offering herself as a hospital nurse. Not being exactly treated and examined by horse-dealers, her few false teeth will preserve their strict *incognito.* Writing good, but had better be reduced a little in size.

PHYLLIS.—We recommend you to obtain the *Home Naturalist*, and read Section IV. We cannot advertise the works published by other firms. We have also the *History of Bible Plants*, another small and interesting book.

S. V. S.—If you have tried many remedies for the cure of obstinate eczema, we advise you to get proper medical treatment, as we could not venture to prescribe ourselves, more especially for a complaint which may be produced by various causes. We are gratified by your kind letter.

MUSIC.

MERLE.—A governess usually ought not to be under eighteen years of age, otherwise she would have neither learning, experience, nor authority over her pupils. As to salary, she would take what she could get, depending on the number of her pupils and what she could teach them—perhaps from £25 to £30 per annum.

AMBITIOUS ONE is not "too old" to learn anything at sixteen years of age. The "digitarium" would be very helpful to her in making her fingers supple and less clumsy. She ought also to rub them with oil, especially over the knuckles.

SONATA.—Dr. Parry was born in 1848, educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of Mus. Doc. He has composed several oratorios and cantatas, etc., of very great merit.

E. M.—A "digitarium" is a tiny dumb piano of five notes, intended to enable persons to acquire manual dexterity and correct fingering without giving the occupants of the house the annoyance of hearing the practice. They can generally be obtained at a musical instrument maker's, and also second-hand, we believe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MIDLOTHIAN.—1. Mr. Henry James, the author, was born in America in 1843, but, we believe, has been a resident for many years in England.—2. Mr. W. D. Howells is also an American, and was born in Ohio in 1837. He was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1871 to 1880. His writings on Venice, where he lived for some years, are charming.—3. Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* can be had at all good libraries. You are very wise to try to read up all about the places you are going to visit; for, in addition to the increased interest to yourself, you can help your less industrious or less fortunate companions to knowledge. Shakespeare, too, owes much to Venice, Verona, and Padua.

KINERMONY enquires whether it would be considered proper for a girl of fourteen to be engaged to be married! A child scarcely out of the nursery, in a short frock and a pinafore! Eighteen years hence, if you live, you will have finished the second part of your education—*i.e.*, the practical training that should succeed the mere theoretical. That which you acquire at school is but the A. B. C. of your education, and does not qualify you for being the mistress of a house, the wife of any sensible man, the mother, nurse, caretaker, trainer, and guide of her children. Besides, you seem to forget that at eighteen, when your school days are over, you have to make some return to your parents in loving practical service, and should devote at least a few years to making yourself a comfort to them, quite apart from the completion for your own benefit of your domestic training. Were you a little girl of ours we should feel disposed to put you in the corner in disgrace if you dared to speak of a matrimonial engagement at fourteen.

PURPLE PANSY.—"Say" and "praise," "way" and "claim" are not rhymes; nor does the word "care" rhyme with "care"; nor "hearts" with "heart." But the feelings and aspirations of the "poems" are good; and as you feel the writing of them a relief to you, and it pleases your mother, you have two good reasons for continuing the entertainment.

FLOSSIE CHURCH sends us a long poem which is alike morbid and incorrect in composition. We could forgive both if it were original, and contained beautiful ideas, but it can boast of neither the one nor the other; and we fear the path to fortune does not lie for Florrie in the pursuit of the Muses.

LOUIE.—You had better repair your aquarium with Portland cement. It is easy to mix, it sets quickly, and is more durable than any other.

JEANIE DEANS, NOVELETTE, GLADYS, C. E., NELL ADAIR, and others, all write to us on the question of reading. The objection to novel and story reading, when carried to excess, is that it tends to over-excite the mind, and make it discontented with its ordinary daily life. Such reading is for amusement and relaxation only—not for daily food. But all our girls should be well acquainted with poetry, history, and general literature, and if living near a library, should be able to get at least the chief amongst our noted authors. Without this culture it is impossible to understand the ordinary conversation of other well-read people and the allusions made in the daily press. Ancient and modern history, mythology, travels, biography, and the literature of science, are all interesting and useful. It would be impossible to give a list of books, and it would also be useless, for many of them would be quite out of the reach of many of our girls—either from their locality or from lack of means. But each of them can obtain the best within her reach.

DORIS.—You must go to a dentist to have decay removed from your front or any other teeth. Use a little violet powder or starch powder to dry your hands when about to play the piano.

TEACHER.—By referring to our list (Religious Tract Society) of publications you might find what you require. You should procure Scripture stories illustrated with large coloured plates, and point out the characters and explain all that happened in language that little children can perfectly understand; and then ask them easy questions about each story, and make them point out the different persons and objects represented. It is by pictures and other objects that children who cannot read are taught under the Kindergarten system. Much instruction may be given in an agreeable way, and so as not to appear like a lesson.

IVY.—If you be too tired at night to say your prayers and read your chapter, you had better try to divide your prayers and reading by saying a few short prayers in the day, as you find time and quiet; and instead of a whole chapter, read two verses in the morning and two at night only, and strive to think of them during the day. You do not need to kneel down to pray by day, for you can stand or sometimes sit, as you find the time, and offer up your prayers. He sees the heart and knows its true bias, and its turning to Him in spirit and in truth wherever you are.

A. M. D. C., CARRIE MORETON, and ROSA send us rhymed prose, which is excellent in feeling and good thoughts, but is not "poetry." There is no reason why they should not continue to write if they like it, for, as we always remark, the young need some kind of relief for feelings that they are too shy to share with anyone, however dear; and "the heart," we were told by the wise man, "knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy." But we must beware of encouraging morbid and unwholesome thoughts and feelings, which assuredly do us harm.

AUSTRALIA.—You do not say to what part of Australia you wish to go. If going to Adelaide, South Australia, there is an excellent Servants' Home in Flinders Street. To Western Australia a limited number of free passages is given to good domestic servants, and £1 for ship's kit. To Sydney, New South Wales, no free or assisted passages are given. To Queensland (Brisbane), free passages and £1 for ship's kit for women servants (domestic) who are between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five; also for the daughters of assisted families. For dressmakers to Queensland there are assisted passages (£4), and £1 for kit; also nominated passages from £1 to £12. You should go to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, where advice will be given, and little books of necessary information can be had. Intending emigrants to any of the Colonies are recommended also to apply by letter to Mrs. Blanchard, South View, Godstone Station, Surrey; or else to Miss Blake, 7c, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W. It is most desirable to procure testimonials from your clergyman or minister, your medical man, and any respectable persons, householders, or a magistrate, stating who you are, and certifying to your respectability.

J. F. F.—The poem you send us is not wanting in merit, but is a little too long and spun out. It is fairly correct.

ANNIE W.—You cannot mend your mackintosh yourself. Take it to a shop where such things in india-rubber and guttapercha are sold, and possibly they may be able to repair it.

MERMAID.—Yes, it is very dangerous to bathe after a good meal, before the digestion has completed its work—a slow process after certain kinds of food, and slower in some persons than others, who may assimilate exceptionally quickly. We knew personally a professor of the art of swimming at St. Germain-en-Laye, who, perfectly aware of the danger of bathing after a meal, plunged into the Seine just after his dinner to rescue two children who had fallen into the river. He succeeded in putting them ashore, but fell back dead himself into the water!

VOL. XIII.—NO. 625.] DECEMBER 19, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

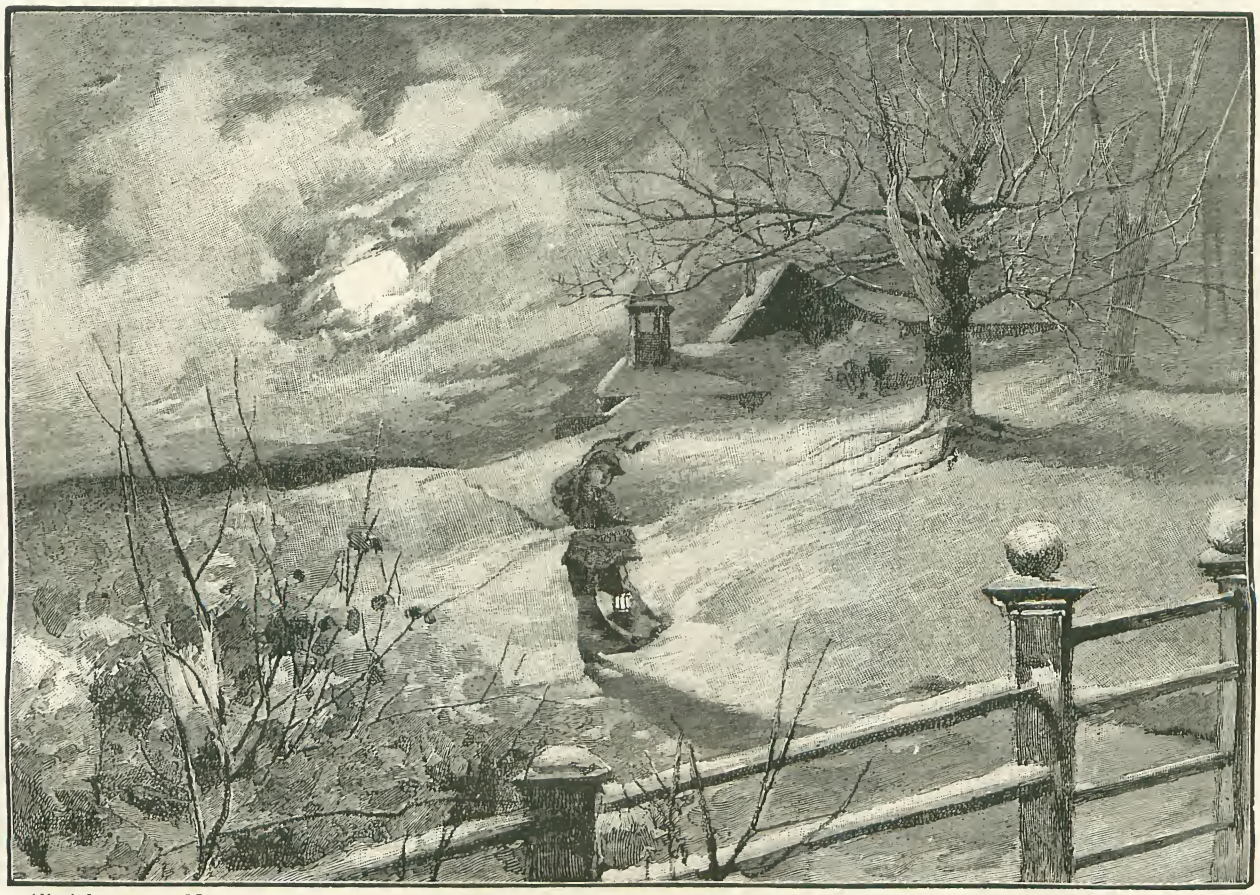
BY S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

"And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven."—St. Matt. xxiv. 30.

WE hear them—the angels—
Sing on through all time!
Through long nights of winter,
The frost and the rime.
Your pæan of gladness
Our slumber shall break;
Your soul-thrilling harpings
Our silence awake.
Oh! joy, past the telling—
Hail! sun-golden morn,
That dawned when the blessed
Redeemer was born!

We see Thee, low lying;
Yet know Thee divine:
Claim, Monarch, Thy sceptre—
The kingdom is Thine.
The wail from Thy cradle
Moans still on the ear;
And breathes through the ages
Of ransom a-near.
Oh! joy, past the telling—
Hail! sun-golden morn,
That dawned when the blessed
Redeemer was born!

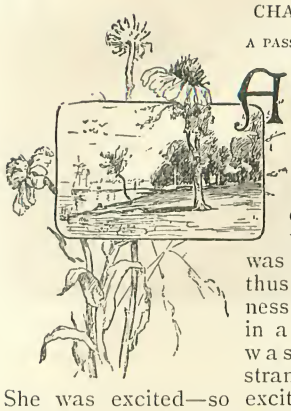
Through rifts of the storm-cloud
Thy star do we see;
Lead on, though we follow,
Death-smitten, to Thee.
Though pale be that beacon
Through mists of our night,
The sign of the God-Man
Shall bring in the light.
Aye, light past the telling;
More bright than the morn,
That dawned when the blessed
Redeemer was born!



All rights reserved.] GOING A-CAROLLING.

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.



CHAPTER XI.

A PASSIONATE ACT.

AFTER Julius Dakin had left the studio Enid sat for awhile doing nothing. It was not like her thus to sit in idleness; but she was in a mood which was altogether strange to her. She was excited—so excited that she would have found it impossible to wield a brush or so to control either hand or mind as to produce her best work. Of course she believed that it was Adela's coming, and the painful nature of her visit, that had unsettled her so; yet had she carefully analysed her feelings, she could not have said that they were entirely sad. And in truth as she sat absorbed, not knowing how the minutes passed, it was less of Adela than of Julius Dakin that she was thinking. She was recalling all she had told him about Adela, and how he had listened to her words, and what he had said, with everything that had followed. Not words alone repeated themselves to her inner consciousness, but looks and tones. Somehow that brief interview had left her with so much to think over. With a strange thrill she thought of the words she had dared to say to him, not regretting them, but wondering that she had found courage to say what she had; wondering too at the gentleness with which he had received her admonition, which surely many young men would have been inclined to resent.

Perhaps Enid became conscious at last of the dangerous course her thoughts were pursuing. Certainly she started up as the time-piece struck four, with a sudden sense of the absurdity of spending a fine afternoon, at Rome of all places, in doing absolutely nothing, and in a room lighted from above with no view of the outer world. In a few minutes she had donned her hat and jacket, and was on her way to the Pincio.

On this bright afternoon there was the usual crowd on the terrace facing the band-stand. Carriages were drawn up in rows in the centre of the open space, most of them empty, their possessors preferring to walk about as they listened to the music. The scene was one of which Enid felt that she would never weary. It was a delight to her to gaze over the widespread view of Rome, a delight which had only increased as each object which met her view became familiar, till she could name every dome or roof on which her eyes rested. Nor was her interest languid in the various human elements of which the crowd about her was composed. The foreign visitors, representing so many nationalities, and who might be classified as the fashionable, the pretty, and the picturesque, or *grotesque;* the grave, sombre-clad priests and their young brethren walking two and two in bands, their black, blue, or scarlet gowns denoting their respective colleges, and their faces radiant with the exuberant health and frolicsomeness of youth; the pretty children and their gaily-attired nurses, all, in different ways, afforded Enid entertainment; and as she passed to and fro in the sunshine her face showed that her thoughts were as bright as the day. For if she thought of Adela now, the girl's unhappy lot cast no heavy shadow on Enid's heart. Indeed, she was half disposed to reproach herself with hard-heartedness, so much did the excitement of her mood tend to gladness. A new and exquisite happiness seemed to be welling up within her, the secret source of which she herself did not know.

Then of a sudden all was changed. It was curious that the sight of Julius Dakin coming round a bend of the road should set Enid's heart beating with painful rapidity; still more curious that she should be conscious only of a desire to avoid him. She hurried towards the side of the terrace whence a flight of steps descended to the lower road. As she stepped down she looked back. He had passed on without seeing her; he was advancing towards an open carriage, in which sat two young ladies. It was perhaps the smartest equipage, and its occupants the two most charming girls, to be seen on the Pincio that day. With a sensation wholly new to her, Enid watched him greeting with his courtliest air and most fascinating smile Blanche Amory and Maud Marian. As she went quickly down the steps the words she had overheard at Mrs. Dakin's reception came vividly to her mind—"Julius Dakin knows how to make himself agreeable to ladies," and she remembered too how in the same conversation the names of both these girls had been coupled with his.

Enid descended the winding path with her head held high and her lips firmly compressed.

"I am glad I said what I did to him this afternoon," she thought, "though I do not suppose it will make any difference. I hate the idea of a man living just to please himself, taking everything the world can give him and paying nothing back. But that is Julius Dakin's way—he never thinks of any debt he owes to others; he has no desire to serve the world. And I—I despise a man like that."

And there was a strangely stern expression on Enid's fresh young face as she crossed the Piazza del Popolo and took her way home by the Via del Babuino. But ere she reached the house, sternness had given way to sadness. A feeling of weariness and home-sickness swept over her which was hard to bear. She felt a great yearning for her mother's presence, her gentle, helpful sympathy. And the last letter from home had given her such an account of her mother's health as caused her uneasiness. Enid was not naturally inclined either to anxiety or melancholy; but now every dark suggestion, every sad thought she had before experienced, came back to her mind with renewed force. She was depressed both in mind and body when she gained her room, and it was a relief to know that Maud was out, and she might indulge her mood for a while without fear of interruption.

But not for long did Enid give way to melancholy. The next day she was herself again. Her little picture was finished and sent away to be framed, in readiness for the exhibition. That very day she began a painting of a bunch of violets in a little earthenware jar—a simple enough subject, but by no means easy to treat successfully. Working away at it, however, in her careful, painstaking way, Enid achieved a very fair result. Meanwhile, Maud was engaged every morning with a model, a handsome, dark-eyed girl, who wore one of the picturesque costumes of the Campagna. It must be confessed that the girl's beauty suffered at Maud's hands. The face which looked forth from her canvas had a hardness of colouring and a boldness of glance of which the original was not guilty.

But defects of this kind did not disturb Maud's complacency. She had a curious way of anticipating and disarming criticism.

"I know my model's hair was not like that," she would say; "but really I prefer the hair I have given her. She ought to have had hair of that shade, don't you see?"

Or—"No, her eyes had not that expression; they had a melancholy look; but I do not approve of melancholy subjects, so I was glad to give her a cheerful air. You see, I must paint in my own way, or not at all."

"Undoubtedly," said a gentleman to whom Maud made this remark on one of the afternoons when she was "At home" to her friends; "that is the prerogative of genius. Art should give us more than a mere copy of Nature; it should improve upon Nature."

To Enid's surprise, her cousin accepted this response with complacency, and seemed unconscious of the satire which doubtless lurked in it.

Miss Marian was "At home" each Wednesday afternoon, and between four and six o'clock on that day the Studio Mariano presented a lively scene. Whatever might be thought of her powers as an artist, her studio was undoubtedly an attractive place, and she had a knack of making people enjoy the time they spent there. Men found her both pretty and clever, and were struck with the grace of her manner; whilst

women, though they might object to the colour of her hair, criticise unfavourably her features, and resent the airs she gave herself, were nevertheless won by her good nature. It was an exceptional thing for Maud to make such an enemy as she had made in Miss Guy. As a rule she was kind and courteous to everyone, though there was a certain dignity in her bearing which forbade presumption.

Enid generally found plenty of entertainment on her cousin's reception afternoon. It devolved on her to look after the prosaic details connected with the making and serving of the tea; but these did not prevent her from having a good time. She liked to see the people who came, and to listen to the lively talk that went on. Perhaps she enjoyed it all the more because she had only a secondary part to play, and her duties kept her much in the background. Many of Maud's visitors were of opinion that her cousin was a quiet, rather dull girl. They would have been surprised had they known how keenly the "dull" girl had observed them, and how clearly detected their various weaknesses and vanities. For it must be confessed that Enid was rather a "quiz."

Enid was disturbed to see Miss Amory, attended by Julius Dakin, enter the studio on the following Wednesday afternoon. She had not spoken to him since he found her alone there four days earlier. She was nervously conscious of the words that had passed between them on that occasion. She tried to occupy herself with the other visitors, and to avoid saying more to him than was absolutely necessary. But it did not please him to be thus ignored. He watched his opportunity, and presently, when several persons rose to depart, and there was a general break in the conversation, Enid found him by her side.

"What are you painting now, Miss Mildmay, if I may ask?"

"You may ask, certainly," said Enid, smiling.

"You do not mean that you will refuse to tell me? Oh, please let me see it. This is your easel, is it not?"

Enid, forseeing endless entreaties, thought she might as well yield at once, and uncovered her painting.

"Ah, this is something new!" he exclaimed. "Did you finish the orange spray?"

"Yes, and it is gone to the framer's."

"Ah, that is right. And you really mean to send it to the exhibition?"

"I think so."

"I am glad. It will win a medal, I am sure."

"Oh, I do not expect that," said Enid, smiling. "But now, how do you think this promises?"

"I think it very good—so good that —— Shall I tell you what I wish?"

"Certainly."

"I wish you would paint it for me. I mean, I wish you would be so good as to allow me to purchase it."

"Oh, Mr. Dakin!" exclaimed Enid, colouring hotly in her surprise; "I could not do such a thing."

"Why not? Are you too proud to sell your pictures?"

"No, not that," said Enid, with considerable hesitation; "but I do not like the idea of selling one to you."

"You think me incapable of appreciating it?"

"You know it is not that," said Enid, forced to smile. "But—well—that one in the exhibition will be for sale; you can buy that if you like."

"Thank you, but I do not desire that. I want to have something you have painted throughout for me."

"If I painted anything for you," said Enid slowly, "I would not *sell* it to you."

"No, really!" There was a strange, surprised, glad look in his eyes as he bent towards her. His glance met and arrested hers. With a strange thrill she awaited the words he was about to utter; but they remained unsaid, for at that moment the high thin voice of Miss Amory made itself heard from the other side of the room.

"Julius, where on earth are you? Do come and look at this lovely thing of Miss Marian's. It is real elegant."

Julius cast a comical glance at Enid as he turned to obey the summons. An inspection of Maud's pictures followed, and Enid observed that Julius found something commendatory to say of each. Miss Amory made remarks on them with her usual freedom.

"It is a treat to see some new pictures," she observed. "I am so tired of those dim old things in front of which you have to keep moving about for a month till you find a spot where you can see them. I like something you can see straight away. But don't you think that girl looks a bit sick? Her eyes are not right, anyhow; but you've given her an awful cunning gown."

Enid was thankful that Miss Amory's attention was not drawn to any of her work. She hastily covered up her own little painting, and nothing more was said about it. A few minutes later Miss Amory and her escort took their departure.

"How I do pity poor Julius Dakin for having to take that girl about," said Maud to her cousin when they were alone together.

"Do you think he is to be pitied?" said Enid. "I fancy he finds her very entertaining. And she is pretty, and dresses charmingly. Is not that enough for him?"

"I don't know," said Maud thoughtfully. "Her gowns are certainly lovely. Even his fastidious taste can find no fault with them. She is very well till she speaks; but that dreadful accent, and the way she expresses herself, are to me unendurable."

With that, Maud crossed the room, drew aside a curtain which screened the door of a cupboard, and revealed to sight a small square mirror hanging thereupon. Before this she stood for some moments in serious contemplation.

"Enid," she said at last, "do you think that this gown suits me?"

"There can be no doubt that it does," replied Enid.

Nor did she speak too warmly. Maud wore what is called a tea-gown, of rich brown velvet, a colour which harmonised admirably with her lovely hair of the rare deep golden hue which Titian delighted to paint. Her cousin's words gave her pleasure, and she turned from the mirror with a satisfied air.

Enid went on painting her violets with a new pleasure in her work. She was tremulously anxious to succeed, and far from satisfied with her performance, yet it was good. The thought of Julius Dakin was with her as she worked. She had resolved that she would receive no money from him for the little picture. Yet in truth, though dreamily, scarce consciously, she was painting it for him. She meant that he should have it, though she had no clear idea of how it would be possible for her to give it to him.

She had almost finished the work. It lacked but those finishing touches which the eye of a connoisseur alone could have detected to be wanting.

"Why do you keep touching that thing?" Maud said to her impatiently one day; "those trifling details can make no real difference."

"I wish Herr Schmitz could hear you say that," returned Enid; "he would certainly repeat for your benefit his favourite story."

"What is that?" asked Maud.

"Oh, it relates to his hero, Michael Angelo. A friend once visited the sculptor, and found him engaged upon a statue. Some weeks later the visit was repeated. 'You have been idle since I was here,' remarked the friend, looking at Michael Angelo's work, in which he discerned no progress. 'By no means,' said the sculptor. 'I have softened this feature and brought out that muscle. I have given expression to that lip, and more energy to that limb.' 'Well, but these are mere trifles,' said his friend. 'It may be so,' replied Michael Angelo, 'but remember, trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.'"

"I can quite imagine Herr Schmitz telling that story," said Maud disdainfully; "but I must say I do not admire that sort of perfection. I believe in the artist who can produce a great effect with a few strokes. Things laboriously wrought are often failures. You may work away at a picture till you spoil it utterly."

"That is true, as I have learned by experience," said Enid. "*Still, it* is well to strive one's hardest; and perfection is perfection, however attained. Yet, I doubt if Michael Angelo ever thought his work perfect."

Enid took the warning which her cousin's words suggested. She would not work upon her violets till she spoiled them. She resolved to lay the painting aside for a day or two, that she might return to it with fresher vision, and be better able to judge of its merits. So she gave herself a holiday on the following day, and spent its hours in visiting some of the many interesting spots in old Rome. Returning to the studio late in the afternoon, she found Maud putting away her work, and obviously not in the best of humours.

"Julius Dakin has been here," she

said, after a few minutes. "He stayed ever so long, and hindered me dreadfully."

"Did he," said Enid, wondering that her cousin should speak as if his visit were a cause of annoyance.

"Yes, and he looked at that painting of yours, Enid. He would look at it, although I told him you did not like your work meddled with."

"That was very rude of him," said Enid; but she did not speak in an offended tone. "What did he think of it?"

"Oh, he professes to think most highly of it," replied Maud; "he wants to buy it of you."

"I know he does," said Enid smiling; "but I do not mean to sell it to him."

"Why not? What nonsense, Enid, when you know you would be glad of the money. I am sure he means it very kindly."

"Very kindly!" repeated Enid, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, I am sure he does it out of kindness."

"Does *what* out of kindness?" demanded Enid. "What do you mean, Maud?"

Her cousin gave a constrained little laugh. "Are you so vain, Enid, as to suppose that he is really anxious to possess that painting of yours? You must know that I told him some time ago that you would be glad to make a little money by selling some of your things. It is just a piece of his good nature. He wants to be kind to you—that is all."

A burning flush mounted in Enid's face as she heard her cousin's words. She stood motionless, gazing at her little painting, which was still exposed upon the easel, with a revulsion of feeling that was unendurable. She could not have told why Maud's words had such power to sting her; she did not understand the meaning of the passionate anger and the sense of outraged pride which possessed her; she only knew that it was intolerable, and demanded some vent.

Maud repented of her words as soon as they were uttered. She was dismayed as she marked their effect—dismayed and conscience-stricken, for she knew they had been insincerely uttered; and she was a girl who prided herself on her truthfulness.

"Why do you look like that? Surely you need not mind," she began. But the next moment her voice rose high in consternation. "Don't, Enid! What are you thinking of?"

But she could not arrest her cousin's action. Enid seized her painting, tore it passionately into several pieces, and threw them within the open door of the stove. A flame sprang from the glowing coal and consumed in a moment the work of so many days."

"How could you, Enid!" cried Maud, in great distress. "You must be mad!"

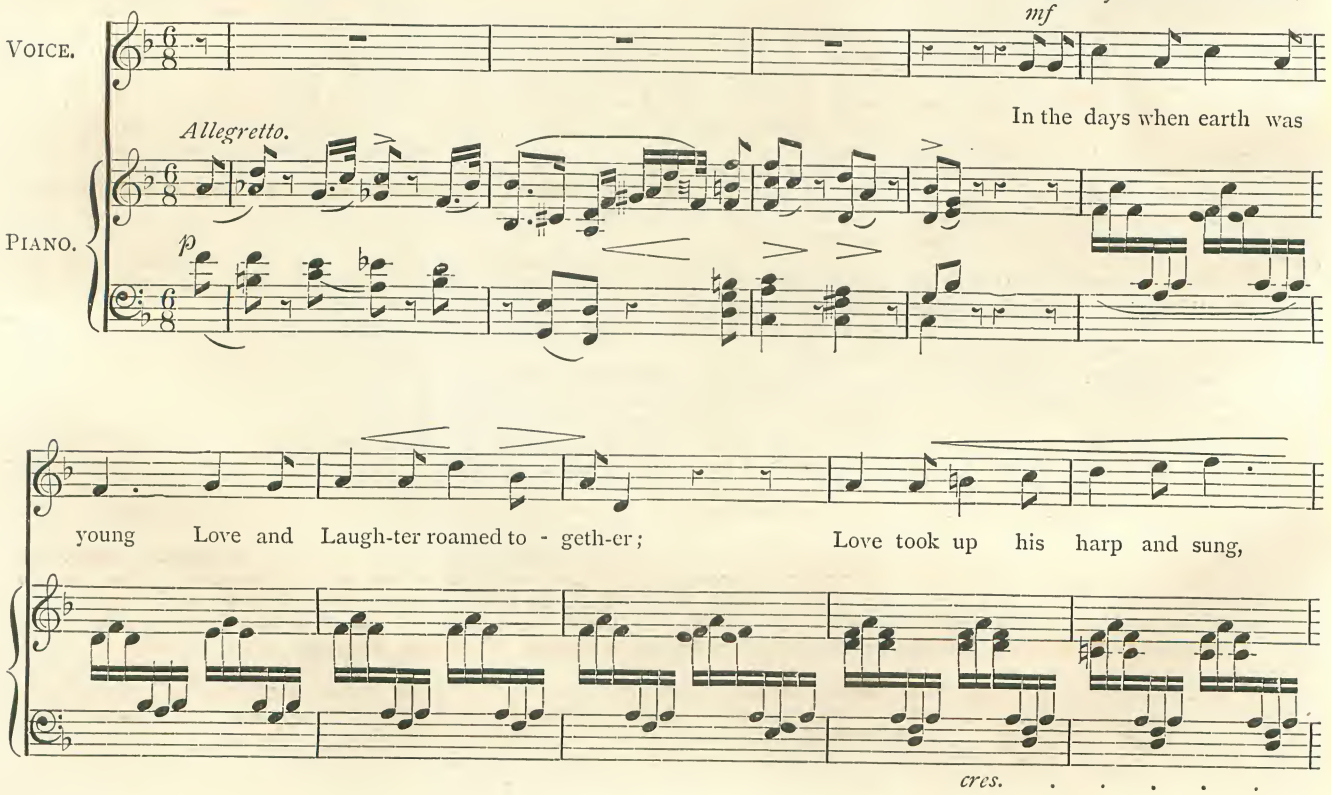
"Perhaps I am," said Enid, in a voice strangely unlike her own; "but you see now how anxious I am to make money by selling my pictures, and also how grateful I am for such kindness as that of Mr. Julius Dakin."

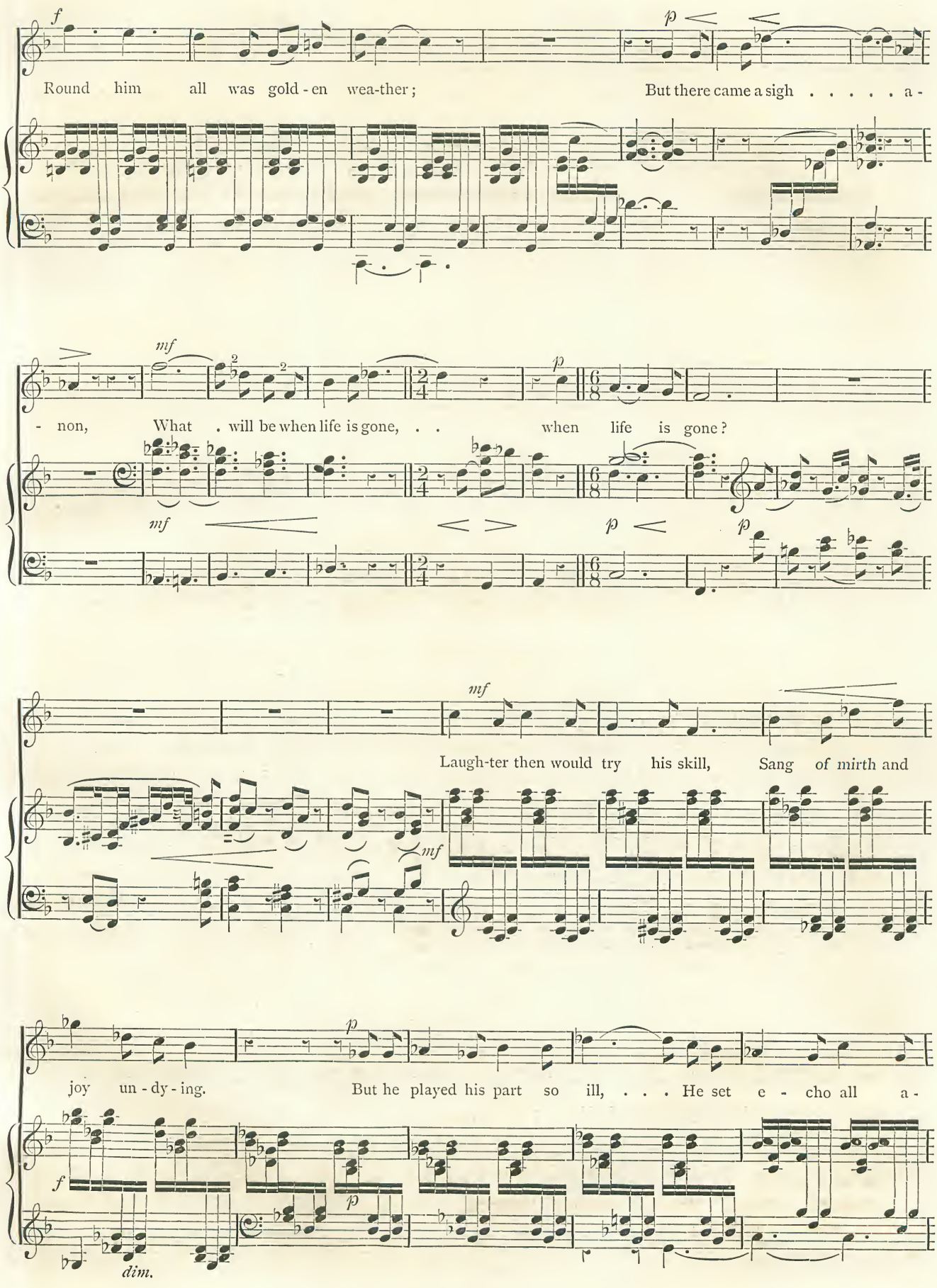
With these words on her lips she walked out of the studio, and Maud was left to her own reflections, which were by no means of an agreeable nature.

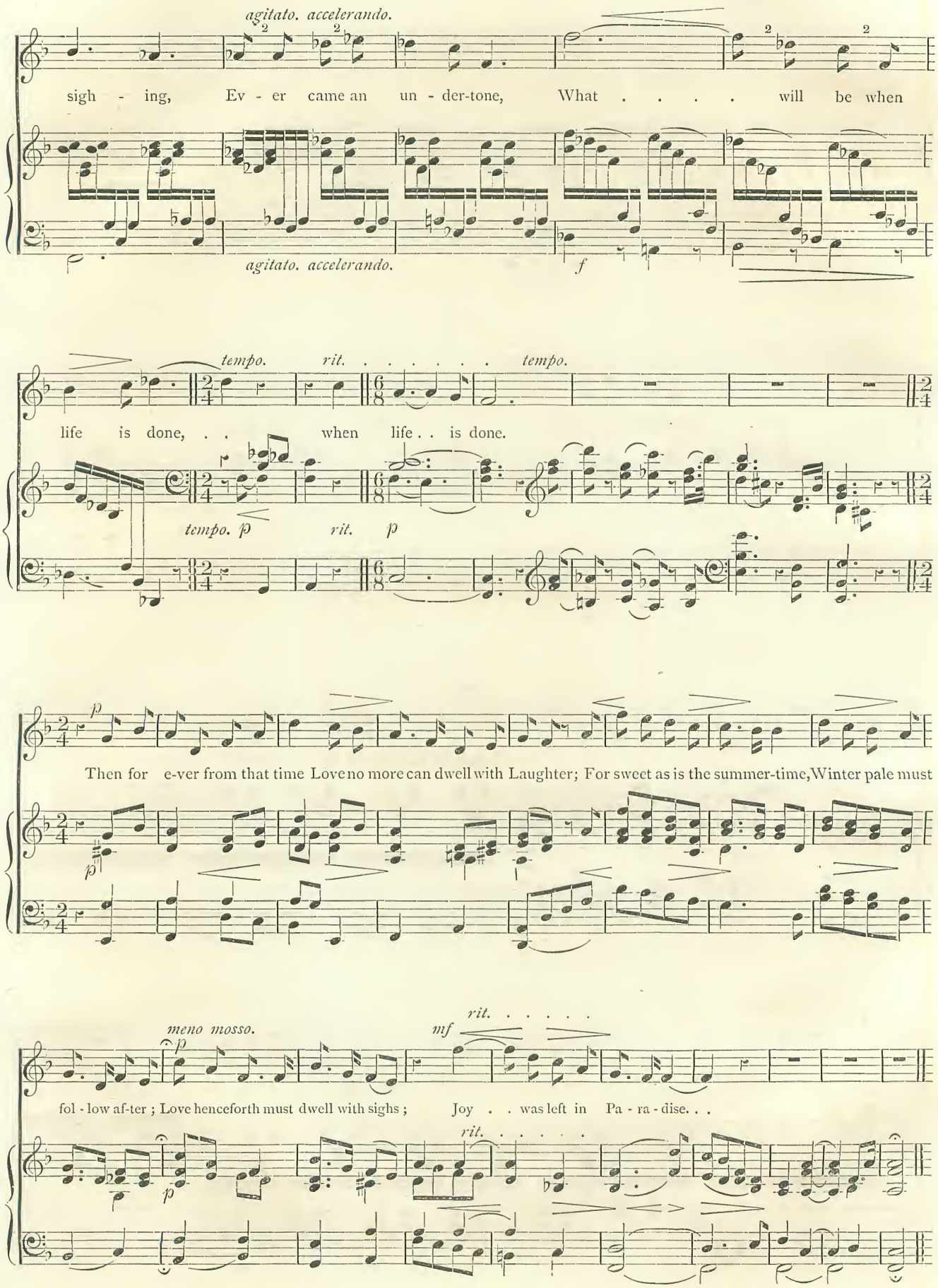
(*To be continued.*)

LOVE AND LAUGHTER.

Words by ARTHUR BUTLER. *Music by* C. H. H. PARRY.




Round him all was gold - en wea-ther;
But there came a sigh . . . . . a -
- non, What . will be when life is gone, . . when life is gone?
Laugh-ter then would try his skill, Sang of mirth and
joy un - dy - ing.
But he played his part so ill, . . . He set e - cho all a -
dim.


agitato. accelerando.
sigh - ing, Ev - er came an un - der-tone, What . . . . will be when
agitato. accelerando.
f
tempo. rit. . . . . tempo.
life is done, . . when life . . is done.
tempo. p rit. p
p
Then for e-ver from that time Love no more can dwell with Laughter; For sweet as is the summer-time, Winter pale must
p
meno mosso.
p
mf rit. . . . . .
fol - low af-ter ; Love henceforth must dwell with sighs ; Joy . . was left in Pa - ra - dise. . .
p
rit. . . . . .

ANECDOTES OF COURTS.

WHO has not heard the name of Jeffrey Hudson, the favourite dwarf of the English Court under Charles I. and II.? Little, however, is known about his life, his career, and his death. It appears that this tiny mannikin was a native of the tiniest of English counties, having been born at Oakham, in Rutland, in 1619. When he was seven or eight years old he was only eighteen inches in height, and he was kept as a curiosity and almost a plaything in the house of the Duke of Buckingham, at Burley-on-the-Hill. In due course of time he was presented by his noble master to King Charles I., when that sovereign paid Burley a visit soon after his marriage with Henrietta Maria. On this occasion he was served up at table in a cold pie, out of which he leaped when the crust was cut; and this so amused the Queen that she asked the Duke to give him to her, and he was promoted from Burley to Windsor. It is on record that he never grew from seven till he was thirty, when he made a fresh start, but stopped again when he reached three feet nine.

Jeffrey took a frequent part in the entertainments of the Court. Sir William Davenant made him the subject of a mock heroic poem, in which he made him do battle with a turkey-cock; and he lives in literature, his portrait being prefixed to a very tiny book, *The New Year's Gift*, which professed to be written by "Microphilus," and was presented by the Lady Perceval to the "Lord Minimus," *alias* Jeffrey Hudson.

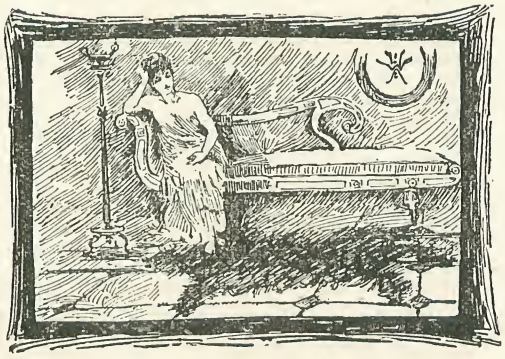
Small, however, as he was in stature, Jeffrey had no lack of brains, and he was more than once sent abroad on missions of importance, though not quite of diplomatic rank. At all events, he went to France to fetch a midwife for the Queen on a certain interesting occasion, and on his return with that important personage, a dancing-master, and some French poodles, which had been sent to her Majesty as gifts from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was carried off as a prisoner to Dunkirk, but was presently released.

Being thus treated as a man of importance and consequence, Jeffrey now began to think himself such in fact; and having borne for some years the laughter of the maids of honour, and the petty annoyances of the royal servants' hall, he took to "measuring swords" with the king's gigantic porter, who would hold him up on the palm of his hand. At length, being teased by a young gentleman of "family," a Mr. Croft, he sent him a challenge, which the latter accepted, though he came to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt! This, however, so enraged Jeffrey, that a real duel ensued, in which the dwarf killed his antagonist. This happened in France, to which country he had accompanied his royal mistress on the outbreak of the civil troubles at home.

It would appear that soon after this he was taken prisoner by pirates and carried to Barbary, where he was sold as a slave. He must, however, have speedily recovered his freedom, for soon after the beginning of the Civil War he was made an officer in the Royalist army, and in 1644 he joined the Queen in France, where he remained till the Restoration.

As may easily be imagined, the little dwarf became a great favourite with "The Merry Monarch," but in the long run he incurred his displeasure, for in 1682 he was arrested on suspicion of having had a hand in one of the many Popish plots of that date, and was sent as a prisoner to the Gate House at Whitehall, where he died a few months afterwards. The place of the burial of this petted favourite of royalty is not recorded.

E. WALFORD.



SONG OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS,

MEETING IN THE CATACOMBS, IN SECRET, BY NIGHT.

From "Vivia Perpetua," a dramatic poem by S. F. ADAMS.

O YE fearful shepherds,
Watchers in the night,
When the heavens opened
Darkness into light;
Little knew ye who was He,
The Saviour of the world to be
Lord of men and angels; when
Rang their song throughout the sky—
"Glory be to God on high;
Peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

O we happy Christians,
Watchers in the night,
Joyful to our darkness
Comes the heavenly light;
For we know the Lord is He,
The Saviour of the world to be.
Let us with the angels, then,
Sing that song yet in the sky—
"Glory be to God on high;
Peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

SONG OF THE SLAVE, FELICITAS.

I would I had a better life to offer;
Mine is too poor to give
To Him who came to save
The stricken slave;
To bid us rise
From death in dust like this, to meet Him in the skies!

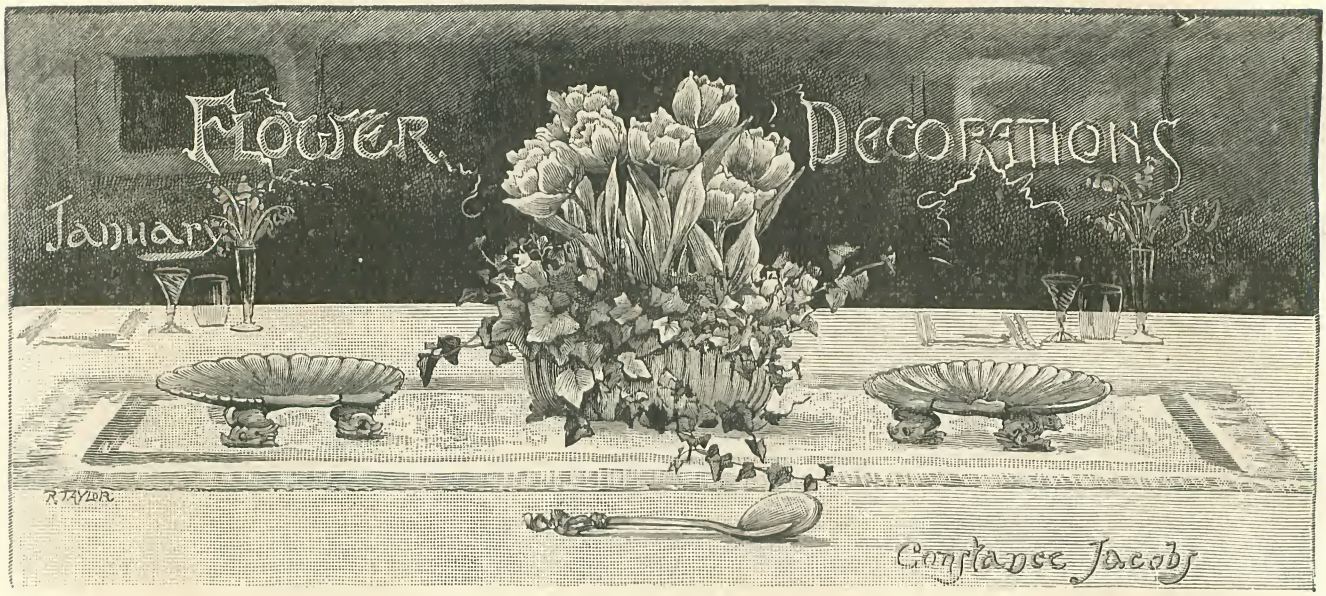
Christ, I will live for Thee,
As Thou for me!
Christ, I will die [Calvary!
Bleeding for Thee, as Thou for me on

SONG OF THE MINER, TESTUS.

Christ loves the poor;
Unto His door
He bids us knock and enter, ne'er denies us.
He asks no payment
For food or raiment;
But without price or money, all he buys us.
He knows our want,
He ne'er doth scant;
The oftener we beg, the more He giveth.
The more we crave,
The more we have;
And what from Him we have, it ever thriveth.

Oh, poor estate,
By love so great
Made rich in goods beyond all earthly glory!
Where'er I go,
Above, below,
Still shall the Lord of Love be all my story.

There is no virtue where there is not love;
In those esteem'd the wise, how oft we see
A scorn and bitterness that slacks their wisdom;
They hate the evil more than love the good!



THE flowers of January are not difficult to enumerate, even in these days when florists merge the floral seasons into one another.

In the garden a few chrysanthemums may have survived the frosts; but they are mostly imperfect specimens, fit only for large bunches in the corners of rooms, where their colouring is of value, and where they will not be closely examined. Those in shops are better, but all alike are past their prime. Laurestinus and arbutus are better than last month, and are a great resource where they are to be had for the cutting, but are not often to be bought. Christmas roses ought to be plentiful. In shops, tulips, hyacinths, freesias (all forced), and mimosa are the cheapest; but roses, lilies-of-the-valley, and azaleas can also be had.

Perhaps in this barren month the cheapest flowers in the end are the tulips. They are forced and sent into the market in large quantities, the entire plants, bulbs and all, in the boxes in which they are grown. And this is much the best way to buy them, provided that the stalks are not too long, as, placed bodily in a bowl of water, or in very damp moss, they will sometimes with care last for a fortnight, opening wide in the lamp or gas-light, and partly closing again during the day. Of course with good china the mould which adheres to the bulbs might scratch and otherwise injure the inside of the bowl, so that it is best to use an inner basin of common earthenware or glass, placing a mat or paper between the two, and hiding the device with plenty of ivy, box, or barberry foliage. This is a much prettier and a less heavy arrangement than merely re-planting three or four bulbs into an ordinary flower-pot, as it can be varied by the admixture of other cut flowers or foliage. At West-end shops the bulbs cost from three halfpence to twopence-halfpenny each, and three, with ivy, in a punch-bowl on a pretty table-mat, are quite sufficient to dress out an ordinary-sized table, or to form the principal ornament for a drawing-room.

The following are some of the variations which I have made on the above lines with the aid of these flowers, and so gained some little commendation.

Five large pink blooms in a Lowestoft china bowl with brown ivy, whose colour made a delightful harmony with the delicate tints of the tulip leaves and petals. Two of the flowers fading after some time, I put the remaining bulbs and ivy into a low Austrian china basket, and added about half a dozen sprays of freesia, which cost fourpence.

The same basket held, another time, five scarlet tulips and four sprays of lily-of-the valley, with sprigs of myrtle foliage in between. But this came to one shilling and ninepence, the lilies costing three halfpence each; and the effect was neither so good nor so lasting as another, in which two scarlet and three pink were mixed with box in a dark green bowl.

Three scarlet flowers, with no other leaves than their own, in a cream-coloured terra-cotta pot of classic shape with high handles, made a quaint group for an occasional table.

Yellow tulips look well with barberry, brown ivy or mimosa in an old blue-and-white bowl, or a white china basket.

The freesia, which has only become common during the last two or three years, is very sweet-scented, and a congenial companion to almost any other bulbous flower; or is pretty in small olive-green glasses, with its own grass and some dark leaves, particularly box or myrtle. Such an arrangement would show to most advantage on a light green and brown table-mat. Sufficiently large bunches of freesia cost from sixpence to eightpence.

The strawberry arbutus, bearing its little pendant ivory blossoms at the same time as the red fruit—which, by-the-by, are more the shape and size of cherries than strawberries—is a very decorative shrub, and sprays of it in celadon or blue-and-white china or dark green glass, are pretty for the dinner-table by themselves, or in conjunction with lower vases holding Christmas roses. A large bunch of it is also effective for a drawing-room corner.

Laurestinus looks best in masses, and may be prettily arranged in a bank down the centre of the table, or to fill glass troughs in the way I suggested for ivy last month.

I have made extensive use of this shrub when in full bloom for the adornment of a room turned out for a party, banking it up on the mantelpiece, the top of the piano, and other shelves, from which all ornaments had been removed.

I formed the bank first of all with damp, not wet, moss, laid on waterproof paper, sticking the laurestinus and a few sprays of arbutus lightly in. The room being small for the number of guests, there were no available corners for groups of pot plants, but a few palms, some early tulips, and Roman hyacinths, were made into a very picturesque group on a landing where there was still space for a couple of chairs. Trails of ivy hung down from the mantelshelf over the sheet of glass which, in this instance, concealed the fire-place, and over the back of the piano. From a hook just under the shelf I suspended by yellow ribbons a basketful of yellow tulips, Roman hyacinths, begonia leaves, and mimosa. On the same occasion the centre of the long supper table was decorated alternately with sprays of mimosa in tall specimen glasses and low banks of ivy. These latter were studded with yellow, red, and white tulips; and whereas some had all the colours mixed, others had only one, all having a little mimosa intermingled. Another time the banks were composed entirely of laurestinus in full bloom; and old champagne glasses, taking the place of the specimen glasses, held yellow or red tulips as well as mimosa. The tulips might have been pink and white, and in that case the mimosa would have been discarded in favour of asparagus plumosus.

The banks were arranged with a contrivance which has lately been introduced by a London firm of nurserymen, and consists of concave pieces of wire netting, which are placed on the table, fitting tightly over a heap of damp moss,

A FIREPLACE.

waterproof paper being laid under all to protect the cloth from injury. Some of these wire frames are of a triangular shape, and look extremely pretty for the ends or corners of tables. The flower stalks put into the moss are held firmly in position by the wire, which it is easy to hide by foliage, or by pulling some of the moss through the interstices; and it is always desirable to start with a fringe of fern fronds, ivy, or something as light, of irregular lengths, to droop on to the tablecloth, and so avoid a straight, formal edge.

I have no doubt that the holders advertised by Carter in his seed lists would answer the same purpose; but I have never tried them, and should imagine that the effect in amateur hands would be more stiff. Christmas roses and the tiny yellow winter aconites would look extremely well in these banks, with ivy as the only foliage.

Greenhouses are gay now, and a favourite flower in many is the camellia, which personally I consider quite unfit for cutting for decorations. If, however, it is desired to use them for such a purpose, the blossoms should be laid with some of their shiny leaves in plates of moss, together, if possible, with some exotics of a light feathery growth, such as deutzia and some delicate ferns, to lend a little grace to these essentially artificial-looking flowers.

For a large dinner an excellent plan is to dress the table entirely with little ferns and other foliage plants growing in small celadon china or copper pots. Down the centre should be a row of the taller ferns such as pteris (or spider), or miniature specimens of dracæna and aralia sieboldii, while on each side should be a lower row of maidenhair. The table-centre most suitable to use would be a very bright piece of embroidery; and with copper pots, silver should be prominent in its design, with the celadon red and gold. If embroidery cannot be had, a strip of red silk fringed at each end and side will serve for the one arrangement, and two or three yards of crumpled-up pale green muslin stamped with silver devices, to be bought cheaply at most oriental shops, for the other.

I have carried out a similar scheme with a silver basket for the centre, and my favourite decanter-stands for the sides, and used them with a table-centre of heliotrope silk richly embroidered in cream, lemon, and orange tones, the lamp shades being yellow. The centre mat might equally well have been yellow, or salmon colour, with lamp shades to match.

None of these arrangements are so expensive as they sound, as small ferns and other plants can be bought for a few pence each, and are really permanent properties. The celadon pots are also cheap, the copper ones more costly; but both will be found constantly useful.

A few years ago everybody tried to grow

small ferns in so-called Liberty pots of blue-and-white china with pierced sides; but I do not know anyone who succeeded very well. Probably there was too much ventilation, and the roots could not be kept sufficiently moist.

Now, however, one can buy little blue-and-white or other artistically coloured pots which have only one hole, and that at the bottom, and otherwise resemble in form the common garden flower-pots, but are quite pretty enough for any purpose; and I believe that, with care, most small plants thrive in them very well.

Many people also plant ferns for the table in white china receptacles of more or less artistic design, and all these plans are useful at a season when flowers are scarce and very dear.

GRANNIE'S GINGHAM;

OR,

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "Miss Pringle's Pearls," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE one great change was productive of many.

Though grandfather Colbeck had been twelve years older than his wife, and ripe for the sickle, his sudden removal was not the less a blow to her. Coming, as is did, at the top of her own fatigue, there was no wonder she was prostrated for a time.

She, however, soon rallied sufficiently to take up her knitting-pins, if not to pursue her outdoor avocations.

This was of the more importance as spring was setting in.

About two years had gone by since Catherine and the children had found a refuge with her. Little Susie had grown into a bright, intelligent child of five and a-half years, always alert and proud to make herself useful, and her good grandmother was careful her energies should neither be misdirected nor overtaxed as she grew older.

Katie, two years her junior, was an imitative little elf, and it was well for her Susie had taken to tidy and industrious ways so early. They both looked as if simple diet and moorland breezes suited them, for they were bonny and blooming.

But now Martin's heart began to throb and ache for them, as his crippled condition disabled him from cultivating the ground, on which so much depended, or from seeking custom in his own trade.

He could but pray, and trust in God for the answer.

It came first from Catherine's unsought preparation for Moorcross market.

"Some one is bound to go," she said. "I only wish I had gone——" but there she stopped. She did not care to confess too much. She soon got over the strangeness of "standing the market," and the change from the monotony of the moor was delightful. Very soon she began to know people, and to look forward to market day as a pleasurable excitement, apart from the money or household stores she brought back. Then she was strong and healthy, so that the walk to and fro was merely good exercise.

The children, left to the wiser guardianship of Martin and his mother, were none the worse for her frequent absence.

It so happened that Michael Toft, whose master's shop was in the market-place, spied Mrs. Martin Colbeck coming week by week, and profited by it to mature a project of his own.

The March winds blew an unexpected visitor across the moor one Thursday afternoon in Catherine's absence—a young man about seventeen, somewhat dubious of his reception, who carried a parcel under his arm, and saluted wondering Susie with the question, "Why, Susie, love, don't you remember Mike?"

Yes; after a brief effort of memory Susie remembered Mike, and put a shy brown hand into his, while a voice from within cried heartily, the past gone to the past, "Come in, Mike; I'm glad to see you. Why have you not been here before?"

Michael could have told, but hesitated. "I was not sure I should be welcome. And I've come now to bring you this, and hope it may help you to get about a bit better."

He opened his parcel as he spoke, and revealed a boot made with a graduated high heel. "I think it's your size, master, and I hope it will fit. If not it will do for the hospital, and I'll measure you for another. I've been a long while trying my hand at making these things in my overtime, taking hints from the doctors. You see I've put a felt sock inside, to be soft for your tender foot."

He could scarcely have taken Martin a gift more acceptable, and both he and grandmother Colbeck told him so, to his great gratification.

What was more, the boot fitted admirably, and both children clapped their hands in high glee to see their father walk about with only one stick, which, he said, he should soon be able to discard.

"You've learned a good deal since you left me, Mike, or you could not make a boot like this," observed he, over the homely tea-table.

"Well," replied Michael, "our foreman's a clever chap, and knows a lot, and when I told him all the mischief I'd done, and how it hurt me to see you shuffling along between two sticks, he put me up to making high boots, so as I might do something to show how sorry I am. And it's like to be a good thing for me, master, for I work in overtime when I'm not at the Institute. And I'm a Sunday-school teacher now," he added proudly, as if to show how he filled his time.

"Are you?" said Martin, with a smile. "That's rather odd, for I've begun to be a teacher too. No, not Susie; I've been teaching her a long while. But just as I was downhearted, because I could neither dig nor plant, and the garden was going to ruin, Hirst, the man who took father's vegetables to sell along with his own, came and proposed that his big lads should keep the ground in order for us if I would teach them at night to read, write, and account. And since then I've had some other lads come, who pay, so I have quite a class round me. And things don't look so black as they did."

"Ah, master!" exclaimed Michael, as he rose to depart, lest he should encounter his old mistress on the way, "you were always for making the best of things. And I've kept your saying in mind."

It would be difficult to analyse the feelings of Catherine when she heard the beat of the high boot, and saw her husband coming to meet her at the gate with only one stick, and learned whence the boot came. Amazement and satisfaction died out in bitterness and vexation.

"What!" she jerked out; "accept a favour from that scamp?" and marched into the house in marked displeasure, taking no heed of Martin's rebelling commentary—

"Then you would rather see me go limping painfully along between two sticks for the rest of my life, than receive a benefit from a remorseful lad anxious to make atonement? I thought better of you, Catherine."

She set down her basket on the table without a word, and was loosening her bonnet-strings, when Susie struck another jarring note with the gleeful exclamation—

"Mike's measured me for new boots."

"And me too," echoed Katie, in like tone.

Then she turned on her husband sharply. "I thought you would have had better spirit than to suffer it."

"I had a better spirit than to wound a sensitive lad anxious to make what reparation lies in his power."

"Hmph! But after all it's little enough, considering the mischief he has done," she retorted, with a sudden change of tone.

And there the altercation ended. Grandmother Colbeck, undressing the children, wisely held her peace, and Martin let the matter drop.

Experience had told him that his wife said things in her haste she repented in her leisure; and he generally left her time for reflection.

Prejudice could not blind her to the advantage of the high boot to her husband. She was pleased to see him walk about with comparative ease; nay, even to handle a rake or a hoe to improve on the rough gardening of the Hirsts, finally contriving to sow seeds, or to transplant young shoots.

Her satisfaction rubbed off the sharp edges of her resentment. She could not resist the delight of the youngsters over their well-made "Sunday boots." And when, a few weeks later, Hirst brought in from Moorcross a neatly wrapped up pair of boots for herself (which, Martin observed critically, were the best of material and workmanship), she read the modest note, in which Michael Toft offered them humbly, conscious how little he could do to show his regret for the injury he had done—

she read it with considerably mollified feelings towards the writer.

Indeed, the very next market day saw her in his master's shop, making a clumsy sort of apology for her roughness to him when her troubles were sore, and thanking him chiefly for Martin's high boot.

Michael worked very hard, and had not much spare time; but he found his way to the cottage occasionally after that, and was always welcome, especially to the children, who multiplied as time went on. He had always something for them—a book, or a doll, or it might be only sweeties.

Yes, as time went on Martin's limbs strengthened with his daily exercise in the open air. He renewed acquaintance with old customers, and had as much work as he could well undertake. Then his evening school increased, Farmer Braithwaite sending his youngest boy, who brought the daily milk. The garden, again well-kept, supplied family needs besides what went to market. Susie and imitative Kate became more domestically useful as they grew in years and stature. The former indeed developed quite a faculty for nursing, leaving her mother free for other duties. The eggs and poultry, the sewing and knitting, all added to the exchequer; and though they still lived frugally, the extreme pinch of poverty was no longer felt.

Seven years had jogged on since their disastrous fire, and even Catherine had toned down into contentment with her lot, when capricious fortune gave her restless wheel another—and yet another—backward turn.

Neither Eliza, aged three, nor Tommy, eighteen months younger, had the happy dispositions of the two elder girls. The boy had been fractious from birth, yet his mother idolised him, and humoured all his little whims, until he threatened to become an intolerable nuisance. Neither child would let the poor old grandmother have much peace. Her knitting pins would be drawn out of her work and the stitches roved, or her wool would be carried off and entangled. The boy would clamber on and off her knee, and the girl climb on the back of her chair: there was falling, and screaming, and quarrelling between them, and the old woman seemed thankful when the Great Reaper came to carry her away to his quiet garner beside her old man.

And whether through the wetting he got by the graveside, or from over exhaustion in walking to and fro, or from broken rest in tending a crying child the mother slept too heavily to hear, or all three causes combined, Martin, overworked and worn out, followed his mother in less than six weeks, and Catherine was left a widow with four children to maintain.

She sat down, overwhelmed and appalled by the extent of the new calamity. She had never felt the full worth of her husband or even of the old grandmother until she had lost them.

"She was always so good to the little ones, and so patient with poor Tommy, and kept them quiet when I went to market, or was hurried to get my sewing done in time," she said to Michael Toft, in the first hours of her affliction. "And as for Martin, he was the best husband and father that ever lived. He was always at work, early and late, and no one ever heard a wrong word fall from his lips. Oh, what shall we do! what *shall* we do! There is nothing but ruin before us"—and she rocked herself to and fro in the depth of her anguish.

Susie's face was mottled and streaked with tears. The little woman's arm was round her mother's neck, and yearning to give consolation, she whispered, "You know, mother dear, father said you must 'trust in God and make the best of things.'"

Catherine pushed her away irritably. "Oh, yes, he was always saying that! But what is there to make the best of now? There will be neither school nor garden money; and as for his bench and tools, it makes me ill to look at them."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Colbeck," quietly corrected Michael; "things might be very much worse. I understand you to say that there was a little bit of money put by."

"Yes; but the two funerals have nearly swallowed it all up."

"Well, but you have not run in debt for them, and that is something. I daresay young Hirst can be hired to do the rough work of the garden for you at a cheap rate, and I'm sure Susie and Kate would do their best to help."

"That we would!"—from both girls eagerly.

"I will see Hirst for you if you like; and perhaps, when work is slack, I may be able to give you a turn. You see, now I am out of my apprenticeship I am getting first-hand wages, and am not so tied as to hours, so you never need worry about boots and shoes, for I will take care you are all well shod. And as for my dear master's bench and tools, if you will only let me have them I shall be proud to keep them for his sake, and will give you a better price than you could get elsewhere; for I should not like them to be handled by a stranger."

The widow was still sobbing in the shade of her handkerchief.

Michael, who had Tommy asleep on his knee, leaned forward and went on, "You see, Mrs. Colbeck, things are never so bad as we fancy, and according to our faith, or want of it, the clouds will look brighter or blacker. So pray take heart, and don't lose sight of your husband's last words."

"Yes, Mike," she sobbed, "no doubt what you say is true, and you are a good friend in our trouble, and quite a comforter; but—but however am I to leave the children on market days?"

"Um-m," he murmured, pondering; then briskly, "I daresay Mrs. Hirst would come in, or perhaps take charge of Tommy."

"I can take care of Tommy and the house," put in Susie, with womanly decision. "He wouldn't be good with Mrs. Hirst."

And so from the time she was little over ten years of age Susie on market day was left in charge of troublesome Tommy, the house, and her sisters, Kate being the only one to lend her a helping hand in any difficulty with the younger ones, or the household matters she was expected to set in order.

It was no light undertaking for so young a child; but at that age children feel qualified to accomplish feats their elders would shrink from. Indeed, Mrs. Hirst, who walked a quarter of a mile the first day to look in and ascertain if all was going right, said at home, "I wouldn't take charge of that there lad and that minx 'Liza, no, not if I was well paid for it."

How Susie managed could never be told. No doubt she had hard times of it. But she never lost sight of her father's cheery maxim, and that was a help to her.

Of course she was but a child, and sometimes things she should have done had been overlooked or forgotten, or were not done well enough, or the two youngsters had been in mischief neither she nor Kate could prevent; and then, when she should have been commended for what she had done well, she was reprimanded for what was left undone, or for the wrong done by others, or often as not for "slaps" and "scoldings" which had no existence beyond the inventive brain of tell-tale Eliza.

Sometimes her child heart swelled almost to bursting under a sense of misrepresentation or of failure or unappreciated effort, and she watered her pillow with unsuspected tears; and but for the strengthening sympathy of Michael Toft she might have wearied of well-doing.

But being left in charge as she was, the weight of responsibility lay upon her, and the necessity to exercise such authority and supervision as the circumstances required. Then, like Ariel, she "did her spiriting gently," and as weeks and months rolled by the two refractories became more amenable to control.

Their cottage might lie out of the regular track, and not many people found their way thither; but the Hirsts came and went, and Mrs. Hirst was a *gossip*; or Edward Braithwaite might be sent with a bundle of cabbage or lettuce plants to put in the ground; and Susie went daily for the pitcher of skim milk which Mrs. Braithwaite gave to them after the father's death, sometimes with Eliza, or in time with Tommy by the hand.

And so, one way or other, the motherly ways of the little maid were known and talked about in most unlikely places, though Susie herself knew nothing of it.

Such was the state of affairs on that grey February morning when Mrs. Colbeck started for Moorcross market, with eggs and poultry for sale, some fine needlework, and knitted stockings done to order, and reluctantly burdened with grandmother Colbeck's long-saved large blue gingham umbrella.

CHAPTER IV.

"I EXPECT the cart will have gone past. It's generally the case when I'm late, or have most to carry," murmured Mrs. Colbeck discontentedly to herself, as she hastened on over the irregular footpath, now up, now down, with here a twist, and there a turn, as generations of pedestrians had found it needful to avoid some grassy knoll, or clump of bushes, or treacherous hollow where a tangle of last year's dead fronds, with clumps of round reddish knobs in their midst, told that there the bracken grew thick and rank in summer time. The air was keen and cold, but not a breath of wind was stirring, and she found the heavy umbrella in her way, as she endeavoured to bring her shawl closer over her chest.

"It was all through Susie I brought the lumbering old thing. I shall be perished with cold before I get to market, all through filling my hands with useless lumber." And so she maundered on until she gained the spot where the path opened on to the cart-road, which itself led to the highway.

"Ah," she exclaimed aloud, setting her basket down on a large wayside stone, and pinning her thick shawl closer round her, "It's just my luck! The cart's gone. I knew it would be. Heigho! Well, there's no help for it!" And with another weary sigh she took up her basket and trudged on, still murmuring to herself as she went.

She had been premature. Before she had gone a hundred yards further she heard the sound of wheels, and then a cheery, "Halloo, there! Shall we give you a lift, Mrs. Colbeck?" In another moment she had stopped and turned, only too glad of a lift which saved her a tramp of three miles good, and eased her loaded arms.

It was a light spring cart, in the front of which sat Mr. Braithwaite and his son Edward, a lad of sixteen or thereabouts, both cased in thick drab overcoats. They hauled in bundle, basket, and umbrella, and then helped her to mount by the wheel to the back seat—a clumsy process, but preferable to the three miles' tramp.

"So you've brought the old granny's umbrella with you?" observed the farmer with a chuckle. "Why, I can remember that blue gingham—aye, nigh upon forty year. The

old dame was right down proud of it, I can remember, for barring my wife's there wasn't another on the moor for miles and miles. But I dare say it's seen its best days, like most of us."

"Yes, it's a faded old thing. I shouldn't have cumbered myself with it, but Susie over-persuaded me. She said your weather-glass foretold a downfall, and would have me bring it."

"A very sensible little lass. It's always best to be on the safe side. She heard me say there would be a downfall; and so there will before we can get back. That's why the wife did not come. I left word for the shepherd to fold the sheep, for the snow's think up there"—pointing upwards with his whip—"and it will be thick down *here* before night. So I'd have you look sharp, missis, and get your business done, so that we may help you on your way back. Anyhow, you'll want your umbrella before you get home, see if you don't."

Very rueful she looked at this forecast, but thanked the farmer, alike for his hint and his kind-hearted offer.

"Aye, and thank that lass of yours for her forethought. I've wondered often and often how you dared leave no one but that child to take charge of the house and other bairns. I'd not trust one of mine so far."

"Poor folk must do as they can, not as they will, Mr. Braithwaite," fell with a sigh from the widow's lips.

"True for you, missis, and you're a thrifty, managing woman, and no doubt have trained Susie well; but our Ned here has told us how she goes about her work and looks after the others quite like a woman."

"Oh, yes, Susie's very well, but you know she's turned twelve and is close on thirteen; and then she has Kate to help her."

"Look you, Mrs. Colbeck, she wasn't twelve when she was first left alone with those bairns, with that plague of a Tommy to manage. And if she hadn't been a steady, motherly little body, the help of two Kates would ha' been no good to her. But I do say, and the wife says, she'll make a downright good wife *for somebody* some day, and so I tell our Ned."

"I know she will," said Ned, blushing up to the ears.

"Oh, Mr. Braithwaite, Susie's but a child; you shouldn't put such notions in young folk's heads. The girl's well enough, but Kate's quite as good."

"Well, maybe, but we've seen and heard more of Susie. But here we are," and he threw the reins to the ostler of the Nag's Head, and having helped out the widow and belongings, pointed up at the church clock, then on the stroke of nine, and bade her be there—"mind, not later than half-past three, or we shall be gone."

"I'll be sure to be punctual," and away she went.

Her first business was with a Mrs. Chipperfield, in the High Street, a dealer in hosiery, haberdashery, and ready-made linen. The shop was full, and she had to wait awhile before the shirts in her bundle could be inspected and paid for. She chafed inwardly at the delay, but was compelled to repress her impatience.

At length Mrs. Chipperfield was at liberty, examined the half-dozen shirts brought in, critically, not overlooking a single button-hole.

"Um, ah, well, they'll do! Now for the stockings. What, only one pair! You must really let me have the others next week. And the old gentleman your mother-in-law knitted for is in want of a fresh supply, with numbers and initials knitted in. I suppose you could do them?"

"Oh, yes!" And for once she was thankful for granny's teaching.

"Well, then, be here by four o'clock, and the wool shall be ready and another set of linen shirts."

"If you could have them ready by three o'clock I should be very greatly obliged. A friend has offered to drive me part way home if I am ready in time."

"Ah, well, it's a busy day, you know; but however, I'll see."

"And perhaps you will be so good as to put up a set of 16's knitting-needles and a ball of worsted for a learner. And I will pay for them now, please."

The widow put down her pence on the counter, and departed to make way for fresh customers, first ascertaining that the shopkeeper required neither eggs nor chickens. Then she took her stand in the market, and uncovered her basket. But the unpromising appearance of the sky had kept ladies indoors, and their deputies were harder to please, chaffering and beating down prices to make good bargains. She had barely time to get a mouthful of bread and cheese, and to buy Tommy's ginger-bread, when, with half-a-dozen eggs unsold, over which she lamented ruefully as over sixpence lost, she hurried to Mrs. Chipperfield's, three o'clock having already struck.

She found the shop crowded, the work not ready. Out she went again, trying to sell the few remaining eggs; but all to no purpose. Once more she entered the shop and waited in the background, still more impatiently, for a few light flakes of snow were drifting slowly down, like the scouts of an advancing army.

"If I had but known she would keep me waiting so long I might have stayed in the market and sold my eggs," she repeated to herself disconsolately. Those six unsold eggs lay heavily on her mind, as tokens of the ill-fortune that always dogged her.

The shirts were already "cut out," but minute instructions had to be given, as also for the stockings, although a pattern was enclosed with the wool. And before the big check bundle crowded up the eggs into one corner of the open basket, the church clock struck four.

She had to jostle her way along the crowded thoroughfares, and when she reached the Nag's Head, as she had anticipated, her voluntary charioteer was gone; though the ostler vouchsafed the information that "Maister Braithwaite waited full ten minutes."

"Well, he might have waited five minutes more. What are five minutes to a man with a good horse and trap, when a poor widow had to be helped over three miles of road. He might have stayed; but folk as have every comfort have little consideration for them as have none," she muttered discontentedly, as she took her way out of the rapidly thinning market-place, casting her eyes hither and thither for some sign of Hirst and his lumbering red cart, apparently oblivious of the farmer's many and considerate services in the past, and heedless of the difference five or ten minutes might make to the roads for his beast.

The snow no longer came down lazily, but in great thick flakes, clinging to walls and roadway; and before she had gone two hundred yards, or left the town behind, she was glad to put up the old granny's gingham, acknowledging to herself, "Susie was right after all. And I must set my best foot foremost if I'm to get home in daylight. It's getting plaguey dark already."

Yes, the sky was darkened with the thickly falling flakes, which filled the air, covered up grass and roadway as with one long smooth white sheet, and gave a weird ghostliness to the wayside bushes.

Horsemen with whitened coats and bodies bent forward shot past with almost dreamlike silence; traps and market-carts were also on the road, but all overcrowded, and no one had a seat to offer.

She had good stout boots, thanks to Michael Toft, and her skirts were not long enough to draggle; but her boots clogged, and she had to stop every now and again to kick out the snow against a stone, and to shake her loaded umbrella free.

When at length she reached the third milestone, where the rough cart-track branched off both to Hirst's and Braithwaite's, and where she herself had to quit the high road, she brushed the snow from the stone and set down her big heavy basket with a long-drawn sigh of relief. Never before had basket seemed so heavy or miles so long and wearisome; and never before had she been troubled with such yearning anxiety to get home and discover how her children had been faring.

Again she shook her umbrella free from its load of snow, and once more picking up her unwieldy basket, began to plod along the upward rising track, and wished the landmarks on either side were more distinct. It had become quite a toil now to lift her feet and set one before the other; the wind had risen, driving the snow in eddies, and she felt as if the miles were stretching out interminably, and that she made little or no progress. At length she arrived at what she took to be the corner-stone, and there she turned off from the wider track, sighing heavily over her inability to discern the path. Somehow she blundered over another half-mile, when she came to a great stone higher than herself, with a snow-covered bush at one end.

"Thank goodness!" she cried. "I was afraid I had gone wrong; but now I know where I am. I must just have three minutes' rest before I go forward."

So saying, she dumped her basket down at the foot of the stone, which broke the force of the wind, and had kept a corner almost clear of snow in the angle formed by the bush. Seating herself on the bundle she caught the tips of her umbrella in the great bush, and the hook under her basket-handle, so as to free her hands, which had begun to cramp, yet shelter her just the same.

"Dear me," she said, as she stretched her benumbed fingers, then rubbed both hands together, "dear me, I am wofully tired. I really feel as if I could not go a step farther without a good rest, and this is a snug corner in the storm. How glad I shall be to get home and have a warm cup of tea."

And while she has her rest in the "snug corner," under shelter of the despised umbrella, let us see how things are progressing at the cottage, where Susie had her work cut out.

Whilst Kate cleared away the breakfast things she had to give Tommy and Eliza a good wash, and before this could be done had a journey to the spring for water. To save unnecessary journeys she followed her mother's plan, and took with her a couple of tin pails and a hoop, which, resting on the filled pails, kept them equally balanced and at arms' length, whilst she could step clearly within its circle, with less danger of wetted skirts. The cans were large and unwieldy for a girl of her size, and she could not venture to fill them to the brim; but when she set the cans down at the door, she felt as if her arms were well-nigh pulled from their sockets. The sensation was by no means new, and a deep breath of satisfaction when the double load was set down was all her comment.

When the water was in the bowl, with soap and towel beside it, Master Tommy was missing. He had stolen out at one door when Susie came in at the other. Now ensued a chase, Kate one way, and Susie another, to catch him, he dodging round corners and outbuildings as if he had been playing the merriest game in the world, finally

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."] [EDMUND EVANS.

LEFT BLOOMING ALONE.

(From the painting by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.*)*

darting into the house and hiding under one of the beds, whence it was no easy matter to dislodge him; and when at length captured, he kicked and screamed as if he were sentenced to be drowned instead of washed. But after fully half-an-hour of Susie's time had been wasted, a clean boy with newly-combed hair and a clean pinafore stood upon the hearth, and Eliza had to go through the same process. She was scarcely so obstreperous, but she jerked about, would not stand still, and gave as much trouble as was possible without open rebellion.

Of course the hearth had been splashed, and had to be washed up, the fire cleared, and irons put down to heat; then Kate and Susie together went to make the beds and set the two rooms in order, whilst Tommy and Eliza had a run in the garden.

Then Kate sat down to finish a sock she was knitting, and Susie, bringing in a basket of freshly dried clothes, and a bowl of clear water, began to sprinkle and fold them as deftly as a woman, now and then exchanging a pleasant word with Kate.

Presently there was a loud scream; Eliza had pushed her brother down, and he came in roaring lustily, his hands and knees grazed, his nose bleeding, his clean pinafore smeared and stained.

"Dear me, 'Liza, I wish you would not be so rough. Mother will be quite cross when she comes home," cried Susie, as she took the bowl of sprinkling-water to check the bleeding, and did her best to still the crying child. This consumed another half-hour required for other duties. Back she went to her sprinkling and folding, and when the whole pile was ready for her irons, they were too hot.

Setting one to cool, she stripped off the boy's sullied pinafore and, carrying it into the back kitchen, washed out the stains and hung it up to dry. Then she utilised the soapy water to remove the ugly red spots left on the clean stone floor. When the dirty water was thrown out and her own hands purified, she laid the ironing-blanket on the table, and a flat stone which did duty for a stand, and turning the pile of folded clothes upside down, to bring the first folded to the surface, she tried and rubbed her iron smooth ready to begin.

As she spread the first well-patched garment out for the iron, she glanced upwards at the china-faced clock.

"Katie," she began, "it's time you scrubbed the potatoes for dinner. And 'Liza, come hither and say your lessons instead of chasing those poor fowls about the yard." Her quick ear had detected a commotion and its cause.

Kate laid down her knitting on the instant, but Eliza hung back, and when Susie insisted on her coming, brought her book reluctantly and stood by the ironing-table with a sullen scowl upon her face and a forefinger in her mouth.

"I don't like saying lessons," she objected. "I'd almost as soon go without my dinner."

"Then shut your book and go without dinner," advised Susie quietly. "There will be more for others"—and went on with her ironing composedly, taking no further notice of Eliza in her sulks.

Still Eliza did not stir. She was disinclined to obey, and equally disinclined to go without her dinner; and she had not to learn that what Susie said she meant.

The potatoes were on the fire, two-thirds of the pile of folded clothes were hanging, smooth and straight, on lines across the kitchen to be aired, before Eliza came to her senses, opened her book, and began to spell out her monosyllabic lesson.

Ironing and monotonous drawl came to an end together: then a cloth was spread on the deal table, the boiled potatoes were divested of their skins and portioned out into four basins, already supplied with buttermilk. It was not a very sumptuous repast, but it was appetising, and acceptable to them all; for buttermilk was only to be obtained once a week, when Mrs. Braithwaite churned, and it was in high favour.

Grace said, Susie left Kate to clear away, whilst she went into the garden to dig up a bed for the onions, Tommy following closely on her heels ripe for mischief. But Susie, who had found him a clean pinafore, kept a sharp eye on him, and when her digging was over ordered him back into the house.

It was by this time three o'clock.

"I'd better go for the milk now," remarked Susie. "Do you think you can manage with the children if I leave them both? for the sky looks threatening. I should not like either of them to get wet; and besides, I can get over the ground quicker by myself."

Straightway Eliza and Tommy wanted to go with her, and began to whimper on being refused. Some time was lost in silencing them, and when Susie, with a small woollen shawl over her head and a brown earthenware pitcher in hand, was about to start, Kate called after her—

"There's no water, Susie!"

That meant another journey with cans and hoop to the spring, and by the time the water was brought and Susie was again ready to set off, fully twenty more minutes had flown.

She was loth to leave Kate to be tormented by both children; but there was no help for it, and she had been forbidden to send Kate. She could only promise to make haste back, and set off at a run.

A few light flakes of snow had begun to fall when she reached the farm.

"I think, Susie, you had better take another pitcher of milk with you in case you are not able to get here to-morrow for the snow," said Mrs. Braithwaite. "But stay, my dear, I'll put it all in a two-gallon can; it will be easier to carry. Now make haste back, that's a good girl!"

But hasten as she might, the snow was coming down, and there was no escaping.

(To be concluded.)

"LEFT BLOOMING ALONE."

By SYDNEY GREY

A SAD little lassie went roaming one day—
One chill autumn day when the flowers were at rest;
Too quickly the clouds became heavy and grey,
But heavier still was the heart in her breast.

No mother, no father, no sister had she—
These were but sweet memories tenderly kept;
Her dear sailor brother was over the sea—
What mattered it then if she smiled or she wept!

So mournfully musing, our lassie espied
A single fair rosebud, "left blooming alone,"
As lovely as any that June, in the pride
Of fairy-like empire, could claim as her own.

A blustering wind shook its delicate stem,
The dry leaves about it were faded and few;
Yet there was the rose smiling sweetly on them,
And brightening the plain barren wall where it grew.

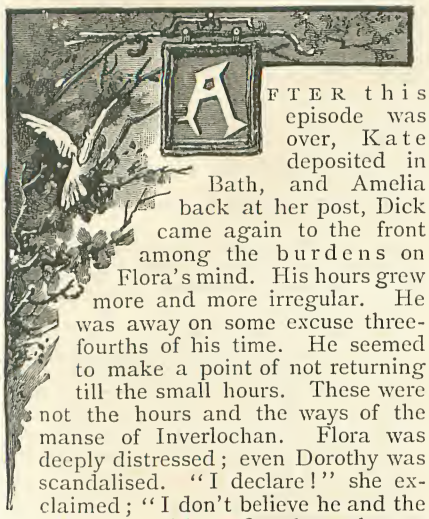
It seemed in its beauty to say, "While I live,
Though lone and neglected, I will not repine;
Since joy may be won in the pleasure we give,
This comfort, this blessing, at least shall be mine."

O maiden forlorn! here's a lesson for you!
A lesson the late blowing flower shall disclose;
If 'tis but a little a lassie can do,
She surely can manage as much as a rose.

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XI.



AFTER this episode was over, Kate deposited in Bath, and Amelia back at her post, Dick came again to the front among the burdens on Flora's mind. His hours grew more and more irregular. He was away on some excuse three-fourths of his time. He seemed to make a point of not returning till the small hours. These were not the hours and the ways of the manse of Inverlochan. Flora was deeply distressed; even Dorothy was scandalised. "I declare!" she exclaimed; "I don't believe he and the lads he goes with confine themselves to the theatres. I should not wonder if they went to those dreadful music-halls. How low and disgraceful of Dick!" Flora was not qualified to measure the comparative degree of iniquity of theatres and music-halls, but she felt in her earnest soul that something must be done. She could not write and expose Dick's misdoings to his father and mother, who had trouble enough without such information. Still less could she let him follow the "broad way and the green" of self-indulgence to his hurt, perhaps to his ruin, if anything she could do would arrest him. The thing was to convict Dick, and beseech him to consider what he was doing.

The girls had been told not to sit up for Dick, but it would be keeping the letter and not the spirit of the injunction if they did not set it aside for once. Dorothy entered zealously into the situation to begin with, robed herself in her electric blue dressing-gown, with a little blue shawl, really an evening wrap, drawn over her pretty light-brown head—dressing-gown and wrap eminently becoming—and sat down with a book, an improving volume of essays, in her hand, to confront the culprit with the youthful majesty of her presence at so late, or rather, at so early an hour. But as the slow quarters were tinkled out one after another by the Louis Quinze timepiece she grew tired, sleepy, and cross, in spite of her constitutional good nature. She began to think that she and Flora were not called upon to interfere with Dick and affront him. She professed to dread a disagreeable scene, she who hated and shrank from all that was disagreeable, and had not needed to face anything worse than toothache in the whole course of her life. She declared she felt toothache coming on with fatigue and cold, for she and Flora were not going to keep up great fires after midnight, and have the policeman knocking to see if the chimney was on fire. She was sure it was quite out of place for two girls to sit up for Dick; they ought to have done as mamma told them—to do otherwise was not dignified or lady-like. It would be long before Lilian and Evelyn Warren sat up for their brother.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Flora could persuade Dorothy not to give in and go to bed, by reminding her that Dick might come in at any moment, and then all the time the two had waited would be lost. As for the Miss Warrens, the only brother of theirs whom Flora had seen was five-and-twenty—she had heard Dorothy mention his age—when he should be able to look after himself; while poor Dick was only a lad out of the reach of his college dean and proctors. Even when Dorothy was so far won over she would do nothing but crouch grumbling over the fire, with her face and head wrapped up in the little shawl. She would not rise—not when she heard Dick's step without, and his key in the lock of the front door. She mumbled fretfully behind a handkerchief that he should see her back if that would do any good, and no more.

Poor Flora was not in a dressing-gown; she was in her ordinary dinner-frock, unable to sit still, trembling with cold and anxiety, feeling dimly conscious of a mission, yet totally uncertain how she was to discharge it. She screwed up her courage and opened the drawing-room door as she heard Dick coming upstairs, talking in a lively, jovial key to Amelia, who, finding her young ladies were sitting up for Mr. Dick, had sat up likewise to bear them company, and had solemnly descended from her own quarters to add her testimony to that of her mistresses.

Flora had been told that when young men adopted Dick's reprehensible practices, the result, even in the best-bred college men, was stumbling feet and thickened utterance; but as she listened with a quaking heart, all she could distinguish was Dick showing the protesting Amelia up the stairs before him with exaggerated ceremony.

"Hallo, Flora!" he cried, startled out of his antics, when he distinguished his cousin, and then, as he entered the drawing-room—"and you too, Dorothy! What is all this about? Have you heard again from my mother? And is my father worse?"

"No, no!" cried Flora, eager to disabuse his mind, while Dorothy, forgetting her resolution to turn her back upon him, faced round indignantly, with her handkerchief pressed to her mouth as an indication of her suffering. She assailed the offender in a muffled voice.

"This is a fine time of night for you to come in, Dick; and you see what you've done to me with waiting for you."

"I never told you to stay up," said Dick, sulkily staring at his challenger, and then flinging himself gloomily into a chair, his high spirits extinguished and his dignity mortally offended. He felt aggrieved besides because of the momentary disorder and alarm into which he had been thrown. "I don't know what you girls mean," he repeated with the air of a deeply injured man.

"Come away, Flora!" cried Dorothy angrily, forgetting her toothache and dropping her handkerchief; "if this is all the thanks we get. If he chooses to come in at this hour, and speak to us in this way, he is not fit company for us. Mamma knew it, and told us so."

Dick's brick-red face grew several shades more bricky as he started to his feet again. "Mamma never suspected me," cried he, waxing boyish in his towering rage. "I don't wish to thrust my company upon you. I always supposed my father's house was as free to me as to you. I could have eaten my supper alone, or I could have gone without supper. But since you have chosen to inflict your company on me—most unnecessarily I must say—and to insult me, I can go elsewhere, and rid you of the undesirable contact."

"Oh, don't—don't, dear Dick!" implored Flora, catching him by the arm as he was moving towards the door. "Don't go out of the house at this hour with my uncle and aunt away."

Dick condescended to stand still and argue with his cousin. "What is all the row, Flora?" he demanded in an angry voice. "If my father does not find fault with what I do, why need she? I will tell *you*. I have come straight from a Debating Society to which some fellows took me, and as we have the affairs of the whole world to settle, of course we were detained late. Where was the harm? Doesn't *she* go to scores of lectures and concerts, operas and balls in the season, and think she does no harm? Where is the difference? Why should you find fault with me?"

"I am not finding fault with you," declared Flora. "I am only asking you to think for yourself and us too, Dick," she pleaded. "You know Dorothy goes out with my aunt among her friends, and everybody has heard where she is going and when she is coming back. She is not roaming at will all day and half the night. It *is* different; and she does not go out continually. We hoped you would stay with us, Dick, and help to take care of us; you see, we cannot do without you." Flora tried to smile, but with her overstrained nerves, began to cry instead.

"Oh, come now, don't turn on the waterworks!" cried Dick; but he was softened, and began to think himself a person of consequence. His cousin Flora, such a sensible, independent girl, not to be able to get along without him!

Flora's flattery was quite unconscious, and she was very nearly undoing its effect if Dick had not been an honest, kindly young fellow at heart. "I must

say, Dick," said Flora, wiping her eyes, and making a great effort, "that I don't think you are acting quite as you ought in following your own inclinations in what you are doing, even although you are doing nothing else that is wrong. It is not like being a good soldier——" She stopped short; she shrank from saying sacred things which might be treated lightly, or which Dick might resent as a sermon preached to him. Yet how often she had heard her father charge the young men and women of his church to be good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ; and what was a soldier if he was not bound by a vow and fighting under a standard?

"I am not a soldier yet," said Dick, not grasping her meaning; "and it is all rot about not doing what you like if there is no harm in it. Why, that is asceticism, and I thought you were only nurtured in Presbyterianism, not brought up a Puritan, or a Carmelite nun. However, I'll tether myself to your apron-strings and Dolly's, there, till the Oxford term begins, if you are to take my defection so much to heart."

"I am sure I don't care, Dick, if you don't get into some discreditable scrape," said Dorothy, with an exasperating assertion of superiority, risking another explosion.

But Dick did not take up the cudgels, and he either reported himself to his "commanding officers," as he called the girls, or stayed with the family, for the next week.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ONLY A DAISY.—1. We are gratified by your charming letter. The headquarters for Ling's Swedish drill and other kindred systems is the Hampstead Physical Training College, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W., which is under the management of Mdme. Bergman Osterberg. Massage, gymnastics, swimming, etc., are all taught. The college is close to the Finchley Road Station. You may learn Ling's system at any school of the London School Board.—2. Classes for ambulance training are held at the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street (above the Circus), and there you would be informed of any other locality, perhaps nearer to you, where you could be trained. Your plan is excellent, and we advise you to study a little shilling manual entitled *Sick Nursing at Home* (Gill, 70, Strand, W.C.). Your letter is most gratifying to us, and creditable to you.

BARBARA.—While studying at South Kensington you could be boarded, supposing there were a vacancy, at the Kindergarten School, 58, Pen-y-wern Road, Earl's Court, S.W. Address the Superintendent (or Matron), Miss Wüstney.

ZELIA O.—You had better write to Miss Pryde, 152, Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris. She will give you advice and information. As to your obtaining such a situation, we think it very questionable. Do not leave home until one has been actually engaged for you, and with reliable recommendations. You do not appear to be qualified to teach English, as you do not write correctly. You will have to learn when to use the words "should" and "would."

PERPLEXED ONE.—If you pray for success in passing your examinations, and do not take sufficient pains to do so, your prayers are a mockery. We are perpetually told to be "diligent in business," "not slothful," and that, to those who indulge in a "little more folding of their hands to sleep," "want shall come like an armed man." Pray for guidance and wisdom, pray for help, but do not omit to strive honestly and diligently to do your appointed work, and to use such brains, time, and opportunities as God has already bestowed on you for your success. He *does* answer prayer, and the fault is your own. It may be of course one in judgment, and that you have been attempting what you have not intellect to accomplish. Of this we can be no judge.

NESTA.—1. The address of the General Secretary of the Christian Women's Education Union is—Miss Caroline G. Cavendish, Conference Hall, 143, Clapham Road, S.W.—2. The certificate of an elder sister will suffice for our competition.

MUSIC.

PINK JACKET.—1. Mozart (Johann Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus), German composer and pianist, composed his first opera, *Mithridates*, October 7th, 1770; his *L'Enlévement du Sérail* in 1782; the *Nozze di Figaro* in 1786; *Don Giovanni* in 1787; and *Die Zauberflöte* and his *Requiem* in 1791—the year of his death—as also his *Clemenza di Tito*. These are only a few of his works. He was born January 27th, 1756, married Constance Weber, August 4th, 1782, and died December 5th, 1791. We presume that you have read Lily Watson's story, "In the Days of Mozart," which has been republished in book form to celebrate the centenary of Mozart's death.—2. The 12th of August, 1882, fell on a Saturday.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—It is stated that about one person in five families of the poorer classes is able to play on some kind of instrument, or on an average about 4 per cent.; and amongst the middle and upper classes about six persons in every five families. Thus the proportion for these classes would amount to about 24 per cent. We cannot therefore be fairly stigmatised as lacking in musical taste.

WORK.

THREE DESPAIRING DAUGHTERS.—Never despair! Pray for direction and God's blessing on your earnest endeavours. There are many depôts for the sale of ladies' work in London and the neighbourhood:—The Ladies' Employment Society, 71, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.—entrance fee one guinea, commission 5 per cent; The Crystal Palace Ladies' Needlework Society, Fabrics Court, Crystal Palace, Upper Norwood, S.E.; Gentlewomen's Home-Work Association, Secretary, Miss E. M. Burney, St. Mark's Vicarage, Surbiton; Ladies' Work Society, 31, Sloane Street, S.W.; Ladies' Industrial Society, 11, Lower Porchester Street, Connaught Square—annual subscription 5s., and commission one penny in the shilling. In all the great provincial towns there are such societies. But we recommend our readers to take specimens of their work to the shops, and obtain interviews with the managers or proprietors, and endeavour to obtain trade orders for what they may require. We may also observe that there is the Co-operative Needlewomen's Society, Secretary, Mrs. Alison, 34, Brooke Street, Holborn, E.C.; also the Institution for Needlewomen, 10, Bermondsey Square, S.E.—employment given and work sold; The Working Ladies' Guild, 251, Brompton Road, S.W.; The Women's Trade Association (to enable ladies to go into trade), 11, South Grove, Tunbridge Wells, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BRIGHTON FRIEND takes exception to one of our Varieties, headed, "The Three Friends," and thinks that the latter part contains imperfect teaching. Nothing can be clearer to Christians than that the good works of man without Faith in Christ's mighty sacrifice are powerless to save. But in this little allegory, quoted from an ancient work, it is there clearly stated that the man's third friend—his own good deeds—he himself "scarcely noticed"; showing that he did not rely on *that* friend for admission to the palace of the King. We can surely never forget that even all our righteousness in God's sight is, as Isaiah says, "as filthy rags." We must ever be relying on and looking unto Jesus, the Author and the Finisher of our Faith.

PIGEON PIE and NELLIE.—1. The rate at which sound travels is regulated by the temperature of the air. Increase of heat augments the elasticity of the air. The velocity increases about 1·1 foot for every degree of the thermometer above 32 degrees. Therefore, were the air as cold as freezing water, sound travels 1,098 feet per second; and at 51 degrees Fahrenheit—about the mean temperature of our own country—the velocity is 1,111 feet per second. Sound travels faster over water than land, as a matter of course. Experiments made in Lake Leman show that while, as a general rule, in ordinary atmosphere it travels at the rate of 1,125 feet per second, in water the speed was increased to 4,708 feet. Captain Parry relates that in the Arctic regions, when the temperature was 22 degrees below zero, two persons a mile apart could converse together. M. de Saussure having experimented on the summit of Mont Blanc, stated that a pistol shot in that rarefied air sounded no louder than a small cracker.—2. Belvoir Castle is the seat of the Duke of Rutland, and the name is pronounced "Beever."

VIME.—As we are perfectly unacquainted with you and your abilities, constitution, and character, we could not possibly tell you for what vocation you would do well to qualify. You have ample time, being only fourteen.

PEGGY.—You should have told us in what part of the kingdom the deaf woman lives. There is the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females at Lower Clapton, E. The office is at 27, Red Lion Square, W.C. Forms of application for free admission may be obtained there on application to the Secretary.

SINCERITY.—Certainly as a Christian you ought not to marry an atheist. As your friend has already withdrawn from the club composed of unbelievers, there appears to be some hope of a change even now taking place. But on this step you can scarcely rely, because, if much attached to you, he would make a sacrifice for your sake. We recommend two steps on your part. Obtain some books from the Christian Evidence Society, and amongst them *Cook's Lectures*, and make it a stipulation that he shall study these carefully during the next twelve months, and tell him that if he has fully and sincerely changed his mind by that time you will marry him, but that your engagement to him shall be only conditional thereupon, though you will be true to him until the expiration of that time. The obligations of your religion require this of you.

WESTRALIA.—The terms you name appear to convey "a distinction without a difference." We do not know the verses, some of which you quote. Your appreciation, and that of your mother and pupils, of our paper is very gratifying, and the assurance that "it will ever be a first favourite." We feel a special interest in the girls of our far distant Colonies, and wish to reply to their letters with little delay.

A BRIGHTON DRAPER'S ASSISTANT writes to recommend a Home of Rest for girls in business, who often write to us for information on the subject. The address is The Hawthorns, Framfield, Sussex, and it is kept by Miss Mason. Having once been in business herself, she has a special interest in the over-worked, or ailing in health, persons employed in this calling, and understands what is suitable as well as agreeable. The country round is lovely. The terms per week are 12s. 6d., and there is a reduced fare from London—5s. 3d. return ticket for one month.

AURORA BOREALIS.—The phenomenon you name is by no means exceptional in your case. There is much electricity in the hair, which shows itself in sparks in dry frosty weather. If you rub a cat's back smartly the wrong way in such weather, you will perceive the same effect. Your writing is, we hope, not formed. It needs careful improvement.

JUANITA.—We hope shortly to publish a very valuable picture of the loftiest churches in Europe, which is being specially prepared by a celebrated architectural artist. The largest place of worship (Christian) is St. Peter's at Rome, which can contain a congregation of 54,000 persons. The space covered by it is equal to about five and a-half English acres. The next in size is the cathedral of Milan, capable of holding 37,000 persons. Our own St. Paul's could accommodate 20,000.

CHRISSIE T.—The only thing you can do for your grey beige dress over which ink was spilt is to get a piece of velvetine of the same or a darker shade and manage to lay it on as a "panel" perhaps, or insert it so as to cover the stain.

A LONELY LASSIE.—We do not know enough of the circumstances of the case to give any opinion. Of course we presume you refer to legal marriage.

ERIN.—Perhaps if you advertised for a situation as mother's help you might be more fortunate. Those as companions are rarely to be found. Hundreds of our readers are asking us for similar advice.

VALERIE GRAAFFKEENET.—The children's heads must be kept well washed and the hair short and very much oiled. Under this treatment you will find the trouble abate. Would you not be wise to have a good English nursery governess?

SHEILA.—1. You do not dry the rose leaves well enough for your *pot pourri*. The simplest method is to lay them out to dry on sheets of newspaper, turning them every day. When dry, sprinkle some quite dry salt amongst them, and you can also add dried leaves of lavender, sweet marjoram, and lemon thyme. This is a simple *pot pourri*, within reach of everyone.—2. The 19th of August, 1873, was a Tuesday.

SUBSCRIBER FROM PLYMOUTH.—The cheapest dyes you could get for your purpose are Judson's.

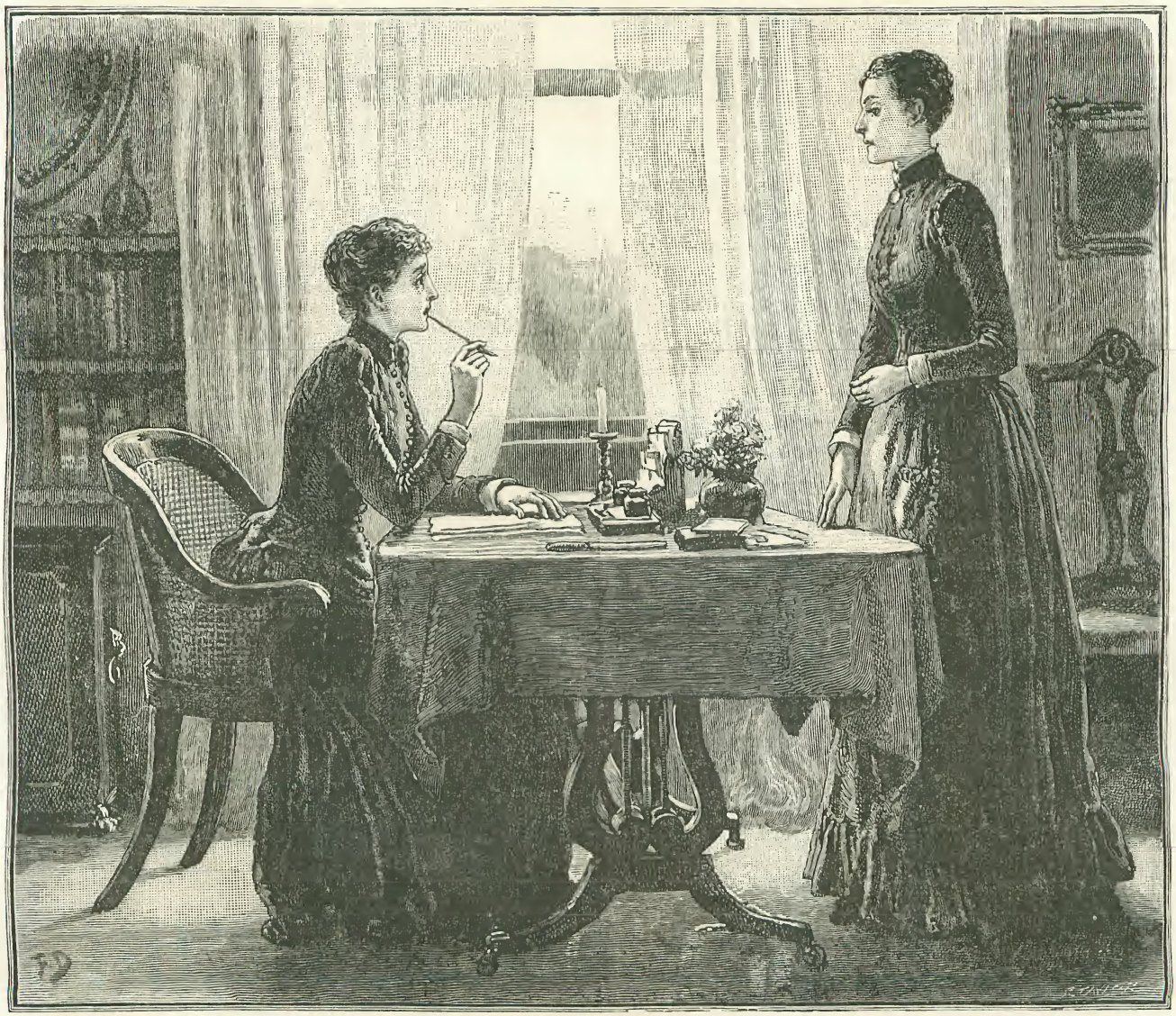
THE MATCH-GIRL'S DREAM.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XIII.—NO. 626.] DECEMBER 26, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.



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"IN THE LIBRARY."

CHAPTER XII.

A WAYWARD GIRL.

AMELIA had been regarding Flora as a Scotch usurper, interfering with superior claims. Still, Amelia had a conscience of her own, and she was not going to fail in her duty to Mrs. Bennet and her eldest daughter for the mere pleasure of thwarting Miss Macdermot. Amelia came to Flora, looking grim and mysterious, one afternoon, when the girl was all by herself in the library writing to Miss Arabella, and with her thoughts flown back to Inverlochan. "Are you aware, Miss Macdermot," said Amelia solemnly, "Miss Bennet ain't always walking and talking with the Miss Warrens when she goes out for the purpose? I don't take it upon myself to say that a young lady ain't on the square, and don't mean what she says when she says it; but there are temptations lying in wait for young ladies as well as for poor girls. Miss Bennet is too pretty and clever, and her pa is too rich, for her not to be run after and snapped up, as her ma knows well. There is a Mr. Warren as well as the Miss Warrens—a long, lounging young gent, as seems to have no business, not even sport, on hand, and is still hanging about Lady Baillie's. I have seen him walking along with Miss Bennet, and neither of them sisters of his with them, twice this week. The first time I saw them was from a little distance as I was coming along by the Round Pond, and they went into the Flowery Walk in the Gardens; the second was when I was looking out of the nursery windows, and they two turned quick round the corner, going up to the High Street. To make sure, I put on my hat and followed them, and was in time to see them take the Cromwell Road direction. I know Mrs. Bennet wouldn't like it, so I thought I had better speak to you; and there—I've done it," ended Amelia, with the half-reproachful, half-triumphant air of one who would fain protest, "A pretty chit of a guardian you are to be left in charge. And now, when I have opened your eyes to what you would never have suspected if I hadn't told you, you had better go and mend the mischief."

"I am very much obliged to you, Amelia," said Flora hurriedly. "I know you're trying to do your duty; I think it must have been an accident. I daresay my cousin and Mr. Warren had just missed his sisters, or were setting out to overtake them. They were bound for the Cromwell Road on one occasion, you say? Very likely they had made an appointment to meet in the Indian Museum."

"Very like," said Amelia dryly. "You should know best. But I know Miss Bennet's ma would like no such doings and no such haccidents. I thought it might be a haccident myself the first time; but two haccidents of the kind in one week! Dear me! even young ladies as are liable to such things themselves wouldn't hold that likely!" Amelia did not intend to be impertinent, merely sardonic, and she was nearly as much disturbed as Flora was. Flora could see that, while she had no desire either to mistrust or quarrel with so valuable an ally.

Flora was glad Amelia had not spoken to Dick. The girl's delicate sense of womanliness recoiled from appealing to him in such a cause, especially where his sister was concerned. Flora did not believe that anything more than idleness and love of mischief on Dorothy's part had led her to break through her mother's regulations, and disregard her opinion. Flora had heard the half contemptuous way in which Dorothy, putting up her eyebrows, talked and laughed about poor Gus Warren. He was, in Amelia's phrase, a "long, lounging gent," with dull, dark eyes, and a black, drooping moustache, the most conspicuous thing in his face, as he probably knew, from the persistence with which he stroked and caressed the appendage. He might have been a barber's block or a schoolgirl's hero; but Dorothy prided herself on being far beyond a schoolgirl in mother wit and knowledge of the world. She did not require to be told that Gus Warren was as dull as his black eyes, and as purely ornamental as his moustache. There was more wisdom in the little finger of her red-headed, red-faced brother Dick, feather-headed boy as Dick was, than in the whole of Gus Warren's long lounging body. It must have been in the sheer necessity of finding amusement, and in the spirit of contradiction which frequently accompanies such an overwhelming necessity, that Dorothy had taken up the young man.

Flora knew that though her aunt had a great, if not quite disinterested, regard for Lady Baillie, Mrs. Bennet rather disapproved of her ladyship's cousins, the Warrens, after the birds of passage were better known in Kensington Square. They belonged to the prolific tribe of poor relations, but were of an entirely different species from either Flora or the Hayters. In fact, the Warrens need not have been poor at all if they had consented to forego the expensive indulgences and pleasures of their richer neighbours. Had they kept up a quiet establishment in the country, and had Gus and the other brothers worked honestly in professions, not to say trades, instead of aiming at the desultory, unremunerative, even costly occupations of richer men, the whole family might have been honourably independent. As it was, they were either squandering or retrenching. In order that the brothers might be in the diplomatic service, or subordinates in government offices, or in the army, and that the sisters might have their seasons in town, their country house engagements, and yachting trips, the family submitted to hang on in the season to some fine lady or gentleman of their acquaintance, and in the dull season to tack themselves to some good-natured kinswoman like Lady Baillie. When all else failed, they consented to pay their accumulations of duty to their mother, who contrived to live in her widowed estate, with the burden of an invalid son, all the year round in some foreign *pension*. To that last dreary refuge the members of the family, who were still able to make their way in the great world by stratagems and struggles, carried their supercilious airs and graces. If the Warrens had been in Lady Adelaide Buchanan's shoes, they would have availed themselves of Mrs. Bennet's advances, entertained themselves sumptuously at her expense, made covert game of her social ambition at her own table, and turned it to open ridicule, as they were prepared to turn if they could not make greater use of it, pretty smart Dorothy's ridiculous pretension to be a young lady of fashion in their aristocratic clique. Gus Warren was the youngest of the family; he had not even done so much as his brothers. All that he had accomplished was to develop in full the manners of a gentleman in riding, shooting, dancing, playing cards and billiards, and carving—which has considerably lost its prestige in later years—fetching and carrying, dawdling *à l'outrance*. It was understood that Gus was waiting to fall into the berth of chamberlain or agent to some great nobleman or landed proprietor, though where Gus was to find the confiding nobleman, or what he was to do in the way of managing estates, moors, and fishing, in return for a liberal salary, remained a mystery.

Flora was convinced Dorothy could never do anything save amuse herself with Gus Warren; but it was a sorry amusement in the younger girl's eyes, and to pursue it disobediently, recklessly, in a manner calculated to compromise herself, and mislead him and his family, was conduct to be deplored and deprecated. This was apart from the fact that there might be sufficient selfish cunning under Gus's dulness, aided by the worldly craft of his sisters, to be more than a match for Dorothy's cleverness.

It was no easy matter for Flora, two years younger, still in the background, in reality a subordinate, however favoured, to approach the nominal mistress of the house in Dorothy's mother's absence, and take her to task. At first, Dorothy could only think of keeping close to her cousin, relinquishing all her other pursuits, nailing herself as it were to Dorothy's side. But it was evident that Dorothy quickly saw through the simple line of conduct Flora adopted, and did not so much resent it as enjoy setting it at naught, and shaking off the companionship tremblingly urged upon her. "No, no, Flora; you had better stay at home, or take out Mary into the Gardens. I believe the monkey is getting too much for nurse. And I am sure you don't care for Lady Baillie's close carriage and the expedition we are making to Chelsea to ask for the character of a cook; or you don't want to see the latest importations, or to hunt for curios in Wardour Street," declared Dorothy, with dancing eyes. "It would all be wasted on a youthful descendant of Highland chiefs and Caterans, who has taken it into her very green head to play 'gooseberry'

without being asked, and without a call for her to act the part of a demure *duenna* in her teens, of all absurd ideas! Seriously, you won't mind waiting half an hour for tea, will you, Flora dear, if I am not in by five? If not, as Dick says, 'I can go without.' *Cela m'est égal.* I believe it is I who am the philosopher," said Dorothy, leaving the room with a merry laugh.

"I believe I am only putting it into her head to be more foolish, to show what she can do," said Flora to herself, despondently. Then she had to take it upon her to hint to Dorothy that Mr. Warren did not, in some lights, represent his sisters, and that it was not a straightforward and candid proceeding to represent that the whole group were together, when, as Flora had reason to guess, Dorothy was strolling aside half the time with the gentleman, or when the pair went on in advance or lagged behind the two complaisant, wide-awake sisters. It was all very well to find some diversion in listening to Mr. Warren's slow compliments and stupid speeches, such as she could not always get from the Miss Warrens' *blasé* manners and not too good-natured stories after Dorothy had grown familiar with them. But while Flora owned that she knew little or nothing of the great world, she ventured to suggest the diversion might not be an altogether wise or kind one, or such as Dorothy's mother would approve of. But Dorothy would not take the hints, and scouted the suggestions.

When Flora pressed the matter further, and went so far as to say, "I wonder you can disobey my aunt, Dorothy. It is disobeying her in the spirit, if not in the letter. I am sure it is very wrong, and no good can come of it," Dorothy's mood changed. If conscience makes cowards of us all, it also makes us very angry on small provocation.

"I wonder at *you*, Flora Macdermot," Dorothy broke out; "how *you* can take it upon you to speak to me in such a manner. It is unbearable, a girl like you, two years younger than I am! You may have been at the head of a house, as mamma said, but you do not mean that you have been in society so as to know its forms. I know perfectly well what I am about. I will answer to mamma, and not to you or Amelia, for what I do. I am quite aware that it is Amelia who has set you on. I never thought that you would let a servant influence you. But perhaps I am wrong; perhaps it is you who have bidden Amelia be a spy upon me. I daresay you will write to mamma. But I don't care; she will trust me before she trusts you," and Dorothy marched out of the room.

Dorothy's irritation might be a good sign. She might lay the protest to heart all the more because she had chosen to resent it. There seemed to be warrant for the sanguine view when, to Flora's knowledge, Dorothy declined to accompany Lady Baillie and the Warrens to Brighton, where they went for a couple of days. Flora was taking heart, and making up her mind not to notice Dorothy's frosty air of offence, which would be certain to melt presently, since she was incapable of bearing malice, and keeping up a grudge for any length of time. And she must see, whenever she let herself think, that her cousin only wished to serve her, and to justify her aunt's trust, though she—Flora—might be silly and provoking in the means she took to attain her end.

Flora's false peace was rudely dispelled by the faithful dragon, Amelia, on the afternoon of the day when the party from the Square left for Brighton.

"I've come to tell you, Miss Macdermot," began Amelia, "that though you mayn't go to think it, that gent Warren is not gone to Brighton with the others. He has other fish to fry, and Brighton will not see a feather of his tail unless it be in the course of frying them fish of his. I saw the crown of his hat go in at Lady Baillie's door before luncheon, and I saw it come out again ten minutes since, and Miss Bennet has slipped out as usual. Appearances is a deal worse if she have started with the planned intention of meeting him and going trapseing about with him, when the ladies, his sisters, as have countenanced the folly—if you'll excuse me, a servant, mentioning it—ain't even in town."

Flora was full of grieved perplexity. She believed that Dorothy was incapable of doing anything very wrong; she would not seriously offend her mother, who, if she had allowed the girl more rational, modest freedom, might not even have run the risk of being offended at all. All the same, Dorothy was a girl to whom forbidden fruit had a special attraction, and to get her bridled and bitted head out of its harness was a positive delight. She was fond of everything in the guise of pleasure; fond of mischief, and she was wilful. She was also, in spite of her confidence in her knowledge of the ways of the world, a mere thoughtless girl, possessed of even less solid experience than Flora could claim, with her past apprenticeship to a house-mistress's cares and a daughter's sorrow. No resource for the immediate need occurred to Flora other than to do as Amelia had done on a previous occasion—put on her hat and jacket and hurry out, in an attempt to trace Dorothy. If Flora could discover where her cousin had gone, she would join her at all hazards, whether she was alone or accompanied by Mr. Warren, and defy her indignation. Flora vindicated the merits of her race and rearing by being much more long-winded, light of foot and active, than anybody in the house except Dick. She flew up Young Street in a quarter of the time it would have taken Amelia to reach the High Street. She looked right and left—not a flutter of the grey feather in Dorothy's hat, not a wave of the skirt of the grey velveteen frock she had worn that day, were to be detected, though there was no autumn fog to obscure her cousin's view. It was clear, bright weather towards sundown, early in October, while the pavement, liable to be thronged at that hour of the afternoon, was still not so crowded as in early summer, so that Flora could easily push her way. She rushed along as if she were in the glen at Inverlochan, in the direction of the Gardens, glancing sharply into the florist's and confectioner's shops which Mrs. Bennet patronised. No Dorothy was anywhere to be seen. Her baffled young guardian turned back and shot past the High Street Station. Of course Dorothy could not have anything to do there. She turned once more, and went up Church Street; then down again Flora scampered, and up other streets leading to Camden Hill, only to retrace her steps in the line of Holland House as far as Addison Road Station. There she hesitated for a moment. Dorothy was not a good walker, like Flora. Come upon the offender when her cousin might, Dorothy was sure to be found sauntering along with a pretty mincing tread born of the pavement. How could she have gone so far? Where could she have gone? She had an old school companion living at Bedford Park—was it possible that she could have been so thoughtless and defiant as to go alone, or what was still more indecorous, to let Mr. Warren accompany her to Bedford Park? Flora could hardly believe it, but she entered the station and went on to the platform, and there sure enough was Dorothy, standing laughing and talking with Gus Warren close to the open door of a carriage in a train that was just starting. Flora drew a long breath and was springing forward, when she recognised that her cousin was already drawing back, *evidently not* meaning to enter the carriage. Then Flora also drew back for a second. She felt it would be affronting Dorothy. Even Flora herself was affronted to greet her there. Better wait for a moment, till Dorothy could show that she had no intention of doing anything so imprudent as to go for the shortest journey attended by Mr. Warren. Then Flora's ears, rendered doubly quick by fright and vexation, could distinguish that her cousin's companion was urging her, in his soft slow voice, to do something to which she objected. "They will all be so glad to see you—Lady Baillie and all of them. It would be such an agreeable surprise for them—so clever a march to steal on everybody! Such a jolly lark for a young lady!"

"I never knew that young ladies indulged in larks—mamma does not allow it," said Dorothy, in her quick way of taking off people. "And oh! what would Flora think? It would be stealing a march upon her to leave her to keep house with Dick, Amelia playing propriety! I should like to hear what mamma would think of that!" and Dorothy laughed excitedly.

"Serve her right for proposing to sit upon you, a cherry-cheeked damsel from a Highland bothy—or manse is it? She must have plenty of North-country cheek, as well as buckram. Do come, Miss Bennet; it will be awfully nice to have a breath of the sea at Brighton. Kensington is a *beastly hole* in the autumn."

"No, no, no," said Dorothy, waving him off with her little gloved hands, and still drawing back. "You know I only came so far to see you off. It was, as you say, 'awfully nice' of me. I do not know how I am to get back—I think I shall take a cab. No; you ought not to take advantage of my kindness

Good-bye! Love to dear Lady Baillie and your sisters. Say I am dying of grief at being bereft of their company for another day. And do you thank your stars because you are getting out, even for twenty-four hours, of 'a beastly hole' like Kensington."

"Not if I have to leave you behind. I declare, Miss Bennet, I believe you are frightened at that forward, domineering little girl of a cousin of yours."

"Frightened at Flora! No, indeed, though she is not a little girl. She is taller than I am, and she has twice as much sense; but I could easily let you see that, except for mamma and papa of course, I am my own mistress." She took a step forward towards the tempter and the open carriage door; then as he held out his hand, calling, "Make haste—we shall be too late," she thought better of it. If she was not afraid of Flora, a sudden fear of Gus Warren and of herself took possession of her; she stepped back still more decidedly, and in doing so caught sight of her cousin. In place of betraying the least anger, she uttered an exclamation of relief, and hurried towards Flora, catching hold of her arm.

"You here, Flora! Come along! Good-bye, Mr. Warren," she threw over her shoulder to the discomfited gentleman as he stepped into the train, now beginning to move.

Not a word of enquiry, explanation, or apology did the girl address to her cousin, whose sudden appearance on the scene Dorothy might, from her manner, have been fully expecting. As the two walked back to Kensington Square, Dorothy talked volubly of every subject under the sun except her escapade; and as for Flora, her heart was beating too fast, and her thankfulness was too great, for having, as she put it, "got Dorothy," to leave Flora the power of interrupting her cousin.

Before Flora had time to make up her mind whether she ought to speak to Dorothy about what was certainly great heedlessness and indiscretion, both the girls were startled by some chance words of Dick's at dinner—"Oh, by-the-bye, Lady Baillie and her party did not go to Brighton after all—at least, she stopped her carriage on the way to the station to hail me, and ask if mum knew the address of any good lodging at Hastings. As if I keep the maternal address-book! She said they had changed their minds since they left the house. The postman had just delivered the letters, and her ladyship had opened one and found that her dearest friend was at Hastings, and off she must go to her without more ado. Quick work, wasn't it?"

Flora was bending a crimson face over her soup-plate. When she could look across to Dorothy, as Dick took up some other topic without noticing their silence, her face was very white, and a slight shiver went over her.

The first moment Flora and Dorothy were alone in the drawing-room, Dorothy crossed the room and sat down on a stool beside her cousin, the better to hide her face, even in the firelight, on Flora's knee.

"Oh, Flora!" she whispered, "I am so much obliged to you. You have saved me from such a dreadful situation. What should I have done if I had been such an idiot as to go with Gus Warren to Brighton, and learned when we arrived that his family were not there? Of course he did not know. He is a fool, but he is not a wretch; only he is so stupid that he would not have known what to do, any more than I. Mamma would have been so grieved and mortified, and papa would have been so displeased. Papa can be dreadfully displeased when he is roused. There might have been a talk and scandal, which would not have been forgotten, for a piece of nonsense. For I need not say I don't care a bit for Gus Warren—I should think not, a poor creature like that—only I wished to tease you and that prying old goose Amelia. I will never do such a thing again, never; I will be ever so much more careful in future. You can tell mamma if you like—I think I would rather she knew; I don't seem to care for her being angry when I have deserved it. I don't seem to care for anything after having been permitted to escape from such a terrible punishment. And Flora darling, I can never thank you enough for having come after me."

(To be continued.)

CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL

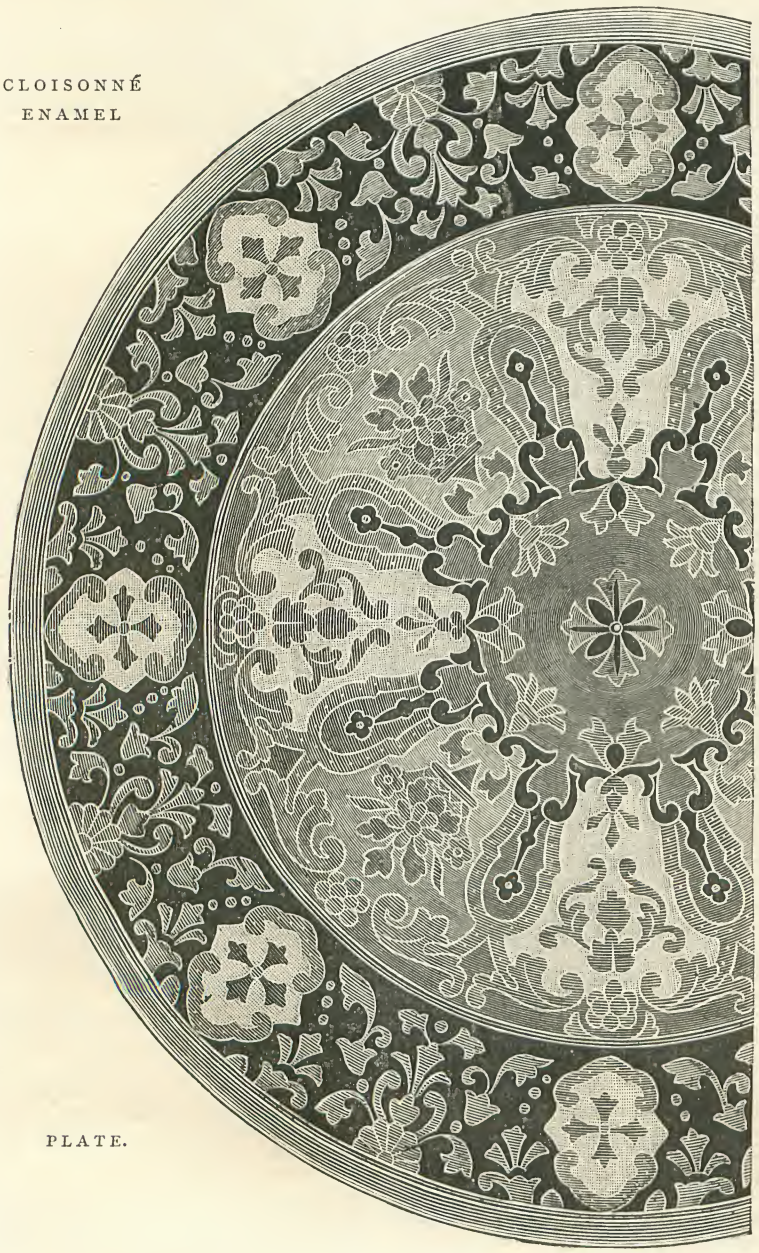


PLATE.

CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL.

SOMETHING that can be done by ourselves to please our friends, and something that will at the same time give scope to individual taste, is work sure to be appreciated by girls who live in the country, and have many leisure hours that they are glad to turn to account when thinking about birthday presents. In recommending to their notice Cloisonné painting we are not addressing the clever ones who can paint well with oil and water-colours, or upon china, but we are speaking to that much

larger class of humanity, who have a keen appreciation of colour and of what is artistic, and yet are stopped in all their aspirations after painting by the want of a knowledge of drawing, of design, and of the technicalities of colouring.

Cloisonné is an imitation of Moorish, Rhodian, and Renaissance pottery, and resembles Japanese Cloisonné by reason of the gold line that surrounds the designs. It is in reality a painting upon terra-cotta backgrounds with enamel colours that dry hard and shiny, and require no firing-in. The ease with which the work is accomplished arises from the pattern being already traced, and only requiring to be filled in with colour. These patterns, which are copies of original and classical subjects, are cut into the terra-cotta when in a soft state, and burnt in with the clay, therefore they are indelible.

The articles that are sold for decoration consist of plates of from three to twenty inches in diameter, vases of many shapes and sizes, wall-pockets, pen and card trays, tea-caddies, photo frames, candlesticks, and a great many small knick-knacks. Some of these are expensive, and others cost sixpence and a shilling, therefore the work is within the reach of all pockets.

The enamel paints are cheap, costing twopence halfpenny a tin, or two shillings and sixpence a box of twelve colours; but as quite sufficient effects can be painted in with six colours, it is just as well to buy the tins separately, and commence with only a few. More than forty shades of colours are sold; but as the enamels bear mixing together, we recommend the following six, and advise their being mixed. They are—White, black, terra-cotta, grass-green, light blue, and scarlet lake. For extra colours, light and deep green, deep blue, orange, pale yellow, and deep red will be found useful. Besides the paints, a tin of Cloisonné lacquer, one of thinning medium, and one of liquid gold are required; also three small camel's hair brushes. A mahl-stick made with a piece of cane, or a hand-rest such as is used in china painting, are serviceable while painting, as they keep the hand from touching the colours while they are wet.

Before painting the terra-cotta, see that it is free from any dust, and cover it with an even coating of the lacquer. Put this on quickly, and let it be well spread over every part; its use is to enable the gold and the enamels to adhere to the material, and therefore it must be laid on over every bit of surface that is to be covered. As soon as this lacquer is dry, take the tin of gold paint and the smallest paint brush and paint the gold over every incised line of the design. Put the gold on fairly thickly, and keep the tin it is in well shaken while using it, as the gold is heavier than the liquid that keeps it in solution, and sinks to the bottom of the tin. When painting in the gold lines, do not trouble if the gold overflows on to the surrounding terra cotta; the enamel colours that are painted over these parts, being thick, will conceal any dabs of gold. Examine the gilded lines when they have all been done, and should any of them look poor and thin, repaint them, and put the article on one side until dry.

Leave the design on the terra-cotta to be painted in last of all, and commence the colouring with the backgrounds. Upon small articles use only one colour for the background; but upon vases, nine-inch plates, etc., use two or three, painting the rim of a plate one colour, the centre another, and the space between these a third. It is upon the selection of a suitable background that much of the artistic effect depends, and beginners should study the various kinds of china and pottery they have access to, to give them an insight into the best arrangements of colour. Flesh colour and pale blue for the centre tones, relieved by a deep olive-green edge, will look well; also a centre of pale yellow, with an edging of deep blue, and the design painted with white shading to pale blue greys and deep greys, and relieved with small ornaments of orange and pure blue.

In the plate given as an illustration to this article, the centre background is terra-cotta just slightly mixed with white; the edge of the plate is painted with a black background, and the part between the two with a terra-cotta largely mixed with white, but not sufficiently mixed with white to take its own colour away and turn it cream. The pattern on this plate is finished as follows:—Picking out the centre of the plate it is black, curving round between the two terra-cottas and outlining them it is a band of gold, while between its curves the spaces are alternately filled with two shades of a soft green made by mixing more or less white with blue-green. Upon the rim, the crosses are painted alternately green and terra-cotta, the space round them left entirely uncoloured, and the outer band filled in with gold.

While working at the colours they are apt to thicken: this is stopped by pouring a few drops of the thinning medium into the saucer and mixing it with them. Always allow the colour to dry well before retouching it, or the glaze upon it will be hurt. Any colour when hard can be repainted, so that any mistakes as to the position of colours and their harmony with others are easily remedied; and this must always be a consoling thought to beginners. In fact, the work is extremely easy, and very attractive to neat-handed people who like painting.

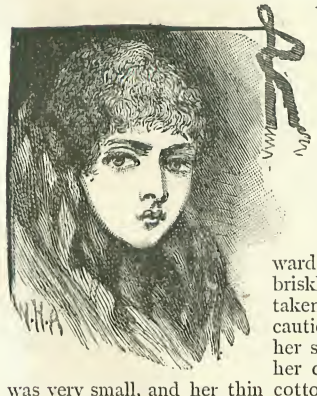
Always wipe the brushes on a cloth and then wash them in turpentine, and with soap and water, and wipe away, while still wet, any colour not used upon the palette or saucer.

B. C. SAWARD.

GRANNIE'S GINGHAM; OR, MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "Miss Pringle's Pearls," etc.

CHAPTER V.



RUNNING was out of the question with an uncovered can of milk to carry. All Susie could do was to step forward steadily and briskly. She had taken the precaution to pin her shawl under her chin, but it was very small, and her thin cotton frock was no protection from either the wind or the snow. She felt cold, and wished she could walk faster. The snow was coming down heavily; it lay thick on her shawl, and after a while she began to feel it melting through.

"It's very well I did not bring either of the children," she said to herself. "I should never have forgiven myself if either had got wet and taken cold. And, my word, it *is* coming down! It's well I know my road, and could tread it blindfold, for there's not a bit of a path to be seen. I wonder where mother is now. But Mr. Braithwaite will be sure to help her on the way. He's always so good-natured—and so is she. Only think of her giving me all this good milk just to save me a journey!"

After a while she began again—

"Dear me, how thick the snow is getting, and how it clogs one's boots. How thankful I need be that they are stout and strong, and don't let in the wet. God has given us some good friends if he has taken father. It would cost mother a lot to keep us all in shoe-leather as good as Michael makes for us. I'm very glad he is getting on so well. I'm sure he deserves it for his kindness to us. Really, it's quite time I was within sight of the cottage. Oh, ah! there's a light shining through the window. I am so glad, for I'm downright tired!"

It was well she did see the light, though it was not from the window, for she had strayed from the path, and had a good step to traverse before she reached the wide-open door, where Kate was already anxiously on the watch.

The children set up a shout at the sight of her, for she was white from head to heel. She laughed as she gave herself a shake and stamped her feet on the flag in front of the step, so as to clear herself before entering the clean kitchen. But the snow had been beforehand.

"You had better not have held the door open," she said to Kate; "you might take cold as well as let the snow drive in. Shut it now and let us put the candle in the window to light mother, for she will be on the road soon, and she can see it a long way off," she said, with womanly thought.

"Oh, what a nasty floor you are making!" cried Eliza, pointing with her finger to the little runnels of wet from her sister's skirts, as the snow melted in the warmth.

"I think you had better take off your frock and dry it," suggested Kate. "I'll soon mop the wet off the floor."

"Did Mrs. Braithwaite give you any currant loaf for me?" asked greedy Tommy.

"No; but she gave us a lot of milk. It has tired my arm to carry it."

"Oh, I don't care for milk; we always have milk! She's very stingy, or she'd ha' given you some cake for me," he grumbled.

Susie was unfastening her frock, which was wringing wet, when she bethought to ask, "Did you feed the fowls?"

"Yes, and they're gone to roost."

"Did you bring in a store of turf?"

"Oh, I forgot! But I'll go now," answered Kate.

"Nay, stay where you are. There's no use both of us getting wet. Here, 'Liza, you come and stand by the back door to take the turves from me as I get them from the stack."

Eliza hung back, and shook her shoulders. "I don't like to, it's cold."

"It will be colder if there's no fire," said Kate, and gave her a push towards the door; whereupon the amiable miss threatened to tell her mother.

She thought best, however, to take the square turves Susie handed to her on the step, and fling them into the recessed corner by the fireplace all in a heap.

"Why don't you pile them up straight?" asked Kate, who was lifting the kettle on to the fire.

"Sha'n't for you!" was the pert answer, "and I won't carry any more."

"Then Susie won't let you have any tea."

"Don't care! Mother will," and down she sat on her three-legged stool, with her arms folded defiantly.

Kate spoke to Susie at the door, herself taking the next pile of turf. Susie wiped her feet on the mat and came in. "Look you, 'Liza, if you will not do as you are told, I will put you to bed before mother comes home, and you shall neither have tea nor gingerbread."

Still she sulked, and Kate took the turf as Susie brought it.

"Don't you think there's enough?" asked the former.

"No; there's likely to be a heavy fall. It's best to be well provided."

So quite a large supply was stacked up in the corner under the clock, which seemed to be running away with the hours very fast.

"Twenty minutes to six!" exclaimed Susan, as once again she began to strip off her wet frock, and wipe her hair on the roller towel. "Wherever can mother be? Surely she cannot have gone all the way home with the Braithwaites? You had better put another candle on the window-ledge, Kate; the snow is so thick on the panes the one will scarcely show. And now, 'Liza, you will have to go to bed, as I told you."

Eliza kicked and struggled and fought, but it ended in bed, as she might have known. Once there she covered up her head, threatening all sorts of retaliation when her mother got home. She shouted and shrieked and sobbed, and finally fell asleep, but her mother had not come home.

No; though little Tommy had had his supper and fallen asleep, and been laid beside Eliza, and the clock fingers had travelled over another hour, Mrs. Colbeck had not returned.

More than once or twice Susie had waded through the snow to the gate, and called "Mother!" but no mother had responded, and the girl grew uneasy.

"We had better have our tea, Kate, and keep the teapot warm for mother," observed Susie. "I should not be surprised if the farmer had driven her all the way to the farm, and means to send one of the men with a lantern to see her safe across the moor."

The two hungry girls drank their tea and ate their thick bread and butter, then set the tray again for the absentee. Then Susie reached the clean clothes from the lines where they had been airing, folded them up, and put them neatly away. After that, she took from the work-basket a long stocking she had in hand for Mrs. Chipperfield, and began knitting with a rapidity born of uneasiness.

Every now and then Kate paused in her knitting to listen and express her alarm, but Susie put her off with one excuse or other, unwilling to let her sister see how great was her own anxiety.

"She may have waited to come home with Hirsts. Or, if the snow came on early, she may be staying at Moorcross all night."

She finished off the toe of her sister's sock, and set on a fresh one, keeping her fears to herself, though her heart was throbbing painfully.

The candles burned themselves out, and fresh ones were lit; the fire was replenished, and the hearthstone swept, but midnight found Kate fast asleep in her chair, and Susie on her knees, praying earnestly for the safe return of the mother, who was all the world to them.

As she rose from her knees, she noticed that the clock-weights had nearly run down, and mounting a chair, wound up the clock, though she had never done such a thing before.

Kate never stirred. "Poor girl, she was over tired," said Susan in low tones, "though how she *can* sleep with the wind howling and tearing round the house, and mother not come home, puzzles me. I shall be glad when it is daylight."

But at length Susie herself dropped to sleep over her knitting, and wakened at last with a start, to find the candles burned out, the turf-fire reduced to ashes, the clock striking eight, and the kitchen in darkness.

"Eight o'clock! Never, surely! and so dark! But it's a queer darkness. I suppose the windows are blocked up with snow."

All in a chill, she found her way to the door, and opened it, when a mass of snow fell in almost atop of her, but did not clear the way.

"Kate, Kate!" she cried, "we are snowed up!"

Yes, surely snowed up; not merely over doors and windows, but over roof and chimney. The cottage lay in a hollow, and the deep snow had drifted over it.

The younger children set up a roar. Kate wrung her hands and began to cry, "Oh, dear, dear; what *shall* we do! Mother not here, and us buried alive! Oh, Susie, Susie, what shall we do?"

"Do, Katie? Why, what father always told us to do—make the best of things, and put our trust in God!"

"But what shall we do for water?"

"There's plenty for our porridge, and after that we must melt the snow. You dress the children whilst I try to get at the fowls."

The snow fell in at the back as it had done at the front on opening the door; but she shovelled it up into cans, and emptied them into a washing-tub she had set by the newly-kindled fire. "It was well we brought in the turf last night," said she, "or we should have had no fire. So things are not so bad as they might be."

Eliza was hungry and wanted her breakfast, but she was ready enough to empty the heaped pails of snow into the tub by the fire, whilst Tommy stared to see how it melted down to such a drop of water.

Susie worked away with a will, but she found tunnelling in the snow a slow process. She had not half reached the fowl-house when she was called to breakfast. That despatched, she was back, shovelling away, and sending the snow indoors to be melted for use. At length she managed to reach the poultry, and feed them where they were, chanticleer setting up a loud crow when a sort of dim light broke in upon the gloom.

The children laughed when told they had to be washed with snow, and thought it was a fine game. But they looked very downcast when they heard Kate ask what they were to do for bread.

"I must bake," replied Susan. "It's never too soon to learn. We may be thankful there's flour in the ark. And there's some sour buttermilk I can raise it with." So there was Susan kneeling on the hearth, setting the flour, and finally the bread to rise, as she had seen her mother do; and when tea-time came, there were hot cakes for them all, though there was no mother to partake.

Every now and then there was a fresh outcry for mother, and for the grievous disaster of being closed in; but Susie did her best to check their fretfulness.

There were plenty of potatoes in a sack, part of a rope of onions, and she was thankful for the extra quantity of milk; but although she did her best to eke out these comestibles, as day went by after day, and she saw her stores lessening, her heart began to sink, though she kept up a cheerful countenance, and did her best to console the others with the assurance that her mother was safe at Moorcross, and that if the snow *did not* melt, mother was sure to bring some one to dig them all out before long.

No one relished the insipid snow-water, and the girl made many ineffectual attempts to tunnel a way out to the spring.

The snow, instead of thawing, had consolidated—she could not get even two yards from the door. Indeed, as their stock of fuel burned down, it was most necessary to reach the turf shed in the rear, melting for use all the snow dug out. And it was not easy work; it made her shoulders ache, and she had one or two narrow escapes of being smothered in the snow that fell upon her. But the hardest work of all was to keep a cheerful face to the rest, when her own heart was aching with anxiety about her mother as well as for themselves. Where could her mother be that she did not come to look for them and have them dug out? Was the snow still falling? Or was it so thick that the cottage could not be found? It was all very terrible and very perplexing. She could manage to keep Kate in tolerable spirits, but Tommy and Eliza were very disconsolate and troublesome. When there was neither water nor milk nor butter, they grumbled and cried, and refused her makeshift substitutes, until Susie was almost at her wits' end. But she kept her father's advice well in mind, and she taught them to pray to God to help them, and bring mother back. And she and Kate knitted away at the stockings and socks Mrs. Chipperfield was waiting for.

* * * *

A week had gone by, as the clock had told. It was market-day. Hirst drove over to Braithwaite's in the early morning.

"I say, farmer, Colbeck's cottage is gone—buried in the snow, and not a sign or trace of it to be seen. I shouted and shouted and could make no one hear. The very fence has disappeared."

"You don't say so!" broke from the farmer. "Here, Ned," he bawled, "bid the men bring picks and shovels, and tell your mother we are off to dig Colbecks out of the snow. We shall be late at market to-day. Where are your lads, Hirst?"

"Loading th' cart wi' what vegetables, turnips, and greens we can get at for th' snow. But I'll send 'em on to th' widder's afore you can get there," and off he went at a gallop over the snowy moor.

After a word to his wife, whose concern was as great as his own, the farmer was off on horseback, Ned and three farming men racing after him over the crisp grass bared by the wind, or wading through drifts where the snow still lay in hollows.

They found the Colbeck spring gurgling and chafing amid a fringe of icicles—the sole clue to the whereabouts of the grey stone cottage, over the disappearance of which Hirst's two sons were scratching their heads in perplexity.

Fortunately, Ned Braithwaite had brought a shepherd's collie with him, and after a little running to and fro, the dog began tearing away at the snow as if on the search for a lost sheep. Then Ned declared he saw a wreath of smoke rising from the drift, and that set them all at work in earnest, for living creatures were there entombed.

The barrow Hirst had brought for the garden stuff, as usual, came in handy to remove the snow dug out. But had not Mr. Braithwaite called out, "Follow the dog, follow the dog; he scents the path!" much time might have been lost; for surely the sagacious beast was clearing away the snow from the gate, flinging it behind him with busy paws.

The garden was long, and shelved downwards towards the house; but deep as was the accumulated snow, in less than a couple

of hours the prisoners within could hear the barking of the dog, and set up a shout, which was heard and answered.

The little ones began capering about. "Here's mother! Mother's coming!"

But when daylight and Ned Braithwaite burst in together, imagine the blank dismay.

"Where's mother?" cried they all in a breath.

"Isn't she *here?*" exclaimed the farmer and his son at once.

The little ones set up a scream. Susie's face went white as the snowdrift.

"Oh, sir, have you not seen mother? I thought you must have driven her from the market to your house."

The farmer's face fell. "No, my lass, I'm afraid I drove away too soon for her. And I'm downright sorry. Perhaps she could not get away from Moorcross. You see, it snowed for three whole days, and——"; he was going to add, "the drifts lie deep," but substituted, "I'm off to market now, and will bring her back—if the road's clear. So don't you fret, my good lass. The men will soon clear the snow from your turf shed, and Ned here will bring you something to eat from the farm."

He had discovered that the last turf was on the fire, and that for two days they had lived on dry potatoes and oatmeal porridge.

But it was not Susie who complained; her sole thought was for her mother, and her white face scared the farmer, whose conscience was uneasy. Leaving two of his men with orders to let daylight in at the windows, and tread down a path to the spring, he sent Ned off to the farm with a message to his wife, and rode off, the other man running by the side of the horse.

"Look you, Giles! Every inch of the moor must be scoured. We must find that poor woman, dead or alive. She never stayed in Moorcross, not she. I shall never forgive myself if she is lost. Get the men away from the house without alarming that good lass, and rake every heap and hollow on her track. I'm off to bring help."

Hirst had been beforehand at Moorcross with at least half his news. The farmer encountered a party of men on the highway with Michael Toft at their head.

"Missing, do you say! Mrs. Colbeck missing! No! no! no! What would become of her children?" cried he.

And then a thorough search began—a search over miles of broken moorland, where the unmelted snow had eddied and driven in whirlwinds, until natural landmarks were changed and lost. It was only then beginning to dissolve in a gleam of sunshine.

Daylight came and went, lanterns dotted the moorland here and there along the route she was supposed to take.

Michael betook himself to the cottage, and found the children overwhelmed with distress because their mother had not come home, and Susie keeping back her own tears, doing her best to comfort them.

"I am so glad you are come, Mike," said Kate. "Susie has done the best she could, and says we must trust in God; but—oh, what shall we do if mother does not come back?" and she began to sob, and set the little ones off again.

"You must do as Susie tells you—*trust in God*. I hope your mother will come back. But in any case God will not leave you without a friend whilst I live. So don't worry your sister."

The night went, and the next day, but nothing was heard or seen of the missing woman.

Mrs. Braithwaite came to the cottage with a supply of food, and was struck with the order and neatness of the place. The vicar's wife came also, and left money for their use, promising to come again; and she too went away surprised at Susie's good management and self-control. But the girl herself looked woefully thin and pale. Her self-restraint was telling on her own frame.

On Friday a thaw set in, and the seekers renewed their efforts. The farmer had offered a reward, and Michael Toft supplemented it. The searchers hunted in couples, for mutual safety where drifts lay deep, and Ned and Michael were mostly to be found together. But Saturday was well nigh spent, and all hope of finding the poor creature living had been abandoned.

They were traversing a portion of the moor where a pile of stones lay heaped that had once been a workman's hut, and whilst raking at every heap, were talking of the poor children, and what lay before them. The sun was setting in a sky of crimson flame, and shedding a roseate glow on the great hillocks of white.

"I say, what's that?" cried Michael, pointing to what seemed a spike of ruddy gold standing out from a heap of snow to their right, At that instant a sudden breeze swept past, and left a patch of bright blue uncovered below the gleaming spike.

"Thank God!" cried Michael. "That's granny's gingham! We have found her at last! Pray God she is yet living!"

Yes, found and living!—shut in between a great holly-bush and the ruins of the old hut, and canopied by granny's umbrella as in a tent. She was warm too, and although too faint to stand, was not wholly unconscious.

Hark to the loud "halloos!" that go flying over the moor, and are taken up as by echo from point to point. And picture, if you can, the scene of joyful excitement when poor Mrs. Colbeck was carried in at her own door and placed in grandfather's high-backed arm-chair, to be fed with a teaspoon like a child until strength came back, and with it thankfulness for merciful preservation.

She had come back from her ten days' incarceration in the snow a very different woman from the grumbler who made the worst of every trivial inconvenience, and felt as if marked out for special misfortune. To the umbrella she had carried with so much illwill she owed her preservation: it had roofed her in snug and warm, dry amid surrounding snow, and had been the very means of her discovery and rescue. Then the unsold eggs, which had been such a trouble to her, had proved the means of keeping life in her frame, along with Tommy's gingerbread. And she thought she must have gone out of her mind had she not groped for Eliza's worsted and knitting-pins, and kept fingers and brain at work. She had yet to learn and acknowledge as a crowning mercy, that some good angel had guided her weary steps to a harbour of refuge. Had she taken three steps forward, to the right or to the left, she would have crashed headlong into an old quarry.

She had hitherto undervalued Susie, and chafed at her repetition of the father's maxim, "Make the best of things, and trust in God;" but the story of that week in the snowed-up cottage, as she heard it both from the other children and strangers, gave her a truer insight into the girl's character and worth, as it awakened her to the fact that *she* had not made the best of all things.

It did not need Susie's bad sore throat, or the half-worn woollen frock sent by Mrs. Braithwaite, to rouse her to the consciousness that the uncomplaining girl had been sent over the moor insufficiently clad in all weathers, whilst the old grandmother's large shepherd's plaid cloak lay waiting for conversion into warm frocks and capes.

And as years stole by it surprised her less to find that others set a still higher value on her eldest girl. Both Ned Braithwaite and Michael Toft sought to win her for a wife. But Ned was fain to console himself with her counterpart, Kate, for Susie had loved Michael from her babyhood, had shared all his plans and aspirations; and when she carried her smiling face into his house and well-stocked shop at Moorcross, it was hard to say which had made the best of it.

[THE END.]

MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN AND MAYBE.

THE Old Year goes, a darkly-ebbing tide,
Swept from the coast of Time to unknown seas,
With all its hours of pleasure and of pride,
Hard toil, or sunny ease.

We see, far-outlined on the midnight verge,
The wreck of many a purpose holden fast;
We hear the sighing of the outcast surge
Swept downward to the Past,

And every wave bears some fair might-have-been;
Yet what availeth, on the helpless shore,
To plead across the empty wastes between
For what can be no more?

* * * *

The New Year comes, a swiftly-flowing tide,
With more than daybreak on each heaving crest;
What though from outworn joys the miles divide,
The flowing sea is best.

The barren sands are flecked with molten gold,
The treacherous crags are covered for awhile;
And where the wrecks, of loss and tempest told,
Bright waves of morning smile.

O mourner! at this meeting-place of years,
The "might-have-beens," with all their vain regret,
The yielded past of failures and of fears,
Learn wisely to forget.

Be thy strong self, live nobly, God-redeemed;
Launch thy skiff seaward where His "maybes" shine;
A Future greater than the Past had dreamed
Shall presently be thine!

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

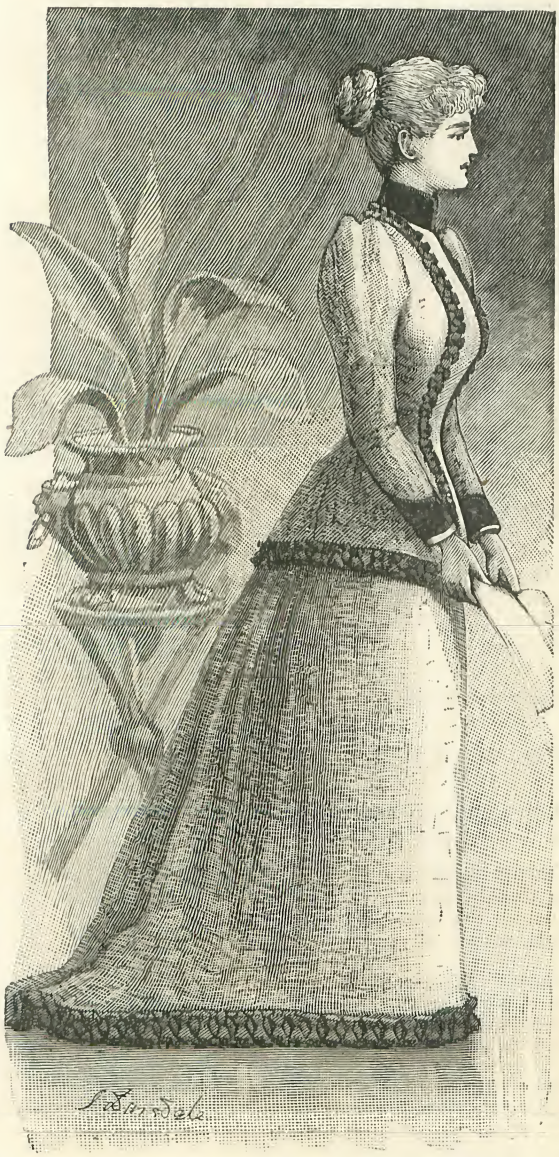
FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE greatest change one has to chronicle this year has been made during the latter part of it, and consists in doing away with the foundation skirt, which has been worn for at least twenty years. There is great benefit in the change for most people, for the lined skirt is easier to hold up, is more comfortable to wear, and, so far as I can see, it sits much better. Some skirts are entirely lined throughout their whole extent; others are only lined up to about from ten to fifteen inches in height. The linings may be of silk, alpaca, or of linen, the latter being produced in a new make for the purpose. It is light, and yet sufficiently solid and firm to be used even for the thinnest silks or woollens. Some of our best dressmakers appear to line every breadth separately, and then to sew lining and material together at each seam. Others make up the material and the lining separately, and then put them together. Underneath the edge of the skirt, in many cases, we find two or three frills of silk to match the foundation.

If I am asked to point out where the saving will be found in this return to the use of foundation skirts, I should say it would be in the protection to the outside material which the inner lining will be found to give. Moreover, we shall thus be able to go back to the old plan of turning our skirts, a thing we have not been able to do for years. For some time to come we shall have the skirts very

TWO NEW FELT HATS.



ROUND SKIRT WITH BOX-PLEATED TRIMMINGS.

ROUGH BLUE SERGE AND VELVET BANDS.

plain and flat; for, whatever may be the style of the figure, they appear to suit it. Some of them are bordered with a flat band of velvet headed by one of fur, or imitation fur; others have a hem laid on outside; while many others have scanty frills of bias velvet of about three inches wide, or perhaps several small tucks laid on top of the hem. Skirts are either gored all round, fan-backed, or what is known as the "umbrella skirt." The general width at the bottom seems to be from two yards and a half to three yards wide, the width of course depending on the figure of the wearer; although I find that even stout people seem to have adopted the tight-fitting skirts as well as their thinner neighbours.

The main features of dress to-day are the long fringes which, forming a point in front, sometimes reach to the hem of the skirt. They are made of cords, with balls tied into them, or of beads, both of these being too expensive to be likely to become common. The next popular thing, I think I may say, is the loose or blouse front and the double sleeve, an under-sleeve of one material and an over-sleeve of another. Ornamental pocket holes, too, are very recent introductions amongst us. Some of them are merely a row of buttons and button-holes; others are embroidered in various shapes. Bodices, as a general rule, are all cut in one, and the basques put on are no longer worn. The gathered basques are seen on some of the "Swiss" or "corselet" bodices; but as a general thing the fringes are more seen than flounces. "Shirt-sleeves," as they are called (*i.e.*, a full sleeve gathered into a cuff, like a shirt-cuff), are much worn, and often fastened with the ordinary shirt-sleeve links of gold. On some very new gowns the sleeves are made in *gigot* style, and a small puff of velvet is put on round the elbow, in a way that recalls mediæval days. The lower part of these sleeves was tight-fitting to the wrist.

In the way of colours I must mention that the last thing is a very decided orange. The veritable deep handsome orange of other days is now constantly seen in millinery, and as imparting an additional brightness in small flecks to gown materials. Copper-colour and flame-colour are also seen. Black and white is a very favourite mixture for hats, and brown and black is an ugly mixture, but most fashionable for dresses.

Embroidered flat trimmings are now very narrow, and I forgot to mention, in my account of skirts, that the seams of gored skirts are often laid over their whole length with narrow trimmings, either embroideries or flat *galons*. This plan is also followed on the long coats worn with the dresses.

Buttons are more worn this winter than they were in the summer. The usual size is about that of a shilling-piece, but old steel, old silver, and old enamel buttons are much used when people are fortunate enough to have them. Coat bodices, as well as the new double-breasted capes, both require buttons, and thus there is plenty of opportunity of showing off our valuables if we have them. People not so lucky as to possess such, use plain horn ones, as plain as may be had.

Furs are used very much this winter as trimmings for dresses and costumes for out of doors, that have jackets or mantles to match, the mantles being always of three-quarter length, and some of the coats reaching quite to the knee. The newest of the mantles are made double-breasted, with a hood at the back, which is lined at times with fur all through. When they have no hood they have a high fur collar, which has wide lapels, and ends in a narrow edging to the fronts all the way down. No fur is placed on the lower edge of either jackets or mantles. The most stylish fur for the present winter is mink, and both it and astrachan are used as narrow borders, or bands, about one inch wide, round the plain skirts of tailor-made dresses. Yokes of fur, and even entire sleeves of fur, are seen, and fur is used as panels for dresses. There are some beautiful imitation-seal plushes and woollen astrachans which are being much used for jackets and mantles. The first are said to be made from Tussore silks, and they look wonderfully well. I hear that the new woollen astrachans wear well when used for entire jackets; at any rate, they look very warm and cosy.

The new muffs are of much larger size than they were, though I still see many of the small fancy ones for sale. Boas and ruffs are both worn, but the latter seem more in favour than the former. They are of cocks' feathers, ostrich, and emu, as well as hackle, peacock, and pheasant mixed. Emu feathers are of a kind of stony-white shade, and are light and extremely warm. Feathers of all kinds are more liked than fur. The newest thing in fur collars is a flat collarette—a stand-up collar with long ends reaching below the knee. These are found in bear-skins, raccoon, black fox, and skunk.

Amongst the very new mantles is one called the "seamless-back mantle," which is like a cape with sleeves, the backs and fronts being baggy and shapeless. Some of the "covert coats" are also very loose, and the backs are often strapped across just as a man's ulster used to be, with a button at each end, on which to button the short strap. Very long cloaks do not seem to be popular; and those of three-quarter length are getting fuller as the weeks of the winter go on—fuller, but not longer; and at their present length—a little

A WALKING COSTUME IN SERGE OR HOMESPUN.

below the knee—they are very graceful and pretty.

We have illustrated a simple walking costume in serge or homespun which, with the addition of some fur, would be, in general, suitable enough for the warmer days of winter. The jacket may be made longer, but care must be taken in this, as with either tall or very short people the longer jackets certainly cut the figure, and give an ungraceful look. The under-waistcoat may be of fur, and the straps to button across of the material of the dress.

In the illustration of "Rough Blue Serge and Velvet Bands" a very pretty way of trimming either serges or homespuns is shown. The

LONG BASQUED JACKET. (*Paper Pattern.*)

dress bodice is cut with the basques long enough to reach over the hips, and the bands round the bodice, in many cases, are carried round the back as well. The bodice is a kind of corselet in front, the top being full, and gathered into the collar of velvet; but the back is quite plain. The pocket is made of the material of the dress, machine-stitched all round, and hangs loosely to the side. The hat is of felt, with a circle of feathers, and a bow and aigrette at the back.

The figure in indoor dress, representing a round skirt with box-pleated trimmings, represents a gown made of a thin "ladies' cloth." The whole of the trimmings of this gown are of the same material pinked out at the edges, and then double box-pleated with intervals of about half an inch. The effect is good if the trimming be of a darker shade of the cloth. The one we illustrate is of chestnut-brown, the box-pleating being of a dark shade of brown, the collar and cuffs of the same colour. The skirt is one of the new ones, lined throughout, and the whole forms a graceful house dress. Many of our readers will be glad, no doubt, to copy the pretty Greek hairdressing of this figure, for to-day our heads are nothing if not Greek!

Two new styles of trimming hats are also given. The flat-trimmed one, turning down, is of felt. The crown is a puff of velvet or of cloth; and generally the hat is black, while the velvet is of a bright hue—yellow, orange, and pale blue are all used, the feathers at the back being of blue and black mixed.

The hat which turns up is also of felt; in fact, few hats this winter are of anything else. It is of boat-like shape in front, but turned up at the back. The colour is grey, the velvet bows are of a much darker hue of iron grey, and a small plume of the two greys mixed finishes off the trimming.

And here perhaps a word may be given to the subject of underclothing and petticoats. That old-fashioned material, moreen, has been largely patronised, chiefly amongst those who would have preferred silk had it been within their means. Moreen is a delightful material for a petticoat, as the dress slips over it so comfortably, and one gets rid of that dreadful clinging feeling which always goes with woollens, impeding the free walking of the wearer. Many people line it with flannel, to give it extra warmth; but for myself I think the new short serge knickerbockers, which are worn instead of flannel petticoats, are infinitely preferable to a lining of flannel. These short drawers are gathered in at the knee, or below it, and are made of black flannel or serge. The top may have a band, or be plainly bound, so as to fit under the stays with no bunchiness. They are warmer than a flannel petticoat, and afford more protection. An under-combination of winsey or serge could also be worn, which would take the same place, and afford quite as much warmth.

The paper pattern selected for the month is one of the long jackets ("three-quarters," as they are called), which are more worn than anything else. This one is very simple in its make, and is quite within the powers of the home dressmaker to manage. It has seven pieces—one back, one side-back, front, two sleeve pieces, and a cuff, with a collar that can be either turned up or laid down; and the front, if lined with fur, can also be thrown open. The quantity of material taken of single width would be five and a half yards; of double width, about forty-five inches wide, would be two yards and five-eighths. If the fronts were faced, and the collar and cuffs made of plush, imitation sealskin, or astrachan, about two yards would be needed. The buttons are hidden on all the new jackets, and in general hooks and eyes seem to be used for them in preference. The lining, if not of silk or a striped satin, could be of black sateen, or of "farmers' satin," as the material used to line gentlemen's coats is called. Five yards of lining would be needed; and the seams should be bound at each edge with Prussian binding, to make them neat and tidy.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic under-clothing have already been given: — Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.* — Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

USEFUL HINTS.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Two eggs, their weight in flour, sugar and butter; beat the butter to a cream with the sugar, and add flour gradually and the eggs well-beaten, a few drops of cochineal, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and four candied greengages chopped into small pieces, two ounces of cocoanut; mix and add the last thing a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Put into a flat, round, or oblong tin that has been buttered and had some cocoanut and castor sugar sifted over it; bake in a rather hot oven for half an hour. When done, turn out and cut in bars; cut these across, either in squares or diamonds.

FUN PUDDING.—Fill a large pie-dish three parts full with apples, sliced very thinly; sprinkle sugar over, and put a layer of apricot jam. Take a stew-pan and put into it one pint of milk; put on the fire and let it boil. Meantime mix two tablespoonfuls of arrow-root and a little sugar with as small a quantity of cold milk as possible; stir into the boiling milk. When it is thick, pour over the apples, and bake in a moderate oven till done.

CLARIFIED FAT.—This, when nicely prepared, may be used for almost anything, and is particularly good for all frying purposes instead of lard or butter. Cut into pieces any quantity required of fat, either of beef or mutton. Place these in a saucepan, and cover with cold water; stir all until the water boils. When boiling, skim the surface well, and afterwards allow the preparation to boil very rapidly until the water has all been discharged in vapour. If any water remains, the liquid retains its white colour, but if no water remains, the fluid takes the colour of salad-oil. When free from water, the fat should be strained, and is ready for any use to which it is to be put.

SIMPLE PSYCHOLOGY.

By the Rev. J. N. SHEARMAN.

II.—Perception.

Before entering on this most interesting branch of our enquiry, I must recall precisely what we have been up to the present considering. We have not gone beyond the simple sensations such as heat, colour, smell, taste, etc. I have tried as well as I could to confine our attention to the meaning of such sentences as, I feel something hot, I feel something hard, I see something blue. Even in the use of such words as hot, hard, and blue there was, to a certain extent, an anticipation of our present subject; but this could not have been avoided without using language of great difficulty and obscurity. Now we want to ask what is implied when I say, I perceive a mountain, I see Mr. Smith, or, I hear a band playing "God save the Queen." This is called by psychologists an enquiry into the nature of perception, and as, to make our enquiry interesting, we must set it a limit, I have done this in the selection of the examples given above. I propose to begin with the perception of an external object.

I hope that nobody will be amazed at my simplicity when I lay it down as the first and most important condition of the perception of an external object, that our senses shall be in some way affected. We must have a sensation to begin with. I feel something, or see something, or hear something, or am in some way sensibly affected by something, is what lies at the root of every perception. We must have not merely a sensation, but that special form of sensation which we recognise as impressed on us. If I am to perceive a fire I must begin not with, I feel hot, but, I feel something hot. This is simple and elementary enough; but all success in psychology depends on noticing these simple and elementary facts, and all error arises from forgetting them. If this plain truth had been always kept in mind, some pretentious systems might never have been heard of. What systems these are I am not going to say; it may amuse some of my readers in the future to find out for themselves.

Consider now the bearing of this truth. I may see High Street, I may shut my eyes and imagine High Street, I may remember High Street, or I may dream that I am in High Street; in what does the first of these operations differ from the others? Manifestly that in that case, but not in the others, something affects my sense of sight; High Street is actually before me; I see something, and I know that I see it.

When this point is reached it always occurs to the beginner to ask, But how do I know that it is not a dream? If I were to dream of High Street, would it not be before me as vividly as it is when I actually see it? We are not now far enough on to answer this question fully; it must suffice to say that, however it comes about, I certainly do know it. I know that there are two distinct states which I call dreaming and waking; if they were not distinct I would not have separate names for them, or be able to ask the question which has been proposed; and whatever my condition may be in sleep, certainly when I am awake I am conscious of it, and of the influence of surrounding objects on me. Now our present enquiry is into the nature of perception, which is a thing that occurs only in the waking state, and only when something definitely affects my senses.

I have now to introduce you to what is perhaps the most surprising fact which we meet with at the outset of our psychological enquiries, a fact which is not only surprising in itself, but also because it took many generations of thinkers to find it out; and yet, when once found out, it is most plain and evident. You cannot find a more fruitful subject for thought than the question why this fact is so evident and yet was so hard to discover. When you can understand this fully, you will understand how to meet the chief difficulties of psychology.

We must first, however, tackle the fact itself, which is, that the actual impression made on the senses is generally but a small part of what we perceive. The best way to understand this is to divide it into parts, and so take it in by degrees. We may therefore remark, that we perceive in the object not only what comes in by the senses, but also what we believe or imagine about it. This most remarkable action of the mind is best illustrated from the sense of sight. Let us suppose a case which happens sometimes with everyone. You are walking along a country road in the twilight, and you mistake a bush at some distance for a man. You see the man quite plainly; you can make out his hat, his coat, and his umbrella. As you get nearer you see him more clearly; but suddenly he becomes indistinct, and after two or three steps you perceive that you are only looking at a bush. Now go back to the position in which you were quite sure that you saw a man, and you will find that you cannot see him again. You will be able to recognise the part of the bush which you took for his hat and the particular spray which looked like his umbrella; you will account for your delusion, but you will not be able to reproduce it. Yet it is evident that what you see now is exactly what you saw before. The conclusion is unmistakable. You did not see the man, you only saw what led you to believe that the man was there; but you referred your belief to the spot you were looking at. You did not keep it in your mind as an inference, and say, I see certain lights and shadows, from which I infer the presence of a man. You boldly attached it to your sensation, and said, I perceive a man.

I have chosen this example because it is a clear illustration of the way in which we join on to our sensation what we remember or imagine, and place the whole in the spot from which the sensation appears to come. You can easily find many other instances of the same thing, and it may interest you to look for them. First, you will think of the forms which you can imagine that you see in the clouds and in the fire; but these are only imperfect examples, because you always have a half persuasion that you are making yourself see them. Then you may think of seeing Mr. So-and-so of your acquaintance. Here you do indeed perceive Mr. So-and-so; but the process of learning to distinguish one person from another is so often gone through that it leaves a trace in the mind, and you are ready at once to acknowledge that what you see is a man whom you distinguish by certain marks to be Mr. So-and-so. But what of this last experience, I see a man? Has not our former example taught us to look on that too as an inference? What do I see when I look at a man or a tree but certain lights and shades with which I have in my own mind connected many thoughts and ideas? These are so closely united to my present sensations that I join them all together and see them all before me. When we apply a name to anything we add to the actual sensation by which it impresses us a great deal more that we have learned and remembered, and we see, not merely the cause of the impression on the sense, which is all that we would see if the object came before us for the first time, but the thing as we know it by experience. In all such cases we join together the reports of different senses, and make one do duty for another. Thus, we see *that a certain object* is soft or hard, although softness or hardness are qualities that affect the touch only, not the sight; and all that we can really see is some peculiarity of colour or outline which is a sign to us of hardness or softness.

If you try to find out instances for yourself you will be able to graduate them accurately from the case in which you are learning the properties of some new object, and have to perform a conscious though rapid act of inference through others, in which the inference drops more and more out of sight, until at last you will come to some in which even now you cannot see that there is any trace of inference or belief, but in which you will be able to see it before long. It will help you through this investigation if you note, as frequently as possible, the cases in which you see something which you must have learned. For instance, you see a hard transparent substance in the window; but a baby, as you may easily prove, does not; and a savage, as you may well believe, would not know what to make of what he saw; yet the effect of the light from the window on the baby's or savage's eye must be the same as on yours. When I first perceived how closely the memory of former experiences is joined to our present sensation, so that we unite together and perceive as one object what comes to us now and what has come to us on many occasions and under a variety of circumstances, it was to me a new revelation in psychology; and it is still interesting to note every fresh instance that presents itself of this close and intimate association of our ideas.

I have only one fear now, and that is, that my pupil may let his attention wander from the particular point which I have tried to bring before him, because I have not been able to separate it from other wonderful and interesting things. It is not the association of ideas, nor its rapidity and certainty, nor yet the manner in which it springs up, on which I now lay stress, but the way in which we join all together, so that out of the hints given by a furze bush on a hedge, together with my recollection of former experiences, I produce the picture of a man, and then I see the whole thing over there twenty or thirty feet away from me. The actual present sensation is not divided or kept apart in any way from those additions which I make to it by way of rapid and immediate inference, so that in fact it is only when I make a mistake and discover it that I come to know how much is sensation and how much is inference.

Perception then may exist first as a consciousness of a sensation or of a something sensible; then as the same consciousness with the memory that it has been experienced before; and lastly, it may be the same consciousness with the addition of whatever memory and imagination may be able to unite with it by association in the course of time. If this is clearly understood, not only will it make it easy for us to comprehend why the same scenes, the same experience, should affect so differently persons whose character and training are not alike; *but it will prove* a key to unlock further mysteries, and especially it will now avail to open before us another of the strange discoveries of modern psychology.

(*To be continued.*)

A WINTER GARMENT.

On the seat nearest the door sat a little wrinkled old woman. She was very erect and very prim-looking. She wore a shabby-genteel black alpaca dress of curious cut, a black lace bonnet which covered the back of her head and her ears, and was trimmed, though not profusely, with magenta roses; and, over her shoulders, a red plaid shawl with a fringe. This was her best costume, and she always wore it on Sundays and at the temperance meeting.

At the latter she was exceedingly regular in attendance, and she invariably occupied the same seat. But she did not appear to take a lively interest in that which went on. She watched the door the greater part of the time, paid no heed to the speeches, and did not sing in the hymns. But she was always the first to arrive and the last to depart. Her name was Mrs. Gurr.

This evening one of the gentlemen spoke to her. He had given a very good address, and it had annoyed him to observe that Mrs. Gurr paid no attention to him, but kept nodding and smiling at the new-comers; for the members of the "adult temperance" were apt to be casual in the matter of punctuality. He waylaid her at the close of the evening's proceedings.

"Well," he remarked in a familiar yet patronising tone.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Gurr interrogatively. She was deaf. Her manner was instinctively on the defensive.

"You are a very regular member, I see," said the gentleman more loudly.

"I am that," assented Mrs. Gurr.

She had a shrill, rather aggressive little voice—it seemed to accord well with her person.

"I am glad of it—very glad of it," said he approvingly; "and yet it does not seem to me that you take much interest in what we do. I may be mistaken, but I have gathered from your manner that you do not feel genuine enthusiasm for the cause."

Mrs. Gurr looked up at him and sniffed. The sniff was not without meaning. It had the significance of a scornful remark; it expressed undisguised contempt for the conclusions to which his shallow powers of observation had led him.

"Oh!" she said, nodding her head forcibly. "Don't you be afraid for me; I have my work to do, and I does it."

The gentleman, who was big and fat, seemed to shrink as if the sharp words had been a pin to prick him, and let out the wind of self-esteem which inflated him.

"Indeed," he said, almost meekly. "And may I ask what it is?"

"You may," replied Mrs. Gurr with dignity. "Here I sits"—she pointed to the seat she had vacated, and which was at present occupied by her old brown scant-ribbed umbrella—"here I sits, and I'm the first person as their eyes light on when they comes in, and I'm the last person as their eyes light on when they leaves; and—" she concluded, grasping the umbrella preparatory to departure—"there's my work all ready for me. I smiles 'em in and I smiles 'em out."

She looked up at him with her bead-like brown eyes, and there was a challenge in them—a mute "So there now!" which was unanswerable.

"Ah, yes—yes," stammered her interlocutor; "very good, Mrs. Gurr. I am sure we are most grateful to you. Good evening."

"Good evening."

And the self-appointed hostess departed, not unruffled, but triumphant, and with a bearing which, despite her diminutive size, was queenly.

Dignity was Mrs. Gurr's prevailing characteristic, and it was her constant trial to have, through the force of circumstances, to appear unimportant. The little incident of the evening had ruffled her, for it had afforded her a good deal of harmless gratification to pose as the gracious entertainer of all the men and women at the temperance meetings. If she had had a weekly "At home" she could not have derived more pleasure from it.

As she went home she decided to call upon Mrs. Valler.

Owing to her deafness, which isolated her, and a certain natural exclusiveness, which repelled intimacy, she had only one friend—that was the woman who lived on the ground floor of the house of which she occupied a room on the first storey.

Anyone whose self-respect had suffered was always sure of having it restored by Mrs. Valler, whose manner had the effect of convincing her companion of his or her importance.

Mrs. Gurr rapped at the door and entered without waiting for a reply. She took it for granted, from previous experience, that she would be welcome.

The room was small, and poorly furnished. On the walls—their chief adornment—were various "In Memoriam" cards, secured by pins; on the mantelshelf were sundry pieces of crockery, distinguished by the atrocity of their design and colouring, but treasured by their owner as mementoes of happier days; on the small table, which was covered with a crochet antimacassar, were an old bible, a cookery-book, and a bottle of liniment. One of the two chairs was occupied by the black dress which Mrs. Valler had just taken off, for she was in the habit of retiring early. The fact that she was preparing for bed did not at all disconcert the intruder.

"Good evening," she said, in her sharp voice.

Mrs. Valler returned the greeting without any apparent surprise at the late visit, for Mrs. Gurr was given to "droppin' in," and followed up her remark by an enquiry as to the state of that lady's health.

She had a clear soft voice, and enunciated each of her words carefully, so that the deaf woman heard all she said without consciousness of effort on either side. This was a relief to Mrs. Gurr, who was wont to be irritated as much by people who grew red in the face when they talked to her, as by those whom she only knew to be addressing her because their lips moved.

Altogether there was something connected with Mrs. Valler's personality which was calculated to produce a soothing effect. She was a very fat woman, who overflowed into shapelessness. She had a large, placid, gentle face and mild grey eyes, and her smooth hair was quite white. She was never agitated, and never impatient or irritable, though even in repose she was not free from suffering, and every movement caused her pain. She was a victim to rheumatism.

When she had on her best dress and a cap, and was settled in her old armchair, her unruffled brow and calm eyes testifying to her kindly, equable disposition, Mrs. Valler was not without beauty of a sort—the beauty that is due to character, and arrests attention because it is typical of something which eludes definition.

"Have you been to the temperance meeting?" she enquired, as she folded up the petticoat which, ten years ago, before the present one had come into fashion, had done duty as a dress.

Mrs. Gurr did not answer her. Her keen observant eyes were fixed on Mrs. Valler.

"And do you mean to say," she remarked, in tones of great severity, "that you, at your time of life, and with your rheumatiz and all, don't wear so much as a flannel? I call it flying in the face of Providence!"

Mrs. Valler's face was instantly suffused by a pale pink flush, like the blush of a young girl.

"And the east winds a-blowing through the cracks, and with damp enough to mildew a jam-pot!" continued Mrs. Gurr. "And you so susceptible to temperitur! You might as well order your funeral at once. It's a sin, and nothing short!"

"It can't be helped, my dear," said Mrs. Valler meekly.

She had not meant to display the deficiencies of her wardrobe, but since Mrs. Gurr had discovered them, she made no attempt at dissimulation.

"It can't be helped!" retorted Mrs. Gurr, promptly. "Don't tell me! Why don't you have a flannel?"

"Because I can't afford one, my dear."

Mrs. Gurr shut her mouth to with a snap that was audible.

"Humph! Well, then, why don't you speak to the visitor?"

Mrs. Valler regarded her guest with wide-eyed reproof, and there was a little warmth in her tone as she answered her.

"I ain't a beggar, Mary Ann, and I don't think we ought to go flaunting our wants as if they was virtues. What's more, I can't expect to live in luxury. The Lord has said as He'll provide, and if He thought I wanted flannels, He'd give me flannels, rheumatiz or no rheumatiz."

Mrs. Gurr gave her favourite sniff.

"But I am sure," Mrs. Valler went on, after a momentary silence, "it's very kind of you to take that interest in me, my dear."

She did not like to seem to have rebuked her friend.

"Not at all. It ain't interest—it's common sense. I am sure if I had one of my own I'd have pleasure in lending it yer; but I ain't. I ain't wore a petticoat this six year, except an old calico one as I washes occasional when I ain't goin' out for a day or two. I likes unbleached because it rustles a bit like as if it were silk."

Mrs. Valler was putting on her night-cap; she paused in the action of tying the strings, and looked at Mrs. Gurr with a shocked expression.

"The notion!" she exclaimed. "And you out and about in all winds and weathers, and this time of night too! It's reg'lar wicked! No wonder your cough troubles yer!"

"Oh, that ain't worth mentioning," Mrs. Gurr said quickly. "I suppose I could have a flannel petticoat as well as most folks if I wanted it so bad as all that. But you can't have it all ways—it ain't likely; and if I must choose, I'd sooner be respectable outside. You don't get treated dignified if your dress is shabby."

Mrs. Valler shook the night-capped head. She did not trouble herself about public opinion, but still, if it gave Mrs. Gurr pleasure to take the view of things which she did, she was not the one to obtrude her sentiments on the subject.

"Well, my dear," she said, "p'r'aps you'll excuse me, but I don't want to stand about

in the cold, and it ain't rispectful to say your prayers to the Almighty when you're in bed."

Mrs. Gurr took the hint and departed.

Mrs. Valler, who was as simple as a child, got on her rheumatic knees with difficulty, and, to an accompaniment of stifled groans, began to say her prayers. They were not very lengthy, but they were chiefly for other people. Her own wants, she argued, were well known, and she did not include warmer garments among them, because she feared the request might savour of discontent; but she asked that Mrs. Gurr might be provided with a woollen petticoat with as much innocent confidence as a child would beg its rich father to make a present to a little friend.

The other old woman went upstairs and lit her candle. Her room was about the same size as Mrs. Valler's, but if possible more meagrely furnished, though with distinctly more pretension. She opened a cupboard, took out a plate containing half a bloater, which she had saved from her dinner, and cut a slice of bread off the stale loaf which was destined to last her till the end of the week.

She laid a little piece of American cloth on the table and spread the supper on it, supplementing the bread and fish with cold tea. Ordinarily she dispensed with supper; but on temperance nights the walk was apt to make her hungry, so she levied a contribution on her other meals, although they could ill afford the tax on their limited resources.

She arranged her pocket-handkerchief on her lap and ate daintily and neatly, keeping a strict and jealous eye upon the crumbs. During the meal she never ceased to think of Mrs. Valler and her insufficient clothing. She wished she could help her to something more suitable, but her charities were necessarily limited.

Still, Mrs. Gurr was sincerely fond of this her one friend, and would have made a sacrifice for her if she had had anything to sacrifice. But she did not see any way in which she could curtail her own wardrobe. Moreover, Mrs. Valler would not be likely to accept what she knew she could so ill afford. The idea came to her as she washed up the supper things, preparatory to putting them away, that she might speak to the district visitor on the subject; but she did not feel sure that Mrs. Valler would approve of such a course, and the lady herself might resent what looked like begging. Putting herself in her neighbour's place, Mrs. Gurr came to the conclusion that she would never forgive anyone who presumed to ask a favour for her in that manner, which might be interpreted as a preconcerted arrangement; for Mrs. Gurr had a low estimate of human nature, and credited everyone with attributing interested motives to others. In her mind's eye she could see the visitor saying, "If Mrs. Valler wants a petticoat, why doesn't she ask me herself?"

She continued to revolve the matter in her mind as she undressed. She had not so many interests that anything could seem to her small or unimportant, and the little annoyance, as she chose to regard it, of the evening would have worried her if this had not put it out of her head. It still haunted her as she knelt down to say her prayers.

As a rule, Mrs. Gurr's devotions were of a peculiar nature. Like herself and all her actions, their prevailing characteristic was dignity. She used set forms, usually selecting those in the Prayer-book, or such versions of them as a not very reliable memory supplied her with. To the prayer for the Queen's Majesty she was especially partial, and never in any case omitted it, even occasionally supplementing it, as she did this evening, with that for the Royal Family; and when she was less than usually tired she would put up a petition for bishops and curates, including casually, though as of lesser importance, "all congregations committed to their charge." This never failed to satisfy her. In no event did it occur to her to make any more personal appeal, and she had a curious undefined notion that it was not becoming to obtrude poor people on the notice of Omnipotence. Like many better-informed individuals, she founded her conceptions of God on her own character and her own ideals rather than on revelation. The God of the hard man is Sternness, as the God of the loving man is Love.

Yet there seemed to sound in her ears, even as she was saying half aloud, "Pour upon them the continual dew of Thy blessing," Mrs. Valler's words: "The Lord has said as He'll provide, and if He thought I wanted flannels He'd give me flannels."

She felt a desire to pray on this matter, but whether to do so or not was a subject for debate. She unclasped her hands and looked up meditatively. It did not seem as if Mrs. Valler and her flannel petticoat could possibly be mentioned in almost the same breath as "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the royal family." Still, there was no doubt Mrs. Valler's interests concerned her more intimately than those of royalty. The prospect of losing her was intolerable, and she could not bear to think of her suffering pain when it could possibly be avoided.

She waited awhile. She was not one whose words or ideas flowed rapidly. Then she murmured in a hesitating and shamefaced manner, "And if Thou wilt excuse my reminding Thee of Mrs. Valler, wilt Thou provide her with a—a suitable winter garment."

She felt relieved. It seemed to her that the subject had been broached with as much dignity as was compatible with its nature. She was happier when she had made this concession to duty and friendship.

About a week after this the district visitor called on Mrs. Gurr. The latter was out, but on her return found that a parcel had been left for her.

Opening it in surprise she discovered a warm petticoat lined throughout with red flannel. The mere sight of it brought the light to her eyes and a tinge of colour to the yellow wrinkled cheeks. She turned it over and over with delight, inspecting it from every point of view. She laid the soft lining against her face, she weighed the garment in her hands; at last she tried it on over her dress, that she might note the effect. For comfort and for length it was everything that could be desired. She was quite in love with it, and smiled with sheer glee at the thought of wearing it throughout the winter. She was not fond of taking presents, but by a curious method of reasoning, which most of us employ, it seemed less derogatory to accept a superior than an inferior gift, the obligation being in inverse proportion to the value of the thing bestowed. The materials and the make of the petticoat appeared to Mrs. Gurr to prove conclusively that this was not a regulation "charity garment," but a mark of personal esteem. Its arrival served to heighten her self-respect. She felt she could take and wear it without loss of dignity.

She took it off and spread it out on the table before her from time to time, smoothing it with her hands. She could not bear to let it out of her sight.

But all of a sudden a pang shot through her. The animation died out of her face, her whole expression changed, she stood like one transfixed, her poor old mouth quivering pathetically. A thought had come to her, and she knew that the petticoat was not for her after all.

She recalled her prayer for Mrs. Valler, and grasped the fact that this was the answer to it. With this realisation came another. It would be impossible now for her to wear the petticoat without feeling like a thief. She tried to be philosophical. Certainly she would have been glad of the flannel—the weather was cold, and she had been painfully conscious, on her way home that afternoon, that the wind was in the east. Still, there could be no question but that the petticoat was for Mrs. Valler, and that she was to be an instrument of Providence in the matter. "The winter garment" had been bestowed upon her that she might have the pleasure of giving it away.

She hurriedly did up the parcel once more, and without loss of time ran nimbly down the stairs to her neighbour.

Mrs. Valler, whose expression was one of eminent satisfaction, was sitting over a fire about the size of a walnut. She greeted Mrs. Gurr with a bright smile, and invited her to come and warm herself.

"Oh, I am quite comfortable, thank you," said the latter promptly, coming over to the fire nevertheless, and holding out one thin, knuckly hand to the glimmer. The other, which grasped the parcel, she kept behind her back. "I am out and about, you know, and that keeps up the cirkilation."

"Your cirkilation ain't kep' up like it ought to be, Mary Ann," said Mrs. Valler gently. "And there's times when it lies heavy on my mind. Now with me it ain't the same. I can mostly keep myself as warm as a toast; and even when the worst comes to the worst I can always stay in bed."

"And the most weakenin' thing you can do. But for the matter of that there ain't no 'worst' likely to be, Mrs. Valler." (Mrs. Gurr never called her friend by her Christian name.) "It's been borne in upon me," she said hesitatingly, "that you'll get that flannel petticoat."

"What flannel petticoat?" enquired Mrs. Valler, quite sharply for her. "I don't know what petticoat you are alluding to, Mary Ann."

"Oh, yes, you do. I mean the one I said you ought to have."

"Oh," responded Mrs. Valler, reddening. "I remember you said I ought to, sure enough. But with all rispec' to you, my dear, what you says mayn't be gospel truth, nor what you thinks mayn't be gospel truth, for I am quite sure you never say what you *don't* think, Mary Ann. But if I was to have a flannel petticoat, what on earth should I do with it?"

"Why, wear it, of course," replied Mrs. Gurr with asperity. "Did you imagine anyone would expec' you to *eat* it?"

"*Me* wear it," rejoined Mrs. Valler, with a gently derisive smile. "If it was *you* now there might be sense enough in it."

"No sense whatever," retorted Mrs. Gurr. "I've heerd it's them as wraps up so warm as is most liable to cold. And then there's all the worrit of when you ought to take to the hextra things and when you ought to give 'em up. And either you starts too late or you give 'em up too soon, and then there's a hinternal chill or a hinflammation or summat. Of course," she added more mildly, as if afraid that her arguments might be too conclusive, "there's exceptions. What I've been saying don't apply to them as stays in one tempratur, but to them as is indoors and out. I am sure, takin' one thing with another, and me not used to coddlin' from my infancy up—which I takes after my dear father, who never wore a great coat not to his dyin' day, and died at forty of a hinside cold—it would be about the worst thing I could do to take to wrappin' up at my time of life. And what's more, I've reason to know that if I wanted a petticoat I could have a petticoat, and without the askin', so there now!"

"And don't you want it, Mary Ann?" asked Mrs. Valler, in a tone of disappointment.

"I *am* sorry."

"I don't see what you have to be sorry about," said Mrs. Gurr. "I don't quite

understand how it can affect you what I wears or what I don't wear."

"Mary Ann, it ain't that." Mrs. Valler hesitated, growing very red. Then fumbling about she produced a brown paper parcel, on which she had been sitting, and, a look of shame upon her face, held it out towards Mrs. Gurr. "It was, my dear, that I wanted to give you a little present. I—I ain't got no use for it, and I am sure I should be very sorry if you was to despise it."

Mrs. Gurr glared at the parcel. It had a strangely familiar look, and was wrapped in the same whitey-brown paper as the one she was at that moment concealing. A shock went through her. Still staring at the packet, but without making any attempt to take it, she involuntarily, and as though in mute protest, jerked forth her left arm. The two parcels came into violent collision, and fell from the two old trembling hands that held them. They lay side by side on the ground, while Mrs. Gurr looked at Mrs. Valler, and Mrs. Valler looked at Mrs. Gurr.

"My dear," said Mrs. Valler then, for the sake of saying something, "ain't you goin' to take it?"

"Ain't *you?*" rejoined Mrs. Gurr confusedly. "I brought it along for you."

"And I was a keepin' mine for you," said Mrs. Valler.

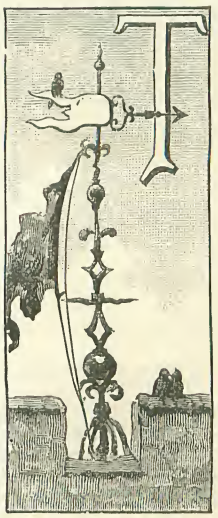
"Then I reckon," remarked Mrs. Gurr, after a very slight pause, "such being the case, we may as well keep our own"—and she stooped to pick up the parcel at her feet, scarcely knowing if she were glad or sorry.

"Mary Ann," said Mrs. Valler, in a voice which was quite tremulous with emotion, "them petticoats is identical, I gather. They mostly turns them out that way, and so it wouldn't make much odds; but in any case I wish you'd give me the one as was meant for you and take the one as was meant for me. I take it we'd enjoy 'em more. And I am sure there ain't a thing I want like jest such a flannel."

"For the matter of that," said Mrs. Gurr deliberately, "I don't know how it is I've kep' along all this time without one."

IDA LEMON.

"A HUNDRED FAMOUS CITIES" COMPETITION.



THIS Competition has proved in many respects to be the most satisfactory we have ever had.

In point of numbers it is not so great as that of the wonderful competition which took place some years ago—the Hundred Famous Women. But the quality of the Cities Competition is greatly in excess; in fact, our readers must have benefited considerably by our advice given on many occasions, for this time no rules whatever have been broken by any single competitor out of the eight hundred and eighty-seven; and there was not a single paper presenting a contemptible appearance, as has been the case on former occasions, when several poor affairs seemed to have been posted in joke.

The ages of competitors started at eleven and ended at thirty-eight, the largest number of papers coming from girls of eighteen years, though, considering their age, the girls sixteen years old sent in by far the best work. Perhaps this is accounted for by the fact that girls of this age are still in the schoolroom, and have not yet indulged in the distractions of housework and society.

As a rule the workers seem to have consulted the same books, and one or two girls give the list of such. In a few refreshing instances there were direct traces of personal travel; but the majority gave but a very inadequate account of that city pre-eminent in all history—Jerusalem.

About two-thirds of the compilers used red ink for the headlines, which was a considerable relief in the otherwise monotonous-looking MSS.; others put gay ribbons, drawings of scenes in cities, illuminations, maps, flags and arms of the various cities; while headlines printed by machine, and steel engravings, decorated others. One gorgeous paper was handsomely bound back and front and embroidered in crewels and silk. In fact, the interest in their work shown by the writers was delightful to witness, and their labours in the way of neat handwriting, accuracy of statement, and embellishment of their papers, were highly successful and complimentary. Bravo! girls. Sincere congratulations to you all—even to those competitors whose names do not appear in the following list; for, as we said before, there was no paper sent in of which it could not be said that much time and care were expended upon the work.

The following is a detailed numerical statement, and we hope to post to the successful girls their prizes and certificates before Christmas, not necessarily as a Christmas present, but as honours well earned during the passing year:—

Age of Competitor.	How many sent in.	Prizes.	Foreign Competitors' Prize.	Certificates.		
				1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.
11	4	—	—	1	1	1
12	6	1	—	1	—	1
13	63	1	—	5	7	15
14	77	1	—	6	9	18
15	87	1	1	8	16	20
16	109	1	—	11	20	26
17	112	1	—	14	20	25
18	115	1	—	15	20	28
19	92	1	—	8	12	31
20	87	1	—	9	15	30
21	48	1	—	6	11	16
22	42	1	—	5	7	15
23	28	1	—	2	5	11
24	2	—	—	—	—	2
25	2	—	—	1	—	—
26	6	—	—	—	—	3
27	3	—	—	1	1	—
28	1	—	—	—	—	3
30	2	—	—	1	—	—
38	1	—	—	—	—	1
Totals.	887	12	1	94	144	246

PRIZE AND CERTIFICATE WINNERS.

Prize Winners (One Guinea Each).

Arbuthnot, J. Christine, Natal.
Bellairs, Rachel E. S., Grantham.
Cates, Florence E. S., St. Michaels, Bristol.
Hutchinson, Alice M., Churt.
Jarrett, Margaret, Croydon.
Linden, Georgina V., Brussels.
Nicholas, Isabella F., Southend-on-Sea.
Nixon, Winnifred E. M., Bournemouth.
Nugent, Bertha, Oporto.
Nutter, Beatrice M., Bedford.
Taylor, Agnes E., Lee.
Willoughby, Theodora, Hyde Park.

COLONIAL PRIZE-WINNER (ONE GUINEA).

Ayton, Minna G., Hobart, Tasmania.

First Class Certificates.

Adams, Helen A., Bury St. Edmunds.
Atkinson, May, Stocton-on-Tees.
Ayton, Myra B., Tasmania.
Ballard, Evelyn M., Sydenham.
Berton, Bessie L., Balham.
Björnstjerna, Charlotte, Gefle, Sweden.
Bladen, Helen, Antigua.
Buckley, Nellie, Torquay.
Burnett, Jessie S., Hamburg.
Carpenter, Mary, Brighton.
Carroll, Gertrude M., Andaman Islands.
Casson, Fanny N., Torquay.
Charles, Julia M., Brondesbury.
Colthurst, Elsie R., Calcutta.
Cragg, Marian A., Peckham Rye.
Crichton, Harriett E., Valparaiso.
Critchley, Alice, Footscray, Australia.
Cudlipp, Elsie O., Hackney.
D'Arango Assis, Bianca da C., Lisbon.
Darling, Grace E., Madras Presidency.
Davey, Ellen, Equeeta, Natal.
Davey, Grace E., Romford.
Davidson, Constance S., Maida Vale.
Davies, Bertha M., Oxford.
Dean, Marian S. F., Stretford.
Dodd, Constance, Croydon.
Dover, Grace J., Calcutta.
Dowling, Bertha, Upper Clapton.
Earle, Louise L., Allahabad, India.
Feild, Florence H., Surbiton.
Fowler, Nellie L., Camberwell.
Frampton, Eliza, St. Martins, Guernsey.
Gilbert, Lucy, Hyderabad.
Gordon, Marie Dukoff, Allahabad.
Greener, Helen G., Birmingham.
Grove, Kate R., Naples.
Gunn, Annie S., Dresden.
Hall, Margarate S., Ashford Carbonell.
Hammett, Edith, Taunton.
Harden, Edith N., Streatham Common.
Hardy, Edith, Melbourne.
Hawker, Lilian A. A. M., Bracknell.
Hawkett, Emily, Hastings.
Hewitt, Edith A., Heaton.
Higgins, Maud R. G., Slough.
Hirst, Kate, Daisy Croft, Stonewall, Manitoba.
Hopwood, Margaret, Louth.
Hordern, Florence E. H., Huddersfield.
Jagger, Hilda M., Moreton-on-Swale.
Jowett, Edith B., Bradford.
Mackie, May J., Melbourne.
Mansel, Theresa, Corfe Castle.

Martin, Amy F., Kersal.
Mason, Ethel, Leamington.
Melson, Florence E., Staines.
Moreton-Hackett, Amy, Bingham.
Morgan, Mary F., Bradfield.
Norman, Rosamond M. N., Madras.
Paczensbry, Winnifred, Madras.
Parsons, Florence E., Kentish Town.
Parsons, Mabel M., Kentish Town.
Parsons, Margaret W., Guernsey.
Pinniger, Marion E., Brighton.
Rae, Helen E., Cheltenham.
Ransome, Ethel M., Lancaster.
Robin, Catherine N., Glasgow.
Rocquain, Lucie, Paris.
Rondeaux, Lucienne, Mauritius.
Sale, Marion, Yokohama.
Sant, Fiorenze E., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Scholfield, Millicent, Fulham.
Scott, Annie G., Hook.
Shaw, Gwendoline K., Guntur, Madras Presidency.
Swithenbank, Alice J., Hunslet, Leeds.
Tapsell, Florence, Redhill.
Taylor, Leonard J. H., Billingshurst, Sussex.
Taylor, Netta W., Barnet.
Tooley, Emily F., Brentford.
Viggers, Mabel G., Southampton.
Vizer, Caroline, Euston Road, N.W.
Waite, Nellie S., Cheltenham.
Walker, Grace W., Nottingham.
Walker, Margaret F. W., near Stourbridge.
Wallace, Isabella, Clapton.
Wassell, Bertha, Lytton, near Brisbane.
Wassell, Edith, Lytton, near Brisbane.
Webb, Lilian E., Clapham.
Weston, Blanche M. P., East Sheen.
Wildblood, Mary E., Leeds.
Williams, Dora F., Adelaide.
Wilmott, Eleanor, Pimlico.
Wilson, Bertha, Exmouth.
Wilson, Catherine M., Plymouth.

Second Class Certificates.

Adam, Margaret J., Aberdeen.
Allen, Chrissie, Felixstowe.
Badcock, Annie B., Tavistock.
Bateman, Margaret N., Banbury.
Batterton, Ellen S. M., Burton-on-Trent.
Bennett, Emilie V., Burslem.
Bolton, Edith H., Hull.
Bott, Edith A., Battersea Park.
Bottle, Ellen E., Great Yarmouth.
Bower, Annie, Cookham.
Boys, Frances E. L., Horley.
Brailsford, Kate, Derby.
Brew-Evans, Gertrude A., Kidderminster.
Britton, Florence L., Burdett Road.
Cansdale, Beatrice L., Forest Hill.
Christian, Lily M., Allahabad, India.
Collet, Evelyn L., Worthing.
Counsell, Lillian, Calcutta.
Cowens, May Ide, Barnet.
Craig, Jessie G., Glasgow.
Cremonini, Teresa, Bilston.
Cumming, Elizabeth B., Upper Norwood.
Daintree, Hester J., Horsham.
Dalley, Edith, Bournemouth.
Danes, Lilian, Aylesfort.
Davies, George J., Gosport, Hants.
Dawson, May L., Kessle.
De Verinne, Isabel E., Calcutta.
Donald, May G., Glasgow.
Doran, Florence, Bray, Ireland.
Edwards, Alice E., Monaro.
Efford, Emily, Yokohama.
England, Charlotte H., Southsea.
Evans, Ruth, Cardiff.
Fenn, Evelyn F., Bedford Square.
Fiennes, Eva C., Bournemouth.
Forteath, Mary, Elgin.
Fox, Mary A., Gosport.
Gilliat, Lilias E. B., Harrow-on-the-Hill.
Gough, Elizabeth H., Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
Greenaway, Clara B., Seven Sisters Road.
Greener, Winifred, Birmingham.
Ground, Hetty, Naples, Italy.
Guinane, Agnes M. J., Limerick.
Hall, Clara A., Madras.
Hancox, Gertrude, New Malden.
Happold, Frances, Barrow-in-Furness.
Hardaker, Kate, Manningham.
Harris, Agnes A., Leamington Spa.
Harvey, Louise, Taplow.
Hatch, Agnes M., Wandsworth.
Hatch, Hilda M., Wandsworth Common.
Hawkins, Edith M., Bedford.
Heathfield, Jessie, Hastings.
Hennell, Mary, Penge.
Hills, Emma L., Moorfields.
Hodder, Louise J. M., Clifton.
Hodgson, Grace E., Leicester.
Hopps, Winnifred, Headingley.
Hunt, Mildred B., Horsham.
Hunter, Margaret S., Camberwell.
Hutchieson, Agnes W., Shettlestone.
Ingledew, Winefride B., Hatcham.
Jarrett, Annie M., Croydon.
Jones, Jean L., Folkestone.
Jones, Katie E., Manchester.
Jones, Sylvia J., Balham Hill.
Keane, Emily F., Edgbaston.
Kennedy, Sophie F., Glasgow.
Kennison, Georgina M., Clifton.
Kidner, Mary E., Stonehouse.
King, Winifred M., Poplar.
Kräal, Lena E., Calcutta.
Latham, Katharine, Worksop.
Leader, Mabel W., Redland.
Letts, Emily E., Peckham.
Little, Caroline E., Tottenham Court Road.
Malone, May H., Antigua.
Mansell, Winifred E., Corfe Castle.
Mason, Winifred, Clapham Common.
McCowan, Dora, Brunswick, Australia.
McCowan, Ethel, Brunswick, Melbourne.
McKenzie, Evelyn L., Dawlish.
McKenzie, Maggie H., Seaforth.
McRitchie, Margaret J. H., Cupar, N.B.
Meelboom, Antoinette H., Clapham Common.
Mellor, Amy E., Oxton.
Melville, Edith M. A., Salisbury.
Merrie, Hettie, Roslyn, Hampton Wick.
Miller, Maude, Queen Square.
Morley, Emmeline W., Manchester.
Nethersole, Florence E., Wingham.
Nethersole, Susie C., Wingham.
Oldham, Emily A., Leyton.
Page, Annie D., Burton-on-Trent.
Parker, Maud, The Firs, Maidenhead.
Phillips, Dorothy, Methley.
Pigsone, May F., Horsham.
Pool, Annie G., Shrewsbury.
Porter, Jessie, Botley.
Porter, Kate E. A., Clapton.
Powell, Annie E., Troutbeck.
Prior, Rosa M. C. B., Forest Hill.
Rahm, Hannah, Madras Presidency.
Rainey, Eleanor, Boston.
Rayner, Nellie L., Shanklin.
Rhodes, Mary P., Wakefield.
Richards, Laura, Shrewsbury.
Roberts, Emily, Brixton, S.W.
Rosenheim, Frances, Liverpool.
Rowland, Ethel, Pontypridd.
Sassoon, Rachel, Bombay.
Scott, Rose M., Sunderland.
Shepherd, Beatrice C., S. Kensington.
Short, Edith M., St. Helena.
Smith, Elizabeth C., Kidderminster.
Smith, Evelyn B., Brighton.
Smith, Mabel, Kentish Town.
Stead, Edith M., Streatham
Stevens, Gertrude A., Allahabad.
Stockings, Ethel M., Stony Stratford.
Stokes, Ethel M., Brampton Mills.
Strong, Mary, Maryport.
Surman, Annie, Walham Green.
Swinden, Minnie, Behar.
Tapsell, Edith, Redhill.
Taylor, Elizabeth C. Le G., Bombay.
Teackle, Virginia, Notting Hill.
Thomson, Jane, Ayr.
Thuraham, Alice M. M., Luton.
Topping, Clara J., Stroud Green.
Townsend, Amy C., Torquay.
Townsend, Nora, Torquay.
Turnbull, Kate, Holland Road.
Wainwright, Phœbe J. S., Ormskirk.
Waters, Carrie F., Melbourne.
White, Mabel, Hailsham.
Whyte, Minna M., Inverness.
Wilson, Anna, Vogelengang, Holland.
Wood, Alice M., Bath.
Wrapson, Beatrice L., Bicester.
Wright, Florence, Barrow-in-Furness.
Yeoman, Ellen M., Wanstrow.
Young, Emma J., Richmond.

Third Class Certificates.

Abbercrombie, Catherine L., Devonshire Terrace.
Adkin, Mary E., Lewisham.
Agnew, Esther, Bolton.
Allan, Sara, Dennistown, Glasgow.
Allden, Grace M., Barkingside.
Andrews, Gertrude M., Cardiff.
Archer, Adeline, Breadsall.
Archer, Marie R. D., Barbadoes.
Arrowsmith, Ethel M., Fenny Stratford.
Ash, Ethel, Birmingham.
Astell, Catherine, Burton-on-Trent.
Baines, Ethel A. E., Denbigh.
Baker, Christine M., Streatham.
Baker, Grace E., Hastings.
Barron, Sarah N., Chertsey.
Batt, Elizabeth F., Grenada, West Indies.
Bennett, Daisy W., Brighton.
Benwell, Florence, Blackheath.
Black, Mabel, Bedford.
Botting, Edith Emily, Lopwood.
Bower, Frances S., Bishop's Sutton.
Brailsford, Agnes M., Park Nook.
Bridgman, Jessie, Stony Stratford.
Briggs, Katie F., Brighton.
Brighouse, Jessie, Aughton.
Browne, Norah, Anerley.
Brush, Constance O. R., Clifton.
Burridge, Ethel L., Liverpool.
Burton, Evelyn M., Pickering.
Byard, Edith A., Croydon.
Campbell, Olive, Ardrishaig.
Carroll, Grace E., Andaman Islands.
Carter, Hannah E., Auckland.
Chamberlaine, Elizabeth, Fareham.
Chapman, Mary E., York.
Chennell, Annie F., Hove.
Childe, Alice V., Sydney.
Clark, Annie L., Bedford.
Clark, Ellen, Belsize Park.
Clark, May I., Stoke Ferry.
Colegrave, Hilda L., Ravenscourt Park.
Comrie, Maggie, Peterhead.
Coney, Joyce M., near Alcester.
Cooke, Ellen L., Retford.
Cotterell, E. A., near Liverpool.
Cowens, Elizabeth K., near Barnet.
Cumings, Caroline, Caledonian Road.
Cundle, Florence E., Brixton.
Dalton, Edith M., Putney Hill.
Daly, Kathleen, Hackney Downs.
Davison, Lizzie M., Darlington.
Daws, Edith J., Leicester.
Dawson, Florence E., Gipsy Hill.
Dennison, Emily A., East Ham.
Dibben, Helen M., Finchley.
Diemer, Clara M., Bedford.
Douglas-Barbor, Dottie, Torquay.
Drake, Clara E., Bradford.
Dungey, Bertha, Redruth.
Dyer, Emily, Enfield Lock.
Edgar, Mary C., Elgin.
Edwards, Clara A., Uttoxeter.
Eglington, Mabel M., Reepham.
Ellerbeck, Hetty, St. Anne's-on-the-Sea.
Elloy, Mabel E., Allahabad.
Esebeck, Amelie von, Weimar, Germany.
Farrington, Florence J., Hyde Park.
Favell, E. M., Sheffield.
Fisher, Annie M. M., Queen's Park.
Folliott, Elizabeth, Salisbury.

Folliott, Melora, Salisbury.
Foster, Gertrude, Hastings.
Flower, Lizzie, Leamington Spa.
Fox, Dorothy M., Eliot Park, S.E.
Francis, Josephine M., St. Neots.
Frankland, Rosa N., Reepham.
Gardner, Ellen, Wawne Hall.
Gaze, Ada A., Norwich.
Giles, Evelyn M., Bath.
Gillett, Theodora, Warminster.
Goldfinch, Janie, Stamford Hill.
Goode, Lily H., Adelaide.
Goodman, Olive A., Kentish Town.
Grant, Annie, Bangalore.
Greenwood, Mary C., Clifton.
Groom, Ethel M., St. Clements, Jersey.
Groves, Mabel C., Weymouth.
Hahn, Violet E., Lady Margaret Road.
Hall, Margaret E., King Henry's Road.
Hamilton, Louie M. A., Tavistock Street.
Hancock, Ada, Cheltenham.
Hardacre, Edith, Manningham.
Hardy, Annie S., Guernsey.
Harrison, Alice M., Frodsham.
Hart, Ada, South Hill Park Gardens.
Harvey, Edith A., Canterbury.
Hawkey, Ida M., Edge Hill.
Hawkins, Lucia E. M., Woodstock.
Hazelden, Ada L., Brixton Hill.
Hedgeland, Ethel M., Upper Holloway.
Hellis, Helen, Norfolk.
Henlett, Julia M., West Malling.
Hepple, Annie F., North Shields.
Hermann, Louise, C.-on-M., Manchester.
Heugh, Lillian, Bedall.
Hodder, Adelina F., Clifton.
Holdsworth, Annie G., Hull.
Holloway, Reba H., Nottingham.
Holmes, Clare A., C.-on-M., Manchester.
Hooper, Frances D., Streatham.
Hooper, Gertrude M., Streatham.
Huddleston, Sarah E., Ely.
Humphrey, Emma L., York.
Hunt, Daisy, Hornsey.
Hunter, Florence H., Tulse Hill.
Hutchinson, Amy, Cheltenham.
Inglis, Adeline L., Allahabad.
Innes, Eveline, Romford.
James, Charlotte W., Tamerton Foliot.
Jarratt, Margaret, Loughborough.
Jefferson, Catherine E., New Barnet.
Jenkins, Jennie A., Handsworth.
Johnson, Annie E., Great Yarmouth.
Johnston, Frances M., Broughty Ferry.
Jolliffe, Marion, Niton, Isle of Wight.
Joubert, Anna C., Cape Colony.
Kennard, Florence A., Croydon.
Kennedy, Eleanor S. L., Glasgow.
Kensington, Wanda H. F., Brixton Hill.
Kent, Emily E., Tunbridge Wells.
King, Janet M., Kingsbridge.
Kitching, Ethel L., Barnsley.
Knight, Sarah A., Leamington Spa.
Knop, Katherine J., Madras Presidency.
Knott, Jessie L., Walthamstow.
Lancaster, Agnes M., E. Greenwich.
Lancaster, Lilian H., Darlington.
Lancaster, Margaret A., Seaforth.
Lancaster, Marion R., Seaforth.
Laughton, Violet E., Russell Square.
Legallais, Evelyn A., St. John, Jersey.
Leresche, J. I., Brondesbury.
Lloyd, Florence E., Manchester.
Longney, Edith, Longney.
Macdonald, Joan A. T., New Zealand.
MacDougall, Catherine M., Campbell Town, Tasmania.
MacGarvey, Kathleen M., Dublin.
Machie, Susannah B., Brixton.
Macmillan, Margaret A., Castle Cary.
Magnilley, Annie L., Antigua.
Majoribanks, Beryl, Coonoor, Madras Presidency.
Manning, Mary W., Stockport.
Marden, Mildred L., West Cowes.
Martin, Felicia M., Hull.
Mason, Florence, Lidlington.
Matthias, Marie, Bristol.
Metcalfe, Kate E., Burton-on-Trent.
Meyers, Annie N., Seattle, U.S.A.
Middleton, Mabel Alice, Swaffham.
Middleton, Rosamund, Chiswick.
Miller, Frances, Chiswick.
Mitter, Sophia, Oudh, India.
Moses, Rachel, Worcester.
Mountain, Mary C., Patricroft.
Moxey, Beatrice, Bristol.
Narbeth, Helen M., Parsons Green.
Neal, Mabel L., Stoke Newington.
Nethersole, Pollie L., Wingham.
Newport, Edith A., Dartmouth Park.
Oakley, Minnie P., Whetstone.
Odell, Lilian S. E., Forest Gate, E.
Offin, Jessie, Loughton, Essex.
Ogilvie, Florence M., Calcutta.
O'Reilly, Barbara L. St. J., Earl's Court.
Page, Gertrude E., Woburn Sands.
Page, Kate W., Clapham.
Palmer, Caroline M., Doncaster.
Palmer, Lillian C., Doncaster.
Pardoe, Alice P., Aberdare.
Parker, Annie M., Gabriella, Florida.
Parsons, Sarah M. G., Cotham.
Payne, Ella, Ryde.
Peck, Gertrude, Wigan.
Pecover, Emily J., Reading.
Pipe, Eveline G., Tamworth.
Poad, Mary E., York.
Pogson, Mary W. E., Sleaford.
Ponsford, Katie W., Lee.
Powis, Milicent E., Balham.
Pringle, Melena F., Dresden.
Quinlan, Constance K., Upper Teddington.
Randall, Edith M. G., Swaffham.
Read, Florence, Gloucester.
Rippon, Edith, Congleton.
Robinson, Alice, Margate.
Ross, Mary A., Thurso.
Russell, Lizzie, Chiddingly.
Schlencker, Maud, of Brisbane.
Scott-White, Mary R., Ramsgate.
Shepherd, Helen H., Shethin, Tarves.
Shepherd, Sophia J., Shethin, Tarves.
Skeoch, Eliza J., Stewarton.
Smith, Caroline M., Hull.
Smith, Elizabeth M., Willesden.
Smith, Florence E., Bedford.
Smith, Florence S., Nottingham.
Sommerville, Mary, Irvine.
Spencer, Alice, Bridport.
Stevens, Alice M., Birkenhead.
Stockings, Elsie Y., Stony Stratford.
Strong, Sarah L., Kennford.
Sunderland, Grace H., Hereford.
Swan, Alice G., Melbourne.
Tatham, Annie G., Southport.
Taylor, Blanche H., Billingshurst.
Thomas, Annie R., Bargains Hill.
Todd, Margaret H., Barningham.
Toogood, Ella G., Bruges.
Trent, Annie S., Holt.
Trotman, Lucy, Lee.
Turner, Maggie, S. Hackney.
Vaizey, A. L., Halstead.
Villiers-Stuart, Therese, Cappoquin, Ireland.
Walker, Dora W., Coalbournebrook.
Walker, Mary S., Greatham R.S.O.
Warmington, Mary, Headingley.
Waters, Bessie L., Claremont, Hawthorne, Melbourne.
Waters, Mary A., Bicester.
Watson, Agnes M., Southport.
Watts, Mary G. B., Dunstable.
Wells, Kate E., Forest Gate.
Wilkes, Ruth, Bishops Stortford.
Wilkinson, Bertha E., Royston.
Willis, Ada E., Hornsey, N.
Wilson, Florence, Chichester.
Wilton, Beatrice M., Forest Gate.
Winstanley, Janie, Kirkham.
Wood, Ella C., Liverpool.
Wood, Ethel C., Ripon.
Wood, Margaret A., Bath.
Woods, Ada M., Crouch Hill.
Wooldridge, Lottie M., Lye, near Stourbridge.
Worselding, Ethel M., New Cross Road.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TINNED GREEN PEAS.—Several readers who have written to us on the subject of our paragraph warning them in their own interests against the use of tinned or bottled peas of a bright green colour, will be glad of the following particulars:—In the number of *The Lancet*, published upon January 31, 1891, is a leading article upon p. 262 which states that a sub-committee, which had been appointed some time previously by the Town Council of Glasgow, had reported to that body the results of their investigations into the "greening" of French vegetables with sulphate of copper. The report was approved, and "The committee recommended that intimation be made to dealers in canned vegetables that the sanitary officials would institute proceedings whenever the circumstances in connection with their re-greening was sufficient to warrant a prosecution." The article goes on to say that the report is signed by the Medical Officer of Health, the Sanitary Inspector, and the Analysts of the city; that there seems no doubt that preserved peas are coloured with a copper salt; that such colouring is not necessary for the preservation of the peas; that the preserving processes cause the peas to lose their colour, and acquire a stale flavour. The re-greened peas are steeped in a strong hot solution of copper sulphate. The vegetables, when tinned, retain from 8 to 27 parts per 100,000 of copper sulphate. Copper salts are well known to be poisonous, and small oft-repeated doses cause abdominal pain of a severe kind, indigestion, and diarrhœa. The writer of the article says that it is ridiculous to suppose that small quantities taken in food are harmless. By the laws of France vegetables are not allowed to be re-greened for home use, but only for export; the French Government experts having reported so long ago as 1853 that it was dangerous to the public health that these coloured foods should be used. At first their manufacture was prohibited, and the above law was made in reply to many appeals from manufacturers.

MRS. A. ROGERS.—If you refer to our answer to "Adèle," under the heading of "Education," you will see a notice of a society for the encouragement of such compositions by young people. If your niece became a member her work would be criticised, and if good, she would gain prizes. This would be a good training.

M. B.—Paysandu is in the Republic of Uruguay, South America, formerly called the "Banda Oriental." It is situated on the river Uruguay.

EDIE has a constant beating in her head when she walks fast. Why does she do it? When people suffer from any special delicacy, they should be careful not to overtax their powers in that respect. As we are absolutely ignorant of your condition of health—whether a poor, thin-blooded, anæmic creature or a large, corpulent, red-faced individual, it is impossible to give advice.

MARIAN.—The velocity of light was discovered by a Danish astronomer, Olaus Rösner, which amounts to 192,500 miles in a second. It was calculated when taking observations of the eclipse of Jupiter's satellites, A.D. 1676. But the latest observations of recent authorities make the velocity to be about 186,300 miles a second.

SPRING.—You could wear your dresses made over Mrs. Jennesse Miller's "Dress Reform" patterns (as referred to in our paper), so as not to look in any degree remarkable. The dress form is a style of modified "princess," and on it any of the present styles can be draped.

INQUISITIVE.—Yes, you are quite right. Our story, "A Grey Dawning," was by the mother of Rudyard Kipling, and "Malvolia" by his sister, who has written another story for us, which we hope to print next month. She writes under the name of Alice Macdonald, or Alice Macdonald Fleming.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XIII.—NO. 627.] JANUARY 2, 1892 [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SUNBEAM'S KISS.

By GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

DOWN from the grey-clad heavens fell
A snowflake to the ground;
It came alone, so timorous,
So strange to all around.

I watch'd it, and I marvell'd much
Whether this fair white thing
Was sent some secret of the skies
Or angel-news to bring.

When lo! a little sunbeam burst
Half curious to spy
What it might be, and, creeping close,
Kiss'd it—sweetly and shy.

I watch'd them, and I knew that now
The snowflake's doom was seal'd;
A moment more, it lay dissolv'd,
Its mission ne'er reveal'd.

And I was sad and sorrowful
To think the sunbeam's kiss,
So sweet, so tender, and so shy,
Had wrought such woe as this.

And yet perhaps most joyously,
To serve some perfect plan,
That fair white thing fulfill'd its end
In that brief moment's span.

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"WATCHING THE SUNBEAM."

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

LITTLE MARY SICK TO DEATH.

THE Bennets and Flora were beginning to talk of when Mr. and Mrs. Bennet would be at home. Dick was eager to set off to Oxford, and in their secret minds the girls had got enough of being their own mistress, and bearing the burden of responsibility. The heads of the house would be heartily welcomed back. Kate was still enjoying the importance and the sense of usefulness involved in nursing her aunt; but little Mary was beginning to pine for her mother. "I think Mary is getting quite lazy," remarked Dorothy. "The idea of a child like her lying still on the sofa for an hour at a time!"

"I don't think it is laziness, Dorothy," said Flora wistfully. "I wish my aunt were here. She and uncle were to leave Bordeaux to-morrow, were they not?"

Then a letter arrived to say, since all was going on well at home, Mr. Bennet had arranged to go to Champagne, and thence to Paris, spending a little time there that he might take the opportunity of satisfying himself with regard to some data which he meant to use in a forthcoming article in the *Archæological Review*. The tidings of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet's change of route reached Kensington Square the same day that Mary showed, in addition to her recent weariness and listlessness, symptoms of having caught a violent cold. Said Dorothy, with cheerful equanimity, "Of course everybody has a cold occasionally, and children are especially liable to colds. I wonder she has not had one before. If you make a fuss, Flora, you will frighten the child. You too, Amelia—you are getting a pair of croakers."

"It ain't a mere ordinary cold, Miss Bennet," said Amelia, shaking her head. "The poor lamb is clean knocked up and oppressed. You must send for Dr. Burrows."

"I am sure Amelia is right," said Flora anxiously.

"Very well; I hope Dr. Burrows will laugh at you both as a couple of coddling old women. Mamma does not call in a doctor to cure a cold."

The doctor came, and pronounced Mary's illness a case of measles, which must be carefully nursed, as the child was delicate, and the attack was not a slight one.

"Every child has measles," said Dorothy again, but not quite as confidently as before. "I may mention *en evidence* that everybody in the house has had the epidemic—even Flora here did not escape in her Highland glen; and as we all got over it without any great difficulty, no doubt Mary will come through it all right, and will be well again in the course of a few weeks. It is unfortunate, of course, that mamma is away, but we must make the best of it. Among nine grown-up women, including cook, surely Molly will be taken care of."

"I don't wish to frighten Miss Bennet," said Amelia gloomily, when Dorothy was out of hearing; "but I don't like the looks of the dear child. She's heavy with fever, and the rash ain't coming out so full as I could wish. Her breathing is short and tight. If the complaint settle down on her blessed chest, as is none too stout to begin with, God help her, and her ma and her pa, for she's the apple of their eye, as is natural, being the youngest, and a gentle darling—too gentle, may be, for this hard world."

"Oh, we won't lose heart yet, Amelia," Flora besought the elder woman piteously. "Dear little Mary is in good hands. Her doctor is careful as well as clever; and we will nurse her day and night, won't we? Please God we'll bring her through. But I am afraid she is going to be very ill. There is no use for those of us who have seen sickness to try and blind ourselves. I like still less to alarm poor aunt and uncle, at a distance, than you do to frighten my cousins here; but I should not leave it to them to write; I should take it upon me to write at once and tell the truth—father always said that was wisest and kindest in the end—though it might be a great shock, with poor uncle hardly recovered from his illness, and poor aunt worried and knocked up; only they must have left Bordeaux before the letter could possibly reach them, and they were not to write from Champagne or to send us the name of their hotel till they arrived in Paris."

"Oh, Miss Macdermot, that is a bad lookout," said Amelia, far too much troubled to mind any longer Flora's taking the initiative.

Flora's perception of Mary's condition did not arise from instinctive comparison of the sick child with the dying minister last spring, though it is true Flora felt a lifetime older than the ignorant, sanguine young girl who had watched without apprehension her father's passing away. There is a great difference between the breakdown of a worn out old man and the sickness of a child. The fact was, Flora had some experience in children's illnesses, such as Dorothy, not to say Dick, was utterly destitute of; and this advantage on their cousin's part was not because she was a marvel of precociousness, of wisdom, or inspired medical skill. In a remote country parish like what her father's had been, the manse is still the unfailing resort for advice and succour to the poorer sick. Half a century earlier, Flora had heard her father say, when there were fewer doctors in the wilds, and the wilds themselves were still wilder and more impassable than they are to-day, the minister was accustomed to prescribe for the bodies as well as for the souls of his parishioners, and by dint of considerable practice learnt often to bandage a wound, set a limb, bleed and blister, as deftly as any licensed practitioner of them all. In consequence of Mrs. Macdermot's death, her simple medicine chest, salves, and recipes, with which she had relieved one department of her husband's labour, descended to her daughter; and Flora, with or without old Flory, Miss Arabella, and Mrs. Macdougal, had visited many a patient, especially among the children who attended the Sunday school, and their young brothers and sisters. Flora "doctored" them according to her primitive but by no means inefficacious nostrums, when the sick were not supposed to require the learning and authority of a regular college-bred doctor brought to bear upon them, or in the interval which might elapse after the seizure, before the said doctor, who might be many miles away in the course of his honest, drudging duty, could be brought upon the scene. Dorothy and Dick declared Flora was like some wise old woman of a savage tribe when they discovered how *au fait* she was to the minutiæ of illness, and what modestly intelligent suggestions she was prepared to make with regard to pillows and possets. The sister and brother pretended that Flora enjoyed displaying her medical gifts, a statement which made the gifted woman shake her head ruefully. "If Mary were only well again, if Mrs. Bennet were only home, I should be glad to subside into an idle young lady. I am afraid I have been discontented—I have not thought how well off and happy we all were."

There was no lack of affection for Mary where her brother and sister were concerned. The family, in which there had not been a break within the recollection of the younger members, were as honestly attached as Flora had known her old friends the Macdougal girls to be, in the middle of their sparring and small strifes. Only the Bennet children, cradled in ease and luxury, in their multitude of individual engagements and entertainments, and all the whirl of town life, had drifted, in a measure, apart from each other, and did not hold much in common. But little Mary was the pet and plaything of the whole household.

Not even in the first stages of her illness could Dorothy and Dick, with all the will in the world, do much even to

occupy and amuse her. Dick's play was too rough, and partook too much of good-humoured teasing. Dorothy was too dictatorial, and too unused herself to the least exercise of patience; neither could she tell stories by the hour like Flora, not merely of dogs and horses—animals with which Dick had a considerable acquaintance—or of fine parties at which the narrator had been, but wonderful stories of little girls and brave ladies who went through stirring adventures, and overcame terrible perils. There was the little girl Muriel—the first Muriel Flora had ever heard of—the orphan heiress of Cawdor, whom the old Campbells of Argyle wished to capture in order that she might be brought up to marry their chief's son, and bring him her broad lands. Her clan gathered round her, and when the Campbells came upon them, hid her in an oven, and fought round it till there was not one left. However, the victors were very careful of their prize. They carried her away to Inverary, but they reared her very delicately and tenderly among the great Campbell ladies; and when she was grown up she did not object to marry the chief's son, who, to be sure, must have been too young when she was taken prisoner to be blamed for it. And as she was brought up with him, and he was doubtless as handsome and gallant as a young prince, and she knew no other, why, perhaps she could not do better than forgive him the crime of his kinsmen, and become a noble wife to a noble gentlemen, rule his people and hers well, and be happy for ever afterwards.

Then there was Flora's namesake, young Flora Macdonald—of whom Flora Macdermot could never speak without her eyes sparkling and her breast heaving—who saved poor Prince Charlie in spite of his gallantry and misfortunes; poor to the daughter of the manse, who could not regret that his expedition had failed. But oh! she was proud of the Flora who disguised him in a woman's gown and bonnet, and took him over to Skye. *She* lived to be a fine reasonable old lady, with no less than twelve sons, all soldiers and sailors in the service of King George, who could be reasonable and generous also, in spite of—well, his German uncouthness and his dash of brutality.

Again, there was that fair Ellen of Lorne, whose cruel husband thought to leave her forsaken on a rock in the ocean, while he invited her brothers and cousins, and those who loved her best, to a mock funeral of their lady. But her friends were too true and too wise, and they exposed and punished his villainy, and rescued poor Ellen, no worse for her sufferings. But Flora would say no more of the sufferings till little Mary was well and strong again, able to hear about them without crying.

Poor little Mary grew worse and worse. Amelia was at her wits' end. Flora, when she could escape for a moment to her pretty room, paced up and down wringing her hands in despair, and crying under her breath—

"Oh, aunt, aunt, we shall not be able to save her for you! Dear little Mary, who was to have been the first to meet and greet you! If it were not a presumptuous sin, I could almost ask that God would pardon and purify me, for Christ's sake, and take an orphan girl like me instead. You would all be sorry I know, but you would not miss me so much."

Then Flora did what was better—she prayed piteously, with her loyal faith, that God would either stay the blow, or strengthen those whom it would crush. The doctor, in his sense of the child's danger, sent a trained nurse to wait upon her; but Mary shrank in terror from the sight of an unknown face, and in order to pacify her either Amelia or Flora had to be constantly at her post. Dorothy was of little more use than Dick was, while they were both miserable in their helplessness. Dorothy had grown up with an extreme repugnance to whatever was unpleasant and trying to her. The details of a child's sick room, even though the child was the little sister she loved, were distasteful to her. The sad, painful spectacle of a life sinking to its lowest ebb, and hanging fluttering in the balance, was almost unbearable to the fastidious, undisciplined girl in what had been her fullness of ease and enjoyment. "It is dreadful for this to happen to us when mamma and papa are away. Why should it come at this time?" she murmured in futile rebellion, as if she were arraigning Providence.

"Oh, hush, Dorothy!" Flora was forced to implore her cousin. "You know misfortunes are suffered to befall all kinds of people at all times for a good purpose, and what are we that we should not have our share?"

"If I could do any good," cried Dorothy, "I would not quit Mary for a moment, if I knew the least thing about sickness, like you and Amelia, if she wanted me, poor darling; but you get on quite as well and better without me. I am in your way; and I cannot sit idle and look at her suffering—it makes me sick, broken-hearted, and nervous. And where would be the use of my getting ill and being another burden on you? It will be bad enough, if what the doctor hints at is true, if it happens—I cannot say more—with papa and mamma away—I know I shall either go mad or die; but till it happens don't let me anticipate horrors."

"No, no, dear!" said Flora soothingly. "While there is life there is hope. You know the doctor said that also."

"Them doctors always say that much —they don't want to be found in the wrong anyhow. And it is as much for that as to keep a body up they tell you what you could see for yourself," muttered Amelia.

"Besides, you would not make it worse for poor aunt and uncle," urged Flora with earnest appeal; and Dorothy wandered away aimlessly, to make a vain attempt to divert her mind by working or reading, and to render Dick still more wretched at the sight of her uncontrolled and, to tell the truth, irritable wretchedness. For it is one thing, as Mark Tapley argued of jolliness, to be good-humoured when all is going well with you, and another and much more honourable performance to keep your temper sweet in adversity. When all the rest of her resources, slender under the circumstances, failed, Dorothy would sob herself to sleep in the most restful corner of a couch or locked into her own room, feeling herself somehow an injured woman.

All the time Dick had the additional struggle with the manliness which forbade him to give way, and the tenderness which would not let him take himself off to any of his haunts, when he did not know what might happen, or for what melancholy task he must screw up his courage. *What! go and* play at football or billiards, or read illustrated papers, when little Mary was swimming for her life, as the doctor had said!

"Do you think Mary is going to die, Flora?" he asked with a harsh abruptness, to hide the break in his voice and the quiver of his lip.

"Oh, dear Dick, how can I tell?" Flora, with sad eyes, replied. "I trust not—I pray not. But you must not sit up, as I heard you did last night; and you must eat your meals, and get Dorothy to eat hers, like a man, Dick."

"And what about you, Flora?" Dick turned upon her. "You are never out of Mary's room. I don't believe you sit down for five minutes at a time, or eat a regular meal, or sleep for a couple of hours. My mother, if she were here, would not allow it. I am not going to let you be killed also in her absence."

"Oh, nonsense, Dick! Who speaks of killing?" cried Flora, almost cheerfully. "Don't trouble about me—I am used to it a little more than you and poor Dorothy are. I am hardened," and she turned back to the sick room and sent Amelia—whose "boy" Dick had been nearly as much as he was his mother's not more than eight or ten years ago, and to whom Dorothy was fain to cling in her present distress—to calm the two bigger children, and to coax them into taking food and rest, just as old Flory had coaxed Flora herself not so long ago—so soon may we have to teach others the lessons we have only lately learnt on our own account.

(*To be continued.*)

FLOWER DECORATIONS

FEBRUARY

In February comes a little stirring of the sap, and a distinct promise of blossom, even when the fulfilment is cruelly deferred.

Out of doors snowdrops, aconites, and scillas start up out of the snow; crocuses follow quickly, camellia japonica and the yellow jasmine nudiflora adorn sunny walls, while in mild seasons the first primroses and violets give us a foretaste of spring.

Indoors there are now in bloom thousands of hyacinths, narcissi, tulips, and other bulbs easily reared by amateur gardeners, while the flowers from the south are more plentiful than ever.

Down in the heart of the Midlands there is an old orchard whose oddly-shaped appletrees, giving such a delightful shade in summer, now let all the sunshine through their boughs on to a perfect carpet of snowdrops and aconites, which grow and bloom in all but one corner, where a tree trunk has fallen years ago into a depression which is a shallow pond in damp weather, and where it still lies, its form clothed and almost hidden by forget-me-nots and ground ivy. The former have neither flowers nor leaves now, but the ivy is luxuriant, and not only creeps on the ground, even where the flowers do not allow it to show, but climbs the older trees, and hangs from the weirdly twisted branches in fantastic garlands. It is a shockingly neglected and wasted piece of ground from the economist's point of view, but to the artist, beautiful as Nature always is when left to herself; and when I have a good quantity of snowdrops to arrange, it is always this orchard which comes into my mind, with its many suggestions of harmonious grouping.

In all arrangements of snowdrops it is desirable that the graceful natural curve, where the flower-stalk emerges from its sheath, should be preserved, and the flower itself allowed to hang free; and to do this it must be assisted to stand up as straight as possible. They look best of all in troughs or baskets full of moss, but long-stalked extra large blossoms may be loosely placed in specimen glasses with a little fine ivy trailing downwards.

I have filled four semi-circular troughs with moss and water, stuck closely with snowdrops double and single, and at intervals yellow aconites; small ivy, drooping down on to the green table-centre, concealed the glass, as these troughs are generally rather common and clumsy. Two surrounded the base of each of the lamps with which the table was lighted, and an old champagne glass, containing some very fine double snowdrops and graceful sprays of ivy, stood in the centre and at each end of the arrangement.

I have also used similarly-filled troughs to surround a drawing-room lamp having a yellow shade.

Another pretty way is to put the snowdrops and ivy into a china basket filled with moss; or the contrivances of wire, moss, and waterproof paper, which I mentioned last month, would be very convenient for them.

A flower that mixes very agreeably with snowdrops is the blue scilla, and the two may be used with advantage in small vases either for dinner-table or drawing-room decoration.

Snowdrops and crocuses are an obvious association of ideas, but in practice the two flowers do not go well together. Still, I am often astonished that crocuses are so seldom used in room decoration, for few flowers make a more brilliant display, especially if the three colours, purple, white, and gold, are mixed. They require very little arrangement, and should be put into small glass vases, accompanied only by some of their own grass and ivy, or by what looks very pretty—a few budding twigs of some tree like lilac, when the fresh green shoots are just about to open out into definite leaves. I have filled six or eight little green and iridescent glasses (I wished they had been Venetian) with crocus blooms, three or four in each, and some budding lilac twigs, placing them on a dark green table-centre with excellent effect. These twigs are

a very favourite material with me for any arrangements of outdoor spring flowers, and no one who has not tried them can imagine the quaint suggestiveness of the glossy brown sticks and their vivid green excrescences (they are little more as yet) in conjunction with delicate-looking flowers like the crocus, snowdrop, and hellebore, which are yet so much more hardy than they. I mention lilac because these shrubs are plentiful and luxuriant in London gardens, but in the country many hedgerow plants are available and equally effective for the purpose.

A dull room can be made bright by dressing it with a few dozen crocuses, two or three together in a nice glass or china receptacle wherever they may be needed, either in all parts of the room, or closely encircling some large object, such as a palm or lamp. I have never seen the cut blossoms for sale, although no doubt they can be obtained if asked for; so this suggestion will be chiefly useful to those who grow a good quantity in their own gardens. But it is always possible, and I think worth while, to buy boxes of the bulbs, which can be kept quite easily in bloom for some time by transferring them to vases filled with water or very damp moss. For a dinner-table they would be charming in glass-lined decanter stands with plenty of ivy or sprouting twigs.

Primroses and violets, if they are to be had at all, make very pretty posies, together with a few snowdrops and their own leaves, especially in small pieces of china (not blue and white).

A little bunch of large purple violets may be distributed among a good quantity of snowdrops, and look as sweet as they smell; but equal numbers of each flower always suggest funeral wreaths. The same objection does not apply to a mixture of violets and lilies-of-the-valley, because the vivid green leaves of the latter count as a third colour; and such a posy will give grace and fragrance to a bright sitting-room; but both flowers are too expensive at this season to use in any quantity if economy is a consideration.

Roman hyacinths are good now, and a sixpenny bunch, placed lightly, will fill a good-sized china basket of moss. They are very sweet, but rather uninteresting alone, so I generally combine them with some bright larger flowers and dark foliage. Bunches of a very dark-leaved begonia with tiny pink blossoms are sold for about fourpence at many florists, and with white Roman hyacinths and pink anemones will make a very pretty group at a cost of about one and threepence.

Troughs filled with begonia stuck in moss might on a dinner-table surround a tall vase filled with white paper narcissus, or the begonia could be in specimen glasses shorter than others holding narcissus.

For "At Home" days following a wedding white hyacinths mixed with sprays of myrtle or box might appropriately dress a drawing-room, or a basket holding two pieces of white azalea or rhododendron, some hyacinths and myrtle sprays, the handle tied with light green ribbon, could occupy a conspicuous position in the room.

The winter yellow jasmine and scarlet japonica are very beautiful, and so Japanese-looking that they demand Oriental vases; but they are more suitable for shelves and brackets than for table decoration. I have often seen the little knots of the japonica flowers and buds plucked and laid in saucers of water, but cannot help thinking this a mistake, as a great part of their beauty lies in the way in which the brilliant blossoms open out on the dark leafless wood. Small sprays of them are most attractive when placed in narrow necked jars of dull cool colouring.

A few sorts of iris and gladioli are in bloom now, and are quite as quaint and beautiful as orchids, which they greatly resemble in everything but their costliness. For a dinner-party it would be difficult to make a prettier arrangement than a bank of moss fringed with maidenhair, studded in the raised centre with specimens of iris persica and reticulata, and filled up with spiræa or deutsia, some handsome flag leaves and maidenhair; or a centre row of tall glasses holding the iris and spiræa might be flanked by small pots of maidenhair. Gladioli could be treated in the same way, but are hardly so effective as iris. To make the latter last well, they should be cut in the opening bud the day before they are required.

I have not as yet mentioned orchids in any scheme of table decoration, fashionable as they have been of late years, because the cost even of the cheapest has seemed to me almost prohibitive; and for the price of two or three of their blooms a whole table can be decorated with iris, gladioli, or even forced ixias and narcissi. If, however, orchids are used, they should always be placed in banks of moss amidst a mass of fern leaves or other ornamental foliage lightly placed.

A similar bank may be studded only with freesia, white and yellow, at a cost of about half a crown for a dinner of eight people; and blue and white scilla and chiondoxa would give an original effect at even less expense if the flowers were bought direct from the nurseryman. In this arrangement the foliage should include silver and yellow leaves; asparagus would be better than ferns, and the lamp or candle shades should be yellow.

I have used six small but bushy ferns planted in decanter stands as the only accompaniment to three heads of salmon-coloured imatophyllum and a few of their leaves in tall white glasses, the table being lighted by two silver-branched candlesticks with very pale salmon-coloured shades. The whole cost me five shillings, but it will be understood that the occasion was a special one, and I do not think so really splendid an effect could have been obtained for less; while the ferns, carefully repotted next day, lived and grew, serving me in like manner on many future occasions. These suggestions are offered to those who have greenhouse plants in bloom now, from which they do not mind cutting sparingly; and experience will show that even though familiar blossoms like snowdrops and crocuses need treating in good quantities, rarer flowers may be more isolated, and will often make quite as rich an effect if the foliage surroundings be sufficient and appropriate. For the latter I go to a large nursery instead of to a shop, and find usually that the proprietors are willing to cut from their less perfect plants enough leaves for a good sized table for a shilling or so.

Begonia, caladium, canna, rheum, and saxifrage leaves are specially suitable for such arrangements.

Hyacinths, grown in rooms by most people, make beautiful ornaments for sitting-rooms, if not for the dinner-table.

Other bulbs, such as narcissi, freesias, tulips, crocuses, snowdrops, and scillas, are best grown on in boxes until the bud is well formed, then a number in the same stage of development can be planted in a nice bowl. If several are grown together in the same pot from the first, the buds will seldom open out at the same time.

When the bloom is over, all bulbs, whether grown in water or earth, should be planted out into good mould, and only taken up when their leaves are quite withered; then they will be worth growing again next year, although probably the flowers will not be quite so fine.

CONSTANCE JACOB.

A LUNCHEON IN BRITTANY.

WITH keen curiosity I sprang lightly out of bed and ran to the window. It was my first real glimpse of France, for the night before, when we had arrived, it had been too dark to see anything. Thrown back in a pretty, gaily-flowered garden, our house, where we were staying with some Breton friends, did not stand quite on the main road, but through the branches of the trees in the garden I could see the tall houses of our street, with their cream and white fronts and pretty green shutters, and the narrow blue river which gives its name to the town, flashing in the early sunlight. As I stood at the open window and felt the crisp warm air kissing my cheeks with a truly French welcome, the town clock struck eight, and already the ladies of the neighbourhood, nearly all dark and stout, and dressed with a plainness almost amounting to dowdiness, were passing home from their marketing, followed by white-capped brown-handed maids carrying the baskets. Early as it was, the good people must have been up a good two hours before to have completed their purchases; and I blushed for my laziness as I glanced down at my dressing-gown and slippers, and compared myself with the thrifty people passing home among the trees.

However, this sense of inferiority wore off when the maid, knocking at the door, brought me some coffee and bread and butter wafers, with the information that *déjeûner* would be served at half-past ten; and glancing through the window I saw Madame, my friend, and her sister walking up and down the terrace in an undress similar to my own. There were some French people who did not go in for early rising after all, I said to myself, as I poured out my first cup of coffee. How I enjoyed that breakfast! Never did liquid taste as refreshing as that coffee; never had bread been so delicious or butter so sweet! The sunshine came warmly in little crinkled lines through the crimped muslin blind, and the shrill merry voices of the children of the house floated up to the open window with pleasant strangeness. Yes, at last I was in France! At last I should know something of the land of immortal fame! And with a sigh of ecstatic rapture I sank back in my chair and gave myself up to dreams.

"Are you not coming down to *déjeûner?*" asked Madame two hours afterwards, peeping into my room on her way down, and I sprang up in dismay. So late and not dressed yet! With hasty fingers I piled up my hair, drew on an easy wide-sleeved gown, and in five minutes rushed down just as *déjeûner* was served.

All the family were assembled. There were Madame and her husband, a tall, white-haired, fresh-complexioned foreigner, and Madame's sister, a slight brown thorough French girl, and two little boys, cousins to the three. A

merry-faced English girl, who was stopping in M——— to learn the language, and Ruth and I, fresh from our trip across the Channel, made up the party, whose voices, as we arranged ourselves round the long daintily set-out table, cheerily airing a mixture of broken French and English, made a babel of indescribable noise.

The day was Friday, therefore no meat appeared on the table, but such a delicate vegetarian *menu* was served that I cannot resist jotting it down for you.

Eggs à la Bretagne.
Baked Cauliflower. Celery Rissoles.
Gâteau de Pomme de Terre.
Boule de Neige Biscuits. Puff-puffs.
Ice Wafers. Fruit.
Cheese.

There was black coffee for the gentlemen, boiled milk and chocolate for the ladies, and a dear little pot of tea for us three English girls.

I afterwards learnt the method of preparing the above dishes, which is as follows :—

Eggs à la Bretagne.—Break six new-laid eggs into separate cups. Poach each lightly, drain, and trim carefully, leaving but a narrow frill of white round the yellow centre. Have ready some square pieces of note-paper, place an egg in the middle of each, sprinkle over pepper, salt, mace, and nutmeg, and a little minced parsley, and wrap up, taking care that the edges of the paper are well turned over.

If you have some fresh tomatoes so much the better, but if not, tinned ones will do. Choose six large ones, skin, and cut them into rings. Place in a stew-pan with half a pint of cream, half a teaspoonful of cayenne, a teaspoonful of salt, and the same quantity of brown vinegar. Simmer until the tomatoes are quite soft, and keep hot.

Have some fresh butter—about six ounces—ready melted in an omelette pan, put in the wrapped-up eggs, and fry. When the paper is a fine brown, remove from the pan, drain, and uncover. Pour the tomato into an entrée dish, place the eggs on top, and serve.

Baked Cauliflower.—(White broccoli, when young, may be used, if desired, instead of cauliflowers.) Break up the flower of two fresh cauliflowers, and boil gently for fifteen minutes in new milk. When tender, take out, drain, weigh, pour into a bowl, and add the same quantity of fresh white crumb, the yolks of four eggs, half a pint of cream, and four ounces of good butter. Beat these up well, and season with a teaspoonful of salt, half one of cayenne, half of mace, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Butter a basin and fill with the mixture. Bake in a slow oven for an hour, and serve in the mould.

Celery Rissoles.—(I find asparagus or sea-kale make a good substitute when celery is not in season.) Cut a head of celery into equal lengths, first, of course, removing the green tops and scraping and washing quite white ; tie into bundles and boil gently. When tender, take out and drain. Stir together the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, two tablespoonfuls of cream, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of cayenne, and coat the celery with the mixture. Roll out some good puff paste, cut into strips a little longer than the celery—about six or seven inches—and case the vegetable. Have ready some butter or good beef suet melted in a pan, fry to a nice golden brown, and serve decorated with the green tops of the celery.

Gâteau de Pomme de Terre.—Boil six large potatoes in their skins. When done, peel and crush quite smooth. Put into a basin and add the yolks of six new-laid eggs, six ounces of fresh butter, one ounce of castor sugar, and half a pint of good milk. Beat to a thick cream, whisk up the whites of the eggs, and mix. Pour into a buttered tin, beat up the whites of three more eggs, place on the top, and bake in a hot oven for one hour. The cake, when done, should resemble a preserve sandwich, and be quite brown on top. Sift with castor sugar before sending to table.

Boule de Neige Biscuits.—Separate the whites of six eggs and beat to a stiff froth. Add two ounces of sifted sugar, half a teaspoonful of vanilla flavouring, and whisk for five minutes longer. Butter a baking-sheet and drop on the egg—a tablespoonful will be sufficient for each biscuit. Bake in a quick oven. When done they should be a light crisp brown, and quite solid in appearance. Send to table heaped in a dish, and decorated with preserved cherries and angelica.

Puff-Puffs.—Weigh one pound of fine flour on to your board. Take one teaspoonful of salt, half one of carbonate of soda, and half one of cream of tartar. Mix together and rub well into the flour. Add a little cold water, and work to a stiff paste. Put twelve ounces of fresh butter into a muslin, and press with the hands to the consistency of the paste. Roll out the paste into an oblong shape, and spread with the butter. Wrap into three folds, taking care that the butter does not come out at the ends, and roll again gently. Always roll puff paste in the same direction—that is, away from you. Fold in three and place on one side. In ten minutes turn the paste half way round and roll as before. This must be repeated five times, turning the paste half-way round each time, and leaving ten minutes between each roll. Smooth out the sixth time, cut a lemon in two, remove the pips, and squeeze over the paste ; fold, roll out and sprinkle with lemon once more, and then put on one side until required. Cover over carefully from the air, and keep in a cool place.

Beat up four ounces of fresh butter to a cream, and add four ounces of castor sugar, three eggs, and two ounces of cornflour, whisking well between the addition of each article. When quite smooth pour in half a pint of cream and a teaspoonful of almond essence, and stir. Pour into a saucepan and simmer gently for ten minutes, keeping well stirred. When done, stand in a cool place to set.

Take half the paste and roll out very thin. Puncture it slightly with a knife, brush with raw egg, place on a baking-sheet, and bake to a light brown. Roll out the remainder of the paste about a quarter of an inch in thickness, cut into strips about five by two inches, brush over with egg, sift with sugar, and bake. When done, spread the thin paste with the cream, cover with the thicker layer, and cut to the size of the upper sippets. Spread the rest of the cream on the top, whip up the whites of three more eggs, lay smoothly over the cream, and serve. LOUIE CAREW.

VARIETIES.

IRISH BULLS.

The churchwardens' quarterly meeting will be held every six weeks instead of half-yearly, as usual.

Next Tuesday being Ash Wednesday, an open air meeting of the congregation will be held in the vestry to determine what colour the church shall be whitewashed.

IN ARGUMENT.—We are never so well pleased with an antagonist as when he makes an objection to which we are provided with a good answer.

A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.—Sterne's maid-servant once asked permission to go to a public execution near York. She soon came back in tears. On her master enquiring the cause of her grief, she answered, "I have lost all my trouble ; for before I reached the gallows the man was reprieved."

DOING ONE'S DUTY.—Life is the most frivolous of things unless it is regarded as one great and constant duty. Life is only of value by devotion to what is true and good. The aim of a life worth living should be ideal and unselfish.

THE KING AND THE QUAKER.

When Penn stood before Charles II. with his hat on, the King put off his.

"Friend Charles," said Penn, "why dost thou not put on thy hat ?"

"'Tis the custom of this place," replied the monarch, "that only one person should be covered at a time."

THE NEW MAMMA.

A widower married a second time, and his choice was a wealthy lady about fifty years of age.

When the bride and bridegroom returned home from the wedding, the husband, introducing the wife to his children, said, "My dear children, kiss this lady. She is the new mamma I promised to bring you."

After taking a steady look at the "new mamma," little Charlie exclaimed, "Papa, you have been cheated! She isn't new at all!"

RATHER MONOTONOUS.

Oh, don't the days seem lank and long,
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong ?
And isn't one's life extremely flat,
With nothing whatever to grumble at ?

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

"Friend Tom," says Ned, "I've viewed the world around ;
Disinterestedness I ne'er have found."
"I must," quoth Tom, "from your opinion vary,
For I have found it in—the Dictionary."

THE ART OF LIFE.

"The art of life is easily attained—
Trust in yourself, and you the whole have gained."

HOME, SWEET HOME.—To Adam, Paradise was home ; to the good among his descendants, home is Paradise.

THE HOUSEMAID'S ANSWER.

"Mary, how is it that the chairs are all covered with dust ?"

"Why, ma'am, no one has been sitting on them to-day."

ANSWER TO RIDDLE (p. 26).

Lot's wife.

Music.

A CHAMELEON.

By ALICE MACDONALD, Author of "Malvolia," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"You are less changed than I had expected, Frank."

"And you, Constance—to look at you makes the last nine years seem like a dream to me."

They were not lovers, this man and woman, who stood with clasped hands looking in each other's faces, but they were old and tried friends, and to meet again after so long was a gladness to them both.

Major Wendell, a thin dark man, with black hair prematurely streaked with grey, and a keen face lined and wrinkled about the eyes from long gazing through Indian sunshine, looked older than his years; but time had dealt kindly with Mrs. Huntly. She had married when she was very young, and the one grief of her life, the loss of her husband, some eight years before Major Wendell's return to England, seemed only to have strengthened and sweetened a nature that had always been strong and gentle.

"Is your son away now?" asked Major Wendell.

"Yes, Walter is still abroad; his wife thinks an English summer too 'trying' to face!"

"You must miss him," he said rather bluntly.

"I own I do; and though I am very fond of Edith, I have learnt the truth of the saying, 'My son is my son till he gets him a wife.' But I have no right to complain, for Camilla is like a daughter to me."

"Yes, to be sure. Camilla Blake is the little girl you are bringing up."

"Camilla *was* a little girl when she first came to me, seven years ago," said Mrs. Huntly laughing, "but she is nineteen years old now, and anything but little. She is such a comfort to me, I hardly know how I used to live without her."

"Have you adopted her?"

"No; I wish I could; but she is like my own child, and is happier here than anywhere else. Her sister, Mrs. Field, whom I dislike exceedingly, has made many attempts to win her away, but Camilla stays faithfully with me."

"You should have married her to Walter," suggested Major Wendell laughing.

"How I wish I could have done! But Walter went a-wooing for himself when my pretty Camilla was only sixteen. I am sorry that my boy married so young; but he has done as his father and mother did before him."

Frank Wendell felt unreasonably disappointed and chilled. He had expected, certainly, not a warmer welcome than the one he had received, but that a keener interest should be shown in him and his past doings. He had hardly been with Constance Huntly half an hour, and she was already talking of her son and this girl, whom he had never seen, in a way that made him feel, if not an intruder, at least an outsider. Since their last meeting he had travelled over far seas and in new lands, had fought and suffered, faced danger in many forms, from the blows dealt by savage hands to the sickness almost unto death that strikes unseen. He had a world of new thoughts and new experiences to tell; and yet this woman, whose friendship he had treasured since his early youth, asked him nothing of all this; only talked contentedly within her own narrow sphere of her own restricted interests. He knew he was irrational and exacting; that the sympathy and attention he desired could not be accorded in a moment and at a word; but still, there was a vague sense of disappointment and loss—something he had expected and could not find. As he looked at her, in the waning light of the summer evening, he was surprised to see how little she had altered; in appearance she was still the slender, sweet-faced woman who had bidden him "God-speed" with tears, nine years ago. But her voice seemed changed; he fancied she spoke more decidedly, in a more authoritative manner; her intonation was more settled, more elderly; a charm had faded from her, and he found himself remembering, with an almost passionate longing, how young and sweet she had been in the years that were over.

The sound of someone singing in the garden outside floated through the open window—

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Over hill and over plain,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
To my bower back again.
Over hill and over plain,
To my bower back again."

Wendell started. This was an old song he had often heard Constance sing long ago, and the deep sweet voice was strangely like what hers had been then—

"And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
To my bower back again."

Was a ghost of their youth about to step through the long window?

"There is Camilla," said Mrs. Huntly. "She has learnt all my favourite old songs; and I have no need to sing now, for I hear the music I love in a younger voice. Come here, dear; I want you."

Camilla came in, a fair slender girl in a grey gown, with the scent of flowers wafting round her. She put down a mass of mignonette, sweet peas, and carnations on a table before she turned to Wendell.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I have often heard of you, and I have wanted to see you for a long time."

There was a certain composed gravity in her manner, and a quiet look in her large clear eyes, that reminded him irresistibly of what Mrs. Huntly had been almost twenty years ago. He was ready to fancy that there was a shadow of dreamy unreality about this girl, who had come in from the gloaming with eyes like Constance, singing and speaking in Constance's voice.

"She might be your daughter," he said brusquely.

"I wish I were, lady dear," said Camilla.

"It is a little absurd," said Mrs. Huntly, "that my own son is supposed not to resemble me half so much as this dear girl does, who is no relation of mine."

"There is certainly a strange likeness," said Wendell, looking from the fair young face to the fair face that was no longer young. "And the strangest part of it is, that she is like what you were when I first knew you, not what you are now."

"I was older than Camilla is when we first met."

"I shall be twenty in ten months' time," said the girl proudly, "and no one can call that foolishly young."

"Poor Camilla!" said Mrs. Huntly. "She is possessed with that burning desire to grow old which afflicts the young. Now, I would so fain grow young again."

She paused, perhaps expecting a compliment; but Major Wendell was looking at the pure outline of Camilla's profile, and said nothing.

"Let us go into the garden," said Mrs. Huntly, "and Camilla shall find you something small enough for a button-hole."

"I am going to the Rose Walk," said Camilla, running out, and a moment later they heard her singing—

"In June comes the red *red* rose,
And that's the flower for me."

"What do you think of her?" asked Mrs. Huntly.

"That she is worthy to be your daughter," said Wendell fervently.

"It would be very delightful to my middle-aged vanity to think so; but when she first came to me I thought her wonderfully like her own mother. I think you never saw Agatha Blake. She was a very dear friend of mine."

"Who is the Mrs. Field you spoke of?" asked Wendell, who felt a sudden interest in all that concerned Camilla.

"Camilla's half-sister, and a most odious woman. It is difficult to me to believe that they are in any way related. Mr. Field is vulgarly rich, and Charlotte, to do her justice, would like to be very kind to Camilla. She sends her valuable and hideous *presents* constantly, and is always asking the child to pay her long visits; but Camilla does not find her sympathetic, and prefers to stay with me."

"Do you see many people here?"

"No; it is a very quiet neighbourhood, and I sometimes fear it may be dull for a girl. But Camilla is as fond of indoor occupations as I am, and she loves the garden. We spend a great deal of time 'In a bower of quiet looks, watering flowers and reading books.' She has her music too, and she never seems any sadder than she sounds now."

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat.

They heard Camilla's voice before they saw the grey gleam of her dress through the bushes. She came towards them with red roses in her hands.

"We must go into the house," said Mrs. Huntly. "The dew is beginning to fall."

CHAPTER II.

The next few weeks seemed to Wendell to pass very quickly. The weather was fine, and the days, spent chiefly out of doors in the old green garden, were very bright and pleasant. The neighbourhood, quiet though it was, was fond of giving tennis parties and gentle little gatherings, which, though others might have found them dull, Wendell thought charming. Camilla's friends, bright-faced, sweet-voiced girls, often came for roses and strawberries. The sound of young laughter rippled under the cedars, and white frocks shone among the green. Hearty, happy girls, all with the grace of youth, some with other graces; but Camilla's face was the fairest, and Camilla's voice and laughter rang out the sweetest of all. And the oftener he saw Camilla, the oftener he heard her sing and speak, the stronger grew the likeness between the girl and the woman, between Camilla and Constance. There was no actual likeness in feature; they were both fair-haired and clear-eyed, and that ended the physical similarity; but the gestures, the poise of head and turn of neck, the expression, the steady, enquiring look, the bright smile that heralded a pleasant word, the very movements of hand and wrist

—Camilla had unconsciously learnt them all. The gentle, low-toned voice, that Wendell had held as his ideal for so many years, the quiet step, the indefinably restful and soothing influence, the ready sympathy, the quick intelligence—all that had seemed most delightful to him in Constance he found possessed by Camilla, with the added charms of youth and innocent girlhood. Soon, very soon, he realised that he was looking in the glass that reflected lined face and grizzled hair, and counting the years that lay between nineteen and thirty-six. He was very glad that he was not quite twice her age; but still, seventeen years was a long gap—it would seem a lifetime to Camilla, and the thought of the handsome young man who might, and who probably would, marry Camilla some two or three years later, was a very bitter pain. His rival only existed in his imagination. The young men of the place were few in number, and eminently unattractive in style and manner. Such as they were, Camilla was not popular with them; they thought her lacking in "go;" just as some of her girl-friends called her "old-fashioned," designating thereby the peculiar charm of gentleness and simplicity that had made Wendell love her. Camilla possessed the gift of being frankly contented and happy in a very quiet life, which is not a leading characteristic of the modern girl; and she had no desire to cultivate her talents till they became a profession or a "life's interest." It never struck her, indeed, that she needed an interest in life while she had Mrs. Huntly to love, and a great green garden, with birds and flowers and pets of many kinds, to roam in. Her voice was sweet, and had been as much trained as her youth allowed; but she neither spoke nor thought of music as her "chief gift" or "greatest talent"—she only played and sang because she loved music and singing. Major Wendell's visit made a pleasant episode in the summer weather. She had often heard Mrs. Huntly talk of him, and to meet him was like seeing someone out of a book. He had tales to tell of strange things he had done, seen, or heard of, in lands that were very far off; stories grave and gay of heroism and adventure, and descriptions of birds, beasts, and flowers under other skies, to which Camilla listened wide-eyed and wondering, like the child she had been not long before.

He was not an imaginative man, but sometimes, in the twilight, when Constance was sitting with Camilla leaning on the arm of her chair, the fair heads that were strangely similar close together, and the clear voices answering like voice and echo, he was ready to believe that the girl was the spirit of the woman's past youth.

Little by little his feelings on the subject of disparity of age between husband and wife grew less vehement. After all, seventeen years were not very much. He had not settled into middle-aged habits or ways. He was only thirty-six, and the steadfast love and watchful tenderness his heart could give were beyond the power of a younger man to bestow. Camilla would be twenty years old next birthday. Twenty was a woman's age, and she was so womanly and gentle for all her bright youth. It was not as though she were the conventional giggling girl, clamouring for society and amusement. Two facts were clear to him—he loved Camilla as he had never hoped or expected to be able to love, and the future without her would be a very dreary blank. Then came doubt and uncertainty. Could he hope that this beautiful girl cared for him? Was it possible that she might learn to love him in time?

Mrs. Huntly understood, for his dark eyes were more eloquent than he knew; but she said nothing, and Camilla went on her happy way feeling that the summer had brought her more sunshine than usual, but not knowing why.

Wendell learnt all that Mrs. Huntly could tell him about Camilla's relatives, but there was little to learn; she was an orphan, and the uncongenial half-sister was her nearest of kin. Two of her father's sisters were still living, but they appeared to care nothing for their niece, who was practically Mrs. Huntly's own child.

Camilla talked to him very freely about Mrs. Field.

"She wants to be kind," she said, "and she means so well; but she constantly says things that rub one the wrong way, and is irritating when she is trying her best to be nice. They have such a big, rich, hideous house, and she likes to change all the drawing-room furniture every year, so that she may be sure of having what she calls "the latest." They travel a good deal; and if they go anywhere near Paris, she sends me terrible hats covered with fruit and birds, and beaded jackets and wonderful blue and green gloves! I never see such things in shops; they must produce them from secret coffers when Charlotte appears; and I know they cost fortunes. I should like to show you my jewel-box of "impossibilities," all presents from Charlotte, only it seems wrong to make fun of her. But it is such an absurd collection—bracelets exactly like horseshoes, heavy solid gold things, with the nails faithfully represented, and "Good Luck" on them in letters large enough for a big street advertisement! Then there is a lovely moonstone utterly spoilt by having a hideous clown's face carved on it, and a brooch in the shape of a hansom cab, the driver done in coloured enamel and the horse crusted with diamonds! It is beautifully made—but how is one to wear a hansom cab? The last thing she sent me, just before you came, was a clock that wags its tail."

"A clock that wags its tail?" repeated Wendell.

"Yes; the clock is set in a dachshund's back, and the tail wags every minute; and when it strikes, the dog's tongue comes out. It's the silliest, funniest thing!"

"Do you like staying with your sister?"

"No, I am afraid I hate it. Aunt Constance makes me go sometimes, but I never stay more than a few days. Perhaps I should grow used to the house if I spent a month or two there, for I know I can adapt myself very easily. But a short visit makes me feel quite out of place there, and thoroughly out of tune here when I come back. It is a horrible feeling, and yet Charlotte is so kind."

At first Wendell had been delighted by the way Camilla spoke of Mrs. Huntly—her love and admiration for "Aunt Constance" had been evident every time she mentioned her name. But presently he grew jealous, and was quick to change the subject. Camilla noticed this, but it told her nothing.

(To be continued.)

MILLINERY AS A CAREER IN LIFE.

THERE are few careers in life that need more searching and careful investigation before entering upon, than those businesses which are open to ladies—those which are regarded as essentially "woman's work"; and to girls who propose to take up "millinery" as a life business, I should earnestly suggest that very careful investigation should be made by them, or for them by their friends, before launching themselves out upon such necessarily stormy seas.

The first point for a girl, or woman, to consider is a very important one, often overlooked—that is, have you a real "taste" for it? If not, do not attempt this line of business, for you will only sink in the mass of mediocrity. This point is usually passed over, and not considered sufficiently important; and yet is it not the very foundation of good work? To make a real success, you must be an artist by instinct, and then thoroughly trained. No work is ever well done that is done with weariness and distaste.

Here we find a basic difference between the English and French nations. In England, girls are often apprenticed to businesses for which they have no real aptitude, no inclination; and the result is necessarily weariness to the employed, and unsatisfactory work to the employer.

In France, no girl is put into any business unless she has a decided gift and calling that way. Hence, we find that French milliners are generally more successful than English milliners. I do not consider, from long experience of both, that English girls could not do quite as well; the real fact is, that we do not look upon the trade or profession from the right point of view.

In France, especially Paris, extreme care is taken that girls are only put into businesses for which they have a real desire and gift. This is the reason why so much more "art" is found in Paris than in London millinery. English parents usually accept the first opening which is offered, and thus do the girls a lifelong injury. I have found extraordinary differences in work and results arising from this very simple cause.

Every girl works better, and takes a vital interest in her work, if it is the one she prefers, or feels that she has a gift for it. The knowledge of a power, no matter how small, is always a solace during the early struggles; for in entering upon a milliner's life, girls must remember that they will be beset with many trials and difficulties, and doubtless some hardships, but none that a straightforward, upright woman cannot surmount.

No matter what opening discomforts meet you, in the end you must succeed if you have good taste and good training; for this combination is of the utmost value to any employer, and you can by your own exertions make yourself almost a necessity to the head of the house. I can testify from personal experience to this point, and if borne in mind, it will solace many a long hour of early drudgery which must inevitably be lived through.

Another important point to bear in mind is the extreme care that girls should take in selecting the business establishment to which they apprentice themselves. Here is the

starting point of life's business journey, and every after association arises from this centre: the whole future, moral and practical, depends on this important choice. The most careful investigation should be made about the house and its antecedents before a girl settles to enter it. The character and status should be searched into, and also the class of girls with whom she is necessarily brought in contact. Lifelong friendships for good or evil will now be formed, and all future openings, and the entrance into other business houses later on, will depend upon this first all-important step. It is the keynote of life's chord, and from the note thus struck will come either harmony or discord in a girl's business life.

Many houses in the West-End are absolutely unfit for any good or nice-minded girl to enter: associations and surroundings are thoroughly wrong. Too much care cannot be given to this first selection.

It is quite easy to make enquiries; any good old-established wholesale millinery house in the City would give reliable information. The majority of the City houses are thoroughly sound in principle, and the forewomen and heads of the millinery departments are trustworthy and highly moral people.

Everyone is willing to give help and advice to a girl who desires to make an honest living, and advice on this point is not difficult to get.

Once started in a good house, if a girl has a certain amount of taste, her way is clear and straight, and she can in some years earn between £200 and £300 a year—say after seven or ten years of steady work. Talent can always command its own price; it is the old question of "skilled labour."

In starting in this business, supposing you find you have a decided taste for it, you must first find out about the different good houses in the West-End. You must decide whether you want to go into a shop, or into what is termed a "private house." Remember always, that the better the house, the more difficult will you find it to get in. As a rule a premium is required, and this is only fair. There is, of necessity, a certain amount of loss caused by all new untrained hands, and if you can manage to pay the premium, always go into a house, preferably, where it is asked. First, your position is better; second, the head is obliged to see that you are properly trained; whereas, if you go into a place where you pay nothing, you generally leave knowing nothing, or very little; you have no tie to the place, and some small change might turn you out, which would be very bad, and inevitably throw you back in your career.

Premiums vary in amount. If you live "out of the house," as it is termed, then the amount is generally from £15 to £20 down. If, on the other hand, you are "in the house," then it is from £30 to £40 the first year; the second year, in some houses, you give half the amount; in others you get "kept," as it is termed, whilst you "give time."

Every business house varies in its arrangements according to its standing. In some, apprenticeships last for three years; in others, for one year—there is no fixed rule. It may seem long, but it is invaluable to you in after life. I should urge every girl to take a large dose of patience and commonsense, and to go steadily through the grind! During your apprenticeship you are taught how to take care of stock, and its market value; you learn the difference between trade and retail prices; how, when, and where to buy; and a mass of general detail that you cannot possibly learn in any other way. The time is spent partly in the workroom and partly in the showroom, and thus the business of both branches is learned. Here you make your choice between "showroom" work and the "workroom," or practical millinery.

Then there is the "matching." This branch of the business, unfortunately, nearly everyone dislikes, and yet it is one of the most important parts of the work. In matching, you learn the various prices of all the different principal shops in the West-End, and the difference between their prices and the City houses. You find out the *specialité* of each house, and the qualities and prices of the materials. Your eye thus gets a perfect *colour training*—a most necessary part of a milliner's education. The untrained eye will think shades of colour will match when a trained eye can perceive a difference of two and, sometimes, three shades.

A well-born woman going into business has this perception more highly developed by nature than the ordinary business class. This branch of the profession, or trade, is carried to perfection in Paris; hence the wonderful mixtures and shades we find in Parisian millinery. Unfortunately, in England the same attention is not paid to it, consequently we find our colouring more crude and inharmonious.

Do not hurry over the early and disagreeable part of apprenticeship. Get all the knowledge you can, and store it away for future use. It is only when you are "matching," and doing the outside work, that you have the opportunity of acquiring knowledge about other businesses first hand. In after years all this will be invaluable. I have known many apprentices try to shirk all this work, and if they were asked a question about the different houses, could not answer, simply because they had paid no attention, while others could give you every information about the various shops.

If the day comes when you wish to have a business of your own, you will then be grateful for your practical knowledge. This is the reason why so many ladies have been unsuccessful—because they have been "heads of a business" without passing through this early, all-important training. Their ignorance of detail work places them at the mercy of their workers. It is only by doing the various duties yourself, that you can really arrive at teaching your own apprentices what they are to do, and how to do it thoroughly. Careless, badly-trained apprentices can cause more loss to a milliner than can be easily imagined. The delicate and fragile class of goods kept lose so easily their freshness; and if the greatest care be not taken with tulles and laces, gold and silver, loss must inevitably result from carelessness. I have seen a whole box of most expensive Parisian flowers utterly ruined, only because the apprentice forgot to put the cover on whilst the shop was being swept. It must be remembered that the "art" of millinery consists in delicacy of colouring; but fineness of touch and delicacy of colouring can only come with practice; and my strong advice is, never try to escape matching, as many girls do. Keep your eyes open, and be attentive to all that goes on; you will thus learn much about the large shops and their distinctive habits and methods.

All the stock in the workroom is arranged and tidied by apprentices under the supervision of the head of the workroom; and here you acquire valuable knowledge about methods of keeping and giving out stock. Remember that a large amount of patience is required, for an apprentice is at everyone's call, and has to "fetch and carry," so to say, and during the season is kept constantly going about. But when the slack, or dead season, begins, then the apprentice gets regularly and thoroughly taught the elementary parts of practical millinery—how to make head-linings, to hem velvet on the under-side, make elastic buttons and loops, and all the various small preliminary things which every practical milliner has to learn.

In some places regular "matchers" are kept; but I should advise anyone who wants to know the business thoroughly, not to shirk this work; never again will there come such an opportunity for acquiring outside knowledge.

The next step above an "apprentice" is called "improver." At this stage you are "kept," as it is technically termed, but you receive no salary for a year—you "give time." The "improver" is placed under the second hand, and by her taught various sorts of work. She "prepares" the shapes for the second hand. She is now taught how to make shapes of net and wire. This is almost an art in itself. Then comes the "dressing" of straws, and the making of straw shapes. Every first-class shop makes its own shapes, and guards them very carefully. The drawn lace and tulle shapes belong to the "improver's" department, and very carefully is she taught by the older hand. The cleaning of velvet which has become a little soiled—the whole art of making old things look new—is taught to the "improver." This course generally takes about one year, and then the next stage is "third hand."

Now come the elementary lessons in cutting-out; and here you must pay infinite attention. All the profits of a business may be ruined by a bad cutter; and the whole future economy of your own business, if you ever have one, will depend on how you first learn this art. No one who has not had practical experience in workrooms could imagine the wonderful difference that exists between workers in cutting-out. Some are economical and careful by nature; others slash at the material, if they are permitted to do so by the superintendent, and spoil fine velvet and other goods by leaving a variety of useless pieces and cuttings.

In Paris the organisation of the workroom is more perfect than in England, and the stockroom is termed the *manutention*, and most rigorously is it kept. The *premières* (or head milliners) are allowed a certain amount of material (velvet, ribbon, and flowers, or whatever it may be), to make each bonnet with, and the remnants, after the allowance has been made, belong to the milliner as her perquisite. Some cut far more carefully and cleverly than others do, and have consequently pieces left over. These they are often begged to sell to their companions, who, having wasted their own material, find themselves without sufficient to carry out their models, or the orders they may have in hand. In Paris there exists quite a rivalry in this cutting-out, much to the satisfaction of the heads of the house. This practice of economical cutting should be emulated by English girls. Alas! it is my experience that English cutters seldom are so economical as Frenchwomen: the latter are extravagant about other things, but they seldom waste their material.

When you reach the stage of "third hand," you begin to make all foundation trimmings, like *rouleaux* or *bandeaux*. You finish the "improver's" work, taking the lace hats from her and doing the finer work before it goes on to the "second hand," and then again to the *première* for final touches. If you are quick, and show talent, two months may see you pass on to the "second's" place. Everything depends upon yourself, and the care and attention you have shown. The head of the workroom is always on the watch to see who is "coming on," and reports progress at once to the head of the house.

Once that you are promoted to be a "second," you then work entirely for the *première*, or "first hand." Some of the trimming also comes to your share, and during the holidays of the "first hand," the "second" takes charge of the workroom, thus having plenty of practice in practical management before the time comes for actual responsibility.

Business houses vary in their arrangements about the "first hands," and head milliners.

Some have a Parisian *première* all the year round; others only for the season; and at some only English milliners are kept. If you can get into a house where a Parisian *première* is taken for the season fresh from Paris, it is better for your millinery education. There is, without doubt, a delicacy and finish about the French work that is lacking, I regret to say, in the usual run of English millinery. I have found more real pride in the work itself is taken by French girls. They have what they term an *amour propre* in their work, and do it well for the sake of the art—not only for the money they earn. And this is a basis I should recommend to everyone who proposes to undertake millinery as a trade. If ladies would work through the course I have here briefly sketched out, they would assuredly succeed in business, because they have two factors to start with—(1) refined taste; (2) a certain amount of personal influence; and if they can add to these two this practical course, there is no fear of failure. It is impossible to control and regulate the work done by subordinates unless you have passed practically through it yourself.

And now that the various trades are open to women, the barriers having been broken by the pioneers who have failed through their ignorance, those who come after may profit by the mistakes they made. And remember, that it is not incapacity for business, but lack of business training. Nothing can replace the course I have described: ignorance must always be paid for. In this world there are but too many people ready and willing to profit through the ignorance of others; and it is a fatal mistake to buy yourself into the position of being head of a house, when your smallest apprentice may rob you daily without your knowing anything about it. If you have a little capital, save it, and wait until you have done some of the drudgery; it will go twice as far, and last twice as long, when you have learned how, when, and where to spend it.

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SITUATION DOES NOT IMPROVE.

RUNNING blindly down the stairs, with no purpose save a desire to get away from Maud, Enid came upon Miss Strutt slowly ascending the staircase with several small parcels in her hand. The girl would have passed without a word had not Miss Strutt caught her by the arm.

"Enid, what has happened? Where are you going?"

"Nothing! At least, nothing that I can tell you," said Enid, making an effort to conquer her agitation.

"Then do not tell me," said Miss Strutt kindly; "only—whither are you going in such haste?"

"I am going nowhere in particular," said Enid, looking down in shame. "I suppose I was going to the *pension*."

"Come to my room instead," said Miss Strutt soothingly. "I am just going to make myself a cup of tea, and I should be glad of your company."

Enid hesitated. "I had better not come now," she said; "I am not in a mood to be good company for anyone."

"Then come and be bad company," said Miss Strutt smiling. "My dear, I see you are in trouble, and I will not worry you. I will give you a cup of good tea—they say tea is a comfort to women in every sort of trouble—and you need not say a word unless you like."

So Enid followed her. By this time her passion was spent, and she was beginning to be thoroughly ashamed of the way in which it had moved her.

Miss Strutt placed the girl in a comfortable chair by the stove, and then left her alone whilst she busied herself in emptying the small grocery packets she had been purchasing. She had many preparations to make ere the tea was ready. Maud would have been moved to contemptuous pity could she have watched the precise, particular way in which the old maid arranged everything, and she would certainly have laughed at the odd figure Miss Strutt presented as she moved about in a short full-flounced skirt, of a style that for many years had ceased to be the mode. But Enid was too absorbed in her own sorrowful thoughts to pay any heed to Miss Strutt. That lady, however, was quietly observing Enid, and she presently saw her turn her head aside, and knew that she was shedding tears. But still Miss Strutt kept silence.

At last, when the tea was made, she drew a little table to Enid's side, and placed on it a cup of tea and some biscuits.

"There, my dear," she said kindly, "take your tea, and you will feel better afterwards."

Enid looked up at her with eyes full of tears.

"Miss Strutt," she said, "you have no idea what a dreadful temper I have."

"Have you?" said Miss Strutt smiling. "Well, certainly I had no such idea."

"I wish I could take things quietly," continued Enid; "but when anything vexes me I fire up, and speak so angrily, and do things for which I am sorry afterwards. Maud has far more self-control than I have."

"It is a good thing to have self-control," said Miss Strutt. "Some persons are naturally cool and self-possessed; but for one of your temperament self-restraint is never easy. You can only learn to control yourself by constant effort and much watchfulness."

"That is what mother has often told me," said Enid, with a sigh; "and I thought I had learned to conquer my temper; but I suppose it was only that I found it easy to be good-tempered when I was at home. So many things have happened to put me out since I came to Rome. And I thought I was going to be so happy here!"

Enid's tears began to gather anew.

"You have been happy," said Miss Strutt. "Don't magnify your troubles, child. I am sure it has often gladdened my heart to see your bright face, for I like to feel that some lives are full of sunshine, though mine is lived in the shade. You have had much enjoyment since you came to Rome."

"Indeed I have—you are right," said Enid, smiling in spite of herself. "But I do not think I can enjoy anything more. I would go home to-morrow if I could."

"Oh, nonsense! This will pass," said Miss Strutt briskly. "You young things always fancy that your troubles are going to last for ever. In a week's time you will be as eager to remain in Rome as you were at first. And what would Herr Schmitz say if you ran away? You forget your work. How are you getting on with your violets, by-the-bye?"

"I tore the painting up this afternoon," said Enid, colouring deeply.

"My dear, you do not mean that!" exclaimed Miss Strutt quickly. "What could make you do so? You seemed to me to be succeeding so well. If you got your colours into a muddle you should have come to me before doing anything so desperate."

"It was not that," said Enid, with deepening confusion; "it was not because I was disgusted with my work. I did it in a fit of temper."

Miss Strutt looked amazed.

"It was very foolish of me," faltered Enid. "I am sorry for it now—but it is too late."

"Such regrets are generally too late," said Miss Strutt gravely. "Well, it is a good thing you only destroyed your picture. Greater things are often destroyed in a fit of temper—friendships, loves—that are very precious. Ah, it is terrible to think what one may be led to do or say under the influence of passion."

Enid felt the solemnity of her tone. "Oh, Miss Strutt," she said, "I am frightened at myself sometimes! It is so hard to be right."

"Yes, life is not easy," said the elder woman; "at least, a true life never is. We must strive and struggle if we would follow the path of perfection. But the end is worth the struggle."

She laid down her cup, rose, and crossed the room to where a bureau stood against the wall. Enid did not watch her movements. She was thinking of what Miss Strutt had said. There was silence for some minutes. Miss Strutt was bending over a small picture which she had taken from a drawer. She looked at it long, and hesitated.

At last, placing it on an easel, she said, turning to the girl—

"Enid, look here! This is something I have never shown you."

Enid looked up. On the easel was a portrait, executed in water-colour, of a young man.

"Did you do that?" she asked, in surprise. "I did not know that you painted portraits."

"I do not as a rule. That was painted from memory, with the aid of a photograph."

Something in Miss Strutt's manner restrained Enid from asking questions. She looked at the portrait. It was that of a young man about five-and-twenty years of age. It was a good, even a handsome face. The broad, finely-arched brow, the strongly-moulded features, the thoughtful expression, seemed to betoken intellectual power. He could hardly be said to resemble Miss Strutt, and yet there was that in the face which subtly suggested hers.

"That is the portrait of my brother," said Miss Strutt, when the silence had lasted some minutes.

"Your brother!" said Enid, in surprise. She could not remember having heard Miss Strutt speak before of this or any relative.

"Is he living?" she added, after a moment.

"Yes, he lives," said Miss Strutt, and her voice sounded strange to Enid's ears. She looked at her, and saw that the little woman was greatly agitated.

"He is my only brother," said Miss Strutt presently. "That is what he looked like long ago, for he is older than I. We were so fond and proud of him, my mother and I; perhaps we had a right to be, for he had great gifts. We were always poor, for my father died when I was a little child. My mother made great sacrifices to give her children a good education. I early began to earn money by teaching, whilst at the same time I practised drawing constantly, for I always hoped to be an artist. Every penny my mother and I could save we put aside that Hugh might go to college. He was so clever, we felt sure that he would distinguish himself. We thought he had a great future before him."

Miss Strutt paused for a moment; then went on in tremulous tones, "Well, he went to college and he won distinction. The men of his college were proud of him; great things were prophesied. There was a scholarship for which my brother was competing. No one doubted that he would win it. But he had a rival—a rival who was also an enemy. Circumstances had occurred to create between them the bitterest feeling. On the day of the examination my brother discovered that this man had taken an unfair advantage of him. He charged him with it. There were angry words. My brother was always hot-tempered. In their quarrel he suddenly struck his opponent. The blow would not have been serious, but the man chanced to be standing at the head of a flight of stone steps. The shock sent him staggering back, and he fell to the bottom of the flight. When they raised him his neck was broken."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Enid. "How could your brother bear it?"

"He could not bear it," said Miss Strutt slowly. "He was out of health; for weeks he had been over-working, studying both day and night in pursuit of his object. His nervous system had been strained beyond endurance; this shock was more than his brain could support. Ah, how can I tell it! His reason gave way. He has lived on; he is living still—if it can be called life—that awful existence of the insane!"

Enid grew pale as she listened. She could say nothing in response. Words seemed empty and vapid beside the revelation of so great a sorrow. Her own troubles seemed to melt into nothingness in comparison with the sorrow and disappointment of this sister's heart. Perhaps Miss Strutt felt that hers was the silence of sympathy, for she went on presently—

"You will not wonder that the grief broke my mother's heart. She lived little more than a year afterwards—then I was left alone in the world. People perhaps wonder why I live as I do; why I work so hard and spend so little. You will understand. I have but one thing to live for—the duty of seeing that my poor brother is well cared for in his sad situation. I have a friend, a medical man, in Scotland, who visits him from time to time, and sends me news of his condition. If there were any improvement, any possibility of his knowing me, I should go to him at once; but the news is always the same. It is a hopeless case."

Enid took Miss Strutt's hand and kissed it reverently.

"Oh, what sorrows you have known," she said. "It makes me ashamed to think that I have been pitying myself, fancying myself unhappy, when I really do not know what trouble is."

"If it has made you feel so I am not sorry that I have told you," said Miss Strutt.

"No, do not be sorry; I am glad you told me. Only I feel so sorry for you. How you have borne it I cannot tell."

"I have been helped to bear it," said Miss Strutt quietly. "Have you seen Guido Reni's 'Crucifixion' in the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina? No! Then you must go and look at it some day, and perhaps the picture will give its message to your heart. Many a time when my heart has been oppressed by the mournful mystery of life, and ready to rebel beneath its heavy load, the sight of Guido's picture has given me calmness and strength. That sublime sorrow of the Highest One, that cross so patiently borne for the sake of others, gives us the only solution of life's perplexities, for it shows us that all the pain of the world, and our own individual share of the same, is meant to be for good and not for evil. Do not look so grieved for me, child! This sorrow of mine has shared my life for so many years that it has grown to be like part of myself, and I have long ceased to fret under it."

Enid quitted Miss Strutt's room in a humbler frame of mind. She had had her lesson, and it was one which she never forgot. She went upstairs prepared to confess to Maud how she regretted her hasty action and angry words.

Maud received the confession lightly enough, and dismissed the matter as of slight consequence. Enid's heart was sore as she thought of the violets she had painted so lovingly. She felt a strong reluctance to begin anything fresh, and for some days could only work in a very desultory fashion. Maud meanwhile was projecting a great work. The weather now was sunny and warm—as February days often are in Rome—and Maud made her pretty model pose for her in the garden beside an old moss-grown fountain with a background of orange trees laden with ripening fruit. It was a good idea, but unfortunately Miss Marian's ambition was in advance of her skill.

Maud was painting in the garden one afternoon and Enid was drawing in the studio, when Julius Dakin made his appearance there.

Enid, who felt some embarrassment on seeing him, at once explained where her cousin might be found; but he seemed in no hurry to seek Miss Marian.

"Where are the violets? Are they finished?" he asked, as he glanced over her shoulder, and saw that she was drawing from a plaster cast.

"They are finished as much as they ever will be," said Enid, colouring vividly. "I have done for them."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that the violets are no more. In other words, I tore the painting up."

"What! Do I hear aright? You tore up my beautiful violets—the painting that I had come to look on as my own! What could make you do such a thing?"

Enid said nothing.

"It was too bad of you," he continued reproachfully. "You were doing them exquisitely. You excel in painting flowers—Herr Schmitz was saying so the other day. I wish you could have heard how he spoke of your work."

"It is well I did not," said Enid; "I am conceited enough already, and Herr Schmitz knows that too well to give me much praise."

"Indeed, you are mistaken. I only wish I could inspire you with a little conceit. If you had a quarter of your cousin's self-confidence you would do."

"Allow me to remind you, Mr. Dakin, that comparisons are odious," said Enid.

Julius laughed, but said determinedly, "Now I really must understand this matter. What induced you to tear up that painting?"

Enid was silent.

"Were you disgusted with your work? Did you conceive of it as a failure?"

"*No, it* was not that."

"Was it anything your cousin said that induced you to do it? Did *she* disparage your work?"

"Really, Mr. Dakin, I must beg you to spare me these questions," said Enid. "What does it matter why I did it? The thing is done, and cannot be undone."

"That is the worst of it, unhappily. I assure you I do not feel inclined to take my loss philosophically. I can never forgive Miss Marian if her words have put you out of humour with your work.

It is absurd her presuming to criticise you, who have fifty times her talent. You must see yourself how faulty her work is. She cannot even draw. You must be conscious of your own superior power. You have real talent; but Miss Marian! It is ridiculous for her to call herself an artist!"

"Mr. Dakin, I wish you would not speak so," said Enid uneasily. "You forget that Maud is my cousin."

"No, I do not; but forgive me if I have said anything to pain you. You know I promised that I would always tell you exactly what I thought. I have a great respect for Miss Marian; she is a charming young lady; but"—he shrugged his shoulders impressively—"as an artist she is a joke."

"I shall be seriously offended with you, Mr. Dakin, if you talk in that way," said Enid.

"Excuse me; I did not mean to annoy you, though really I think you deserve a punishment for tearing up my painting. Now tell me honestly, did you not paint those violets for me?"

"I should never have sold them to you," said Enid.

"Then you would have given them to me," he said, in a low, insinuating tone.

Enid coloured, but said nothing.

"That would have made me only too happy," said he. "And now the picture is destroyed, do you wonder I am vexed? I suppose I may not ask you to paint something else for me?"

"You may ask me if you like," said Enid, "but I shall certainly refuse to make any promise. I feel as if I should never paint flowers again. But now let us go and find Maud."

"Yes," said Julius laughingly; "we will go and see the great artist of the future."

Enid gave him a reproachful glance.

But when they reached the garden Maud was no longer there. Her easel and painting materials were still beneath the trees; but model and artist had both departed. Julius Dakin excused himself from staying longer, and Enid went back alone to the studio.

Attached to the studio was a tiny room communicating with it, and having also a door into the passage. The girls used it as a sort of dressing-room, and also as a place of consignment for various useful but inelegant articles belonging to their studio.

As she re-entered the studio Enid heard a sound, which seemed to her like a sob, proceeding from this little room. Hastily drawing aside the curtain which screened it, she saw that the door was open, and Maud stood within. Undoubtedly too the sob had come from Maud, for her eyes were wet with tears as she started and faced her cousin angrily.

"Why, Maud," exclaimed Enid, startled, "what is the matter! Have you been here long?"

"Oh, no, not long," said Maud, in a tone of indescribable bitterness; "only since Julius Dakin arrived. I saw him pass when I was in the garden, and I came in. I thought he might want to see me; but I need not have troubled, since it was evidently you he came to see."

Enid was dismayed. If Maud had been in the ante-room with the door open during Julius Dakin's visit she had heard all he said, and his unflattering comments on her as an artist must have stung her sorely.

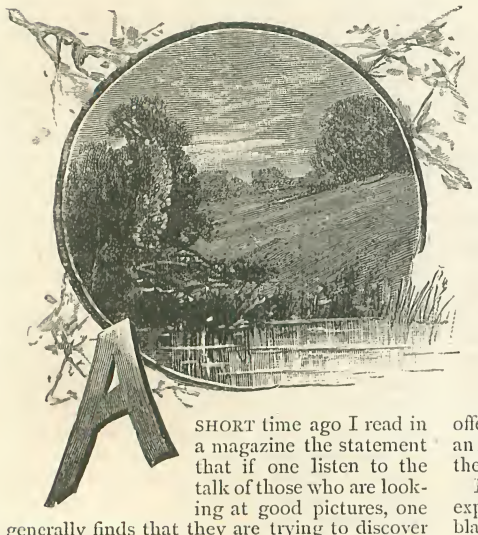
"Oh, Maud, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed in her distress; "you should not have stayed here."

"Indeed, it was well I did so," said Maud proudly. "I had an opportunity of testing the sincerity of those who profess to be my friends. Don't speak to me, Enid," she added with sudden passion, as Enid tried to say a word; "don't make any excuses for him. I shall hate you if you do. I do not want to hate you, but you will drive me to it if you do not take care."

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN PICTURES.

By T. C. HORSFALL.



A SHORT time ago I read in a magazine the statement that if one listen to the talk of those who are looking at good pictures, one generally finds that they are trying to discover defects in them, and that very few persons will be found to be fixing their attention on the merits of the pictures. I have myself noticed the same thing, and as I believe that I know at least some of the causes of it, and as everyone is able to make good or bad use of opportunities of seeing many good pictures, I have thought that it may be useful to speak of what I believe to be the right way of looking at them. If I fail to throw much light on the subject, I can at least hope that my failure will incite some more competent person to do at some future time what I fail to do. For I trust that I shall at least show that the subject is an important one.

If in a library full of good books we found people complaining that all the books were uninteresting, we should think their discontent ill-founded, were we to discover that most of them could not read, or that, if they could read, they did not care about the subjects treated of in the books. We should tell them that if they wished to get pleasure from the books they must learn to read, and must acquire an interest in the subjects of the books, either by carefully reading the books or by studying the subjects in other ways. There is much resemblance between the condition of many of the people who fail to get pleasure from good pictures and that of the persons whom I have imagined grumbling at good books. To get much pleasure from pictures, it is just as necessary to know something about what painters try to do, and to have an interest in what pictures can offer us, as it is to be able to read and to have an interest in a book's subject if we are to enjoy the book.

Most people, I believe, go to pictures expecting to find in them a complete resemblance to things which pictures cannot contain, and unprovided with the power of enjoying the qualities which pictures can contain.

Let us examine the belief with which most people, no doubt, first look at pictures—the belief that a perfect picture will be almost exactly like the subject which it represents, and let us see whether the belief is mistaken or not.

Let us imagine ourselves looking at such a landscape as we often see pictures of—a wide landscape, containing fields and trees and a brook. It is a sunny, breezy day, and there are some clouds in the sky overhead. Far away there is an undulating line of low hills, which, having no trees on them, show a clear outline against the sky. They are so far off that we see them blue with a light haze. In one place, near the brook, there is a wall of rocks running parallel with the brook. The valley is open to the west, and is not far from the sea, and all those trees which stand singly seem to bear away from the sea. Now let us consider what we see, and how we see it.

Our eyes will be rapidly directed to every part of the view, in turn, till we see each striking thing in it; till we see that there is a brook and woods and hills and all the rest; and till we see how each lies in relation to the rest; how far the brook is from the woods and from the rocks; how different parts of the ground slope, and so on. But even while we are looking, as we may suppose, only at the larger features of the view, our eyes will incessantly rest momentarily on some small part of it, and their focus will instantly alter, and much of the colour and form of the minute detail of that small part, if it be near us—the various shades of the colours, and the shapes of the leaves of one or two trees, for instance, or the ferns and wild flowers in one of the hedges—will be clearly seen. And then the brain, with an image in it of the scene before it made up of what the eyes, when focussed to see many large things together, have shown it, and of the minute detail, which the eyes focussed to see the detail of a small part have just shown it, will next moment, again with altered focus, be adding to the image already gained the minute detail of another small part of the view; and this will continue while we continue to look at the view. We do not notice what is going on; how our brain, our observing faculty, uses its servants, our eyes; but, in fact, all the time we are looking we are seeing the general effect of big things at one instant with a knowledge of their detail which we do not at that instant see, but have seen an instant before; and, next moment, we are seeing much detail in one small part of the view, with a knowledge of all the things sur-

rounding it and of the whole scene, which we do not just then see, but have seen an instant before. In other words, the effect on the brain of the view at any given moment is partly made up of what the eye is then seeing and partly of remembrance of what the eye no longer sees.

Now, what is a painter to do with such a view? It is obvious that if he imitates in his picture the appearance which the whole scene has for the eyes in the instants when they are focussed to see as much as possible of the general arrangement of the view, his picture will not produce the same effect on our brain as the real view, because in those instants, in presence of the real view, our brain would still be seeing the detail on which the eyes an instant before were focussed, while, in the picture, there is no such detail to put the brain in the same position.

It seems, then, that a picture can have no chance of putting us in the same position with regard to the appearance of a place as we are in when we look at the place itself, unless the painter copies in his picture all the detail which he can see in every part of the view by looking at it bit by bit. But this would be quite impossible, even if painters had the power—and they have *not*—of imitating exactly the appearance of everything in such a view as we are talking about. Letting his eye rest first on one bit of our landscape, then on another, till he has looked at each part closely, what does a painter see? Millions of blades of grass, thousands of twigs, millions of leaves on the trees, countless pebbles, and other things which I have not time to catalogue, on the ground; and, in the clouds, countless tufts and flecks of vapour. If he set to work to imitate the form and colour of each of the innumerable things he sees, the leaves will have fallen from the trees before he has copied those on one tree, and though he begin in spring, the landscape will be white with snow, and form quite a different subject, before he has made appreciable progress with his picture.

And even if he could exactly imitate the appearance which all the detail has to him when he looks directly at it, the picture would not be like nature. For in it the detail of all the things near enough to show their detail at all—the detail of things quite near and that of things less near—would be on one surface at nearly the same distance from the eye, and would therefore be seen at the same moment; while in nature the eye, when seeing the detail of quite near things, cannot see that of more distant things clearly.

But there are other difficulties in the way of imitating the appearances of things. Parts of our landscape are under strong sunlight, parts in shade. Now, when we look at a view under these conditions, many of the surfaces near us on which the sunlight falls reflect so much light that at the first glance but little of their own colour can be seen, and they look almost white; but when we look longer at them we can see more colour in many of them. Similarly, many things in shadow look very dark, almost black, but on looking more closely we see part of their colour. When we look at a scene under strong sunlight, our eyes and our brain work in much the same way in which I have said they take in the effect of mass and detail. For a moment our eyes are so used as to take in wide spaces with all their light and shade. Then, with the impression thus gained still in the brain, the eyes for a moment pierce the veil of light, or of shade, to colour; and the brain, with the complex impression thus gained, lets the eyes rest again on the broad effects of the scene. In fact, the same things have at different moments different appearances for our eyes, and our brain unites them. Evidently no painter can make his picture show us both the veil of light, hiding colour, which we see at one moment and the colour under the veil, which we see at another.

There is yet one more difficulty. Many parts of the scene we are looking at are in rapid motion. The wind makes the leaves flutter, makes the trees sway, and drives the clouds along, and the brook is covered with ripples. Everything in a picture must of course be motionless.

So far we have been supposing that a skilful painter, if he had time, could in his picture imitate exactly the appearance borne at any one moment by every motionless part of his subject, but this is not the case. In his subject there is sunshine, the brightest thing known to us, falling on bright surfaces, on burnished leaves and on water, which it makes shine brilliantly. And there are deep narrow spaces in the thick foliage of trees receiving little light and reflecting none, and looking blackly dark. To represent the brilliantly-lighted, whitely-gleaming surfaces, the painter has nothing more brilliant than white paper or white paint, which in his picture will be seen in the comparatively dim light of a room; and, to represent the darks of his subject, he has nothing darker than black paint, which always reflects some light when there is light enough falling on the picture to make any part of it visible. Fortunately, as is clearly explained by Mr. Collier in Macmillan & Co.'s useful Primer of Art, the eye in comparatively dark places is more sensitive to light than it is when exposed to strong light, so that in a room it gets an impression of light from even dimly-lighted white paint, which, if looked at when the eye saw also a white surface in sunshine, would look dark; and therefore white paint, or paper left white, in pictures, can give an impression of bright light. But the effects of strong light and deep shade in a landscape can only be distantly approached, and there are many other things besides which can only be very imperfectly represented by the means at a painter's command. One result of the inadequacy of the means possessed by painters for the representation of nature needs special mention. In a real landscape very often the whole scene is brilliantly lighted; the fields and woods near us are flooded with sunshine, and the hills and white clouds on the horizon at the same time look radiant with light. In a picture, if a very bright distance is to be represented, many artifices are needed which interfere with the full representation of strong light on the foreground.

So that a painter could not perfectly represent the appearance of a landscape even if he had perfect means of representing every motionless thing, as seen at any one moment by the eye; and as, in addition to this, painters have very imperfect means of representation, a picture of a landscape must necessarily be very different from the appearance of the landscape itself. I might show in the same way that the exact representation in pictures of the appearance of other kinds of subjects—groups of human beings, buildings, and others—is not possible, but it would be a waste of time. It is easy to see that, though the appearance of a small object may be imitated with great accuracy, that of a large object or group of objects can be only imperfectly represented.

As, then, the exact representation of the appearance of things is, as a rule, impossible for painters, that cannot be what we ought to look for in pictures—that cannot be the chief object for which pictures are made. We must go on to ask what *is* the chief object. It is that those who see the picture may feel as much as possible of some of the kinds of pleasure which the painter felt in seeing or imagining his subject—or as pleasure may be a misleading word, perhaps it would be better to say that it is that those who see the picture may share as fully as possible some of the impressions which the painter received in seeing or imagining his subject. This is a very different object from giving an exact representation of the appearance of things.

Before saying more about what we should look for in pictures, I am obliged to examine the belief which many people have that we see only with our eyes—that if a thing, or a collection of things, be shown to a set of people who have equally good physical eyesight, the things looked at will have the same appearance for all the lookers. The belief is mistaken. The things looked at will have a somewhat different appearance to each person from what they have to the others. We see *by means of* our eyes, but *with* our hearts and minds—with, in fact, our whole nature, and what our nature is depends on the whole of our past life.

I have already shown that we see partly with our memories. We have, no doubt, all of us had some experience which has proved to us that the power to see some things does not lie in the eyes alone. I remember that one dark night I was walking along a country road, and I saw what seemed to be a large piece of white paper lying on the path. I stepped on it, and in a moment was up to the boot top in water. When I got to the other side of the little pool, though the night was as dark as before, the patch no longer looked at all like paper, but had an unmistakable appearance of water, because I saw it with a brain informed by the wetness of my foot. Probably we have all seen puzzle-pictures of trees in which we are told to look for something not at first visible. We seek in vain, but at last we find that a white space, left between the dark branches, is a caricature likeness of Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury, and, when we once have found it, our eyes cannot lose sight of it. Our eyes see it because our brain now sees it. It is told of Thoreau, the American author, that a friend who was walking with him in the woods asked him where the arrow-heads of chipped flint, which the Red Indians formerly used, were to be found. "Oh, everywhere," said Thoreau; "here is one," and he picked one up from the ground at his feet. It is a common experience, that if a flower or a kind of stone is shown us, which we have never, to our knowledge, seen before, we see it in scores of places afterwards. Wordsworth's experience with regard to the Lesser Celandine* will occur to many of us. These are a few of the innumerable examples which could be given of seeing done not by the eyes alone, but with eyes and mind. Let me give a very few examples to show that we see also with our affections, with our feelings. Everyone has known people, men and women, boys and girls, whom, when he first met them, he thought very plain, but whom, when he has got to know them and to like them, he has found to be really very good-looking. How often one has asked oneself, on seeing some kind and clever person, "How could I think So-and-so ugly?" The reason of the change of appearance is that our later seeing has been done partly with our hearts. The sweetheart of every man, who is really in love, has much beauty to his eyes, and so has the lover of every girl, who is really in love, to hers. These are examples of our hearts revealing beauty in people to our eyes. Our power of seeing some of the appearances which are parts of beauty in human beings depends on other things besides our intellect and feelings. An appearance of truthfulness, kindness, justice, in the expression of a face, is, for instance, seen only by those who have those qualities in their own nature to give their eyes the power of seeing them in others.

* See the poem, "To the Small Celandine."

(*To be continued.*)

MISCELLANEOUS.

DORIS.—We are sorry for you, but your relations with those around you might be improved by self-control and self-forgetfulness, as the case may be. Have a pleasant smile on addressing others, and a kindly word, giving full attention to the smallest matter of which they at least think it worth while to speak. You ask for our help, but you are entirely in your own hands, not ours. We cannot make you look pleasant, as you may pull a string and make a doll open and shut her eyes, or make a wooden harlequin throw up his arms and legs! The strings are in your own hands. And pray bear this most weighty fact in mind—it is not the gaining of favour for your own comfort that your efforts should be made, but because popularity is a great "talent" committed to our care, for the Divine Master's glory and the good of our fellow creatures. Take no notice of any man who is so ill-bred as to ignore your salutation.

GENEVIEVE.—The age attained by certain of the animal creation is very great. That attained by the elephant and the whale may amount to about 400 years—like some of our great forest trees, but as a rule to upwards of 100. When Alexander the Great conquered Porus, king of India, he captured an elephant which had attacked him, and placed a metal band round his leg, with an inscription recording the date when he was set at liberty, and 350 years subsequently, the elephant was found still wearing the historical bracelet! Common domestic animals live but a few years. The dog and cat live from about twelve to fourteen years.

MABEL.—Lord Nelson was the son of the rector of Burnham-Thorpe, Norfolk, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, and that was his birthplace in 1758. His great talent was first discovered by the late Admiral Surridge, then lieutenant (or captain) in the same ship; and it was he who recommended him for promotion, and with success. The fine old parish church of Burnham-Thorpe is just about to be restored, at a cost of about £10,000, as a memorial of the hero in his native place, at the suggestion of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, under the patronage of the Queen and the Royal family.

QUESTIONERS.—Your friend should apply at the great passenger ship offices for a situation as stewardess. There is nothing peculiar to her duties beyond the usual attentions due to persons suffering from sickness. She should combine those of a nurse and lady's-maid, and be handy at dressing invalids and putting up their hair.

SWEEP.—There is a little book by Samuel Wood on *Modern Window-Gardening*. Order from your stationer or librarian. We are gratified to hear that our Answers have been of so much service to you.

SPILLER.—Henry David Thoreau was an American, and wrote *Walden* and other works. He was a poet, naturalist, moralist, and "transcendentalist." He was the last male descendant of Philippe Thoreau and Marie le Gallais, his wife, of New England, who a hundred years ago lived in the parish of St. Hellier, Jersey, Channel Islands, the great grandparents of Henry. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. Asa Dunbar, an accomplished and handsome woman, half a head taller than his father, John Thoreau. The poet was born at Concord, Massachusetts, July 12th, 1817, and died May 6th, 1862.

MALMAISON CARNATION.—We have read your letter with much sympathy. So many people who write to us to beg us to advise them as to how to earn a little money, are, like yourself, unable to do any one thing well. We can only make the suggestion that just at present there is a revival of the old taste for crochet, and perhaps you might find a little to do in that way if you could find any shop where they wanted such a thing. But your own personal exertion is needful.

YOUNG TRAVELLER.—The beautiful crystals of various colours—the onyxes, agates, and other stones—that are offered for sale in Switzerland, are obtained from the moraines, or stones carried down by the great glaciers. The study of works on the Glacial Period would interest you. The whole of Switzerland and a considerable part of the northern hemisphere was at one time buried under masses of ice, only an occasional oasis being a habitation for animals long extinct. At another period the whole country at the foot of the Alps was covered with the ocean—attested by the sea-shells discovered in a fossil state; and at another period, again, the remains of forests and palms belonging to tropical latitudes give proofs of a remarkable difference of climate at a remote period of the world's history in this and other parts of the globe. If ever you go to Lucerne we advise you to visit the wonderful Gletschergarten, and see the "glacier mills," where granite boulders, some huge and some small, have been whirled round and round from east to west by the moving glacier once existing there, and have worn enormous circular holes in the rock.

ALICE and ROLE.—The climate of Victoria in winter is hotter and dryer than in England. Clothing is about 25 per cent. dearer than in England, but less is needed than here; house-rent also is dearer as a rule. We recommend you to procure all information at the Government Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., where small handbooks can be had. You had better purchase house linen and clothing here—of the latter a larger proportion of cool than warm.

WOULD-BE BOTANIST.—Orchids are chiefly obtained from Ecuador and in the environs of Pacho. They are mostly found on the trunks of large trees, although scarcely to be denominated a parasite. The locality abovenamed is a great hunting ground for parties of men, who make a trade of collecting and sending them away in crates on the backs of mules, to be embarked at Honda, on the river Magdalena. The hunt is accompanied by much difficulty and danger. Trees have often to be felled to obtain them, as the bites and stings of scorpions and large ants that infest the trees are dreaded by the natives, and the intense heat tries Europeans. At Savanilla they reach the ocean, and the difficulties of the precious orchid hunt are at an end. There are upwards of 3,000 species of this curious plant, some of which belong to our British Islands—forty-two in eighteen *genera*—and no less than £100 is sometimes given for a single specimen of great rarity. You should read Darwin's book on orchids.

A RUSTIC MAIDEN.—If your hair be so dry, the use of a little vaseline might be of use. See our series of articles on "Good Breeding" and "Etiquette." "Dinners in Society" is what you specially want—"G. O. P." vol. ii. p. 314. "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," vol. ii. p. 73, and "Etiquette for all Classes," vol. iii. p. 90. If you cannot borrow these volumes you would find some of this series in *The Girl's Indoor Book*, published by us.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—Yes, your mountains are higher (some of them) than the highest in England and Ireland. Your Ben Nevis is 4,406 feet above the sea level; Snowdon is 3,571 feet, and Carn Tual, the highest of the Maggillicuddy Reeks, is 3,414 feet above it.

NANCY.—It is well that you did not give your photo unless you knew that he had a collection of other school teachers or pupils and parishioners; nor should you send him congratulations on his birthday, especially not having seen him for three years. If obliged to write at any time, address him, "Rev. and dear Sir," and subscribe yourself, "Yours respectfully." It is more seemly and more really dignified.

OLYMPIA.—The term "original" means that which precedes all others of its class—the first of the kind. Thus, "original" thinker or writer is one who does not borrow his ideas from those of others, but evolves them out of his own imagination. A true poet will symbolise without any suggestions from other writers. Again, the language in which a manuscript is first written is the "original" tongue, in contradistinction to the translation, which renders the work at second-hand. The term is likewise employed in reference to persons who are remarkable for being out of the common type, and peculiar to more or less quaintness. The term "mythological" means pertaining to what is fabulous or legendary. The Greek mythology is the history of their fabulous gods and heroes—their religion in ancient heathen times.

K. wishes to know why she has a "red-hot face." Perhaps it is attributable to a slow digestion and eating too fast, or stooping and working the brain too soon after meals. Were she an elderly person we might enquire as to the stimulants which she might deem necessary to imbibe as medicine. She should take exercise, and always keep her feet and hands warm, for the blood must go somewhere, and if not properly circulated throughout the whole body and limbs, it must go to the head.

J. LORD.—Whit-Tuesday in 1833 was May 28th.

AGAMEMNON.—1. You do not name the colour of the merino dress which is stained with ink. Salts of lemon will remove such stains, but might also remove the dye of the material. Could you not cover it with trimming, or by a fold of the stuff?—2. The London National Training School for Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. The training for the post of cookery instructor in all its branches of plain cookery is ten guineas for the full course of twenty weeks. The fee for training for high-class cookery for the same length of time is twenty guineas. You had better apply there for the *Directory*.

AUSTRALIA.—See our answer to "Intending Settler in U. S. A." All information required by emigrants to any colony is to be had at the Government Emigration Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

A CONSTANT READER enquires how she can get stains out of a navy blue serge dress, but does not say what the stains are—whether grease, ink, fruit, or loss of colour. If grease, place a piece of blotting-paper on each side and pass a hot flat-iron over it so as to draw out the grease.

HUWUB.—We regret that we must decline receiving the short stories. We have more than once given the story of the two rival Paladins of Charlemagne—Roland and Oliver—who fought for five days successively on an island on the Rhine, and which combats never resulted in a victory to either.

JACOB ought to be ashamed to acknowledge her "going out alone with two young fellows after dark!" She seems to think her reputation of little value; and of course these "young fellows" can have little or no respect for her.

KAISER WILHELM II.—1. The passage to which you refer (St. Matt. xi. 11, etc.), is considered by commentators to have reference to the Gospel Dispensation and clearer light, Christianity being the development of the Jewish Church, the law having its fulfilment in the Gospel, and the typical sacrifices in that of the God-Man, Christ Jesus. Thus, one born under the New Dispensation—"the Gospel of the Kingdom," and the "liberty with which Christ has made us free," is a more privileged person, for he is no longer a "bondsman"—"born under the law"—as was St. John the Baptist. But to obtain the benefit of such a privilege a man must strive "as a good soldier," with foes both within and without; and thus we find an explanation of the following verse, "The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence."—2. The term *largo* means a "slow movement"; *larghetto*, "less slow"; *larghissimo*, "very slow"; and *leggiero* means "in a light style."

INTENDING SETTLER IN U. S. A.—1. The distance between Liverpool and New York is 3,040 miles. If you wish to send luggage on board not required in a state room or cabin, you should send it off by one of the firms of shipping agents four clear days before you embark yourself. The conveyance, dues, and putting on board by them will amount to about five shillings per hundredweight.—2. The United States of America money is a little puzzling at first. A half-penny is a cent.; sixpence is twelve cents; and one dollar is worth upwards of four shillings. For all particulars you have only to procure little books issued for the benefit of emigrants at the Government Office at 31, Broadway, Westminster. Were you going to one of our own Colonies we could ourselves give you every information you could desire. As the accommodation provided for the intermediate class of passengers is very limited, it should be secured several weeks before required.

A SEA-BIRD should qualify herself as a lady's-maid to some extent, so that she could dress hair and attend on ladies, invalids, or others invalided by sickness. To obtain a situation as a stewardess on a passenger ship is not very easy, as experienced women are usually re-engaged each time the ship sails. Apply at the various shipping offices.

NATURE and S. B.—The last part of the series entitled "The Romance of Nature," by James Mason, appeared in the number for September 21st, 1889, at p. 805, vol. x.

"A GRANDER SCENE THAN SHE HAD EVER PICTURED EVEN IN HER DREAMS OF FAIRYLAND."

See "DAISY'S DREAM"

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DAISY'S DREAM; A STORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS SCULPTORS.

BY JESSIE M. BARKER.

A RIVER.

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CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER flight in the arms of her guide brought Daisy to the boulder-strewn bed of a mountain stream. Heath-clad hills rose on either side, with more lofty heights beyond; and she seated herself on a large stone to enjoy the wild grandeur around her and listen to the rippling of the water.

"What does the stream say?" asked the Queen.

"I wish I could tell," replied Daisy wistfully.

"I think it is talking to the stones about the ocean to which it is taking them."

"Taking the stones!"

"Certainly," returned the Queen, smiling. "That is the destiny of the great block on which you are sitting. Sooner or later it will reach the sea either as sand or gravel."

"Ah, now I begin to understand. I see a good deal has gone already," added Daisy, passing her hand over the smooth arched surface above the water.

"In its quieter moods the stream confines itself to carrying sand and fine gravel, and wearing away the surface of the blocks that Jack Frost has thrown down from the cliffs. But we shall see what happens when the rain comes; we shall not have to wait long," added the Queen, looking up the valley.

The sun's rays shining through a silvery fringe lit up a small patch on one of the nearer hills, and, beyond, mist and cloud hid the valley and clung to the mountain-sides.

Daisy sat lost in admiration until the Queen touched her and pointed to the water which was rapidly rising. In a very short time the gentle stream had become a raging torrent.

"How dark and thick it is now," remarked Daisy.

"Yes; it is carrying the soil washed into it by the rain, besides all that it can gather in its own channel. A curious fact about water is, that the faster it goes, the more it can carry, so a stream that in an ordinary way can only move sand and fine gravel, sweeps along great blocks when it becomes a torrent. If the water itself did not make so much noise, you would hear the large stones rattling along the bottom. They knock against each other and are ground down, and grind down the rocks, too, over which they pass."

"Is that how valleys are made?" enquired Daisy.

"It is the principal way, though the stream does something by dissolving the rock over which it passes."

"There seem to be so many ways of doing things."

"I am glad you have found that out. As a reward, you shall now see some of the grandest sights of Wonderland."

A longer journey than usual brought Daisy to a very extraordinary scene. It appeared at first as if she might wander for miles along a level plain broken here and there by terraced heights and rocky battlements. But she soon discovered that the plain was cut across in all directions by rifts thousands of feet deep. She tried to look into the yawning depths of the nearest chasm, but the wall-like cliffs closed in below, and hid the bottom of the gloomy abyss.

"This ravine, or cañon as it is called, is the work of a river which runs at the bottom of this gorge, and has eaten out for itself this marvellous channel."

Taking Daisy across several narrow cañons, the Queen brought her to the edge of one which was wide enough to allow a view of the river, which pursued a zigzag course below.

"There you see the stream," she said. "It is the stones and sand carried along by the current that have hollowed out these gloomy depths."

"I knew rivers generally flowed in valleys, but did not know they made them."

"Sometimes," replied the Queen, "a river finds fissures or rents in the ground ready-made, and it is not slow to take advantage of them. But it can do very well without them. And now I am going to shew you a gorge no less interesting than the cañons of this Colorado district—a gorge which has been hollowed out entirely by the river which flows through it."

Daisy soon found herself on the margin of the largest river she had ever seen. It was gliding quietly over the plain, and issued from a deep valley a little way above where a line of cliff stretched across its course.

"Some thousands of years ago," said the Queen, "this river flowed on the top of that cliff. Let us see if you can find out how it comes to be now on the level of the plain."

Daisy was eager to make her guesses, but the Queen checked her.

"We shall have seven miles to travel up the gorge before the river tells us the secret, so you will have time to think about it."

For mile after mile of their journey the river flowed past them, swiftly but smoothly, between steep wall-like cliffs from two to three hundred feet high. Presently they came to a large basin made by a bend in the river, and here the cliffs were still higher and beautifully wooded. The surface of the water was smooth, but immense circles and eddies told a tale of the current beneath. Daisy's eyes brightened when she saw the force with which the water was rushing into the basin; and when, a mile above, they came to a narrow part of the gorge, through which the river was surging with terrific violence, piling itself up into boiling masses in the middle of the channel, she fairly clapped her hands.

"Ah!" she cried exultingly, "did you not tell me that the faster water went the more it could carry?"

"Yes, my child; but this river can find very little to carry. See how beautifully green it is! It passes through a lake not so very many miles above, and leaves all its sediment there. Have patience for a few moments and then I will explain it all. Do you hear anything?" continued the Queen when they had passed the rapids.

"Indeed I do. Is it the water roaring?"

The Queen smiled, and told her to hide her face for an instant.

Daisy obeyed, though the thundering noise which grew louder and louder tempted her to look up. She was rewarded, however, when the Queen put her down, for before her she beheld a grander scene than she had ever pictured, even in her dreams of Fairyland.

Headlong from the top of the cliff came tumbling the magnificent Niagara river. How green the water was, and how smoothly it came gliding over the edge, then flung itself down, veiling itself with clouds of spray! Perched on the cliff, a wooded island, brilliant with autumn colours, lay in the arms of the river, and divided the fall into two parts. In the one which struck Daisy most the cliff curved inwards in the shape of a horse-shoe, and the water, dashing down from all sides into the boiling cauldron, sent snowy coils of foam floating down the river. And yet the surface of the river was calm and smooth, though, as the Queen told Daisy, the current beneath was rushing along at the rate of forty miles an hour.

They feasted their eyes in silence on the tumbling waters, glittering in the sunshine and spanned by many a rainbow; but at last Daisy felt a touch on her shoulder, and started as if roused from a lovely dream.

"It is so beautiful!" she cried. "How can I thank you for bringing me here?"

"You must say 'Thank you' to the river, to which we owe not only this magnificent scene, but also the whole of the gorge through which we have come."

"Then the valley has been made by the waterfall? But still I don't understand how."

"Not, as you might suppose, by wearing away the ledge of hard limestone over which the river falls, for the water is so pure that, in spite of the tremendous current, it has made very little impression upon it. The only way is to undermine it by attacking the layers of soft shale and sandstone which lie below this hard bed. As the rocks which support the ledge are worn away by the whirling spray, one bit after another breaks off. In this way the waterfall has been able to cut its way back from the beginning of the gorge."

(*To be continued.*)

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SERIOUS ADVENTURE.

ENID was greatly distressed. The more she pondered what had occurred at the studio that afternoon the more she regretted it. She could not feel that she was to blame in the matter; but neither was she anxious to justify herself. The bitter words Maud had addressed to her did not rankle in her heart. She could forgive them, because she imagined she had discerned the true source of the warm feeling they betrayed. In her passionate outbreak Maud had unconsciously revealed to her cousin the secret of her heart.

If anyone deserved blame it was Julius Dakin. He had not behaved well. He, who prided himself on his taste and tact, had certainly committed a breach of decorum in speaking to Enid of her cousin in the way that he had. Enid felt vexed with him for causing so much trouble. Indeed, she believed herself to be seriously angry with him. She was very severe on him in her own mind. He was just one of those handsome, agree-

able, useless men, who were for ever making mischief in the world. She took credit for understanding him, and was convinced that if any girl were proof against his fascinations it was Enid Mildmay.

But for Maud, Enid was truly grieved. It must be remembered that Enid was of a romantic disposition. She loved poetry, and had also a keen appetite for fiction, though she was guided by fine taste in the selection of it. But her sound commonsense and the influence of her active, healthy home-life, had prevented her from making herself the heroine of her day-dreams. She had perhaps as little vanity as a girl can have. She cherished no illusions regarding herself. But she had her thoughts concerning that love which is the crown of a woman's life. She hid them deep within her heart, but they were such as she need not have been ashamed to avow. The love of which Enid conceived was the love which the poets have made their theme. She had no idea of the low, petty, selfish feelings which dare to claim the holy name of love. She was at the age when girls of imaginative tendency dote on Mrs. Browning's poems, believe all loves to be eternal, and assert, in the words of their favourite poet, that—

"... Those never loved,
Who dream that they loved once."

Therefore, when Enid detected in Maud's jealous anger the signs of an attachment to Julius Dakin, she at once imagined the feeling to be the deepest and strongest of its kind. Her sister Alice would have been moved to laughter by such a discovery and would probably have made it her endeavour to shame Maud out of her nonsense, as she would have deemed it. And perhaps in five out of ten of such cases those who laugh are justified in doing so. But Enid took the matter seriously, and felt profound pity for her cousin. She had previsions of sorrow and heart-break for Maud, since she was convinced that Julius had no such attachment to her, nor was ever likely to have. And perhaps, in spite of her pity for her cousin, Enid did not regret that this was so. It did not seem to her that Julius Dakin and Maud were exactly suited to each other.

Enid had spoken truly when she said that her cousin had great self-control. This was evinced on the present occasion. After those few hot words, Maud regained her usual self-possession, and relapsed into cold, proud dignity. No other allusion was made to the occurrence of the afternoon. Things went on as before, save that Maud's manner made Enid aware of a chilling distance between them. It was so in the days that followed. Maud was calm and courteous, but the frigidity of her manner never thawed. Enid was made to feel herself a culprit, though at the same time nothing was said or done that she could find just cause to resent. She thought at last that she could welcome the hottest discussion as an exchange for Maud's icy reserve.

One morning the two girls were at work in the studio. Neither had spoken for the space of about half an hour, for they had fallen into the way of saying little more than was absolutely necessary to each other. Enid was absorbed in her work; but Maud was dissatisfied with her task, or not industriously inclined. She would have been glad to throw down her brushes and indulge in a chat with her cousin could she have done so without sacrificing her dignity. She would have welcomed any visitor; but it was not an hour at which anyone was likely to call. So when a knock was heard, Maud did not suppose for a moment that there was anyone more interesting than a "model" at the door. "Come in," she said indifferently; but when the door was slowly opened, and the person outside cautiously presented himself, she uttered a cry which astonished Enid.

Her cousin looked up and saw a tall young man in the doorway. Brown and sturdy, with a frank, glad smile on his face and a sparkle in his keen grey eyes, he was unmistakably an Englishman.

"Sydney!" exclaimed Maud in her surprise; "Sydney Althorp, it is never you!"

"I have reason to believe it is," he replied with mock gravity, as he came forward and took her hand.

"Well, I declare!" said Maud, "of all astonishing things! Who would have thought of seeing you in Rome?"

"Not you, evidently. And yet you have always represented Rome to me as a city to which everyone went, and which I was therefore bound to visit some day."

"But I never really thought you would come, for you never like to do the things which other people do."

"Indeed! Perhaps you are mistaken. At any rate, this is an exception."

"Yes; but the idea of your coming in this way, without informing me of your intention! And you know I hate surprises."

"Do you? I am sorry I have displeased you by appearing so unexpectedly. Shall I take myself off?"

"Nonsense! You know how glad I am to see you. Do sit down till I get accustomed to your presence. I still feel as if it could not really be you."

Mr. Althorp glanced at Enid ere taking the seat to which Maud motioned him, and Maud was reminded of her duty to her cousin.

"Enid," she said, "you have often heard me speak of Mr. Althorp. My cousin, Miss Mildmay—Mr. Althorp."

The young man advanced and shook hands with Enid, giving her at the same time one of his earnest, searching glances. She was struck with the kind, honest look of his eyes.

"So this is the Studio Mariano," he said the next minute, calmly surveying the room. "At last I see it. Can you wonder that when its fame reached me I could not rest till I beheld it?"

"Don't be satirical, Sydney," said Maud. "And how did you know it was called the Studio Mariano? Oh, I suppose papa told you. I daresay he has read to you all my letters."

"I have occasionally had the pleasure of listening to extracts from them."

"Of course. And how is my father?"

"He was very well when I left, I am glad to say," replied Mr. Althorp.

"That is right. I hope he has ceased to lament the waywardness of his daughter."

"I don't know about that. He has seemed more cheerful of late. He has been going a good deal to your aunt's house, I believe."

"Oh, I am glad to hear that. I knew he would soon cease to miss me, and take a reasonable view of my absence."

"You must not suppose that your father has ceased to long for your return," said Sydney Althorp. "Indeed, he hopes you will not remain away much longer. He has suggested that you and Miss Mildmay should return under my protection in three weeks' time."

A shadow fell on Maud's face.

"That is out of the question," she said quickly. "Three weeks' time, indeed! It is impossible. I have engagements that will keep me far longer in Rome."

Sydney Althorp said nothing.

"You have not yet explained how you come to be here," said Maud, anxious to change the subject. "When did you arrive in Rome?"

"I arrived this morning, having left London on Monday night. There was business in Paris which Mr. Marian wished me to undertake, and he kindly thought that he could spare me for a week or two, and suggested that I should come on here. I believe he thought that the next best thing to coming himself to fetch you was to send me. I need not say how gladly I fell in with the suggestion."

"Of course," said Maud; "but you may tell my father that I mean to stay in Rome till he comes himself to fetch me. So you have travelled here straight from Paris. How tired you must be!"

"On the contrary, I feel quite fresh, and eager to see all I can of Rome. I hope you are willing to be my *cicerone*."

"I shall be delighted. There is nothing I should enjoy more," said Maud gleefully. "Where shall I take you first?"

"Wherever you please; you shall choose."

"Very well; I know what you will like," said Maud. "I suppose, Enid, you will not care to leave your work?"

This was not the way in which Maud would formerly have invited Enid to join her. Enid felt the coldness of her words. She would probably on any invitation have hesitated to make a third; but as it was, she felt it impossible to do otherwise than assent to Maud's negative proposition.

So Maud and her friend went out together, and Enid was left to pursue her work alone. She was perhaps disposed to be a little envious of her cousin. It seemed such a delightful thing for Maud to have this friend arrive bringing her news of her father. Enid felt how she would welcome anyone who came to her with tidings from her home.

She worked steadily all the forenoon, and returned again to the studio after luncheon; but the afternoon light was

not good, the quiet of the room became oppressive, and soon Enid could no longer resist her longing to be in the open air. She laid aside her work and went out.

It was a grey, chilly, cheerless day. On such a day, so rare in Italy, Rome does not look like itself. Enid felt the difference the lack of sunshine made as she passed through various narrow winding streets to the Forum. Colourless and forsaken looked the old ruins—there was scarcely a tourist even to be seen. Enid passed on along the Forum and beneath the Arch of Titus. She wandered on without any purpose till she reached the Coliseum. Then she remembered that she had not yet explored the Cœlian Hill. Turning to the right, she crossed a plantation of trees, at present leafless, and then ascended by a steep paved lane, spanned by picturesque arches of brickwork buttressing the old buildings on the left, to the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo. A pretty dark-eyed child in picturesque rags was coming down the hill, and at the sight of the young lady she pulled a woebegone face, and, approaching her, began to beg persistently. Enid had no patience with the Roman beggars, and never paid heed to their stories; but the appearance of this girl interested her. She could not believe her piteous tale, but it occurred to her that Maud might like to employ the child as a model, so she asked her if she would be willing to pose as one, gave her the number of the studio in the Viâ Sistina, and told her to come there on the following day. The girl seemed pleased, and readily promised to come. Enid went on, and soon gained the piazza above, where she paused to admire the beauty of the tall campanile which she had often observed from a distance. Then a notice caught her eye, attached to a small door in the side of the church: "Enquire at the sacristy for the house of the Holy Saints, S. Giovanni and S. Paolo." At once there came to Enid's recollection a talk she had had with a gentleman whom she met at one of Mrs. Dakin's receptions, respecting this same house. He was an intelligent man, interested in antiquities, and he had told her about an ancient dwelling which had been discovered beneath this church, and charged her not to miss seeing it ere she quitted Rome. It was supposed, he said, to be the very house in which St. John and St. Paul had lived. These saints were officers in the household of the Christian Princess Constantia, daughter of the Emperor Constantine, who honoured them and reposed in them great trust. When Julian the Apostate came to the throne, he attempted to persuade them to sacrifice to idols; but they were ready to die rather than abjure their faith in the one living God. "Our lives are at the disposal of the Emperor," they said, "but our souls and our faith belong to our God." And Julian, fearing the influence of a public martyrdom, had them privately beheaded in their own house. This church which bore their names had been erected to mark the spot where they were martyred.

Remembering all this, Enid felt a desire to see the interior of the church, and, if possible, the house which had recently been excavated beneath it. She crossed the piazza to the door, lifted the heavy curtain, and entered.

As she glanced around she experienced a sense of disappointment. The interior of the old church was not so interesting as she had been led to expect. Bare whitewashed walls met her view, broken by old pillars, which appeared at some period to have undergone painting. Above the pillars were plain glass windows, which flooded the church with light, and rendered painfully clear its lack of beauty. Towards the centre of the nave there was in the pavement a square stone enclosed within iron railings. A monk who was standing near it explained to Enid that this was the very stone on which the saints were beheaded. Their bodies, he said, reposed in a porphyry urn beneath the high altar. Several monks wearing the black habit of the Passionists, whose convent adjoins the church, were moving about within the building. Some of them were busy hanging crimson and tinsel drapery about the tribune, in preparation apparently for a *festa*. The colour thus imparted was grateful to the eye, affording a welcome relief to the prevailing whitewash.

Enid went forward to observe the frescoes by Pomerancio. She made an enquiry of an aged monk, who seemed to be superintending the movements of the others, concerning the subterranean house. He told her rather snappishly that she could not see it that afternoon; it was too cold and damp. Enid did not, however, at once give up the idea of seeing it. She lingered awhile, for other visitors were entering the church, and she hoped there might yet be an opportunity of descending.

A party of travellers, evidently German, were making the tour of the church. Enid followed them as they entered a chapel on the right of the nave. This was a modern addition, the splendid adornments of which afforded a striking contrast to the plainness of the old church. Pillars of alabaster supported the gilded ceiling, above which opened a painted dome. Here there was no lack of colour. Polished marbles of various kinds adorned the walls, the floor was inlaid with the same, the high altar was richly gilded, and above it, as above each of the side altars, was a picture of imposing proportions, though Enid found none of them satisfactory from an artistic point of view.

Gazing up at the pictures, Enid slowly approached the altar, before which the party of tourists, accompanied by one of the monks, were grouped. As they moved a little to make way for her, Enid started, and experienced a strange thrill as she came thus unexpectedly upon the object they were examining with curious interest.

Below the altar was a large glass case, in which lay, in an attitude of calm repose, the embalmed body of an aged monk, wearing the habit of the Passionists. The waxen hue of death was unmistakable, but the still face wore an expression of heavenly peace. The pale hand still held the breviary it had used in life. There was something very impressive in this sudden vision of the sublime repose and majesty of death.

"Whose body is this?" Enid enquired of the young monk who was in attendance on the party.

"St. Paul's," he answered; then seeing that his words conveyed to her no information, he added reverently, "It is that of our founder, St. Paul of the Cross."

Then he went to the back of the altar, touched a spring, and the gilded cover of the sarcophagus slid again into its place, hiding the form of the dead man.

Enid lingered for a few moments in the chapel which had been raised to the memory of this notable saint, who died in 1776. Then she followed in the direction taken by the others. She saw them in a little chapel at the end of the right aisle; but ere she reached it, they were already descending the flight of steps which led down from this spot to the subterranean house. Enid hastened to join the party. A monk was just closing behind them the door at the head of the stairs; but at Enid's approach he opened it, thrust a small piece of lighted candle into her hand, and bade her follow the others.

Enid kept pretty much in the rear of the party, whose noisy comments on what they saw were not to her taste. She could not hear the account given by the monk who led them, of each room they entered; but she had heard enough of the nature of the discoveries to draw her own conclusions respecting each. She preferred to follow at her own pace, and look about her in a leisurely manner. There was much of interest to be seen. The old solid walls, with frescoes still perfectly distinguishable remaining in places; the oratorio of the saints, with a model of the primitive altar used there in the second century, the beautiful *amphore*, and various relics which had been discovered in the excavations, had all a fascination for Enid. She lingered for some minutes in a chamber which she heard the monk call the *cantina*, and which contained a collection of old water-vessels and cups, with the exquisite forms of which she was charmed.

Suddenly she became aware that there was danger in thus lingering. The others had all passed on. She hurried her steps that she might overtake them; but she mistook the way in the narrow passages, and came back again to the room from which she had started. She turned again, when a sound reached her ear which filled her with dismay. It was a heavy, jarring noise, as of a door closing above. Surely they had not closed the door upon her, and left her alone in these gloomy vaults!

Enid was frightened, but she would not give way to fear. She set out again, observing more carefully the way she took, and presently reached the flight of steps leading up into the church. It was as she had feared. The iron door at the top was securely fastened. Still Enid would not give way to alarm. She rapped with her knuckles on the door, she shouted at the top of her voice; but without result. Her voice resounded hollowly through the vaults, but it was

powerless to penetrate to the church above, and the solid thickness of the door defied all her efforts.

Was it possible they had forgotten she was there? Then a worse doubt struck dread to her heart. Had they ever been aware of her presence? She had kept behind them all; she had spoken to none of the party. She felt almost sure that the old monk had not cast a glance at her.

It was a terrible situation. Gradually the full horror of it dawned upon her mind. It was purely by accident that she had come to this church. No one would think of seeking her there. No one would have the least clue to her whereabouts, for it was quite aimlessly that she had wandered out this afternoon. If she could not succeed in making herself heard she would have to spend the night where she was. Who could say how many hours it would be ere anyone opened that door? Brave as she was, Enid shuddered at the thought. She glanced at the bit of candle in her hand. Already it was almost burned out.

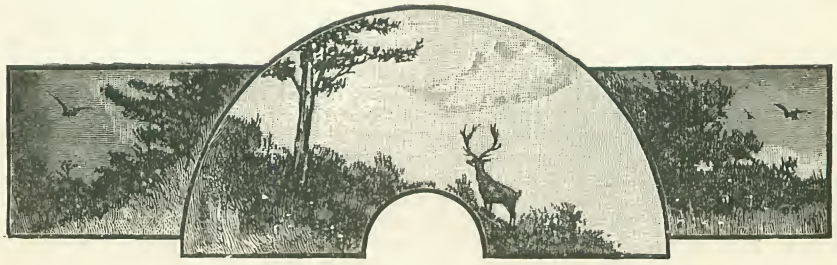
At this moment the swelling notes of an organ reached her ears, accompanied after a few moments by the sound of voices chanting in unison. The monks were singing their vespers in the church above. Again Enid put forth her utmost efforts, hammering on the door, shouting, screaming, but with no better success than before. The thick iron door, the solid roof above, deadened effectually the greatest noise she could produce.

She was well-nigh in despair, but it occurred to her that ere the light went out, and left her helpless in the darkness, it would be well to explore the chambers again, and see if she could discover any other outlet. So she went through them once more, looking about her with the utmost care. She did discover a small wooden door at the end of a passage, which apparently had been used by the workmen during the excavations. But it was locked, and she knocked long on it without receiving any response. Apparently on this side the old house was quite remote from human life.

By this time the candle had burned almost to her fingers, and she hastily made her way back to the steps ere its light went out. Placing the last morsel on the step beside her, she sat down and watched it expire.

As with one last flicker its light vanished, Enid's courage died also. The darkness which settled on her seemed like the darkness of the grave. She covered her face with her hands to shut out the blackness which looked so terrible, and burst into hopeless tears.

(*To be continued.*)



NEW EMPLOYMENTS FOR GIRLS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART II.

It has doubtless been observed by the readers of Part I. of this series, that their attention is not only drawn to professions and trades by which a livelihood can be made, but to more trifling, and less lucrative occupations. By means of suggestions such as these latter a wider circle of more or less impecunious persons of all ages may be materially assisted, who only require to supplement their incomes or allowances in a very limited degree.

These persons for the most part are untrained in any description of calling whereby a living might be made, and others have certain home duties which would preclude their adoption were they possessed of the necessary qualifications. Amongst middle-aged and elderly women, the reduction of whose means of support fell upon them too late in life to enable them to meet the trouble by acquiring a profession, and whose age would disqualify them for many good appointments, a considerable number might find these humbler paths accessible.

The title of these articles gives promise of suggestions for the benefit of girls only; but I wish to prove myself better than my word, and offer a helping hand to the more advanced of my sisters, in paths both new and old, as yet unknown, or at least forgotten.

I referred to some branches of needlework as a trade in Part I. of this series, but left some important points and suggestions yet to be made, and must exhaust the subject before entering on other departments of industry for women. Courses of lessons are given in various parts of the country, originating in the Technical College for Women at 26, Colquitt Street, Liverpool. In a letter I received from the able Secretary, Miss Fanny Calder (Associate of the Order of Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem), she says: "The public have wanted such organised and scientific instruction . . . and in our school alone we cannot half supply the demand that is made upon teachers of our training. Technical papers, such as I enclose, have been appealed for as a basis of organisation in more than half the counties of England; and where I have visited and given addresses, work has been started almost at once." It may be well to give my readers an idea of the nature of the lessons given on the subject of "Household sewing, with home dress-cutting." Six lessons are given in home dress-cutting; from six to ten lessons in making-up; six to twelve in plain sewing, mending, patching, and darning; six to ten in drawn-thread work and fancy stitches. Each student has to supply herself with large sheets of brown or white paper, black, blue, and red pencils, a penny inch tape measure, a one or two-inch rule, a penny note-book, and a wheel marker.

Of the other departments of domestic economy in which training is given in this Technical College for Women, I hope to speak in my next article, not to break the thread of the subject at present under consideration.

Amongst the higher departments of the art of the needle I must draw attention to that of "Lace Mending," as one of those somewhat out of the common run of money-making employments suitable for women, and which, moreover, presents the advantage of supplying occupation at home. Good sight and an extensive acquaintance with every variety of lace are absolutely essential, and practical experience in the ways of so effecting repairs, either by substituting broken stitches, or by so deftly inserting new pieces of lace of similar make and quality, as to effect repairs not easily detected. A careful study of the several manufactures, foreign and English, modern or old, could be made by means of *The Dictionary of Needlework* (Upcott L. Gill, 70, Strand, W.C.). Visits to our lace-making counties, where it is home-made in cottages, and to the centres of the several manufactures in large towns, together with lessons in the art when hand-worked, wherever attainable, must be undertaken towards due qualification. Also visits to foreign manufactories—as many as can possibly be accomplished—are strongly to be recommended. At these an insight into the manner of repairing defects and rents, as well as in the original working, would prove of the greatest advantage. When qualified to undertake the reparation of valuable lace, the mender should advertise her art, and give her address and the name by which she wishes to be known, besides offering her services at all those great shops where such goods and articles—lace veils, caps, and trimmings—are made up with ladies' own materials. For really good lace-mending a considerable price is given. Home occupations are in great demand at the present time, and this is one which would prove very interesting as well as lucrative, amongst those who are adepts in the art of needlework, and have a natural love for it.

The subject of lace-blending is treated more or less fully in the dictionary to which I have referred, by a great authority on the subject of

that beautiful fabric—Miss Blanche Saward—which she has therein exhaustively described, and with a very great number of illustrations. The art of producing needle-made lace may bring a good return to a really first-class worker, and find a sale in the best dress-making establishments, where materials for trimmings of dinner and ball dresses, as well as silk, satin, and velvet, are supplied. I need scarcely add, that every known variety of stitch in lace-making must be acquired before trade orders are solicited. The method of cleaning lace to be restored must naturally be referred to the subject of laundry work.

The business of "Wardrobe Woman," or caretaker of linen, the darning of socks and woollen underclothing for single men living in chambers—such as lawyers, and clerks of all professions—would prove very suitable for such persons. A day given, week by week, to each, on the return of the laundresses' baskets, would bring in a small sum on a Saturday afternoon that would supply the wherewithal for the poor lady's humble marketing, and at least keep want from her small lodging. Officers' barracks would also yield a "happy hunting-ground" to these needy ones, whose name, alas! is legion, and who suffer in almost hopeless obscurity. To secure such employment they should obtain testimonials of respectability from a clergyman or other suitable person, and ask permission to hang up a card, if possible, in the offices of mansions, calling also at the several chambers with a card, to solicit engagements. Even a shilling a week from two or three of these single men—visiting two or three daily—would be of only too high a value to many of our otherwise incapable and suffering women. Wardrobe-women are employed in all large institutions, but engagements of such a kind, to be sought and found as above suggested, will probably be a novel idea to many.

My last reference to the use of the needle may give a useful hint to a good many of my readers. I recently heard of a lady who was skilled in knitting, crochet, needle-lace making, cross and tent-stitch, and, in fact, every description of stitch used in embroidery; and her services were engaged in a large establishment to begin work on canvas, silk, and satin, as a pattern to be copied by the purchaser of the piece, for whatever article of wear or of furniture intended; for a square, or a few inches of a design for knitting, macramé lace, white thick embroidery or cut-work, and of crochet, are supplied with the materials when sold. By the trade orders which this lady undertook she made an income of about £200 per annum, and this shows that such a field for work exists; and how considerable a return for her labour a quick and reliable worker may realise. Here again we find a home occupation for some amongst the hundreds who are continually laying the circumstances of their need of making money before our Editor, who, like the—

> . . . "Gentlemen of England may
> . . . sit at home" . . .

but, alas! for our impecunious ones, by no means "at ease."

And now a suggestion is due to some who can betake themselves to a humbler department, amongst those who ply the needle for food or clothing.

Another and perfectly new occupation is now presented to ladies of artistic taste—persons practically well acquainted with drawing, delicate in touch, accurate and close observers, and such as are possessed with the gift of patience. No hurried work, of whatever description, has any market value, nor does it prove satisfactory to those for whom it is executed in private life. When instructing my friends in the art of wood-carving, and writing upon it, one of my principal rules, on which I insisted, was this—"When any effect could be produced by one incision or cutting, do it rather in two or more"—exactly the reverse of the counsel I should give to the painter in water-colours, when one clean sweep of the brush, with a previously well-selected tint of colour, should produce the complete effect desired, and should never be touched again.

But this preamble must be cut short, and give place to the introduction of "Cameo Sculpture." The hastily-prepared rubbish produced to supply a cheap market flooded our shop-windows for a very long time, and the beautiful art was thenceforth at a discount. But a revival of fashion may be expected with that of superior work, more especially so when combined with the supply of a home employment for the benefit of unavoidably stay-at-home women. Already most creditable examples have been brought into notice, as at the first Arts and Crafts Exhibition. These were produced by some ladies in Lancashire, where it seems that the idea originated, and notably some work by Mrs. Spencer Astbury, Miss Scholefield, and Mrs. Arnot. Papers were read on two occasions, some time since, by Mr. S. Astbury, in the Addison Hall, Kensington, on the subject of "Employment for Women"—in which this gentleman is deeply interested; and Mr. J. B. Marsh (of the Red House, St. Ann's Hill, Wandsworth), who is engaged in the same benevolent cause, then exhibited some specimens of the fine work done in cameo sculpture, one example being valued at £60.

But my reader may say, "No one now wears any but 'stone cameos' as brooches." But formerly they did, and what fashion that had any claim to beauty can you name that has never known a revival? In the present case the revival has actually begun. Besides, there are other uses to which the shell sculpture can be applied. Portraits would bring in a considerable return; cases of family likenesses, under glass, might as well occupy a place on the walls, as miniatures; and ingenuity might be exercised in the selection of those portions of shells that would supply suitable colouring for hair, beard, and dress, as well as those for flesh tints. Cameos may also be set round objects of art, picture-frames of miniatures, and small looking-glasses, besides their employment as articles of personal adornment—in bracelets, breast-pins, decorative buttons on dress, etc.

There are many born artists with cultivated taste who would need little or no technical instruction in this delicate and fascinating work; but as I cannot deal with exceptions only, I recommend intending students to procure a *Handbook on Cameo Cutting*, by Mr. John B. Marsh (Wells, Gardner and Co., 2, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.). I also suggest that classes may be formed under the management of an engraver of cameos, as such may be found in London. It is so much easier to learn thus, as well, and less expensive—a great consideration to those who have reason to look for some means of augmenting their resources. Should any friendly advice or information be desired by ladies intending to adopt this means of adding to their incomes, Mr. Spencer Astbury, of Heathgate, Rusthall Common, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, would, I am sure, extend his kind offices to them, and initiate them into all essential particulars respecting it, as he has been good enough to do for me.

A new field for female industry of an artistic and delicate kind, has been discovered in New York, and it appears to have met with great success so far as the efforts of its lady pioneer have been put to the test. "Valuable China Mending," to which that of fine glass might be united, supplies an interesting as well as useful line of business. To be an adept in so delicate an art, careful studies of a practical character should be made under a professional artist. Then a store of clay of various colours should be laid in, and all sorts of broken scraps collected for insertion work, and suitable tools purchased. Glazing should be understood, and the laboratory supplied with shelves and stores of scraps of every description of ware, from the most delicate Sèvres and ancient Oriental porcelain downwards. The lady china-mender should be expert in the art of china-painting, to enable her to copy patterns where pieces have to be supplied in place of any hopelessly destroyed. Glass may likewise be included in the art of restoration; and the various kinds—Venetian, Austrian, Bohemian, ancient Spanish, and other manufactures—must all be studied; for much practical experience should be obtained before the artist could venture to undertake the responsibility of restoring valuable, or at least valued, objects.

I have seen a splendid Oriental jar of considerable value, which had been much broken, and likewise one equally large of Dresden manufacture, so admirably restored, that detection of the breakages was quite impossible; in fact, no one could see the difference in either case between the broken vessel and its unharmed fellow. The Dresden jar was highly decorated in bold relief; the Oriental one first named was perfectly smooth in surface.

To those who have artistic taste, originality of conception, and delicacy of touch, "Wood Carving in Relief" might be found a lucrative home occupation.

I once knew a first-class furniture dealer and upholsterer who told me he would gladly offer a certain lady, whose amateur work he had seen, a permanent engagement at a large salary if she could be induced to work for him; not merely, he said, because of her bold, free designs and delicate finish, but because she was not a copyist only; and designers are rare, while the mere execution of copies may be performed very fairly by many. This lady was entirely self-taught, and as an amateur has, by her writings and personal instructions, made many successful pupils. Frames for pictures, bookstands, cabinet panels, and corner-cupboard doors; coffers carved on top, ends, and sides, serving well as tea-chests, or receptacles for photograph sides, etc.; borders for small oak or walnut tables, covers of blotting books, and many other useful things, might be placed in a window for sale, and be advertised likewise, as in the case of bookbinding. They might in this way find a fair sale for private gifts and for bazaars, being, to my own knowledge, very much preferred to the sort of flimsy little-durable articles offered for sale at these fancy fairs. The work, if good, might also be shown as specimens to furniture dealers, and thus articles might be sold and trade orders obtained. I might also suggest the pursuit of "Wood Engraving" to those who have good strong sight and a steady hand. For this purpose boxwood is employed in small blocks. There is a school for this art established in Kennington Park Road (122 and 124). The annual fee for teaching amounts to £3 only, and free scholarships are given to deserving students after the first year of training. There is a lady superintendent to look after them, and they are supplied with meals at a fixed tariff. The school for wood-carving is the City and Guilds Technical Institute, Exhibition Road, South Kensington. The fees for day students amount to £2 a month, or £5 a quarter; and for evening students, 15s. a month, or £2 a quarter. We recommend intending wood-engravers to read our articles on the subject contributed by Mr. Taylor (Vol. VII., GIRL'S OWN PAPER, commencing at page 372).

The trade of a "Bookbinder" might be found a paying enterprise in a country town, where there would be very little or no competition.

Of course there would be a certain amount of outlay in commencing the business, but from six to ten pounds would supply all your stock-in-trade—appliances, paper of different kinds, boards, binders' cloth, etc. A full list of all such essential requisites, and nearly all of them with their several prices named, will be found in Vol. II. of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER, page 342. The whole process is likewise given (*see* also pages 426 and 810); and we may encourage those who desire to acquire the art at home by saying, that others, who have had no further instruction, have written to tell of their perfect success through the study of these directions. It would be well to obtain permission at a stationer's to hang up a framed notice, advertising your business and address, and to obtain trade orders from the stationer also. The work is by no means fatiguing, as there is no occasion for standing during much of the process.

Having suggested many home occupations in this part of our present series, I may conclude it with an out-of-home variety of work, and one that may offer a living to women of both the upper, higher-middle, and the domestic servant classes.

The profession of "Lady Courier" is one that might prove successful to gentlewomen and other well-educated women of middle-age, or certainly not less than thirty years of age. But for this, at least three languages should be acquired—German, French, and Italian; also a thorough acquaintance with the money of each country, the hotels and their charges, the best places for breaking long journeys, etc. She should be active, willing to aid in packing, good-tempered, and not disposed to make difficulties, nor to find fault with accommodation, or food, so far as she is herself concerned.

"Maid Couriers" might be even more likely to find employment, and to the abovenamed duties she would have to add personal attendance on her mistress in every department in which a lady's-maid should be qualified. But those who are already experienced in such domestic service, are very rarely acquainted with foreign languages, or with one only, and that but imperfectly. Thus, to any who aspire to holding a superior position, as "Courier-Maid," there will be much to learn.

I have now offered some suggestions, and information on training to be obtained at the Technical College for Women in Liverpool, in Plain Sewing and Cutting-out; I have spoken of Lace Mending, Pattern Working, of a new field for Wardrobe Women, of Cameo Sculpture, China Mending, Wood Carving and Wood Engraving, Bookbinding, of a Lady Courier and Maid Courier. Much remains to be said on the momentous subject of remunerative occupations for women, and perhaps not the least important amongst them will be found in the next part of this series.

(*To be concluded.*)

A PROPOS DE BOTTES.

IF the proper care of boots and shoes were better understood, it would cease to be a reproach to English women that they are so frequently *malchaussée*.

To be really well shod, three things must be considered —what is neat, what is comfortable, and last, but not least, what is suitable for the occasion. Nothing looks so unbusiness like and absurd as to see a girl start for a muddy country walk in a pair of thin-soled patent leather boots or shoes; neither should we admire a pair of heavy-made blacking-leather ones at a town reception or a garden-party on a dry day.

It is not, in the long run, an extravagance to have several pairs of boots going at the same time. New ones should be bought before the old ones are quite worn out, as they are always the better for keeping, and can then be taken into wear gradually—a great consideration for tender feet, as a new boot is usually somewhat of a trial. Another great saving for the feet is not to wear the same pair of boots quite every day, as then pressure does not always occur on the same spot. If the boots have been wet, they should be allowed at least a clear day to dry, as nothing is more likely to crack leather than to place it near a hot fire when wet.

Repairs must be taken in hand without delay. The heels must go to be straightened at the first signs of wearing down, and the wear of the soles attended to with equal promptitude, remembering the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine."

For general smartness as well as comfort, I think it is essential to possess one or two pairs of well-made, water-tight, blacking-leather boots for country walks and wet days, and one or two pairs of glacé kid or patent leather boots or shoes for town wear and smart occasions; and to those who travel much, and have to spend long days without the luxury of changing their boots, I strongly recommend russia leather, especially for summer wear—it is so soft and comfortable, easily kept clean, and shows the dust of travel far less than black leather.

The glacé kid, patent, and russia leather boots should never be allowed to share the fate of the ordinary leather ones, which go down to the boot-house to be blacked. When away on a visit a vigilant eye should be kept on them, and a warning given that none but the blacking-leather ones are to go downstairs. I have experienced the anguish of seeing my best patent leather boots shorn of their pristine gloss owing to the ignorance and carelessness of other people's servants in sending them down to be "blacked." In fact, if you have not a maid of your own, I assure you it will repay you to take the trouble of doing your "dandy" boots yourself. A pair of old loose-fitting gloves kept for this operation will save the hands from getting soiled.

Now, with a piece of sponge, a small duster, and a chamois leather, let us take our first lesson.

I should say, in passing, that boots should be cleaned *on their trees*, and if you do not already possess such things, let me strongly advise you to have a pair made at once. They will cost about 10s. unpolished, about 12s. polished; and they will repay you over and over for the original outlay, by keeping your boots in shape, and making them last twice as long. The boots should be placed on the trees the moment they are taken off the feet.

To clean glacé or glove kid, sponge off the mud and quickly dry, and with a small piece of flannel or sponge rub on a little black Meltonian Cream or Alma Polish. There are various preparations, such as Parisian Polish, or Peerless Gloss, sold for this purpose, and there is no doubt they give the boot a beautiful gloss at the time; but my experience is that they soon cause the leather to crack and rot, whereas the Meltonian Cream preserves it and keeps it soft; and now that this excellent preparation is made in black, it fulfils every requirement.

Patent leather should be cleaned thus. Sponge it with warm (not hot) water, and while still warm rub in a little sweet oil or white Meltonian Cream, and finish with a leather. If oil is used, it must be *very* sparingly, and all rubbed out immediately after it has been rubbed in, or it will cause the leather to look dull and sodden. Meltonian Cream gives it perhaps more gloss, but oil, if used with great care, will probably keep the leather in better condition.

There is undoubtedly nothing so *chic* for a smart occasion as patent leather, and with proper care it lasts much longer than glacé kid, and with the help of varnish in its latter days, can be made to look well to the very end. When the patent leather refuses any longer to take a polish, and begins to show signs of cracking, apply varnish. This can be bought from any bootmaker, or it can be made at home according to either of the two following excellent recipes:—1. One pint bottle of claret, four ounces of powdered gum arabic, and two ounces of logwood. Put the mixture in a saucepan, and let it simmer on the fire. Strain when cold. 2. Fifteen ounces of gum arabic, one quart of black ink, six ounces of sugar candy, half a pint of spirits of wine, and half a pint of port wine. Put the gum and sugar together in one pint of ink, and keep warm until dissolved, then add the other pint of ink and the port wine. Boil over the fire for five minutes, then let it get a little cool, and add the spirits of wine. Boil all up for one minute. Strain into bottles.

The varnish must be rubbed on with the cushion of the finger, and nothing but the finger will answer the purpose: do not attempt to save your finger by using a brush instead. Very little must be rubbed on, and it must be done very smoothly, till the whole surface is covered. The newly varnished boot must be kept free from dust, and not worn till the varnish is thoroughly dry. If you wish it to dry very quickly, a little methylated spirit can be rubbed on the boot before applying the varnish; but if done habitually this will soon cause the leather to crack. Every particle of varnish should be washed off with warm water each time before putting on fresh.

Other kinds of black leather will also take varnish, but not so well as patent. A boot once varnished must be always varnished; and as it is a rather troublesome operation, I do not advise commencing it till the boot is too shabby to wear otherwise.

There are special preparations sold for cleaning russia leather, but it will look better, and last longer, if cleaned with ordinary saddle soap. Brecknell, Turner and Sons' is about the best, and is sold in sixpenny tins. Sponge the mud off the boots, rinse out the sponge in clean water, and squeeze it nearly dry. Rub as much soap into it as it will contain, and then rub that into the leather, and leave it to dry in thoroughly before polishing with chamois leather. It is as well to soap the boots overnight, and to polish them the following morning. A little white Meltonian Cream rubbed on will be found a great addition before polishing with the leather. The more soap that is rubbed into brown leather, the softer, better, and more supple it will become. It should after a time turn a rich dark brown, and wear a polish you can almost see your face in.

EVELYN.

GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

By SYDNEY GREY.

GRANDMOTHER sits in her easy chair,
A stately dame is she;
The firelight falls upon silver hair,
And a pleasant face to see,
Though the wrinkled brow is no longer fair,
And Time's deep furrows are graven where
The dimples used to be.

Thus does grandmother look to-day—
Her portrait, glancing down,
Still smiles from its ancient frame to say
How she wore youth's brighter crown;
How the tear-dimmed eyes were with laughter gay,
And wandering sunbeams lost their way
Among the tresses brown.

Grandmother must have been lovely, when
The painter sought to trace
(A thing to gladden the hearts of men)
The charm of her girlish face.
But never a whit the dearer then
Than now, with her threescore years and ten,
And prim old-fashioned grace.

Never a whit the dearer—No,
Nor ever half so dear!
If youth and beauty with Time must go,
He spares what we more revere;
And bids sweet virtues sweeter show,
To claim our love and make it grow
Yet stronger year by year.

Grandmother turns life's latest page,
Her gentle memory blent
With joy and peace, dear heritage
Of earlier days well spent.
So golden youth should be the gage
That love will bring to silver age
The treasure of content.

RATIONAL TOILET.

By "MEDICUS."

A YEAR or two ago, I remember, I wrote a poem of some pretensions, which I had the honour of reading before the Queen. One moment, please, reader, till I explain—I do not refer to the noble lady who rules in these misty islands, but to Queen Bolina, my pet Newfoundland.

It happened thus. Queen was lying on the hearth-rug one winter's evening, and Ida, *ætat* six, was squatting near her. There was a delightful fire in the grate, so it was snug enough. But mamma had to go out for half an hour, leaving us three children, Ida, Queen, and myself, all alone.

By way of amusing my companions, I at first thought of reading a bit of Browning to them. Well, Queen might have understood it, but I had my doubts about Ida.

Happy thought—my poem! So I propped the little one up on the sofa.

"Now, darlings," I said, "I'm going to read some beautiful verses to you. Listen, Ida; listen, Queen!"

Queen patted the carpet with her tail, to show she was all attention, and I commenced.

Every now and then during the recitation Ida clapped her pink hands, and cried, "Boo'iful! Boo'ful! Boo'ful!" (beautiful); but as the applause, somehow, always came in at the wrong place, I don't think it counted for much. It was transparent flattery.

After I had finished, Queen Bolina heaved a deep sigh. I never could make out whether that sigh was meant as a compliment to my poetical powers, or as—— But never mind.

By-the-way, I offered that poem—it isn't more than a yard long—to our worthy Editor with a view to its publication in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Now our worthy Editor, though possessed of manners that I might call masterfully mild, can be just too awfully disagreeable for anything in defence of what he is pleased to call the "welfare and interest of his readers." So he handed me back my MS. with a smile.

"It won't do, 'Medicus,'" he said. "Too long. You'd better publish it in parts—foreign parts, for instance."

Wasn't it nasty of him to add insult to injury?

Well, all this is merely by way of introduction to this paper, and the introduction hinges on Ida's flattery. *Entre nous*, I often wonder where she learned to flatter, or whom she takes after. Not after me, I'm certain; but probably some remote ancestor—on the mother's side. To flatter is to fib—politely and prettily it is true, but flattery is fibbing all the same. And so in my present article I mean to steer clear of it, and speak or write the wholesome truth.

"Ida dear, bring me that ladies' newspaper if you are quite done painting the dresses in it."

I turn hurriedly over its pages, and I don't have to turn far either, until I come upon the advertisements of scores of specifics, warranted, so to speak, to make any girl beautiful for ever. I only wonder there is a girl in the kingdom who is not as lovely as a houri in Paradise—whatever a houri may mean—when for the outlay of a few shillings she might be a perfect Annie Laurie.

"Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her neck is like the swan,
And her face, it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on."

The words "like the swan," refer of course to the purity and whiteness of Annie's neck, for a swan's neck would be a trifle too long for a lady, would it not? though for the matter of that it would often come in handy.

But talking about necks, I'll tell you a tale—a true tale. At a seaside watering-place, rather famous in story, stands the splendid and picturesque Hotel de D——. A flight of steps leads up to the main entrance and portico, and here, one day last spring, my friend, Major B——, and I were lounging, as we smoked our post-prandial or after-tiffin cigars. Presently along towards the hotel came a very beautiful girl, and with her walked another lady, who, being slightly more inclined to *embonpoint*, and probably twenty years older, we concluded was the young lady's mamma. My friend and I lowered our cigars, trying to look as if we never could dream of such a thing as smoking, and prepared to lift our

GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

hats. When halfway up the steps, being heated, I suppose, the young lady threw back, or partially off, her feather boa, exposing her shapely neck; shapely it was, but—it was *not* like Annie Laurie's, yet her face *was*. Comment is needless.

But I note, from a glance at this newspaper, that beauty is a mere matter of money. Here are preparations that can cause the hair to grow long and luxuriantly, lengthen the eyelashes *till they sweep the cheeks*—when you close the eyes momentarily to show them off—and give shape and loveliness to the eyebrows. Here is a cream that you have only to use once—say before going to bed—and lo! next morning you awake with a complexion clear, soft, and radiant; all trace of sunbrown gone, every freckle fled, every speck and tick, every blemish gone for ever and for aye. And here again is a nostrum advertised that shall make your teeth as white and pearly as polished quartz. But your figure has been giving you a little uneasiness of late, that little inclination to *embonpoint* has ventured to obtrude itself, and your bill for corsets was heavier last year than it ought to have been. Well, here you are; read this, and reduce your weight. How much better to use a few pills or tablets for this purpose than bother taking any advice that "Medicus" may give on the subject. What should he or any other doctor know about such matters?

But perhaps a hair or two dares to grow on your face or arms, where a hair or two has no right to be. Away with them. They are superfluous. Out with them, root and branch. Half a sovereign and the exemption is secured—according to advertisement.

But of course you must have bright eyes. "Medicus" has told you over and over again that dulness of eyes and muddiness of complexion depend *so* much upon indigestion, liver disturbances, and a badly acting skin, and that if you attend to these troubles everything would soon come right, and you would have no use of cosmetics of any kind. But then, again, what should "Medicus" know? So you send for the eye-brightener advertised in glowing terms in this newspaper. *It is* used by the Empress of Morocco, the Queen of Fiji, and a dozen other potentates besides, so why should not you use it also?

"Very well, child," says "Medicus"; "but if in a year or less you find yourself afflicted with nerve blindness, and have to hold on to the railing coming downstairs, instead of tripping down like a fairy; if you find yourself suffering from strange headaches and dimness when you read for half an hour, then don't turn round on me and say I didn't warn you."

"But what is a girl to do?" I fancy I hear some of my readers exclaim. "You hint that those cosmetics and things are hurtful. Am I never to increase the beauty of my complexion even with a little powder and rouge?"

Do not be too hasty, reader. I did not say you were not. What I want you to do is this—to attend first to the beauty of *health*. If you do so you will not require any cosmetics by day, at all events. And as to the advertisements, without putting it in any stronger language, I mildly advance that they do not fulfil what they promise; few, if any, do. And I want to tell you that eye-brighteners are highly dangerous, that the use of depilatories is also dangerous, and may be productive of terribly disfiguring skin complaints. Moreover a depilatory merely burns off the top of the hair, and it grows again with greater vigour than ever. Even a razor is safer than a depilatory.

Again, why should you pay a fancy price for any cosmetic that you can make yourself safely and well for a few pence. You are simply paying for a pretty bottle or box or vase, as the case may be.

When talking or writing about personal beauty, I invariably premise that health shall be the foundation thereof. I am not going to repeat here things that I have told the readers of this paper over and over again. Let me just only remind them of one thing, namely, that no girl can be beautiful who is not on good terms with herself, so to put it; in other words, who does not feel that she is well. You see, she must have heart if she would look well enough to please others. But the looking well is only half beauty's battle. A statue may be nice to look at, but with the exception of Galatea's, no statue that ever I heard of came down and talked to one. And even if a beautiful statue did, we should want it or her to have grace of movement and refinement of manner; we should want to see the soul shine through the eye. Many a girl would do excellently well as a statue, and nothing else.

While walking in a lane in Berkshire one evening in June, I saw a very charming-looking girl leaning over a gateway. The roses were twining round the archway overhead, and she had roses in her hair. She was so beautiful that as I passed I could not help making a remark about the weather—this is country fashion, you know. "It is a lovely evening," I said. "Uncommon fine," she replied; "but we wants a drap o' rain bad for the turmuts." I walked on, and never looked behind.

Well, then, I say, girls must seek for beauty first from health, and secondly from the cultivation of their minds by study and thought.

Health is more easily bought even than patent nostrums. You have only to obey the laws of Nature and hygiene; you have only to live temperately as to eating and drinking; to attend to purity of skin and hair and teeth—not neglecting the bath; to take plenty of non-exciting exercise in the open air; to secure sleep by rational means, and not to take too much of that—because nothing on earth produces wrinkles so soon as over-sleeping yourself in the morning, and to be temperate in mind, always calm and collected.

Regarding sleep, I may make this one remark, namely, that that which you obtain during the first hours of the night—unless you have gone to bed with a hot, excited brain—is sweet and refreshing, while the sleep you have after, say, seven in the morning, is little else save a lethargy, born perhaps of the carbonic acid gas in your room, if it be not exceedingly well ventilated.

The first portion of a girl's toilet ought of course to be the bath. I have said before, then, I should not insist upon this being cold, unless a girl be strong. But to the strong and healthy nothing in the wide world is more refreshing, especially if you have put a dash of toilet vinegar in it.

Expensive, did you say? Yes, if you purchase the article at the perfumer's. But what say you to making it yourself?

Here is the recipe. Supposing it is summer, you must manage to possess yourself of two ounces of dried rose leaves, and to this you add five ounces of rectified spirits of wine and one pint of dilute acetic acid; also forty drops of the otto of roses. Put the whole in a closed vessel and let stand for fourteen days, stirring or shaking now and then, after which you simply strain it off. Smaller quantities can be made in the same proportion. It may be made without the rose leaves. It seems to me that benzoin has a peculiarly softening and healing action on the skin; hence, for a cooling cosmetic there is very little that I know to beat the following—it is called by the French *vinaigre virginal*. You take, say, half an ounce of benzoin, two ounces of spirits of wine, and half a pint of white vinegar. The benzoin is put in the spirits to steep for eight days, then it is strained; and having placed the strained tincture on one side, you pour the vinegar over the residuum and steep this for six days. Then pour it off and add it to the tincture—and behold! the thing is done.

But scented flowers of any kind make a delicious skin cosmetic, to be added to the bath or to the water with which you wash—say, for instance, flowers of lavender twelve ounces, steeped for a fortnight in six pints of vinegar; smaller quantities in proportion, of course.

Lavender water or eau de Cologne may be mixed with dilute acetic acid to form a toilet vinegar.

As the summer comes in I may tell you more about making toilet requisites.

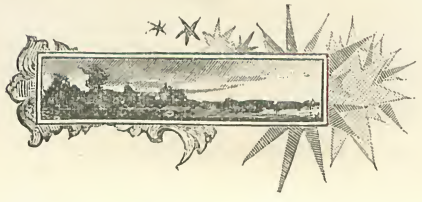
What is called virgin's milk is made by taking, say, half a pint of rose water and adding thereto three drams of Friar's balsam. This is an excellent and simple face cosmetic.

Here is a wash for sunbrown or freckles; but although it is cooling as to sunbrown, I could not vouch for its efficacy in freckles. It is made with one dram—that is, one ordinary-sized teaspoonful—of California borax, four ounces of lime juice, and about two teaspoonfuls of candy sugar. Put all these together and mix well; then add a little eau de Cologne.

Rose lip salve is very easily made. Before giving you a recipe, however, let me give you a hint. In cold weather a salve of this sort is invaluable; *but* it should be smeared on the lips before going out, not after coming in, for then the mischief is done. There are a great many different ways of making it, but the following is simple: Oil of almonds, three ounces; alkanet, half an ounce. Stand these together in a warm place; then strain. Melt an ounce and a half of white wax and half an ounce of spermaceti with the oil. Stir till thick, and add twelve drops of otto of roses.

I must remind girls to be careful to use soft water—rain water is best—in washing the face and hands, and only the mildest soap, and not to rub with a hard towel, for nothing is more destructive to beauty of complexion.

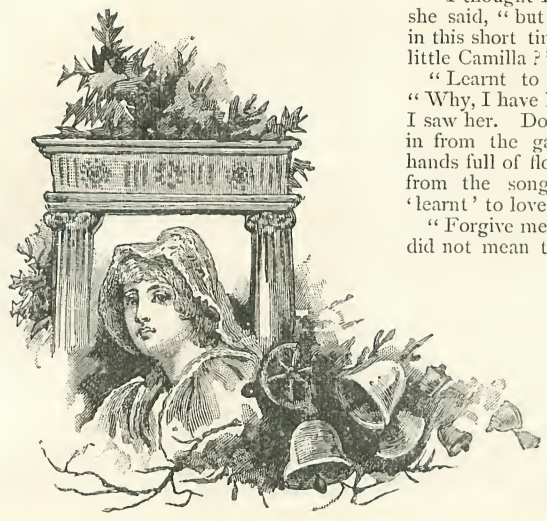
I hope to give some useful hints about the hair, the hands, and feet another month, as well as some useful recipes. Meanwhile, if our readers desire any particular recipe, I shall be pleased to give it through the medium of these pages.



A CHAMELEON.

By ALICE MACDONALD, Author of "Malvolia," etc.

CHAPTER III.



ONE fine warm evening, more than a month after Wendell's arrival, he was sitting with Mrs. Huntly near the open window. She loved the moonlit dusk, and there were no lights in the room except at the piano, where Camilla, in a white gown with a cluster of marguerites gleaming on her breast, was singing snatches of songs. Mrs. Huntly was watching how the bright moonlight changed the garden's quiet beauty to a mysterious loveliness, and Wendell was watching how the fair hair against the light gave the effect of an aureole round Camilla's head.

"Now, O now, I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn;
Absence can no joy impart,
Joy once fled will ne'er return"—

sang Camilla.

At the end of the second verse he suddenly turned to Mrs. Huntly. "Will you come out on the terrace, Constance?" he whispered. "I want to speak to you alone."

One glance at him told her quick sympathies what he meant to say. Crossing to the piano she kissed Camilla's soft cheek. "We are going out on the terrace for a little while," she said. "Will you go on singing, dear? I love to hear you, and we shall be just outside." They went out, and there was silence in the moonlight for a minute or two. Camilla began to sing—

"Since first I saw your face I resolved
To honour and renown you;
If now I be disdained, I wish
My heart had never known you."

"I have been thinking," said Wendell, a little huskily, "that I must be leaving soon. I have been here almost six weeks!"

"It has been very pleasant to have you here, and you can never outstay your welcome. Why must you go?"

"Because it seems to me—indeed, I know—that I have stayed too long already for my peace of mind, and the longer I stay the harder it will be for me to go."

A vain woman might have misunderstood his evident emotion, but Mrs. Huntly comprehended.

"For O, Greensleeves was all my joy,
And O, Greensleeves was my delight,
And O, Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my Lady Greensleeves!"—

sang Camilla.

"I thought I had seen something of this," she said, "but I was not certain. Is it that in this short time you have learnt to love my little Camilla?"

"Learnt to love!" he cried vehemently. "Why, I have loved her from the first moment I saw her. Do you remember how she came in from the garden that evening, with her hands full of flowers, and her lips still parted from the song she had been singing. I 'learnt' to love her then."

"Forgive me," said Mrs. Huntly softly; "I did not mean to doubt you, but it seems so short a time since you came, and I think I have always thought of Camilla as a child still."

"She will be twenty years old on her next birthday."

"Yes, I know—a woman—my little girl a woman! And you love her?"

"I love her," he said, in a tone that was more convincing than any phrases or reiterations.

They passed the window again and heard a ripple of song—

"Hélas, je sais un chant d'amour,
Triste ou gai, tour à tour!"

"Do you think she does?" said Mrs. Huntly quickly. "Camilla can sing love songs as though she felt them; but it is the music alone that influences her; she is very young for her age."

"Do you want me to go away without speaking to her, leaving the quiet of your life here unbroken? I will, if you ask it; but it is a great deal to ask."

"No, no; I am not so selfish. Who am I, that I should keep away from the child what may prove to be the happiness of her life? You must not attach too much importance to what I say. I thought I was prepared for this, but I find it has taken me by surprise."

"You know I can scarcely describe myself as a young man," said Wendell after a pause. "My prospects are not brilliant. I am never likely to be rich. But then again, I am never likely to be poor; and if love—if the tenderest care could——" His voice broke, and he was silent; but there was no need to finish the sentence.

"You are a good man, Frank," she said, putting both hands on his arm; "and I could trust Camilla to you if to anyone in the world. It has always been my fear that some day, years hence, my child—Agatha's child—for whom I think I feel more deeply responsible than I should for a daughter of my own, would marry a stranger of whom I knew little or nothing."

"You have known me for the greater part of my life, Constance."

"Yes; and the proof of my friendship is, that a year or two hence I should be glad to see Camilla married to you. I do not come of a long lived family, and the fear of leaving her alone and not very well provided for has been a constant shadow to me lately. I cannot tell you how much I dislike facing the possibility of her ever living with her half-sister. I wish you had ever seen Charlotte; there is an indescribable vulgarity about her—a lack of refinement in mind and manner that repells me utterly. The very gentleness and sweetness of Camilla's nature would prevent her from being proof against such an atmosphere. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, perfectly. But do you think that—is there any chance, any ground for me to hope that—that—she could ever care for me?"

He was blushing like a girl even in the cool twilight; but Mrs. Huntly, now that the surprise was past, was all that is kind and encouraging. They walked up and down the narrow limit of the terrace, till Camilla grew tired of singing, and sought the society of the Persian kitten; and by the magic power of discussion Mrs. Huntly changed from quiet acquiescence in Wendell's suit to absolute enthusiasm concerning it. Before long she had promised herself to speak to Camilla the next day; for Wendell, fearing that his love might be unwelcome, dreaded to first approach the subject himself.

"If it is hopeless it will not pain or startle her half as much to hear it only from your lips," he said; "and I can go away directly."

"And if it is not hopeless?"

"Ah! in that case she would be glad to know what you thought about it. I do not know how I am ever to thank you for your kindness to me, Constance."

"If all goes well, you can thank me by being very good to Camilla all your life long."

The kitten having proved sleepy and sulky, Camilla went back to the piano. They were not far from the window, and could hear every word of her song—

"My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange the one to the other given;
I cherish his, and mine he cannot miss—
There never was a better bargain driven."

"Accept that as a good omen," said Mrs. Huntly.

Next morning, while Wendell was nervously pretending to write letters, Mrs. Huntly took Camilla away from her daily task of arranging flowers, telling her she had something very important to say.

The grey kitten was sitting on Camilla's shoulder, patting her cheek with a velvet paw every time she smiled, and Camilla wished it to be present at the conference; but this was not permitted.

Mrs. Huntly told her tale with very mingled feelings. Camilla looked and seemed too young to deal with so momentous a question as the bestowal of her whole life; but Frank was a good man and true; he was resolute and energetic, and his character, it seemed to her, could give Camilla's gentler, weaker nature the support and guidance she needed. Her words gathered conviction as she spoke, and Camilla listened, startled, pleased, very much astonished, and exceedingly flattered by this sudden elevation to age and dignity. Major Wendell had been one of the heroes of her dreams before they had met, and that now, after little more than a month, this hero should avow himself in love with her, Camilla! It was romance itself—it was like a novel come true! She sat looking down at her hands, which were disfigured by scratches from the kitten and the rose bushes, and they troubled her. They were sadly incongruous for one in her romantic position. Was there ever a heroine with scratched hands?

"You like him very much, don't you, Aunt Constance?" she asked, when Mrs. Huntly ceased speaking.

"Yes. He has been my friend for many years. But that is not the question, dearest. He knows that I like him; what he longs to know is if you think that you can love him. Do you?"

Camilla raised a blushing face to be kissed.

"Well, what does that mean?" asked Mrs. Huntly.

"You know," whispered Camilla.

"He is in the drawing-room, and probably feels that he has been waiting a long time," said Mrs. Huntly.

"Won't you come with me?—I don't know what to say," said Camilla, clinging to her arm.

"The words will come when they are needed. Nonsense, dear!" as Camilla still looked appealingly at her. "If you find yourself struck dumb—which is not likely to happen—hold out your hands, and he will understand."

Wendell's pretence of letter-writing had resolved itself into vague scribbling with a dry pen, when the door opened and he sprang up, to see Camilla looking at him with an expression between tears and smiles, while two slender hands were held out, as though offering a gift. The gesture was enough; he knew without doubt or question that his life's happiness was the gift she bestowed, and he only said, "My darling, my darling!" as he kissed the little proffered hands.

CHAPTER IV.

TIME passed very quickly between that day and the date of his return to India. He had a few months more foreign service before his regiment came back to England. The evening before he left they were all sitting quietly in the dusk.

"Sing something to us, dear," said Mrs. Huntly. "This silent twilight is too dreary."

Camilla went obediently to the piano, played the prelude of a song, stopped, began another, and threw out her hands with a little despairing gesture.

"I cannot sing to-night," she said.

Mrs. Huntly whispered a few words to her.

"Ah, yes, I can sing that one!" said Camilla.

It was a Scotch song that Wendell had never heard her sing before, and the tender refrain haunted him through all the months that followed—

> "Will you no' come back again?
> Will you no' come back again?
> Better loo'ed you canna be—
> Will you no' come back again?"

Camilla sang with all her heart; and the last verse was broken by a sob that was sweeter to her lover than any singing. But it was Mrs. Huntly who had suggested the song.

"I know I shall cry to-morrow," she said to Mrs. Huntly as they sat alone together late that night. "And oh! I don't want his last memory of me to be a red-eyed horrible one!"

"I don't think he will mind when he knows that his going causes the red eyes."

"But he hates to see me cry—he said so when the kitten killed Philomel."

Philomel was a well-beloved canary, whose tragic fate had been a great grief to Camilla.

"This is a very different case. Do not try to pretend that you are not very very sorry that he is going."

A word was enough to convince Camilla, and it was an undisguisedly mournful maiden who bade Wendell "God-speed" next day. Although her eyes were reddened and her fair face disfigured by crying, the memory of the tears that had been shed for him was dearer to Wendell than all his recollections of Camilla at her prettiest and happiest.

Every week long letters came over the seven seas to the quiet house in the old green garden; and every week letters that were not quite so long set out on their journey over the seven seas to the whitewashed bungalow that Wendell shared with a brother officer in dusty Rawul Pindi. Camilla was not a practised letter-writer, but she possessed the gift of writing as brightly and simply as she talked, and the pages covered by her pretty pointed handwriting, which was a faithful copy of Mrs. Huntly's, made mail-day a never-failing pleasure to Wendell. He did not know that these dearly-prized letters would have been neither so long nor so regular if Mrs. Huntly had not been in the habit of saying, after any little event in their quiet life, "That will be something for you to tell Frank," and gently suggesting twice or thrice in the week that Camilla had better settle herself for an hour of quiet writing.

About the end of March Wendell received a letter from Mrs. Huntly.

"Camilla will have told you," she wrote, "that we have promised she shall spend a month with Charlotte Field. I am sorry for this, but I see it is quite necessary; it would pain Charlotte too much if she were to see nothing of the dear girl before your marriage takes places. And, now that I know Camilla will be saved from ever being dependent on her, I do not so much object to her spending some time with her half-sister. The poor child herself is not anticipating any pleasure from her visit, but I have been talking to her very seriously about the wisdom of making the best of things, and adapting herself to her surroundings for the time being, and I am sure she will do as I wish. I sometimes fear that the life we lead has a tendency to make us somewhat selfish and narrow-minded, and this I want to combat. I hope you will see this matter in the same light that I do."

Wendell's first feeling was one of amusement; she seemed to attach importance to a very trifling matter. Why should not Camilla spend a few weeks with her sister? It had often struck him as a little cruel that Mrs. Field should only be allowed to see Camilla for a few days at very long intervals. However different they might be in tastes or disposition, yet they were children of the same father, and it would be well that Camilla should learn toleration, if not tenderness, for her nearest of kin. Besides, in three months' time he would be able to return to England. They were to be married in the autumn, and any dulness or dreariness Camilla might feel at "Fairfield" should be amply made up in the future. They would travel—she should see the beautiful places which were now only names and imaginings to her; and, when at last they grew tired of wandering, they would choose a home in some pleasant place, for he intended to leave the army and settle where she wished.

The store of quaintly beautiful gifts he was collecting for her increased almost daily—a necklace of bluest turquoises strung with little pierced pearls, rows of pale yellow topaz, glistening and transparent, bracelets of many-coloured enamel as brilliant as jewels, and an amazing number of "silken broideries, green and blue."

Camilla's first three letters from her sister's house—"Fairfield"—showed that she was ill at ease, almost unhappy in her uncongenial surroundings. Then came a blank. The next mail brought him only a hurried anxious letter from Mrs. Huntly. Her son was seriously ill with typhoid fever in Florence, and his poor pretty wife was helpless with grief and terror. She was obliged to go to him at once, and Camilla must remain with her sister. "I am both grieved and vexed that this should have to be," wrote Mrs. Huntly, "for I fear that she is learning to like 'Fairfield.'"

"Poor little girl! Why shouldn't she like to be with her own people?" said Wendell as he read.

He regretted the change, however, when he found her letters becoming short and irregular. She always now wrote in a violent hurry, and seemed invariably to select twenty minutes before the post left, or half an hour before lunch as a suitable time to "dash off a line or two," to quote one of her new phrases. She learnt many new phrases during the next two months, and it sometimes struck him that if these letters had come from any other girl he might have thought them a little slangy. But sweet gentle Camilla—his Camilla—with her calm grey eyes!—slang from her lips was as unlikely as rouge in the cup of a white lily! The idea was absurd. It seemed to him rather a pity that her writing grew less dainty. It developed a tendency to slope backwards, and indulged in thick stiff capitals; but he told himself that he was foolish to notice such trifles. Only he wished with all his heart that Walter Huntly would hasten to grow strong again, that he might be able to picture Constance and Camilla in their "bower of quiet looks" once more.

Fortune did not favour him. Before Walter had recovered, his wife was attacked with the same disease. Her illness, though not fatal, was very long and lingering, and Mrs. Huntly's return grew more and more distant.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

NOT IN REAL NEED.

"I desire to insert this small advertisement in your paper to-morrow morning," she said.

"This," replied the advertisement clerk, looking it over, "will go among the 'wants.'"

"Have you no 'wish' column?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then, sir," said the young lady from Girton haughtily, "you need not insert it. I simply wish a situation as governess. It is not a case of want."

THE BRAVE HEART.—Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string.

HOW WIVES SOMETIMES FAIL.

Wives who may be reckoned as failures in married life have been classified as follows:—

First, those who lack liberality of mind.

Second, those who complain and find fault.

Third, those who are selfishly wasteful and extravagant.

Fourth, those who are petty tyrants and "naggers."

Fifth, *those who lack tact.*

THE HIGHEST HAPPINESS.—The highest happiness will never be reached till we are doing all we can for our fellow creatures.

NATURE AND ART.

I saw a classic head,
With many a flowing curl,
A sweetly pretty face,
And figure of a girl.
I stood and pondered long,
In meditation lost—
And tried to reckon up
How much the fixin's cost.

WELL OFF.—"That state of mind," says Plutarch, "is most happy in which superfluities are not required, and necessaries are not wanting."

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON one of these crowded unreckoned days, to those of the watchers, who are not merely watchers but keen unresting subordinates, fighting in the battle between life and death—the principals in which were a feeble little combatant on the one hand, and on the other the last great enemy of mankind—with so much anguish or joy hanging on the issue, a friend of Mrs. Bennet's called at the house, and after seeing Dorothy asked to speak for a moment with Flora. She was a Mrs. Fowler, one of those ladies with the quiet manners, well-modulated voices, and similarity of topics of conversation, who had seemed so inanimate and so monotonously alike to Flora on her first arrival in London. Now whether Flora herself was shaken out of her prejudices or the visitor was different, it was an agreeable surprise to find how interested she was in Mary's sickness, and how concerned for the rest of the family. "I beg your pardon, my dear." (She called Flora "my dear" in the warmth of her feelings, though she was not at all an effusive woman.) "But I wish to ask if I can do anything for you. I know you have the family doctor and a nurse. I have heard Mrs. Bennet say her maid is valuable in illness, and poor Dorothy, who is much overcome, has just told me that you are a host in yourself. It is so nice to be able to be a help and comfort to your friends at your age," and Mrs. Fowler smiled kindly on Flora. "But if a change should take place, when it would matter less about the child's being kept quiet, if you would care to have me in the house, don't hesitate to send for me at any moment. My husband is from home, my sons are abroad, and my servants can manage perfectly well without me. I can stay as long as you like. I had a little girl once"—she stopped, not trusting herself to say more.

"Thank you so very much—it is so good of you," said Flora impulsively, with a dim recollection that she had been informed by somebody that Mrs. Fowler was rather a grand lady, one of the grandest in Mrs. Bennet's circle, but not feeling as if that mattered at all in replying to an offer which had not been made by anyone else—certainly not by Lady Baillie, with all her good nature—while the Miss Warrens had contented themselves with sending a note full of regrets and leave-takings as the Warrens were on the point of starting for the Tyrol. "It might help Dorothy and Dick, and I think my aunt would like it and be grateful."

"Don't speak of it"—Mrs. Fowler put aside the gratitude. "When have you heard from Mr. and Mrs. Bennet? When are they to be here? Dorothy did not tell me."

"Dick has just telegraphed. That has been one of our sore perplexities—to get at my aunt and uncle. They were in Champagne and Burgundy, moving from place to place, and were not sure beforehand of the hotel they would go to in Paris."

"But if you had written to the *Poste Restante* they would have been almost certain to call and see if there were any letters waiting for them."

Flora started in dismay. "Oh, how stupid of me! I have never been abroad, and I did not think of that, though I might have remembered, for I have read something about it," she apologised humbly for her remissness.

"You were not likely to remember," said Mrs. Fowler with a half smile, "when it did not occur to either Dorothy or Dick or Amelia, who have all been abroad. "I wish I had written. But never mind; you are in communication with the poor father and mother now. Let me see—they will probably be out when the telegram arrives, and they may not go back to their hotel—in Paris hotels are for little more than for sleeping in—till evening, too late for the tidal train. I am afraid you cannot count on seeing them in the morning, but by to-morrow night they are almost certain, unless some unforeseen accident occur, to be here."

Flora was comforted by having a friend to fall back upon, and still more comforted to get an assurance on which she could depend of when her uncle and aunt were likely to be in Kensington Square; for Dorothy and Dick were too bewildered and dismayed to have any clearness of head left for looking forward and calculating, even when the calculation had to do with the infinite relief which would be afforded by Mr. and Mrs. Bennet's presence.

Only another night of restless weakness for the small sufferer; another day when she would dose and toss, and be roused with difficulty to swallow her medicine and food.

"If my aunt can but come in time to see her child alive! If we can only keep little Mary with us for twelve hours longer!" became the urgent cry of Flora's heart. The child was quieter than she had been, and seemed more inclined to rest, which might be a better or a worse sign. Life or death—not even the doctor could tell yet.

Flora long remembered that day, which was indelibly impressed on more memories than hers, the hours dragging their weary length until the afternoon was passed, when the nurse, saying there would be no speedy alteration, and availing herself of the temporary quiet, retired with a strange business-like methodicalness to recruit her forces, while Flora felt that for herself she would never care to sleep again. The moment when even Amelia "dropped off," and, her nodding head coming in contact with the corner of a chair-back, displaced some of her false hair. The afternoon shadows deepening and deepening, with Flora not daring to stir and light the lamp. Dick stealing in on tiptoe at the door standing ajar, and hovering like a ghost just within it; Dorothy, scared by her shadow, and, finding it impossible to remain alone in the drawing-room, creeping in after him, and crouching down on the floor by his side.

Mary, petted into childishness even in health, had, like most young children, lapsed into still greater childishness in her extreme weakness. She suddenly woke up, so far as to observe that everything was very still and rather dark beside her.

"Where are you, Milly, and cousin Flora?" she asked querulously, in her thin, reedy voice.

"Here, darling, here!" cried Flora promptly, "and Dick and Dorothy too. We are all beside you, and we hope mamma and papa are coming back to-night," she dared to say, with a throbbing heart. But alas! there was no response to the announcement, which a week ago would have been received with exultation.

Flora's heart sank again, but she renewed her efforts. "Now that you have woke up——" she began encouragingly.

"No;" refused Mary, without waiting for the end of the sentence, and just equal to turning aside her eyes in disgust. "I know it is milk or beef-tea. Somebody is always 'tuffing me."

"In another minute then, dearie," pleaded Flora, as if for her life—"to please Cousin Flora."

In the border-land between reality and dreaming Mary's mind had already wandered away. "It is as quiet as it is in church," she said, perhaps recalling in a glimmering way that remark of hers about the behaviour of the family after her father and mother had left, which had been much applauded at the time. "It is not right to eat in church, Cousin Flora," repeated the child with vague severity of rebuke. Then her own conscience pricked her for an imaginary omission. "I have not my hymn ready to say to mamma. I am so tired; but I must learn my hymn," and the wan wasted morsel of a face began to quiver.

"I think I know it," said Flora, at a venture. "Once in royal David's City."

"Yes;" said Mary, with a faint sigh of satisfaction; "a lowly cradle bed."

"Of course," chimed in Flora. "That is it. Now that you have said your hymn you'll swallow this and lie still, my pet, and perhaps fall asleep again till mamma has come."

"No, your hymn, Cousin Flora," Mary feebly demanded, as a requital for her achievement.

"My hymn," said Flora, puzzled. "Oh, I see; my hymn which I used to

say to my mother when I was little, like you," and she hastened to begin—

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie;
In pastures green He leadeth me,
The quiet waters by."

Something in the simple rugged measure, not without its stateliness, partially lulled the child. She did not detect the falter in Flora's voice when she said—

"Yea, though I walk in Death's dark vale"—

while her mental commentary ran thus: "Surely if she has to tread it, it will not feel pitch dark to a wee helpless bairnie, who has been so tenderly cared for hitherto; and the rod and staff will be the Lord's own loving arms. Goodness and mercy will follow her to God's house, in which she will dwell safely for ever and for ever more."

"Pretty," said Mary softly, with a baby accent of approval; and she had listened after a fashion, for she made the amendment the next instant, "But Jesus wasn't in it. 'Gentle Jesus' is in my hymn."

"Why, Mary, He is the Shepherd—the Good Shepherd who carries the lambs in His bosom!" said Flora, burying her face in the pillows.

"And cuddles them close," suggested Mary—and Flora quaked anew at a note of something which to her overwrought nerves sounded like ecstacy in the child's voice. Once again Flora's soul felt ready to faint within her at the silence which followed, when she heard in the stillness of the room the rustle of Dorothy's frock as she trembled in every limb, and the hard breathing of Dick, which showed that they shared Flora's fear. But when she nerved herself to look up, she saw that Mary was not dead but sleeping—Flora could almost believe more peacefully than before.

An hour afterwards, when the nurse resumed her post, she looked narrowly at her patient, and said to Amelia, in a low tone, with a little professional hesitation, "I could almost think the child is slightly better—that she may be going to get the turn favourably after all."

Oh, how the elastic young hearts sprang up at the first half doubtful words of hope, which the doctor, paying his last visit for the night, did not hesitate to confirm. Unquestionably there was an improvement in the child's condition. The fever was subsiding, and, what was of more consequence, there were signs of rallying.

Before midnight Mr. and Mrs. Bennet arrived, too thankful to find their little Mary alive, too grateful for the merest crumb of hope. In spite of the fatigue of her long journey, Mrs. Bennet packed off everybody, save herself and the nurse, to bed. Sit up! Of course she would sit up—she was not too tired for it. She did not feel tired at all. She asked nothing better than to take her seat by Mary. She was ready for her charge, which of course nobody must undertake when she was there.

Flora did not believe that she could rest out of the sick room, and for very happiness; but she had barely time to undress and whisper her fervent prayers to the Great Hearer and Answerer of His children's supplications when she was fast asleep. She awoke late next morning startled and ashamed to find her aunt standing by her side.

"Don't hurry, Flora. Yes, I have come to tell you Mary is as well as she can be in the time. The doctor is satisfied with her this morning, and we all know how much we owe to you, dear child. You are your mother's own daughter, Flora—a creature beyond your years. You have fulfilled your trust, and you have shown you are to be relied upon. The child's father will thank you in his own time and way."

Flora did not wish for thanks, did not see that she deserved them from those who had done everything for her since her father's death; and would she not have done anything for little Mary without any other obligation? But she cried with pride and joy at her aunt's words; and when her uncle wrung her hand, and stooped and kissed her, saying simply, "You have been a dear good girl, Flora," and she saw how delicate he still looked, and how he was moved out of his usual indifference, she felt as if earth could not contain much that was better worth than such praises.

(To be continued.)

USEFUL HINTS.

TYPHOID FEVER.—The prevalence of typhoid fever, and the interest which is attached to all matters concerning its treatment, induce us to print the following interesting memorandum from the late Sir William Gull, M.D., given to Major-General Ellis two years after the illness of the Prince of Wales, in 1872:—

I. Typhoid fever is a disease which runs a more or less definite course. It cannot be stopped or cured by medicines.

II. The chief thing to be done at the outset of an attack is to send the patient to bed, so as to save strength from the beginning.

III. No strong purgative medicines are desirable.

IV. As the fever develops, and the strength grows less, light food should be given at short intervals—i.e., water, toast-water, barley-water, milk and water, light broths (not made too strong or too gelatinous).

V. If there be restlessness or much agitation of the nerves, wine (port, sherry, or claret) or brandy in moderate doses at short intervals. This must be directed medically, but in general it may be said that the amount required is that which induces repose and sleep.

VI. The bowels may be left to themselves. If unmoved for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, a lavement of warm water may be necessary, but this will be directed medically.

VII. The restlessness or wakefulness in fever is best remedied by the careful giving of wine or spirit with the food, or in water. Sedatives such as opium are inadmissible—mostly injurious.

VIII. The bedroom to be kept at a temperature of 62 degrees to 64 degrees.

IX. Great care necessary to keep the bed clean and sweet. This most easily done by having a second bed in the room, to which patient can be removed for two or three hours daily, whilst the other is thoroughly aired, and the linen changed.

X. All fatigue to be sedulously avoided. No visitors admitted, and no other person but a nurse and one attendant to help her.

XI. Patient's room never to be left unattended for a moment, as in the delirium of fever patient might jump from bed and injure himself.

XII. As to medicines and the treatment of complications, the immediate medical attendant must be responsible.

XIII. As it is probable that the discharges from the bowels in typhoid fever may be a source of contagion, it is desirable that before being thrown down the closet they should be largely mixed with Condy's fluid or some other disinfectant. On the same principle, the strictest cleanliness must be observed in the sick room.

XIV. There is no reason to believe that typhoid fever is contagious from person to person in the ordinary way. The largest experience shows that it does not extend, like an ordinary contagious disease, to nurses or others attending upon patients suffering under the disease. WILLIAM W. GULL.

GERMAN TEA-LOAF.—One pound and a half of Vienna flour, four ounces of white castor sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt. These ingredients to be put into a bowl with three quarters of a pint of milk, made warm in a jug. Put a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, one ounce of yeast, two well-beaten eggs, with the contents of the jug; mix the ingredients in the bowl to a stiff dough with the hand. Leave it to rise two hours; then, when moulding it, work in two ounces of chopped candied cherries. Put into one or two greased tins, leaving plenty of room to rise; put into a quick oven, the heat of which should at first be very quick, and allowed to subside at the end or nearly the end of the time required for baking. When it is taken from the oven, brush over with beaten white of egg and a tablespoonful of castor sugar. Return to the oven to set the surface slightly.

POP-OVERS.—These should be eaten hot with a little syrup or butter. Take one pint of milk and as much flour as required to make a stiff batter; beat the yolks of three eggs; stir in with a little salt and a tablespoonful of butter, melted. Then beat whites of eggs till they are like snow, and stir them gently into the batter, and, last of all, add a teaspoonful of sugar and a saltspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, two saltspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Bake in tins or cups in a very hot oven.

WHOLE WHEATMEAL GINGERBREAD.—Ten ounces of whole meal, half a pound of treacle, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, a few carraways, half an ounce of ground ginger. Rub in the butter to the dry ingredients, mix all with the treacle and a quarter of a pint of new milk, in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Bake in a buttered tin in a very slow oven.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

PRIVATE TEACHER.—We sympathise much with you. All great changes, such as that which has taken place in English education, bear hardly on some, but it is hard to be of that number. Try to add to the list of your musical pupils; and perhaps you may find some new ideas in our present series on "Employments for Girls."

A SOLICITOR'S DAUGHTER (Melbourne) writes us a kindly letter, full of information on women's employments in Melbourne. She says: "The demand for governesses is very limited, and more than fully supplied by girls, well educated, here. The standard is high, and every year more girls take their degrees. 'Lady helps' are also overdone"—(she speaks of Melbourne)—"the salaries very low—£20 to £30 per annum. Young domestic servants always in demand, and their wages higher than in England; but each house employs fewer in proportion to the work to be done. These latter should always come out to some well-known society, and be met on arrival here." Many thanks for your kindness.

NANCY LEE.—If your general education be fairly good, and you have not yet selected any vocation of a more or less lucrative character, we advise you, as we advised "Private Teacher," to read our new series of articles on the subject of "Employments for Girls."

CLAIRE.—We recommend you to write to the General Secretary of the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses (Rural Branch), Miss Julia Farrer, 16, Devonshire Place, W., in reference to being trained for nursing in country districts. Suitable candidates are trained free of cost, and, when certificated, they receive a salary of £30 per annum, their travelling expenses and laundry are paid, and their uniform is provided by the institution. In our present series of "Employments for Girls" this institution will be more fully discussed. You had better remain where you are until you have paid your debts.

TESSA.—There are several good hairdressers in London who take girls and train them in dressing hair. The length of time varies with the cleverness of the pupil, of course.

AGNES.—You need to study both geography and history. Tintagel is on the coast of Cornwall, five miles N.W. of Camelford, on Tintagel Head, a cliff 300 feet high; and nearly separated from the mainland are the ruins of Tintagel Castle, the legendary birthplace and residence of King Arthur. You must try to find time to read Tennyson's poems on the history of King Arthur and his "Knights of the Round Table."

ART.

H. G. and MARIE.—No preparation is required for terra-cotta painting, and the articles do not need firing. Mix the medium known as "aquarelle" with water-colours, and use a good deal of Chinese white with them all. Paint broadly, and do not attempt to do a great deal of shading, or strive after much delicacy in colouring. The material will take oil colours likewise. These will require Florentine medium to dry them. A drop of each shade will suffice.

EVANGELINE.—1. By all means continue your painting from Nature, and if you cannot afford to take lessons in the art, you should procure Green's *Handbooks on Sketching from Nature* (3s. each). Carry out his directions in these three books, and they will teach you perspective, the colouring of a sketch, and the suitable choice of the point of view for a picture. First study the form of trees when denuded of leaves in winter, just as an artist, in figure drawing, must learn the anatomy of the body before representing it in dress. Paint in sepia before you attempt the natural colouring, studying strong lights and shades, and then the delicate reflected lights and minor shading.—2. "Excelsior" signifies "higher," and is the adopted motto of New York.

BARBARA.—For painting on tin for your Christmas decorations, boil powdered sulphide of antimony in a strong solution of caustic potash, and filter it through white blotting-paper. You can get these materials at any good chemist's, or you can obtain a "mixing varnish," composed of a compound of resin and turpentine, from an artists' colourman. With this any ordinary colour pigments may be mixed. After use, heat the tin plate.

AN INQUIRER.—Glass may be painted in oil colours, but you will not be able to wash it very frequently, as the paintings will not be solidly fixed. Properly, it should be painted like a stained glass window, and fired.

E. R. H. TURNER.—If you obtain a shilling manual at any artists' colourman's, you might learn something without a master if you have any natural gift. But you should be a free draughtswoman before you attempt to work in colours, and you should also study the rules of perspective, otherwise your attempts at painting, even with a master, will be unavailing.

ART STUDENT.—We are not acquainted with the name you mention, and do not find it in any list of painters which we have searched. You have probably spelt it wrongly.

KATIE.—We have had three painters of the name of Morland—George Henry Morland, who was a subject painter, helped by the Society of Artists in 1760. His chief works were "The Ballad Singer," "Fair Nun," and "Oyster Woman." Henry Robert Morland, a portrait-painter, exhibited a good deal between the years 1771 and 1793, including the portraits of George III., Garrick, and the sisters Gunning. George Morland was his son, an animal painter, born 1763. He exhibited his early sketches in 1773, when a child. His conduct was very disreputable. He was continually in prison for debt, and died in 1804. As we do not know to which of the artists you refer, we give all three. George Morland painted to defray his tavern debts; and though we named him as an animal painter, he produced marine pictures and landscapes likewise, which were all very meritorious. We fancy that the picture of which you speak is a copy of one of his, because his works are not identified by a mark such as you describe.

JANE.—We think your sketches show some originality, but you greatly need teaching. You had better enclose 5d., with your address, to the Secretary, Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, and request him to send you a complete list (price 4d.) of the art classes all over the kingdom, and then you will discover for yourself which would be the nearest to your home, as you do not give us your address. We have returned your specimens of drawing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOLLY and MADGE.—At the International Health Exhibition (1884) Sir Francis Galton made calculations of various kinds in his Anthropometric Laboratory, and he found that the average height of those who were measured was five feet eight inches and a half in males and five feet three inches and a half in females. But this calculation must be regarded as incorrect, because the majority of persons who submitted to his tests were from the City, brought up under disadvantageous conditions, and notably smaller in stature than the few of the country-born of the same classes, and still fewer of the upper thus represented, all of whom must show a fine development. Physical exercises, open-air employments, better food, dry, wholesome, and airy residences, and less pressure on the nervous system, must be evidenced in the stature and strength, and more especially when an hereditary good constitution is derived from generations living under the same healthful influences, both moral and physical. Thus, the average height of English men and women should be rated as higher than the abovenamed measurements.

A. B. W.—The Bible has been translated into no less than 300 langnages and dialects by the British and Foreign Bible Society since the year 1804.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.—It is quite true that if the sunshine is allowed to fall on the fire it may put it out. The reason is this—that the former rarifies the air, and it thus loses its due proportion of oxygen, there being less in it than in the same amount of condensed air; and it flows more slowly to the fire, and that which reaches it contains less of the element that would nourish it. A wax candle, if placed alight in the sunshine, will take longer to consume than one in a dark room.

COTTAGER.—The "dry rot" in the boards can only be cured effectually by cutting out the decayed part and admitting the air.

"LITTLE STRANGER."—If a child born at sea be of British parentage it is a natural-born British subject, no matter to what nationality the ship may belong. Moreover, according to some modern statutes, persons born abroad (in other countries) whose father, or paternal grandfather, were natural-born British subjects, are claimed as natural-born British subjects themselves.

POLLY.—A daughter or son of the house has no natural right to give invitations (even to call merely) at a parent's house without a distinct permission so to do. And even then, in the case of a stranger, a special request should be made and explanations given. A servant, or some other escort, should be provided for you when returning home from any evening party. No strange man should constitute himself your guardian. A girl so neglected would incur the risk of being treated with scanty respect

EN DÉTRESSE.—1. Dipping the points of the fingers in aloes or any very bitter tincture of a non-poisonous kind would quite suffice to remind the child of the parent's prohibition of the practice of biting the nails, and that should be all required.—2. Prepared charcoal, to be used as tooth powder occasionally in turn with the usual camphorated powdered chalk, can be had at any chemist's. The charcoal can be used on a dry brush, and then well washed off with a clean wet one.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—1. You should apply to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville Street, or 47, Harley Street, W. They have an Aged Asylum at Chislehurst, and they give annuities, a provident fund for which subscriptions make a member eligible, and temporary help. Provident annuities, purchased by ladies upon Government security, are also to be obtained. A home is provided during the intervals between their engagements, and they have a system of registration entirely free of expense. Secretary, Charles W. Klugh, Esq., 32, Sackville Street, W.—2. We are glad to hear that "each new month" of our paper "seems to be more enjoyable than the last," and to have letters from so many amongst our readers expressing a similar opinion.

DEEPLY IN LOVE, etc.—Your mother's cousin-german, or first cousin, is your "first consin once removed." There is no prohibitory injunction in the Table of Degrees in the Book of Common Prayer in reference to this relationship. But such marriages are unusual because of the undesirable disparity in age, which can only be exceptionally suitable.

ROSE, SHAMROCK, and THISTLE.—We never heard of a bride making a promenade of the aisle of the church and "walking up and down"! She is led up, on entering the church, by whoever "gives her away," and there her intended husband should await her, standing at her right hand.

TWENTY-ONE.—Any apology for your error should have been made at once. It would be somewhat indiscreet to reopen the subject now, for a wrong construction might be put on it which would be prejudicial to you. We are glad that you belong to the Prayer Union. Your writing is fairly good.

AVERIL.—The young master who writes about lessons would do well to address his pupil's mother or governess.

MARY D.—A shilling dated 1727 is of the reign of George I., with laureated bust, edge-milled, and worth from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. If an extra fine specimen, it might fetch from 6s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. Were your shilling dated 1723 to 1726, bearing the letters "W. C. C." below the bust, and likewise a perfect specimen, it would be worth from £1 12s. to £2 5s. We do not understand what you mean by enquiring, "What is its origin?" Its "origin" must be traced to the Mint, unless a counterfeit coin, and without seeing it even an expert could not decide that question. The earliest English money, first coined between B.C. 200 and 150, was some of it uninscribed—that is to say, it had a device upon it, but no inscription in letters, and was in gold, silver, copper, and mixed metal.

HEARTSEASE.—Count the number of syllables (on your fingers) in the pairs of respectively corresponding lines; they must be the same, and the emphasis or beat must always fall on the same syllable in these lines. The next consideration is, what new and beautiful thought have you expressed?

GRETCHEN.—The music of our National Anthem appears in the *Harmonia Anglicana* of 1742, but it was sung for the first time on the occasion of George II.'s birthday in 1740, and both words and music are generally now assigned to Henry Cary, who was born in London about the year 1696, and died in 1743. Previously they were supposed to have been composed by Dr. John Bull (died 1622) because of his "God Save Great James our King." You will see by this that we can anti-date the period of its composition and use to the time assigned by the Swiss to its production in their country. They use the music to their national hymn, *Ruffst du mine Vaterland;* and a writer in a Bernese paper has recently stated that he had made the discovery that "it was first printed and sung in Berne in 1811—having been sung here, you will observe, in 1740, and having been published here many years previously! All the same, it may now be found in a small collection of war songs formed on the Kirchenfeld, Berne, for the artillery camp in the summer of 1811.

ENGLISH LASSIE.—Why "should not an English girl marry a Scotchman?" The idea is perfectly new to us, and as perfectly ridiculous. He is not a savage, nor a heathen, nor is he still keeping up the peculiar characteristics of his monkey origin any more than yourself (according to Darwin's unorthodox ideas). The fact of his being Scotch has happily ceased for some centuries to be a bar to marriage, even amongst the borderers south of the Tweed.

THELMA.—No "kind of vinegar is taken to reduce fat" excepting by very ignorant girls, who have not sufficient commonsense to ask for a doctor's advice. You will injure your constitution, thin your blood, produce parasitic vermin inside, and possibly exchange wholesome fat for dropsy. We have warned our girls so often not to drink vinegar that we decline to answer any such silly questions again. Be thankful that you are not a scarecrow. A thin girl is a distressing object, and such a condition is attributable to disease.

A CAÑON.

See "Daisy's Dream; A Story of the Earth and its Sculptors" (p. 226).

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THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

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"HER EYES CLOSED IN SLEEP."

CHAPTER XIV.

SEARCHING FOR THE LOST.

MAUD did not return to her *pension* till the evening. She had thoroughly enjoyed going about Rome with Sydney Althorp. It was so long since she had seen him that his society was very welcome, and she listened eagerly to all he could tell her of her circle of acquaintance at home. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of their meeting, and she came back in excellent spirits. She thought more kindly of Enid as she climbed the long flight of stairs to their dwelling. She hoped her cousin had not been dull; but she had no time to seek her then, for it wanted but ten minutes to the dinner hour.

Maud made her toilette with all haste, but by the time she reached the dining-room most of the company were already seated at the table. She saw to her surprise that Enid's place was empty. She sat down, expecting at every moment that Enid would appear; but she did not come.

"Is your cousin not coming to dinner this evening, Miss Marian?" enquired Signora Grassi.

"I cannot tell," said Maud. "We have not been together this afternoon. I came in late, and did not go to her room. If you will excuse me, I will go there now. I fear she is not well."

"Do not trouble to go—I will send a servant," said Signora Grassi.

She did so, and the servant returned saying that Miss Mildmay was not in her room.

Maud was astonished, but hardly alarmed. It occurred to her that Enid had perhaps gone to Mrs. Dakin's that afternoon, and been persuaded to stay and dine there. Still, it was hardly like Enid to do such a thing without sending word to her cousin. She was generally careful to avoid causing inconvenience or anxiety to others. But Maud reflected, with a twinge of conscience, that of late she had shown so little consideration for Enid that her cousin might well think that she was not likely to be disturbed by her absence for a few hours.

Signora Grassi looked rather uneasy. "Miss Mildmay is perhaps with friends," she suggested. "You know, I suppose, where she was going this afternoon?"

"Indeed, I have not an idea," said Maud. "She had formed no plans when I left her."

"This was Mrs. Dakin's afternoon for being 'At home,'" said Miss Guy. "Your cousin very likely went there, and Mr. Julius Dakin has induced her to remain awhile. She will return presently under his protection."

Maud glanced at the speaker with an air of disdain.

"You may be right as to Miss Mildmay's being at Mrs. Dakin's," she said haughtily. "It seems to me a probable solution of the mystery. I feel no alarm about my cousin. She is perfectly capable of taking care of herself."

"Ah, but there are such dangers in Rome!" said Signora Grassi, with a little nervous shiver. "And Miss Mildmay is so courageous. She seems not to know what fear is. I have always been afraid lest she should venture too much. However, it is all right if she is at Mrs. Dakin's."

This was by no means certain, however. Maud ate her dinner with apparent equanimity; but in truth she was feeling uneasy, and her uneasiness increased as the evening wore on. As soon as dinner was over she hastened to Enid's room, half hoping to find her there. The deserted look of the room was depressing. An examination of Enid's wardrobe showed her that Enid had gone out in the ordinary dress she wore in the studio. She would probably have made some change in her attire had she contemplated a visit to Mrs. Dakin. But if not at Mrs. Dakin's, where was Enid? She had no intimate friends in Rome. She never paid visits except in the company of her cousin. Maud could think of no place where she was likely to be found. With fears that could no longer be suppressed she hurried to consult with Signora Grassi. She met that lady in the corridor, and a glance showed that she shared her anxiety.

"My dear," said the Signora, "I cannot rest for thinking of your cousin. Suppose she should *not* be at Mrs. Dakin's! Do you not think we should send there to enquire?"

"Yes, yes," said Maud breathlessly; "we should have sent there before. There is no time to be lost. I will go myself at once!"

She hastily put on her hat, drew a large fur-lined cloak over her evening dress, and ran down the stairs. At the corner of the street one of the small open carriages so common in Rome was standing. Maud sprang into it, and told the man to drive with all speed to Mr. Dakin's house. The horse was tired, and the man's utmost efforts could not induce it to proceed rapidly. The distance to be traversed was not great, but it seemed to Maud in her impatience as if they would never reach the house.

At last the door was gained, and she learned from the porter to her relief that the Dakins were at home.

As she insisted that she must see Mrs. Dakin at once, the servant ushered her, just as she was, into the drawing-room. A lady and gentleman from Washington had been dining with Mr. and Mrs. Dakin, and two young German tourists were also present.

Miss Amory was seated at the piano, singing, with imperfect mastery of the language, an Italian song when Maud entered; Julius stood at her side. The singer turned as the door opened, and catching sight of Miss Marian's white agitated face, at once ceased singing, whilst Julius hurried forward with an air of alarm.

For a few moments Maud could not speak. She gazed round the room half dazed, and was conscious only that Enid was not there.

"My dear Miss Marian, what is the matter?"

It was Mrs. Dakin's voice that roused her.

"Oh, I hoped I should find Enid here," said Maud, in a tone of deep distress. "Can you give me any news of her? She has not been home since the afternoon, and we cannot tell where she is."

"What! You do not mean that Miss Mildmay is lost, and in Rome of all places!" exclaimed Miss Amory, in her high voice.

This was more than Maud could bear. She sank on a chair, feeling faint and heart-sick, and fearing to lose all control of herself.

Julius Dakin came to her side. It might have been observed that he had grown very pale; but he spoke in a calm decided tone.

"Do not distress yourself, Miss Marian; there may be no real cause for alarm. Just tell me what you know of your cousin's movements, and I will see what can be done."

His cool quiet manner restored Maud's courage.

"The worst of it is that I know nothing," she said. "A friend from London, a gentleman who is in my father's business, called to see me this morning; he persuaded me to go out with him to show him Rome. I left Enid busy with her painting. I did not get home till close upon dinner-time, and not till I reached the table did I learn that Enid had not come in, and no one knew where she was. I at once imagined that she must be here."

"She has not been to see me," said Mrs. Dakin. "But have you no idea of what she intended to do?"

"Not the least," said Maud. "I do not think she had formed any plans for to-day."

"You have enquired at the studio, of course?" said Julius.

"No, I have not—I never thought of doing so," said Maud.

"Why, my dear, I should have enquired there the first thing," said Mrs. Dakin. "Something may have occurred to detain her there. She may even have met with an accident."

"In that case some one surely would have let me know," replied Maud.

"One would think so," said Julius. "But there is Miss Strutt—she may be able to tell you something about your cousin."

"To be sure. How foolish of me not to have thought of her before!" said Maud rising, "I will go to her at once."

"I will come with you," said Julius.

And they started without delay.

In a few minutes they were at the house in the Via Sistina. The door was

closed, and Julius had some difficulty in arresting the attention of the porter, who evidently did not expect visitors so late in the evening. He came grumbling to the door; but his manner changed when he saw the gentleman and lady. He could give no information concerning Enid; but his wife, who came out at the sound of voices, said that the young lady had brought her the key of the studio at about half-past three, and had gone away. She had not noticed in what direction she turned.

"Then we shall not find her here," said Maud in a disappointed tone to Julius as they went up the stairs.

"Don't give up hope," he said. "We may gain some clue to her whereabouts." But his own heart was heavy with dread. They opened the door of the studio and went in. All was in perfect order—Enid had put things carefully away ere she left the studio. The pictures and delicate fabrics were covered in prepartion for the morning's sweeping. It suddenly struck Maud how much she owed to Enid's thoughtfulness; how many little services Enid constantly rendered her which she took almost as a matter of course! But now, as she looked about her, and saw everywhere the trace of Enid's careful hands, the sight struck such pain to her heart as we feel when we look on the last work wrought for us by some loving one whom death has removed from our side.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, overcome by the anguish of the thought, "how good Enid has always been to me! And I—I have been a perfect wretch to her! How can I bear it if any harm has come to her!"

"Don't—don't give way," said Julius, but his own voice was hoarse. "Let us go to Miss Strutt—she may be able to tell us something."

So they went down the cold dark staircase and found their way, by the light of the wax taper Julius carried, to Miss Strutt's door. The house seemed empty and deserted, for few of the artists who worked there by day remained at their studios after daylight had gone. In the midst of her distress Maud wondered how Miss Strutt could bear to live there all alone.

Although it was barely nine o'clock, Miss Strutt was already preparing for rest. At any other time Maud would have been intensely amused at the droll figure she presented as she looked out of the door, attired in an old tartan dressing-gown, with her head tied up in a flowered silk handkerchief. She betrayed some discomposure at finding herself confronted by a gentleman when thus *déshabillé;* but no sooner did she hear the news he brought than she forgot herself entirely in concern for Enid.

"I know nothing of her—I have not seen her all day!" she exclaimed. "Oh, dear, dear me! our little Enid lost! What a lamentable thing! Wait a minute whilst I dress myself, and I will come with you to seek her."

"Can you make any suggestion as to where we should seek her?" asked Julius, not thinking that Miss Strutt's presence was likely to be of much assistance.

"How can I? She said nothing to me of any intention, unless—— She may possibly have gone to the Villa Mattei. It is open on Thursdays, and I know she meant to go there some day."

"That is an idea," said Julius. "We will make enquiries in that direction."

"Let us go there at once," said Maud, turning to accompany him.

But he gently checked her.

"Not you," he said. "I am going to ask Miss Strutt to take care of you."

"Indeed, I do not need to be taken care of," said Maud indignantly. "I am going to look for Enid; I will not rest till I find her!"

"It is impossible that you should wander abroad this cold night," he replied firmly. Then he added in a gentler, somewhat tremulous tone, "Do you not see that the search may last all night? You will be brave and strong, I hope. You will return to the *pension* with Miss Strutt, if she will accompany you, and await what tidings we may bring. Who knows? Your cousin may return there very soon. Whenever she comes she will want you."

Maud was obliged to yield to him, though she yielded reluctantly. It seemed to Miss Strutt as she observed him that the young man's character had undergone a transformation. She could see that he was intensely anxious about Enid—that the thought of her peril gave him the utmost pain, and she was not surprised. But the self-control, firmness, and decision he displayed did surprise her. She had not given him credit for such qualities. She had imagined him to be simply a frivolous, pleasure-loving, rather conceited young man. She now saw that there was more in him than she had supposed.

"Enquire of the guards at the Forum and the Coliseum," she said to him ere he left. "Enid goes so often to those places that they must know her well."

Julius, impatient of every moment of inaction, departed in haste. If he had been ignorant before of the nature of the feeling which drew him to Enid Mildmay, this night was destined to reveal it to him. His mind was in an agony as he drove towards the Coliseum. He knew too well the hidden dangers of Rome into which a young and inexperienced girl might fall. All kinds of terrible possibilities suggested themselves to his imagination, and he blamed himself for never having given Enid the least warning that it was possible to be too adventurous in exploring Rome. Yet in truth the idea of peril in connection with Enid's wanderings had never before suggested itself to him. Enid's courage and simplicity had seemed a sufficient safeguard for her. And what right had he to interfere with her movements? But he vowed within himself that if he found her safe and well he would not rest till he had won the right to watch over her in future. It should not be his fault if she strayed into danger again.

The moon was slowly rising behind the Coliseum, and beginning to illumine with its rays the grand old walls. Already there were carriages standing at the entrance, and the sound of voices and laughter from within announced that a party of American tourists were "doing" the Coliseum by moonlight. Julius alighted and made enquiries at the entrance, but could learn nothing of Enid there. He passed on towards the Cœlian on foot, making enquiry of everyone he met of whom it appeared in the least probable that he might obtain tidings of Enid. By doing so he attracted considerable attention. The news that a young English lady was lost passed rapidly from one to another. Curiosity or the hope of gain drew people after him. To his annoyance he found himself attended by a crowd of persons, who harassed him with questions and suggestions that were mostly wide of the mark.

Crossing the open ground at the right of the Coliseum, Julius paused at the end of one of the paths and looked about him in perplexity. Which way should he take? A little below to the right was the church of S. Gregorio. To the left the steep arched lane ascended to the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo. Was it likely she had entered either of these churches? Should he visit them, or hurry on without delay to the Villa Mattei, and ask if she had been there that afternoon?

As he hesitated, someone pulled his sleeve. He looked round, and saw a small girl by his side. Her face was half hidden by the black hair which hung over it, but her large dark eyes gleamed in the moonlight.

"The signor seeks a Signorina Inglese?"

"Yes, yes," said Julius eagerly.

"*Una piccola, brunetta, con aria forte?*" ("A little one, of brown complexion and healthy appearance?")

"Yes, yes."

"The signorina is an artist; she has a studio in the Via Sistina?"

"Yes, it is she!" exclaimed Julius, unable to restrain his impatience. "Tell me at once what you know about her."

"The signorina passed up here this afternoon," replied the girl, pointing up the lane. "She spoke to me, and gave me a soldo, and said that if I would come to her studio to-morrow she would perhaps employ me as a model."

"Yes, yes; and where did she go? Did you watch her?"

"She went into the church," said the girl.

"And afterwards—did you see her come out?"

"No, no; I did not see her again, though I waited long outside the church, for I had forgotten the number of her studio, and I wanted to ask her."

Julius stayed to hear no more. With rapid steps he ascended the steep road. The church was closed at this hour. With a vigorous hand Julius pulled the bell at the door of the adjoining monastery. His loud summons brought the porter in haste to the door. He was about to demur to admitting a visitor so late in the evening; but ere he could get the words out Julius had pushed him aside and entered.

"I must speak with one of the reverend brethren at once," he said. "Here—take my card, and say that my business brooks of no delay."

The man, overawed by his imperious manner, obeyed instantly. And the effect of his message or his name—for the banker was a person of importance in Roman society, although not of the Romish church—was such that in a few moments a monk appeared. It was one of those who had been in the church and had spoken with Enid that afternoon.

"Yes, yes," he said, as Julius hastily explained what brought him. "I remember the young lady you describe. She was in the church this afternoon."

"And when did she leave it?"

"That I cannot say," he replied. "The last I saw of her was when she descended to the subterranean house in the company of Brother Thommaso. I know that she did so, for I lighted her candle and saw her down the stairs."

"Where is Brother Thommaso?" demanded Julius Dakin.

"I do not know; I will seek him instantly," said the monk, impressed by Mr. Dakin's manner, and catching the contagion of his excitement.

He disappeared, and in a few minutes returned accompanied by a monk much older than himself, who walked with a feeble step.

And now a strange thing happened. Neither Julius nor the younger monk could succeed in recalling Enid to the old man's recollection. He persisted in saying that no such young lady had formed one of the party he had conducted through the ancient house. He grew angry with his young brother when he maintained that he was mistaken, since he himself had seen the young English lady follow the others.

"If you saw her descend, perhaps you also saw her come out," he said, "for I did not. There were but two ladies in the party, and they were German, and good Catholics, for I saw them take the holy water ere they quitted the church and they gave me a franc for our offertory."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Julius, violently agitated, "that she has been left behind in those dismal vaults? She may have fallen, or have fainted. There is no knowing what horrible thing may have happened to her there."

"It is impossible!" exclaimed the younger monk. "But calm yourself, signor. We will descend at once and ascertain if she is there."

It was with difficulty Julius could control his agitation. The younger monk lighted a lantern, found the keys, and led the way into the church. He entered the little chapel, descended the steps, and unlocked the strong iron door. Julius, who followed closely, shook with a nervous tremor as the door was opened. He advanced with a sensation of dread; but the next moment a cry of joy escaped him. The light held by the monk fell upon the form of Enid seated on a stone step, her head drooping against an angle of the wall, and her eyes closed in sleep. At the sound of Julius' cry she moved and opened her eyes: they met his with a dazed, startled look; then she smiled, and said in a simple, child-like way—

"Ah, you have come!—I knew you would come!"

"Enid, dearest Enid," he said with passionate earnestness, "you can never know how thankful I am to find you safe at last. To think of your being shut up in this horrid place!"

"Hush!" she said faintly, as he helped her to rise; "do not say anything about it now."

She was weak and stiff. He put his arms about her and helped her to ascend the stairs. The monk hastened to fetch wine; she drank some and her strength revived.

"Are you well enough to drive home now?" Julius asked presently. "Your cousin is in great anxiety about you."

"Then let us start at once," said Enid. "Indeed I am strong."

But she was still unable to talk over what had happened, and the drive passed almost in silence.

Maud would never forget the relief she experienced when, just as she was ready to give up all hope, and abandon herself to the most gloomy forebodings, Julius appeared accompanied by Enid. All the coldness and constraint that had arisen between the two melted away in the joy of this reunion. If Enid had ever doubted whether her cousin had any real affection for her she was assured of it now. Maud could not do enough for her. She overwhelmed Enid with loving attentions.

"Now I have you safe and sound again, I mean to take better care of you," she said. "You will not be allowed to go wandering off alone any more, I can tell you."

She insisted on having her bed placed in Enid's room, that she might be with her during the night. "For if you wake and find yourself alone, Enid," she said, "you will be fancying yourself back in that dreadful place."

Enid was very tired, and glad to lie down, but it was long ere sleep came to her. The day's adventure had wrought in her an excitement of mind which would not yield to repose. Nor was Maud's state of mind more tranquil.

When they had been lying down for more than an hour she heard Enid moving restlessly on her bed, and spoke to her.

"You cannot sleep, Enid?"

"No," said Enid wearily; "I do not feel in the least like sleeping."

"Nor I," said Maud. "I keep thinking it all over, and imagining all kinds of things that *might* have happened."

"That is not a profitable occupation," said Enid. "It is not like you to indulge your imagination in that way."

"No, it is not," said Maud. "But, Enid, you cannot think how miserable I felt when you were lost. I kept thinking how horrid I had been to you during this past week. I should never have forgiven myself if any harm had come to you. And now, will you forgive me?"

"Of course, if there is anything to forgive," said Enid. "But you misunderstood me—that was all."

"I don't know about that," said Maud. "You must not try to find excuses for me; I know I behaved very badly. But Enid, do tell me how you managed to endure being shut up in that dark underground place. If it had happened to me I should have gone mad."

"I felt like that at first," said Enid tremulously. "The first half hour was dreadful. I thought there would be rats and mice, and all sorts of horrible things in the darkness; and it seemed as if I could not bear it. I grew cold and sick, and shook from head to foot with fear. But then I thought of the martyrs who had suffered in that place so many years ago. I remembered how they must have lived in constant dread for long ere they were put to death. I thought how many in those days, women and young girls even, had found strength to endure the utmost tortures rather than deny their faith, and my own suffering seemed slight in comparison. Sooner or later I felt sure that I should be set free. I had only to spend a few hours in cold and darkness, that was all."

"All!" echoed Maud. "I should think it was enough. Oh, you dear, brave, heroic Enid!"

"Indeed, I felt anything but heroic," replied her cousin. "God must have sent the thoughts that gave me comfort. I thought of home and of mother. I remembered that in a little time they would be gathered for family prayers, and I knew they would pray for me. Then I prayed, and I felt that my prayer was heard. The love of God, in which I have always believed in a way, became to me then such a blessed reality. I felt that God was near, and would watch over me. My mind grew more and more peaceful, till at last, in spite of every discomfort, I fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept, but when I opened my eyes Julius Dakin stood beside me, and my trouble was over."

"Julius was very good and kind," said Maud. "He was ready to do anything. If you had been his sister he could not have shown more anxiety about you."

To this Enid made no reply. They ceased talking, and presently Maud fell asleep. But the allusion to Julius Dakin had started Enid on a fresh train of thought, and one not calculated to lessen her excitement of mind.

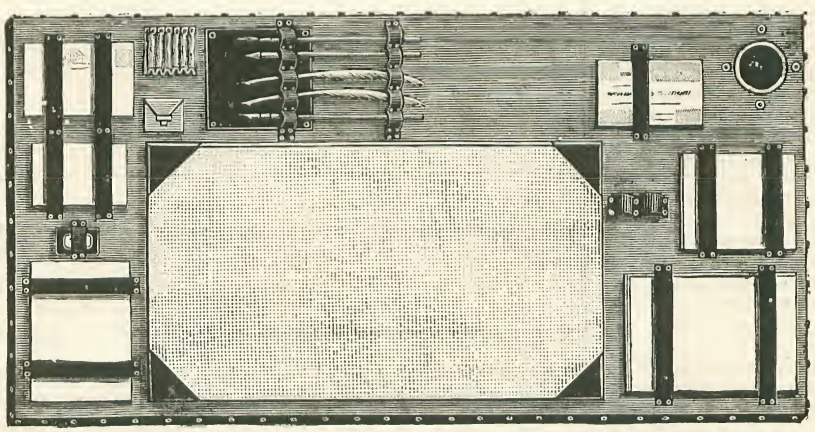
(*To be continued.*)

ANOTHER KNEE WRITING-BOARD, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

What would our grandmothers have said if they had seen one of our present-day girls toasting her toes on the fender, and at the same time making use of one of these new and very useful inventions? She would probably have given vent to a diatribe against round shoulders and stooping; and having fully enlarged on the subject, would have ended up with a remark about there being a proper time for all things, meaning thereby a proper time for warming one's toes, and ditto for letter writing.

But we live in a busier age than our forefathers, and at a higher rate of speed; and any invention that serves to economise time is always acceptable to some people. And that is just what this simple arrangement does do—it provides a means of employing time which would otherwise be idle. During a severe winter it is absolutely necessary at times to sit in front of the fire and get warm; and many people have, since the knee writing-board came into fashion, employed this period in clearing off their correspondence, and, as it were, killed two birds with one stone. But it is not only in winter that they are useful; they are equally so in the summer, when sitting out in the shade of the garden, and when otherwise you would be some distance from pens, ink, and paper. Because they are so useful they have taken a firm hold on the public fancy; and if nicely made and of convenient size, always prove ready and remunerative sales at bazaars. And therefore, girls, if you have already provided yourself with one, there is no need for you to stop making them, for by their means you may benefit many a deserving object. It is to show you the best way to construct one that this paper is written, for with the exception of the board itself all the rest you can manage.



Of course they are made in many sizes; but for steadiness, support to the arm, and capability of holding all you may require, I think the size I give the most convenient. Get from the carpenter a piece of well-seasoned pine, thirty inches long by fifteen inches broad, and half an inch in thickness; and if it has pieces rabbited on at each end (but not to make the total length exceed thirty inches), it will be all the more secure from warping. Have a round hole two and one-eighth inches in diameter cut in one corner, one inch from the top side and end. The board should be planed up smooth on both sides. And now the remainder of the work you can do yourselves. To cover it, buy a yard of cheap cloth; what I use is maroon-coloured, forty inches wide, and costs one shilling and twopence three farthings. Then with small tacks fasten one edge of the cloth along the top edge of the board, leaving just half an inch extending beyond the right-hand end; bring the cloth down in front under the bottom edge, and up the back, fastening it temporarily with tacks not driven home. The front of the board will be that side which has the round hole in the top right-hand corner. You will find you have some cloth more than you require; leave it for the moment—do not cut it off yet. Next fasten one end of the front covering to the right-hand end of the board firmly with tacks. You will, if you have gone by my measurements, have about five and a-half inches extending beyond the left-hand end. Cut this off except half an inch. Fasten down the front side covering firmly with tacks on the left-hand edge, stretching it (but not too tightly), and working out all wrinkles. You may now treat the bottom edge in the same manner, but use brass-headed nails in the place of tacks. The ones I use cost me threepence halfpenny per hundred, and have short shanks. Most fancy brass nails have five-eighths of an inch shanks; but these would be too long for the use they will afterwards have to serve, and would go right through your half-inch board. You can now cut off the remainder of your cloth from the top edge, leaving half an inch as before. Double this in, stretch it, working out all wrinkles, and fasten off with brass nails. But do not drive the nails right home. Treat both ends the same way, and be very careful about making neat corners. When you have got both sides of your board entirely free from wrinkles—and this may perhaps require a little patience and humouring here and there—then drive home your nails firmly, taking care that they are all in an even line, and at equal distances from each other. This may sound a trifle, but on it, and in the other cases where the brass nails are used, depends whether your board has a workmanlike or untidy appearance.

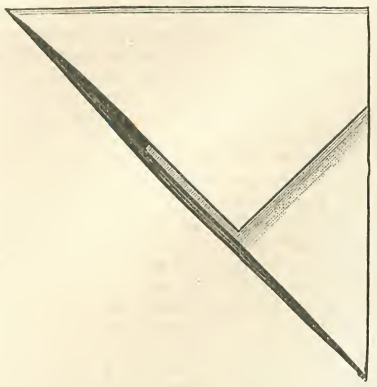
The next thing you will require will be some sheets of white blotting paper to form the writing-pad—say six; see that these are folded correctly and evenly. Then from a leather merchant or bookbinder get a piece or scraps of morocco leather—or pigskin, which wears far better—and any colour that suits your fancy. I use dark blue. Cut out four pieces two and three-quarter inches long by one and three-quarter inches broad. Fold the top right-hand corner over until the right-hand end is in a line with the bottom side. Treat the left-hand top corner in the same way, when you will find you have a right-angled triangular bag, the apex of which is neatly finished off. Stick down the overlapping parts with paste, or "fish glue," which dries quickly. These four leather corners serve to hold your blotting-pad in position; and what that position is to be you must now determine. I fix mine thus: The left-hand edge of the pad five inches from the left-hand side of the board—the blotting-paper being seventeen and a half inches long—brings the right-hand edge seven and a half inches from the right-hand side of the board. You will of course observe it is not in the centre, and for this reason—you obtain more support for your writing hand and arm. When you have settled the position, fix your leather corners (taking care their sides are exactly parallel with the sides of the board) with small tacks. Three tacks each will be sufficient. The first two at each extremity of the mouth of the corner you will have no difficulty in driving home; the third, which must be as near the apex as you can get it, you will have more difficulty with. Press it from the inside through the leather into the board with your fingers as far as you can, and then lay a screwdriver on the head and strike the part of the steel outside the bag; you will be able to drive it home this way. Of course in fixing the corners you will have the folded side next the board out of sight. When all are fixed, try them with the blotting paper; and if they are all right, take the blotting-paper away, otherwise it would get soiled during the further operations.

The next thing you will require will be two yards of broad flat elastic. Mine is maroon-coloured, and cost me fivepence per yard. In the space between the left-hand edge of the blotter and of the board you will have room for a stock of note-paper, note-envelopes, and post cards, together with a piece of india-rubber. A glance at my sketch will show you how I arrange them; and I fancy you will find this the handiest way and most economical of space.

Now then, from the leather you have over, cut out a perfectly rectangular piece of sufficient width to nearly fill the space between the top of the pad and the edge of the board. You will see what I mean by a glance at the sketch; and with your elastic form a series of little arches, through which to thrust your pens, pencil, etc. I find I have room enough for five. Mind and make them small enough to hold the articles firmly. Repeat the process a little more to the right, and let the arches be exactly opposite each other, or your pens will not be parallel, and your board will look slovenly. The leather, as you will see, comes some little way under the first series of arches, and prevents the pens catching hairs in the splits when they are pushed through. One lady I knew, when she commenced using one of these boards without the leather, abused the ink roundly as being full of dirt and hairs, and poured it all away, only to find the new supply she purchased just as bad. That would doubtless have gone too had I not discovered the real offender in time. I would also suggest your nailing a little piece of leather below the loop to contain the indiarubber, otherwise in replacing it after use you will find the cloth covering rumple up in folds, and it will soon be torn; and it also gives a better finished appearance. There is one thing I see I have forgotten to mention in regard to the arches, and that is, use tacks in nailing down the elastic between them. There is not room for brass-headed nails, which you will employ at the corners of the leather and the ends of the elastic.

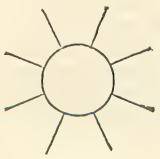
Between the space devoted to the pens and

the half-penny cards I place a penwiper made of washleather, pleated, nailing down the top edge of the pleats with tacks. When this gets too dirty, I can easily extract the tacks



and renew the leather. Below this I fix with small nails a small leather stamp case made in the form of an envelope. This I picked up in the Soho Bazaar; but any other convenient form and size would do equally well. The sketch will show you where I place my letter paper and envelopes, and by the side of the latter I have two arches for knife and scissors. Above this is another loop of elastic for letters and papers requiring answers, or any odds and ends you may wish to have at hand. You will observe there is an empty space between this and the ends of the pens. I have left this on purpose so that each person may fill it up according to their own taste. Some may like to have a match-box and sealing wax, others, another loop for odds and ends, and others again a quill-pen maker. In putting on the elastic in the various places, always turn in a bit at the ends; this prevents its fraying, and looks neat; and be very careful when you have two loops to have them parallel, and both parallel with the edge of the board; nothing looks worse than to have one askew—it spoils the whole appearance.

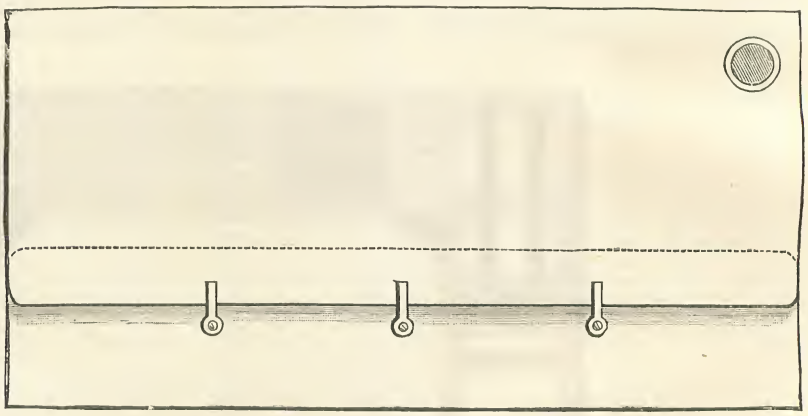
Now we come to the inkstand. You will remember that you have got a two and one-eighth of an inch hole cut in your board, but it has been covered up and out of sight since you fastened on the cloth. Ascertain its exact position by feeling, and then drive in four of the brass nails as in the sketch—these will keep the cloth in position. Now cut a round hole in the cloth in the centre of the hole in the board, and from it make some cuts but not too long; you can lengthen them afterwards if required, but you cannot shorten them. In



any case they should not reach further than the edge of the circular hole in the board. For the inkstand get one of the round spring ones with two lids, both of which shut with a snap. It must be just two inches in diameter. They are very inexpensive, and can be bought for fourpence halfpenny; but I do not recommend these. Mine cost ninepence at the Stores, and it has never played me any tricks, though it has travelled to the heart of the Bernese Oberland with me. It is of white metal, and partly covered with leather. Now, when you double down the segments of cloth formed by the cuts this should fit pretty firmly, but not *too* tightly, in the hole; if it be too loose you can easily remedy this by glueing a piece of thick flannel or felt round the side of the hole, and then doubling the segment down over it.

If you hold your board up when the inkstand is in the hole, you will find that the cloth on the under side sags down there. Leave the inkstand in a little while, and place the corners of the board on books so as to allow the cloth to sag. Then take your inkstand out, turn the board over, and drive a few small tacks round the hole, keeping the fullness beneath the hole, and the rest of the covering stretched taut. By this means, when you are writing with your board on your knee your inkstand will sink down, and it will be impossible by any sudden movement to jerk it out of the board and upset it; and yet, when you lay your board on the table after use, the inkpot will rise up and the board remain level. And it is for this reason that you should use tacks which have flat heads, and which consequently will lie flush with the board, instead of brass-headed nails, which stand up and prevent the board lying perfectly flat. Your board is now finished, and you can put in the blotting-paper, pens, pencil, writing paper, envelopes, cards, etc., and sit down and try it, or pack it off to the friend or bazaar it is intended for.

Should you, however, wish to still further increase its completeness, you can buy some American cloth or morocco leather, and make a kind of cover for it, which will keep the dust from it and the papers it holds when not in use. To do this you must cut out two pieces the full length of the board, and of such breadth as that they shall overlap as in the sketch—where the top edge of the under piece is indicated by a dotted line—leaving half an inch to turn in at the top and bottom edge, where it is fastened to the edge of the board with brass nails. Of course in this case no brass nails are used on these two edges to fasten the cloth covering, only tacks. The other edges of the leather or American cloth should be bound with braid or galoon. In order that the covering may lie flat it will be necessary to cut a hole so that the inkpot may stick through; and to ascertain the exact position of this hole, remove the inkpot and press the leather down on to the hole, when, if sufficient weight be used, the edge will leave a mark on the covering, which will be a guide for you to cut by. It will only then remain for you to sew on tags to the upper piece, and corresponding buttons on the lower, and you will have finished. When in use the covering can be turned back, and that nearest to you tucked underneath, when they will not interfere in the least with your writing. Some people consider a sheet of blotting-paper makes too big a pad; but as far as I myself am concerned I don't think so. I hate a little piece—you have to be particular or half your sheet of note-paper is not on it at all. However, if any of my readers are not of my opinion, and would prefer a smaller board, they can make one by reducing the length of it by eight and three-quarter inches—half the length of the blotting paper—which you can



double in halves. The following is a list of the various sums I expended on mine, as a guide to future makers :—

	s.	d.
Pine board 30 inches by 15 inches	2	6
1 yard of maroon cloth	1	$2\frac{3}{4}$
100 brass-headed nails	0	$3\frac{1}{2}$
2 yards of broad flat elastic at 5d.	0	10
1 piece of indiarubber	0	1
Inkstand	0	9
Stamp case	0	6
Scraps of pig-skin leather . . .	0	6
Blotting-paper	0	6
	7	$2\frac{1}{4}$

The other things, such as pens, pencil, tacks, washleather, knife, scissors, etc., I had ready, but they would not have come to much. And now, in conclusion, let me once more urge you to be as neat as possible in your work, be exact in your measurements, and careful in the position of your elastic, nails, etc. If you are, your board, when finished, will present a pleasing and workmanlike aspect; if you are not, it will look amateurish and slovenly.

A CHAMELEON.

By ALICE MACDONALD, Author of "Malvolia," etc.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY in June, Wendell received a kind hasty note from Mrs. Field, inviting him to come to "Fairfield" the moment he reached England, and stay as long as he liked. The backward writing, with the thick capitals, seemed vaguely familiar to him; it had evidently been Camilla's model. He was a little averse to paying a visit where his host and hostess were equally unknown to him; but the thought of seeing Camilla again outweighed all other considerations. The grey-haired soldier made a calendar of the days that divided him from her, crossing one off each night with a triumphant pencil, as he had done when he was a schoolboy.

When he reached England, a month later, he went direct to "Fairfield." He found a tall footman in a very bright green and yellow livery waiting his arrival, and was led to a large and showy carriage. "Fairfield" was about three miles from the station—a large edifice of white stucco, much castellated and battlemented, with towers in unexpected places. It was surrounded by green lawns made gay with scarlet, blue, and yellow flowers in geometrical patterns, and looked painfully new and glaring under the afternoon sun.

Wendell was dimly conscious of seeing more green and yellow footmen, and passing through a large hall, where there were palm trees and many suits of armour; then he heard his name announced, and was shown into a room where a lady was standing.

He was puzzled for a minute. He had never seen Camilla dressed like a fashion-plate, and with a bush of curled hair on her forehead; but she came forward—and this unfamiliar figure was Camilla!

"Oh, here you are at last!" she said in a high-pitched voice. "You are most awfully late. I began to think you weren't coming to-day."

He stooped and kissed her, looking eagerly at the face he had not seen for so long. She drew herself away with a little nervous giggle, and shook out the folds of a handkerchief heavily scented with opoponax, a perfume that he particularly disliked.

"Haven't you a word of welcome for me, Camilla?" he said. "You don't know how I have been counting the days till we should meet again."

"Oh, yes; I'm awfully glad to see you, of course," she answered, with the same shrill giggle; "but it's so queer, somehow, your being back again. You can't expect me to get used to it all in a minute."

He took both her hands and looked earnestly into her eyes, trying to understand the indefinable unmistakable change he saw in her.

Camilla wore a very tight tailor-made gown of large grey and red checks, resembling a horse blanket in texture and pattern; her soft white throat was hidden by a high collar and a man's tie, in which the celebrated "hansom cab brooch" shone brightly. At her slender waist clanked a formidable châtelaine, furnished with a large knife, a flask, and several other implements highly useful in camp life, but not generally required in an English drawing-room. Her pretty hair was much frizzed over her brow, and built into a species of tower at the back of her head; a tortoise-shell dagger thrust through it at a startling angle seemed to be the only restraint that kept the untidy tangle from falling.

Wendell noticed on her wrists the gold horse-shoe bracelets she had once thought so hideous. He realised the change in her appearance at a glance; but her altered expression puzzled him, and even her voice was changed in tone and cadence.

"Well," she said at last, tossing up her chin, "I hope you'll know me when you see me again?"

"I am not sure. Do you know how much you have changed, child?"

"Oh, well, perhaps I have. Charlie says I have improved most awfully since I came here."

"Who is Charlie?"

"My sister, of course. Charlotte is such a mouthful of a name—life is too short to say it in often."

"Your own name is longer, Camilla."

"Oh, gracious, yes! But nobody ever calls me that now—I'm always 'Cammy.' Don't you think it's ever so much nicer?"

"No, not at all. I shall always call you Camilla."

"Oh, just as you like, of course, but it sounds awfully stilted, somehow. Did you have a good journey?"

She sat down, with her elbows much turned out and her feet far in front of her, a position that emphasised the unnatural smallness of her waist, and was exceedingly ungraceful. Wendell answered her questions, hardly believing that she was the same girl who had cried so bitterly in his arms when she bade good-bye to him less than a year ago. She seemed to be thinking more of her fantastic shoes with high red heels than of her lover—the lover from over the seas.

Was this the meeting he had looked forward to with such heartfelt longing during twelve dragging months?

The door-handle rattled ostentatiously—someone coughed. "May I come in?" said a loud high voice. "I feel horribly in the way, but still I must venture. I want you to come and have some tea, Major Wendell. Or perhaps you prefer bitters after your journey, or Curaçoa? I'm very glad to see you, and I hope we shall manage to hit it off nicely. I should like to be chummy with Cammy's 'young man.' Come along now. Of course you've got heaps to say to each other, but you must have a 'pick-me-up' first."

Mrs. Field was a tall dark woman, with a plain face and what milliners call "a fine figure;" her waist was painfully small and her shoulders very large. Her dress was in the style of Camilla's, but more aggressive. She walked with the certain step of man, and there was not one inch of her hair that was not frizzed and puffed and curled. She linked arms with Camilla, and Wendell groaned as he followed them. The riddle was solved—Mrs. Field was the original, and Camilla the faithful copy, of all that he most disliked in woman!

CHAPTER VI.

DURING the days that followed he tried to dismiss this idea from his mind, but it returned persistently. Mrs. Field's kindness made him feel a traitor for disliking her, but the very sound of her voice jarred on his nerves. Camilla seemed to have transferred to her half-sister the allegiance and admiration she had once lavished on Mrs. Huntly, and Wendell found the phrases, "Charlie says," "Charlie thinks," "Charlie does," formed a complete "No thoroughfare," blocking up access to Camilla's mind and heart. He had hoped that music would prove a link between the loved past and the unlovely present; but here he was grievously disappointed. Camilla had, to adopt her own phraseology, "found the piano awfully slow, and dropped it." There was much more go in the banjo—all the best people played the good old Jo Ban. And as for the old songs, they weren't in it a bit, and she had lots of new songs Frank would like much better. "Wasn't this one jolly?"

She produced a silver-mounted banjo, with streamers of many-coloured ribbon, and thrummed it vigorously, while she sang in staccato tones of "Johnny Jones and his sister Sue, and the little peach of emerald hue." Wendell did not ask for an encore, but she sang unasked a sham sentimental song with a rattling refrain—

"I wish he were jolly well drowned at sea;
I wish he would never come back to me."

For nearly a year Wendell had intended to ask her to sing, "Will you no' come back again," on their first evening together; but that night he felt it would have been profanation.

George Field was a middle-aged man—sensible, kind, and quietly vulgar. He admired his wife exceedingly, and deferred to her in all things, save that he called her "Lottie," a name she despised, and at times "Mrs. Lottie," which she disliked even more. He was evidently fond of Camilla, and thought her immensely improved by his wife's companionship.

One of the first things that Camilla told Wendell was that she had learnt how to ride. It was an accomplishment that he had often wished her to possess, and he looked forward with pleasure to their first ride together. His pleasure was dispelled as soon as she came downstairs booted and spurred. Her riding-habit was bright bottle green with gilt buttons, a checked waistcoat, and a large white satin tie. A pink rose was pinned at her throat, white gauntlet gloves and a green felt hat adorned with white wings completed a toilet whose hopeless vulgarity made him shudder.

"There!" said Mrs. Field, "doesn't Cammy look awfully neat in that get-up? I think it's most fetching, and it's all my idea. The man who built it talked nonsense about dark blue and a plainer make suiting the young lady better; but I wasn't going to have Cammy looking a dowdy to please him."

Camilla's pretty face, flushed and smiling under her theatrical hat, grew grave as she looked at Wendell, and realised that he expressed neither approval nor admiration. She was very silent all that afternoon.

"I am writing to Mrs. Huntly. What message shall I send her from you?" he asked next day.

"Oh, send my love and all that sort of thing to Aunt Con," said Camilla briskly.

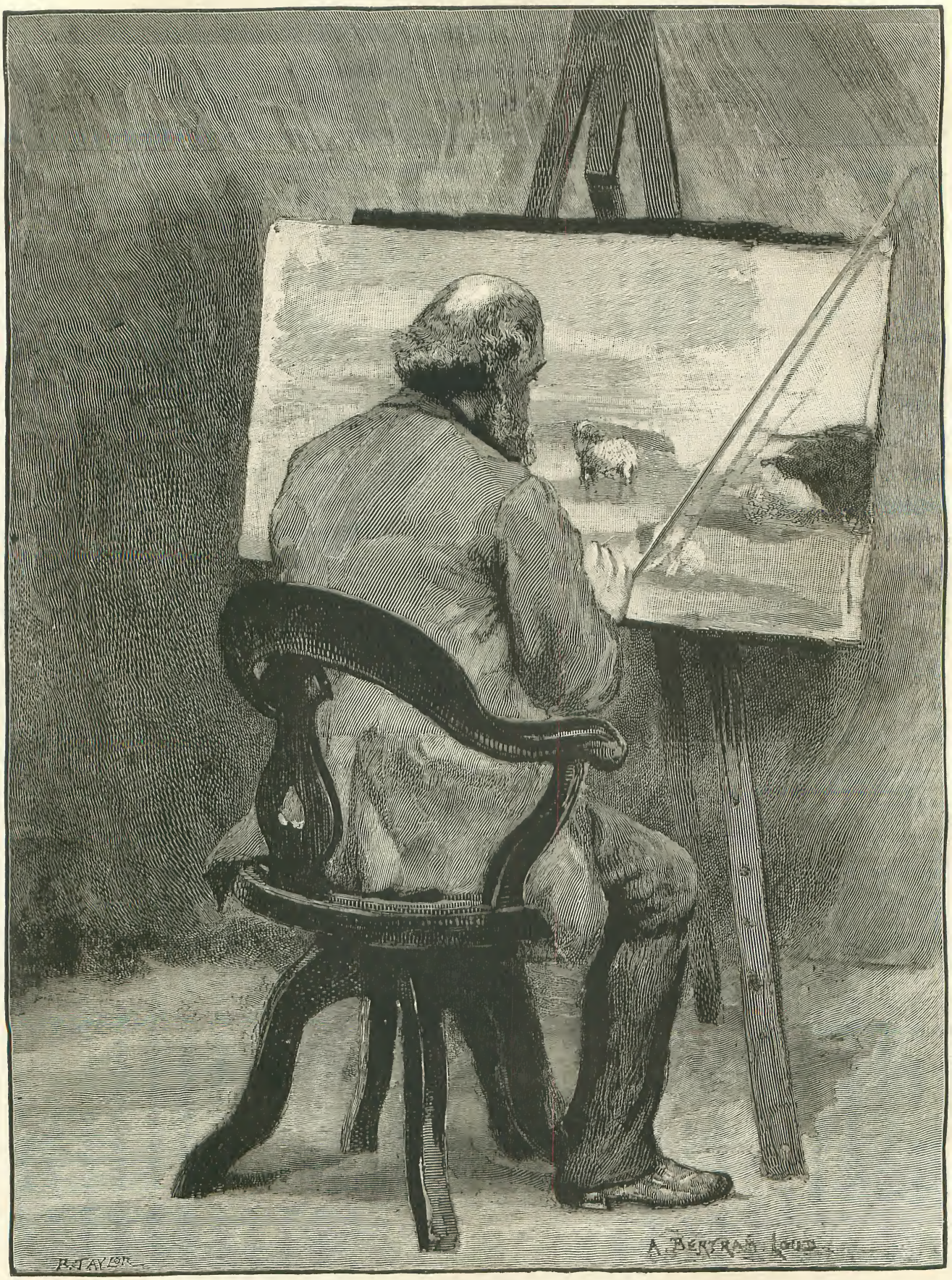
"When do you mean to go back to her?"

"Oh, I don't know; one might describe the house as being a trifle slow, don't you think?"

"You were very happy there last year."

"Oh, well—yes; but I'm not a child any longer, and I want a little more society and 'go.'"

"Camilla," said her lover, taking both her



IN THE STUDIO.

hands, "you are not speaking like your real self; your laughter does not ring true. Look at me. Do you mean to tell me that you no longer love Mrs. Huntly, who was all the world to you a few months ago?"

"Oh, of course I'm awfully fond of Aunt Con," she said fidgeting. "And it was very good of her to bring me up after mother died; but Charlie would have done it just as much if she had had the chance, and taken me about a good bit more too. I don't think it was quite a straight thing of Aunt Con to separate two sisters in the way she did."

"She feared what I see has happened," said Wendell, dropping her hands. "She knew that your sister's influence on you is too strong. You imitate her slavishly, and are not in the least yourself when you are with her."

"You'd better not run down Charlie to me," said Camilla angrily.

"I am not doing so. She is a good kind-hearted woman, with certain mannerisms and peculiarities which are natural to her; but when you try to copy them you become unnatural and unpleasing."

His voice was sterner than he knew. Camilla looked at him and burst into tears.

"I know you don't care for me any longer," she said. "I felt that you didn't as soon as you came back. I wish you would go away and never see me again, instead of always finding fault."

She spoke in a low gentle voice, not the new shrill tones, and Wendell was touched.

"My darling," he said, putting his arm round her, "don't cry—you mustn't cry. Listen to me. I am not finding fault. I only want you to be your own dear self again—the girl I left behind me, not a would-be fast and affected woman. You must know that you no longer either look or speak as you used to do."

"Charlie said I was dressed like something out of the last century, and she wanted me to look up to date," said Camilla between her sobs. "And she said I spoke so low that she could not hear a word I said—and I did want to please Charlie."

"I know—I understand," said Wendell, as soothingly as he would have spoken to an unhappy child; "but I want you to think of *me* now, and to try and please me."

"Tell me what you want me to be," said Camilla.

There was a loud laugh, and Camilla moved quickly away as Mrs. *Field came in.*

"How awfully touching," she said. "I'm a horrid spoilsport, I know; but even you two can't live on air, and the gong for lunch went ten minutes ago."

Wendell bit his lip to keep back an angry word. Camilla giggled shrilly.

(To be concluded.)

WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN PICTURES.

By T. C. HORSFALL.

CHAPTER II.

THE heart has the same power of influencing the appearance of things to our eyes which it has in regard to persons. The house, the garden, the fields in which we have been happy, are always beautiful to our eyes, and any other houses, gardens, or fields which remind us of them also seem beautiful. To those who have spent a happy childhood among hills and lakes, all hills and lakes will always seem beautiful. The influence of what we know and feel and are on our power of seeing is well stated in the saying, "The eye sees only that which it brings with it the power of seeing." It is certain that almost every kind of increase of knowledge, every development of our power of loving and admiring anything in Nature and in human nature, adds to or in some way alters our power of seeing. Of course this alteration of the power of seeing takes place only within certain limits. In every view there are certain things which could be seen by every person possessed of eyes who looked at the view. It is impossible for anyone to know to what extent powers of sight differ in different people. Each can only know what he himself sees in people, things, and places, and can form little or no idea of what they seem to others, or of what they would seem to himself if he had less or more knowledge and stronger or less strong feelings than he actually has. But we do know with certainty that what each of us sees in almost everything is somewhat different from what is seen by all other people. There is a saying of Blake, the poet and painter, which puts this truth in such striking words that I must quote it. "'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?' Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it and not with it."†

Now keeping in mind the truth that we see *by means of* our eyes but *with* our whole nature, let us return to the consideration of the landscape which we have supposed has to have a picture made of it by a painter who wishes to express for our benefit, as fully as possible, the impression, or part of the impression, which the landscape produces on himself. In such a scene there are very many different appearances which are very impressive, but, for the reasons I have already indicated, cannot all be represented in the same picture. The contrasts and harmonies between colours in the landscape give those who notice them keen pleasure. So does the relation between strongly lighted masses and masses in shade, but these effects cannot be fully represented together. The impression produced by beautiful contrasting and harmonising masses of colour in such a landscape can be often better expressed in a picture by sacrificing in part the representation of many beautiful forms which are visible in the real scene, and the expression of some one strong impression produced by a real scene, such as an impression of intense peacefulness, or of wild desolation, can also often be best expressed by the partial sacrifice of the representation of much beauty which the eye would see in the real landscape.

Possibly our painter feels deeply the charm of each kind of beauty and of every other impressive quality in the scene, and can represent any one of them. In fact, however, very few painters have skill enough to represent all kinds of beauty. Our painter, if he is in the position of the majority, though he may *see* all kinds, will in his picture represent some of those which he knows he can represent well, and will, wholly or partly, omit those which he cannot represent well. But very likely his mind and feelings have been so trained, that while he sees very clearly certain kinds of beauty, there are others of which he feels the charm very slightly, or not at all. His attention will be fixed on those he can see, and in his picture some of them will be represented, and those he does not feel will not be represented. It is well known that some great painters have had this kind of limitation in their power of seeing beauty. It is said that Constable, who keenly felt the beauty of woodland scenery, and of brooks, and fields, and flowers, did not feel that of heather and mountains. It is well known, too, that many painters during the whole or part of their careers devote themselves to the representation of some kinds of beauty to which they sacrifice nearly all others. Turner, for instance, the greatest landscape painter in the world, in the latter part of his life loved light and the appearance of great space and of large expanse of air so much that he represented these kinds of beauty at the expense of clearness of form.

Mr. Ernest Chesneau, in his very interesting book on English painting, has the following passage on Constable and Gainsborough, both of whom were born in the same county, and both of whom were great landscape painters:—"Both go straight to their object with equal desire of faithful representation, with equal love of truth. And yet, place them before the same view, at the same hour of the day, and compare the results of their common contemplation. What differences you will see! What diversity of impression! The charm of sweetness, grace, melancholy, will be in Gainsborough's picture. Through the clouds you will see a tranquil sky, hard angles will be rounded, tints too bright will be softened, without the artist's knowing it. The peace and serenity of Gainsborough will be visible in every accent of the page. The other picture, by its tones, intense, vivid, sometimes hard, by its fullness of movement, its clouds, charged with rain, driven before the wind in the upper sky, by its deep and icy pools and streams, will reveal the boldness of a strong temperament, the storms of a mind disturbed by passion."

These are some causes of differences between different pictures. Here is another. If we go back after a long absence to a beautiful place or to people we love, we often find that the impression we had of the character of the place or face is something more than any one view of it really shows us. Our memory has partly forgotten uninteresting parts of the place, or certain parts of the face, and has, as it were, brought the interesting parts into closer connection than they are in in reality. Our remembrance is the sum of the appearances which the place has had for us, and shows more of it than any one view of it can do.

A painter sometimes does that which our memory does. In looking at a scene he will notice things in it which seem to give it a certain character, to affect the appearance of every part of it. In our imaginary scene, for

† A Vision of the Last Judgment.

instance, the line of rocks running parallel with the brook may be the key to the whole geological structure of the place, or the trees' apparent effort to get away from the sea may be the most marked sign of an influence affecting in lesser degree many other things in the landscape. If a painter's mind is impressed by these features, in expressing the impression he may make what has struck him a little more prominent than in the real view it would seem to most other people. Mr. Ruskin mentions that when Turner first saw the town of Lausanne, in Switzerland, looking at it from different places, he noticed its churches, each with its spire or spires, and got a strong impression of the town as a *spiry* place. He made a picture of it, and this part of his impression of the town expressed itself by his drawing more spires in his picture than could be seen from the place from which the picture was taken. Any person knowing the town well, and not knowing that the picture was meant to express an impression and not to imitate an appearance visible to everyone, would condemn the picture as untrue. In pictures of mountains the height of the mountains, which is very impressive, is often exaggerated. They are sometimes made to look, in comparison with other things in the picture, as many yards high as they are feet.

It is not necessary to show that much of what I have lately said applies to pictures of other subjects, as well as to those of scenery.

There is one very noticeable difference between real things and many representations of them in pictures. It is often part of the charm of a picture that every thing in it is so related to all the other parts that together they are felt to be a beautiful whole, to help each other to produce one fine impression. They have what is called unity of effect. This is not always the case with all the parts of real scenes when we let our eyes pass over all parts of them with equal attention, nor is it always the case in photographs of scenery or of groups of people. Unity of effect is the result of focussing the mind and the eye on part or parts of the subject of which a picture is made. In each scene which a painter looks at there are some features which seem to him the most important. Often, as I have already said, these will be different to different artists, but many scenes have some features of so striking a kind that they are what chiefly impress almost everybody who sees them. The painter wishes to make those who see his picture feel the impression he has received. If he also desires to give as accurate a representation as possible of the real scene, and to place all the objects he shows in the same relative positions which they have in the real scene, he must content himself with choosing a point of view from which that which most impresses him is seen to the greatest advantage. This is possible, of course, in photography as well as in painting, and is of very great importance. But much more than the choosing of a good point of view is possible in art. Very often a painter does not seek to give as accurate a representation as possible of all the different parts of a landscape or other scene, and does not try to show all the parts of it in their real relative positions, but cares only to make a beautiful picture, which shall give those who see it some impression which he has received. Many pictures are not representations of any existing places. In other cases, as, for instance, in pictures of historical events or scenes in fiction, the grouping of the persons and things represented must obviously be supplied by the painter. In all these cases he will, partly consciously, partly unconsciously, so arrange his picture that those parts of it which he feels to be most important shall be most noticeable, and will try to so group everything that unimportant parts shall not interfere with the effect of important, and that all may combine to make the picture as a whole beautiful and impressive. And the picture must be made a beautiful arrangement of colour as well as a beautiful arrangement of the lines which show the forms contained in it. There are innumerable ways of doing this. Those artists who can use them are said to be masters of *composition*. In a large frame, placed on No. 1 screen in No. 1 room, in the Manchester Art Museum, there is a description, taken from Mr. Ruskin's *Elements of Drawing*, of the ways in which Turner tried to make a picture of Coblentz interesting and beautiful, and a statement of some general principles of good composition; and on another screen, No. 4, there are copies of four studies made by Mr. Frederick Shields of a picture of the Adoration of the Magi, by Paul Veronese, showing the arrangements of line, of light and dark, and of colour, by which that great painter made his picture beautiful and impressive. By an hour's study of the contents of these two screens more can be learnt of this part of my subject than can be taught by words.

In well-composed pictures the things represented have an effect which a simply accurate copy of the things would not have, but if the picture makes us feel that the arrangement is unnatural, or makes us think much about the arrangement, the attempt to obtain impressiveness has failed. Indeed, good composition, and the resulting beauty and unity of effect, often seem not to be due to a painter's conscious efforts to arrange the parts of his picture rightly, but to be simply the effect of his unconscious sense of beauty and appropriateness of arrangement.

Another cause of difference between real things and pictures is that many painters *idealise*. All persons seeing many things of the same kind find that some are pleasanter to look at and think about than others. When, for example, we see many men, we find that strength, vigour, intelligence, and many other physical, mental, and moral qualities which are not found together in any one man, are needed to fit them for doing in the best way the work which men have to do in the world. So our *idea* of the best kind of man, or, as it is often expressed, our *ideal* man, differs from all actually existing men in possessing all those desirable qualities. We can, and often do, form ideals of all kinds of things, of heroes and villains, of horses, dogs, mountains, lakes, trees, houses, eyes, ears, coats, and every other existing thing. As a painter desires his picture to be impressive, he often makes his pictures differ from reality on the side of his ideals. For instance, in the beautiful pictures by Frederick Walker, of several of which there are engravings or etchings in the Art Museum, the men and women are much handsomer and stronger than those we generally see in real life. In many of Turner's pictures the trees are pear-shaped, and in Rossetti's pictures most human features, notably mouths, are strongly idealised.

Convention is another cause of much difference between realities and pictures. Many painters represent things in their pictures as they know we are accustomed to see them in other pictures, and not as they themselves see them. For instance, when a number of horses or dogs are running together, very few of them are in exactly the same position at the same moment; yet in nearly all pictures of horses or dogs running, all are represented with their legs fully extended at the same moment. That has been the customary or conventional way of representing animals running for at least three thousand years. Similarly, one of the most noticeable things about the sea is that, however high the wind may be, and however rough the shore may be on which it breaks, order is always visible in the waves when we see them on a considerable area; yet in many good pictures of the sea no such order is indicated. This, again, is the result of custom.

I must try now to answer my question: "What ought we to look for in pictures?"

First, in all pictures there ought to be proof of the painter's having enough skill to express some of his impressions, and there ought also to be proof that he feels some kinds of beauty or greatness strongly. The best pictures are, of course, those whose painters express with greatest skill the deepest impressions of the highest kinds of beauty or greatness; but if we find that a picture makes us feel an impression of several kinds, or even of only one kind, of beauty or greatness, or of anything else that we are the better for being impressed by, we ought to enjoy that, we ought to be glad in it, grateful for it, and not grumble at the absence of qualities which are *not* in the picture. We ought to look in pictures for what they *are*, not for what they *are not*.

In almost every exhibition, it is true, there are many pictures which are almost, or quite, worthless; some because their makers have not skill enough to express their impressions; others apparently because their makers do not feel any kind of beauty deeply; others because their makers have both these defects; others because they have been only made to sell. Such pictures ought to be excluded from all exhibitions. An exhibition should contain no work which the persons who control the exhibition do not believe to be fitted to enable us to feel some of the impressiveness of some impressive thing.

In spite, however, of the presence of bad pictures in collections, the rule I have named is a right one; it is a rule which it is safe to follow. Go to every picture, not with the intention of finding out its real imperfections, or what you can believe to be imperfections, but with the intention of enjoying as much merit as you can find in it. When one has seen a good many pictures, it is almost impossible not to compare the merits of one with those of another, and not to feel more approval of one method of representation than of another. This one does, even if one wishes not to do it. But to go to pictures with the *intention* of discovering faults is to lose all chance of having the best pleasure which they can give.

If we are to be successful in *looking for* anything in pictures, we must really *look at* them—look long and carefully. The way in which most people do what they call looking at pictures is simply ludicrous. A few glances are given at one till something is noticed—generally something that can be remembered as "odd" or queer, or in some way wrong, and then another picture receives a few glances, and so on till a whole roomful is gone through. When we find a picture which enables us to enjoy any kind of beauty, we should "read" it; take it all in with our eyes as carefully as we would a beautiful poem. It is an excellent plan, when we have looked carefully at a picture we see beauty in, and thought and felt ourselves into it as thoroughly as possible, to go away from it or turn our eyes away from it, and try to make a mental picture of the beauty we have cared for, and then, after seeing a few more pictures, to go back to it again. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that any one fine picture in a public gallery, from which we make up our minds that we will get the greatest possible amount of pleasure by looking at it often, and by thinking ourselves into it, and letting it revive memories of places similar to that which it represents, is almost as real an enrichment of our life as the placing a real beautiful view before our windows would be.

This way of looking at pictures takes much time, and one cannot see many if one adopts it. But we ought not to go to galleries for the purpose of seeing many pictures, but for that of being the richer for those we do see.

(To be concluded.)

SOME CELEBRATED FEMALE MUSICIANS.

St. CECILIA.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of "The History of Music."

THOSE who have seen the angelic face of St. Cecilia in Domenichino's picture of that saint of music, cannot but have paused for some moments spellbound and wonderstruck at the celestial beauty which the painter has contrived to inspire into the features of his heroine. There is one peculiarity about the various pictures of St. Cecilia. Although the series of them extends over many centuries, and they are the works of artists who were by no means copyists of each other, they all possess a common family resemblance, unmistakable and marked. This points obviously to some traditional likeness which has descended from the earliest times—possibly pictorial, and bearing an analogy to the reputed portrait of Our Lord, which furnished painters with such ample materials for their skill; or perhaps merely verbal, consisting of a detailed description of this celebrated lady, which early artists rendered as best they could by the help of brushes and colours. She is generally represented with a round rather than an oval face—indeed, this aspect of her features is so prominently brought out as to be almost a singularity. Her hair is wreathed in a graceful coil round her head. Her figure is full and luxuriant, and she often sits reclining backwards with her arms thrown easily on the cushion behind her, gazing rapturously up to heaven. Her eyes are full of a holy light; her features are regular and symmetrical, and of the loveliest mould, but inclining rather to a joyous, even to a buxom beauty, than to that pensive melancholy which we should be apt to imagine was more in keeping with her character. Frequently the fancy of the painter has placed in her hands a lyre, a lute, or even with excusable anachronism, a mandolin or a guitar. Sometimes she is pourtrayed seated at an organ, which she plays in the ancient style, that is, by her fingers alone, the thumbs grasping the key-board underneath. One cherub blows the organ, while another, attracted from heaven, listens entranced to the melody.

The circumstance which has furnished St. Cecilia with such immortal fame—as many may think quite incommensurate with her acquirements, for she has never been credited with any compositions, and all her repute rests upon the eulogistic phrases of legend, of ecclesiastical tradition, and of poets—is the fact that she was the greatest musician of a musically ignorant age, and excited astonishment by the exhibition of a skill which, if then deemed miraculous, would at a later date have possibly claimed very little consideration. We say "a musically ignorant *age*," but we should rather substitute for the latter expression the word "*sect*." While ancient Rome seethed with a surfeit of rich and magnificent music, being the meeting-ground of all the musics of the ancient world; while the lutes and sistrums of the Egyptians, the dulcimers of the Assyrians, the lyres of the Greeks, could be heard daily in the forum; while the singers and dancers at the theatres numbered thousands, sometimes more than a thousand appearing on the stage at a time—the early Christians carried on their worship and their life in the most primitive simplicity, entirely removed from the influences of the world around them. They held all music unholy and unlawful, taking this extreme view in opposition to the Pagans, who cultivated the art assiduously. A Christian maiden was enjoined by the elders of the church never to approach near the environs of a theatre; to stop her ears if by chance she heard a Pagan song; and with regard to musical instruments, to be so innocent of such fell contamination that she must not know the use of them when she sees them.

The Roman maiden Cecilia, or as her name is more correctly spelt, Cæcilia, was the daughter of Pagan parents, but at a comparatively early age had been converted to Christianity. Her parents were patricians, belonging to the family of Metellus, one of the most ancient in Rome, and one too which had given many heroes to the Republic. The palace of her father stood in the Campus Martius, and was the rendezvous of the most refined and wealthy Pagans of the time. There is no doubt that the girl, in her early years, would receive the very best instruction in music which Rome was capable of affording. A girl's education in those days consisted chiefly of instruction in music, needlework, and the duties of the household. The music masters were, as a general rule, the singers and instrumental performers from the theatres, who were engaged at high sums by the wealthy Romans to teach their daughters the art of music. The girls were provided with lyres, often studded with sardonyxes and other precious stones, and of a small size, on which they practised under the direction of the musician, sometimes singing to the accompaniment of the instrument, and sometimes playing it alone. A musical education of this kind, under the superintendence of some skilful Greek performer, would, in the ordinary course of things, be afforded to Cecilia. Her conversion to Christianity took place when she had just passed from the girl into the maiden, and contrary to the wish of her parents, she became indefatigable in her attendance at the Christian services, which were held in crypts, in catacombs, in tombs. Forced to observe the utmost secrecy in holding their assemblies, the early Christians conducted their simple services in dark and sequestered retreats underground, often at the dead of night, for fear of the law which prohibited religious gatherings. The catacombs of Rome, which were their favourite place of meeting, consisted of long subterranean passages, at the side of which, in vaults and alcoves, were the ashes of the dead lying in urns and bedecked with faded flowers, which the solicitude of relatives or friends had placed there soon after the day of burial. We may imagine the Christian maiden, Cecilia, stealing to the catacombs in the late evening, and descending fearlessly into their gloomy recesses, in the joyful certainty of meeting others of the same persecuted sect to which she belonged, and joining them in prayers and thanksgivings to God. Those whom she met, the Christians at this age, were, it must be remembered, the poorest of people, many of them quite uneducated, drawn from the most heterogeneous orders of the populace, with only one bond which united them in common—love for Christ, and profession of the true faith.

The vault in the catacombs in which they assembled was lighted with one or two oil lamps, and often dressed with flowers by the tasteful hands of the Christian maidens who were numbered among the worshippers. At their side and all around lay the bones and ashes of the dead—funereal emblems, which might have struck terror into the hearts of others, but to the early Christians, familiar as they were with death and martyrdom, seemed in no way out of place in their nightly gatherings for purposes of worship. The congregation having assembled, the presbyter read portions of the sacred books, after which he delivered an address of the nature of a sermon; on the conclusion of this the congregation recited and sang their psalms. Though we use the word "sang," their delivery of the Psalms of David was very far removed from what we call singing, being rather in the nature of an elevated intonation or emotional recitation, with nothing in the way of definite tune about it. Once a week they celebrated their Agape, or evening meal, when they all assembled, each bringing his or her share of food, already dressed, fruit, bread, and wine. When they had offered prayer to God, they ate and drank together, and conversed cheerfully with one another, till the lights were brought in, after which they celebrated Holy Communion, and listened to the reading from the diptychs, or tablets of wax, of the names of those Christian saints and martyrs who had died for the sake of their faith, as they too were prepared to die.

St. Cecilia is said to have been the first who introduced music and singing into those simple and innocent gatherings. She had a beautiful voice, trained by the best masters of the day, and her singing of the Psalms excited to emulation the other Christian maidens likewise, who, though at an immeasurable inferiority, also began to sing at the services in imitation of Cecilia. Not only did she give this impetus to singing among the early Christians, but she is said to have accompanied her melodious voice in the services by an instrument—the lyre or the Egyptian lute—and thus to have introduced an innovation into the simple rites which was the first step to the instrumental music of later times. If in her pictures she is represented as playing the organ, yet we must not connect that in any way with public worship. If we consider the places in which the services were held—in subterranean vaults and at dead of night—it will be plain that an organ there would have been quite out of place, as leading directly to discovery. In addition to this, the organ, until a late era in Christian history, was a purely secular instrument. Having been introduced into Rome by the Emperor Nero, it was limited in its employment for many centuries to theatres, circuses, and as a fashionable instrument for private houses. In the latter capacity it stood in the palace of Cecilia's parents; and such skill did the young Christian maiden possess on the instrument, that wonders are reported of her. The legend goes that she played so sweetly and melodiously, that an angel from heaven, ravished with her celestial minstrelsy, descended from the clouds to listen to her strains. Whenever she touched the keys the angel came down to hear her; and in a strange way did this seraphic visitant lead to the conversion of other noble Romans, and play a part in connection with her martyrdom, which was soon to be.

Her parents, when she attained the age of womanhood, were anxious that she should be married, and favoured the suit of a noble

Roman named Valerian, who was deeply attached to her, but a Pagan, like all the rest of the fashionable world in his day. Cecilia, although she loved the young man like a brother, was averse to wedlock. The high and exalted conceptions of the early Christians set up the ideal of celestial purity, regarding marriage as a weakness of our nature; and Cecilia shared these notions, like other Christian maidens of her time. Yet, in obedience to her parents' will, she consented to marry Valerian. The wedding day was fixed. The company assembled at the palace of the Cæcilii in the Campus Martius. The lovely bride appeared, dressed in white robes, and with her beautiful face hidden in the crimson veil, which with the Romans took the place of the white bridal veil used by us. The marriage ceremony was performed according to the ancient Roman rites, which were of the greatest solemnity and impressiveness. The symphony of the far-famed Latin pipes pealed forth, in strains less melodious than the music of Cecilia, yet entrancing to all who heard them. The bride, at the conclusion of the ceremony, was escorted by her maidens to an inner chamber, there to await the arrival of her husband, who should take her away from her father's house to the mansion prepared for her in another part of the city. She was left alone in the room by her maidens and friends, who departed to mingle in the banquet and dances, which were proceeding in another part of the palace. The bridegroom hastened to join Cecilia. On entering the room where she was, he is said to have found the angel there with her who came to visit her from heaven, ravished by her harmony. Astonished and dismayed by this unexpected apparition, Valerian retreated from the chamber before his entry had been discovered either by his bride or her celestial ministrant. He sought not the company of the guests, but went to a sequestered part of the city where a holy man lived, to whom he confided what he had seen. This man was a Christian, and his exhortations, combined with the entreaties of Cecilia herself, converted Valerian to Christianity. His brother Tiburcius was likewise converted, and Cecilia found her new home in every sense of the word a Christian one, and looked forward to passing her life in a dream of happiness and the cultivation of the true faith. But alas! the high position of Valerian drew on him the attention of the authorities; and refusing to offer incense to the idols, he was condemned to die along with his brother. Cecilia had the bitterness of seeing him taken to execution down the Latin Way amid a long file of soldiers. Since Romans were forbidden to inflict capital punishment on one of their own nation, some foreign mercenary troops were engaged to perform the office on Valerian and Tiburcius, who were beheaded amid the wails of their kindred, and chiefly of her who was the wife of one and sister of the other.

Cecilia herself was soon to follow these two martyrs to the tomb. Her simple and innocent life was no protection against the malevolence of the Pagans. She, as her husband had been, was required to throw a few grains of incense before the statue of Jupiter, and refusing, was brought before the tribunal of the Prefect Almachius, a coarse and brutal soldier. Her reply to him, when he asked her name, is a famous one: "Cecilia," she said, "is my name, but Christian is my most beautiful name." Almachius, after hearing the charges against her of professing the religion of Christ, brutally ordered her to be suffocated in a bath. His orders were carried out, but with insufficient ardour by those entrusted with the duty, and Cecilia survived the ordeal. Almachius again asked her to adore the image of Jupiter, and she again refused. His second command was that she should be beheaded. The lictor struck her three times before he dealt the fatal blow, and even then Cecilia lingered in agony for three days afterwards. Her constancy and fortitude under persecution have obtained for her canonisation as a saint, while her skill in music, and the marvel which, according to the legend, it effected, have placed her on a pinnacle of the art, where her only companions are the legendary minstrels of ancient Greece, of whose skill wonders are reported likewise. In the words of Dryden, which Handel has so sublimely set to music—

> Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
> Or loth divide the crown.
> He raised a mortal to the skies,
> She drew an angel down.

A NEW WAY OF ENTERTAINING FRIENDS.

It is often said that one of the needs of the present day is the need that people, and especially *young* people, should *get together* in a simple fashion, and enjoy each other's company in a hearty, human, friendly way. Of getting together from the society point of view there is enough and to spare; but the majority of the gatherings approved by society are nothing but a fraud. They are pretentious and vulgar; their object is display; they are not intended to afford opportunity for kindly greetings, but to pay social debts; and they merely serve to rouse envy and encourage extravagance. Yet it is mutually helpful, pleasant, and profitable that people should get together. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the countenance of a man his friend." We feel kindly to those whom we meet frequently. Isolation begets suspicion, and nothing rubs off one's corners, and liberates us from prejudice, selfishness, and narrowness, like association and contact with our fellows. People who conduct their lives on the self-centred principle are always less genial, bright, and happy than are those who form part of a circle; and the very best thing that could happen to a large number of individuals who now lead cold, dull, dreary, monotonous lives, would be that they should be drawn into the warmth and light that is generated by communion with others.

"The best thing one can do with a home is to share it with those who have none," is a saying to be remembered. There are many possessors of homes who would be glad enough to share their joy with others if they did not feel that the orthodox modes of entertaining friends are too costly and troublesome; that they involve too great an outlay of time, labour, energy, and money. If we could return to simpler ways of living, they would be quite willing to be "sociable," and to let their neighbours benefit by their advantages. It would, therefore, be a real kindness if some enterprising members of the community would set an example of simpler ways, so that their neighbours might take their ideas and act upon them. If individuals could once be brought to see how much satisfaction was to be gained thereby, perhaps the more excellent way would be adopted and approved, and the inane, pretentious forms of hospitality would not be regarded as the only ones possible.

It happens that in a certain corner of the United Kingdom this experiment of entertaining without display has been tried for several winters, and it has been so abundantly successful, has afforded so much innocent enjoyment, and has tended so much to the cultivation of sympathy and kindly feeling, that it has been decided to give an account of it here, in the hope that in other corners of the land individuals may be found who will be inspired by the narrative to go and do likewise, and that they will get as much out of the enterprise as did the original founders.

Was it not Mrs. Browning who said somewhere, that it is a characteristic of modern Britons that they cannot do so simple a thing as give a cup of cold water without first forming themselves into a society? Carrying out this peculiarity, the founders aforesaid (who will henceforth be referred to as the "I. Q.'s.," because that was the name they bore amongst themselves, someone having once said of them in fun that they all must have come originally from an intellectual quarter), had no sooner entertained the notion of experimenting in sociability, than they met together and formed themselves into a society, the avowed object of which was to provide mutual pleasure and innocent relaxation by cultivating and encouraging an acquaintance with English literature. Their rules were extremely few. There was to be one official, the secretary, whose duty it was to take and read the minutes of the proceedings and to keep the affair going. His stock-in-trade was a six-penny memorandum-book. The meetings were to be held fortnightly, and invitations were never sent out, but it was understood that the members were to come regularly unless they received a notice to the contrary. This arrangement saved a good deal of trouble.

The master of the house where the meetings were held was the president of the society, and his wife was the vice-president. The president took the chair at the meetings, he signed the minutes, he regulated the method of procedure, he determined the length of the speeches, and he kept order generally. If the truth must be told, he was rather arbitrary; he would not permit his authority to be questioned, and he ruled with a rod of iron. Once or twice daring individuals attempted a mutiny, and facetiously tried to introduce rebellion in the form of a resolution; but they never succeeded in their attempt. They were put down instantly and ruthlessly, and speedily had to acknowledge their defeat. But indeed the president's "arbitrariness" was salutary; it tended to peace. Obedience to lawful authority may be out of date, but decidedly it promotes harmony. Insubordination and turbulence die a natural death when they are not allowed even to utter a word. The duties of the vice-president were less pronounced than those of the president, but they were quite as important. The "Vice" paid for the postage-stamps needed occasionally, she provided the refreshments, she admired and supported the president, and she thoroughly enjoyed herself. She was like the parrot that Bernal Osborne once mentioned in the House of Commons—she did not say much, but she thought a good deal.

When first the idea of founding this society was mooted, the vice-president was much exercised about the matter of refreshments. Full well the vice-president knew that many a promising social enterprise had been wrecked on the rock of an ambitious, extravagant, and pretentious "spread," whose tendency it was to grow more extravagant and more pretentious as time went on. Yet she was a somewhat hospitable individual, who had learnt from experience that to exercise the intellect makes people as hungry as does the exercise of the limbs, and that it is hopeless to expect human beings to be brilliant, witty, and agreeable when they are feeling the keen demands of appetite. After due consideration, therefore, she resolved to furnish refreshments, but to provide only food of a frugal sort. A little well-made coffee and home-made lemonade were the only beverages allowed, while plain cake and a few biscuits, with bread and butter, constituted the solid viands. Even sandwiches were discarded because they took so much cutting; and it was an aim to reduce labour and trouble to a minimum as well as expense. One consequence of the arrangement was that the meetings of the society were never felt by the host and hostess to be burdensome. The arrangements for them were made so easily, and they involved so little outlay, that the hostess never once dreaded them. This was a great triumph. Social gatherings that are dreaded by the individuals who are responsible for them will never be of long continuance.

The subjects which occupied the attention of members of this society were sufficiently varied. At each meeting the subject for the next meeting was announced, and members were made clearly to understand what they had to do. Great stress was laid upon the fact that everyone must do something: the society was not divided into brilliant members who distinguished themselves, and modest, retiring members, who applauded and were silent. Everyone took a part, and did his or her best; and this being imperative, it was wonderful how able the members were found to be, how courageous they became. At the first meeting which was held everyone was afraid to speak; remarks were made in jerks, and speeches were exceptional. But after a little practice, nervousness seemed to disappear. The members of the society wrote their papers as a matter of course, and read them out even when strangers were present in the most matter-of-fact way. Before they could do this they had to read and acquaint themselves with the subject, and the necessity led to a more familiar acquaintance with English literature. Thus one of the objects of the society was attained.

The majority of the papers read were indeed most able. If the authors had been told six months before the society was established that they would produce such papers, they would have declared their incapacity for anything of the sort. But none of us know what we can do until we exercise our powers to the utmost. Here are a few of the subjects which occupied the members at their meetings:—

Characters from English Literature.—Each member gave an outline of a character, and concealed the name. The rest of the company tried to guess the same. Only one guess was allowed from the entire company, and a vote was taken to determine what this should be. The individuals who described a well-known character clearly, and baffled the guessers, were supposed to excel.

Characters from Shakespeare and Living Characters were treated in the same way.

Papers were read and *Discussions* held at intervals on "The Effect of Music"; on "The Drift of Modern Fiction"; on "The Newspaper Press"; on "What constitutes Success?"; on "Socialism"; and on "Women's Suffrage."

Production of a Story.—Fifteen members of the society each wrote one chapter of a story, a brief sketch of his or her share of the plot being given to each: the whole plot was known to the secretary alone.

Reviews of well-known works by well-known authors.

Nursery Rhymes.—Each member wrote a rhyme, imitating the style of a well-known author; the name of the author to be guessed.

Discussion on Who is the Greatest Prose Writer of the Day; and Why?—Each member of the society stated and defended his opinion. (In this discussion there were eighteen different opinions, and only three members chose the same writer.)

Each member furnished the second chapter of a story in three chapters, the plots of chapters one and three being furnished by the secretary.

Mock Election to a Literary Club.—Each member had to propose and defend the election of an author whose name he had drawn by lot.

Interview with celebrated living people. Names of persons to be interviewed drawn for.

A Competitive Examination on "Alice in Wonderland."

Description of scenes from Shakspeare.—The scenes were described vaguely, and all names and titles were suppressed. The members of the society then tried to say from which play the scene was taken.

Production of a Child's History of England.—Each member had a certain period of English history assigned to him.

A Mock Trial between the British public, plaintiffs, and the admirers of Charles Dickens, defendants. Charles Dickens was charged with exaggeration and vulgarity. The president was the judge; counsel was chosen on both sides, and the members of the society were called as witnesses.

An Ideal Summer Holiday.—Each member imagined himself transported into 1990, and from that standpoint reviewed the literature, art, and music of to-day.

Each member gave a description of the book enjoyed most or least during the year. And so on *ad infinitum*.

The consideration of these subjects usually occupied a couple of hours. When they were dismissed, the members of the society partook of refreshments, after which there was a little music and conversation, and very shortly the meeting broke up. The interest was well maintained up to the close of last winter. It is believed that if a similar experiment were tried in other quarters, much innocent enjoyment would be produced thereby.

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE GRAYS.

FLORA had shared in the Bennets' prosperity, and she had had a greater share in their tribulation. She felt as if she really belonged to them, which was a happy feeling to a creature of her social, friendly nature. It seemed as if it would be wrong to call herself lonely any more.

Though Mary recovered steadily, her constitution had been severely tried, and her chest had to be carefully guarded. It was impossible for her to go to school through the winter, and Mrs. Bennet yielded to Flora's entreaties to let her give the child her easy morning lessons in reading and writing, etc. "But remember, Flora, it is your own doing; it is because I think you really wish it, and it is entirely optional. Indeed, I will not consent to gratify this fancy of yours unless you promise to tell me when you are tired of teaching. In any case the performance must stop with the return of the fine weather, for you must go out with Dorothy and me after Easter. When a girl is eighteen it is time she went into company."

Flora readily promised and appreciated the concession. She was sure she would feel more at home—more "settled," she called it—with regular duties to perform daily; and she did not go on to regret having gained her point, though it would be idle to say that poor little Mary, still sickly, and, in spite of Mrs. Bennet's conscientious endeavours, a good deal spoilt, was never trying and tiresome. Neither did Flora ever flag in her turn, and hanker after some other occupation, especially when the season drew near Christmas, and there was early frost, with skating on the Round Pond and the Serpentine, skating in the morning as well as in the afternoon, in order to take advantage of the ice, and to get into the full swing of the play while it lasted. Both Dick and Dorothy insisted they ought to skate all day and all night too if the moon shone, and the seniors were propitious. But these were only inevitable drawbacks. Mary was a lovable and bright little soul in the middle of her worst naughtiness; and in order to relish play fully, there was nothing like an alternation of work and play. A little steady occupation was good for everybody, Flora tried to impress upon Dick and Dorothy, getting herself laughed at for her pains. Well, they might laugh; she would almost rather work always than play always; for when it came to that, work done in the right spirit was better than play—was the best play.

Poor Flora was not uniformly logical, but she knew what she meant, and she realised her meaning, which was to her immense gain. She felt rather shy about going into the gay world—it seemed very gay to her, though it was

the world of Kensington rather than of Belgravia proper. She did not think she would like it; she recurred to her old idea that the gaiety was a kind of glorified treadmill, with all the smiling faces of the entertained alike, all the glib tongues talking in the one strain, and nobody caring a pin for anybody else. Caring! It was well if she was not trying to get the better of her neighbour, and regarding her with no small measure of malice and uncharitableness. But there it was Flora who was spiteful to think such things after Mrs. Fowler's kindness, and her continued graciousness to a girl like Flora; and Dorothy said it was all nonsense the fright and the distaste for "Society;" she would enjoy it with all her heart, and be as much carried away with it as any other *débutante* was when she was once in the swim. The thing to be regretted was that a first season could not repeat itself, and Dorothy attempted to look *blâsée* at twenty.

Another benefit which Mrs. Bennet's thoughtful affection bestowed upon her niece was to supply, as far as she could, the deficiencies in the country-bred girl's education. Flora's aunt made the excuse of Kate's being rather far back in her studies, while she was approaching the age when she ought to be attending private classes, to send Flora, in Kate's company, to sit through courses of lectures on literature and history, and to have special lessons in music, drill, drawing, dancing, languages—French and German, with which Miss Brunton had given her pupil a bowing acquaintance in the old untenanted nursery which was her schoolroom in Inverlochan.

Mrs. Bennet did not aim at making Flora a learned lady, and did not aspire, where she was concerned, to leave her mistress of those fields of mathematics and philosophy which had been so uncongenial to Miss Macdougal. Flora, who had held that her education was completed three years before, felt as if she was going back in her history, did not like it, and was considerably mortified. She had no overmastering passion for knowledge, while she was fairly well read in English history and literature, and decidedly intelligent. But she was too sensible and dutiful to resist the mandate which had gone forth. She was conscious that she ought to repay her aunt for the expense she was incurring for her—Flora—in the only way in which she could repay her, by such progress in the branches of education which had been selected as would meet Mrs. Bennet's views. And soon virtue was its own reward here as elsewhere, by Flora's quickened intellect being aroused to take an active interest in the pursuits which were not of her own choosing, and by the girl's rising to the height of honestly prizing the superior instruction she was now enjoying.

One more benefit Flora received at this time, which was destined to be a still greater gain to her further on in life. It was due to the regard conceived for her by Mrs. Fowler. This lady was an influential woman in her circle. While mixing freely in society, in order to meet the requirements of her husband's position as a distinguished judge, she could not content herself with such social duties, but added to them many charitable acts, the result of a high religious and moral standard. She had lost her only daughter in childhood, but she still cherished, for her sake, an enlightened and affectionate interest in girls. She took pleasure in assembling at her house girls' reading parties; girls' sewing parties, girls' musical parties, and it was currently said of her, that to give the girls she knew any pleasure within her power, Mrs. Fowler would put herself about to the utmost extent, and be as pleased as the most susceptible among them. Naturally, though Mrs. Fowler was rather a grave and quiet woman, kindly-disposed girls, when they came to know her, liked and trusted her, and did not think it was altogether "slow dismal work" to be with her. Dorothy had somewhat out-grown Mrs. Fowler's range of girls, and besides, had not come soon enough under her influence; but both Flora and Kate were with Mrs. Bennet's entire approval included henceforth among the lady's youthful allies. And when Kate, at the fortnightly working-parties, found herself greatly approved of for her plain sewing, and entrusted with the entire construction of several garments for the children of widowed charwomen and invalided cabmen, she was in the seventh heaven.

"It was not Christmas Day, it was New Year's Day which we kept with good cheer in Inverlochan," Flora had often occasion to explain; but she entered into the bountiful English Christmas with interest—from the tenderly beautiful Church service to the family rejoicing. She was quite dazzled by the show of holly in the shops—just as she had been deeply impressed by the fountains in Trafalgar Square, Dick reminded her impertinently. She to whom "real true" waterfalls were familiar spectacles, to stare respectfully at paltry *jets d'eaux* turned on by means of lead pipes and cockney turncocks! He was ashamed of such a degenerate Highlander for his cousin! She was overwhelmed by the pretty London presents heaped upon her. Then baskets and parcels came pouring in upon her from Inverlochan—the Macdougals' hamper with the mutton ham and kippered salmon, and the great wedge from Lizzie's wedding-cake; Miss Arabella's basket, with the short-bread and the balm wine—"just in season;" old Flory's, with the oaten-cakes, scones, and eggs; Lady Adelaide's parcel, with the fine soft plaid of Buchanan tartan for a wrap; even Lady Adelaide did not believe that real sets of tartan could be got in London! And what was there at the foot of old Flory's basket which weighed like a stone, and lent a distinct flavour to the rest of the contents? A great slab of peat from the Black Moss, that "Miss Flory might have a peat fire on Hogmanay!"

Mrs. Bennet let it be lit in the dining-room, over which it sent a ruddy glow; but even she, who was Highland born, sneezed and coughed under the pungent fumes, and only Flora could draw in long breaths of the reek, and smile beatifically.

By the month of March it was judged advisable that little white-faced Mary should have a change to the country or the seaside. It was not convenient for Mrs. Bennet to leave town. It was out of the question, in her eyes, that Flora should be allowed to go with the little girl into apartments for a few weeks, as Flora had innocently proposed.

"My dear!" was all that her aunt said, and then, when she had got over the shock of the proposed indecorum, she explained, "Not at any cost! even though Amelia as well as nurse could be spared to accompany you. Young ladies in their teens, in the class to which you belong, don't go into lodgings with children. Of course, if it were absolutely necessary, nothing should keep me from going with the child. But your uncle means to entertain his antiquarian friends this month. If I were to hint my difficulty to Mrs. Fowler, I should not wonder if she were to volunteer to take Mary somewhere. Poor woman! Between ourselves, I believe she is slightly *tête montée* about girls, great and small, since her little daughter died. But I should not like to take such a manifest advantage of her weakness. Besides, I don't think the Judge would care for her being several weeks from home just now. There is The Grays—it is somewhere in the valley of the Medway—I believe a sheltered, early place. There could be no objection to your accompanying her to her aunt's, if you will be so good, my dear Flora. With you there, of course I could be easy about her; for I can trust you. I may as well tell you, if you do not know it already, that the Hayters are out of the world, and are chronically poverty-stricken. They are nearly entirely dependent on Gilbert's salary. Their friends could *not* waste any more money in trying to put them on their feet and keep them there. He *will* speculate, build castles in the air, and run his head against walls, and she *will* write psychological novels—Heaven help her! and her family are utterly shiftless, with the exception of Gilbert. But I need hardly say they are perfectly respectable, and not badly disposed, unless in the matter of sticking fast, man and woman, in difficulties, and running into debt unless Gilbert is quick enough to prevent it. They have a country house in a very healthy situation, I understand, for I have not been there. I have not seen any of them for years—not since your uncle's last serious difference with Mr. Hayter. Poor man! he is incorrigible. But I do not know that he can altogether help it, since some men seem born to make a mess of their lives. Your going would be a boon to them in one way, for I should take the precaution of sending down stores of provisions. I gave a hint to Gilbert when I met him in Regent Street yesterday, and he took it up quite eagerly. He walked ever so far with me, insisting on its feasibility. The truth is, he knows how much your uncle has tried to do for his sister, and for her—Mrs. Hayter's

—family; and as Gilbert is an honourable lad, he would gladly do us a favour."

Flora took up the idea as eagerly as "Collars" could have taken it up. She was fond of the country, and she had never seen such an English spring in the country as she had read of, with answering enthusiasm, in Mary Russel Mitford's descriptions. *Our Village* had been a popular book in Lady Adelaide's youth, and there was a copy of it in the Castle library. Flora had been charmed by the delicate freshness and dainty truthfulness of its revelations of Berkshire. She knew intimately the finding of the first primrose, the making of the cowslip ball, the watching the wheat-hoeing. She longed to compare and authenticate these thoroughly English rural pictures. She had her own notion of the Hayters as a poor gifted family struggling to make both ends meet, as she and old Flory used to struggle at Inverlochan, with all the zest added to life which such an exciting operation confers. Her aunt Bennet called them "shiftless," but no doubt that was because they had not succeeded in the sense of such a money success as the Bennets valued. Flora would not call the Bennets purseproud, but it seemed to her that it was very hard for the rich, even when suffering from the plethora of their riches, not to hug themselves upon them, and all the luxury and grace with which they adorned life. But she had not been born rich; so "plain living and high thinking" had an irresistible attraction for her. It would be so jolly to be among poor, energetic, enterprising people once more—people who were still young and hopeful enough to make fun of small hardships and self-denials, who were full of ingenious contrivances—at which let who would smile or sneer—and of cheerful philosophy. "Collars" did not quite look like this admirable version of happy poverty; but Flora was only eighteen, and could not be expected to be so sagaciously observant of contradictory signs and indications as she would be at eight-and-twenty. Flora had a third reason, apart from the good the change might do to little Mary, for almost snatching at the proposal of the visit to The Grays. This reason was so ridiculous, so affronting, that Flora would not have hinted at it to her dearest friend for the whole world. When she thought of it, she used to hide her face in her hands and laugh between diversion and provocation, and blush up to her eyes, even when she was safe in the retirement of her room. The fact was that Dick—foolish, blundering Dick—had taken it into his silly impressionable head, in the middle of the teasing in which he had always indulged to Flora, to imagine himself, when he was at home for Christmas, just a little bit "sweet," or "spoony," or "hard hit," whatever was the latest slang for it, where the cousin was concerned. He was endeavouring, when they were alone together, to make small sentimental advances, and indulge in idiotic languishing airs which might have become the L. O. M.—Dick! whom Flora regarded as a baby, with all his manliness, compared to her. In reality the two were about the same age; but girls are always a great deal older than the boys who are their contemporaries; and Flora, who had gone through so much, as she solemnly told herself, felt herself Dick Bennet's senior by ages. If she ever married, her husband should be more reverence-inspiring than Master Dick. It was "too impertinent of him, and it was very vexing."

"I shall just die with shame if any of them find it out," Flora confided to herself, with girlish exaggeration. "And it is certain I will never speak to Dick again."

Dick's family, Flora was convinced, entertained very different views for him. His mother especially built such ambitious hopes upon her only son, that, though it was an outrageous fancy on Dick's part, the merest whisper of his thinking of Flora in this way would fill Mrs. Bennet with pain and mortification. What wonder when Flora knew all this, and was aware that her aunt, who thought her so sensible and trustworthy for her years, must give her the credit of having some suspicion of the midsummer madness which was in Dick's mind? In that case, supposing Mrs. Bennet imagined that Flora gave Dick an atom of encouragement, would not the girl's conduct seem basely dishonourable in Mrs. Bennet's eyes? Or if Flora had to sit upon Dick, and hold him at arm's length, would not Mrs. Bennet resent that also?

Flora felt herself guilty of treachery and meanness in even letting herself be the passive object of Dick's unwelcome attentions. But how to tell upon Dick, and make a fuss about anything so preposterous, was more than she could say. She did not know what to do; she could have sung and danced over his reluctant return to Oxford after Christmas. She devoutly trusted his football, the practising for the "Torpids," and his college concert, would drive her out of his head long before Easter; but she gladly clutched at the relief of knowing also that she would be out of the way for part of the time.

In the end, after all the arrangements were completed, it was found that there was some difficulty in accommodating Mary's nurse at The Grays. Mrs. Bennet unwillingly modified her plan to the extent of consenting that Flora, with such assistance as she might get from the Hayter household, should take the entire charge of the child, while nurse's services were to be limited to accompanying the little party down to Kent, and to returning to relieve Flora of the trouble of the child on the home journey. "Collars" would have been at their disposal, but he was in his office till late in the afternoon, and Mary could only be allowed to travel in the best part of the day. Mary was scarcely so full of pleasant anticipation from the visit as Flora was, while the train carried them down amongst the hop-fields and hop-kilns, flint-built cottages and farm-houses, breezy commons and waving woods of Kent. Much of the beauty was in abeyance; the hop-poles were bare; the farmhouses and cottages looked unsheltered; the commons might have been Scotch moors; the woods and hedgerows were only sprouting into leaf. But such as it was, Flora was delighted with the brown and grey, setting off the green of the meadows, and the unstained dappled white and blue of the sky. She held up Mary to see the young lambs, calves, and foals in the pasture. She echoed the child's cry of delight, when the train, as it swept along, afforded them a passing glimpse, like a golden gleam, of a patch of wild daffodils. The sight was as new to Flora as to Mary.

"Mary, Mary—*look!*" cried Flora in delight—

'Daffodils!
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.'

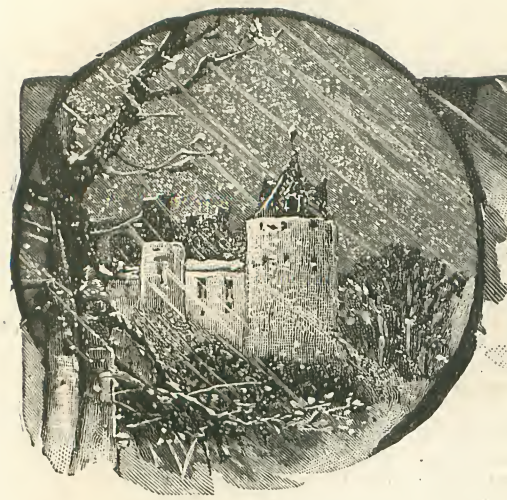
Shakespeare's daffodils, Wordsworth's daffodils, the old poet's daffydowndillies. We have plenty of garden daffodils, but none that grow wild, like our 'bonnie bluebells' in Scotland. I feel that I am in England. And isn't this worth leaving London smoke for? And shall we not enjoy ourselves, with the daylight broadening, the spring advancing, and every sight and sound growing more charming day by day?"

"I'm sure I'm glad you like it so much, miss," said nurse, a placid, complacent cockney. "But I shouldn't like to be buried alive in the country, even for a month or six weeks, at this time of the year. I hope you and Miss Mary will come well out of it."

The Grays lay near the foot of a valley, and was four miles from a railway station—that was one of the conditions of its being out of the world. Mr. Bennet had not troubled the Hayters to send to the station to meet their guests, probably because he knew they had not the command of any horse and trap. He had commissioned a cab to be waiting at the station, and in that, after parting with nurse, Flora and Mary bumped along a rough farm-road to their destination. Mary was growing tired, and showed an inclination to resent the jolting she was receiving. "Never mind, my dear, we'll be there very soon now. And think how nice it will be to see your uncle and aunt and cousins, and have their pretty spring garden to run out into twenty times a day. Perhaps they have pet dogs and cats and birds—it is so much easier to keep pets in the country. They may even have a lamb or two—think of that, Mary!"

But no hairy or woolly head appeared in the ragged paddock through which the new-comers drove, by as badly kept a road as that which had preceded it. There had been no gate to the entrance of the paddock; and that to the neglected garden, of which only a small part seemed in process of being delved, stood wide open, so there was no necessity for a pause. Not a dog barked or voice was heard as the travellers drew up before a weather-stained grey house, at which Flora looked in amazement and consternation. From its sun-bleached, discoloured door, to its blank, uncurtained windows, the whole place looked ruinous, forlorn, and steeped in poverty.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

ART.

CHICKUM (New South Wales).—You must have a drier to use with the turpentine in mixing oil paints. Those which are generally used at present are megilp or the *seccatif de courtrai*, which any artists' colourman would supply. We have given a series of articles on "Riding," but not on "Horse-breaking," and we do not advertise publications of other firms. We are glad that you have found our recipes so satisfactory.

F. G. SCHUMACHER, Photographer (Los Angeles, Cal.).—We do not know the address of our correspondent, "*Kangaroo*," who wished to dispose of some old volumes of the "G. O. P." Should she chance to see this answer, and have volumes for 1880, 1881, and 1882, she may write to your address, 7, North Spring Street.

ERICA.—To draw a design upon glass, sketch it first upon cartridge paper. Put this under the glass, and copy it through with the help of a reed-pen and copying ink.

HORACE.—1. A fixative is used to stick the crystoleum photographs to the glass, and it is sold all ready prepared, with directions for use.—2. Biting the nails is thought to be a sign of bad temper by many. To break yourself of the habit, dip the fingers into some tincture of bitter aloes or some mustard; the taste of either would be disagreeable enough to remind you to forbear when you forget yourself, and recur to the bad habit again. Putting the fingers into "glove-fingers" is another preventive. The habit is an ill-bred and disgusting one, and injures the teeth.

AMY.—You can learn china painting at a School of Art. Employment is not easily obtained, but many of our large china manufacturers employ women artists, and prefer them to work in their *ateliers*. None of the Schools of Art board and lodge their pupils, we think.

E. K.—The glass requires no preparation for oil colours. But you must use a drier, such as Florentine medium. Frosted glass is sold by most artists' colourmen.

MUSIC.

SEMI-QUAVER.—Yes, women do receive the degree of Doctor of Music. On the 20th of September of this year Miss Paterson, Mus. Doc., a winner of one of our prizes for musical competition, took the chair in the Ancient Concert Room, Dublin, on the occasion of a lecture being delivered by the Rev. R. Haweis, on "Music and Morals."

MURIEL E. D.—You may copy any music you like for private use, but not for printing and sale. If acquainted with any of your neighbours, you might get some mutual friend to intimate to them that a visit would prove agreeable to you, and this would not oblige them to call if they did not reciprocate your wish. The lady should not have called to ask a favour before she had gone through the ordinary civility of making your acquaintance by calling merely to see you. The older residents have the right to do so first.

DODO enquires who was the inventor of musical notes. This is a question of which we have no certain information. We only know that the earliest were represented by the letters of the alphabet, dating back to a very early period. The ancient Hebrews used accents to mark the rise and fall of vocal notes in the chanting of their psalms, and the Greeks had an almost incredible number of signs, as many for the voice as for instrumental music.

A. A. C.—The banjo would be the easiest to learn of the three instruments you mention. A second-hand instrument could be obtained for quite a moderate price.

CHARITY.—The "Associated Board" of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music hold local school examinations in the winter months. Write to the Sec., George Watson, Esq., 52, New Bond Street, London, W., for full information.

L'EGLANTINE is not at all too old to begin the violin provided that she be resolute and careful in practising it. 2. No.

SANS SENTIMENT is advised to study the science of music, so as to be able to teach thoroughly. There are many good teachers who are not good players; but, as a governess in a family, you would need an acquaintance with both music and painting. Such a commencement would be a very good introduction to your duties.

MOZART-BACH has evidently practised too long, and overstrained the muscles. She should try rubbing the hands and arms with lanoline twice a day. Resume playing the piano for a quarter of an hour each day, and see how she bears it. If better, increase to half an hour, but not more, till well. Of course the doctor is right in thinking your general health weak. Do you take exercise enough?

HOUSEKEEPING.

A YOUNG WIFE.—You will find the article which you desire may be written, already given in this magazine. See "How I Live upon Sixty Pounds a Year," pages 387, 444, 600, 712. The series began March 17th, 1888; the next part appeared in April 7th, then in June 16th, and the last in August 4th, all in the same year. It is very satisfactory to hear that our advice on matters of housekeeping has proved so useful to you.

CORA cannot get the glass stopper out of a cut-glass decanter. Take a feather and drop some salad oil round it, close to the mouth of the bottle, and then place it near the fire. As soon as the glass becomes warm, take a piece of wood (a wooden salad-spoon would do) and tap the stopper gently on each side alternately, and then try it with the hand. If still fixed in the neck, repeat the process—oil, heat, and tapping, and trying with the hand—until it is found successful.

HOUSEWIFE.—The best way to remove stains from black cloth and clean it is to moisten a sponge, pressing to squeeze out the water, and, after rubbing with this, use Fuller's earth or soap to any grease spots. One good recipe is to take Fuller's earth moistened with lemon-juice, and a small quantity of pulverised pearl-ash; mix the two, and make into balls and scour the cloth with them.

"MOLLY DEAR."—With only £90 per annum for two people to live upon, you should not pay more than £10 to £12 a year for your rent. Food for two people will cost you at the very least £40 in the year, and out of the remainder you have to purchase clothes, boots and shoes, coals and light, washing and medicine, for two, and you should be making some small provision for the future each week.

ANGEL ELLA.—To take an oil-stain out of a carpet, you must take great care. Heat an iron, place clean blotting-paper on the stain, and put the hot iron on it. Change the blotting-paper constantly, and apply the iron hot, but not burning. Benzine may also be used for grease stains.

FOGG.—1. To keep walnuts during the year put them away in large stone jars in their shells, just after picking and drying them. The jars should be dried in the oven to ensure their being dry, and that all the air should be exhausted within. Paste the tops over with oiled paper; cover this with brown paper, and bury them in the earth until required. Another way is to keep the walnuts in salt water.—2. Bronzes are kept in order by being well rubbed with a chamois skin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANXIOUS FOR SALVATION.—You seem to forget that the atonement wrought for us by our Divine Redeemer is an accomplished fact, not one in prospect. Our debt is paid, and we have only to accept the salvation which is offered to us through His merits and His blood-shedding. If you have difficulty in finding words, address your blessed Master in the words of the hymn which we have often brought before your notice:—

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that Thy blood was shed for me;
> And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
> Oh, Lamb of God! I come."

Learn the whole hymn by heart. If you "give up praying," you wilfully give up the salvation freely offered to you. It is as if a rope were thrown to a drowning man, and he turned his back on it when at his hand. Salvation is a free gift, but we must strive to serve and please our Heavenly Father just as earnestly as if we had to earn it.

EX-PENSIONNAIRE.—We do not see that you have any cause either for regret or self-reproach. Do not trouble yourself further on the question.

SIMPLE SUSAN.—The term "hackney coach" (or cab) is derived from the old French *Coché-à-haquenée—haque* denoting a small horse or a pony, a word we have adopted, *i.e.*, "hack-horse." We are glad you find increasing interest in our magazine.

BRAUGHING.—The 17th of April, 1877, was a Tuesday.

LAMPLIGHTER.—The 7th of October, 1875, was a Thursday.

MOLY.—1. Moly is wild garlic, called "sorcerer's garlic." There are many sorts, all of which flower in May, except the "sweet moly" of Montpelier, which blossoms in September. The most noted are the "great moly" of Homer, the "Indian moly," the "moly of Hungary," "serpent's moly," the "yellow moly," and the "moly of Dioscorides." Pope describes its effects in one of his odes, and Milton refers to it in "Comus." The asphodel and moly both belong to the botanical family *Liliaceæ*.—2. You would find it difficult to go to the fountain-head for the Arthurian romances, as they are derived from so many legendary sources.

J. L.—According to Mr. Mechi, in his work, "How to Farm Profitably," the keep of one farm-horse will demand the produce of six acres of arable land of average excellence in oats and hay. In case, however, of very high farming on the irrigation system, a couple of acres would suffice. A carriage-horse would cost more to feed than a farm-horse, as you probably know. If you think of adopting farming in a general way as your vocation, you ought to be properly trained in an agricultural college, or you will risk utter failure. Market-gardening, or farming in flowers or fruit, would involve less expenditure and less of risk.

JESSIE W.—Address, "the Rev. M. Smith." Every gentleman should raise his hat when saluting a lady.

SIXTEEN.—The River Liffey rises in the mountains of County Wicklow, 1715 feet above the level of the sea, and is sixty miles in length.

LITTLE MARIE.—Unselfish tender love, the love which desires the good of another before our own, is never wrong, and our prayers for that person would be blessed to ourselves, as well as prove helpful to the person prayed for. "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and we must learn to give our love to all unselfishly, not looking for any return. "Marriage is a lottery," and you might not be so happy nor so useful in that state of life as single. As to a protector, what do you require beyond the protection of the police and the law?

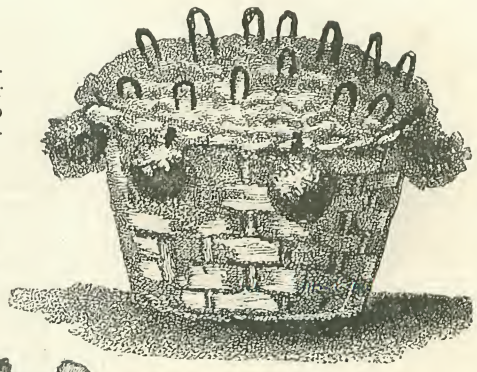
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

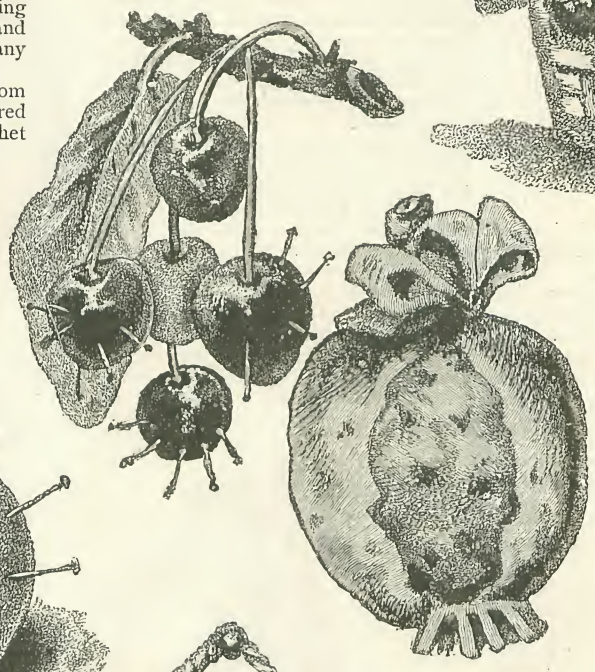
VOL. XIII.—No. 630.] JANUARY 23, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

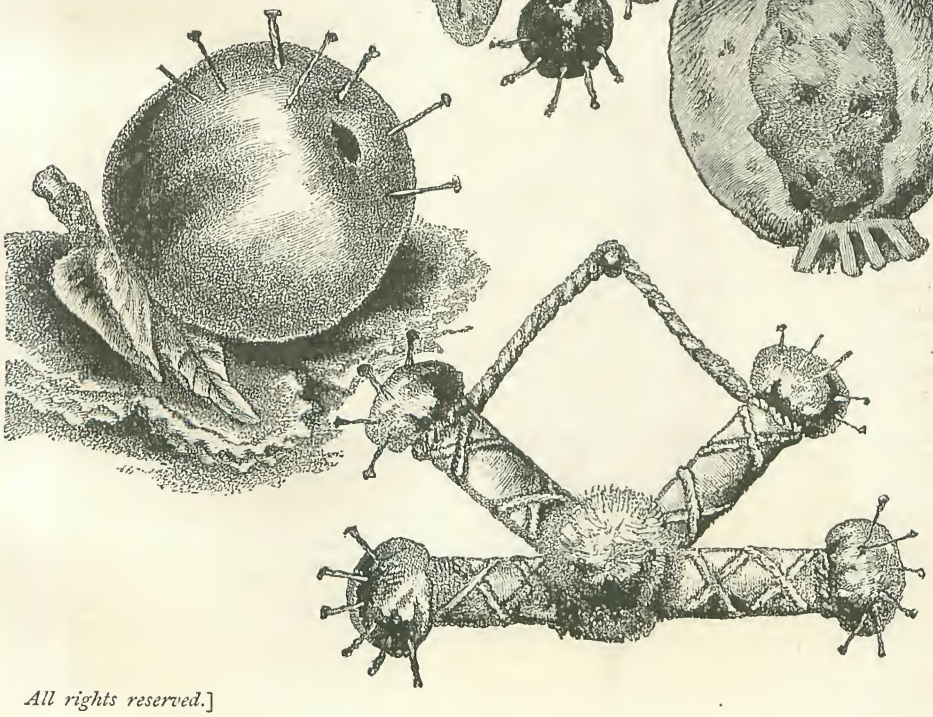
PINCUSHIONS.

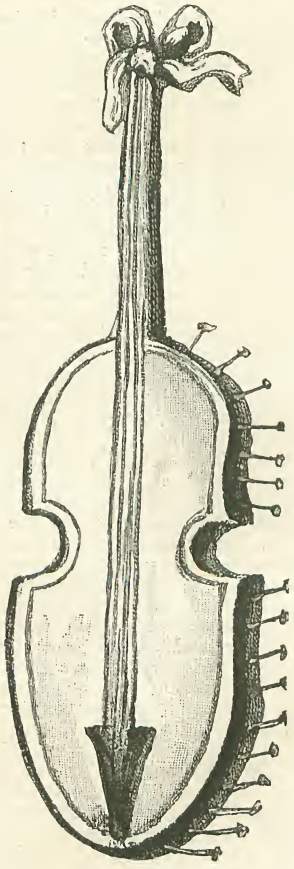
PERHAPS there are few articles that lend themselves to such infinite variety as pincushions; and yet though they are always with us in vast numbers, they change their fashions almost as quickly as our hats do. That so useful an article should change as to shape and colouring partly arises from their making being an easy and a pleasant employment both for old and young, and partly from the cushion getting dirty and being thrown away, and having to be replaced, and the restless spirit of the time forbidding any renewal of any shape already well known.

About the square and solid bedroom cushion, whose foundation is of coloured batiste, and washable cover of Irish crochet or fine lace, we have not much to say; the change that such a cushion needs is easily given by the variety of the ribbon bows that ornament it, or by the introduction of folds and puffings of pale blue, yellow, or pink Liberty silks amongst the frills of lace or crochet edgings. It is with the ornamental drawing-room pincushions that the greatest taste is required and the newest shapes introduced.









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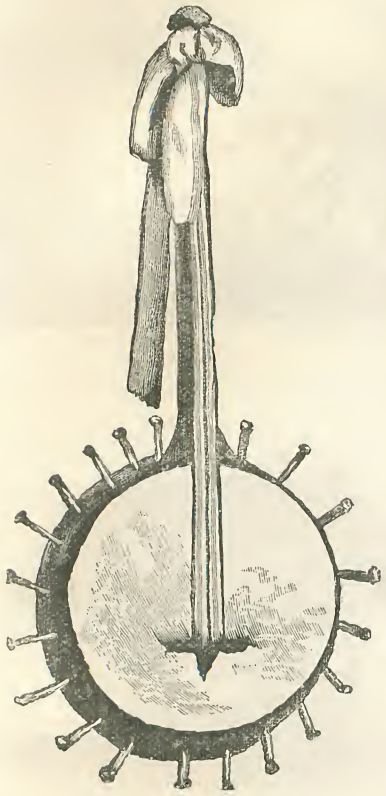
These shapes are taken from a great variety of forms, and worked out in every imaginable way. There is the pipe, the boot, the arm-chair, the spoon, the horseshoe, the basket,



the starfish, and a hundred other devices, of which we illustrate some of the most effective and least describable by letterpress.

The spoon is made from an ordinary wooden salad spoon, painted with Aspinall's enamel either a pale blue or terra-cotta colour. The pincushion fits into the bowl; it is made of dark blue or olive-green satin, stuffed with bran, and glued into the bowl. A fine silk cord or a gold lace edging is sewn round the outer edge of the cushion, and softens it off. Narrow quarter-inch ribbon of several shades of one colour, or several contrasting colours, are wound round the handle until the top is reached, and then finished off with loops and long streamers, one of these loops being used to hang the spoon to the wall by.

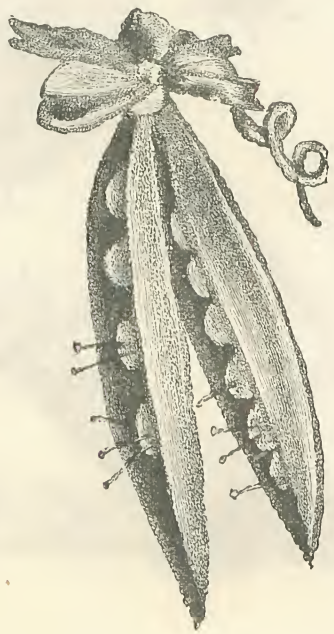
The arm-chair cushion has as its foundation one of those dolls' arm-chairs of pith that are so often sold in the streets. The cushion on this chair is made square, covered on both sides with satin, with a cord and ball tassels round its edge. It is only fastened to the chair through its centre, and should be made large enough to hang over the edge of the seat. The arms and rails of the foundation are decorated with narrow ribbons wound round them, and finished with bows and loops.

The pipe is made with a foundation of cardboard covered with coloured velvet; in shape it must resemble a German student's pipe, and be large and curly. The cushion is fitted into the bowl, and ribbons are wound round the stem. An ordinary wooden pipe can be used as the foundation, but then it must be gilt with gold leaf both on stem and bowl.

The lucky shoe cushion has for its foundation a doll's leather shoe; into this is fitted an upright but long and narrow cushion, covered with pale pink Indian silk. The pins are stuck into the pink silk, and the article is hung on the wall by coloured ribbons, which are secured round the instep of the shoe and taken up the length of the cushion by being crossed over each other and finished with loops.

Another shape of wall cushion is shown on our front page. The foundation in this is of cardboard; the lower arm measures seven inches in length and three in diameter, and the upper arms three and a half inches in length. This measurement does not include the cushions at the end of the arms. Cover the cardboard foundations with velvet, and the cushions make as balls of bran covered over with silk; sew these balls firmly into the rounds of cardboard, and hide the stitches with a cord; wind tinsel down the arms over the velvet, and hide the place where the arms join with a plush ball. Finish with a silk cord—of the same colour as the cord already used—to hang the article up by. This cushion can be made in an endless variety of shades. A bright yellow velvet with olive-green silk is a good combination; also a deep green velvet with pale blue or deep red silk. Terra-cotta velvet with terra-cotta silk looks well; red velvet with navy blue silk, pale blue velvet and pale pink silk, pale green velvet and orange silk, etc.

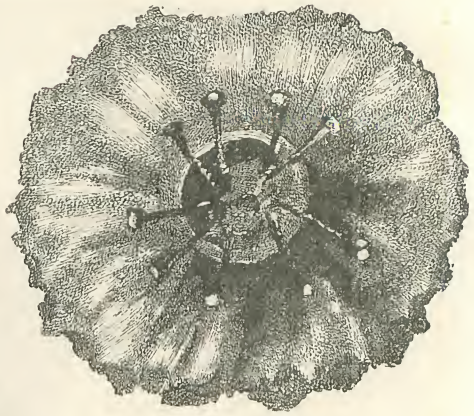
The fiddle and baize cushions are suitable as presents to musicians. The shape of the violin is cut out in chamois leather, and the cushion is glued on to its back. To make this cushion, cut out the shape in cardboard, lay folds of flannel thickly on the cardboard, and cover the whole with dark velvet or silk, turning the edges of the material to the front of the cushion. Glue firmly to the leather, which previously ornament with a line of stitching and with violin strings made of fine whipcord. Hang up the violin with ribbon bows. For the banjo make the back and the cushion as for the violin, but cut the front out of a piece of thin parchment. On this parchment paint a landscape or a group of flowers in water-colours, and make the strings of the banjo of whipcord. Overcast the edge of the parchment to the edge of the cushion with mare's tail silk, and if possible make the edges so neat that the stitches need not be hidden; if they must be hidden, sew a very narrow cream-coloured cord round them. A bunch of ribbons with long loops is hung from the top of the



banjo, and a bow of ribbons can be stuck on the cushion where the arm joins the round, if more ornament is desired. Another musical instrument pincushion is made the shape of a harp. This is rather difficult to form correctly, but looks quaint when accomplished. The pins are stuck into the thick part of the harp at its base, which is purposely made broad. The strings of the harp are made with fine gold cord or coloured purse-silk, and the frame is covered with pale blue or pale yellow velvet, and a loop of ribbons hung to the top of the frame.

The horseshoe pincushion has for its foundation a real horseshoe that is gilt or silvered over. To the centre of this shoe a small wicker basket is fastened by being tied to the horseshoe by ribbons passed through the nail holes. These ribbons are also wound up the shoe and used to hang up the article. The cushion, made of a dark silk, is fastened into the basket. This is a very simple way of making some use of the horseshoes most people bring home for luck when they come across them during their country walks.

Another figure has as its foundation one of the large dried poppy-heads to be purchased at any chemist's. Select a large and well-shaped



head, and with a very sharp knife cut an irregular-shaped segment out of it. Get rid of the poppy seeds and fill in the opening with a satin cushion. Make this of a rich coloured red satin, and catch it down in places as if it was to be buttoned down, but do not put on any buttons. Glue this cushion into the opening, and tie a bunch of ribbons round the stem of the poppy-head. Any coloured satin can be used to stuff the poppy, but deep rich reds and blues tone in best with the mellow brown hue of the natural seed.

The apple is a combined pincushion and pen-wiper. It is made by laying thin muslin over a real apple and shaping the muslin, but cutting away any fullness, and overcasting the raw edges together. The shape formed (but not sewn together at the bottom) is then stuffed with wool, the upper part being raised round the eye of the apple, as in nature, and the deep depression for the eye being made by sewing that part closely down on to the wool. The rest of the apple is then filled in and the lining sewn up, all superfluous fullness being cut away, not folded in. This foundation is covered over with pale yellow-coloured Liberty silk, which is pasted down and arranged with as few creases as possible. As the base of the apple is not shown, the silk can there be folded under. The streaks and rosy colouring of the fruit are imitated by painting the silk with water-colours, using some of Miss Turck's aquarelle as a medium. The leaves are simply artificial leaves sewn to the cut-out folds of cloth that form the penwiper and the foundation of the apple.

Pea-pods and Cherries.—These little cushions are intended more as ornaments to the mantelshelf than for practical purposes. They are pinned on to the drapery of the front of the mantel-board. The bunch of cherries is made of rose-coloured satin, some of the cherries being of a light shade and others of a darker shade. The stems are made of green wire, the leaf of an artificial leaf, the stalk of chenille wound round wire; the cherries are painted with water-colours, so that they are not entirely of one colour. The best stuffing for the satin is the little plush balls sold for sewing on to cushions and other furniture. The pea-pods are made with cartridge-paper covered with green silk, the little peas, of balls of green chenille of a lighter shade than that used for the pods. Tendrils are made of twisted cap wire covered with chenille or purse-silk. A very fine wire is sewn along the ridge of the half open pods to keep them in shape, and to allow of the ornament being twisted and arranged gracefully. Three or four pods look better than only two on a bunch, but this cushion is never made large. It is tied into position with a bunch of green and blue ribbons.

A bunch of plums is easier to imitate than a bunch of cherries, as the fruit is larger; but it is not so effective. It is formed as the apple, and a wire stalk fixed into the lining before it is covered. Purple velvet and maroon velvet form their best covering; and this, when glued on, is brushed over with some Chinese white mixed with a little weak gum-water. A hard brush is used, and the white paint only put on where the fruit catches the highest light.

The foundation for our next is one of the red silk double poppies sold for millinery purposes. The poppy can be bought of any size, but the petals should be of silk, not of coloured muslin. To turn the poppy into a pincushion, cut out all the pistils and stamen and make a fair sized flattish ball of linen, which stuff with bran. Cover this ball with dark red plush several shades darker in colour than the silk petals; sew this ball firmly into the centre of the poppy, and take the stitches through to the back of the flower. Strengthen the back of the flower by sewing a few rounds of any dark-coloured silk on to it, and at the same time give each petal a securing stitch. Sew a loop or ribbon on to the back of the cushion to suspend it by.

The basket shown on the front page is made of ornamental wicker, and the basket itself is filled up with odd pieces of Berlin wool. The cover is of knitting single Berlin wool, scarlet in colour. Use pins No. 12, and work backwards and forwards in plain knitting. Make a square of knitting in length rather longer than the width of the basket, and when it is finished stuff it out in the centre with the wool shreds, and then draw its ends together underneath, so as to keep the cushion firm. Force this ball into the basket and sew it in round the edge and finish off, first with a thick silk or tinsel cord, and lastly with pompons of plush hung over the cord. This cushion is intended for hairpins, and will be found very useful, the coarse knitting and the woollen shreds allowing the hairpins to pass through them with ease, and also preventing them from getting rusty.

A simple and effective flat pincushion is made like a long square, but buttoned down church-cushion fashion. The length of such a cushion is from five to six inches, the width three or four and a half inches, and the depth one inch. The sides are velvet, the top and bottom of a dark rich satin. The lining is first made, it is then stuffed with wool, and if of the largest size, twelve places sewn strongly down in it and the parts surrounding them well puffed up. Satin is laid over the top part and the indented places again sewn through, each being finished off with a little tuft of white chenille, the satin sewn neatly round the edges. A piece of plain satin is arranged to cover the bottom of the ornaments, and its edges sewn down along the sides. Narrow ribbon velvet is finely sewn round the cushion's sides. All shades of satin or velvet can be used in making these articles, and two contrasting shades used together form a variety. These flat cushions are suitable for presents to gentlemen, as, being devoid of lace and finery, they do not require care.

The starfish cushion is not very elegant, but is a variety. It is made first of linen, and should have an unequal number of arms, and be well puffed out in the centre where the arms meet. The arms are joined together there by shaping the linen foundation like a vandyke. Having filled the foundation linen with bran, cover the starfish with yellow or orange velvet, and arrange a bow and loop of ribbons of the same colour to suspend it by.

An easily made drawing-room cushion is of the shape of a large plush pompon. The ball is made of velvet or plush, well stuffed with bran, and should be three inches in diameter. Upon the top of the ball tinsel is sewn; this tinsel is brought down the sides and forms five points. The whole of the top of the ball is filled in with tinsel, and short upright loops are made to stand up at the extreme top, and by the longest the cushion is hung up.

A nigger pincushion, instead of having for its foundation an ordinary black doll, is made of five skeins of single Berlin wool. Fold this black wool all up until it is eight inches in length, then tie it tightly together an inch and a half from the top. This forms the head. To make the arms, detach about thirty strands of wool on each side from the main body, and cut them so that they measure two inches in length. Tie them tightly at the end, leaving the little tufts of ends to imitate hands. Two inches below the neck tie the main part of the wool again together (this forms the body); then separate the wool left into three portions, two for the legs and one for the tail. Tie each leg up two inches down, and leave long tufts to imitate the feet, and plait the tail into a three-plait and tie that up. Wind a little scarlet wool round every part that has been tied, and with the scarlet wool give features to the head, making eyes, nose, tongue, and ears. This little pincushion is an easy one to sell at bazaars—the cost is very trifling, and it looks quaint.

B. C. Saward.

AN HEIRESS UNAWARES.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER I.

Far away in the north of England, between the mountains and the sea, there lies a fair and lordly estate. Acres of park, dotted with forest trees, surround a castellated dwelling, from the topmost tower of which a flag proudly waves when the owner deigns to occupy the mansion. An Italian garden, bright with flowers, musical with a fountain, makes a radiant spot of colour in the landscape, and the sea washes against the furthest boundary of the domain.

The summer visitors who came to stay in the tiny watering-place adjacent to Branscombe Towers, often looked with envy and curiosity at its mistress when she drove in her perfectly-appointed landau along the little promenade. Fabulous rumours of her wealth were spread abroad. She was known to be the heiress and only child of a famous "Railway King," who on his death had bequeathed to her houses in London and the country, and a vast income on which to maintain them. Eleanor Champernowne was still unmarried, though no longer a girl. Her dark and proud style of beauty was more impressive at thirty-two than it had been at twenty, and it was not wonderful that she attracted a considerable amount of attention on the few occasions when she appeared beyond the limits of her park.

"How those people do stare!" she exclaimed, with a pettish jerk of her parasol, to her companion and former governess, Mrs. Grey, who was sitting beside her during one of these drives. "It really makes me inclined never to stir out of the lodge gates; and yet it is so frightfully dull to stay at home all day—what is one to do?"

Mrs. Grey, a gentle little widow, coughed a mild and deprecatory cough.

"My dear, it is natural they should look at you; and I cannot see that it very much matters."

Eleanor cast an angry glance at a little group, awestruck and open-mouthed, consisting of two nursemaids, a perambulator, and six children with spades, drawn up by the wayside.

"It is most objectionable to be mobbed like this. I wonder the people have not better taste than to stand about and gape; and the gossip about me in the village, Dawson says, is something quite outrageous."

"You are the centre of a great deal of interest, Eleanor. This is the penalty of wealth and a distinguished position."

Mrs. Grey made the same remark about twice a day, and it was invariably received with ill-disguised petulance by the wealthy and distinguished one.

"Well, every time I stay here I dislike the place and people more, and vow I will never come again. Home, Wilson!"

Mrs. Grey meditated in silence on the fact that Miss Champernowne entertained a like opinion about each of her country houses in turn, and she sighed a placid little sigh as she thought of the restless discontent which prompted the utterance. How should she amuse and satisfy this spoilt child of wealth, who knew every gratification money could purchase; who had travelled through the beauties of Europe, had yachted on the Mediterranean, had visited America, had gone whithersoever her fancy led her, and had always returned jaded, feverish, and irritable?

"Coelum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt," she would have said had she known any Latin. But the problem was quite beyond her, and she could only wonder once again, as she had wondered a hundred times before, why every good gift of earth brought no satisfaction to the heiress.

They drove through the avenue and entered the lofty galleried hall, where, under the shadow of a spreading palm, the tea-table awaited them.

"A letter for you," said Eleanor, glancing through the budget of the afternoon post; "and, as usual, about a thousand for me; all asking for money, I suppose—the same old story."

She was too much occupied in her own correspondence to observe the evident agitation of Mrs. Grey while reading her letter.

"Now let us have some tea," she said at last, throwing down a batch of papers on the cushioned oaken settle.

There was a clatter among the tea-cups as Mrs. Grey held the teapot with an unsteady hand.

"Take care!" cried Eleanor sharply. "You are pouring it into the saucer. Why, what is the matter! Have you had bad news?"

"Not exactly bad news," faltered Mrs. Grey, setting the teapot down, "but Cecil is leaving her situation quite suddenly."

"A very good thing, I should think, from what you have told me of the situation," calmly observed Eleanor, taking a macaroon. "She will soon find another and a better one."

"Yes, but she has nowhere to go meanwhile. The people are going abroad at once, and cannot take her with them; and there is scarlatina at my sister's house, where she would naturally stay a little while until she found something else to do. We have no other near relative. I must think. It is silly of me to be so disturbed," murmured Mrs. Grey apologetically. "My nerves are not as strong as they used to be, and any little thing flurries me. I was startled to think of Cecil being thrown on her own resources."

"The same thing must continually be happening to governesses," said Eleanor, who prided herself upon her practical commonsense and freedom from sentiment. "I should think there must be plenty of places kept up on purpose, where they can stay during such an emergency."

The elder lady said no more, but busied herself to appear agreeable, and to pour forth her ordinary stream of innocent small-talk. Eleanor, in spite of herself, felt somewhat disturbed; her latest remark echoed unfeelingly in her ears. Mrs. Grey was, notwithstanding her little weaknesses and peculiarities, an unselfish and invaluable companion. She had, on Mr. Champernowne's death, given up a "ladies' school," which she was struggling to maintain, but which altogether refused to return the compliment, and to maintain *her*. She was thankful to find a post with the lady whom she had taught as a child, but the break-up of her home had necessarily sent her only child, Cecil, out into the world as a governess, and the mother's heart ached at the necessity of parting. She lived on her daughter's letters, dreamt constantly of a little home one day where they should be together again, and as she tossed on her pillow that night she could not help thinking.

"How strange that Eleanor should be so dissatisfied, when, if Cecil had only one thousandth part of her wealth, we should be so happy! How hard that things should be so unequally divided!"

There was an interval in the usual succession of visitors at Branscombe Towers. Miss Champernowne had been weary of entertaining the last set, and declared she was glad to get rid of them; but she appeared to find it duller still without the incubus of their presence. What should she do to kill time? No new excitement presented itself to wile away the brilliant August hours. Letters had to be answered, and there was some satisfaction in writing an imperious rebuke to the superintendent of an immense laundry for the employment of poor women, which was Eleanor's pet "charity," which she managed after a high-handed fashion of her own, and which was always going wrong. The letters despatched, she loitered in the park and looked with a careless eye on the beauty of purple hill and glittering ocean—so familiar by the sense of proprietorship as to afford no pleasure. Then, finding it, as she expressed it, "unbearably hot," she roamed into the library. Poet and sage looked down upon her from the shelves, but she never thought of asking for their help to tell her what to make of her life. The library was a noble room, with windows commanding a view over the Italian garden, the shelves crowded with treasures of literature. Mr. Champernowne had bought the admirable collection of books as they stood from the former proprietor of Branscombe Towers. He was "no reader," and his daughter, though she did not lack intelligence, was impatient of study. Any occupation that asked for submission of her powers to a force outside herself, was distasteful. She liked to advise and admonish other people, but she resented the same process as applied, even by a book, to herself. Therefore only the lightest of novels and magazines were dipped into by the heiress, and even they were frequently voted dull and stupid, and tossed aside with contemptuous intolerance.

The beauty of Nature, the charm of the best thought of the world, were hers to enjoy, but hers only in name!

After the *tête-à-tête* luncheon, at which the servants outnumbered those on whom they waited, Eleanor summoned Mrs. Grey into her boudoir. During those listless morning hours she had made up her mind to an act that already gave her considerable inward complacency: it was rather her *rôle* to patronise and confer favours, and this was undoubtedly to be a great instance of its kind.

"I have been thinking that if you would like to invite Cecil here, Mrs. Grey, for two or three weeks, I shall be pleased for you to do so. I am expecting nobody for the next fortnight at least; you know the Talbots have fallen through, and there really is no reason why she should not come. She can have the little dressing-room next to yours, and she will not be in the least in my way. Now, no thanks," superbly continued the heiress, feeling thanks were very much due indeed; "but just write and tell her to start as soon as she can pack her boxes."

Mrs. Grey flushed and trembled with excitement. She had thought of this, but never dared hope for it. The distance between her and the lady whom she had taught as a child before the little pupil entered on her teens, was in reality very great, and the appellations of "Eleanor" and "my dear" did not represent any actual familiarity. She had not thought Miss Champernowne would condescend so far as to invite the humble Cecil to Branscombe Towers. Her expressions of gratitude were therefore warm enough to largely enhance that lady's consciousness of her own merit, and the proposed letter was ultimately converted, by added graciousness, into a telegram from the hostess herself.

Miss Champernowne felt a languid curiosity to see the daughter of her "companion," a girl of twenty, quaintly named after her father. Uninteresting, dowdy, unpresentable, she would certainly be; but in the absence of any house party it did not matter much.

She felt a certain shock of surprise when a trim little figure clad in a plain but well-fitting blue serge suit stepped with light alert tread into the hall on the following afternoon, and a charming face with a gentle winning expression looked up at her from under the brim of a sailor hat. The little neatly-gloved hand was extended with a few words of intense gratitude. "I can never thank you enough for letting me come to this beautiful place, and to see my mother," Cecil said, and Eleanor could not help noting even then the appealing look of the soft brown eyes. But there was a brightness about the little creature very different from the dejected mien Eleanor imagined would be the characteristic of a young governess fresh from a hard situation, and her rapturous expressions of delight, when the first shyness of greeting had worn off, pleased and amused Miss Champernowne.

Dinner was a far more agreeable meal than usual, with an embodiment of ingenuous happiness at the table in the shape of the white-robed Cecil. Her appearance was, as her hostess owned with surprise, quite up to the mark, though her toilette was of the plainest, and she had made her dress herself. It transpired, in the course of conversation, that she had been very sorry to leave her employers and pupils. "The darling children had been *so* good to her, giving her little presents out of their pocket-money," she said, with sudden tears in her eyes, and she did not utter one word appropriate to the downtrodden crushed dependent set free from slavery.

"I thought you gave me the impression that Cecil was not comfortably placed," said Miss Champernowne, with an air of rebuke to Mrs. Grey, when they found themselves alone. "I do not think it was so at all. She speaks of the people with affection and regret, and if she were not so delighted to see you and to come here, I believe she would be quite distressed about the separation."

"They did *not* treat her well," replied the mother. "They took advantage of her youth in giving her the utmost amount of work for the least possible salary, and I thought the children spoilt and disagreeable. But Cecil is of so meek a disposition, that she never looks out for slights or injuries, and she always sees the best side of everyone, because she utterly forgets herself."

"Meek, do you call her?" pondered Eleanor aloud. "I should have thought her too vivacious to be exactly 'meek.'"

"I think she is meek in the true sense," answered Mrs. Grey; "not in the style of Uriah Heep, but in the way of thinking very little of herself and her claims. She is always intent upon her *duties*, and never concerned about her *rights*."

This was quite a remarkable speech for so subdued a person as the "companion" to make; perhaps the nearness of her beloved daughter animated her and gave her courage. Miss Champernowne stared, but was silent.

One thought pressed upon her with growing force in the course of the next day or two, as she came to know her little guest. It was absurd, preposterous; she put it away from her; but it recurred again and again with obstinate insistence. Cecil Grey, the poor little governess, whose life Miss Champernowne had looked upon with such utter contemptuous pity, was happier, in the general way, than *she* was—the heiress, with everything the world could offer. No words of complaint fell from the girlish lips, but cheerful or funny reminiscences of her life in her situation were constantly forthcoming.

Eleanor felt an unwonted desire to please her guest, and drove her, a day or two after her arrival, to a lake among the mountains behind her estate. Cecil seemed as though she could scarcely contain herself as they threaded a bare and rugged pass, and finally emerged upon the waters lying still and sombre under the shadow of the hills.

"How happy you must be to live in a place where you have such beauty near your very gates!" ejaculated the girl with timid fervour, as the two walked together on the margin of the mere.

"Happy!—well, I hardly know. You see, I have been here so *very* often," said Eleanor, conscious that the neighbourhood of Ravenglass Water and the mountains added in no wise to the delight of her existence.

"I should have thought that places like these never lost their charm, but grew dearer by familiarity," said Cecil gently, stooping to

pick up what looked like a tuft of moss. "Oh, how wonderful! See, Miss Champernowne, this is the sundew, or fly-catching plant. I have heard of it, but never seen it before. Every one of these tiny red discs has caught an insect. It seems rather cruel, doesn't it?—if one could attach blame to a plant."

Eleanor looked with curiosity at the sundew, but still more at the animated and interested face of her companion. She had observed Cecil's love for plants and knowledge of botany on more than one occasion already. "If I were in her position I should find life so dull a thing that I should not care in the least about scenery, or plants, or anything else," she reflected. She felt inclined to ask her guest how she could be so radiantly cheerful in the interval between two dull situations.

But Cecil Grey had learned to submit herself to what she felt to be the will of her Father in heaven concerning her. Nothing could take her out of His keeping. She delighted in the glorious scenery as the antechamber of His palace.

"The wise, who waited there, could tell
By these, what royalties in store
Lay one step past the entrance-door."

And her meek submission to her lot set her free to "inherit the earth" in a sense that the haughty and imperious Eleanor could never know. Untroubled about self and its claims, she could enjoy the beauty and glory of the world, the marvels of science, with a heart at leisure. These were truly hers to inherit, as an obedient child of the Father. Hers was the spirit of the familiar lines:—

"I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go."

"I really believe Cecil appreciates this place more than I ever did," said Eleanor to Mrs. Grey, watching the little figure roaming one morning in the park with its air of measureless content. Mrs. Grey thought so too. No fact of proprietorship could make the delight of the estate more truly Cecil's than it was at the present. Not deeds of parchment, but the receptive heart and eye, constitute the title to enjoyment, and this the heiress was beginning dimly to realise.

(To be concluded.)

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE VILLA MATTEI.

ALTHOUGH she had come so bravely out of her misadventure, Enid felt the effects of it for some days, and looked pale and languid. She was embarrassed by finding herself the object of general attention. Everyone about her seemed disposed to exalt her into a kind of heroine except Miss Guy, whom Maud overheard remarking, that she "hoped Miss Mildmay was satisfied with the fuss that was being made over her. She was one of those girls who liked doing out-of-the-way things in order that people might talk about them."

Maud laughingly repeated the words to her cousin. "You see, Enid," she said, "you cannot hide your deep designs from Miss Guy. She is shrewd enough to discern them. It was artful of you to get shut up in that underground place in order to create a sensation amongst your acquaintance."

Enid laughed. "If only Miss Guy could know how trying I find the fuss," she said. "I realise the kindness which prompts it; but still I am growing tired of the subject of my escapade."

"I don't wonder," said Maud; "but you gave us all a great fright, and now you must bear the consequences, and expect to be watched over with extra care."

Of course Sydney Althorp heard the whole story of how Enid was lost and found. Maud told him everything the next day with a fullness which astonished Enid, frankly confessing that she had been as "horrid as possible" to her cousin during the previous week. Certainly if Maud was given to complimenting herself, and at times exhibited an insupportable egotism, she was also wont, when once convinced of any fault, to confess it with winning openness. Enid wondered a little at the relation Sydney Althorp seemed to hold towards her cousin. He treated her with a frankness and freedom which no other friend would have dared to assume. He did not hesitate to criticise her words and actions, nor did he hide from her any disapproval he might feel. No one was less inclined to flatter her. His attitude towards her was almost that of a brother, and yet instinctively Enid felt that his interest in Maud was not simply of that nature.

On the second day after Enid's adventure Mrs. Dakin called to take her for a drive. Julius was in the carriage with his mother and Miss Amory, and he came up to the Studio Mariano to bring the invitation. He found Sydney Althorp there, who had just called to take Maud out. Maud introduced the gentlemen to each other.

"My mother thought that Miss Mildmay ought not to attempt work to-day," said Julius. "She thinks there is nothing so good as fresh air for one who has experienced a nervous shock. There will be room for you also in the carriage, Miss Marian; but I am afraid I cannot offer Mr. Althorp a place inside. He is welcome to my seat on the box."

"You are very kind," said that gentleman, "but indeed I must not think of anything so leisurely as a drive for mere enjoyment. My time in Rome is limited, unfortunately, and I have to make a serious business of sight-seeing."

"Ah, I see! You are *doing* Rome, as the Americans say," returned Julius Dakin. "I shall never forget the amazement I experienced when, one day at the Vatican, a lady came up to me and asked, 'Can you tell me if I have seen the Pantheon?' 'Really, madam,' I replied, 'that is a question which you can best answer yourself.' 'But can't you tell me what it's like?' she returned. Whereupon I did my best to describe to her the glories of the Pantheon. But ere I had got half through my description, she interrupted me by saying, 'Oh, I guess I've seen that; we've seen a lot of old churches, anyway,' and was off."

"How absurd!" said Enid laughing. "It always seems to me a shame that such persons should come to Rome, especially when so many who would thoroughly appreciate its grand associations are unable to come. We were so amused the other day to hear a gentleman say to his daughters that they must look at one of the statues because it was *starred* in *Baedeker!*"

"Yes," said Maud, "and another of the party furnished the information that everything marked with a star was by Michael Angelo! But please do not imagine that Mr. Althorp does his sight-seeing in that fashion."

"Thank you," said Mr. Althorp gravely. "It is kind of you to say that. I was beginning to feel horribly guilty of being a mere tourist with a desire to see as much of Rome as is possible in a few days. Now I will confess that I had planned to see the Baths of Caracalla this afternoon, and also the Catacombs of S. Calixtus. I had hoped to persuade Miss Marian to accompany me, but I waive my invitation in favour of yours."

Enid saw a slight shadow fall on Maud's face; but probably no one else remarked it, or that she hesitated for a few moments ere she answered brightly, "No, indeed, you shall not do that. Mrs. Dakin will perhaps give me the pleasure of driving with her some other afternoon, but I cannot hope for much more of your company. Besides, who knows but you may fall into some blunder if I am not at your side to impart information."

"It is possible to be misled by one's guide," said Althorp gravely, though with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "But of course you are always accurately informed."

"How mean of you to insinuate the contrary!" cried Maud. "I have a great mind to say that I will not go with you after all."

But she did *go*. Enid left her preparing for the excursion, and went down to the carriage with Julius Dakin.

It was the first time she had seen either Mrs. Dakin or Miss Amory since her eventful experience, and they were eager to hear all about it from her own lips. They began to question her, but Julius interposed to spare her the trouble of replying to their questions. It was really clever, the brief, terse way in which he replied to their queries, and presently

contrived to divert them from the subject. Enid was grateful for the kindness which discerned that the recollection was painful to her, and wished to prevent her from dwelling on it. But it hardly seemed as if the kindness had its reward. It might have been observed that Enid never addressed Julius during the drive. She took part in the general conversation, and showed no lack of animation; but she was careful to look at everything and everybody except the gentleman who sat opposite to her. Not once could Julius succeed in arresting her glance. But he was amused rather than disturbed at being thus baulked. His nature was far too buoyant for his hopes to be quickly dashed. He did not think it strange that Enid should be a little shy of him now. It was easy to interpret that shyness in a way agreeable to his feelings.

They passed out of the city by the Porta Pia, close to which a number of faded wreaths hanging on the wall mark the spot where the breach was made through which the Italian troops entered Rome on September 20, 1870. A little further along the road, beyond the old basilica of S. Agnese, Julius drew Enid's attention to the villa once occupied by Garibaldi.

"I remember going there with my father to see the General when I was a little boy of ten," he remarked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dakin, "and Garibaldi put his hand on his head and asked him if he meant to be a soldier when he grew up."

"And after that," said Miss Amory, giving him a reproachful glance, "you could *not* be a soldier?"

"Quite easily," replied Julius. "I never had any desire to bear arms. Why do you look at me so? Do you think I should become the uniform?"

"No; but it might become you," she said calmly. "Anyway, I should like you much better if you were a soldier. I cannot tell you how I admire the King's Guardsmen. And that fine officer belonging to the Pope's Guard whom we saw at the Vatican the other day in his white cloak and gold buttons. Do you remember him?"

"Yes; fine feathers make fine birds," remarked Julius sententiously. "They are lucky fellows to win your admiration so easily. I think, on the whole, it is a pity I am not in the army. In that case I should at least have been an ornamental member of society, if not a useful one."

He glanced at Enid. Her eyes were on the distant range of Alban Hills just coming into view, their snow-covered summits gleaming in the sunshine, their slopes gloriously blue. Apparently she was paying no heed to what was being said.

They drove on, crossed the famous Anio, down which, according to the legend, floated the cradle bearing the babes Romulus and Remus, by the picturesque battlemented bridge known as the Ponte Nomentano. Beyond rose a hill which Julius informed them was the *Mons Sacer* of historic interest.

"Well, what's that?" asked Miss Amory.

"The hill to which the Plebs retired after their revolt in B.C. 549, and where Agrippa delivered his famous apologue to them. Do you not remember?"

"No, I do not," she replied; "and for goodness' sake don't expect me to remember things that happened so long ago as that. It is as much as I can do to remember what belongs to my own century."

At the brow of the hill Julius checked the coachman, and proposed that they should alight and climb a hillock on the left which commanded a fine view. Mrs. Dakin elected to remain in the carriage, and Miss Amory was disposed to keep her company; but Enid would not allow that.

"Do come," she said, taking her hand; "you must not be lazy. You really ought to see this view."

Miss Amory laughed and yielded. She cared little about the view, but she was good-natured, and it was enough that Enid wished her to come.

"I shall spoil my boots," she said in a distressed tone, looking anxiously at her dainty little feet as they scrambled up the rough bank.

They had gained a grassy ridge, shaded by grand old pines, and overlooking the vast Campagna, which stretched away to right and left—not as a flat plain, but breaking into soft billowy undulations of greyish green, with here and there an old farmhouse appearing in the distance, or a mediæval tower surrounded by pine trees. On the opposite side of the road by which they had come rose a picturesque castle with battlemented tower and a *loggia* on the roof. Beyond to the right lay the Alban Hills, their lower slopes now bathed in a soft blue mist, but the sunlight on the snow above; whilst rising behind them, distinctly visible in the clear atmosphere, was a chain of snowy peaks—the distant Appennines. To the left stretched a magnificent mountain wall, the Sabine range, every peak and curve clearly outlined against the blue sky, whilst below the snow the hill-sides showed a lovely play of light and shadow changing in hue from deep blue to reddish purple. The scene exhibited in perfection that richness of colour peculiar to Italian scenery which it is almost impossible for painters to render truly. To complete the picture there was in the immediate foreground a flock of sheep, near which were grouped several picturesque-looking peasants of the Campagna in their sheepskin garments.

"I call this quite idyllic," said Julius, pointing to the group. "Do you not feel inspired to paint a picture, Miss Mildmay?"

"Indeed, I have been thinking how much I should like to come here to paint some day," replied Enid. "That castle and those old pines, with the Alban Hills beyond, would make a good sketch."

"They would. You would make something charming of it, I am sure. But remember, you are not to think of coming here alone. You must allow me to accompany you as your guardian. We cannot let you stray into danger again."

Enid coloured.

"I shall regret my unlucky accident more than ever," she said quickly, "if my movements are for ever to be restrained by a recollection of it. It is too absurd to talk as if there were danger everywhere. Maud was actually trying to persuade me that I ought not to go alone to sketch at the Villa Mattei to-morrow, so public as that is on a Thursday afternoon!"

"She is right; you cannot be too careful," he said gravely. "I hope you will not think of going there alone."

He spoke with a tone of authority which disturbed Enid's equanimity. She wished she had not mentioned the Villa Mattei.

"Well, I wouldn't come out to a lonely place like this by myself for a king's ransom," observed Miss Amory. "I'm going back to Mrs. Dakin. I guess she's tired of sitting there in the carriage by herself. But don't let me hurry you two. Stay and go into raptures over the mountains as long as you please."

But Enid turned at once and followed closely in her steps. If Julius had hoped to gain a word with her alone, he was disappointed. In a few minutes they were in the carriage, from which they did not again alight till they reached home.

Maud returned a little later than her cousin, and when they met it was evident that something had occurred to put her out of humour.

"I wish I had gone with you," she said discontentedly; "it would have been so much pleasanter to drive in Mrs. Dakin's easy carriage than to tramp about ruins with a tiresome man."

"A tiresome man!" repeated Enid in astonishment. "You found Mr. Althorp tiresome!"

"Indeed I did. He was in one of his most provoking moods. He wanted to persuade me to go home next month—talked to me about its being my duty to do so, and altogether made himself as disagreeable as possible. At last I fairly quarrelled with him."

"That was a pity," said Enid.

"Well, yes, it was," said Maud rather regretfully; "but really it was too bad of him. He told me that if I did not go home and do a daughter's duty by my father, I should regret it in days to come. He abuses the privilege of an old friend, and I will not endure it."

"But why should he say that?" asked Enid. "Is your father in any special need of you just now?"

"Of course not. Sydney just says it to annoy me, I believe. He loves to pose as my mentor. He made me as cross as possible."

"It is unfortunate you should quarrel with him just as he is going away," observed Enid. "You will be sorry when he is gone."

"No, I shall not," said Maud; "and as for quarrelling with him, it is after all impossible to have a real good quarrel with Sydney. That is the provoking part of it. He will not take offence. No matter what I say, his face wears the same calm, imperturbable expression. You will see he will be just as amiable to me to-morrow as if I had behaved like an angel to him to-day."

And it was so. Mr. Althorp's manner was as friendly as possible when he appeared the next day. No one could have supposed that he had anything to resent. He asked the girls to come out with him, and it was arranged that they should go together to the Villa Mattei, and that Enid should be left there to begin her sketch whilst Maud and Mr. Althorp went on to visit some other places of interest.

It was a bright warm February day. On such a day it was delightful to pass along the shady secluded paths between tall hedges of box, which gave to the warm air its subtle perfume, with here and there a broken-nosed statue or a block of stone bearing a fine relief—relics of the old Roman villa which once stood on this spot, and over the ruins of which the present uninteresting modern mansion has been raised. Already there were many tokens of spring. Large pink-tipped daisies studded the rank grass, the sweet scent of violets betrayed their presence in the borders, roses even were in bud, and the orange trees growing on a sunny terrace beneath a sheltering wall were bowing beneath a weight of golden fruit. They passed down an avenue of huge ilexes with knotted branches interlacing overhead, and a thickness of foliage which afforded a grand depth of shade, and gained a little stone temple commanding a fine view of the Alban Hills, the old walls of the Baths of Caracalla, the picturesque brown arches of the ancient aqueduct, and the Campagna stretching far away marked by many a tomb till it melted in the pale blue of the sky. Then they descended to the lower walk. Here springing from beneath the wall was a picturesque old fountain, fringed with maidenhair fern, dripping into a still green pool, about which grew luxuriantly the large graceful leaves of the acanthus. This was said to be the true Fountain of Egeria, where Numa Pompilius held mysterious intercourse with the nymph. Enid had her doubts about its identification, but the romantic beauty of the old fountain pleased her fancy, and she had set her heart upon making a sketch of it.

As soon as she had fairly settled to her work, Maud and Mr. Althorp left her, promising to call at the Villa for her on their return about five o'clock. Enid had been working quietly for about a quarter of an hour when the sound of a step made her raise her head. Julius Dakin stood beside her.

"So you have carried out your intention," he said quietly, "and you have come alone. I was afraid you meant to do so."

"I did not come alone," said Enid. "Maud and Mr. Althorp came with me. Did you not meet them?"

He shook his head. "It is all the same," he remarked rather vaguely, "since you are remaining here alone."

Enid coloured. "I prefer to be alone," she said. "I cannot paint so well when anyone is by me."

"Does that mean that you wish me to retire?" he asked.

"I do not wish to hurry you, of course," said Enid laughingly; "but you do not suppose that I can paint with you looking over my shoulder all the time?"

"Will you give me that painting when it is finished?"

"I make no rash promises," said Enid. "At its present rate of progress it does not seem likely ever to get finished."

"But you know you owe me a painting?"

"Do I?" said Enid. "I don't know how you make that true."

"Have you forgotten that you wantonly destroyed the painting you were doing for me? There—I will not revive a painful subject. But you will let me have this?"

"As it is now?"

"You know I do not mean that."

"Then please let me have a chance of finishing it. I must see what I make of it before I think of giving it to anyone. Come, I am sure you ought not to be wasting your time at the Villa this afternoon."

"I am not wasting my time; duty brought me here this afternoon."

"Really!" Enid looked up at him with a laughing glance of surprise; but something in the glance that met hers made her eyes drop suddenly. She busied herself with her paint-box.

"Well, I suppose I must take your hint," said Julius. "I will not disturb you farther."

He walked away without bidding her good-bye. Enid tried to give her mind to her painting, but it was difficult. Her hands had grown unsteady; she was vexed to find that she could not pursue her work as calmly as before Julius Dakin appeared. But she persevered, though she was ill-pleased with the result of her efforts. Seeing no more of him she concluded that he had gone away, and worked on with an easier mind.

At last she paused, and sat back on her stool surveying her work. The light was changing rapidly; it was impossible to do more to-day. Her eyes wandered to the distant prospect. Shadows were stealing over the mountains, the old red-brown ruins glowed in the sunset light. Enid thought of the contrast between the mighty enduring mountains and the ruined desolate works of man, which yet were so grand in their way—so full of pathos and of beauty. Suddenly she started at a light touch. Someone had lifted the fur cape which lay beside her and placed it on her shoulders. It was Julius Dakin.

Enid started up greatly discomposed. Her tone was almost one of annoyance as she said, "How you startled me! I had no idea you were still here."

"I am sorry I startled you," he said. "I have not been far from you all the time. I have been watching you from above. Now I have come to warn you that it is growing damp and chill, and you must not sit here longer."

"I had no intention of doing so," said Enid brusquely. "You need not have troubled. I know how to take care of myself."

The words were ungracious. She was ashamed of them as she uttered them.

"Of course you do," he said gently. There was a pause, and then he added, "Enid, let us understand each other. I cannot help thinking that you do understand me; but let me tell you that your wellbeing is more to me than anything else in the world, and I would guard you from all harm for ever if I could."

Enid paused in the work of gathering together her painting materials. Her face had grown very white. She did not say a word.

"Enid," he said again, his voice now scarcely above a whisper, "you know what I mean. I love you; I want you to promise that some day you will be my wife."

"It is impossible," she replied, in quick, hurried tones.

"Impossible?"

"Yes, it can never, never be."

"You cannot love me?"

Enid made no reply; but he thought he read in the agitated face the confirmation of his fear.

"I might have known," he said, much moved. "You think me unworthy, and indeed I am not worthy. You see in me a selfish, useless, conceited fellow, who has never done anything worth doing in all his life, and who never will."

"Don't say that," responded Enid tremulously; "you will make something of your life yet."

"With your help I might do anything," he said quickly. "Enid, won't you give me a little hope? I could—I *would* make something good of my life if I had you beside me. You don't know what influence a woman may exert over the man who loves her."

"You must do it without me," she said, in a low unsteady voice. "You can if you like. You do not really need me. There are so many who care for you."

"As if that made any difference," he replied almost scornfully. Then as she made a quick gesture as if to stay his words, he asked gravely—

"Is it so indeed? Do you mean me to understand that it can never be?"

"It can never be," she repeated.

He said nothing more, but silently helped her to put her things together.

"I will go to the gate now," said Enid nervously. "Maud said that she would call for me at five o'clock."

"It is that now," he returned, looking at his watch.

He took her camp-stool and drawing-board, and they ascended the path to the higher garden. Enid shivered as they passed into the gloom beneath the avenue of ilexes. There seemed something ominous in the sudden change from bright sunlight to deep shadow. Was it typical of the days before her? As they emerged from the trees she saw a carriage drive up to the gates, in which were Maud and Mr. Althorp. Julius saw it too, and drew back into the shade.

"Will you excuse me if I do not go further with you?" he asked. Then she looked up and saw the trouble written on his face. She had never thought to see him look so. Her heart was moved within her. She could not speak, and they shook hands in silence. Then she went on in blind haste towards the gate, and he turned back alone.

(*To be continued.*)

IV.

THOUGH I gave, in my last article, several of the more important "ring-games," I by no means exhausted the list of those which I have jotted down as they have been actually in progress. Some of them, as I have already mentioned, consist of but little beyond the song which is sung as the players circle round; but so quaint and catching are some of these melodies, and so odd the words, that I think one or two well worthy of record. Others, though true "ring-games," approach very closely in form to the little "acted stories," or "dramatic games," as I have christened them, which I shall hereafter describe.

One of the best of these acting "ring-games" is "Lazy Mary." One of the girls kneels down in the middle of the ring, and the others, circling round, sing—

"Lazy Mary! will you get up?
Will you, will you, will you get up?
Lazy Mary! will you get up?
Will you get up to-day?"

On which she answers, while the others dance round her—and it may be noted that she puts as much dramatic expression into her answer as she is mistress of—

"No, mother! I won't get up!
I won't, I won't, I won't get up!
No, mother! I won't get up!
I won't get up to-day!"

Then with a change to a wheedling tone, she goes on—

"But what'll you give me if I get up,
If I, if I, if I get up?
What will you give me if I get up,
If I get up to-day?"

On this the girls in the ring answer—

"A brand new hat and a lace cravat,
A lace, a lace, a lace cravat;
A brand new hat and a lace cravat,
If you get up to-day."

The girl in the middle replies scornfully—

"Then, mother, I won't get up!
I won't, I won't, I won't get up!
Then, mother, I won't get up!
I won't get up to-day!"

And again she goes on—

"But what'll you give me if I get up,
If I, if I, if I get up?
What will you give me if I get up,
If I get up to-day?"

The girls in the ring answer—

"A nice young man with rosy cheeks,
With rosy, rosy, rosy cheeks;
A nice young man with rosy cheeks,
If you get up to-day."

And "Lazy Mary" rises to her feet at once, and sings—

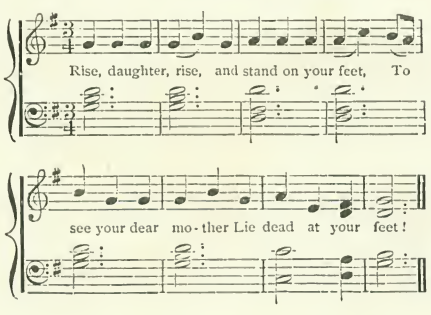
"Yes, mother! I will get up,
I will, I will, I will get up;
Yes, mother! I will get up,
I will get up to-day!"

And as the ring breaks up, all the girls clap their hands derisively and sing—

"Lazy Mary! you had to get up,
You had, you had, you had to get up!
Lazy Mary! you had to get up,
You had to get up to-day!"

Almost identical in idea with the foregoing is "Rise! daughter, rise!" but it is much more poetical in thought and expression, while the air is almost a haunting one. The preliminaries are the same as those just described — one girl kneeling in the middle of the ring, while the others circle round her, singing—

RISE! DAUGHTER, RISE!



To which she makes answer, with a slow shaking of her head, in sign of negation—

"Oh, no! I won't rise or stand on my feet,
To see my dear mother lie dead at my feet!"

Then they try a second time—

"Rise! daughter, rise! and stand on your feet,
To see your dear father lie dead at your feet!"

And she answers—

"Oh, no! I won't rise or stand on my feet,
To see my dear father lie dead at my feet!"

Then they sing—

"Rise! sister, rise! and stand on your feet,
To see your dear sister lie dead at your feet!"

Again she sings her refusal with a negative, shaking her tiny head, and they ask her again—

"Rise! sister, rise! and stand on your feet,
To see your dear brother lie dead at your feet!"

And once again she refuses. Finally they sing—

"Rise! sweetheart, rise! and stand on your feet,
To see your dear lover lie dead at your feet!"

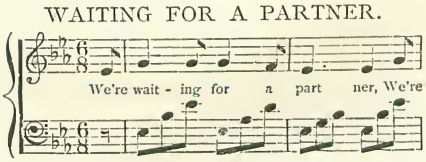
And she jumps to her feet and sings—

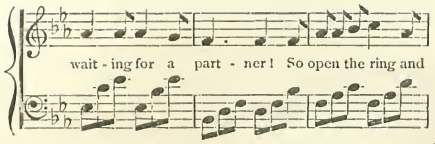
"Oh, yes! I will rise and stand on my feet,
To see my dear lover lie dead at my feet!"

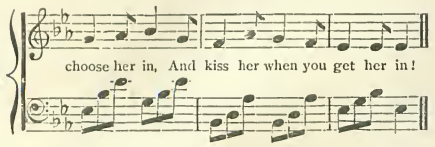
and the game is over.

"Waiting for a Partner" is one of the most popular of the games among New York girls, though for what reason I hardly know, as there is not much real game in it as far as I can see. Probably, as in so many of them, it is the tune that attracts. It begins with one girl standing in the middle of the ring while the others sing—

WAITING FOR A PARTNER.







And the girl in the middle chooses out one of the others, who leaves the ring and joins her partner in the middle, while the others, with a change to quick time, sing—

"Now you're married you must obey;
You must be true to all you say;
To live together all your life,
We now pronounce you man and wife!"

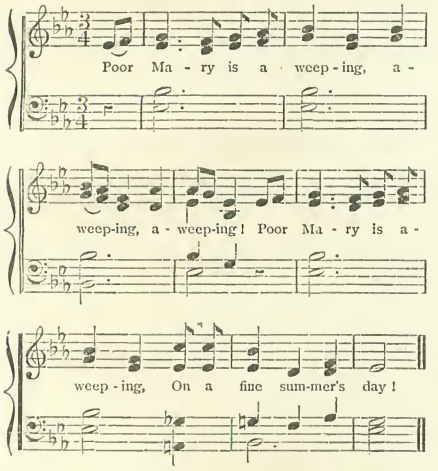
The two partners then kneel down, while the ring continues—

"On this carpet you must kneel,
While the grass grows {under your heel; / in the field;
Stand up straight upon your feet,
And kiss the one that you love sweet!"

The two girls in the middle kiss, and the game is over.

One more example of these sing-songs, and I shall pass on to another form of musical amusement. This last song, for it cannot be called anything more, is of a somewhat mournful description, and is only indulged in by the girls when, for some reason or another, their spirits are not quite at high-water mark. It runs as follows, the name of one of the players being used in the first line—

POOR MARY!



"And what is she a-weeping for, a-weeping for, a-weeping for?
And what is she a-weeping for
On a fine summer's day?

She is weeping for her lover, for her lover, for her lover!
She is weeping for her lover
On a fine summer's day!

And who is her lover, is her lover, is her lover?
And who is her lover
On a fine summer's day?

(Johnny Baxter) is her lover, is her lover, is her lover!
Johnny Baxter is her lover
On a fine summer's day!

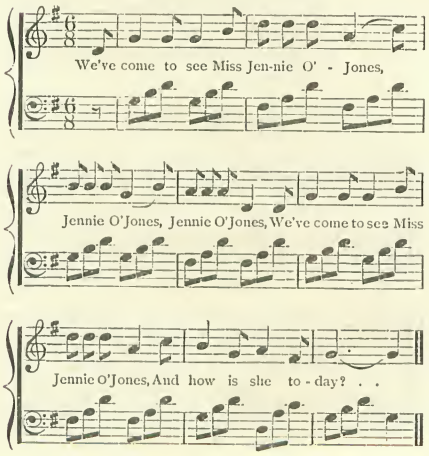
And where is her lover, is her lover, is her lover?
And where is her lover
On a fine summer's day?

Her lover is a-sleeping, is a-sleeping, is a-sleeping!
Her lover is a-sleeping
At the bottom of the sea!"

I have now to consider another class of singing game, which, as I have before mentioned, I have christened "dramatic games" or "singing stories." In these the players to a certain extent assume characters, and act out a little story, with dialogue that is sung instead of spoken. There is about most of them that tinge of melancholy which, as I have pointed out, belongs to so many of the "ring-games." The fact would seem to be that these singing games are more or less perverted paraphrases or reminiscences of old-world ballads and folk-songs, which somehow or another seem always to be in a minor key, as is consistent with the national character of a people who, we are told, "took their pleasure very sadly."

The most widely-known and most generally played of these games is "Miss Jennie O'Jones," which indeed is so characteristic of, and familiar to, American girls, that one of the most celebrated of American actresses, Miss Rehan, who is as great a favourite in London as in New York, introduced it with great effect into one of the amusing comedies with which she is identified. In playing "Jennie O'Jones," two of the girls are chosen to act as "Jennie" and "mother." The latter sits with her back against a tree, and the former lies in her lap, pillowing her head on the mother's shoulder as though suffering from some illness. The other girls then withdraw to a little distance, and, joining hands or linking arms, advance in a long line, singing as they go. When they get near Jennie and her mother, they curtsey with mock reverence. This is what they sing—

JENNIE O'JONES.



On which, with a portentous shake of the head, the mother says—while Jennie groans dolefully—"She's very ill!" and the visitors retire backwards, singing—

"We're very sorry to hear it,
To hear it, to hear it;
We're very sorry to hear it;
We'll call some other day!"

Once more they advance, curtseying and singing—

"We've come to see Miss Jennie O'Jones," etc.;

and the mother replies with still greater solemnity, "She's no better!" To which the response is made—

"We're very sorry to hear it!" etc.

For the third time they "call" and remark that—

"We've come to see Miss Jennie O'Jones," etc.;

and this time the mother weepingly announces, "She's dead," and the callers sing—

"We're very sorry to hear it,
To hear it, to hear it;
We're very sorry to hear it;
We'll call again to-day!"

which they immediately proceed to do, singing—

"What shall we dress her in,
Dress her in, dress her in?
What shall we dress her in—
Red, white, or blue?"

Some of the number suggest "red," upon which the mother between her sobs sings—

"Red is for soldiers,*
For soldiers, for soldiers;
Red is for soldiers,
And that will never do!"

So they retire, to come forward once more with the question—

"What shall we dress her in?" etc.

Someone then suggests "blue," to which the mother answers—

"Blue is for sailors,
For sailors, for sailors;
Blue is for sailors,
And that will never do!"

Once more the discomfited callers ask their question—

"What shall we dress her in?" etc.;

and "white" is the final suggestion. At this the mother and all the girls in chorus sing—

"White is for dead people,
Dead people, dead people;
White is for dead people,
And that will just do!"

This question satisfactorily settled, the "callers" advance with another query, as follows—

"Where shall we bury her,
Bury her, bury her?
Where shall we bury her—
Behind the stable door?"

To which gruesome suggestion the bereaved parent answers even more gruesomely—

"The rats and mice will eat her up,
Eat her up, eat her up;
The rats and mice will eat her up,
And that will never do!"

To which natural objection, and as if struck by a simultaneous happy thought, mother and callers and Jennie herself very often sing triumphantly—

"We'll bury her in the old churchyard,
The old churchyard, the old churchyard;
We'll bury her in the old churchyard,
And that will just do!"

and the game is over.

(To be continued.)

* Instead of "soldiers" "firemen" is often used. This is due to the fact that American soldiers are not uniformed in red, while the old volunteer firemen of twenty years ago wore startling red shirts.

A CHAMELEON.

By ALICE MACDONALD, Author of "Malvolia," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A DOZEN times a day Wendell was startled by some new trait of vulgarity or folly in Camilla. He perhaps judged her severely; but the change between the girl he had left and the girl he returned to was enough to account for a great revulsion of feeling. If he had first made her acquaintance at "Fairfield," he would have thought her one of the most unattractive girls he had ever seen; and yet only the year before she had been the realisation of his ideal of pure and perfect girlhood.

On two or three occasions, when he was alone with her for some little time, he fancied he saw her old self struggling to appear through the mask of affectation worn to please her sister, and this gave him courage to hope that at some future time she might again become the winsome maiden he had loved so well.

Often, however, it seemed a terrible thing that he should be pledged and in honour bound to this loud-voiced slangy creature; and he was ashamed to find that more than once he tried to think of some plausible excuse for not fulfilling his promise. A kind of false pride prevented him from confessing his perplexity to Mrs. Huntly, and asking her advice. He thought over it till he began to doubt his own judgment and firmness of purpose. Surely the change was not only in Camilla; he too must have altered. It was not possible that so few months should have wrought such an amazing transformation. Were his own thoughts and feelings turning traitors? But the sound of her shrill voice, a mere glimpse of her fantastic figure, was enough to convince him that she, and she alone, was responsible for the change in his sentiments. The change was so great that he half fancied at times, if he only returned to the green old garden, he should find the gentle, simple girl with the sweet low voice waiting for him under the cedars, and this dream of unhappiness would be past and over. Mrs. Field "chaffed his head off," as she herself expressed it, "for being so down in the mouth when he had everything to make him most awfully jolly." Her sister's lover disappointed her sadly. She had confidently expected that they would be married from "Fairfield"—a huge wedding with much pomp and circumstance, such as she delighted in; but Wendell never mentioned such a possibility, and even she did not dare to suggest her hopes and plans to him. When she attacked Camilla on the subject, the girl always refused to discuss it with a fit of strained laughter.

The three weeks that Major Wendell spent at "Fairfield" seemed to him the three longest weeks of his life, so filled were they with unfavourable impressions and painful recollections. One morning he went out early, his head still ringing with the echo of Camilla's loud laughter and foolish speeches at a dinner-party the night before, and was strolling in the garden some distance from the house, when Camilla came running to him pale and agitated, speaking in a low quiet voice. "Aunt Constance is ill," she said. "She is not even able to write herself. This is from her maid."

"Oh, it's only influenza," said Wendell, when he had read the letter.

"But people die from influenza; and she is ill and not able to write, and all alone. Oh, Frank!"—laying her hand on his, a little gesture that he well remembered from the year before—"make Charlie let me go to her."

"Surely she wouldn't try and prevent you?"

"Yes; I know she won't like my going. Tell her for me, Frank. Say that I must go to Aunt Constance."

He went joyfully in search of Mrs. Field. Was this the beginning of the end of Camilla's thralldom? Mrs. Field was exceedingly ill-pleased at the prospect of losing Camilla. She argued and entreated, and with the absolute lack of dignity attendant on a complete loss of temper, accused Wendell and Mrs. Huntly, in very forcible terms, of being in a conspiracy to take Camilla away from her. Wendell received all she had to say in polite silence; and as Camilla was upstairs packing, no harm was done. She left that afternoon, amid her sister's loud prophecies that she was certain to have influenza and pneumonia, and to die of them both; and Wendell went up to London.

He stayed in London for about a month, receiving letters from Camilla, in which slang and dainty sentences were strangely mingled—letters that sometimes began in a black upright hand, and ended in delicately-pointed characters. Mrs. Huntly did not write to him, and though he was deeply anxious to know how the change in Camilla had struck her, he could not bring himself to ask in a letter. Her recovery from influenza had been a speedy one, and Camilla had fortunately escaped it altogether.

At the end of six weeks the long-expected letter came from Mrs. Huntly, inviting him to come at once, and he left the next day. He found Mrs. Huntly alone. The open piano and a great pile of songs were the only traces of Camilla in the room.

"You will find Camilla in the garden," said Mrs. Huntly, after a few minutes' talk. "I purposely did not tell her that you were coming. She is feeling very shy at the prospect of seeing you again."

"You found her very much changed, did you not?" asked Wendell quickly.

"Go and see what you think now," she said smiling.

He hastened out, and the sound of Camilla's voice in the distance guided him to her. She was standing near one of the old grey walls gathering plums, the soft waves of her fair hair gleaming above her simple blue dress, and she was singing—

> "Will you no' come back again?
> Will you no' come back again?
> Better loo'ed you canna be;
> Will you no' come back again?"

He stood still to look and listen; "Fairfield" began to seem like a dream. Surely this slender sweet-voiced girl had always been here waiting for him among the trees and flowers. This was the real Camilla—the Camilla he loved; the other was a mere shadow—a phantasm, that need never trouble him again. She turned, and the plums fell showering at her feet. "Oh, Frank!" she said, "I am so glad—so glad!"

And he was more glad than words could say.

"It has been a strange little experience," said Mrs. Huntly that evening, "and I think poor Camilla felt it even more than you did. When she first came back here it was curious to see how the two influences fought for mastery. Her sensitive nature had been completely dominated by her sister."

"It would be impossible for such a change to take place again," said Wendell.

"I am not quite sure of that. Camilla will always need shielding from objectionable influences; she is very much a creature of circumstance. I might even say her nature is that of the chameleon—she takes her colour from what surrounds her more than anyone I ever knew."

"I did not expect to hear you speak of her in that way."

"Dear friend," said Mrs. Huntly, "I say it in all tenderness. I only mean that when she is your wife, if you are her constant companion and dearest friend, as I think you will be, your thoughts and wishes will be her law and guidance, and she will do her utmost to become exactly what you desire your wife to be. She will change a little from what she is now, as your ideal woman and mine are not absolutely similar, though they have many points of resemblance. Now remember my words. When I come to see you, six months after your marriage, you will tell me that she has grown dearer and more lovable than ever before, and I shall look at her and say to myself—

> "The greater soul that draweth thee
> Hath left his shadow, plain to see,
> On thy fair face, Persephone!"

VARIETIES.

KIND WORDS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Betray their source divine.

WHAT IS SINCERITY?—Sincerity is to speak what we think, to do as we profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be. —*Tillotson.*

DILIGENT SCHOLARS.

Wisinus, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, and a diligent scholar, to prevent gossips and idlers from interrupting him in his hours of study, wrote over the door of his library, "Friend, whoever thou art that comest hither, dispatch thy business or begone."

The learned Scaliger placed the following sentence over his study doors:—"Tempus meum est ager meus"—My time is my field or estate.

GOOD HUMOUR.

She cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone:
A girl without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny-bone.

SELF-SATISFIED.—Many of us think our own character is just about right. "All the world," said an old Quaker to his wife, "is queer except thee and me, and thee is a little queer."

FEBRUARY

By AN ARTIST-NATURALIST.

"Now, when the catkins of the hazel swing
Wither'd above the leafy nook."
—*Buchanan.*

THIS is the month of catkins. The hazel, with its pale yellow blossoms hanging down in groups of two and three from the ends of the twigs, is a conspicuous feature under our woods and in our copses and spinneys. The catkin is the type of inflorescence of many trees like the arbele and elm, and if we examine one of these "pussy cats' tails," as children call these blossoms, which fall in such countless numbers after they have cast their pollen to the winds, we shall find that it is composed of a central rope or hanging stalk, upon which are numerous little tufts of stamens, each such collection of organs being a separate flower. Botanically, a catkin is a unisexual spike that falls away after fruiting or flowering. Early in the year, if we examine a hazel catkin, we find that it appears to be a solid mass, brownish in colour, sticking out angularly from the twigs. By February it has expanded and loosened out; and as the month progresses the catkin gradually lengthens, and finally hangs down like a tassel, swaying about with every breath of wind. The anthers burst open under the warmth of a February sun, and clouds of yellow dust or pollen are shaken over the tree, and the female blossoms are thus fertilised. These latter flowers (if such they can be called), which in the autumn produce the nuts that everyone is so eager to gather, are quite inconspicuous, and are only seen by those who look for them. I have drawn one taken from a filbert tree. It consists of some darkish green bracts, with a number of reddish filaments projecting from the end of the bud. These pinkish hairs constitute the pistil, and are ready to catch the pollen that is floating about. Nature is prodigal in all her processes; and though there would be enough pollen in one catkin to fertilise some hundreds of blooms if every grain fell in the right place, we have dozens of catkins to effect this, so that the chance of a single female flower remaining unfertilised is small indeed. All wind-fertilised plants produce their pollen in abundance. A field of corn—for all grasses are wind-fertilised—must produce an amount of pollen out of all proportion to the quantity actually made use of. We are reminded by Tennyson that Nature—

"Out of fifty seeds,
She often brings but one to bear."

And we find this abundance in all Nature's handiwork. If you pick a catkin that is in full blow, and shake it over a piece of white paper, you will get a cloud of yellow dust; and those who have a microscope should examine this pollen, as it is very beautiful when magnified. The pollen of the mallow is a favourite slide in all microscopic displays, and no idea of the structure and beauty of each grain of pollen can be formed by the naked eye.

According to the old country saying, February is supposed to "fill the ditch," but our last February (1891) was an unprecedentedly dry month. The long frost which marked this last year vanished completely when it did break up, and we started the month with a warm sunny day. I was reminded by my mother, who is a Cambridgeshire woman, that the 2nd of February was Candlemas Day. The word had no significance to me; but then I am a Londoner, and the poetry and romance of life has but a sterile soil to take root in in a huge city like London. The word Michaelmas is hardly used there, and yet in the country almost everything dates from this day.

"If Candlemas Day be wet and foul,
Half the winter is June at Yule;
If Candlemas Day be fair and dry,
Half the winter's to come by-a'-bye"—

is a quatrain that is still used by villagers, and we watched this 2nd of February with some interest. The day was not wet, but it was certainly dull and gloomy.

In a note in my diary I saw the first of our spring flowers, the aconite. I always greet this humble flower with cheers, for it is the very first to put in an appearance. It is one of those plants that seem to have had its energy imprisoned underground, and so soon as it pushes through the ground, with its leaves wrapped round like a shepherd's crook, it expands, and, seemingly in a few hours, where the soil was erstwhile bare is now a golden cup standing in a saucer of bright full green. Aconites, like so many other flowers, are entirely sensitive to the sunlight, and only open when the rays fall upon the petals, when they open and become quite important. The aconite goes on growing while it is in flower, and at the end of a fortnight is twice the size it was when it first showed its little globule of amber. Snowdrops follow at the heels of the aconites, and should be grown in profusion, as they tell well in a garden. I consider that every lover of a garden—which is synonymous with every gardener—should pay great attention to these flowers of the opening year, for a bloom in January has a far greater value than a dozen or two in June, when Nature's banking account is at its full. And all these earliest flowers do well under trees and hedgerows, and in shady places that later on do not suit other flowers. Flowers like the aconite, snowdrop, and violet, bloom at a time when most trees are bare, and when sunlight falls on spots that later in the year are always shaded. In Regent's Park the plan has of late years been adopted of sowing these early flowers in the grass; and certainly they are much more beautiful when so grown, the grass being so much better a background than earth to show them off. Crocuses, I think, should only be grown in grass, for a certain stiffness and formality that obtrudes itself when these flowers are planted in borders is quite lost sight of as they push their way through the blades of grass. Where flowers are planted in lawns, they must not be moved as soon as they have finished flowering, but must be allowed to ripen their bulbs by allowing the leaves to remain for a month or two after the blossoms have fallen. The two most beautiful snowdrops are *Galanthus plicatus*, which has broad rich green leaves, with a glaucous band down the middle of each leaf, and *G. Imperati*, which has longer leaves than the former, and all glaucous in colour.

The snowflake (*Leucojum vernum*), like a large snowdrop, only with each petal distinct, and marked at the end with a yellowish-green spot instead of the inner cusp, as in the snowdrop, should find a place in every garden. So too should the mauvish-blue anemone hepatica, which throws up its flowers from the midst of its worn brownish-green leaves, that have come over as a heritage from the previous year. There is a double variety.

In most years violets are in full blow in February. The large pale Russian violet must be grown in a cold frame to flower it early in the year. The scent of violets, like mignonette, is an odour that comes in waves. It is not persistent, like the strong scent of such flowers as lilies, which soon satisfy one, and then, with their abundance, repel rather than fold one to themselves. The scent of violets, on the other hand, is a perfume that I always feel I could kiss or fold in my arms. It is an invigorating, life-giving odour, so unlike the langourous, enervating smell of orange flowers or stephanotis. Put your nose

into a bunch of violets, and after the first whiff you receive no definite sensation; but let that bunch of violets be put in a vase in the room, and its sweetness will keep stealing in upon your thoughts like the lines of a favourite poem. I class all scents under two heads—those of the violet class, that endear and invigorate one, and those of the lily kind, that fill and satiate one.

So Valentine's Day came and went without my being reminded by anything that it was here; but on Shrove Tuesday, just as I was sitting down to breakfast, a number of children, both girls and boys, came in the garden, and forming themselves into some sort of order round the front door, set to vigorously singing some lines which were quite incomprehensible; all I caught was "Give me penny, give me twopence," yet they sang the verse through two or three times, though each time faster than the previous performance, as though the important point was to get through the song as many times in five minutes as was possible. I got one little girl living near by, who had sat to me on several occasions, to write down the song, and here it is. I must tell you, though, that it took me some time to punctuate it, for it was written down without stops, and I didn't quite take it in until I had studied it a bit.

"Pity! pity! pan's hot; I be come a-shroving;
Give me penny, give me twopence, I will
be a-going.
Lard, dear, flour, dear—
That makes me come a-shroving here."

The money presumably the children collect in this day is to go to making pancakes. Mother tells me that in her native village, when she was a girl, the children used to assemble in a field opposite the vicarage, and there have games. Stalls with sweets and cakes were there, and some pancakes were cooked outside and given by the vicar to the children. There was also an opportunity of trying one's hand at tossing a pancake—a feat I have only heard about.

As February grows older the buds begin to burst their coverings, and the life within just puts forth the tip of its nose. The buds in the briars show pink at the tips, while the thorns, with their beads of buds, just brighten on one side. Gooseberry and currant trees do more than this—they put forth the tips of their leaves as well; and if it is a forward spring, by the end of the month the gooseberries will be in small leaf. The lilac is one of the forwardest of our shrubs, and its bright pale green buds are a conspicuous feature in gardens.

I have given a page of bud studies so that those who have paid little heed to the world of herbs in its infancy may be induced to do so. I recollect that almost my first attempts at drawing from Nature were done from the buds I used to gather by the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park. There are two distinct recollections about the spring that have come down to me from my early schooldays in London—the gathering of buds on Sunday afternoons, and watching the young ducks, when they were just hatched, darting from side to side after the flies that skimmed over the surface of the water. I have a distinct recollection, too, that I found these buds very difficult things to render satisfactorily; and to the best of my recollection all my earliest attempts at drawing brought nothing but dissatisfaction and disappointment to me, to think how far behind Nature always left me.

The buds of the ash are a velvety black, and are still very dormant, as this is one of the last trees to come into leaf. The one from whence I drew the twig was covered with its bunches of seeds or "keys;" and I was trying to account for this, seeing that other ash trees near were without seeds. Turning through the pages of *White's Selborne*, I came across this note:—"Many ash trees bear loads of keys every year; others never seem to bear any at all. The prolific ones are naked of leaves and unsightly; those that are sterile abound in foliage, and carry their verdure a long while, and are pleasing objects."

The chestnut buds are swollen to bursting by the end of February, and the gummy exudation that covers the buds can be seen standing in beads. This gum is evidently a protective covering, and in all plants—but particularly those that are forward—Nature is most careful to wrap up her buds and blossoms with horny bracts, that drop off as the bud opens, and with a thin semi-transparent brownish tissue, which one might call Nature's brown-paper. In the aconite we find the leaves wrapped over the flower, and the plant itself curled over so that its head is buried in its breast. In apricot and peach—both of which flower this month—the calyx is of a thick fleshy nature, and entirely envelops the petals, whereas in the apple the leaves wrap over the blooms, and when the outer sheath that covers the buds is burst, and the leaves expand, the pink buds are disclosed, and are ready to open. The apricot, which flowers nearly three months sooner than the apple, has no leaves to protect the buds, but this office is performed by the dark pinkish sepals. The apricot, with its pinkish-white petals and yellow anthers, and the peach, with its rose-pink flowers and dark red anthers, are highly suitable for all decorative purposes.

The Japanese constantly use them as *motifs* in their work.

In the drawings of oak and rosebuds you will notice I have given instances of the transformation that buds will undergo when pierced by a weevil or boring insect, in order to deposit her eggs in the bud. Oak-apples are produced in this way, and if you cut a young oak-apple open you will find the maggots inside. Later in the year the oak-apples have a small hole in them, which the insect within bored in order to take flight, to live its brief space in the air. On rose trees and briars tufts of a moss or wool-like growth are frequently seen. If these are found on sweetbriars, the scent of the briar seems concentrated in these growths. This is produced by an insect, and if you cut them open you will find several cells, in each of which is a small white maggot.

Until I came to make a drawing of the cutting of the arbele, I don't remember to have seen a tree before. I did not know it when I was attracted to it by seeing it covered with its dark pinkish blossoms sticking out at all angles from its twigs until mature enough to hang down and scatter their pollen. It is a handsome tree, resembling an ash, but the trunk is smooth as it ascends, and of a silvery-grey colour.

The grey velvet flower-buds of the willow, when they catch the light, glisten like silver, and as they expand and open the yellow anthers show themselves. In osier or withy beds the blossoms, when the sun shines upon them, are a very telling feature in the landscape, and quite distinct in their beauty.

The rooks are busy now patching up old nests or building upon last year's foundation, for the same nests, providing they do not get blown away in the winter, are used year after year. They are birds that always live in colonies, and I was told last year that in a neighbouring rookery some birds wanted to build in a tree that had never been used, but that as fast as these would-be independent birds placed their twigs in the tree, the rooks from the colony came and pulled them out, and in the end these seceders had to cast in their lot with the colony. White says:—"Rooks are continually fighting and pulling each other's nests to pieces; these proceedings are inconsistent with living in such close community. And yet if a pair offer to build on a single tree, the nest is plundered and demolished at once. Some rooks roost on their nest trees. The twigs which the rooks drop in building supply the poor with brushwood to light their fires. Some unhappy pairs are not permitted to finish any nest till the rest have completed their building. As soon as they get a few sticks together a party comes and demolishes the whole."

Rooks prefer elms to any other trees, as the numerous short-forked branches at the top of these trees afford good anchorage for their nests.

February is the month in which all our resident birds pair, though it is not before March that much is done in the way of nest-building. I fancy they take some time in selecting a suitable site. I noticed at the end of the month my walnut tree, which is thickly covered with green moss, was being visited by birds to pick some of it off. The silvery grey lichen—which, by-the-way, covers some of the hazels growing at the outskirts of a wood near here—is largely used by birds like the chaffinch to decorate the outside of the nest. This lichen is like a miniature stag-horn fern, or even not unlike seaweed, to which class of plants it belongs. It might be made a very decorative feature, as it yields every tone of grey that the eye of a painter could desire.

Thrushes, robins, and wrens sing very cheerily now, and, with chaffinches and sparrows and tits, are the most familiar birds in the garden—rather too familiar with the gooseberry and currant buds. I am fond of watching the tits darting up the apple trees and rapidly poking their beaks into every crevice, and then hanging downwards under a twig, for they are birds that can climb in any position. They are accused of being bud stealers, but I fancy they are more after insects than buds.

Bullfinches are the worst culprits in this respect, and a good many are trapped under the fruit trees when they are on their predatory expeditions.

On a sunny day the pale brimstone or sulphur butterfly, which has been hybernating in some crevice all the winter, will come out to stretch her wings and visit some of the flowers that are in blow for their nectar. My aconites were always haunted by bees on a warm day.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

WANTING ADVICE.—Unless you have very decided talent you cannot teach yourself drawing without help of any kind, and if a School of Art should be beyond your reach, the only other way is to get some of the many shilling manuals which have been published on perspective, drawing, and painting. There are some very excellent articles in the *Girl's Own Indoor Book*, now being issued in monthly numbers.

S. M. L. T.—1. The pencil drawing you send us is very well shaded, but quite in fault as regards perspective. The size of the child and the dog, as compared with the man, is quite wrong. If you study carefully from nature in your drawings you would learn much, as you appear to have some talent and much perseverance.—2. Your spelling is inaccurate, and your writing needs improvement.

KATHIE.—If you use a water-colour medium called aquarelle you will be able to paint on the satin without further preparation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MABEL.—The origin of the Government mark, called "the broad arrow," consisting of a *chevron* with a line downwards from the centre, is Celtic. It represents an arrow-head, though the central shaft is too short; and it may perhaps represent also the broad "a" of the Druids, which letter is typical of superiority, as in the numeral "1." With the combination of the first letter and first numeral, as indicating the greatest excellence, you are probably aware. Whatever bears the symbol of the "broad arrow" or (arrow head) is the property of the Government.

MATER.—February 21, 1859, was a Monday.

HONEYSUCKLE B.—August 6, 1873, was a Wednesday.

THE SECRETARY OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION thanks "Trilobite" for her kind contribution of 2s. towards the Children's Holiday Fund.

FELLZEROW.—1. May 29, 1875, was a Saturday.—2. You can have the dress dyed.

EMILY J. W. may apply for the French books she wants at the office of the Religious Tract Society, 65, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., enclosing postal note.

BASHFUL FIFTEEN.—If you do not know the definition of "home," you hardly deserve to be helped by us. For is it not the place, no matter where it is that you live, surrounded by those you love, and who love you, and which you can make happy by obedience to your parents and by acts of kindness and self-sacrifice?

ETIQUETTE.—You should have spoken first, being the lady, of course.

TWILIGHT.—The habit of snoring depends greatly on not breathing in the natural and proper way through the nose. Be sure that you place the head in a proper position, neither too high nor too low, and avoid lying on the back. Relaxation of the uvula and tonsils will produce snoring, especially in advanced life.

A LANCASHIRE LASS.—The climate of the Scilly Isles is so mild that the flora is semi-tropical, palms, cacti, and aloes flourishing there unchecked by the winter's cold.

E. F. G.—Doubtless we have many indications in Great Britain of volcanic agency active in ages gone by, which the mere existence of hot mineral springs must prove. The crystallisations procured from Penmaenmawr, in North Wales, specimens of which are exhibited in the cottage windows, and supposed by the people to be fossil seaweeds, prove beyond doubt the agency of heat such as a volcano alone could bring to bear upon the rock. The basaltic formations of Staffa and the Salisbury Crags, near Edinburgh, as elsewhere, confirm the fact; and at Comrie, Perthshire, slight shocks of earthquake are of nearly annual occurrence. It would seem that there must be a line of subterranean connection between Etna, Stromboli, Vesuvius, and Hecla, taking its way northwards through England and Scotland.

DOT.—The change in the colour of your cat's eyes is one that also occurs in babies' eyes likewise. The latter are often born with blue eyes, which become hazel when older. You will not understand the explanation of the phenomenon, but the older ones in the family may. At the time of birth "the pigmental structure of the chloroid coat of the eye is not complete, with the result that the blue and violet rays of light are more fully reflected by the iris." (We quote from a scientific author.) But in most infants the colour of the eye is decided from the time of birth, and we find them grey, blue, hazel, brown, and black, fully and definitely decided.

WHITE HEATHER.—1. The confinement inseparable from the life of a teacher is probably the cause of your headaches. You might, however, find that a hot water bottle applied to your feet would do much good.—2. Gardening is now an employment for women and girls, and you might try that.—3. As a text-book, Angus's *Handbook of the English Tongue* would answer; but we should never advise any woman to trust to her efforts in a literary way. It would be cruel to recommend it.

ANXIOUS GRELDA.—Checking the perspiration of your hands otherwise than by seeking to improve and strengthen the general health, would be highly dangerous.

L. J. C.—We agree with you in part, but we fear that public opinion does not affect the state of the labour market, which is governed by the laws of supply and demand. An *over-supply will* reduce salaries, and the labour market is free to everyone.

ALLIE C.—The bride is supposed to make the first cut into the cake, and it is then cut up by the best man, we believe; but it signifies little who does it.

E. D. (Scarborough), FORGET-ME-NOT, FAITH, CHARLES STUART, TRIXIE, JEAN SMITH, M. F. J., and others send "poetry," which shows religious and good feelings, but is not correct in metre, and possesses no originality.

ELLAINE.—No, London was not always the capital of England, for Winchester enjoyed that distinction after Egbert was crowned there (in 827)—in the cathedral church—sole monarch of the whole kingdom. Winchester previously to this time was only the capital of Wessex. On this occasion Egbert published an edict to the effect that all distinctions of petty kingdoms should be abolished, and that the whole population throughout its length and breadth should thenceforth be called "English." The precedence and dignity conferred on Winchester were maintained during two centuries, and the Saxon monarchs built in that city their magnificent royal palace. It was the Battle of Hastings that brought that line to an end; and subsequently the dignity of representing the metropolis was conferred on London, and the Royal Mint, Treasury, and national archives were transferred from their original seat.

J. B.—We cannot tell you positively how the fines imposed on offenders in the police courts are disposed of in each individual case; but some portion is applied to the Police Superannuation Fund, some may go to the defendant or complainant, some to the county or the borough fund, and some to the Exchequer.

SMYRNA.—A very pleasant book, of recent date, is written by Mr. William Cochran, called *Pen and Pencil in Asia Minor*.

DOROTHY.—The home at Dover is for convalescents. At Eastbourne there is a Home of Rest (Burlington Place), from 7s. to £1 a week. Write to Miss Mason. At Folkestone there is another Ladies' Home of Rest, 6, Oxford Terrace (with or without board), from 5s. upwards a week.

E. P. R. H.—We should advise you to take house linen, carpets, and bedding with you to Canada as you have them, and the expense of freight is not great.

IVY R.—Give the Christmas cards to a children's hospital.

PANSY R.—"An harmonium" is the proper way to speak of it.

TITANIA.—The Jewish months begin with Nisan, or Abib, for the sacred year, because they reckoned from the first new moon in April, as they left Egypt on the 15th of that month, and they regulated the course of their feasts by it. The prophets use this reckoning. In the civil year the first new moon in October is the beginning, and this was used in civil and agricultural concerns only. The names in order are Nisan, Zif, Sivan, Tammuz, Ab, Elul, Tisri, Bul, Chisleu, Tebeth, Sebat, and Adar. Each would mean part of a month. Thus, Nisan would be March and April, etc.

E. B.—Eating oatmeal, slate pencils, dry rice, etc., are all signs of what is called "depraved" or unhealthy appetite, common amongst young girls in bad health. Such habits should be decidedly checked, and nothing should be eaten between meals.

M. G.—Mountain-ash and rose berries may be dried in a cool dry cellar; but they may also be kept in salt and water till wanted for purposes of decoration.

PEARL, and others who write to us about obtaining work at home, are informed that all such work must be obtained by their own personal exertions. The new articles now in our paper on "New Employments for Girls" will be of much help, no doubt.

META.—Such a decision must only be taken, we think, with the full consent of your parents. It is quite true that there are temptations in every calling and in every life; and there are good men and good women too, who are in the midst of them. But we should be very sure of our ground before we thrust ourselves in the way of temptation, and especially as we are commanded to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." At your early age the risks run are great.

WANKY.—Do you mean to ask whether a marriage performed by any man whatever is legal, whether he be a minister or not? We do not see the sense of your question. Marriages are effected in England by special and common licenses, by banns, and by certificate of registrar, either with or without license.

AUNT JACK.—Sealskins have become too expensive for ordinary purses. A recent account says that they are three times as dear this year as they were four years ago. Imitation fur seal jackets are very pretty, however.

TWICK.—1. A hospital nurse wears uniform when on duty, and a nurse in private practice does so always when in charge of a case.—2. The Castle of Scarborough was erected in the reign of Stephen. In it Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II., was besieged by the Earl of Pembroke in 1212; and in the Civil Wars it twice underwent a siege.

FORMULA.—When introduced to either a lady or a gentleman you should bow and smile; but you should not shake hands unless your friend be particularly anxious to make you special friends, or you are particularly interested in the parties, or know something of or about them already. There is nothing to prevent your saying both "Good morning," and "How do you do?" if you like to do so.

D. R. D.—The coloured sheets of paper could be found at a stationer's, or perhaps a wall-paper might be found to suit, especially those called "varnished papers," made for halls and bathrooms.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XIII.—No. 631.] JANUARY 30, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

BY "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

EVENING GOWN OF BLACK LACE, AND DRESS OF SHOT CORDUROY AND VELVET.

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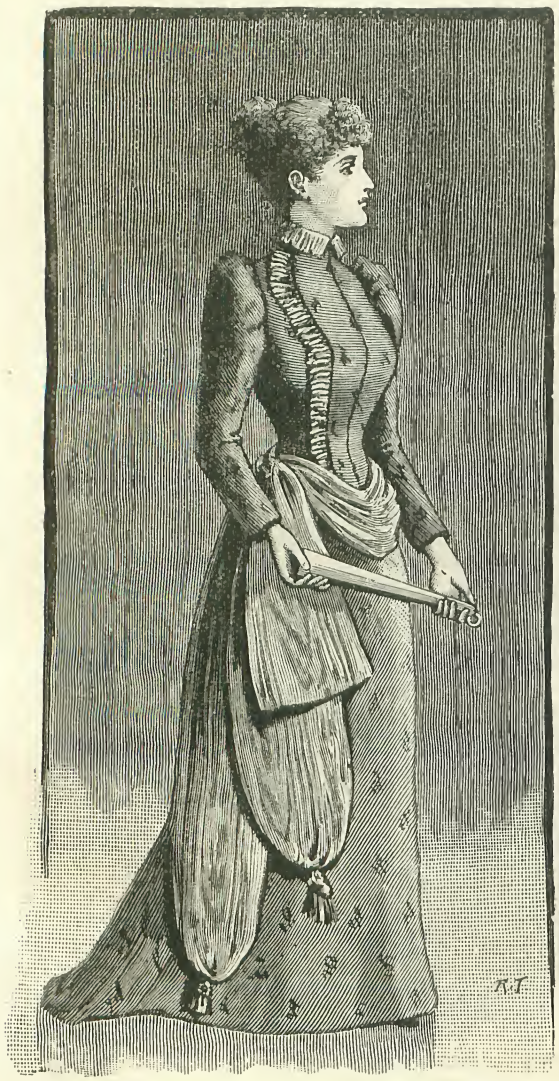
THE first thing we have to notice this month is the meeting of the Rational Dress Society, which has just been held in London, where all the so-called "rational" ideas of dress were much discussed by the various ladies present, who are the leaders and advocates of the movement. So far as I can see, the progress made is very minute; and, indeed, the society's report shows the cause to be in a very bad way—very few new members, and very few adopters of the "muddy-weather gowns," which we have heard so much about. It is not improbable that the chief difficulties that lie in the way of the shorter dresses are connected with our boots and shoes; for it is really very difficult for those of moderate means to ensure being always perfectly shod; and even when one has the best of feet covering, what does one look like ten minutes after one has started from home on a muddy day, even in London? And this may not be owing to our trailing skirts at all, but only to the state of the streets; for however careful our walk, London mud gets the better of all our precautions. I see great improvement and comfort for all workers and walkers in the disappearance of foundation skirts and the adoption of lined skirts again. With the best managers of petticoats in the world, the two skirts—the under and the over—*would* get separated, and one arrived at one's destination thoroughly unhappy and uncomfortable, with inches of mud on one's unconsciously dropped skirt, and perhaps a bad cold in prospect. The lined skirts are easily held up, or fastened up gracefully at the back, and are easy to make; and as they can be fitted upon the wearer round the hips, they should present no difficulties. Our underclothing is in our own power to make rational and sensible, and we can dispense with weight if we take a little thought. Many people are wearing, this winter, short knickerbocker drawers just below the knee, of black serge, which they find replace the flannel petticoat with great advantage—they are closer fitting, and they keep the under woollen combinations clean, which is a great comfort, as they so easily become soiled.

The latest great personage to discredit the rationality of dress is the Empress of Germany, who has declined to become president of the associations for dress reform in Germany. She "thinks that the present style of dress is both becoming and healthful, and that corsets are a restful support, without which women would be seriously uncomfortable." The Empress does not trouble herself to discuss the question of their abuse, for the obvious reason—that everything in the way of dress, as well as other things, can be abused; and there will always be foolish and vain women amongst us who will wreck both health and good looks in the effort to make a small waist.

As I have mentioned our feet, I must say that a recent writer in an American paper cautions her readers to remember that each girl and woman makes her own feet in a measure, and that if you allow yourself the habit of using large and ugly boots and shoes, or of wearing those that are old and down-trodden, your feet will become wide and misshapen; and as you advance in life you will have ugly feet, and look dowdy and untidy.



DRESS OF BROCHÉ WOOLLEN WITH MOIRÉ SASH.

It is perhaps a little difficult to know where to begin where the fashions are concerned, for there is so much guess-work yet in the matter. The victory of the lined skirts over the foundation skirts seems to be complete, though no doubt when we have to make up thin materials we shall have to return to the latter in a measure; but they will probably be as handsomely trimmed as if they were a dress skirt, just as we saw them on their first introduction last year in the early days of autumn. There seems the strongest feeling for scanty skirts, which are worn so long for the evening that it is rather difficult to move about with them, as they get wrapped round the feet. With evening dresses, the new sash, with its bow between the shoulders, reaching from arm to arm, with long ends fringed at the bottom with pearl fringe and feathers, is very much worn, and for tall and graceful figures it is most becoming, forming quite a Watteau-like back to the gown. Ribbons and lace form our chief trimmings; and both are used on either day or evening gowns. Lace never was more popular.

When we come to mantles, we find the newest idea in them consists of quite a loose shape, the back being quite without back darts, and the front having pleats quite in the surplice style. They have full sleeves, with deep cuffs, or else a coat-sleeve cut with much puffiness at the shoulders. They are made of broché plush, plain plush, or velvet and cloth mixed, the waistcoat and the sleeves being of velvet; the collar is of fur, or a simple turn-over one. This new style seems like an absolute reversal of all our long-worn tight-fitting coats. Much discussion is likely to arise from them, as many ladies think them very ungraceful, especially the baggy effect at the back.

Cloaks and capes are quite as popular as ever. The new three-quarter cloak, or circular, is called in some shops the "Talma," a name which most of our readers will recognise as having been applied to a cloak worn by that celebrated man. These cloaks are circulars cut on the cross, and are very wide round, and have two capes added to them cut in the same manner; the collars are not high, but either small or large turn-over ones. This seems the first indication of the fall of the high collar from its present position in the world of fashion, which position it has occupied since the Tudor Exhibition.

Many people think that with the Victorian Exhibition we shall enter on a period of short waists again, and that the pictured beauties of the early Victorian time will be largely copied. Already there seems a strong leaning towards waistbands, and they are putting in an appearance on the long-skirted jackets, as will be seen from our illustrations in this next number. Both the wide sash and the wide band, however, may be fashionable without bringing back our waists to the high altitudes reached in the year 1837. It is quite certain that there would be no more tight lacing should our waists grow short, for there would be no need of it; and half the work of tailors and dressmakers would be over with the disuse of the well-fitting bodice. Young people would look slighter still, and even the very stout would not look larger than at present.

In colours, we have that very favourite mixture of brown and grey, in which brown is used as a trimming for grey gowns or mantles. Green is also used as a trimming for brown, *i.e.*, as fronts of green silk in a brown dress; and brown is used a great deal alone. The browns used are almost copper-hued, but some are what is called "mould brown," the colour of the freshly-turned earth. The greens seen are between myrtle and emerald, and a yellowish green called "winter grass." More than any hue we find red worn for gowns, some of the West-end shops filling their windows with red woollen materials of all kinds. The woollen brochés with a red ground and black scroll-work on them are very pretty, and so are the plain red gowns made up with black fur edging at the skirt and bodice. Very bright shades of greens and pale blues are used as large bows on hats; or indeed they are sometimes trimmed only with a roll and large bow of the colour in piece-silk. A kind of salmon colour or light red has been much used in this way on black hats.

While on the subject of hats, I must say that they are growing smaller as to the brim, while our bonnets promise to grow into the flaring "opera pots" of 1837. Certainly some of our newest bonnets are growing crowns, and perhaps by the spring the brim will have attained the dimensions of the bonnet of the Salvation Army, though rather more upright in style—"flaring," as it is properly called.

The "Evening Gown of Lace" in our illustration needs but little explanation, as it is very simply made. The foundation may be black silk or sateen, the senorita jacket over the bodice on one side being of lace, a pleated fold of lace crossing over the other. The "Dress of Shot Corduroy and Velvet" is the very latest idea in the long-backed coat-bodices,

LONG "TALMA" CLOAK.

and forms a pretty and suitable spring walking gown. This coat-bodice is the one selected for our paper pattern this month. The "Dress in Broché Woollen" shows one of the new methods of using a sash. The bodice has a double-breasted front, which is edged with a frill of the same moiré as the sash. The colour of this costume is dark red, the sash being rather lighter than the gown.

The "Talma Cloak" shows the new long circular with a high puffed heading at the edge of the pointed yoke.

The paper pattern selected for this month is that of one of the new long coat-tailed bodices, which promise to be one of the great styles worn in the spring, and we have illustrated both a back and front view of this pretty bodice, in order that our readers may see its effect. It is made of the new corduroy cloth, which can be cut so that the cords run either vertically or horizontally, as may be preferred; and the trimming is of velvet or velveteen, the pointed effect being a trimming, not a yoke, the velvet laid on the bodice-lining, and the cloth material laid over it. There are eight pieces in this pattern—four for the bodice, two for the sleeves, the collar, and the cuff. The pointed part of the basque is outlined so that it can be followed easily. For velvet sleeves as well as yoke, two yards will be needed, and one yard and a half of double-width material without the velvet. For a complete gown, from five and a half to six yards of material will be needed of double-width. The skirt is lined either throughout, or about ten inches up. The material used may be the new linen lining, sateen, or a cheap alpaca.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic under-clothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

COAT BODICE. (*Paper Pattern.*)

VARIETIES.

THE COURAGEOUS FARMER.

A bear attacked a farmer's cabin in the backwoods of Canada. The farmer climbed into the loft while his wife defended the house with a poker. "Give it him, Nancy!" exclaimed the husband.

After the bear was killed he came down from the loft and said, "Nancy, *ain't we brave?*"

ON THE WATCH.—In private, watch your thoughts; in the family, watch your temper; in company, watch your tongue.

GIRLS, BEWARE!

"Be mine!" he cried, in a voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me I shall die!" But the heartless girl refused him.

That was sixty years ago. Yesterday he died.

A FAMOUS CHRONOGRAM.

A chronogram is a sentence or inscription in which occur words containing, as initial letters or otherwise, letters that represent the Roman numerals. History supplies us with many first-rate chronograms. One of these, relating to the death of Queen Elizabeth, which happened in 1603, is as follows:—

"MY DAY IS CLOSED IN IMMORTALITY."

The initial letters of this sentence are M=1000; D=500; I=1; C=100; I=1; and I=1; or, MDCIII.=1603.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Threefold the stride of time, from first to last—
Loitering slow, the Future creepeth,
Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth,
And motionless for ever stands the Past.

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

STEEPED IN POVERTY.

IT was no ruinous or forlorn individual who opened the door of The Grays in response to the cabman's knock, and received Flora and Mary. It was a portly, handsome gentleman, who carried his threescore years well, and about whom there was no depressing evidence of decay and abandonment, unless, indeed, that his voluminous dressing-gown—a handsome one in its day—was considerably in the sere and yellow leaf, showing various unrepaired rents as he walked, and his linen, like that of his son, was frayed at the edges "Old Collars," Flora said to herself by an irresistible impulse, determining the next instant that the name should never pass her lips, either within little Mary's hearing or that of any other older, more astute person.

"But why, oh! why do not the Hayter girls keep their father and brother's linen in order?" she asked herself. "Men cannot see to it themselves, but their womenkind, however engaged, ought to look after it."

"Very glad to see you, Miss Macdermot. Happy to make your acquaintance, Mary, you mite. I have heard all about you, madam, my niece, though actually I have never seen you before. Think of that, now! Dear, dear! the fortunes of war. But there is a good time coming! How are your father and mother, and all the other good people in Kensington Square? We hear of you occasionally from Gil, though we have not the pleasure of seeing you, for we are seldom—any of the rest of us—up in town. Never mind; the occasion will be all the more agreeable when it presents itself. Come with me; your Aunt Hayter is in her writing-room, and cannot be disturbed; but we shall have lunch immediately. The girls are about somewhere. One of them will turn up presently, and show you to your room to take off your wraps. In the meantime you will rest a little. I think I can find you a glass of wine—or of milk," with perceptible hesitation. "No?—you will wait for dinner," with equally evident relief.

Mr. Hayter's manner was pompous and airy, not without a certain affectation in its airiness, but it was by no means inhospitable or unkind. It had a ring of magnanimous heartiness in it, which was Flora's comfort in the downfall, already well begun, of the visions evolved out of her own consciousness, and of all her sanguine dreams. She knew Mary shared the sinking of heart which she must strive not to show by word or look, as the child clung to her hand when they passed through so unaccustomed a scene as the empty, dilapidated, square hall, with the defaced and torn wax-cloth underfoot, and overhead the smoked walls, and the windows draggled, dusty, and festooned with cobwebs; and up the bare, echoing, not over-clean stairs, into a hollow pretence at a drawing-room, where the faded carpet was in urgent want of darning. The second-hand tables and chairs were undisguisedly odd, battered articles, having nothing particular to do with each other, and still less with the room itself—shabby relics of sales, and of brokers' shops, in which nobody had ever taken sufficient interest to try and make the best of them. The worst inn's worst room, the poorest lodging, could hardly have been less home-like than this house, which was not a home—merely a temporary refuge, which each of its occupants was hoping and longing to leave within the shortest space of time. An open grand piano did not improve the appearance of the room, for the white notes were yellow, the black a rusty brown; the case was destitute of polish and not free from stains, and the sheets of music which were strewn upon it were in a careless disorder, more untidy than elegant, and for the most part were both soiled and torn. It was as if a spell of reckless neglect and indifference was on everything—a spell so deep that those who were under its influence had ceased to be conscious of it.

Flora had to recall what her aunt had said, of never having been at The Grays, and of not having seen the Hayters for years, to account for Mrs. Bennet having sent Mary there. In the meantime, Mr. Hayter had cheerfully waved his guests to a couch standing on three runners, and having the runner of the fourth leg replaced by an arrangement of bottle-cork, while he himself sat down in one of the sickly-yellow damask chairs, the spring of which was clearly broken, in keeping with the gimp hanging from its sides. Leaning back, his shapely hands held up before him, with the tips of the fingers playfully dabbing at each other, he pleasantly discussed the weather, and what was the last news of the famous jewel robbery in town.

Somebody turned the handle of the door outside; but, in place of its opening, there was a little crash and an audible exclamation from the unseen person. "The handle's off that door again!" Mr. Hayter remarked casually, as if the accident was the most common and natural in the world. Then he called out a warning to the individual who could be heard fumbling on the floor for the door-handle—"Beatie, Minnie, Frederica—whoever is there, take care what you are about! Remember the handle is off inside as well as out. If you don't mind you'll have us shut in here till a blacksmith can be brought from Summerley, which will not be in a hurry," and he threw back his head and showed his excellent white teeth as he laughed, agreeably tickled by the prospective fun of the predicament. Not so a nervous child like little Mary. She pressed closer to Flora, crying half audibly, in a child's poignant distress, "Oh, Cousin Flora, are we shut in not to get out? Shall we starve of hunger and cold? Come and try the door at once."

"My dear Molly," said Flora, in whispered reassurance, "we are not shut in yet. Don't you see there is a fire in the room; and you said, not five minutes ago, that you were not hungry. You are not a prisoner of war—you are a little girl on a visit."

What was more to the purpose for appeasing little Mary's alarm than any argument of Flora's was the opening of the door and the entrance of a young lady, who moved quietly and calmly, as if in no trepidation, and was followed immediately by two other ladies, the one young and the other middle-aged, all of them Mary's kindred, come to greet her and her cousin Flora kindly. And the greeting was hardly over when a rustic, excited-looking young maid-servant again opened the door and announced, "Please, mum, lunch is ready," in place of a dinner-bell or gong, which was probably broken and left unrepaired, like everything else in the stranded establishment. So far from being at once starved, Mary was not even put on short commons as yet, and had to eat wearing her hat, there was such a hurry about it. There was no absence of food, apart from Mrs. Bennet's contributions, though very little could be said for the cooking of the raw young maid-of-all-work, while the family looked what the doctors call fairly-well nourished.

The astonishing thing to Flora was that none of them, from the eldest to the youngest, seemed in the least put out by the uncared-for falling-to-pieces air of everything—an everything which included the coarse tablecloth—not in use for the first time—and the cracked, common, and deficient dinner-service. Was Flora getting spoilt amidst the refinements and dainties of Kensington Square? Was she, too, waxing supercilious over plain living, and those brilliant makeshifts of which she had boasted? But would she and old Flory have suffered stained and spotted tablecloths, dirty windows, and a propped-up couch in the manse of Inverlochan? Never! never! never!

The two girls were several years older than Flora, than Dorothy even, but they were as youthful looking as sleeping beauties, whose princes might appear at any moment to break their century's slumber. They were quite capable of twittering with all the happy confidence of sparrows on their perches, while their minds were in absolute abeyance with regard to the commonsense comprehension of the harder realities of life. They had the helpless, amiable, almost babyish and very leisurely air of human creatures who had done, seen, and suffered as little as possible during their earthly career. Beatie and Minnie had a cousinly resemblance to the Bennet

girls, and looked as delicate, though the first set of cousins lived in the country and the second in the town. But for that matter the Hayters saw even less of sun and wind than the Bennets did. The Hayters spent their extraordinarily acquiescent and dawdling lives within-doors, in the middle of green fields and purling brooks, dancing daffodils and blushing, retreating hedge-roses, all in their season. Beatie showed a tendency to *embonpoint* and want of health, from lack of exercise. Minnie was slender, and exceedingly pretty in an airy, fairy style. They were both dressed much better than might have been expected from the state of the house they lived in. The fault of their somewhat flimsy heliotrope and *réséda* thin woollen frocks, was that they aimed more at prettiness and fashion than at what was serviceable and lasting, and they were totally out of place in their surroundings. Such puffings on the girls' shoulders, such standing collars at the back of their little necks, and such elaborate rows of curls, combed and pinned, extending, at a cursory glance, from the nape of the neck to the arch of the eyebrows, Flora had not seen in London town. She felt the girls glancing furtively at her, as if taking stock of her dress, and she guessed that the plain travelling costume which had been selected for country wear was probably sinking her several degrees in the estimation of her inspectors.

Mrs. Hayter, unlike Mrs. Bennet, was not dressed in anything like a decorously modified approach to her daughters' toilet, in a generation in which women have ceased to grow old by any open and conspicuous signs of cap or shawl. Mrs. Hayter was anything rather than *petite*, plump, and well-preserved. She was a large-boned, spare, faded woman, with a self-absorbed, *distrait*, instead of a keen, observant expression. She probably looked a decade older than her years. She wore nothing better than a morning wrapper, which, in compliment to Flora, was clean from the wash; also in compliment to Flora, a chenille shawl, which had once figured in an evening toilet, was drawn round her gaunt shoulders, and a square of lace was fastened—a trifle to one side—on her sparse grey hair. In spite of a certain incongruity in the attire, it was not to be denied that Mrs. Hayter—who with her large nose, her sunken, sallow cheeks, and her singularly prominent grey eyes, was not nearly so good-looking, and was not possessed of half such an independent, satisfied aspect, as that displayed by her husband—had an indefinable claim to personal distinction which was not enjoyed by him, and had not descended to either her son or her daughters. She might be a wreck of what, with a favourable environment and development, would have been exceptional mental power; but wreck as she was, there was nothing common about her. She had not an atom of vulgarity. She had come off quite as well from the deteriorating consequences of the pitiful decay and disorder of her dwelling as the other members of her family, who had shirked or defied the hall-mark of uncombatted poverty. She was as unfettered and unsubdued by her depressing *entourage* as were the pretty triflers by her side, whom she regarded, from her isolated height, as irresponsible children, gay, heedless beings, born to be cherished and settled in life somehow without any exertion on their part. She did not dream of a serious interchange of thought with her grown-up daughters, any more than with the well-bred, slightly-bouncing, thoroughly matter-of-fact adventurer her husband, or with the desperately drudging enduring victim, her son. Mrs. Hayter reminded Flora, on that very first day, of those French and German women of the last century, half philosophers, half mystics, who could let the world go by them, let their very children recede out of sight and sound, so long as the women were at liberty to pursue their theories social, political, metaphysical, and sway men of kindred minds by dual minds still more exalted, still more detached from the necessary business of life, with its natural affections and primitive sentiments. But those women had the environment and development which suited them. Poor Mrs. Hayter had a very different experience; she was encompassed by hostile influences, and could only blindly grope and stumble along her impeded course; while she was regarded by her neighbours as afflicted with a comparatively mild and dignified, but not the less hopeless, form of lunacy. How far her household had confidence in her gifts was doubtful; but the younger members had been brought up to treat them with scrupulous respect. It was part of Mr. Hayter's system, which was his second nature, to act as if his wife was as wonderful a woman as certain to be ultimately successful in her researches and her expositions as he was a man. For he was accustomed to behave as if all his own business speculations had only failed by a hair's-breadth in a triumphant exhibition of their superiority, or were just about to burst upon the astonished world with a revelation of their marvellous ingenuity and far-reaching sagacity, which should crown him and his family ultimately with favour and fortune. Withal, he was by nature a man of great good-nature, patience, and gentleness—admirable qualities not altogether effaced by his towering self-conceit. There was an absence of jarring discord at The Grays, a positive sweetness of family peace, affection, and faith, which would have made up for a great deal, had one not been haunted with the suspicion that there was stagnation in the sweetness, and that a little less "low content" with the worst, a little more wholesome irritation and aching effort, might have mended matters.

After twice asking Mary her age, three times enquiring whether Mrs. Bennet had been fortunate enough to avoid spring neuralgia—which was Mrs. Hayter's own bane, but from which Mrs. Bennet had never suffered—and after being forcibly stopped in the very act of pouring the contents of an uncouth jug of water, instead of the cream from a similar jug, into Flora's plate—all said and done in her stately, sombre, absent-minded way, Mrs. Hayter fell into silence for a moment. She broke it the next instant by asking her visitor, with sudden interest, for her opinion on spiritual affinities, and what she thought, in the abstract, of the origin of evil.

Something in Flora's countenance had struck the rapt woman, wandering continually in endless circles of high and hazy questioning, as different from the faces of her own doll-like daughters. She was, as it were, plumbing the depths of the new-comer in the faint hope of discovering a congenial soul.

Flora paused for an instant, startled and taken aback. Then she answered simply and modestly, colouring deeply at the same time because she was thus plunged without a moment's notice into a profound discussion in a room full of silent strangers. If spiritual affinities meant, as she supposed, mutual likings, she thought they were easily explained on the ground of an experience and a capacity for sympathy held by people in common. As for the origin of sin, which was the worst form of evil—the root of all evil—she had been taught it was one of the mysteries of God, which had better be left to Him to make clear in His own good time.

Mrs. Hayter gently shook her head, and retired into her colossal chaotic meditations. Her test had failed. From that moment she never turned to Flora, except in the superficial dreamy way in which she just touched and let go the ordinary affairs of life with her family. Practically she lived in the room which was called her writing-room, from which she did not always emerge at meal-times even so moderately alert as she had been at lunch. She was generally in a state of dazed exhaustion; neither was she always so free from inky blots, stains, and smudges. Mr. Hayter gallantly ignored them, and they did not awaken more than a subdued titter from the girls, which, even if it had been ten times as loud, Mrs. Hayter would have been the last person to hear or object to.

Left to be entertained during the long afternoon by brisk, affable Mr. Hayter and his smiling but not witty daughters, Flora had to realise, in relation to the feeling with which she had come to The Grays, the truth of one of the proverbs of her country—"For every height there is a how (hollow)." She had been on the height when she had nourished those lively expectations which, after they had collapsed like a house of cards, she felt to have been highly unreasonable and improbable. She was now in the hollow of chagrin at her mistake and disappointment. In addition, she was in the dubious state of mind which generally attends on the trying first day of a visit to strangers, when visitor and visited make conversation, and feel their way without knowing what to think of each other.

The brightness of the March morning clouded over early, both literally and figuratively; and Mary, who could not be taken out, declined shyly to make friends with her Hayter cousins, and hung a heavy burden on Flora's mind, as the child sat in unnatural stiffness and propriety by her side. Mr. Hayter was

fluent, but his fluency was fatiguing. His readiness to talk on subjects of which every word he said betrayed only a slight and borrowed knowledge was exasperating. The girls appeared amiable, but their perfectly placid faces, when they ought to have looked a little excited and anxious, even a little vexed, were not flattering to Flora. To do them justice, the cause of their equanimity did not lie in the facts that Flora was merely a Scotch minister's daughter, and Mary was a little girl, though no doubt they had taken those facts into consideration. With regard to the first especially, they had said to themselves that there would be nothing to gain from contact with Miss Macdermot; she must be as rustic as they were ready to own themselves, with a conviction deep down in their hearts that theirs was the rusticity of Dresden shepherdesses, and that they had preserved their birthright at all hazards, simply by remaining purely ornamental members of society. As for Gil's opinion, Gil was a dear old stupid boy, who had no notion of the proper standard for a girl's looks and dress. He could tell them little or nothing about their cousin Dorothy Bennet, what she did, and what she wore, and he did not seem to care much for her, whereas he had been quite animated in his praises of Flora Macdermot. They were agreeably surprised when they saw her, though she was a little dowdy and old-womanish.

Flora, on her side, had not given over wondering how Beatie and Minnie Hayter could emerge as smart as the figure-plates in a magazine of fashion from such frowsy surroundings.

The sisters were disposed to accord Gil approval for an amount of discrimination with which they had not hitherto credited him. Flora Macdermot was rather a handsome girl—like a lady in spite of dowdiness.

Flora had to thank her aunt partly for this award—the well-made gown, the tall lithe figure, better carried by dint of drill and exercise; even the fine florid complexion, rendered by London life not quite so aggresive, not so apt to make everybody beside Flora look wan. But it would not have signified whether Flora had been a Scotch minister's daughter in pristine simplicity, or a young princess cultured to the tips of her fingers, the Hayters—father, mother, and daughters—would have received her with equal composure, equal self-satisfaction, and with as strong a conviction that what they tolerated was good enough for her.

"Will you play something, Miss Macdermot?" asked Beatie, in her mincing way.

Flora went to the piano with a vivid impression that she would have been better employed dusting and tidying the room and rubbing bright a pair of old plated candlesticks, dulled and blackened, and showing obvious finger-marks, which were a grievous offence to her eye. Instead, she played, not a Highland "lament," or pibroch or witching Scotch air; she was quick enough to recognise that this would be casting pearls before swine, or more politely, where they would be unlikely to be appreciated. She played the last popular German *morceau* which her master had taught her, and received something like an ovation from her small audience, too happy in their contentment to be grudging or spiteful.

Afternoon tea, over which the hostess did not preside, was a welcome interlude. But that also took Flora by surprise; knowing the impecunious circumstances of the Hayters, the inadequate domestic staff, she had leapt to the conclusion that luncheon stood for dinner in their vocabulary, and would be succeeded by a high tea. But no—"We dine late, Miss Macdermot," said Minnie complacently.

"I could not stand early dinners," confessed Mr. Hayter with cheerful candour.

"And we have plenty of time to dress," supplemented Beatie encouragingly. "You see, it is not quite five o'clock, and we do not dine till half-past seven."

Dine at the hour when Flora ought to be putting Mary to bed! Dress, when Flora's wardrobe did not contain a single evening frock, as it was purposely limited for the occasion! Oh, doubtless the dressing was merely a figure of speech—a phrase for smoothing the hair, removing their under-sleeves, and clasping on a necklace or a bracelet, which, as Flora understood, was the extent of the performance in many country houses. And the late dining, might it not stand for a figure of speech also?—for early supper, to meet the exigences of "Collars," who came down every evening, and of whose alleged gastronomic performances in the course of the afternoon on fusty sandwiches and luke-warm water Flora retained a dim recollection.

But a denial to the first sensible supposition was furnished by the entrance of the Miss Hayters into the ill-lighted drawing-room in festal white. The white was not of any expensive material, it is true; but it was the orthodox maidenly wear exhibited with becoming pride. As for Mr. Hayter, his dress coat was white in the seams and shiny on the shoulders, but it was a dress coat. Even Mrs. Hayter, who was above and beyond such distinctions, arrived in an antiquated *moiré*, judiciously hidden by a *bernous* covered with tarnished gold embroidery. She proceeded to wield an old nickel spoon and fork, which the hard-driven Frederica had failed to polish, a knife with a cracked handle, and the blade sharpened to a dangerous dagger-like point.

The Hayters would have died sooner than have failed in what they conceived was due to their rank. "I must ask you to excuse Mary and me," said Flora, with comically demure distress, for she felt as if the Hayters might consider that she had disgraced them in their own eyes and in those of their solitary handmaiden. But their unfailing good nature was ready to come to her assistance. In fact, she was not certain that they had not a secret satisfaction in thus exemplifying how much more rooted they were than she was in social proprieties.

Well, if it was any pleasure to them to play at being people of wealth and rank, why deny them the pleasure, unless it stood in the way of better things, expending energy which ought to have been otherwise employed? Bolstered up shams could not be right; moreover, the late dinner was not for the refreshment of "Collars" after all—at least, his family did not wait for him, and were clearly not in the habit of waiting for him.

"Gil is late to-night—later than he was last night; we were not half through dinner when he came in," said Minnie, in her sprightly treble.

"But he did not arrive one evening last week till coffee had been brought in," said Beatie.

"The fellow must be getting lazy," said Mr. Hayter, in pretended severity of condemnation, while Mrs. Hayter sat as if she were in a dream. "The roads are perfectly good; I never saw them better for the season."

"Oh! does he walk every night and morning from the station? I did not think of that," cried Flora, in something like dismay.

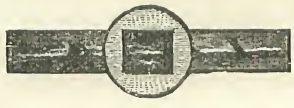
"It is excéllent exercise for him," said his father with buoyancy. A young man can never have too much exercise."

What! not after drudging all day in a London office; not when the wind is in the north or the east, or is as rough as it is biting; not when the morning dawns or the night falls with a downpour of rain? Flora thought, but did not say.

"He says he likes it," chirped Minnie; "and when it is broader daylight, he often works in the garden for an hour before he sets out, and an hour after he comes back, and for half Saturday. Gil is such a devoted gardener, Beatie and I cannot tear him away to give us a turn, though we have not had a walk for a week. He had a tricycle last summer, but he met with an accident, and his machine was damaged beyond repair. I wonder why he never got another!" speculated the unsuspicious sister, while Mr. Hayter looked uncomfortable for a moment.

When "Collars" did walk in, laden with parcels, the burden of which must have added to the fatigue of his long walk, he kept Flora and Mary company in the matter of dress—whether because he was a dogged rebel on this point, whether because he was accorded certain privileges as a *bonâ-fide* traveller; or whether because he did not even possess the remains of such a dress coat as his father sported. After Gilbert had gone to his room and changed his shoes, he returned and sat down in his morning coat to the *réchauffé* fragments of the dinner saved up for him.

(To be continued.)



WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN PICTURES.

By T. C. HORSFALL.

CHAPTER III.

Having said—not in a very definite way, perhaps—what I believe we ought to look for in pictures, I want to say a few words about how we can fit ourselves for finding this in pictures, and why we ought to wish to find it. When speaking of looking at landscapes or human beings, I quoted the saying that the eye sees only what it brings with it the power of seeing. This, of course, is true also with regard to pictures. When adventurers used to go from Spain and other European countries to "the Indies," as they were called, it was found that those who took money with them, with which to hire or buy men to labour for them, generally returned rich, while most of those who went out penniless also came home penniless. And so the truth, expressed of old in the words, "To him that hath shall be given," was expressed in Spain in the new form—"He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies must take out the wealth of the Indies." This truth cannot be too strongly insisted on with regard to pictures. The fuller our knowledge and the stronger our love of beauty and greatness, the greater the pleasure which pictures can give us. If we neither already love beauty when we look at pictures, nor wish to do so, they can do us no good.

If we wish to get much pleasure from art we must train ourselves to care for *beauty*, and to be familiar with it by seeking it everywhere. We must be willing to take a great deal of trouble to seek it in the country; we must train our eyes to see it in the clouds and blue sky and the sunlight, and the other beautiful things which are still visible in our smoky land, and in the plants which can be grown in town houses, in the trees and flowers in the Botanical Gardens, and in our town parks; and we must diligently use the help which good books offer us in familiarising our thoughts and feelings with beauty and greatness. If we take the word "joy" to mean the gladness given by love and admiration, Coleridge's well-known lines state as truly what is needed for the enjoyment of Art as what is needed for the enjoyment of Nature:—

"O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
Yon crescent moon as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

* * * *

It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.
O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which, wedding Nature, to us gives in dower
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light."

While we must not expect to get much pleasure from pictures unless we know and love beauty when we go to them, happily, if we have even only so much interest in beauty as is needed to make us *wish* to love it, pictures are amongst the greatest helps we can have to the acquisition of knowledge and love of it. It is not safe to go into the water unless we can swim; but the best way of learning to swim is to go into the water. Books are of no use to us unless we can read; but to use books is the best way to learn to read. So it is with pictures. If we go to them with the desire to gain perception and love of beauty in Nature and in human nature, they are sure to help us. I believe that they often help us to perceive beauty by the very fact that, as they cannot represent *all* the beauty of a real scene, they partly isolate and make more prominent that which they do in a measure represent.

Mr. Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi" speaks very truly of pictures. A painter, who is praising his art, says—

"We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that—
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

That is a very beautiful and noble, and, I am sure, a very true conception of the work of the painter.

To fully enjoy pictures or any other works of art, we ought to know something about the ways in which they are made. A sense of admiration of the human skill which has expressed human perception and love of the beauty or greatness represented in the work we are looking at, and sympathy with the love, enter, I believe, into real enjoyment of every work of art—into real enjoyment of the goodness of every good thing made by man. The picture or the poem may often touch us more deeply than the subject itself would, just because we feel in them that there is both the beauty of Nature and of human nature.

Now I have only to say why I believe that it is a duty to look at pictures for the purpose of enjoying in them the expression of impressions of beauty and greatness.

If we are to have any considerable measure of goodness and greatness in our life—and that means if our life is not to be a source of misery to ourselves *and others*—we must habitually have a strong belief in the existence of goodness and greatness; we must feel that they are our right element and the right element of all human beings. We all of us know that there is some goodness in the world. In the people who surround us we see much kindness, generosity, love of justice, and other kinds of goodness, and each of us feels in himself more or less strongly the wish to act rightly, to be on the side of Right in the great battle which is always going on between it and Wrong. But in the struggle for existence, in our daily life, our constant experience of our own weakness, our selfishness and general smallness, and of the similar failings of many other people, tend to make us believe that man is born not only to troubles, but to wickedness also, as the sparks fly upwards. There is much in the place in which we live which tends to strengthen that belief. The gloom, the ugliness, the filth of a large town, have a strong tendency to cause doubt and despair. To resist this delusion—for it is a delusion—to know with certainty, with our hearts and minds, that the nature of man is noble, that right, kindness, unselfishness, are meant by the Maker of the world to overcome wrong, and that it is not only our duty but our best happiness to be on the side of right, we must habitually keep before our minds the best and noblest qualities of human nature—all that can make us feel the greatness and glory of the world we live in—all that can keep our hearts and minds glad and hopeful; and we must habitually do those things which will keep in active exercise our own best powers of heart and mind, our powers of loving and respecting what is good and great. It should be just as much a daily duty to exercise our best powers of feeling and thinking, and to give them wholesome food, as to give our bodies exercise and wholesome food.

The best books, the best pictures—each of us needs the help of these. An intelligent love of these cannot fail to give each of us much knowledge of the nobleness of the human nature common to those whose love of beauty and goodness is revealed in the books they write, and the pictures they paint, and to us who learn to admire the books and pictures. I need say nothing about the way in which books exercise our powers of love and admiration, keep alive belief in the nobleness of our nature, and fill us with hopefulness. You all know what the best books can do, which are ever ready to tell us of the noblest and best actions and thoughts and feelings of the best people who have ever lived, and of the greatest and most beautiful things in a world which is full of beautiful and wonderful things. And of pictures I need say very little more. They keep alive in us, as I have already said, a sense of the greatness of human nature as represented by the painters themselves, and a sense of our own power of admiring what is beautiful. And if we learn from them to admire the beauty of Nature, well, beauty is almost everywhere. There is much of it even in our great smoky town, and outside towns everything is full of it, and one of the most marked results of the keen perception and enjoyment of beauty is a sense of hopefulness, a feeling that things must be right at bottom.

In the *Iliad*, Homer has described one of the

HER COMPANION AND PROTECTOR.

effects of the perception of beauty in a few lines, which Tennyson has admirably translated:—

"As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his heart."

It does not need all the beauty of the immeasurable heavens to gladden the heart. When the eye and the mind are trained to notice beauty, and the heart and the mind to enjoy it, there is enough in the nearest hedgerow, in every field, every tree, every cloud, every bank covered with grasses and flowers, in the nearest group of children at play, to make us forget many worries—to gladden the heart either of shepherd or warehouseman or cotton-spinner. Nature is, to use Milton's praise of "divine philosophy," "a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns," to him who has gained, as each of us can gain, the power of perceiving beauty. I do not know of any way in which anyone can be more useful to himself and his fellow creatures than by acquiring, and helping others to acquire, strong love of the best books and the best pictures.

I have given high reasons why each of us should acquire a love of good pictures. Equally high reasons could be given for taking food—such reasons as that without food we cannot do the work which it is our duty to do, or have energy to think good thoughts, and so on. But, as Emerson says, though these high reasons exist for eating, we do not need them. We eat because our appetite is sharp and food is savoury. Similarly, if we once gain a love of pictures, we shall not need impulse from the high motives I have spoken of. We shall look at them because our eyes and minds, and hearts too, are hungry for what they offer us.

I will end this long paper with a practical suggestion for the diffusion of a love of beauty. Let those who do not know it already accept it as a fact, that the perception of constantly varying curves—curves, that is, of which the curvature is different in every part, such curves as you find in blades of grass and reeds, and many branches of trees—gives the eye a kind of pleasure very similar to that which a beautiful melody gives the ear, and that the perception of the way in which the lines formed by the sides of long leaves or blades of grass gradually approach each other, has the same effect, and that the perception of the various shades of green on a yew tree, or on any dark shrub, affects the eye somewhat as harmony in music affects the ear—let them accept these statements as facts, and often go into the country or the nearest park to see if they can feel their truth, and when they can feel it, let them induce their friends to try also, and they will many of them find, I think, that in this simple way they have become possessed of a "new earth," and have helped other people to possess it also.

[THE END.]

AN HEIRESS UNAWARES.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER II.

"MOTHER, why has Miss Champernowne never married?" Cecil asked one day. "She must have had a great many offers."

"She had, and still has," answered Mrs. Grey. "Once she *was* going to be married, but she broke it off. She never seemed at rest in her engagement."

"How strange," meditated Cecil, who had become deeply interested in her hostess.

"I do not think she would be happy married, unless she alters very much," said Mrs. Grey. "She is, as you must have observed, very imperious, and cannot brook any control. She cannot endure the thought of submitting her actions in any way to the will of another, or sharing her life with his. And she always thinks that her suitors want her money."

"Did this gentleman of whom you speak want her money?"

"No; he offered to settle her fortune on herself; he was earning a sufficient income as a barrister. But she, in her haughty, restless way, chafed and rebelled, and at last offended him seriously."

"Will they ever come together again?" asked Cecil, who loved a romance as much as other girls.

"I don't know—I fear not."

"I think she is very charming," reflected Cecil. "But even if she were to leave 'obey' out of the marriage service, she could not be quite independent as a married woman, could she, mother?"

"She knows no law but her own will, and that makes no life happy, married or single," said the "companion" regretfully, thinking of the fevered quest after excitement at which she was bound to assist all her days, like a captive bound to a chariot wheel. At the same time, it was indubitable that Eleanor had been much more tranquil of late. Could it be that the insignificant Cecil was exerting any influence upon so great a lady? There was undoubtedly a lull in the restless search for fresh amusement, or rather, it seemed sufficient amusement for the heiress to witness the little governess's fresh unspoiled delight in her surroundings, and to study her character in its different manifestations.

When outdoor pleasures were exhausted, the guest was usually found in the library, deep in some book. Her congratulations to Miss Champernowne on the possession of such treasures of literature were artless and fervent, but produced a certain feeling of astonishment in the heiress's mind. The books had come to her with the house and park, and were matters of course; but as Cecil roved eagerly from shelf to shelf, taking down one and another volume with fresh delight, her hostess realised the fact that in no sense had *she* really entered on the enjoyment of her beautiful library.

"What are you poring over now, child?" enquired Eleanor, finding the little figure one rainy day with a huge volume outspread on the table in front of her.

"How fortunate you are in having a first edition of Ruskin's *Modern Painters!*" cried Cecil, raising a bright face to that bent over her, and indicating her treasure.

"Oh, Ruskin! I never had patience to read much of him."

"Indeed?" timidly queried Cecil, feeling that this was very sacrilegious, but not liking to ask questions.

"No," said Eleanor, sitting down beside her; "I cannot brook that style of thing—a man who thinks he knows better than anyone else, laying down the law, and especially preaching to girls and women. I did read some of *Ethics of the Dust*, but got too angry to go on with it."

"I used to be told," said Cecil timidly, "that in order to get the good of any teaching one must for the time submit oneself to the teacher's mind, putting aside one's own will, and being receptive only. I don't think I can express it properly."

"You express it very well; and some one I knew used to tell me the same thing years ago," said Eleanor with a sigh. Then throwing back her head, she said proudly, "But I can't, child; I can't brook dictation or mastery of that—of *any* kind; it simply makes me mad. I like to decide and arrange everything in my life for myself."

Cecil did not know what to say in reply, so she simply looked down at the page she was reading with a troubled expression. Had she been accustomed to moralise, she might have reflected that "meekness" is the condition of "inheriting" even the best thought of the world. For the haughty and wise, in their own conceit, spurn the treasures freely offered to them. Wordsworth has spoken of such.

"Philosophers who, though the human soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize
The soul and the transcendent universe
No more than as a mirror that reflects
To proud self-love her own intelligence."

During the pause that followed, Eleanor cast her eye over the page, and read where Cecil was reading.

"It is because of the special connection of meekness with contentment that it is promised that the meek 'shall inherit the earth.' Neither covetous men nor the grave can *inherit* anything; they can but consume. Only contentment can possess. And in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life . . . Humble life—the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure; therefore, chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world."

"*Only contentment can possess.*" A strange and hard doctrine for the heiress, whose pride lay in her possessions—her broad acres, her abounding wealth, her innumerable opportunities of enjoying the beauty of the world, the thought of the ages. Was it possible that she "inherited" these only in name?

"I should scarcely go to a book of that kind to interpret the New Testament," said Eleanor severely, in revolt at the bare suggestion.

"Not on purpose. But do you not think that Ruskin often says very wise and profound things by the way?" asked Cecil, and then suddenly coloured deeply, perceiving what had never entered her innocent heart—that Eleanor was "taking home" the remarks respecting meekness and inheritance. "I hope she will not think I showed them to her on purpose," thought the girl in an agony.

"You are a good little thing," continued her patroness, tapping her flushed cheek, "and there can be no doubt that you are contented enough; and your mother says you get the

good of life because you are meek. I always disliked meek people, and fancied they went in for a Uriah Heep style of thing, fawning round and talking about being 'umble.'"

"But he and his mother were not in the least meek in reality," laughed Cecil, relieved that Miss Champernowne was not offended.

"Now tell me," said Eleanor seriously; "are you happy in your life, and are you content at the idea of going to take charge of five children in that dismal new situation you are talking about?"

Cecil looked steadily up at her hostess. "Yes, I *am* happy in my life. I do not say that I should not prefer things differently, but I can always find something pleasant to dwell upon. I love children, and people are generally very kind to me; and then—I never feel I am cut off from the care of my FATHER."

She spoke the last few words in a lower tone. Eleanor heard her in silence; then saying abruptly, "Well, you are a wonderful little thing!" left the room.

Both Mrs. Grey and Cecil thought it rare good fortune that, through the recommendation of an old friend, a situation had already been heard of, unattractive though the details certainly were. They were consulting as to the fitting day of the girl's departure, that she might not wear out her welcome at Branscombe Towers, and yet might not arrive too early at her new home, when Miss Champernowne entered, and in her imperious way told Cecil not to write the letter accepting the post.

"I want you here a little longer. No visitors are coming to me; you had better stay through September, and perhaps October as well. Why should you hurry away?"

Mother and daughter gazed at one another in speechless astonishment.

"It is most kind of you," faltered Cecil at length, "but I should lose this situation."

"A great loss!" retorted Eleanor derisively. "No, child; I want you for a longer visit, and the five little Smiths must find someone else to teach their young ideas how to shoot."

She left the room, tranquilly assured that all was settled; but Mrs. Grey sought her in her boudoir half an hour later, with a troubled air.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Eleanor, but Cecil wishes me to say she cannot accept your invitation, grateful though she is to you for that and for *all* your kindnesses to her," added the poor mother.

Miss Champernowne laid down her pen and turned abruptly to her companion in amazement. "Not accept my invitation!" She had, perhaps unknown to herself, regarded her invitations to social inferiors rather in the light of royal commands. "And why not, pray? I should have thought she would like to spend a little longer time with you, and that she might find Branscombe Towers barely tolerable for a couple of months," added Eleanor, with an air of pique.

"Oh, it is not a question of *liking* at all; but, you see, Cecil has to earn her own living, and she feels she ought not to fling away a situation that is offered to her, just for her own pleasure. She might not be able to find another at the right moment if she gave up this, and she says she cannot run the risk."

"If I make it up to her in a pecuniary way, will she stay *then?*" asked Miss Champernowne loftily.

"Oh, Eleanor, pray do not be angry, but I am afraid not. Cecil would feel it was unworthy to stay here idling on your bounty; she prefers to be independent. I should love to have her—but—I don't know how I should bear to part from her again after so long a time together." There were tears in Mrs. Grey's eyes.

Eleanor was fairly astounded. "This is your *meek* Cecil!" she was on the point of retorting. She had taken for granted that she could do anything she liked with her little guest. And now that she found herself baffled, it was extraordinary to herself how disagreeable became the thought of losing the bright intelligent presence that had lit up the house. She was angry, according to her wont when anything thwarted her will, and showed it. "Oh, very well; pray please yourselves," was all she deigned to reply; and Mrs. Grey was fain to depart in much distress of mind.

But the heiress's own force of character and love of independence were too great to allow her to be long annoyed with Cecil for acting in what she could not help perceiving was a brave and self-reliant fashion. Meekness, she was compelled to own, did not mean feebleness; and she was so thoroughly accustomed to note and despise the eagerness with which people would hasten to attach themselves as pensioners on her bounty whenever she gave them an opportunity, that she respected the girl in spite of herself for proving to be an exception to the general rule. She racked her brains for some way of keeping Cecil near her; but the day of parting was to all appearance drawing near, when an unexpected incident altered the course of things.

Cecil and her mother were rambling in the park together one morning, when they beheld a gentleman coming up the avenue. He was tall and firmly knit, with a clear-cut, thoughtful face, and a moustache lightly streaked with grey laid across his lips.

A caller in the lonely little seaside place in the morning was a rather unusual phenomenon, so that it was not wonderful the two ladies observed him closely. Suddenly Mrs. Grey uttered an exclamation.

"Who is it, mother?" enquired Cecil.

"It is Mr. Ferrars, a London barrister, and a former friend of Miss Champernowne's."

Mrs. Grey was evidently much excited, and Cecil, with a girl's instinct, immediately divined that this was the mysterious personage who had once gone near to control Eleanor's fate. Further discussion was impossible, for the stranger had perceived them, and, stepping aside on the grass, was courteously greeting Mrs. Grey as an old acquaintance. He said he was staying at the inn, and enquired whether Miss Champernowne were at home. Though he had the self-possession of perfect breeding, it was easy to see by trivial signs that he was agitated.

As it happened, Eleanor had gone out to luncheon at a distant country house, and was not expected back until the evening.

Cecil, with ready tact, slipped away, and left Mrs. Grey to entertain the visitor for a while. When he had gone, the two women discussed his visit eagerly.

"I never thought he would come back; but he has evidently determined to try his fate once more. He says he will be here to-morrow. Oh, if I dare plead his cause! But it is hopeless to try and influence Eleanor. She will most likely refuse to see him, and yet I know, in a way at least, she cared for him."

"What would become of you if she were to marry, mother darling?"

"My dear, I do not know. I should find a home, never fear. The widow and the fatherless shall not be forsaken," murmured Mrs. Grey, in a tremulous voice.

That evening Cecil determined to venture on a bold step. She penetrated into the boudoir where Eleanor was shut up alone, and found her hostess in a musing attitude in her favourite chair. Receiving permission to enter, she sat down on a footstool at her feet, and said caressingly—

"Dear Miss Champernowne, don't be angry if I say I want you to be happy in your life."

"Happy! Who is really happy?" said Eleanor scornfully. "When you are my age, Cecil, you will not talk of impossible things."

"But you might be if you did not shut yourself up in such lonely state; if you would condescend a little more to be influenced by others, and live your life with them." Cecil was finding her task quite beyond her powers, and paused. She would like to have said, "While you make your own will your sole rule of life, you cannot be happy"—but such plainness of speech was impossible.

"You have a secret of happiness that I have not, child; I know that," said the heiress. "But I fear I am too old to alter. Good night, my dear!" she said kindly, after a few minutes' silence.

Mr. Ferrars duly returned on the following day. Eleanor, after his visit, which was a very protracted one, looked particularly cold and impassive, and said never a word.

"She has refused him again," decided Mrs. Grey. But it was not until a day or two later that Miss Champernowne called the mother and daughter into her room.

"I have something to tell you. Mr. Ferrars has gone back to London, but I have promised to marry him in three months."

This stupendous announcement was made in a haughty way that utterly concealed all feeling; and the two women looked at her, uncertain whether to fall on her neck with congratulations, or to calmly observe, "Indeed!" Eleanor seemed resolved to prevent either manifestation, for she went on rapidly—

"I have been thinking during the last few days over a scheme that I hope you will not object to carry out. I have been lately impressed by the thought that a holiday home for governesses would be a pleasant thing to establish here. There certainly are not too many of such places. You, Cecil, were the means of suggesting it, though you did not know it, child.

"I propose to buy 'Russetings,' that house on the hillside looking over the sea, with the large garden and orchard, and to set about fitting it up directly as a home for governesses in need of rest and change. It is a roomy place, sheltered from the north and east, and will be pleasant all the year round, so I hope it will always be full. Now, I must have a lady matron, and I shall ask you, my dear Mrs. Grey, to fill that post. You will want a secretary to manage the correspondence, to help amuse and interest your guests, to show them the neighbourhood, to help you in fifty ways—and who so fit as Cecil, with her love of scenery, and botany, and books?

"We will talk over details later," added Eleanor; "but I hope now that Mrs. Smith may be allowed to find somebody else to teach her children, and that you, you obstinate girl, will not run away from the necessary business of fitting up the house and making all arrangements before Christmas."

What could be said in reply? Mother and daughter, as this unexpected and enchanting prospect opened before them, looked at each other in speechless emotion.

"As for my own prospects," Eleanor continued, "I don't know if we are going to be happy or not. I have told Mr. Ferrars that it is a terrible risk, and he is content to incur it, and to take me as I am. But I am sure *you*, Cecil, will be happy wherever you may be."

She was right. For Cecil Grey, obscure and humble, had learned the secret of inheriting the true good of life. The beauty of nature, the best thought of mankind, the love of friends, and, above all, the consciousness of an ever-present Fatherhood, were hers to enjoy. For in this sense it is and ever shall be true that—

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH."

THE FLOWER-GIRLS OF LONDON.

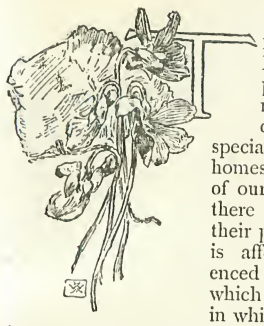
By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER III.

THEIR HOMES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

"Our firesides must be our sanctuaries, our refuge from misfortunes."—*Goldsmith.*

"On errands full of love."—*K. Phillips.*



THE flower-girls of London are not particularly clannish, and do not congregate in any special district. Their homes are in all quarters of our great city; and there is no doubt that their personal character is affected and influenced by the district in which they work, and in which their home is situate. For example, those who sit in front of the Exchange, and those who sell in Brompton, are regarded as the aristocracy of flower-sellers, because in their speech and manner they reflect those of the people among whom they work, and are self-respecting. On the other hand, the sellers in Tottenham Court Road and Drury Lane are extremely rough. They are called "Catch-pennies"—a term of contempt for those who are not fair and upright in their dealings, and the flower-girls, as a class, avoid them.

Respectable neighbourhoods will not have them, and the consequence is, they are driven to herd with the worst characters, dwelling in the lowest of our courts and alleys.

Here they feel it is quite unnecessary to pull themselves together; there is no high standard to work up to; in fact, they seem to take delight in crushing out any self-respect or good left in them.

It may be a matter of surprise that there is a yet poorer and lower class of flower-girls, who look up to these "Catch-pennies" as great "swells." They live for the most part in the worst sheds and courts of Spitalfields, and it would be difficult to find anywhere poverty so grinding, home-life so degrading, as among these.

In a girl's bringing up, the home is always a very important influence for good or for evil, and if some of those we have visited—pictures of wretchedness, want, and depravity—could be laid open to public gaze, there would scarcely be a dry eye among the beholders, that any of England's women and girls should be so lodged, or know so little of the meaning of the word *comfort*—it might as well not be in our language, for anything they know of its reality.

A well-regulated home is a blessing few of the flower-girls have experienced; from the time of their birth their lives have been marked by an utter absence of sunshine, hope, and happiness. There has been nothing to teach them thrift, and as to providing for what is called a "rainy day" it seems never to have entered into their minds. Their homes, instead of being refuges from misfortunes, are in many cases the cause of them.

Going about among the flower-girls confirms our early impression that they include many classes and many phases of life; therefore, one sweeping description, either of them or of their homes, would be unfair. It is better to give our experience of individual cases.

Those whose occupations have taken them daily to the City from their youth until now must have noticed a neat, respectable little woman at the corner of Cheapside and St. Paul's. She took her stand there in the early days of womanhood, some forty years ago, and, except in times of sickness, was never absent. She commenced by selling fruit only, and continued to do so for fifteen years. But fashions change, and people began to care more to please the eye than to gratify the appetite. She, being a clever little woman, and alive to the requirements of the public, offered flowers instead of fruit, and many a City merchant paused before her prettily arranged basket to get a fresh rose or carnation in exchange for a sixpence. She was one of the earliest and most respectable of our flower-girls, and brought up quite a little army of street-sellers. Three of her daughters sold flowers round Queen Anne's statue for ten years and then married; but the fourth girl always stood by her mother.

The question has often been asked, "What has become of our Cheapside flower-girl?" We will tell you. She is stone-blind, the result of an accident while rescuing a child from danger, and is kept in comfort by the fourth girl, who is the breadwinner and caretaker of the home. There is a father, but he is prevented from earning money by rheumatism.

She is one of the good flower-girls, who raises the standard of her associates, and is looked up to by them with respect.

We went to see her home, situate in one of the courts of the west centre of London. It was scrupulously clean, and not without ornament; the walls were adorned with good engravings, and the shelves on each side of the fireplace filled with crockery, and the teapot on the hob, ready for tea, gave the finishing touch to the room.

The chief ornament, though, to my mind, was the girl in her perfectly-fitting black dress, without ornament, looking so calm, self-possessed, and restful. We wondered how she could consent to disguise herself in the very ugly flower-girl costume.

Seeing her at home, we enquired why she was not at her post in the City. She explained that where she stands she can only sell the best roses, and as these were scarce and dear at the morning's market, she saw that no profit could be made, and was glad of the time at home to clean up. Pointing to the bed in the room we said, "Do you ever keep your flowers under it at night?"

"No, I could not afford to do so," was her answer, "for they would die before morning. I generally sell what I have left at the end of the afternoon, at cost price, to those girls who do the night-work outside the theatres and music-halls."

One of the physicians of Westminster Hospital, a short time since, was asked as a favour to go and see a flower-girl living in the neighbourhood who was very ill, and in whom many of the residents in Westminster took a deep interest.

He was not unacquainted with the flower-girls, for some half-dozen of them regularly frequent the steps of the hospital, and make a very good thing of it on visiting days, when visitors like to have flowers to give to their sick friends and relations, and he thought probably it was one of these he was asked to see.

Going to the address which had been put into his hand, he found the room in which the sick woman lay, very clean and not devoid of comfort. The woman herself was evidently much respected, for she lacked neither kind friends to look after her, nor the little delicacies so necessary to sick people.

She was a stranger to him, about thirty-five years of age, and had sold flowers in the streets ever since she could remember, and for many years past had had regular customers among the residents of Westminster. By her modest manner and upright dealing she had won her way into the hearts of the kind people whom she served, and they had presented her with a donkey and truck. She was steadily making her way to a position of comfort and independence when she was struck down by sickness and death.

Instead of dying in squalor and loneliness, as many a flower-girl does, she was surrounded by friends who really cared for her, and who really sorrowed at the thought of losing her.

But all the homes we visited were not models of cleanliness and comfort. Let us take you to one in Long Acre, occupied by a mother and daughter, who are very poor but clean. They are out all day selling flowers, and when they come home they never omit to clean their room. True, there is very little in it to clean, for their worldly goods consist of two old chairs and a broken table. There is neither bed nor bedstead—their food is rarely anything but tea and bread. If they happen to have a few extra halfpence, after paying the three shillings and sixpence rent, they go into Lockhart's or some such place for a meal.

There are some very dirty wretched homes about Gray's Inn Road inhabited by flower-girls. Look at this one room; it belongs to a cripple who has six children, and a husband worse than useless, for he is a drunkard. She struggles on, selling flowers in the streets, and almost dying as she stands. Her room is dirty and slovenly, as if she had lost all hope. Is it wonderful that in such a place the children are always ill?

We would mention one in Bermondsey, very poor and utterly devoid of comfort, occupied by a woman who has sold flowers on London Bridge for thirty-three years, eighteen of which she has been a widow. She keeps her mother, who is over eighty, and, to use her own quaint expression, "has lingered" up seven children. She said that try as she might they were often without a proper meal for days together. Is it strange that there is no money to buy soap, brush, and pail?

Then there is another flower-girl in St. Luke's—a hard-struggling, persevering, little body, who never, as she expresses it, lifts herself out of the gutter. She gave birth, a few days since, to a baby, and there was neither food, raiment, nor covering for either mother or baby in the room until the mission woman went to them, summoned thither by her husband.

And now for some of the flower-girls' homes in the East-end of London. We must apologise for them. They are not fit for you to put your heads into, neither is the neighbourhood safe for you to walk in unattended. They are situate in some of the worst parts of Spitalfields. Young men and maidens, old men and children, herd together in one room without self-respect or decency, and the hardships which these flower-girls undergo is beyond our power to tell.

We have just witnessed the leave-taking of over a hundred missionaries, who are starting to distant parts of the earth to carry the message of salvation to the heathen. Will they find anywhere on the face of the earth vice more hideous, lives more miserable and wretched, than we can show them here?

Let the missionaries go by all means, and our prayers shall be theirs; but do not leave unattended the cry which goes up from our own people, and from our very midst, as if it did not matter what became of them.

We have just met a number of the Spitalfields flower-girls at tea: they came in one by one as they finished selling, till they numbered eighteen. They were of ages varying from fourteen to sixteen, and many of them would have been good-looking but for the deep lines of care about their faces. They had been invited specially to meet us; and as they gradually became rested and chatty, we had the opportunity of hearing what they thought of themselves and of the public in general.

If society holds a bad opinion of the flower-girls, it is nothing compared to what they think of society.

"Why," said one, "the swells ain't got a bit o' heart. They pushes us out of the way as if we was pizen if we ask 'em to buy a flower. They're a bad lot!"

When we suggested that they were troublesome sometimes in the way they pressed their flowers upon people, she said, "P'r'aps we are, but we must get enough to pay the lodging-house, and to get a bit o' bread. It ain't nice, lady, to sleep out o' nights, and that we often have to do."

Turning to another—"What time were you out this morning?" "At five o'clock." "Where do you buy the flowers?" "Most days at Edmonton." "But that is a long way!" "Yes, but I gets 'em cheaper and fresher." "What have you earned to-day?" "Sixpence"—taking out the pence and showing me. "But you have only fivepence halfpenny." "I was so awful hungry I wouldn't stop till to-night, and I bought a ha'p'orth o' cake." "Who's that nice-looking girl over there?" "She's my sister. I don't let her go out of a mornin'; I start her when I get home." "Where does she sell?" "In Leman Street, Whitechapel." "But surely that's a bad street for her to stand in?" "Why, lady, I chooses that street 'cause its a deal more safe for a girl than the West-end." "How so?" "Why, all the people take care of her, and won't let nobody do her harm as she stands selling. But if I took her to the West-end, the club gents would be offerin' her drink. Oh, she's a deal safer our way."

To another—"Can you read and write?" "No," she said fiercely; "I can't do neither one nor t'other." "Do you live at home with your mother?" "I dunno my mother, and I ain't got no 'ome." "Where do you sleep?" "At the common lodgin'-'ouse when I scrapes fourpence for a bed." "And when you have no money, what then?" "I sleeps where I can."

While speaking to this girl, who was like an untamed savage, the other girls were evidently on the alert, and as I asked my next question—"How, then, do you get your clothes?" there was a dead silence, as if one and all felt ashamed of what the answer might be, and they were evidently relieved when she said, "I ain't a-goin' to say."

Turning to two girls, I asked if they had a home and parents. "Yes," was the answer; "but t'ain't much of a home neither, 'cause its small, and there's father and mother, us two, and a little 'un, and two men lodgers! When we come to see Sister Bessie of an evenin', she lets us sleep sometimes, we are that tired!"

The flower-girls, one and all, are fond of singing hymns, and before we wished them good-night they sang us some of their favourites, one being, "God be with you till we meet again."

A lady, paying a visit to these very girls a short time since, thought to give them pleasure by sitting down to the piano and playing some dance music, and one or two popular songs. The girls bore it for a little time, and then called out peremptorily, "Shut up! We don't want that stuff. Play us some hymns." "Oh," said the lady, crestfallen, "I thought you liked *variety*."

They, misunderstanding her, said, "No, we don't go in for the "V'riety" (Variety Music-hall); "it costs twopence."

We had a long talk with Sister Bessie, who loves these poor Spitalfields flower-girls, and we asked if it were true that the West-end presented so many more temptations and dangers to the girls than the East. Think of our surprise when she said, "After the questions you put to me the other day, I resolved to see for myself what the life of the flower-girl is in the streets at night; so I dressed myself in the usual costume, the girls bought me a shilling's worth of flowers, wired them, and arranged them prettily for me, and at nine o'clock I started for Charing Cross. My girls were full of anxiety for me, and gave me full directions. And think of the pathos of it—the little ones wanted to go with me to protect me, a woman twice their age and size. But although this was out of the question, I could not prevent their waiting about in the streets of Spitalfields to see that I reached home all right. I was out three hours, and cleared fourpence; but I know of nothing in the world that would tempt me to repeat the experiment."

Some day we may give that three hours' experience, but it would not do to give it here.

We have lifted the curtain and exposed to view one or two of the best and a few of the most wretched of the flower-girls' homes. Is it any wonder that they lack grace in dress and manner, and is it surprising that the street, with God's fresh air blowing through it, is more to them a home than the four walls within which they hide themselves at night? It seems to us wonderful that so many girls are willing to endure such a life of self-denial, hardship, and poverty when respectable service is open to them. But if they are to be helped, and their condition improved, it will not be by forcing them from the life they have chosen into one which is hateful to them: they must be aided in their own way and by one which does not clash with their wild idea of liberty.

* * * *

Directly we begin to look into the condition of any class of our London breadwinners, no matter how obscure, we find that someone has been working and caring for them, and standing their friend—unostentatiously it may be but none the less surely, though known only to God and those befriended. It has been thus with the flower-girls. Their condition is, as you see, not enviable, but what it would have been without the friend God sent them some twenty-five years ago, it is impossible to say.

He began by urging the more respectable and good-looking flower-girls to adopt some way of earning a living less exposed to temptation than selling in the streets. He told them of ladies who were willing to receive and teach them to be good servants. The answer hurled back was, "Why, we'd a deal sooner go to prison. No, thankee, sir."

This feeling was and is shared even by the little girls sent out at night to sell or beg, and who are often brutally treated. "Would you learn a trade if by it you could earn a living for yourself and belongings?" was his next question, at which they laughed, and asked in a mocking tone, "Have you any trade to put us to?" Truth to say, he had not at the moment; but after a good deal of anxious thought he decided that as they had nimble fingers, an artistic eye, and a knowledge of the art of grouping colours, artificial flower-making would be the very thing for them. But what of the teacher? Where could one be found with a thorough knowledge of the trade, and at the same time possessed with a desire of helping these girls? He settled this difficulty by learning the flower-making himself, so that he could supervise the work; and he was fortunate in finding a good and capable woman to place at the head of the workroom. If you want to see a sight that will gladden your hearts, go with us to 12, Clerkenwell Close. In a large airy room—well warmed in winter—are seated some forty or fifty girls round long tables with heaps of delicate pink, white, and yellow petals before them. Earnest, nice-looking girls they are, who seem instinctively to take to the art of forming the leaves and petals of the most delicate flowers.

These were all formerly London flower-girls. The young ones can earn six or seven shillings a week in "the busy," as the mistress briefly put it, and the older ones from thirteen to twenty-five shillings a week; but to gain this every one must work with a will from nine to six o'clock every day. In the first month of their coming to work they are restless, and want to go to the streets again. Not so later on—they are glad to stay, and they do not lose five per cent. of the girls.

Many of the workers are glad to get situations as flower-makers in good shops; and this is easy, as the room has a good reputation. If it were not for letting the good workers go elsewhere, and in their places taking new ones, the business would be self-supporting, and leave a large margin for profit. But Mr. Groom's object is to make the girls self-supporting, and not the business. They supply all London houses, and ship a good many flowers to Australia and America. It was not only a pretty sight, but a very hopeful one. If any would like to go and see it for themselves, Mr. Groom would, I know, gladly welcome them.

One thing we noticed which we have often looked for in vain in philanthropic ventures, and that was, a large book containing every farthing spent and earned, and stated in such a clear manner that it is quite easy for all to understand.

When the time comes for the girls to go into one of the London houses of business, each is provided with a suitable outfit, and she knows that she is expected to do credit to herself and to the friends who have taught her. She begins life afresh, no longer with disadvantages dead against her, but with hope leading her on.

It may interest some to know that the sale of the girls' work during the last year brought in £1,471, against loss of material, wages, management, and teaching, £1,657.

Altogether eight hundred girls have been rendered self-supporting, and who, in this age of competition, are holding their own in the wholesale artificial flower trade and in the open market. Surely this speaks well for their skill and industry. About forty or fifty a year are under training.

So much for the girls between thirteen and seventeen. But what has Mr. Groom, the friend of the flower-girls, done for the poor little children whose lives have been one long misery from their births, and who are sent out at a late hour of the night to beg and to sell in order to satisfy the craving for drink in the parents, to whom they dare not return empty-handed, and who may be seen huddled up on doorsteps and in corners in all weathers? We had heard that some sixty of these were being cared for in the country; but as we never take anything for granted, we took the train to Clacton-on-Sea. We found three pretty cottages side by side but detached, with gardens behind and a meadow in front, and known by the names of flowers. For example, the orphanage is "Primrose," the hospital is "Daisy," the convalescent home is "Buttercup," while the dwelling of the odd man is "Violet."

Each cost £1,000. The sixty-six children lodged and cared for in these cottages are in nearly every case those of flower-girls, and range from the age of eight months to fourteen years. They are not dressed alike, but each in pretty neat suitable clothing. How much we should like you, who have seem them in the streets of London, to look at them now, bearing, we allow, the marks of their early sufferings in their faces, but oh! so very happy. Everything about them is clean, healthy, and pleasant; and over them all the kindest little matron. Let us introduce you to little Sukie, a bright sturdy little child *now* with *grey hair*, who in the first five years of her existence endured such suffering as it is quite impossible to contemplate. Mr. Groom first made her acquaintance in the middle of the night in Oxford Street. She was in the grip of a powerful ferocious-looking man, and her cry of "I ain't got no more" showed him the state of things. When at length the man flung her off with a kick from his heavy boot, her little basket of flowers had been trampled in the mud. She had literally no home; you have seen her father, and her mother was in prison. This little child had never lain in a bed, and she seemed half frightened when she saw where she was expected to sleep. She curled herself up, pulling the clothes over her head as she used to do with the mother's shawl on the doorstep, and it was months before she could be taught to lie down properly in bed. And when she was dressed in her new clothes, she walked up and down in the utmost wonder and delight. This is only one of the sixty-six, nearly every one of whom has an equally pitiful story. Those old enough go to school, and are taught all the useful things expected of respectable children. We should like to go into the details of these cottage homes if space permitted, but we will only say another cottage is wanted as a crêche for the babies, and this is the same as if we said another £1,000 is required.

This is not by any means all that is being done for the flower-girls. Go down to Covent Garden on any market morning, and see the missioners looking after their bodily and spiritual needs. Go to No. 12, Clerkenwell Close, on Monday afternoons, and see the flower-girls from sixteen to sixty years of age working at garments, paying in their little savings, telling their sorrows to sympathetic ears, and being helped *on their way*. Mr. Groom and his body of workers—what have they not done for the flower-girls? and how much more would they do if outsiders would help them with their means?

The little branch worked by the good Rector of Spitalfields and Sister Bessie must not be overlooked. God grant them all success in their work among the flower-girls!

INTELLECTUAL PARTNERSHIPS;

OR,

HOW MEN MAY STIMULATE THE MENTAL LIFE OF WOMEN.

TRULY, we are living in an age of educational progress, and nothing more strikingly illustrates the march of our nineteenth century civilisation than the largely-increasing numbers of high schools and colleges for the better education of women. Our grandmothers had no such opportunities of improving their minds, and they would probably open their eyes with astonishment could they but see the immense educational advantages of our times. Public libraries and courses of lectures are available in most towns; every branch of science, of art, and of literature is open to us; scholarships are founded for our exclusive benefit, and we are invited to take active interest in the social and political problems of the day. It is at last more fully recognised that true civilisation is impossible, unless the education of women be as thorough and as progressive as that of men.

But in spite of these advantages, it must be admitted that women, as a rule, are not intellectually as vigorous as might be desired. Generally speaking, they have not that thirst after knowledge which eagerly grasps at opportunities. Defective training in past generations is doubtless one of the causes of this mental torpor; but amongst the more immediate causes are—the lack of stimulus, the want of incentive, and the pressure of household cares. When one thinks of the cramped, home-bound life of many women, one is not surprised at the early stagnation of their minds, at their narrow views, poverty of ideas, and lack of interest in all things not purely domestic. With men it is different. They must perforce go into the world; their business relations bring them into contact with "all sorts and conditions of men;" the daily intercourse and friction with other minds keep their own fresh and alert; their public duties stimulate and develop their faculties, and their powers of observation are inevitably quickened by travel.

Undoubtedly, many women pursue the higher walks of literature with enthusiasm and success, but they are chiefly those who use their brains to obtain a livelihood. Here and there a girl may be found who, when her school days are over, will follow up some particular study in music, or art, or languages; but unless she have some incentive or outward encouragement, her efforts are likely to prove spasmodic and unfruitful. Should she get married, her studies will gradually cease; or if she have much leisure time, she will probably degenerate into a devourer of third-rate fiction. It is a significant and not very creditable fact, that women are chiefly responsible for the mawkish and sensational novels which form the bulk of our circulating libraries. Women are the subscribers, women are the readers; and were it not for their demands, the supply of this literary rubbish would be greatly diminished.

There may be many ways of quickening a woman's mind, but the greatest and most abiding stimulus comes from her father, husband, or brother, and this is the point I wish to emphasise in this paper. The influence of one sex over the other is indisputable, and a man who possesses the affection of a woman has a more powerful leverage over her mind than any public teacher or female friend can possibly have. Women are swayed through their affections; they find their chief happiness in serving and pleasing those whom they love; and it is because of the unrivalled influence men can exert over the women nearest to them, and because of the exceptional opportunities the home-life affords of using such influences, that I urge them to take a more active interest in exciting healthy mental activity in their womenkind.

There are some men who regard us as the merely ornamental sex. Women to them are idols or playthings, creatures to be caressed and petted, and surrounded by luxuries. Now, I have nothing to say against the petting—as a rule we women get too little of it—but the woman is to be pitied who is nothing but a beautiful doll; and those whose flatteries have made her such ought to be blamed. Nor would I discourage the man who takes a thoughtful interest in the physical comforts of a woman; but he should be equally thoughtful for her mental food and equipment, or he will be allowing the body to banquet while the mind starves. Many a man, who would be angrily critical if his wife or sister violated the canons of good taste in regard to dress and deportment, will view with indifference the bad taste she may show in her choice of literature. She is left free to rove, unreproved and unwarned, through the garbage of "shilling shockers," "penny dreadfuls," and even the chronicles of our police and divorce courts. Considering the demoralising effects of this kind of reading—which is not mental food, but rather mental poison—such indifference is deeply to be deplored.

On the other hand, some men regard women as mere domestic machines; as creatures whose destiny is to cook (they always put the cooking first), mend clothes, nurse children, and look after the comfort of mankind generally. Far be it from me to depreciate the incessant, unselfish labours of the woman who "looketh well to the ways of her household," who is indeed an angel on the hearth, and who has helped to make the word "home" reverenced wherever the English language is spoken. But I must dissent from the theory that woman's chief work is—

> "To sit and darn,
> And fatten household sinners."

Her true destiny is not fulfilled if any of her powers remain undeveloped. Why was she endowed with mental faculties, if they were not to be used? The mind, like the body, will dwindle and die, if deprived of appropriate food and exercise, and the result will be a stunted character and a one-sided life. Moreover, God made woman to be, not the plaything nor the slave, but the companion and helpmate of man. True companionship implies a certain degree of equality, and a similarity or sympathy in tastes and pursuits. How, then, can a woman be a true helpmate or companion to a man, if her mind be sluggish while his is active; if she have no sympathy with his literary tastes, and cannot converse with him intelligently upon his favourite topics? Can a girl, indifferent or ignorant concerning the studies and hobbies of her brother, be all a true sister ought to be? Can a mother train and develop the minds of her children, if her own faculties have been neglected?

There are still a few people, even in these enlightened times, who think that a highly educated woman loses interest in her more prosaic home duties, and makes a bad housekeeper. And, possibly, they mentally picture a big-boned creature, with inky fingers, a pen behind her ear, and slippers down at the heel—one who has a sublime contempt for dinners and dress, and who is so absorbed in her

"ologies" and "isms," as to be deaf to the cries of her children, and blind to the hopeless misery expressed on her husband's countenance. But such female monstrosities are rarely, if ever, met with; and such unloveliness of character is not necessarily produced by mental culture, since we occasionally find among the lower and ignorant classes equally unnatural and neglectful wives and mothers. Fidelity to domestic duties depends very much upon the standpoint from which a woman regards them. A Christian woman, whether talented or not, will fulfil all her duties conscientiously and cheerfully, and will regard no work as menial which tends to the welfare of others. But if an active intelligence animate a conscientious worker, all duties will be so much the better performed. The woman who has studied physiology is not, "when pain and anguish wring the brow," any the less skilful as "a ministering angel." A knowledge of the chemistry of cookery will not render her dishes less tasty or digestible. If social problems have aroused in her an enthusiasm for humanity, her affections for those in the home will not necessarily be weakened—nay, they will probably be enlarged. If her reasoning faculties have been cultivated, her conversational powers will not in consequence be less fascinating, even though she should occasionally get the best of an argument with a masculine opponent. Mental culture should not, and does not, as a rule, rob a woman of her womanliness, nor render her less lovable; and the biographies of our most eminent women will confirm this statement.

The exceptional influence exercised by the stronger over the weaker sex has already been pointed out. Let us now consider a few of the methods a man might adopt in order to stimulate the mental life of, say, his wife or sister (I am of course assuming the case of a man who is really of superior intelligence to the woman under his immediate influence). In the first instance, he might take an active interest in her reading, and encourage a wise choice of books. He may thus, more or less gradually, according to her capacities, introduce to her the masterpieces of literature. If he discover in her a bent of mind towards some particular study, or a special talent, he may, by sympathy, help, and judicious praise, spur her on to its highest development. But not only should he endeavour to elevate her literary tastes: he should also seek to awaken her powers of thought. This is best done by conversation bearing upon her reading. Every book read, whether of science, history, theology, poetry, or fiction, should be discussed, analysed, and criticised. She would thus acquire the habit of thinking, in addition to that of reading, and would digest what she had read; her logical faculties would be strengthened, and her memory enriched. Such debates would acquire an intenser interest, if both were equally absorbed in the same study. This fact leads me to specially urge every man, who has himself an intellectual hobby, to seek to inspire a kindred enthusiasm in his feminine companion. He of all men is likely to be successful in rousing her from mental sluggishness, and for obvious reasons: the subject in which he takes interest will possess a double interest in her eyes; she will be sensitive to the compliment he pays her in asking her to share his studies; and if he also request her help, he will furnish her with the most powerful incentive possible. The consciousness of working with a definite aim, the thought of rendering actual help to one whom she loves, will bear her through many difficulties and discouragements.

Do not suppose that the benefits of such a partnership will be all on the woman's side. No; they will be equally great to the man. In the effort to stimulate the mind of another, his own will be quickened. He who would teach, must himself first understand his subject, and feel also the necessity of being accurate in his instructions. The interchange of ideas with another mind, alike interested and alert, could not be otherwise than advantageous. Then, as regards practical help: If a man's hobby require quick perceptions and delicate fingers—as botany, for instance—then the help of a woman will be invaluable. If occupied with literary work, her sympathy and criticisms, and her assistance in copying manuscripts and hunting up references, will also be of great service.

The same community of ideas ought to prevail between the working-man and his wife. He is surely better occupied in reading the newspaper aloud to her, while she sits darning his socks on the other side of the hearth, than if he were angrily settling the affairs of the nation with his boon companions at the public-house. And I may here remark, in passing, that if working women only realised how closely the welfare of the working classes is interwoven in current political questions, they would take a much keener interest in politics than they now do. Although possessing no direct power at the polling booth, they can exercise an immense influence over their husbands and sons who are enfranchised, by encouraging in them a lofty ideal of political duties and responsibilities.

How frequently you may hear a business man, who has climbed from the foot of the ladder, attribute his success to the wife who has shared with him the anxieties of business life, who has been not only a sympathetic but a working partner, who has economised and toiled with him, and identified herself with all his interests. And you will find that their mutual struggles and experiences have not only developed them individually, but have also intensified their affections. Now, if this be true of business life and work, why should it not be equally true of mental life and work? In most of the affairs of life, two heads are better than one, especially if one happen to be a woman's.

Many instances are recorded of the happiness and advantages resulting from such union of minds. The wife of Sir William Hamilton, the eminent philosopher, was a conspicuous example of a cultured and practical helpmate. When Sir William was elected Professor of Metaphysics at Edinburgh University, his appointment roused bitter opposition, and his opponents prophesied his certain failure. He determined, with the help of his wife, to prove the falseness of such predictions. She threw herself heart and soul into his work, looked up references, copied out his notes, and sat up with him night after night preparing his lectures—her pen and brain as active as his. The success he attained as a lecturer was due in a large measure to the help she rendered at this critical period of his career. When his health gave way, and paralysis laid him low, her energy, cheerfulness, and willing hands still upheld him; and his biographer says that, but for her heroic labours and practical ability, Sir William's greatest works would never have been published. Equally fortunate in his wife was Dr. Buckland, the great geologist. She enthusiastically aided him in his work, with both pen and pencil. For many months she daily wrote at his dictation, and she utilised her natural talent for drawing, by supplying the illustrations to his published works. She was exceptionally clever in repairing broken fossils, and many fine specimens now in the Oxford Museum were restored, by her skilful fingers, from a heap of small fragments to their original shapes. But her fondness of these pursuits never led her to neglect her household affairs, and her son tells us she personally superintended the education of her children every morning. No one can read the life of Thomas Hood, without feeling great admiration for his helpful and lovable wife. He had many adversities and afflictions, one being that of chronic ill-health; but his wife's unfailing courage and good sense buoyed him up in all his weary struggles. She thoroughly appreciated his genius, and continually assisted him in his literary work. He had such confidence in her judgment, that all his works were submitted to her for correction and revision, before being sent to the publishers. Few wives have had a sweeter love-letter than the one in which he thus acknowledges her worth: "I never was anything, dearest, until I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail." We have a noteworthy example of sisterly helpfulness in Caroline Herschel, whose brother, Sir William Herschel, was the famous astronomer. She assisted him day and night in his observations and calculations, and his great achievements in astronomical science were largely due to her acute perceptions and shrewd advice. William Wordsworth, too, owed much to the sympathetic comradeship of his sister Dorothy. When harassed and depressed by the attacks of hostile critics, she consoled and cheered him, and inspired him to fresh efforts. He alludes to this close intercourse when he speaks of

"Those sweet counsels between heart and head,
Whence genuine knowledge grew."

Instances might also be given of similar companionships between fathers and daughters; but enough has been said to show the help an intelligent woman can give when once her interest has been awakened.

It is surely not necessary to say much about the pleasures of such companionships. Conversation plays an important part in our social and home life, and our enjoyment of it is greatly enhanced when those about us have active and well-developed minds. The fireside chat, the country ramble, the holiday excursion, will yield double delight if shared with one who can think, sympathise, and converse intelligently.

Were any other argument needed to strengthen the plea for the mental culture of women, I would point to the fact that the mothers of nearly all great men and women have possessed minds of unusual vigour and intelligence, and have fostered all that was noble in their children. Not only, then, for their own sakes, and not only on behalf of the gentler sex, but also for the sake of coming generations, men should take keener interest in the mental development of the women in their homes. Sheridan, speaking of men's responsibility in this matter, says:—"Women govern us. Let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of woman depends the wisdom of man." And Tennyson wisely observes—

"The woman's cause is man's. They rise or sink
Together. Dwarfed or God-like, bond or free,
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?"

In conclusion, let me urge every girl to cultivate all the faculties God has given her, whether she get any outside help or not. I would say, choose the best books by the best authors, and thoroughly master them. Do not be discouraged by the first difficulty, and pronounce those books dull which are not easily understood. Keep nibbling away, and the appetite will come with the eating; and, having once tasted the delight of grappling

with and conquering an intellectual problem, like Alexander you will hunger and thirst for other victories. But do not let your studies make you so self-absorbed, as to induce indifference to the pursuits of other members of the household. Keep an alert and open mind towards all healthful subjects. The woman who unceremoniously sweeps away as so much rubbish her husband's botanical collections, who frowns at his museum of curiosities, who turns up her nose at the "nasty smells" of her brother's chemical experiments, or who yawns at the name of politics, may be an estimable person in her way, but she is shortsightedly throwing away splendid chances of deepening her influence and enlarging her own mind. On the other hand, the woman who combines an active intelligence with practical ability, who is both head and heart, and who concentrates her talents upon her daily duties—whether great or small—possesses an influence compared with which the mere bestowal of the franchise would be as nothing. Such a woman truly fulfils her destiny; hers is a full-orbed life, an ever-expanding life; "to know her is a liberal education." We cannot all be Lady Hamiltons or Caroline Herschels, but we can be as faithful to our duties as they were to theirs. Let us, then, so use our opportunities, that not one of our talents may be wasted, and let us religiously consecrate all our powers to whatever duties fall to our share. We shall thus obey that too-neglected clause of the Divine command—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with . . . *all thy* MIND." ALICE LEE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

E. E.—The crust or fur which forms in the inside of tea-kettles may be chipped off with a chisel, or they may be sent to a tinman's if you cannot do it yourself. It is not dangerous, and it keeps away rust, and makes a kettle last longer. But it will require more fire to make the kettle boil if it has a fur coating inside. It is said that the formation may be prevented by keeping an oyster-shell or a marble always inside the kettle. But prevention is better than cure, and if the kettle be carefully cleaned after use, the incrustation will not form. Sixty grains of sal ammoniac put into a kettleful of water and boiled for one hour is said to remove the coating.

ONE OF "OUR GIRLS."—Wedding cards are again fashionable. They are sent after the wedding, and need not be accompanied by cake, unless to near relations and intimate friends.

EUSEBIA, H. H., and others.—The method in which the gloss is put on linen is somewhat of a trade secret. It is generally in the mixing of the starch and the use of the polishing iron that it consists. One recipe is—2 ounces of starch mixed in half a pint of cold water; then half a teaspoonful of borax in a teacupful of boiling water poured into it, and when it is cold, mix with the starch, and at the same time add a tablespoonful of turpentine, and mix all together with the hand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. A. H. F.—Send your cloak to a dyer. You are sure to spoil it yourself.

FREDERICK FITZCLARENCE perhaps has her last meal too late, which causes restless sleep. Do not eat after 7.30 p.m.

J. TURTLE, KITTY, and MAY should make enquiries at the Young Women's Christian Association Emigration Department, 316, Regent Street, W. All servants should go out under some supervision, and be met on arrival.

NIMBLE SNIBS.—1. Cannot you make the pieces of material into some kind of patchwork?—2. June 30, 1876, was a Friday.

GOOD OLD JACK was very rude not to answer an invitation, and we think she should apologise and say what caused the omission.

SERVANT.—Say, "Excuse me for a few minutes," or, "I hope you will forgive my leaving you for a moment."

ST. BRIDE.—Full crape mourning for a parent should be worn for six months, and black for the year. It would not make any difference whether they were "aged" parents or not. Grandchildren wear mourning for six months.

FLIPPET.—Palpitation of the heart is often caused by a bad state of the digestion. If you try to acquire the habit of walking upstairs without stooping, and, while writing, holding yourself quite upright, you will not feel the exertion half as much as if you stoop. Your spine will support you apart from your muscles.

FAITH.—If you take muffins at afternoon tea, or buttered toast, you had better take one of your gloves off, unless you particularly wish to spoil them.

JOSEY.—Fifteen carat gold is more serviceable in a watch-chain than eighteen. If merely for a necklet, or if for a ring, the latter would be preferable. The term "carat" refers to the weight of unalloyed gold. It is the name of the seeds of the Abyssinian carat-flower, which, being usually all of the same uniform weight and size, are employed in weighing precious stones and gold. Our gold is alloyed with silver, the foreign with copper, which accounts for the difference of colour, while the purity of the metal may be one and the same respectively. Our sovereigns are, like our wedding-rings, of twenty-two carat gold. Were the piece without alloy, it would be twenty-four carat; consequently, if half be alloy, it would be twelve carat.

NUT-BROWN MAYDE gives us no idea as to the description of situation which she desires to obtain abroad. She had better write for advice to Miss Pryde, 152, Rue de la Pompe, Paris (Avenue du Bois de Boulogne).

KATE.—Write to Miss Emily Janes, Two Waters, Hemel Hempstead, and tell her what you have said to us, as she is the Secretary of the Ladies' Associations for the Care and Training of Friendless Girls. There are many of these, and she will direct you. We do not know your address, or might give some names of officers or of ladies that you could visit. For instance, Lady Bayley, of 14, Hyde Park Street, W., is President; and Mrs. Rawlins, 13, Harewood Square, N.W., is Secretary for training homes in Paddington and Marylebone.

MISS H. POLHILL-TURNER, Assistant-Secretary to the Willing Hands Society, requests us to notice this institution for the aid of Chinese missions. Four methods are suggested in which the work may be assisted of "spreading Christ's Kingdom in China"—*i.e.*, the presentation of four articles of needlework (fancy or plain), paintings, or anything saleable, and a subscription not less than one shilling per annum (thus becoming a member); by becoming an associate, sending a less number of contributions; by giving a yearly subscription only; or by donations. Miss Turner's address is—The Cottage, Blunham, Sandy, Beds.; or, Miss Reade, Meldreth, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex, Hon. Secretaries.

ALICE MAUD D.—See our answers to intending emigrants. Write to the Government Emigration Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., and they will send you the necessary papers. You should name your age and business, and ask advice as to where you might obtain employment, cost, etc.

ENTRE NOUS and WOULD-BE EMIGRANT.—You would have every assistance and advice, as well as protection, if you were to emigrate under the auspices of the United British Women's Emigration Association. President, the Hon. Mrs. J. Stuart-Wortley; Secretary, Miss Leffoy, 17, Eldon Road, Kensington. They secure for you proper protection on the voyage, and reception on arrival. The Emigrants' Rest is at 27, Colquitt Street, Bold Street, Liverpool. Board and lodging, 2s. 6d. per day; and probably one night there would suffice before being conducted on board the ship. There is also the Church Emigration Society, 40, Victoria Street, Westminster; Hon. Secretary, Miss C. E. Denison, 196, Cromwell Road, S.W. Charge is taken of the emigrants on the voyage and on their arrival, and they are assisted in finding work. From whichever society you prefer to apply to, you will obtain advice as to the destination to which, with your qualifications, you had better go. Certainly write to us again. The Young Women's Christian Association, Regent Street, would also help you in your emigration.

MOTHER.—If you design any of your girls for situations as "mother's-" or "lady-helps," you might do well to send them to a "farm school" recently opened by a lady at Caterham, Surrey. Girls can be trained there in "all the duties of a country home." For any girl who wished to emigrate in that capacity, such a course of training would be most desirable to supplement the acquirements requisite in a nursery governess and lady's maid.

NANCY.—The average age at which women marry in this country is not very accurately calculated, as in about 22,483, or eleven per cent. of the marriages, the ages are not given. But the average taken of the rest was 28 years in men, and 24-5 in women. It would be much better for the happiness, health, and general well-being of our young countrywomen, and the advantage of their children, were they to delay their marriage till the age of 24 or 25. They would know their own minds better, have acquired more knowledge in the management both of young children and of their homes, and have given some time to the service of their parents on leaving school.

DAISY E. BANKS.—We thank you for your charming letter. Your writing is good. *The Girl's Indoor Book* is now being issued in separate parts.

LOY.—If the brother and sisters live in the eldest married sister's house, or even if they share the expenses for rent, living, and service with her, she is the housekeeper, and naturally mistress of the house by right of birth and her position as a married woman, and is the person who should give invitations.

SYNTON.—1. The final "p" in the name "Malaprop" is sounded.—2. The plates should be brought in all together and laid on the dinner-wagon (if there be room for more than the dessert service), or on the sideboard, and the plates that have been used changed one by one. The vegetable dishes should be brought in on a butler's wooden tray, and thence removed to the dinner-table. We have given an article on "How to Wait at Table," vol. viii., p. 488—No. for April 30th, 1887.

RHODA.—Your question has been answered more than once. There are exceptions to nearly all rules. In the case of a young girl and the entrance of an old gentleman, it would be more seemly for her to rise when he advanced to take her hand; and certainly if in a social position higher than her own. Writing fairly good.

ATHELIS.—On consideration of your case, we do not see cause for your continual distress. If you have repented, and strive to speak evil of no man, you would be guilty of a still greater and additional sin in turning your back on the Lord's Supper.

BARBARA.—We think, with your advisers, that so young a man may change his mind when more matured, and he has seen other girls who may seem better looking to him, and have more social advantages and means of support. In your case we should prefer to keep the friend who is not so likely to give you up; and you may do better yourself, especially as you say that "he is not good company!" No wonder the friend "feels in the way" when walking out as "gooseberry."

ROSE BUD "longs for something more exciting than cooking," and would consider "hospital nursing, or matron in a school for gentlemen only, would be just the thing." At the age of twenty-eight she is not too old for nursing; but the "excitement" she would find in the scenes and the work of a hospital would be very far from agreeable! Such a vocation should be adopted with a willingness to deny yourself in all and every way for the love of God and man—not for the self-gratification to be found in such painfully exciting sights. She would not be eligible for the position of matron in any institution, as she is not sufficiently well educated.

SORELY PERPLEXED.—You have placed yourself in a serious difficulty by allowing yourself to become attached to a man, and by also encouraging him, before a due consideration of your disagreement in religious faith and feeling. When the mischief is done you ask for advice; and under such circumstances we can scarcely be expected to give an opinion. If you have plighted your word to him, knowing that he is not a religious man, you could not jilt him—it would be dishonourable. The only thing you could do would be to tell him you had acted with great indiscretion, explaining why, and referring the case to him. Tell him you fear that your union would not be for the happiness of either, but that, having given him the right to withdraw his proposal, you were ready to keep your word to him if he were perfectly satisfied.

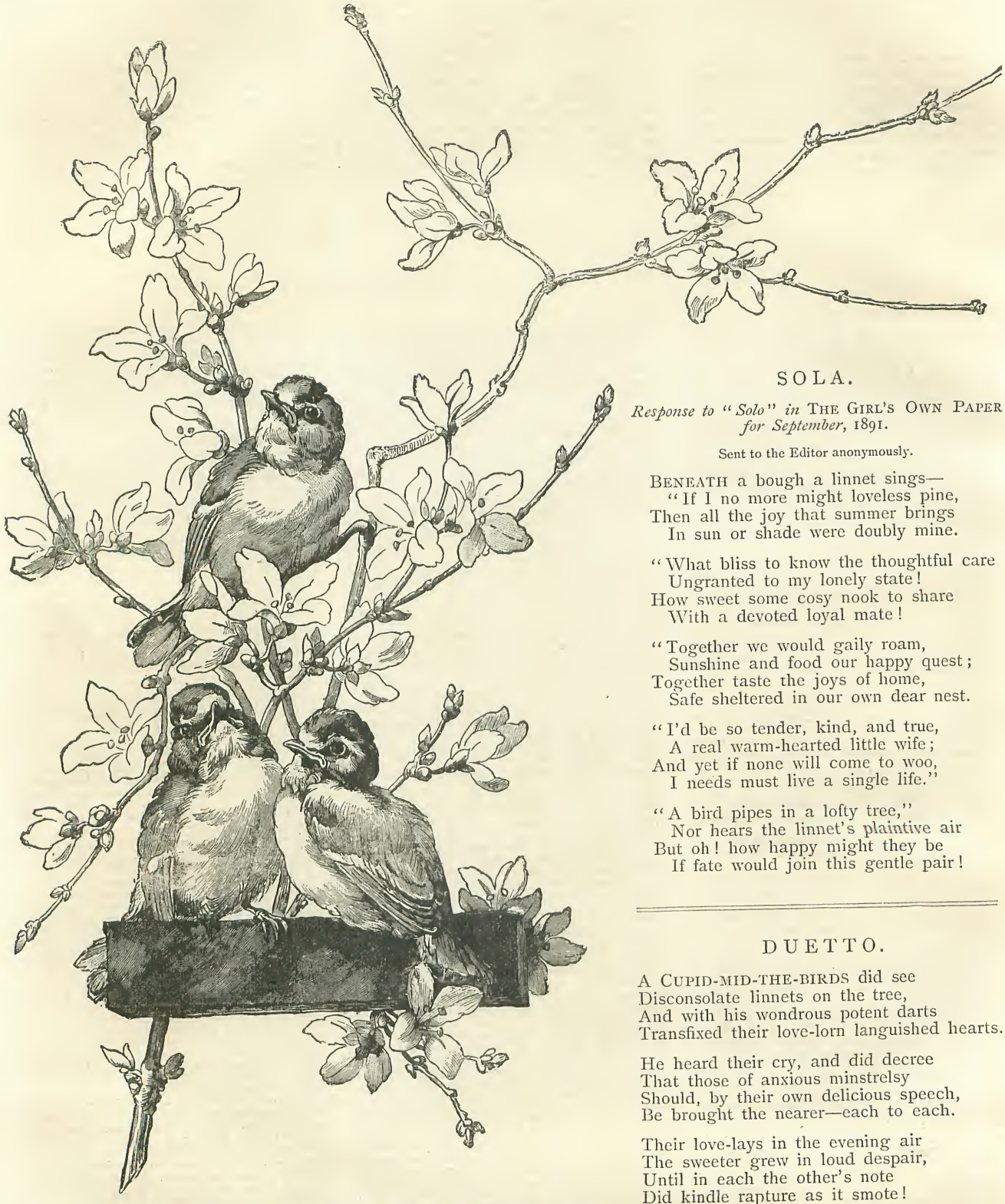
A WOULD-BE ABSTAINER.—Sal volatile is used in cases of fainting and sickness, and is often valuable in indigestion. The chemist will write instructions for the proper dose on the bottle. Either hot or cold water can be used with it.

MIGNON.—1. It is not usual to give the addresses of authors without their leave. It would be an intrusion to do so.—2. You can find a full list of her writings in any of her books.

MAGGIE.—Newfoundland is the oldest of all our colonies. Its discovery by John Cabot dates back to June 24th, 1497. The discoverer did not win more than fame and his own personal satisfaction, for there appears a note in the Privy Purse amounts of expenditure in the same year (August 10th)—"To him that found the New Isle, £10." It was not, however, until the year 1583 that Sir H. Gilbert formally took possession of it in the Queen's name (Elizabeth). The visit of the Portuguese navigator, Gaspard de Coltereal, was subsequent to our discovery of the island by three years.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.—Leave cards when you call in a formal way when your friend is not at home.

MARIAN.—The 4th November, 1876, was a Saturday.



WOULD-BE FRUIT GROWER.—Do not content yourself with asking a few questions of us. The subject of market gardening, in whatever branch you take up, and the question of where you should rent your land, are serious matters, and you should be advised by those under whom you are properly trained. The chief fruit-growing counties in England are Kent, Hereford, Devon, Somerset, Worcester, and Gloucester. But of course you would have to contend with much competition in those counties, and the country towns near you might be already well supplied. See our series of articles on "New Employments for Girls," now coming out. Gardening is a most healthful occupation. The average length of life of a gardener and a clergyman is the same, and the premature deaths are as five compared to twenty-three, the latter representing the inn or hotel servant.

HERALD.—We know of no teachers or classes in heraldry. You have to study the subject for yourself. The articles on "Heraldry," by S. F. A. Caulfeild, were in vol. viii., "G. O. P."; "Days of Chivalry," in vol. ix.; "Flowers in History," in vol. x. *English Heraldry* is the name of a small book by Boutell, which would be useful to you in your study of the subject.

SOLA.

Response to "Solo" in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER *for September*, 1891.

Sent to the Editor anonymously.

BENEATH a bough a linnet sings—
"If I no more might loveless pine,
Then all the joy that summer brings
In sun or shade were doubly mine.

"What bliss to know the thoughtful care
Ungranted to my lonely state!
How sweet some cosy nook to share
With a devoted loyal mate!

"Together we would gaily roam,
Sunshine and food our happy quest;
Together taste the joys of home,
Safe sheltered in our own dear nest.

"I'd be so tender, kind, and true,
A real warm-hearted little wife;
And yet if none will come to woo,
I needs must live a single life."

"A bird pipes in a lofty tree,"
Nor hears the linnet's plaintive air
But oh! how happy might they be
If fate would join this gentle pair!

DUETTO.

A CUPID-MID-THE-BIRDS did see
Disconsolate linnets on the tree,
And with his wondrous potent darts
Transfixed their love-lorn languished hearts.

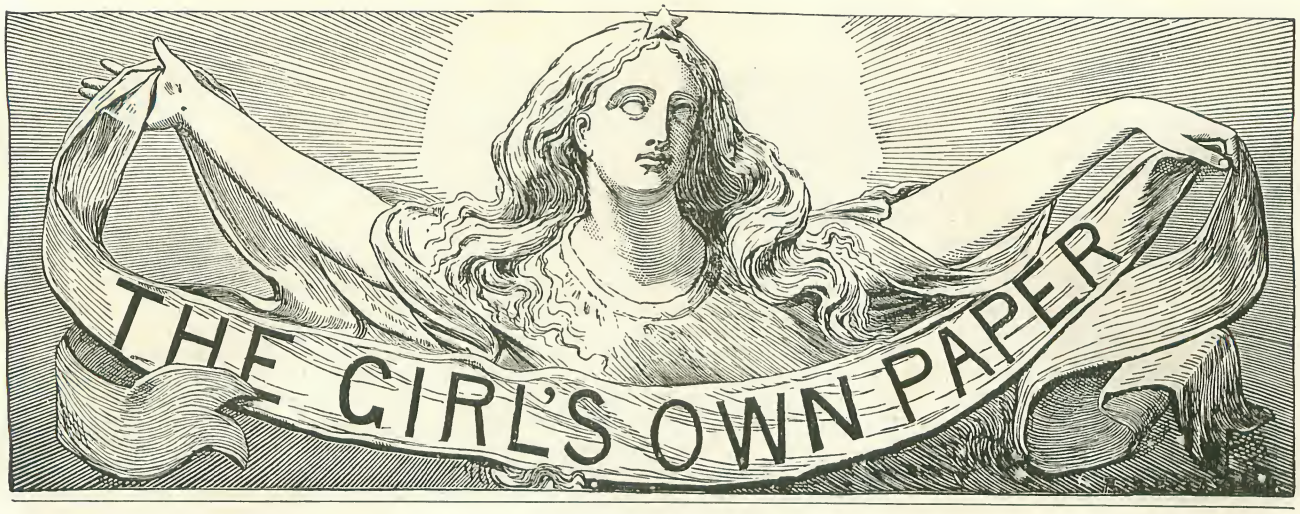
He heard their cry, and did decree
That those of anxious minstrelsy
Should, by their own delicious speech,
Be brought the nearer—each to each.

Their love-lays in the evening air
The sweeter grew in loud despair,
Until in each the other's note
Did kindle rapture as it smote!

O tender hearts! O purest joy!
To think such bliss without alloy
All gainèd was by Cupid's dart
Which made their loneliness to smart!

But now the smart is past and gone
The songsters live in nest as one;
And, interweaved, their melodies
Shall form rich life-long harmonies!

C. P.



VOL. XIII.—No. 632.] FEBRUARY 6, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

"'BUT YOU LIVE HERE—DON'T YOU CARE TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THE PLACE?'"

All rights reserved.]

CHAPTER XVII.

NEEDS MUST.

THAT a faded, weary, yet uncomplaining "Collars" he looked! He seemed to Flora's commiserating eyes the next thing to haggard. She fancied that if she looked narrowly at him she might detect grey threads among his hair. Yet he was not more than five years older than Dick Bennet. He brightened up at the sight of her and Mary; but his pleasure was crossed by his anxiety lest they should not be comfortable. He started up from table to place a ricketty fire-screen at the back of Flora's chair, and to provide a disreputable-looking footstool for Mary's dangling feet; and he knit his brows in worry when he came up to the drawing-room and discovered the door-handle still loose, and the couch with its precarious footing.

"I thought these things were to be seen to," he said hastily. "Has Pickering not come from Summerley? I thought, Minnie, when I went you understood that Frederica was to go for the carpenter."

"Oh, I forgot all about it," said Minnie lightly. "Besides, I don't believe Frederica could have gone to-day. I must admit she has never yet refused to do what she is told, or spoken a disrespectful word to any one of us—she knows better," with the slightest toss of her be-curled little head; "but I almost think she might have been saucy if she had been sent out in the middle of her cooking and cleaning."

"Could not you and Beatie have done as much as walk to the village together," muttered Gil.

"Gil!" cried both girls, in two tiny shrieks.

"You know I cannot walk so far," said Beatie reproachfully.

"And you know I could not go alone," said Minnie, with a small pout. "What should I have done if there had been rough people about? not to speak of stray cattle and wild dogs."

"Indeed, Gilbert," Mrs. Hayter roused herself to remonstrate in her slow, solemn way, "Minnie is right. You would not be so unreasonable as to propose that either of your sisters should go gadding alone on those dirty unfrequented country roads for so paltry a reason as the screwing on of a door-handle, or the putting a fresh castor on a couch!"

"Young people are so particular nowadays," remarked Mr. Hayter, with gay philosophy. "When I was Gil's age I don't believe I would have seen whether a door had a handle or how a couch stood, unless, indeed, I was prepared to invent some new latch and bobbin, or to balance the couch on eagle's wings, or dragon's claws."

Gil had done with his protest; he dropped the subject with a passing movement which, Flora saw beneath her drooped eyelashes, was a gesture of despair. The harmony of The Grays, so rarely disturbed, was fully restored.

That did not prevent the whole family—not excepting Mrs. Hayter—from descending on their chosen messenger with regard to what he had remembered and what he had forgotten of the commissions with which they loaded him on his daily peregrinations.

"Gil, my boy," said his father, in mild surprise, "it is an astonishment that you could neglect to call at Nash's, when he had almost fixed the terms on which he is to join me in bringing out those improved chimney-cowls. Naturally I am anxious, for all our sakes; and if the City once tries the cowls, the relief from the smoke nuisance will be such a gain, that I promise you there will be no further delay. We shall be regarded as public benefactors. But young men are so full of their own concerns! However, you are no worse than your neighbours, Gil, I must say, and we can wait another day," he finished magnanimously.

"Yes, Gil, Hegel is all right," said his mother, in a tone of pensive, unsatisfied longing. "So is Comte and Swedenborg; but it might have occurred to you, even if I did not mention it, that I should want to have Schopenhauer."

"Gil! Gil! you don't mean to tell us that you have let the shopman match the lace in this fashion! It is disgraceful—nothing short of disgraceful! We told you that it must be a perfect match! And the ribbon is as bad—we told you it must be the same, and you have brought pale maize instead of old gold. Was there ever such a bungler!"

When did "Collars" find time to eat his stale sandwiches and drink his lukewarm water, when he had to spend his intervals of work interviewing tradesmen, ransacking shops, and scouring the streets to meet the demands of his relations? What would Miss Arabella's nephews think of such bondage, those heroes of the Scotch universities, returning with their laurels, to be joyously waited upon by their adoring womenkind; the same high-spirited women who had struggled so gallantly to contribute their quota of the college fees which had been needed before the men of the family could be educated like gentlemen and scholars! How would they have met such inroads on their slender opportunities!

"Collars" was a gentleman, else he would not have borne it. He was also not without a creditable amount of scholarship—ten times more than Dick had picked up on the royal road to knowledge. Fortunately for Gilbert Hayter, his father had not exhausted his money and credit at an early stage of his history. "Collars" had been years at school in Germany, besides graduating at the London University. How Flora, young, ardent, generous, burned with indignation to see the false estimation in which he was held, and the way he was put upon—he, the breadwinner for all those idle, complaisant people, on whose exertions the whole family subsisted. Tender-hearted as she was, she was tempted to wonder that he did not "cut the whole concern," leave them to their fate, which was likely to be pitiable enough without him; emigrate, make his own way in the world, in a hand-to-hand combat in which he would at least be his own master, and earn the freedom and receive the respect which were his due.

What were Flora's feelings then when little Mary joined in the chorus! Exhilarated by the sight of a familiar face, and by the attention which its owner was disposed to pay her, she put in her claim on the heels of the others. "Have you brought me the lamb or the kid that Cousin Flora was talking of, Cousin Gilbert?" she ventured to suggest, in a half-coaxing, half-imperious way.

"What lamb—what kid? What does she mean?" He turned to the horrified Flora in his perplexity.

"It was only some nonsense I was talking to her on the way down. My dear Mary, you know nothing of lambs or kids. If you had them, very possibly they would knock you over."

"Then why did you say I might have one to play with?" asked Mary, with natural resentment and a portentously long face.

"Never mind, Mary!" said "Collars," coming to the rescue, and evincing commendable presence of mind; "if I cannot get a lamb or a kid—stupid, mischievous little beasts—I know where there is a merry retriever puppy to be had for the asking, and sha'n't you and I have romps with him! We'll teach him to fetch and carry, and beg and shake hands like a Christian."

"Oh, will you—will you, Cousin Gilbert? That will be nice!" Mary was completely propitiated, and all sunshine again.

"Cousin Flora," said Mary, sitting up in bed after Flora had put her there, "do you think Aunt Hayter has her mattresses stuffed with stones? And why does she only have a bit of carpet by the side of the bed? And where are her window-curtains?"

"My darling, beggars should not be choosers. You don't understand that; but it means your mamma has sent you to pay a visit to your Aunt Hayter, who is doing all she can for us. She is a very clever, busy lady; we ought to be much obliged to her. Mamma would like us to be so, and to be pleased with what she has done, instead of picking holes in everything. See, I will make a nest for you with the pillows, and you'll not feel the knots in the flock of the bed; you will fall asleep thinking of the good time we shall have picking the fresh buttercups and daisies, which is a great deal better than picking holes."

A new day brought more hope and heart. It was a bright breezy March morning, and Mary woke refreshed and eager to go out with her little basket and fill it with such wildflowers as she and Cousin Flora could find. They would do very well, Flora made up her mind cheerfully, with enough to eat, and country appetites to ward off fastidi-

ousness, a roof over their heads, the delights of the country in spring-time, and perfectly good-natured, friendly people round them. It was really no business of Flora's and Mary's whether or not the Hayter family conformed to their fallen fortunes, or took the right means to mend them. The visitors' business was not to be in the way, not to trouble people, not to tax more than they could help the family's overtaxed hewer of wood and drawer of water; to be satisfied with what was being done for them; to bear philosophically any inevitable discomforts. They had the spring and the country, and if Mary's health were benefited, and her white cheeks took a faint wild-rose tinge of red, what more could they desire, unless to persuade "Collars" that they were exceedingly happy and well off, and to do what they could for his ease and entertainment during their stay? Perhaps it was conceited of Flora to think that they might relieve or amuse him a little; but what she had seen of him had given her the idea that he was even more easily solaced and gratified in his unobtrusiveness, manliness, and good-will than she had known Miss Arabella's nephews to be.

Flora was astonished, when she and Mary took their way to the dining-room, to find only the two gentlemen present. "Tut, tut!" said Mr. Hayter in a rallying vein. "Ladies so early astir, especially after the fatigue of a journey! We ought to have told you that you might keep your room, and Frederica would attend to you. Mrs. Hayter finds the morning the best time for her important work. The first ideas after one awakes are too valuable to be frittered away on family intercourse. Poor Beatie is not very strong, and is better for the additional rest; and Minnie does not think it worth while to show an independent example. This is Liberty Hall, Miss Macdermot, and you will find plenty of precedents for taking life easily—though I must say I have always enough to think of and plan in my own den upstairs. And this old fellow"—tapping Gilbert playfully on the shoulder—"ought to have been off half an hour ago. He and I make our own breakfasts; and we don't quarrel—do we, Gil?"

"It would not be easy to quarrel with you, father," said Gil, with a smile and a sigh.

"Mary and I will keep our own room if you wish it," said Flora, who had been standing in open-eyed amazement; "but we are accustomed to rise to breakfast. And if you will not mind, if you will let me, I shall be very glad to pour out coffee for you and Mr. Gilbert. I always did it for father at home, and I have a feeling, a feminine prejudice I suppose you will call it, that a tea-pot or a coffee-pot looks out of place in a gentleman's hand."

"We shall be too much honoured by your company," asserted Mr. Hayter. "We bow to your decision"—and he electrified Mary by making a couple of low bows, one to her and one to her cousin Flora.

"If you will be so good as to countenance us," said Gilbert gratefully, "perhaps Minnie will have the grace to conquer her laziness. Come, Mary—you'll sit by me, and let me prepare your egg for you. We shall be quite a cosy family party. One does get tired of restaurants and the ends of feasts. The last, they say, is better than the beginning of frays. That may be—I don't contradict the wise man who said it first; but I should prefer to dispense with both."

Flora took a quick survey of the breakfast-table, at which the gentlemen who had been sitting down made room for her and Mary, and said to herself—"If I can help it, in future the water will have been boiling, the toast will be crisp, not sodden, the bacon will not be frizzled to a cinder, with a couple of eggs at one side of the table and only one at the other. It is his own fault, I dare say; and doubtless Mr. Hayter thinks young men of the present day are poor, careless eaters, even though they are so fond of long walks; but it shall not be if I make breakfast."

Minnie Hayter turned up in the middle of the forenoon, just when Flora and Mary were setting out for their second walk. "Oh, how active you are!" she cried, clasping her small white hands in professed wonder and admiration. "I had never imagined that townspeople were so exemplary and indefatigable."

"I fancy there are townspeople and townspeople," said Flora, a little dryly. "Aunt Bennet would be shocked if we were not all down to breakfast by nine; and at home, in Inverlochan, I used to rise at six in summer and seven in winter, for father liked to have worship and his breakfast over by eight. I am, as you know, not town-born, but country-bred."

"Yes," said Minnie, with a little malice for her, "I could have told that by your complexion."

"Oh, my beetroot cheeks!" said Flora, laughing and touching them. "They are like Lady Macbeth's hands—they will not wash white. Think what they will be after they have got their full share of the east wind—you have east wind even down in this Kent valley I suppose—and the spring tan!"

"But you will wear a veil! If you have not brought one—I was rather surprised to see yesterday that you had travelled without a veil—Beatie or I can lend you one."

"Thanks," said Flora candidly; "but I detest veils. I like to see all I can of the world. You will be shocked to hear that it is a concession to propriety on my part never to go out except in a hat or a bonnet. I have learnt civilised ways in London; but I was accustomed to wander ever so far in the glen—our Highland glen—bare-headed, just as I went into the garden."

"That was not saving your complexion," objected Minnie gravely.

"I had no complexion to save," said Flora laughing. "I had just such red cheeks when I was Mary's age; and when Miss Arabella had her nieces and nephews with her, and gave children's parties, I was always known as 'red-cheeks.'"

"It must have been a dreadful waste to your clothes," said Minnie, with more practicality than might have been expected from her;—but she and Beatie had very tender feelings with regard to clothes.

"My clothes would not spoil," asserted Flora unblushingly. "Of course I did not scramble about in my best frock, not even in my second best. I had plain woollen house-frocks for winter and spring, and print and gingham frocks for summer; and I always liked them, and thought they looked nice enough, though I had no objection to a finer frock when I wished to be 'braw.' You don't know that Scotch word, Miss Hayter, or Burns's description of the country lasses just a little smartened up for Hallowe'en—'Mair braw than when they're fine.'"

No; Minnie neither knew what "braw" meant nor what Hallowe'en meant. She was aware that Burns was the Scotch song-writer, who had once been a common ploughman, and she had no wish to improve her acquaintance with such subjects, though she was too polite to say so. "Oh, Cousin Minnie, do come with us!" begged Mary, who was of the mind that the more the merrier. "We have got three violets already, though Cousin Flora says we might not have expected them till April; and they only grew in her garden, not even in the glen in Scotland. And the wild anemones here are ever so much bigger, and so are the primroses, than they were there."

"I am afraid they are," said Flora, shaking her head. "The truth must be told, though it does not sound patriotic."

Minnie yielded to Mary's importunity, but she kept the others waiting "hours," Mary insisted, before she reappeared in her stylish mantelette and picturesque hat, with its veil, her delicate gloves, and her little pointed shoes with the very high insteps, in which she went picking and pattering her way rather disconsolately over the rough road.

"Is she going to make calls and take us with her?" whispered Mary, in a dismayed aside, referring to a social ceremony for which she had a great distaste.

"I don't think so," said Flora doubtfully. "I suppose this is her ordinary walking-dress."

Poor Minnie was a very inferior pedestrian; she was tired out long before the delicate child showed any signs of fatigue; and she could not tell where this road led to, or how far off that wood lay. She was not even acquainted, to Mary's triumph, with the little hollow into which Flora and Mary had dipped by chance in the morning, where the purple and white violets were beginning to peep out beneath their round leaves at the roots of the hedgerows, offering an irresistible invitation to the wayfarer to hunt for them, even before he or she smelt the delicious scent which betrayed them; where among thick ground ivy little celandines showed amber rather than golden stars, and pale primroses assembled in clusters, uttering their "widowed" plaint "to the moon" in a pathetic chorus. Minnie said they were

pretty, but she could not soil her gloves with gathering them. She did not know they were out in March, or even in April. She could not tell the names of any more than the primroses and daisies: she was not acquainted with the spots where they were to be found in greatest abundance. Her information scarcely extended beyond the bald facts, that this was the valley of the Medway, there was often a blue mist over the course of the river, and she believed Maidstone lay in that direction.

"But you live here"—the observation was forced from Flora. "Don't you care to know all about the place?"

"Oh, but we are not going to live here!" said Minnie promptly. "It is a dreadfully dull place to live in, with nobody about but peasants, coarse-looking farmers with their wives, and one or two stuck-up people with titles. There is not a creature we can visit. But we shall only stay till papa 'floats' one of his inventions, or mamma brings out her great book. Papa's inventions are so clever that he knows he will make his fortune whenever they are fairly started; and I expect mamma will be tremendously run after as soon as she has come to the last page, and has found a publisher. I am not at all clever, neither is Beatie," Minnie went on piping artlessly. "Even Gil, who has more head—only papa says Gil's is just a commonsense head, with nothing original in it—cannot reach down to mamma's depth. I only know this—that her book is about kindred souls, born poles apart, always missing each other, always seeking each other, but never finding his or her mate; and about a state of society in which there is neither rich nor poor, but everybody is very learned and clever, and everybody serves the mass, and nobody the individual. I have heard her tell papa that was the gist of it; and I am sure it is grand though it sounds difficult, like everything mamma does. But I don't pretend to understand it," ended Minnie, with contented emphasis, as if to be beyond comprehension was the touchstone of genius.

"As she goes on working at her story, perhaps she will be able to make it clearer," suggested Flora hesitatingly.

"But she has been working at it for years and years—ever since I can remember," objected Minnie, as if Flora were detracting from the dignity of the production; "and I don't think it is plain even to herself. It is one of those things that are too grand to be plain. What Beatie and I think"—she suddenly turned the conversation—"is, that Gil, who rents this house, ought to take us to the seaside, where we should be a little less buried alive."

"But the rents would be higher there," said Flora.

"I don't think that need signify so much," said Minnie glibly, "when papa is certain to have begun business again, and even mamma's book may be finished before twelve months are over. But Gil is cautious to timidity. Papa says he has no dash or daring in his composition."

"It may have been knocked out of him," said Flora quickly; and then she sought to soften her words. "He may have seen the evil effects of dash and daring in other cases, in what Uncle Bennet calls 'plunging' business concerns. Of course I don't understand much more than you do. Father was a minister, and died in the parish in which he was ordained and settled."

"Cousin Gil is very good," struck in Mary, with a skip. "He is going to give me a puppy."

"Oh, yes, Gil is really a good boy," said Minnie, in a tone of gentle patronage, "if there was only more 'go' in him." There, that was some of his slang or papa's! If Beatie and I are confined to their society, you may expect us to pick up their phrases."

"Why not?" enquired Flora, with unconscious sharpness. She was thinking indignantly, "Where could you find better company than your brother's? Only you are not worthy of it." What she said aloud slowly and sedately was, "I think Mr. Gilbert Hayter must be one of the best of sons and most considerate of brothers. I know my Uncle and Aunt Bennet think so too." Then she began to talk fast of Miss Arabella's nephews, of how much they were thought of, and what their father and mother and sisters had done for them. Mr. Buchanan put down his trap and gave up his horse, and Mrs. Buchanan walked five miles to church, as she had not done for ten years; and they got a temporary place in a shooting-lodge for their old cook, because they were not going to lower her wages. She consented to go for the time, but most unwillingly. She said she would have been happy to give up her whole wages till the young gentlemen were done with college. But Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan got along with just the young scullery-maid; young Flora Buchanan went away and taught music in a school in Edinburgh, and Jettie, who was very neat-handed, knitted mittens, clocked stockings, and embroidered slippers, and got a great firm in London to give her quite a handsome order for her work."

"But that was dreadful," protested Minnie, stopping short in horror. "What selfish, unkind brothers! How ungentlemanlike in them to allow their sisters to work at all! The poor girls must have sunk to the grade of broken-down governesses and vulgar shop-girls."

"They were glad and proud to help their brothers," said Flora, with a catch in her voice; "and their brothers were glad and proud to be helped by them. The young men will pay it all back a hundredfold. Even if they have not paid it back already, the honour will remain. I should not like Miss Arabella to hear you call the young Buchanan lads, from the back of our Ben, *not* gentlemen! Lady Adelaide, who should be a good judge, says she never saw finer, better-bred lads; and there are worse people, and people more to be despised, than governesses, who need not be broken-down, and shop-girls, who are not compelled to be vulgar."

"I suppose Scotch and English ideas are very different," said Minnie, with mild disdain; and there the argument dropped, for at that stage Flora began to feel heartily ashamed of having started such a useless discussion.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL-TIME.

By AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

LIST! a murmur of sweet voices
From the school-house o'er the street,
And, when lesson-time is over,
Comes the sound of little feet.
And the children hurry homeward—
Work is done, they gladly say;
Books laid by and copies ended,
Toil is past with close of day.

But, my bairnies, stay a moment,
As you patter quickly by,
When the night-clouds gather softly,
And the shadows veil the sky.
Life is but a school, my darlings,
And when lesson-time is past,
Heaven is like the Home you long for,
Where we win sweet rest at last.

So, dear hearts, remember always,
All of us have work to do;
Every dawning brings fresh lessons,
Every year brings something new.
Learn them well, and say them rightly,
Day by day, and one by one;
Then, my darlings, school-time over,
God Himself will say, "Well done!"

THE LOFTIEST CHURCHES IN EUROPE.

THERE has always existed amongst men an inclination to erect lofty buildings, and it will be found, upon an examination of the subject, that this idea has, from the earliest times, been associated in some way with religion.

There can be little doubt that some theological sentiment (possibly a false one) prompted the erection of the Tower of Babel. There is nothing in the Scriptures to show that the building of this tower was of *itself* condemned, because we are told (Genesis xi, v. 6): "And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city."

Now it will be seen that there is not a word of condemnation here of the tower, and probably the idea that the tower was an object of false worship would not have arisen at all but for the interpolated words, "may reach" in the fourth verse, which reads thus: "And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top *may reach* unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." Now if we omit the words "may reach," which from their being printed in italics form no part of the original text, and take it to mean "whose top *may be* heaven," it may be regarded as meaning that a temple dedicated to heaven stood upon the top of the tower; whether dedicated to the worship of the Almighty or to some false worship of the heavenly bodies it is of course impossible to say.

It is a singular thing that in the city of Rome one of the loftiest eminences should be called the "Aracœli," or "Altar of Heaven," which serves to show that temples or altars erected upon lofty spots did receive this appellation. Some writers are of opinion that the dedication of the "Aracœli" in Rome refers to the erection of an altar set up for sacrifices to the true God by Numa Pompilius, who, it is thought, introduced Monotheism in Rome, from his becoming acquainted with Hebrew writings. If this is the case, the Tower of Babel might really have been a religious structure dedicated to the worship of the Almighty. It will be noticed at once that the people dwelling in the land of Shinar *expected* to be scattered abroad, and probably they had already had some Divine command not to settle in great numbers in any particular spot; and it was the disobedience to this command, not the building of the tower or of the city, which was punished by the confusion of tongues.

The allusions in the Old Testament to high places being set apart for worship are too numerous to be here referred to. Horeb, Sinai, and Zion are cases in point. In later times, after the establishment of Christianity, when the necessities of mankind often forced them to inhabit the plains and flat districts of the world, it was of course impossible always to erect places of worship upon lofty hills or eminences, and possibly this may have suggested the idea of providing sacred edifices with a tower or spire.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that all very lofty spires will be found attached to churches which are situated upon low sites in the midst of level plains. In England, for instance, the greatest number of lofty church spires are to be found in Lincolnshire, Northamptonshire, and the flat parts of Nottinghamshire, whereas in the hilly counties spires are very rarely met with.

In very early times towers were only of moderate height, but it can be distinctly proved that, even in the time of Constantine, churches possessed this feature, and early writers tell us that Old St. Peter's, Rome, which was erected by the Emperor Constantine, was provided with two towers of moderate height. Of course, as the art of building developed, both the churches themselves and their towers became more and more lofty, till in the thirteenth century the Gothic tower and spire had become a thoroughly developed feature, and at this period our own countrymen could boast of having constructed the loftiest spire erected up to that time.

An exact measurement of St. Paul's Cathedral, taken in the year 1312, informs us that the height of the tower steeple from the level ground was "CCLX. foot"; the height of the spire of wood covered with lead which stood upon the tower was "CCLXXIV. foot"; yet the whole tower and spire together did not exceed "five hundred and twenty foot!" Of course it will be noticed at once that 260 plus 274 equals 534, and if the spire of Old St. Paul's was really 534 feet high, it has never been equalled, as the loftiest spire ever erected—that of Ulm Cathedral—is only 530 feet high.

But how can we reconcile the statement that it was only 520 feet although the dimensions of tower and spire added together make 534 feet? It is absurd to suppose that it is merely an arithmetical mistake, because the word "although" shows that the statement was prepared to surprise one. In all probability the tower was crowned by a very lofty parapet, and part of the spire ran down behind this. The measurements of the tower, given as 260 feet, probably included this parapet; and that of the spire, given as 274 feet, included the portion that was concealed behind the parapet. Under any circumstances, however, the great spire of Old St. Paul's (Fig. 4) was not only the loftiest building in the world at the date of its erection, but was unequalled in height until the year 1890. Of course we do not include such structures as the Eiffel Tower, because we are speaking of architecture, whereas the Eiffel Tower, Crystal Palace, the Forth Bridge, etc., are engineering works; and however wonderful as examples of mechanical ironmongery, cannot in any way be compared with architectural structures.

The spire of Old St. Paul's shared the fate which befell so many of the lofty buildings of antiquity. It was destroyed by lightning in the reign of Elizabeth, and never reconstructed.

In point of date the spire of Salisbury Cathedral is the earliest of all the great stone spires. It is just a very little over 400 feet in height from the ground, and from the level of the roof of the Cathedral upwards was erected in the reign of Edward III. Of course both England and France contain spires of an earlier date than Salisbury, but none that approach its colossal proportions. Salisbury also has the merit of being one of the best designed spires ever erected, though it unfortunately suffers very much from the ugly modern weather-cock. Salisbury is represented in Fig. 1 of our illustration.

The spire of the Cathedral of Vienna, completed in the year 1433 (Fig. 2 in our illustration), is 435½ feet high. Unlike Salisbury, it rises direct from the ground, and not over the centre of the church. It has one great peculiarity—that it commences to diminish in stages from the ground itself, so as to give the appearance of a superimposed series of lanterns piled up one over the other. Many architectural authorities consider this a mistake, but when the enormous mass (it is over 70 feet square), is taken into consideration, it would have been difficult to have obtained a graceful outline without such a treatment; and it must be acknowledged that, notwithstanding its vast bulk, the steeple of St. Stephen's, Vienna, looks singularly light and graceful.

The great spire of Strasburg (represented in Fig. 3) was completed in 1439 by an architect of the name of Johann Hültz, of Cologne, and is 480 feet high. As this is the loftiest ancient spire in existence, one would be glad to praise it; but apart from the elegance of its detail, and its beautiful workmanship, it cannot be regarded as a satisfactory work; it is too broken up and restless in design. The lantern does not fit well on to the tower, nor does the spire rise gracefully out of the lantern.

The next steeple we have to describe is that of the Cathedral of Ulm (Fig. 5), which is probably the loftiest building ever constructed, as it rises to the enormous height of 530 feet. The tower, 260 feet high, was erected towards the end of the fifteenth century by an architect of the name of Matthaus Boblinger, and carried on from 1500 to 1507 by Burkhard Engelberger, at which time the gigantic structure was left incomplete, and so remained until the year 1890. It is said that the ancient design has been strictly adhered to in the new work; but, with all the very best and noblest intentions, there is something not quite pleasing about it. It possesses the same defects that are so obvious at Strasburg, and one is led to the conclusion, that when these structures get beyond a certain height they become unmanageable, and fail to produce the desired effect.

The spire of St. Martin's, at Landshut (represented in Fig. 6.), though built of brick, very much plainer, and only 454 feet high, is a much more satisfactory work. It was erected between the years 1432 and 1580.

The beautiful spire of the Cathedral at Freiburg is represented in Fig. 9. It was erected in the earlier part of the fourteenth century, and is 386 feet high. Kugler says rightly that it is one of the most nobly designed works produced during the Middle Ages. It strikes us as being remarkable that every one of the difficulties which the architects of Ulm, Strasburg, and Cologne have failed to overcome, are here completely conquered, and it still remains, and probably ever will, by far the most perfect and the most pleasing spire in Germany. We have not given a drawing of the whole structure from the ground, because both Freiburg and Landshut are represented in the illustration accompanying the account of Gothic spires given in our papers upon architecture (see vol. vii. p. 393).

Fig. 10 represents the lantern or steeple over the crossing at Milan Cathedral, the upper portion of which is a modern work, of no particular beauty. It reaches an elevation of 350 feet.

Fig. 11 shows the Cathedral of Cologne, with its two modern spires and central lantern. As there is a peculiar interest attached to the Cathedral of Cologne—it may in fact be looked upon as the great national cathedral of Germany, uniting the old empire of the Fatherland with that of the present time—we sincerely wish that we could praise these modern spires; but notwithstanding the vast size and their enormous height—518 feet—by far the highest pair of spires in existence—it must unfortunately be acknowledged that they are not a complete success. It is true that they follow an ancient design which was preserved in the Cathedral, and therefore it may be said that the modern architects are not responsible. One thing, however, is quite clear, and that is this—that no mediæval architect would have carried out that design in the way which has been done at Cologne. There does not exist in the whole of Europe a single example of an ancient cathedral or church with two towers and spires which are *precisely alike*. Some variation was always introduced into the design, in order to avoid that effect of dull and dreary monotony which always proceeds from one portion of a building being the exact counterpart of another.

Perhaps the two towers which appear to be most alike are those of Notre Dame, Paris; but, upon measuring them, it will be found that in every single dimension they differ from one another, the south tower being both wider and broader than the north, its windows slightly larger, its buttresses more solid.

The two western towers of York Minster, which at *first sight* appear to be similar, will, upon close examination, be found to present several variations, and are not exactly the same size.

The modern western spires at St. Ouen, at Rouen, are an example of the reverse; here both are precisely similar, not only in dimensions, but also in detail, and anything more uninteresting than their effect it would be difficult to conceive. Very probably the slight variations which the mediæval architects introduced into a pair of towers or spires would not be shown in a drawing representing the general scheme, but would be set out as the work proceeded; and thus, even if we suppose that the mediæval architects intended to carry out the scheme represented in the Cologne drawing, we may be absolutely certain that they would have avoided in some way or another the monotony of the present work.

There is also another, perhaps even worse, defect about the Cologne spires, and that is, the coarseness of their detail. The finials at the tops of the spires, for instance, are so huge that they dwarf the whole building. The central lantern of the Cathedral of Cologne, which is a purely modern design, and in no way follows the ancient plan, has exactly the same defect, and has done a great deal in the way of decreasing the apparent scale of the great church.

Fig. 13 represents the steeple of Antwerp Cathedral. It will be noticed, upon looking at the design, that the composition does not in any way form a spire, but is really a series of lanterns placed one upon the other, terminating at the top with arches formed by flying buttresses supporting a heavy stone mass, which, in its turn, supports the cross and vane. This very beautiful tower was commenced in the year 1422 from the plans of an architect by the name of Appelmanns, and completed by Jean Amelius in 1518. It is the most thoroughly satisfactory structure of its kind ever erected, and, singularly enough, it is the only very lofty steeple which looks higher than it really is. Its absolute height is 403½ feet. Certainly no one seeing Cologne or Ulm would suppose that they were loftier than Antwerp, yet the one is 114½ feet higher, and the other 126.

The skeleton sketch (Fig. 12), indicates the height of the spire which was formerly attached to the Cathedral at Prague, which was struck by lightning in 1590, after which it was diminished to its present height—about 360 feet. The original spire is said to have been of stone, and was 505 feet high. If this was the case, it was probably the loftiest stone spire erected during the Middle Ages, because there is no proof that the great spire which is said to have existed at the church of St. Peter, Louvain, and to have been 535 feet high, was ever erected. The drawing of it, which is still preserved, may have been only a "project."

We must now consider another very grand feature which Christian churches, especially of the Renaissance period, often possess, and that is the dome. Probably the dome is quite as early in its introduction as the spire.

The church of St. Sophia, Constantinople, is the largest very early example which we possess of the dome or cupola erected on a very grand scale. It must, however, be acknowledged that it was not until the close of the Middle Ages that the very lofty dome, such as we see at St. Peter's, Rome, or St. Paul's, London, was invented. St. Sophia, Constantinople, for instance, only rises to a height of about 150 feet from the ground; and the idea of placing a dome on the top of a great circular tower or drum is one which could only have emanated from the gigantic mind of Michael Angelo.

It will be noticed, on referring to our diagram (Fig. 8), and also to those of St. Paul's (Fig. 7), and Milan Cathedral (Fig. 10), that these buildings are represented in what is called "section," whereas the spires are represented in "elevation." Now, in case some of our girls should not exactly understand what a section is, we will explain it this way. Suppose you take a wooden bowl and saw it in halves; then sit down opposite to the part which is cut through and make a drawing of what you see—that will be a section.* Now the object of representing buildings in section is, that one can see and measure both the exterior outline and the interior.

It will be seen, upon looking at the section of St. Peter's, Rome (Fig. 8), that although the exterior of the dome is only about one-fourth higher than that of St. Paul's, yet the interior is nearly double as lofty; and this arises from the fact that the inner and outer shells of the dome at St. Peter's are only 10 or 12 feet apart, whereas at St. Paul's they are about 70 feet apart.

The lantern—that is, the little structure at the top of the dome of St. Peter's—is supported upon the dome itself, both the inner and outer shells of which are stone; but at St. Paul's, although when seen from the outside the lantern appears to stand on the dome, it is really supported upon a hollow cone of brick constructed like an extinguisher (*see* E). The inner shell of the dome of St. Paul's is below this cone (*see* F), whereas at St. Peter's nothing intervenes between the inner and outer shells of the dome except the space marked L L. The outer dome at St. Paul's (marked J J J J), which appears to support the lantern K, is really nothing more than a structure of wood covered externally with lead.

Of course Wren adopted this method of building a dome to avoid the enormous cost which would be involved in following the method adopted at St. Peter's, and perhaps he may be held to have been justified. His great object appears to have been to erect a grand feature, which should be a central object of the rebuilt City of London.

One must not, however, overlook the defects of the scheme. The first and greatest is this, that the thing is not what it pretends to be, but is, in fact, an architectural sham, as it is not a dome at all, but an extinguisher concealed by a wooden dome-shaped roof. The next defect is that internally some 70 feet of the height of the building is lost; thirdly, that the whole thing is a dangerous structure, because nothing could possibly render it fireproof, and the whole thing might be reduced to ashes in about a quarter of an hour.

In comparing the designs of the domes of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, we see at once that the idea of St. Peter's was to obtain a magnificent interior, and the exterior was a secondary idea; whereas at St. Paul's everything was sacrificed for external effect, and the interior seems to have been regarded as a matter of very inferior importance.

The entire external measurement of the dome of St. Peter's is 434½ feet high; that of St. Paul's appears to be 350, though nearly every authority consulted gives it differently. Some make it 404 feet, others 365 feet, and others reduce it to 330 feet. In all probability these measurements are all correct, only are taken from different ground levels; 404 is probably the height above the bed of the river, and 330 the height from the floor of the church, whereas 365 may be the measurement from the floor of the crypt.

The greatest contrast as to dimensions between St. Peter's and St. Paul's will be found in the body of the churches (*see* St. Paul's—G., H., and St. Peter's—M, Figs. 7 and 8).

The nave of St. Paul's, measured from the pavement H to the crown of the vaulting, is 88 feet, whereas the nave of St. Peter's is 152 feet. The vast size of this portion of St. Peter's may be best realised by the fact that the church of St. Martin's at Trafalgar Square may be placed bodily in it, steeple and all, without touching either the ceiling or the piers which support it (*see* Fig. 19).

Here we would mention that the diagram which we give differs entirely from any which have been previously published, because it shows not only the height of the towers or spires, but also the internal height of the various churches. It also exhibits the way in which the various buildings rise up from the ground; that is to say, whether the towers are supported upon columns, like York (Fig. 14), or like Vienna, rise direct from the ground, or like Strasburg, form a portion of the great *façade* of the Cathedral.

It is a very disputed point which is the loftiest cathedral of Europe *internally*. Milan is 153 feet to the roof of the nave (*see* N., Fig. 10). Beauvais is also 153 feet—that is, they are each of them one foot higher that St. Peter's; but, unfortunately, authorities all seem to differ as to the height of the Cathedral of Cologne. Murray gives it as 161 feet, which would of course make it the most lofty church in Europe. Helmkin, however, in his carefully-written *Guide to Cologne Cathedral*, gives it as 147½ feet; but Kügler, in his *Kunstgeschichte*, gives it as 140 feet, which would make it the same height as Amiens Cathedral, and 13 feet lower than either Milan or Beauvais. I am, however, inclined to believe that Helmkin is right, because the width of Cologne Cathedral is 49 feet, and, measuring the published section of the building, the height seems to come exactly three times the width of the nave from centre to centre of the columns—that is, 147 feet, or very slightly more, to allow for the thickness of the bosses in the roof.

There can be little doubt that Milan, Cologne, Beauvais, and St. Peter's, Rome, are within some two or three feet of being the same height.

* Where the walls are cut through they are represented in the diagram as solid black.

Until the metrical system is universally adopted, we shall never be able to tell the exact size of any of our great buildings. The variations between the different scales which are now in use render it simply impossible to make an exact calculation. Nearly all countries on the Continent now are fortunately adopting the metrical system, and perhaps when everyone else has established it, the English may give up the present absurd system of inches, feet, and yards, and the Italians their palms. We are glad to say that nearly all architectural works which are being published out of England give the scale of their plans in centimetres and millimetres. The great advantage is simply this—that instead of making out an elaborate scale, as we do in England, by which the plans may be measured more or less incorrectly, you simply state that the plan is a millimetre or a centimetre to a metre, so that no calculation of any kind is required.

Another very lofty cathedral internally is that of Ulm, the nave of which appears to be about 134 feet high; but the choir is considerably lower (Fig. 5, D). The higher arch represents the height of the nave, the lower that of the choir.

The loftiest churches in England internally are York (Fig. 14), where the height of the chancel (represented P.) is 102 feet, and Westminster Abbey, which is the same height.

The gigantic size of Milan and Cologne (N. and O.), can be appreciated best by the fact that the central towers of the cathedrals of Peterborough (Fig. 17) and Chester (Fig. 16) could stand within them without nearly approaching the highest point of the vaulting, and this although both Peterborough and Chester are lofty churches. The internal ceiling of Peterborough (R.) is nearly 80 feet high. Fig. 15 represents the little church of Skelton, in Yorkshire, called "Little St. Peter's"; and Fig. 18 the church of Seasalter, near Whitstable, which the writer believes to be the smallest church in England.

The height of the nave of Salisbury (A., Fig. 1) is 88 feet. Vienna is internally only 80 feet, but the vast external roof rises as high as the point B., Fig. 2, and that of Strasburg to the point C., Fig. 3, though the internal vaulting is not more than 123 feet in height, and is on a level with the great rose window.

We must here give our girls the same caution as we did with regard to the plans of building; mere height, like mere length and breadth in a building, do not alone give magnificence or even grandeur. As an example of this, we may refer to the fact that the interior of Westminster, which is 102 feet high, is more striking than the interior of Cologne, which is 147 feet high; the interior of Amiens far more beautiful than that of Beauvais, though the latter is 13 or 14 feet loftier; that the interior of Lichfield Cathedral, which is only 60 feet high to the vaulting, is far more pleasing than York, which is 102 feet high; and that the moderately lofty steeples of Antwerp, Freiburg, and Salisbury are incomparably more elegant and beautiful than the gigantic structures at Ulm, Cologne, and Strasburg.

As a rule, our English cathedrals are far less lofty than the continental ones; yet no one would venture to say that they are internally less impressive or less excellent as works of art. In architectural design mere size counts for little unless the genius of the architect knows how to make use of it.

H. W. B.

A LIFE PICTURE.

By MARIA DE TRÈS ROIS.

"So the Gardener's going to marry Blanche Calystegia, is he?" said one officer to another, speaking of a young brother officer thus commonly nicknamed.

"Yes, and he's going to exchange at once because she doesn't like India, and won't follow him there."

"What's all that? Who is he going to marry?" asked a third, looking from some dried flowers he was busily arranging at a little table in the corner of the room.

"Aha, old Naturalist, so you're curious to-day! Well, she's the daughter of Lady George Howard by a first marriage. The father was of a very good old Greek family. She's a beautiful girl, tall and fair—very fair, and quite bewitching, I believe; at least, she has quite bewitched Savill—he's quite mad about her beauty."

"Ah, well, I've seen her then. She *is* beautiful. But from what I've heard about her I rather wonder that she accepted him, for he hasn't much money."

"Why, what do you know about all that, with your head full of flowers?"

Captain Raynburn (nicknamed the Naturalist) smiled, and said—

"This—if I asked her to-morrow, that she would not have me."

"Well, you're not heir to Lord Savill."

Spencer Savill shortly afterwards married Blanche Calystegia, and exchanged into a home-staying regiment, while his former friends sailed for India. Of course he felt the parting; but then, on the other hand, was not his lovely young wife there to console him; and though at first he felt strange among his new comrades, did she not exert herself to attract him friends?

Yes, he was generally allowed to be a happy man. A few years had passed when the Ashantee war broke out, and Savill's new regiment was ordered there. He came in one day and found his wife in a passion of tears, her usually pale cheeks flushed, and her lovely fair hair flowing dishevelled on her shoulders.

"Oh, Spencer, you must not go to Ashantee! I shall die if you do!"

"But, my dear one, I must."

"No, no! If you do I shall know you do not love me."

She sobbed and pleaded in vain, till at last, starting upright from his loving arms she exclaimed—

"Tell me now, Spencer, can you not exchange?"

"I can," he faltered, "but do not ask me to do so now."

"Then you don't love me."

Great was the surprise and wonderment when it was known that on the eve of going to the seat of war a young and strong soldier elected to stay at home. Others were eager to take his place—he had no difficulty in arranging an exchange. To balance the ill-concealed scorn of his whilom comrades and surprise of his acquaintances, Savill had only Blanche's kisses of gratitude.

The regiment sailed, but Savill could not go and see them off. He got leave from his new colonel and went to the Black Forest, to try and forget, alone with his wife, the scorn of his friends. But at last he was obliged to join his new regiment; and now in every paper were long paragraphs of battles he might have shared in, and deeds that might have been his; and several times, in public places, he felt himself pointed out as the soldier who had shirked going on service. Blanche's kisses became bitter to him, and he was a pitied man. He could bear it no longer, and he sold out. Blanche had long been run after and *fêted* as one of the London beauties of the day, and people now began to wonder, and say at the clubs and in the drawing-rooms, "How odd Lord Savill is!" (He had succeeded to his uncle's title and estates.) "He lets his wife visit anyone, and ask them to his moor, and down to his country seat, and never seems to care how far it may go. And yet he was such a devoted husband!" And thus they pitied him. He knew it, and grew bitter, hard, and indifferent.

At last one day he said—

"Blanche, I shall sail to-morrow for India. I have volunteered for that Afghan business, and I shall go."

A few tears she shed, and would have kept him as of old; but her power was gone. He sailed; and she amused herself while people talked and gossiped, led the young man to his ruin, and broke the maiden's heart, encouraged the young wife in her follies, and ruined many a happy home, and, like a spider, entangled in her toils all the foolish flies she could, and as yet still laughed and flirted on the brink of ruin. "*Les absents ont toujours tort*"; and many blamed her husband that he was not there.

At last blame was not heard, and pity spoke instead. In Afghanistan Savill was killed. Some of his early friends from the regiment to which he belonged when he married, spoke thus of his death.

"I cannot be very sorry," said one. "I know he thought life not worth living now, and his one wish was to be killed honourably. She broke his heart, they say. What do you think, old Naturalist?"

"What I always did," replied Captain Raynburn. "That she was a worthless weed, and would do harm to all she came across. A true Calystegia—she was the ruin of the "Gardener."

FLOWER DECORATIONS

MARCH

By CONSTANCE JACOB.

THE daffodil is especially typical of this month, and the name includes so many varieties that it would be possible to decorate a house differently every day throughout the month and yet use no other flower.

Almost equally numerous are their relatives the narcissi, although many of these are hardly in full bloom until later in the spring. In gardens, besides, are to be found hepaticas, auriculas, ranunculuses; and in the lanes and woods, violets and early primroses, overhung by several green-flowering trees such as the hazel and willow.

Greenhouses are particularly gay now; and, in addition to such plants as cyclamen and primula, not exactly suited for cutting, azaleas, genistas, and dielytras are at their best. Some tulips are still to be had, but as a rule the forced ones are over, and the garden-grown bulbs are hardly in bud.

Hyacinths in pots and glasses form an important feature in room decoration, but are unsuitable for cutting.

Of all the daffodil family *none is really* more beautiful than the wild single member, the genuine Lent lily, and Asphodel of poets; and no flower is easier to use decoratively. Nothing else is needed in a table arrangement than the flowers and leaves together, although ivy is a very pretty accompaniment. They are often used for dinner parties, stuck in banks of moss—an arrangement in excellent taste, but much more difficult to manage, and therefore generally less effective, than putting them into slender vases of varying heights, and best of all, in blue and white china. I never use my blue and white set so frequently and with so much satisfaction as in daffodil time; and seven of these on a table centre to match, holding amongst them a fourpenny bunch of flowers, is as artistic and popular a decoration as anyone could desire, always supposing that the blossoms are placed lightly and with discrimination as to their grouping. A blue and white punch bowl may also hold them for the centre of a small dinner-table, or as a drawing-room ornament; but in this case it is essential that the bowl should be packed with moss before the flowers and leaves are put in, and thus prevent their tumbling about anyhow, as is so often the case; and then perhaps a little ivy round the edges is an improvement. In buying the cultivated daffodils, it is often quite impossible to get any spikes with them, for the reason that cutting the leaves prevents the conveyance of nutriment to the bulb, and hence hinders the formation of next year's flower; but in bunches of wild ones there is usually a little bundle of spikes tied up in the middle, probably because where no one has the trouble of cultivating them, the gatherers do not think about the future. I wonder growers do not think it worth their while to cultivate some hardy plants for their leaves only, as most people of taste would willingly pay for these extra. Daffodils in specimen glasses should have their delicate tints thrown up by a dark table-centre, or by ivy laid on the white cloth; but on no account should the flowers themselves be laid on the table in a sort of fringe,

as I have seen done in some houses, and even recommended in some journals—their beauty is entirely suppressed by such treatment.

The large double yellow flowers are almost as plentiful as the wild single, but I do not personally consider them nearly as decorative, and like best to see them growing up from among their leaves in the borders of old-fashioned gardens, or at the foot of an orchard tree. Nevertheless, they are very handsome and strongly fragrant, therefore well suited to form large conspicuous groups in halls and sitting-rooms.

Blue and white or brown earthenware jars and jugs are their best receptacles, and they may be tastefully backed with pieces of hazel or willow in bloom.

Besides these common kinds, there are numerous varieties of the daffodil and narcissus, which, as a rule, mingle very kindly together, provided that the yellows are sufficiently distinct, and I have even made an artistic table decoration with as many as six different sorts; but the species which is perhaps of all the most difficult to manage is the crude yellow sickly-scented campernelli, with which ivy is, I think, the only satisfactory mixture. As a matter of fact, nearly all the sorts look best without any rivals, the most prominent exception being the paper-white narcissus, which is rather uninteresting alone. It is, however, the first of the race to become plentiful and cheap, and therefore of some value in the early spring, and for a few weeks more often seen than any other flower in London drawing-rooms. As a rule, it is simply treated in a close mass, but looks much better if a few sprays are placed lightly among some very brown ivy. Scarlet anemones are

sometimes mixed with it, and look well if enough foliage is added to soften the crudity of the contrast, and here French fern comes in very well. With large, light-coloured blooms, such as tulips, pink anemones, or big trumpet daffodils, the pure white sprays of narcissus are very useful accessories; but the prettiest result of all is obtained by mixing them with the other bunch-flowered or polyanthus narcissi, white and yellow, with richer toned cups, adding plenty of spikes, and a lower line of ivy. With such an arrangement care should be taken to bring the flower heads on varying levels, only a few in each vase, and that should be generally tall in proportion to its bulk, but may be either of white, blue and white, celadon, or very pale yellow china, olive green, or plain white glass.

In rooms where daffodils occupy a prominent place, some posies of violets or primroses may be placed in close proximity to them, but never in the same vases as the larger flowers; and the same idea may be carried out in greater detail on the dinner-table.

On the other hand, a basket of moss thickly studded with purple violets may very appropriately have a number of daffodils stuck among them, their heads at least four inches above the violet level; and for this purpose no sort looks prettier than the small hoop petticoat variety.

A pretty arrangement for violets is to use an old china tea-cup and saucer, filling the former with wet moss, the latter with water, and putting the flowers and leaves very lightly in both. In the saucer the violets should only droop over the edge, and allow the china to show through the water.

A simple but very pretty decoration is made of white arabis mixed with blue and white hepaticas, and plenty of the latter's glossy leaves in small white china baskets. The arabis must be put in very lightly, so as not to overwhelm the other flowers, which should stand up just above the leaves. Pink hepaticas are of an unmanageable colour for decorative purposes, but the others mix well with almost any yellow or white garden flowers.

The polyanthus, auricula, ranunculus, and hardy primula, of which so many varieties come into bloom this month if the season is mild, are hardly decided enough in colour for table decoration; but they are all quaintly charming if placed in low dishes of moss for the drawing-room. They may all be mingled as long as the colours do not clash; and I have even seen a dinner-table successfully adorned by lilac and double-white primroses, mixed with dark brown auriculas and plenty of the fresh green primrose leaves, standing freely in glass troughs, from which a fringe of young wild carrot foliage drooped on to the table-cloth; but the good effect required a greater profusion of flowers than most people would care to afford.

The greenhouse varieties of primulas are, as a rule, unavailable for cutting, and are most suitably used, like cyclamen, as pot plants; but a small double-white variety, which is plentifully grown and cut for the market, is a useful accessory to bright-coloured greenhouse flowers like geraniums, or may be used for small vases with plenty of maidenhair fern only.

Genista is not often cut either, but it is a bright and sweetly-scented little blossom, which in small specimen glasses will decorate a table very prettily, or goes well in a basket of white azalea, and, indeed, with any white or mauve exotics.

Ordinary azaleas — not the Morris or American kinds—are at their cheapest now, and are very beautiful, either as pot plants or for cutting. A basket filled with three colours, white, scarlet, and very pale pink, with asparagus plumosus and white spiræa added for lightness, is a lovely adornment for a drawing-room or dinner-table, and would cost about eighteenpence; or for a long table the same mixture might be put into finger-glasses or decanter stands, and cost about sixpence each bouquet. For this last scheme the red and pink should be alternated, a piece of white with each; and maidenhair fern would look as well as asparagus.

A good-sized celadon and white china vase held effectively a head of white azalea and some sprays of the graceful pink dielytra, made to stand as erect as possible; and another time pink azalea was placed in it together with spiræa and begonia leaves.

Large double tulips, which can generally be bought now at about twopence each, are very effective combined with brown ivy and some full sprays of flowering willow, sufficient of the three to fill a good-sized china basket costing about a shilling.

The flowering currant bushes ought to be in good bloom by the end of this month; and although not very æsthetic shrubs, bunches of them in good-sized vases look very cheerful in sitting-rooms where there is plenty of light; for dull corners they are not sufficiently conspicuous.

There is a great variety of plants forced into bloom now, and two or three of them, such as primulas in harmonious shades, with a spiræa, will make a pretty group on a side table, and ought to last two or three weeks if well supplied with water, and, where gas is burnt, occasionally syringed; but they must not be looked upon as permanent possessions even for a greenhouse, as plants forced up for sale have generally had their constitutions ruined. If home-grown, they are altogether different—more robust, and probably less full of bloom. Cinerarias should be contrasted with genistas, while cyclamens and azaleas look best surrounded by fresh green ferns; indeed, all such groups are improved by the admixture of some small foliage plants, and by a background of taller palms or aspidistras.

THE MYSTERY OF KEVAN CAREW.

CHAPTER I.

MY BOY DICK.

HERE I sit, Charlotte Shaw, spinster, aged fifty-four, at my desk in my own private sitting-room at Grayswood, about to try my hand for the first time at writing a little romance which I have just seen the end of—or beginning of, perhaps Dick would say, for it was only yesterday we were throwing rice and slippers after the carriage as he and Rosamund drove away.

My window is deep and wide, with diamond panes, with Dick's coat-of-arms in coloured glass above my head; and from this window I can see right across the wooded park—Dick's park—to where a far-distant silver streak tells me that the sea lies between my boy and me. That makes me feel dreary, so I will turn my back on the window, dip my pen in the ink, and start afresh.

Until quite recently no firmer disbeliever in things bordering on the supernatural could be found than myself; and whether or no I am justified in my change of opinion, I leave you, after reading the following account of Dick's wooing, and of how nearly it affected the clearing up of the mystery of Grayswood Hatch, to decide.

Let me begin then with the briefest possible account of how it was that Dick came to be lord and master here, and of how his fortunes and mine have been bound together ever since he was a tiny mite not twelve months old.

Thirty years ago I came to Grayswood Hatch as "a thoroughly capable finishing governess"—so my friends described me in the advertising columns of the newspapers—to Sir Kevan Carew's only daughter Jennie. The baronet was a cold, haughty, gloomy sort of man, whom I disliked and feared almost as much as I did his son; but his wife and daughter I idolised, and for six years the life I led at Grayswood Hatch was one of uninterrupted happiness. Then came the breaking of the dream. Jennie, whose confidence I had flattered myself was entirely mine, made a runaway marriage with a young gentleman—six foot two—in a cavalry regiment, and nothing but his pay.

It was a great shock to me at the time, although I have since learnt that in these matters you can never be sure what any girl, or boy either, will be after; but to Lady Carew it was a greater shock, for it broke her heart, and she died two years after. The doctors made out a certificate that it was *angina pectoris*. Pshaw! I knew better, and have never believed in any doctor since, as my little medicine chest over there will testify.

So I left Grayswood, and came to live in ease and comfort on the generosity of my late employer, and to look for Jennie. I found her—how, it does not matter here—dying, with a little son ten months old, and her boy-husband—poor Dick St. Leger, with whom she had lived such a little while ago—dead and buried in the Crimea.

After willing away to me all her property, real and personal—her little son Dick—Jennie passed away into the shadow-land to find the mother whose heart she had broken, and the husband whose death had broken hers; and I took away my baby to a little cottage in the country, and he has been all-in-all to me ever since.

Twice I wrote to Grayswood Hatch on his behalf—the first time to his grandfather, who ignored my letter; the second time to his uncle, who had succeeded to the baronetcy, and who answered that he had a child of his own to see after, and Jennie's boy must reap the fruits of Jennie's folly. A year after this cruel answer, the tables were turned indeed.

I had managed, by judicious scraping, to give Dick a good grammar-school education—one of the big public schools and either of the universities being, of course, out of the question; and, to my secret chagrin, though Dick

would not hear of such a thing, we had obtained a situation for him as clerk in a bank in the City, when a communication from the family solicitors informed us that Dick's uncle, Sir Kevan Carew, was dead, and that, in default of male issue, the whole of the property which was entailed was his, although the title, seeing that he inherited through a woman, must lapse.

If I had not promised to be brief over these preliminary facts, I could write pages telling you of our surprise and joy at this change of fortune; of how we hurried off at once to the lawyers in Bedford Row, of how they informed us that Sir Keven—who, by-the-way, was a widower—had broken his neck out hunting, leaving one daughter only; of how she, seeing that her father had saved nothing, was entirely dependent on her cousin Dick, and of how Dick would then and there, in his generous impetuosity, have willed away half his fortune to the poor little penniless orphan had the lawyers permitted him. Well, the long and the short of it was, Dick, who was then nineteen, was sent off to Cambridge; and as I could not possibly be entirely separated from my boy at this time of day, it was decided that for the present Grayswood Hatch should be shut up, and that I should take a small house in the queer little university town, and have for a companion Dick's little cousin, Hetty Carew. She was an odd, strange little thing, about five years old, not pretty, and naturally naughty, with a habit of giving vent to passionate tears, of which I have never been able to break her; but she fell in love with my handsome boy at first sight, and has always been desperately jealous of me.

So nearly three years passed away, Dick making himself a great name on the river and a very fair one in the schools, Hetty hourly developing into the naughtiest and most cunning young monkey that any old maid ever had to deal with, and I anxious and worried at the temptations which lie around every young man in his college career, but finding myself daily with more and more cause to be proud of and confident in my boy.

At the very outset of my life in Cambridge I soon found I must make up my mind to a disorderly household. At all hours of the day Dick and his friends would be rushing in, laughing loudly, disarranging the antimacassars, drinking my health more often than I thought good for them, pulling Hetty's hair—so bad for the poor child's temper, as I told them—and banging away at my poor little Broadwood by way of accompaniment to songs of a far from classical nature.

I do not think our Cambridge life was as beneficial to Hetty as one could have hoped, the place being, as it is, one of the great seats of learning, and she soon managed to grow as nearly like an undergraduate as it is possible for any high-spirited little girl to become. Therefore, when Dick and I thought it best that during his last term at college I should take up my residence with Hetty at Grayswood Hatch, and get it into something like order for his home-coming, I was not at all sorry on Hetty's account, although the poor child kicked and screamed to such an extent on my breaking the news to her, that I was obliged to send straight off for Dick, who was the sole person in the world who could manage her; and it was only by dint of much kissing and coaxing on his part, and a promise to bring his friend Teddy Wilkinson down for the Long Vacation, that she was persuaded to fall in with our plans.

"Why can't I stay in college with you, Dick?" she whimpered, as she sat on his knee and pouted at me as the cause of all her grief. "I would do my lessons every day, and I would promise not to give Wickham another hard blow." This had been her last misdemeanour, and poor Mr. Wickham had gone about for the past week looking like a prize-fighter.

"I am afraid the Vice-Chancellor wouldn't like it, Hetty, if it came to his ears," answered Dick gravely; and then he went on to give a vivid description of all the delights of Grayswood Hatch, to which, by the way, he had paid but one flying visit when first it came into his possession three years ago.

"It's a hateful, horrid place!" screamed Hetty, determined not to be got round in this fashion. "There's a nasty grey lady who lives in the bushes in the park, and when she comes near you she makes you shiver with cold."

"Nonsense, Hetty!" I said quite sharply.

Across all this length of years there came to me suddenly a half-forgotten memory of some foolish tale that had reached me in the old governess days about the maze at Grayswood being haunted. I was particularly anxious that Dick should hear nothing of such silly talk, and I was glad to see that my unwonted sharpness had the effect of completely closing the child's lips

A few weeks later Dick had settled us in our new yet ancient home, and was back at Cambridge reading hard for his Tripos.

It was strange indeed to me to be back at The Hatch. The old dead-and-gone memories it awakened saddened me at first. It was in this old room, dark in panelled oak, and with the long low ceiling quaintly painted to represent the stars in heaven, that poor Lady Carew had died with her head on my arm, crying aloud for Jennie. It was at the turn of that dim corridor, just where the deep abutting window lets in a thousand dancing colours on the old portrait in the corner, that I saw Jennie turning to kiss her hand to me in a strangely agitated manner as she went to her room for the last night she was ever to spend beneath her father's roof. And here too, in this great stately saloon, with all the spindle-legged chairs and tables stretching down to meet their own reflections in a vast lake of polished oaken floor, with the rich faded brocades of half a century ago draping the wide recesses of the windows—windows about whose stone casements the thickly-growing ivy rustles and whispers, shooting out here and there a shivering tendril across the small square panes—here, in this room, I have many and many a time been present at those ceremonious tea-drinkings of bygone days, when Lady Carew and her daughter received their visitors, and were always so careful that I should be treated by them, not as the governess I was, but as the friend of the family, which their kindness made me. And soon, for Dick's sake, and certainly from no desire of mine, I myself was receiving, with little Hetty, in that very room half the county, who, having heard that young St. Leger of Grayswood had no intention of shaking off his mother's old governess and his own childhood's friend, felt it wisest to propitiate that lady if they wanted their own particular Kathleen or Isabel to find favour in the eyes of the new-comer.

Dear good people! I was as anxious as any of them that my boy Dick should make an advantageous marriage, and thereby efface, if possible, the unfortunate scandal of the last generation. It was not very long, indeed, before I had selected from among the girls tall and short, pretty and plain, masculine and feminine (for indeed it comes to that nowadays), who came driving up with their mammas, one whom I deemed as worthy as any young woman could hope to be of the master of Grayswood. Her name was Lilian Stanmore, and her father's baronetcy was one of the oldest and richest existing; and as I could see with half an eye that her mother was as anxious for the match as I was, I only trusted that Dick would fall in submissively with our tacit arrangements.

So the first summer weeks passed by quickly enough—for I was very busy reorganising both outdoors and in—and brought the end of term, and with it Dick and his friend Mr. Wilkinson, both wanting a lot of petting and attention, they said, as they were completely knocked up with hard work.

"And how have you been getting on with the county, Charlie?" asked Dick. (Charlie was a corruption of my own name, Charlotte, and he had called me by it ever since he could call me anything.)

"Very well indeed, Dick," I answered. "And do you know there is a most charming girl—*and* her people," I added, in a parenthesis, "living close by, and I thought you might like a little tennis, so I asked her to come up to-morrow afternoon."

Dick laughed, exchanged a wink with his friend, and, taking my hand and stroking it gently, he said, in a low, mischievous voice, "Have you begun match-making already, dear old lady?"

The question, and even more the manner in which it was put, acted upon me like a cold shower-bath. Dick must never dream that such a notion had ever crossed my brain, so I sat bolt upright and exclaimed, "Dear me! whatever can you be thinking of, Dick?" But I felt I had made a lame beginning all the same.

However, to my complete satisfaction, the next afternoon saw Dick and Miss Stanmore on one side of the net, and Mr. Wilkinson and Hetty—who could not play a bit, but insisted on making up the four—on the other; and after I had watched the balls flying backwards and forwards, and heard the players, even the girls, constantly using an expression which I did not think at all right, but which Dick afterwards assured me was a part of the game, I re-entered the house, and was coming up here to my room to write some letters, when, in Jennie's corridor, as I have always called it, I met the housekeeper, Mrs. Spriggs, standing in front of the old portrait I have mentioned, with her arms folded.

She looked picturesque enough with her white hair and coal-black eyes, and the bunch of shining keys hanging among the rustling folds of her black silk gown, and I stopped in passing to have a little chat with her. She was a friend of the old days; and although she had treated me then with a kind of semi-familiarity such as any old and trusted servant might extend to the young lady's governess, still, now that I was, at all events for the present, mistress of the house, her manner towards me was as punctilious as if I had been the late Lady Carew herself.

"I have forgotten the history of that portrait, and even its name, Mrs. Spriggs," said I, sitting down in the low window-seat, for I begin to find these long passages and endless stairs tiring to my old bones. As I spoke, I looked up at the picture. It was the portrait, head and shoulders only, of quite a young girl, with a delicate flush on her soft cheek, and a life-like expression in her grey eyes. On the dimpled, oval chin, and above the pencilled eyebrow, was painted a small black patch, and from the low brow, rippling back and piled up high, were masses of feathery powdered curls, and a rosebud amongst them. I suddenly remembered that this was the picture which Jennie and I used to call "Powder and Patches," and also, that if we ever put any questions to Lady Carew concerning it, she invariably turned the conversation in another direction.

Could there, I thought to myself, be any mystery attached to anyone so young and fair? "Who is it?" I asked, turning my eyes from the painted beauty on the wall to the withered and wrinkled face of Mrs. Spriggs.

(*To be continued.*)

V.

"PIES" is a homely enough name for a game, but as played by American girls a fair amount of fun and frolic arises from it. First, by a process of "counting-out," a "mother," a "nurse," and a "baker" are chosen from among the crowd of girls who decide that they are going to play this somewhat elaborate game, which, with all its dialogue, is yet played in exactly the same fashion by girls living in towns hundreds of miles apart. The balance of the girls represents the children, and when the game begins they are placed in charge of the nurse by the mother, who withdraws to a convenient distance. The children immediately begin to keep up such a chattering, and otherwise so misbehave themselves, that the nurse threatens that she will sell them to the baker to be made into pies. This is the cue for the appearance of the baker, who comes up to the nurse and says, "Please, miss, give me a match to light my fire with." The nurse innocently turns round to find the match, and the baker, seizing the child nearest to her, runs off with her. Leaving her safe in the "shop," the baker returns and again asks for a match. Again the foolish nurse turns to get it, and again the wicked baker steals one of the children. When, however, she approaches her for the third time with the same request, the nurse is too wide awake, and refuses her. But the baker is not to be outwitted. She calls out suddenly—

"Please, ma'am, your kettle's boiling over!"

The unsuspecting nurse turns her head away, and another child is carried off to the baker's shop.

From this point onward the baker's devices for causing the nurse to turn her head away are impromptu ones, and the baker's imaginative and inventive powers are called into full play. At length she finds herself in possession of all the children, and proceeds to make them into "pies," which means that all the girls cover their faces with their hands and stand in a row.

Now comes the mother's turn. She is on her way home when she calls in at the baker's to buy a pie for her children, and the following set dialogue ensues—

"Good morning, baker!"

"Good morning, ma'am!"

"Have you any pies to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am. Five, or six, or seven" (as the case may be).

"What kind are they?"

"Apple, mince, gooseberry, cherry" (and so forth).

"Then give me a nice apple pie, and let me taste it."

"Certainly, ma'am!"—and the first "pie" is handed to the mother. She touches the girl on the head with the tip of her finger, pretends to taste it, and then says—

"Why, this tastes like my Mary" (or whatever the girl's name may be). "Mary!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What brought you here?"

"My big toe!"

"Then run away home with you!"—and she chases her home. Then she proceeds to taste the mince pie, and the same dialogue ensues, with another girl's name in place of "Mary," and so on, till all the "pies" have been chased home, and the rapacious baker is outwitted.

"Colours" is really a method of choosing sides, though it is sometimes played as a game in itself. The leader of the girls chooses two of them who are to act as the "bogie" and the "angel." They stand apart while the leader whispers in each girl's ear the name of some colour by which that particular girl is to be designated. Then they stand in a row while the bogie comes forward and sings—

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
The door-bell rings."

The leader answers—

"My friend, your friend,
Please to walk in!"

Then she asks "Who are you?" And the bogie replies, "The bogie with his pitchfork."

"What do you want?"

"A colour."

"What colour?"

"Red or black or green" (as the case may be)—and the girl who answers to the colour mentioned goes off with the bogie.

Then comes the other girl—

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
The door-bell rings,"

she says in her turn, and the leader answers her—

"My friend, your friend,
Please to walk in!"

"Who are you?"

"The angel with golden hair."

"What do you want?"

"A colour."

"What colour?"

"Blue or yellow" (or some colour not mentioned by the bogie).

So she gets her victim, and the process continues until the girls are evenly divided, and they set to at playing "Pots," or some other game of the sort; or sometimes some cakes or sweets are divided among the angel's "colours," while the bogie's are playfully beaten with a stick.

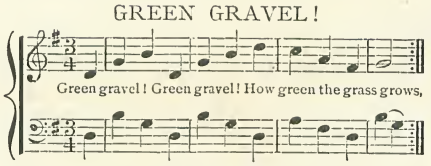
There are many other rhymes and what I may call fragmentary games, of which, though I have made every enquiry, I have never been able to find the exact meaning or complete scheme of playing. For instance, four girls will play what they call "Mulberry Bush." Two by two they clasp hands and stand on the arms of an imaginary cross, the clasped hands crossing each other at the juncture of the supposed arms of the cross. Then, as they sing the following lines, they see-saw backwards and forwards in time to the air—

"Draw a bucket of water!
A lady and her daughter!
One in a rush, two in a rush:
Please to walk under my mulberry bush."

That in the original form of the game something or other was done by other girls at this juncture seems to me self-evident; but the American girls are satisfied with carrying it only to the point I have indicated.

Then there is an old rhyme which I have been told is of Old English origin. The American girls simply walk round in a circle, and as each girl's name is mentioned, she turns round so as to face away from the ring, but still goes round with the others. The verse is sung over and over again till all the girls are facing outwards. The song runs as follows—

GREEN GRAVEL!



And all pretty maidens grow red as a rose.
Oh, (Mary)! oh, (Mary)! your true love is dead; *
He sends you a letter to turn back your head."

There are other fragmentary games, too, which have no vocal accompaniment. For instance, "Good and Bad Eggs," which is somewhat akin to "Colours," and which gives lots of fun apparently to those playing it, though the amusement is oftentimes gained at the expense of frocks and pinafores. The two eldest and strongest girls are selected to act as judges of the "eggs," one of them being called the "good angel," and the other the "bad angel." They stand opposite each other, and the first "egg" steps forward to be judged. She clasps her hands tightly under her knees, which brings her in a crouching attitude. Then the two judges clasp their own hands under her arms below the shoulders, one on either side, and lifting her in this manner clear from the ground, begin to slowly swing her backwards and forwards like a living pendulum of a clock. As they swing her they keep tally, counting "one, two, three," and so on with each swing till they reach "twenty." If the "egg" can keep her hand clasped without letting go while she is swung the requisite number of times, she is a "*good egg*," and takes her place behind the "good angel." If, however, she cannot support the strain, which is considerable, she not only falls to the ground with an unpleasantly hard bump, but is sent, as a "bad egg," to join the "bad angel." The ending of the game, when all the "eggs" have been judged, is the same as that of "Colours," which I have already described.

When the girls rush out of school for the usual ten minutes' "break" in the morning, and have not time to play any regular or lengthy game, they occupy themselves with "Sail-a-Boat" or "Weighing Butter." In "Sail-a-Boat" two girls face each other, and, clasping hands tightly, try how quickly they can whirl each other around until one or another is forced to let go, and shoots off at a tangent. In "Weighing Butter" two girls stand back to back, and, locking arms, alternately lift each other off their feet, the girl so lifted being supported on the back of the other. The girl who first "*gives out*," and can "weigh" no longer, is of course the loser.

(*To be continued.*)

* This, I am told, is the version sung by Boston children—

"Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green;
The fairest young maiden that ever was seen.
Oh, Mary! oh, Mary! your true love is dead;
He sent you a letter to turn round your head.
Oh, Mary! oh, Mary! do you think it is true?
Oh, yes! and oh, yes! and what shall I do?
We'll wash you in milk, and dress you in silk,
And write down your names with a gold pen and ink."

But as to the method of playing it, I have not been informed. A version somewhat similar was sung in Staffordshire (England) half a century ago.

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR HONOUR.

"WHATEVER is the matter with you, Enid? You do nothing but sigh this afternoon."

"Did I sigh?" asked Enid, the colour suddenly rising in her face. "I suppose it was because I was thinking of Adela."

"You have heard nothing of her since she went away?"

"Nothing whatever; and she promised she would write to me if she could. It is a shame of them not to let her write."

"Oh, as for that, I suppose she is little better than a prisoner in that convent. They will keep her there till she yields to her brother's will."

"Poor Adela! I hope she will not do that."

"Why? She could hardly be more unhappy than she is now."

"I think she would be more unhappy," said Enid with energy, "for she would lose self-respect. Whatever she suffers now she has the satisfaction of knowing that she is true to the one she loves."

"What a romantic little soul you are, Enid," said her cousin laughing. "No man may hope to marry you unless he win your heart."

"I shall never marry," said Enid.

"How decidedly you say it!" returned her cousin. "But you are right. You and I are married to art. We must not think of forsaking that. But washing your brushes already! Are you not going to paint any more to-day?"

"No," said Enid, "my head aches—I think I will take a walk. I will go to the shop in the Campo Marzo, and see if they have the paper we ordered."

"Oh, do!—that's a good idea," said Maud readily. "I am wanting that paper so much."

Since Enid parted from Julius Dakin at the Villa Mattei, two days before, something seemed gone from her life. She felt no interest in her painting. She could not give her thoughts to it; they dwelt persistently upon all that had passed beside the world-famous Fountain of Egeria. Memory repeated every word that had been uttered. She could not banish from her mind the recollection of Julius Dakin's face as she had last beheld it. It was with her continually. And all the while she was nervously anxious to conceal from her cousin her preoccupation. She would not for the world that Maud should know anything of what had passed between her and Julius Dakin. The thought of it was very bitter. When she recalled his face, so full of trouble, she could not be sure that she had acted rightly. She hardly understood the impulse which had led her to put from her so decidedly his love. And yet when she thought of Maud, and of all that had gone before, she said to herself that if it were to come over again she would do the same.

It was true that she had been thinking of Adela when her cousin spoke to her, for with her own unrest there had come to her a new comprehension of what Adela must be suffering, and her heart had gone out to her friend with a fuller sympathy than it had been possible for her to feel before.

"Enid!" Maud called after her cousin as she was leaving the studio, "I think of going to Mrs. Dakin's about five o'clock. Will you be back in time to go with me?"

"I do not know; but I do not care to go to Mrs. Dakin's to-day."

"Oh, very well," said Maud carelessly, and Enid went on her way.

She had done her errand and was returning home, when, passing the old church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, she saw that the door was open, and the thought of Guido Reni's grand altar-piece drew her within. The church was empty save for a boy, who started up as she entered, and hurried forward to unveil the painting. It was a bright afternoon, and the light was good. Enid stood long gazing at the picture. It was not the first time she had seen it; but she saw it now as she had not seen it before.

The power of Guido's picture lies in its simplicity. No accessories are introduced; no other form is there to divert for an instant the gaze of the beholder from the Sublime Sufferer. Only the Cross is seen standing forth from a wild, stormy sky, and stretched on it in patient suffering the dying Son of Man. The pathos of that Form is beyond description. As one gazes on it one receives a vivid conception of the loneliness of Christ. We look till the pallid suffering lips seem to move, and we fancy that there escapes them the plaintive cry, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

It is a picture that the most thoughtless can hardly look upon without being moved to reflection. Surely, as far as painter could ever hope to succeed, Guido has succeeded in depicting the Crucifixion. Yet whilst it is touched by his work, the Christian heart feels that it presents but a faint image of the truth, and that the sublime reality defies portrayal.

The picture spoke to Enid as it had spoken to Miss Strutt. Not that the message was the same, for each human life is distinct, and has its hidden experiences, which differ from those of any other. "In your passage through this life remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ," said Michael Angelo. In every phase of life it is good to remember Him; but especially in our sorrows is the remembrance helpful. Perhaps that is why our lives are so chequered with shadow. It is so easy to forget, and live only for oneself when life glides joyously on, and everything is to our mind.

Ere Enid left the church she had found strength to accept patiently the cross in her present lot. She saw that it might be well to have one's wishes thwarted, since the life that seeks only its own happiness, even if that happiness be of an exalted kind, misses its true end.

Soon after Enid reached home Maud came to her room. She still wore her visiting dress.

"You have soon come back from Mrs. Dakin's," said Enid.

"Yes, I did not care to stay long. It was very stupid there this afternoon."

Enid made no remark. She felt sure that Maud had something to tell her, and she waited for it.

"What do you think Julius Dakin has done, Enid?"

"You must tell me," said Enid, smiling rather nervously; "it is of no use trying to guess."

"He has gone to London on business; he started last night. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Yes, I have heard of such things," said Enid, conscious that she was changing colour. "The claims of business are inexorable."

"Oh, of course I know that. But *Julius* to go on business! It is absurd! 'Business connected with the bank,' Mrs. Dakin said; but she did not deceive me. I am sure it is only an excuse."

"What makes you think that?"

"Need you ask? Was Julius Dakin ever known to do anything he did not want to do? Of course he has some motive for going off in that way."

Enid was silent.

"It is strange that he never said a word about it when last we saw him. I could have declared that he had not the least intention of going away."

"There was no occasion to think of doing so then, perhaps," suggested Enid.

"Oh, I do not believe in this pretence of business. I call it exceedingly rude of him to go off in that way without bidding us good-bye. When I see him again I shall let him know what I think of his conduct."

"I do not think he meant to be rude," said Enid.

"Oh, don't make excuses for him. I am disgusted with Julius Dakin," said Maud impatiently. "It is very tiresome. Now he is gone, and Sydney Althorp too, we shall have no one to do anything for us."

"Now is the time to show we can take care of ourselves, and are not dependent on the services of others," said Enid.

Maud shrugged her shoulders. Apparently the idea of independence was not now agreeable to her.

It so happened that Miss Guy had also been at Mrs. Dakin's that afternoon. When she met the girls at dinner in the evening, she took the trouble to lean across the table and say to Maud—

"What do you think of Mr. Julius Dakin's departing from Rome so suddenly on business? Rather an extraordinary proceeding on his part, is it not?"

"Indeed," said Maud, with assumed indifference. "I should have thought there was nothing unusual in the fact of a banker's being called to London by business."

"Oh, really." Miss Guy laughed rather unpleasantly. "I thought everyone knew that Mr. Julius Dakin's position

in the bank was a mere sinecure. I doubt if he knows much more about business than I do. When a gentleman takes himself off so suddenly there is generally but one explanation. He has probably proposed to some young lady and been rejected."

The colour rushed into Maud's face. Enid too flushed painfully. Miss Guy had the satisfaction of seeing that her words had discomposed them both. It was the result at which she had aimed, and she was content to say no more about Mr. Julius Dakin.

Maud attempted no reply to her words, but turned from her with an air of disdain, and for the remainder of the meal studiously ignored Miss Guy's presence.

But as she and her cousin left the dining-room and went upstairs together, she gave full vent to her indignation.

"What a horrid, gossiping old maid she is!" she exclaimed. "I think I never met with anyone so essentially vulgar-minded. The idea of insinuating that Julius Dakin had gone away on account of a love affair! Is it not an absurd idea?"

"You know what a talker Miss Guy is," said Enid, with some hesitation. "I don't see why we need trouble ourselves about her words. Let her think as she will. What does it matter to us?"

"Nothing whatever, of course," said Maud; "but still——" And she proceeded to discuss the subject at great length, nor could Enid succeed in diverting her from it. She could talk of nothing that evening save Miss Guy's strange supposition and Julius Dakin's extraordinary conduct in taking himself off as he had done. Enid listened to her words with burning ears. Her state of mind was most uncomfortable. She could not help asking herself how Maud would feel if she knew the truth.

The morning brought a diversion. Enid received a note informing her that the little picture she had sent in for the "Belli Arti" Exhibition had been accepted by the committee, and awarded a mark of distinction. She had a letter also from Herr Schmitz, conveying his congratulations. With it was enclosed a formal invitation to a *soirée* to be held in connection with the opening of the Exhibition. Enid was naturally much pleased at her success; but her pleasure was dashed as she saw the crestfallen air with which Maud received the news. Her pictures too were hung, but they had received no mark of distinction!

"I am sure I am very pleased; I congratulate you, Enid," Maud said, in rather a forced manner. "But of course this is Herr Schmitz's doing. It is good to have a friend on the Hanging Committee."

The blood rushed into Enid's face. Maud had dealt a sore blow to her pride. She was deeply mortified, the more so that she felt the words were unjust, for she was convinced that Herr Schmitz was the last man to lend himself to anything like favouritism in deciding on the merits of works of art. Happily Enid was able to control her indignation, and received her cousin's comment in absolute silence, which had a discomfiting effect on Maud, who had felt ashamed of her words as she uttered them.

Maud too had received a card of invitation to the artists' *soirée*, but she seemed so annoyed at her cousin's success that Enid half feared she would refuse to accompany her on this occasion. But the *soirée* was a special affair of its kind, and Maud had a great desire to be present, so she stifled her pride for once, and graciously condescended to go with Enid.

Herr Schmitz, in his note, had begged Enid to be at the gallery half an hour before the time named on the card of invitation. Maud grumbled at having to go so early, declared it was only a "fidget" of the old painter's, and tried to persuade Enid to ignore his wish. But Enid, who felt sure that Herr Schmitz had some reason for wishing her to be there before the time of general assembly, was determined to accede to his request.

When the two girls therefore entered the gallery, they found but few persons there, but these were chiefly members of the Hanging Committee and artists of celebrity. Maud was elated at finding herself in their company, nor did she fail to attract their attention. Her tall, willowy form, clad in simple white, which set off exquisitely the heavy masses of her superb Titian-golden hair, presented an appearance which could not fail to please the eye of an artist. Those who had the honour of her acquaintance came eagerly to greet her; for whatever might be their opinion of the merits of her painting, Miss Marian's artist friends found herself wholly satisfactory. A gentleman who, a few moments before, had been severely criticising one of her pictures, and declaring that, had it been painted by anyone save Miss Marian, it would certainly have been rejected, now felt himself constrained to offer her some words of congratulation. One and another artist begged to be presented to her, so that Maud enjoyed a certain triumph which perhaps compensated her for the cool reception afforded to her pictures.

Meanwhile, Enid, the appearance of whose small compact figure in its neat, close-fitting black silk, did not invite attention, had leisure to look about her. Her eyes sought Herr Schmitz, but failed to discern him. Presently, however, a door at the further end of the gallery opened, and Herr Schmitz appeared, conducting two ladies and a gentleman in military uniform. Enid gave one long stare of astonishment, and then plucked her cousin by the sleeve. "Look, look! Maud," she whispered excitedly; "there is the Queen. Herr Schmitz is showing the pictures to the Queen!"

"Never!" ejaculated Maud; but a glance showed her that her cousin was not mistaken. Queen Margharita, smiling, gracious, charming as ever, was advancing slowly down the long gallery, pausing now before this picture, now before that, and listening with an air of deep interest to what Herr Schmitz had to say about them.

"Well, I declare!" said Maud; "Herr Schmitz is highly honoured, though I suppose he would not own it for the world, for he is a frightful democrat."

"Oh, but I have heard him say that if all kings and queens were like the King and Queen of Italy he should think better of them," returned Enid.

"Look, look!" Maud interrupted her. "Is not that your picture they are looking at now? I do believe the Queen is remarking on it."

"It cannot be," said Enid breathlessly, her heart beating fast at the mere idea.

But now the Queen was approaching the place where they stood. People were drawing together, and preparing to salute her in their best manner. Herr Schmitz darted a quick glance round. His eyes fell on Enid, and he advanced rapidly to her side.

"The Queen wishes me to present you to her," he said. He took her hand as he spoke, and ere Enid could recover from her amazement, or at all realise the situation, she found herself curtseying low before the sovereign lady, who gave her her hand, saying graciously, in perfect English, with one of her radiant smiles—

"Your little picture pleases me very much. You are fond of painting flowers, are you not?"

In what words she replied, or how she deported herself, Enid had afterwards not the faintest idea.

The Queen expressed some kind wishes for her future success, and then her eyes rested with an air of interest on Maud. Perhaps she too saw something ideal in the girl's style and grace. She said a few words in a low tone to Herr Schmitz. Miss Marian was no favourite with the old painter, but he had a generous impulse with regard to her at that moment.

"Yes," he said, in answer to the Queen's question, "that lady also is an aspiring young artist." And he signed to Maud to advance, and she too was presented to her Majesty.

"There! What do you say now?" Enid asked her cousin, when the Queen had gone by. "Are you not glad I brought you here so early?"

"Indeed, I am delighted. I never thought to meet the Queen in so informal a manner. Did I make a proper curtsey?"

"Your dignity was perfect. You did not seem in the least discomposed. As for me, I was trembling all over."

"You did not show it. After all, Enid, you had the greatest honour. It was your picture the Queen noticed; she did not look at mine."

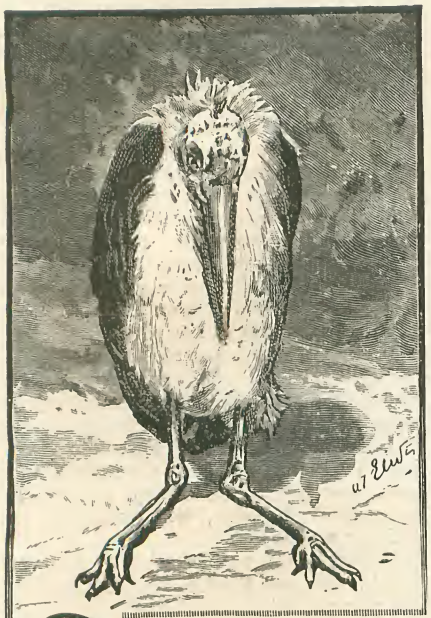
"You cannot know that," said Enid.

"I do know it, though," said Maud, with a sudden painful perception of the truth. "It is you who are the artist, not I, Enid. I only play at Art, whilst you work."

Happily, the approach of a friend rendered it unnecessary for Enid to reply to these words. The Queen and her companions had departed, and the general company was beginning to arrive. But for the girls, the best part of the evening was over, though they derived a secondary pleasure from discussing with their acquaintances its grand event.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



EDUCATIONAL.

MARIE R.—Yes, the handbook you name is a good one, and you could order it from our office through your bookseller, or write direct to our Publisher. Perhaps the history correspondence class (English, French, and Roman), conducted by Miss Brown, Varne House, Sandgate, Kent, would suit you. If not, try the Question Club—Secretary, Miss Thoyts, Sulhampstead, Reading, Berkshire.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—There is the Howell Female School (twenty-five girls on the foundation), with free board, tuition, and clothing; and thirty boarders pay £20 per annum (Denbigh, Wales). There is another Howell Female School; terms, the same. Also, there is the inexpensive school for daughters of gentlemen, Sandiwell Hall, near Birmingham. Terms per annum from thirty-five to forty guineas. A reduction is made to the daughters of clergymen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MACHINIST.—We think your husband has been practising on your credulity in saying that a new sewing machine is required every time that the worker leaves the machine idle for a time. Any machine kept in a dry, well-aired room can be left for months and not become rusty. It only needs to be left well oiled, and instructions for doing so are given with each machine. It should be dusted and looked at occasionally, if possible. There are many excellent machines and reliable makers to choose from, and it is best to select a well-known one if you are inexperienced.

TRIX.—We should advise that your future husband should be naturalised as a British subject; but surely, in any case, you are not wise to marry a man whom you already distrust, and think capable of deserting you after marriage. The help of the law is uncertain in such a case, as the truant perhaps could not be found.

OLD DEEDS.—The faded writing in your book may certainly be restored, and the process is simple; but the fading may return on ordinary old paper. Moisten the paper with water, then dip a flat camels' hair brush in a solution of sulphide of ammonia, and pass it over the faded writing so as just to damp it. Were you engaged on parchment, the writing would be permanently restored; but the operation will have to be repeated on paper. Writing executed in ordinary ink, rendered illegible by age, may be made readable by moistening it carefully with an infusion of galls; but you must work with caution, or the ink may spread. Better chance of success will be secured by obtaining the infusion of galls, or the solution beforenamed, ready for use from a chemist.

HARLEY L'ESTRANGE.—Poetry shows much feeling but very little originality.

LUCY.—1. The 16th of January, 1874, was a Tuesday. —2. Try the *Girl's Own Cookery Book*, price one shilling, published at 56, Paternoster Row.

DAISY BLOSSOM.—Your position is an awkward and painful one. You had better speak to your friend before you accept the proposal. Ask her whether your lover had ever offered to marry her, and then say that you wished to feel quite certain of his being absolutely free, as he had proposed to you. Of course he had a right to choose between you, if not already pledged to one. At the same time assure your friend that the secret of her special liking for him shall ever remain a strict confidence in your keeping.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We should advise you to take out to New Zealand as much clothing as you can manage to afford, as well as your curtains, blankets, and house-linen; a piece of pretty cretonne also, or even two pieces, and all your small ornaments and pictures. These will aid in making your future home pretty, however rough and simple it may necessarily be.

BEATRICE.—It requires some care to take tea-stains out of linen, and as a rule the stain should be at once put into cold water. But if that cannot be managed, the only thing to do is to put as much chloride of lime as an egg-spoon will hold into three quarts of water, and to steep the linen in this for a quarter of an hour. Then rinse very quickly in several changes of warm water. You will find that some teas stain far more than others, and require more trouble in taking them out. The really best way is to make no stains, if possible.

G. E. S. enquires why articles of silver are called "plate." The word is of Spanish origin, meaning silver, and the South American river called the Rio de la Plata is so designated on account of the great quantity of that metal which is obtained all along it, so we call the "Silver River" the "River Plate."—2. The second question is likewise easy to answer. The natives of North and North-West America were designated "Indians" through a mere mistake made by Columbus and the early voyagers who subsequently landed on that continent. They imagined that they had reached India on the eastern shores, and so called the inhabitants "Indians." Their error was soon discovered; but the name stuck to them, though usually qualified by the prefix "American."

KITTY.—All portraits taken with the eyes of the subject fixed on those of the artist appear to follow those of everyone else who may look at them, to whatever part of the room they may go. To explain the reason why would occupy too much space; but if you wish those in a photograph to look at you, the sitter must look straight into the box.

PHYLLIS.—Charles Knight's *History of England* is full of details and illustrations on the domestic life of England from very early times. It is in many volumes.

DEWDROP.—A thing is "normal," or in its "normal state," when it strictly conforms to those principles of its constitution which mark its species. It is "abnormal" when it departs from those principles. The synonyms for "normal" are "regular" and "ordinary;" but "normal" has now a more specific sense arising out of its use in science. "The disease is running its regular, or ordinary, course," or "The disease is following its normal course," would both mean the same thing.

SIT SINE LABE.—The postage of the "G. O. P." is generally twopence; the November number was twopence halfpenny, but that does not occur often.

NOBODY'S DARLING.—You say that the man you care for you love without any return from him; that, in fact, "you have not the slightest idea that he loves you!" How can you "give up" what you never had? It is not a right thing to pray to God to make a strange man write to you. If he were your engaged lover or your husband the case might be very different. Pray for a contented spirit, and that in all things your Heavenly Father's choice and will for you may be carried out without any attempt on your part to run counter to it.

OLD IGNORAMUS tells us that when she takes the arm of a certain friend of hers "she is conscious of a strong tremar parsing through his frame," and she enquires whether this, and "shaking both her hands when alone together," is consistent with mere friendship? Really we cannot say. If all this double hand-shaking and "strong tremars" have been going on "for the last three years," we should be rather tired of them by this time, and think the good man must be "worn to a shadow" with so much useless emotion. Better to keep out of his way altogether for some time, and if he means more than friendship he will write and say so.

SHELL.—Army and Navy Lists will be found at the British Museum. The *Royal Naval Biography*, by John Marshall, Lieut. R.N., 1835, in many volumes, is the great hunting-ground for such knowledge, and biographical dictionaries will also help you. You will require a reader's ticket for the British Museum library.

E. C.—The coloured plates are issued with the monthly numbers, not the weekly ones. They can be procured from our publisher at the end of each volume. Write to him—not to the editor—as it is connected with the department of the former.

ELAINE.—*Undine* and *Sintram* are stories by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué. They are small books, and there are several English editions of them.

F. B. P. will find in vol. ii., "G. O. P.," "How to Form a Small Library," and in vol. ix. the "Girl's Year," which will assist her to choose the best books for her library.

IRENE.—There is a list of newspapers in *Whitaker's Almanack*, and Sell's *Dictionary of the World's Press* gives the names of all the world's publications, we believe.

A SEVEN YEARS' READER.—The address of the Secretary of the National Pension Fund for Nurses is 8, King Street, Cheapside, E.C. Write to Mr. Philip Grove. It was founded by Henry C. Burdett, Esq., in October, 1887, and incorporated in February, 1888, so that it holds the position, in point of fact, of an assurance company for nurses. Lord Rothschild, and Messrs. Gibbs, Hambro, and Morgan, each deposited £5,000 with the Accountant-General in Chancery as security for the policy-holders and annuitants. Nurses are thus given an absolutely safe means of provision during sickness and an income when past their work.

L. D. A.—1. The Scotch form of verdict employed in criminal courts, "Not proven," does not clear the accused of all guiltiness in the matter; it simply implies that it has not been substantiated by actual evidence and convincing proof. Such a verdict is therefore far from satisfactory while the accused is set free.—2. You had better write to the secretaries of the Christian Evidence Society, and ask for a recommendation of some books on the subject of your doubts. Office, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. Address the Rev. T. T. Waterman or the Rev. C. L. Engstrom.

MARIE, NUN, ENA, and DARKEY.—Try leaving off the oatmeal porridge for a time and have a little bacon instead, or an egg. Bathing the face once a day with very hot water is sometimes of use.

J. F. F. writes to say that the Cripples' Home, Harvey Villa, Church Road, Willesden, was closed in 1888.

ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.—Much controversy has raged round this book, *De Imitatione Christi*. The author or editor under whose name it passes—Thomas à Kempis—was a German ascetic writer, born 1379, at Kempen, near Cologne. He was sub-prior of a convent of regular canons at Mount St. Agnes, near Zwoll, and died July 26th, 1471. Another supposed author was Jean Gerson, a French theologian and philosopher, born 1363, died 1429. The question has been discussed anew recently, with the result that the single authorship of the book is thought to be doubtful, and its origin is considered to be in the numbers of commonplace books or books of extracts kept by the novices of all communities in those days.

EDITH ANSON.—Your parents are right, at any rate so far as regarding what are described as "mixed marriages" as very unadvisable. If only "slightly in love," the sacrifice, were it merely for filial love and respect's sake, would prove in the end for happiness on all sides. Let conscience speak freely, and pray for guidance.

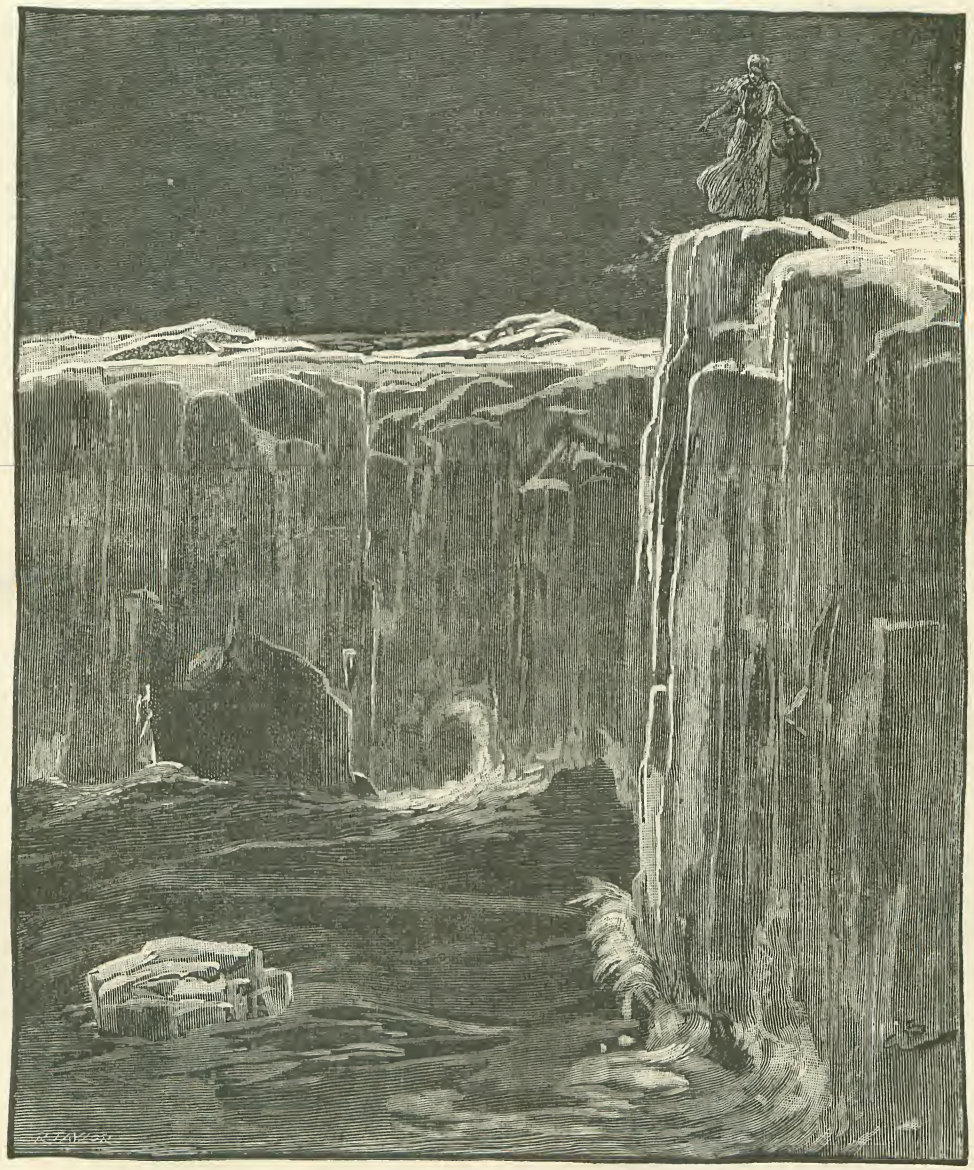
E. G. H.—A young girl of sixteen and some months is very far too young to be in search of "lovers." Your aunt is quite right in not allowing you to "go out in the evening," especially if "very handsome," as you say you are. It is a disgrace to the mothers of "some of your girl friends, not nearly as old as you" (they must be in short frocks and bibs), if they have had lovers for some time. Try to be a source of comfort, not anxiety, to your aunt, and give your mind to requiting her for all her watchful care and the good education which she has given you.

ANOTHER MORBID ONE.—1. We are glad that you received some consolation from our answer to the first "Morbid One." As to its being wrong to curl your hair, just use your commonsense. Do you think that anyone would be born with curly hair—so created by the Divine hand—if there were anything evil in it?—2. Your mother's opinion might have been sufficient for you, as a good, religious woman herself, and as being your natural guide and instructor.

UNDECIDED.—You did not pray aright in asking God to grant you this special situation without due consideration of the nature of occupation and surroundings. You should have asked for guidance, and for such a place as might be in accordance with His will. Having made an engagement, you must act honourably towards your employers, giving them due notice. But you had better take steps to find another clerkship, or you may be out of work you cannot tell for how long.

JO.—1. We fear your manners are very undignified, or this "old" gentleman of sixty (?) would not presume to treat you in so impertinent a way. Avoid being alone with him. Walk out of the room at once, and say you will never enter the house again, and explain the reason to your cousin, if he ever dares to enter the room when his wife is not there to receive your visit.—2. Your writing is not yet formed, but promises well.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 633.] FEBRUARY 13, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



"CLIFFS OF ICE." [*See page* 310.

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THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

VARIOUS THREADS OF ROMANCE.

On the following afternoon Enid went to Miss Strutt's studio, for she knew that her friend, whom she had not seen at the *soirée* on the previous evening, would be interested in hearing what she could tell her about it. But Miss Strutt's door was locked. It was evident that the artist had gone out, though it was earlier than the hour at which she usually left off work. So Enid went back to the Studio Mariano feeling disappointed, for she had looked forward to a chat with Miss Strutt.

She had that pleasure, however, on the next day. Miss Strutt welcomed her warmly, and at once began to express congratulations in playful fashion.

"So her picture attracted the royal notice! She was presented to the Queen! How we are coming on! Really, I almost wonder that after such an honour you can condescend to visit a poor old maid like me!"

"Now, Miss Strutt, I will not have that!" cried Enid. "It does not become you to be satirical. Let me inform you that I came to see you yesterday afternoon, but you were out. I wanted to tell you the news myself; but it seems someone has forestalled me."

"It was Herr Schmitz," said Miss Strutt. "I met him yesterday afternoon, and he asked eagerly if I had heard of your success. He was delighted with the honour done to his pupil."

"I believe I owe it in a great measure to him," replied Enid. "But why were not you at the *soirée* last evening? All the other exhibitors were there!"

"My dear, need you ask? I thought you knew that I never go into company."

"I know you dislike general company," said Enid; "but I thought on such an occasion as this——"

"You thought the idea of meeting so many of my fellow artists ought to attract me? I must confess that their society has little more attraction for me than that of other people. Do not look so reproachfully at me, my little Enid. You do not know artists as well as I do. You do not know what bitterness, jealousy, and petty feelings of various kinds are hidden under the surface cordiality they maintain towards each other. You look incredulous, but it is true. Tell me, have you ever heard a painter warmly praise the work of one of his brethren of the brush?"

"Yes—at least I have heard one praise the work of a sister artist," said Enid, with a smile. "Herr Schmitz speaks most highly of your work."

The colour rose quickly in the old maid's faded cheek.

"Ah, that is different," she said. "Herr Schmitz and I are friends, and he is very good to his friends. Besides, I owe much to his advice and teaching, so that he looks upon me almost as a pupil. And you know he does not withhold encouragement from his pupils if he sees they are in earnest. But Herr Schmitz has the character of being most severe in his criticisms of the work of his fellow artists."

Enid remembered that Julius Dakin had said the same of him.

"Oh, dear!" she said with a sigh. "How disappointing human nature is! If ever I fancy I have found a hero, someone immediately shows me he is not flawless."

"Do you expect to find a hero without a flaw?" asked Miss Strutt. "But there! that is always the way with young people like you. It is of no use to tell them they will not find perfection; they always want those they love and believe in to be perfect, and are impatient of everything that mars their ideal conception of them. But as we grow older we learn to make allowance for human nature; we see that in every human life there is much which, as Browning expresses it, the "world's coarse thumb and finger" fails to "plumb," and we think less of the "flaws and warpings" of the stuff so long as the aim of the life be true, for we know that God will yet mould it into conformity to His will. The world has never seen and will never see but one Life absolutely without flaw, and that was more than human."

Enid was silent. It caused her some wonder to hear Miss Strutt, who always shrank from the society of her fellow mortals, speak so tolerantly of human weaknesses.

"Well, Enid," said Miss Strutt the next minute, with an abrupt change of manner, "if I stayed away from the *soirée* I was not uninterested in the pictures. I never attempt to look at pictures in the midst of a crowd, so I went to the Exhibition early yesterday morning before anyone was there. I wanted to see how they had hung your little painting."

"*My* picture only?" said Enid. "Had you no anxiety with respect to the hanging of your own?"

"Well, yes; I will not pretend that I was indifferent to the fate of my own. But it is generally disappointing to see them. They never look quite as they did in your own studio."

"No, that is true," said Enid.

"However, you cannot complain," said Miss Strutt. "Your picture is hung in a good position, and looks very well. You are fortunate in its finding a purchaser at once."

"A purchaser! What do you mean?" asked Enid, in a tone of surprise.

"Surely you know that your picture is sold?"

"No, indeed; it is news to me! Are you sure you are not mistaken? Who told you so?"

"The Secretary. I was looking over the catalogue with him."

"Do you know who has bought it?"

"Mr. Julius Dakin."

Enid's face flushed a deep crimson; but the colour receded as rapidly as it rose, and left her unusually pale. Miss Strutt, watching her, wondered at the effect of her words.

"My dear, it cannot surprise you that Mr. Dakin should buy your picture."

"But he has gone away," faltered Enid.

"Well, what of that? Do you not suppose he could have commissioned someone to buy the picture for him?"

"Yes, of course; but——" Enid's face looked strangely troubled. Miss Strutt was silent for some minutes, but her mind was busy. She was a shrewd observer, this quiet little woman, and having a "mind at leisure from itself," she could read the hearts of others. She had had various opportunities of observing Enid and Julius Dakin both together and apart, and she had drawn a certain inference from her observation of them. But the turn events had recently taken puzzled her.

"Why has Mr. Julius Dakin gone away so suddenly?" she asked with some abruptness.

"He has gone on business," Enid replied, her colour rising again.

"Yes, yes, on business, of course," but Miss Strutt's manner showed that she believed in the business as little as did Miss Guy. "Enid, have *you* had anything to do with his going away? You have not suffered yourself to be misled by your desire for a flawless hero?"

"Indeed, indeed——" Enid began to protest, but paused in confusion.

"There is the making of a hero in Julius Dakin," Miss Strutt went on without heeding her. "He has been spoiled by too easy a life; but if I mistake not, there are sterling qualities in his character. You must forgive me, Enid, if I say what I should not, but I have seen—I cannot help fancying——"

"Please don't speak of it," broke in Enid nervously. "I know what you mean but you are mistaken—indeed you are mistaken."

"Am I really mistaken? Was it only a dream that I had when I thought I saw a great happiness coming to you?"

"Yes, yes," faltered Enid, in evident distress. "It was just that—a *dream*—what you think can never be, *never!*"

"I suppose I must take your word for it," said Miss Strutt, looking perplexed; "but I wish I could be sure that you are acting fairly by yourself. I wish you could confide in me, Enid, and tell me all that troubles you."

"I could not—there is nothing to tell," said Enid, in sore embarrassment. "At least, you would not understand."

"I don't know about that," said Miss Strutt. "Perhaps I understand more than you think." But she did not try to

force the girl's confidence. They talked of other things; but there was a kindness, a sympathy in Miss Strutt's manner towards Enid as long as they remained together, of which Enid was gratefully conscious.

"How can you like to spend so much time with that old maid?" Maud asked rather scornfully, when she returned to the studio.

"I like to do so because she is such good company," replied Enid with a smile.

Maud looked amazed, but said no more. It happened the next day, when Enid was with Herr Schmitz in his studio, that he began talking about Miss Strutt, with whose pictures in the Exhibition he was very pleased.

"She is a good artist and a good woman," he said emphatically. "I cannot give her higher praise than that."

"She deserves it," said Enid; "she is truly good. I wish she led a happier life."

The old painter turned and looked shrewdly at Enid.

"Does she ever complain?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said Enid; "you know that is not her way. But I know she has had great sorrows, and her life seems to me a hard one."

"Ah! she has told you of her troubles, then?"

"She has told me about her brother," said Enid, with some hesitation. "That seems to me a terrible thing."

"Ah! it is—it was, a terrible thing," said Herr Schmitz, with feeling. "I heard all about it from a friend of mine, a Scotch artist, who knew the Strutts well and was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. Did she never tell you the rest of the story?"

"The rest!" said Enid in surprise. "I don't know what you mean. Her brother remains the same—there is no hope of his recovery."

"Oh, I was not thinking of him. Well, it was like her to keep back what most concerned herself. But there is no harm in my telling you. She was engaged to be married. The man was a poor creature, quite unworthy of her; but of course she loved him devotedly. When that terrible affair happened, and her brother had to be sent away, the man took fright—thought he must not marry into a family tainted by insanity. She saw how he felt, and at once released him. That was all; but you will understand what it meant for her."

Enid did understand.

"She could never see that the man was selfish and heartless," continued Herr Schmitz. "She thought him justified in what he did. And of course he married someone else; and she—well, you see what her life is. The worst of it is, when a woman such as she is gives her heart away she gives it once and for ever. It is of no use for any other man to think how he might care for her."

A thought darted quickly into Enid's mind. It must be remembered that she was of a romantic disposition. It occurred to her that Herr Schmitz was a lonely man; his kindred, if he had any, were far away. Would it be strange if his heart went out towards the poor little woman who had known so many sorrows? But Enid was half ashamed of the thought as it arose, and she would not for the world have confided it to her cousin. She fancied she could hear how Maud would laugh at the idea of the rough, bearish old Herr having any tender feeling for the odd little spinster, whose eccentricities would never fail to excite Maud's sense of the ridiculous, though she had learned to respect Miss Strutt's sterling character.

If Enid's experiences of late had been of a sobering nature, disposing her to dwell on the disappointments of human life, she was about to see a brighter aspect of affairs. Clouds may darken our life for awhile, but they do not last for ever, nor is even the course of true love destined to be perpetually impeded, as Enid was soon to learn.

Three days had passed since the opening of the exhibition of paintings, and they had been to Enid rather dreary days, when one afternoon, as she was working alone in the studio, Maud having gone out to pay calls, there came a tap at the door.

Enid went to the door expecting nothing more exciting than to see the porter with a letter or parcel. What was her amazement and delight when she saw standing on the threshold Adela Ravani, with the prettiest, brightest, happiest face imaginable! But she had little time to study the expression of her friend's face, for in a moment Adela had thrown herself into her arms, and was half smothering her with kisses.

"Oh, you dear, darling Enid, how glad I am to see you again! And I thought I never should! Oh, to think of it!—to think of it!"

"Then they have not made a nun of you, Adela?" said Enid, as soon as she could speak.

"A nun! I should think not, indeed! No, no; I am free—free! And yet Francesco has not made me bend to his will! It seems too wonderful to be true."

"Then it has all come right after all. Oh, I *am* glad! But sit down, Adela, and tell me about it. I can hardly believe that I really see you again. I have thought of you so often, and felt so unhappy about you."

"And I have been unhappy—*so* unhappy. But it is all over now, thank God! and I am as happy as possible. I know, Enid, that I owe it all to you, and I must thank you before I say another word."

"Thank me!" exclaimed Enid in the utmost astonishment. "My dear Adela, what can I have had to do with it? I knew nothing of your happiness till I saw you, and I am still quite in the dark as to how it has come about."

"That may be; but I know very well that it is for your sake that Mr. Julius Dakin has exerted himself so much on our behalf. You need not blush and protest, Enid, for I know it is so."

"But what has Mr. Julius Dakin done?"

"He has done everything," said Adela eagerly. "It seems that Signor Torlono, Lucio's uncle, was in Rome on business a few weeks ago, and he dined at the Dakins'; and they spoke to him of Lucio—told him how clever he was, and how highly everyone praised his pictures. They saw he was interested, although he pretended to be indifferent, and they tried to work on his feelings. They tried to persuade him to see Lucio; but there they failed. However, I suppose he went back to Florence rather better disposed towards his nephew. Mr. Julius Dakin would not let the matter rest. He kept sending him notices of Lucio's paintings, in newspapers and journals, you know. Then last week, when Mr. Julius Dakin started for London, he persuaded Lucio to go with him to Florence, and they stayed there a day. Mr. Dakin went to see Signor Torlono, who appeared very pleased to see him. And of course he introduced the subject of Signor Torlono's nephew, and talked and talked and talked about Lucio—how good he was, and how clever, and how affectionate; and then, when Signor Torlono seemed properly affected, he informed him that his nephew was there at Florence about to pass the night at an hotel. By that time the uncle's hard heart was quite melted, and he sent for Lucio and forgave him, and he is to be his heir after all; and—and everything has come right, just like a story-book."

"And there is no longer any hindrance to your marriage?"

"No," said Adela, blushing in the prettiest manner. "Only fancy! Mr. Julius Dakin actually told the old uncle all about me, and made him quite interested in me too! I don't know how he managed it, but he has such clever, nice ways, has Mr. Julius Dakin. Do you not think so?"

"Never mind what I think," said Enid, catching the mischievous gleam in Adela's eyes. "What does Francesco say to it all?"

"Oh, he is willing enough now, I can assure you. The heir of Signor Torlono, the rich banker of Florence, is a grand match for me. And I need not tell you how pleased mamma is. Lucio says she must live with us, and I should like it so much; but she will not promise to do so always."

"And when is the wedding to be?"

"Oh, soon—in April, I believe," said Adela, blushing and dimpling in the most charming way. Enid had always greatly admired her friend's beauty, but it seemed to her that now, radiant as she was with happiness, Adela was more lovely than ever.

"Enid, you must not think of leaving Rome till after April. I want you to be at my wedding."

"Thank you; I should love dearly to see you married, but my movements of course depend on Maud. I do not know how long she intends to stay here; and indeed I think she ought to return home before the end of April."

"Oh, do not say that!" cried Adela.

Adela had been absent from Rome for two months. After such a separation it may be imagined that the girls had much to tell each other. Enid asked many questions concerning Adela's experience in the lonely convent to which she had

been banished. Adela said the time had seemed very long. She had been allowed to receive no letters, and had heard no news of the outer world; but the good sisters had been very kind to her. It had been a relief when her brother appeared and took her away; but she had not dared to hope for any permanent good. But when she saw her mother's face she knew that she had joyful news for her, and from her she learned how Lucio's prospects had changed, and that his suit was now accepted.

Naturally Adela's mind was full of her own happiness, and it was discussed from every point of view. Yet she was not so absorbed in herself as to be unobservant of her friend.

"Enid," she exclaimed, after a while, "you have changed whilst I have been away! Are you sure you are well?"

"Quite well," said Enid decidedly.

"But you do not look so; you are certainly paler and thinner than you were. Have you had anything to trouble you?"

"What could trouble me here in Rome—the most fascinating, delightful city in the world?"

"Ah! then you are still in love with Rome? I suppose you have been doing too much, for you certainly do not look as you did when I went away."

Enid was glad to quit the subject of her looks. When at last, after some further talk, Adela took her departure, she left Enid looking brighter than she had looked for days. She was delighted that Adela had come back, and delighted with the news she had brought. It was easy to conceive how it had all come about. Her imagination dwelt on the picture suggested by Adela's words. She could see Julius Dakin talking to the old banker; she could hear his very tones as he gently insinuated, suggested, persuaded in the winning manner peculiar to him. Yes, Adela was right; he had clever, nice ways. No one had just such ways as he had. Enid could not wonder that the old man had been won over by him.

And Adela had declared that it was for *her*—Enid's—sake that he had taken such pains to bring about this reconciliation. The thought was dear to Enid. A voice in her heart echoed back an assurance that it was even so. For her sake he had been anxious to succeed that he might give her gladness through the happiness of her friend.

Certainly if Julius Dakin could have seen Enid's face at this hour he would have had his reward. The immediate effect of Adela's visit was to fill Enid's heart for a brief while with a rapture of delight.

(*To be continued.*)

DAISY'S DREAM; A STORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS SCULPTORS.

By JESSIE M. BARKER.

CHAPTER V.

DAISY'S next resting-place was on the snow. Fields of white lay all around her, broken here and there by the dark side of some peak too steep to catch the falling flakes.

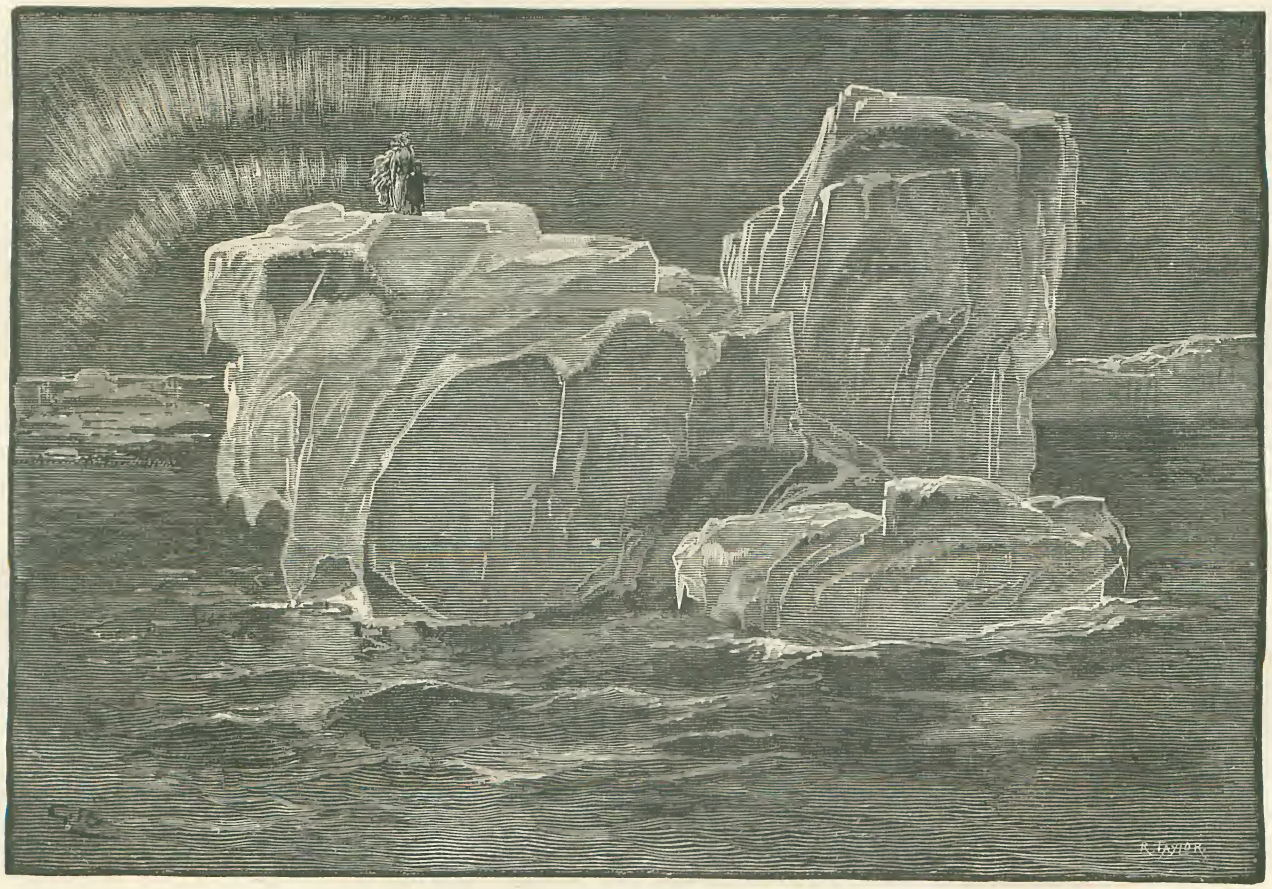
"It looks like winter," she said with a shiver.

"It is always winter up here," replied the Queen, "for this is the home of the snow; and you must remember these lovely snowfields when I show you the rivers of ice that wear away the land. The snow itself sometimes helps in the work of destruction, though its chief business is to spread a protecting mantle over the ground, and shield it from the frost."

They went down to the edge of a deep ravine, and the Queen pointed to a piled up drift some distance above on the opposite slopes.

"Watch that snow cliff," she said, "and in a few moments you will see an avalanche."

Daisy, who welcomed the sight of vegetation after the wintry desert of the higher regions, had hardly withdrawn her eyes from the pine-clad valley below, when, as it appeared, the mountain-ridge began to move. Down it came with a fierce rush, drawing other snow-sheets after it, mowing down the forests in its path, striking against projecting peaks, dividing, joining forces again, nearer and nearer, until the ground shook, and Daisy



"ON AN ICEBERG."

put her hands to her ears to deaden the deafening thunder. Then it reached the edge of the ravine and crashed down into the valley, carrying with it huge stones and blocks of ice.

"How dreadful!" she cried. "The valley is quite buried. Why, there is not a tree to be seen! I should never have thought soft snow could do so much mischief."

"It is even more destructive in winter, when the wind lifts the soft powdery snow often from a whole mountain-side, and comes along as a whirlwind, driving the snow before it. Sometimes, too, the snow comes down in the spring in hard icy masses. But we shall find a still more wonderful result of the snowfields if we cross this ridge behind us."

The ridge was clothed with grass, and dotted over with flowers; and on the further side a forest of dark green pines afforded a welcome shade from the summer sun. They wandered over the moss and tufts of ferns that carpeted the wood, until they found themselves on the edge of a cliff, and to Daisy's great astonishment, looked down upon a white band filling in the valley below.

"A river of ice," said the Queen.

"It does look very like a river," replied Daisy.

"It is one."

"It ought to move, though."

"It does move; not, to be sure, at the rate of so many miles an hour, but in the centre of this river the ice travels twenty or thirty inches every day, and at the sides ten or twenty."

"But why is it frozen now?" asked Daisy. "I never thought *I* should be able to go sliding on the ice upon a summer's day."

"It is melting, though very slowly, and as there is a continual supply from above, it can never melt away."

"Then it comes down from the snowfields?"

"Yes. The soft powdery snow is melted and frozen again into little icy grains. Each fresh fall helps to press it down, and this hard snow, called *névé*, comes creeping down the mountain side, and is gradually turned into solid ice. You notice those cracks crossing the river all along its course. If you look into one of those crevices, you will see what hard blue ice the soft snow has become."

"It is lovely!" exclaimed Daisy, as she stood on the surface of the glacier and peered into the blue depths of one of its fissures. "But how dirty the ice is above," she added.

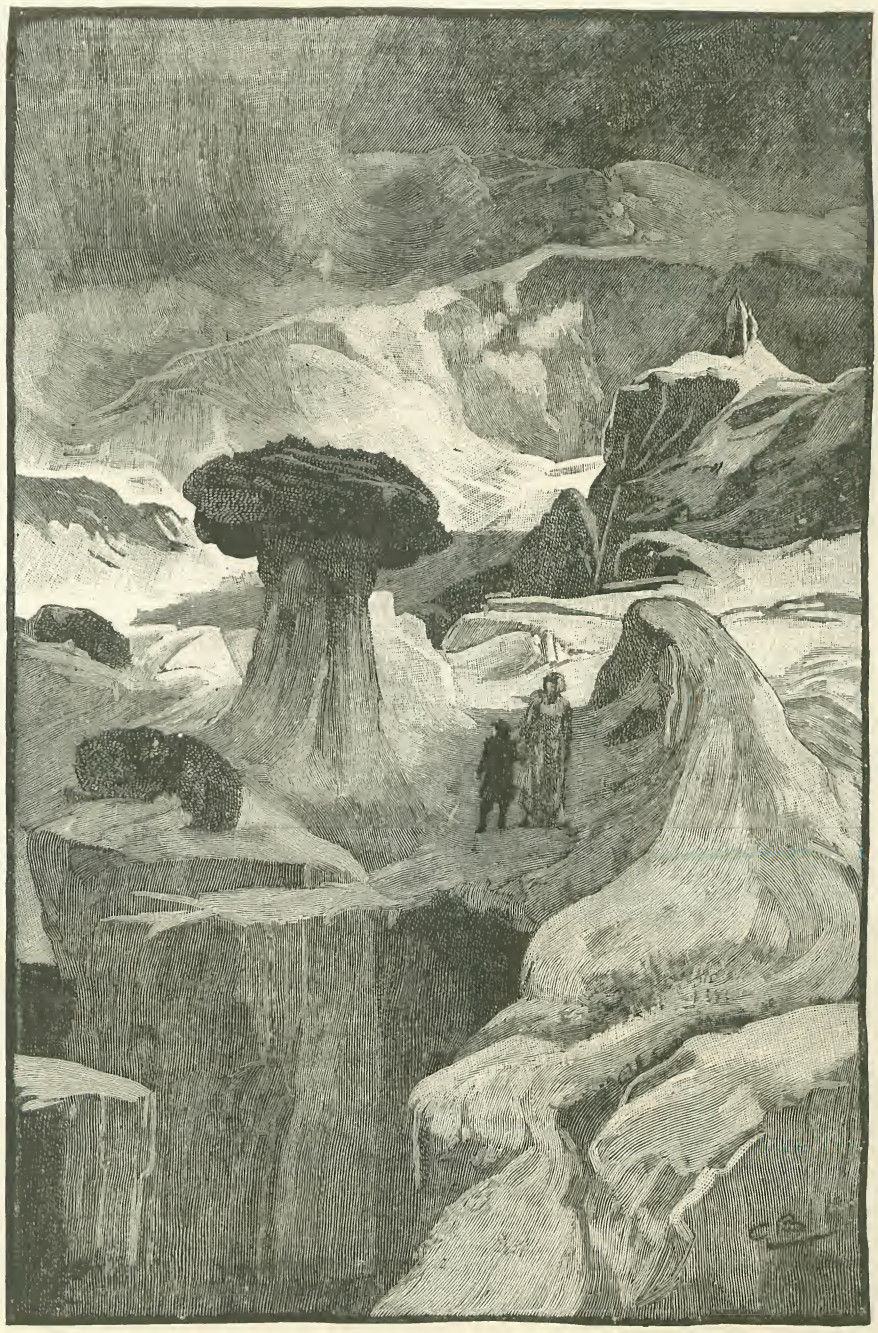
"It is performing its task. You remember how muddy the mountain stream was, and all that I told you about it. The ice river has the same work to do. It, too, not only eats out its bed, but takes seaward all the materials the frost breaks off the cliffs and the rain washes down the mountain slopes. See what immense blocks it can carry," she added, pointing to a large stone mounted on a little pedestal of ice.

"It looks rather like a table," remarked Daisy.

"It is called a 'glacier-table.' That little peak of ice below it shows how far the surface of the glacier has been melted away by the summer sun. There was a time, called the Ice Age or Glacial Period, when the whole of the north of Europe was buried under snow and ice. But our present climate is so much warmer that the glaciers have grown very small. You will see how this glacier has diminished if we mount the hillside."

At some distance above they came to a terrace strewn with large blocks.

"Here, you see, was a procession of boulders making their way towards the sea on the surface of the ice; but the glacier deserted them, leaving them perched up here, so we call them 'perched blocks.' I will take you to a place where you will see still better what ice could do in bygone days."



"A GLACIER TABLE."

From their next point of view they looked down upon the blue waters of a large lake, beyond which an undulating plain stretched to the foot of the snowy mountains which appeared against the horizon.

"I brought you here to see this line of great boulders along the hillside," said the Queen. "How did they get here?—for we must be about 800 feet above the lake—and where do you suppose they have come from?"

"I don't know," replied Daisy. "I don't see any ice here."

"They were brought here by ice, nevertheless, and brought across plains and valleys—a long, long journey. They are called "erratics," because they have wandered so far from home."

"Where did they come from?"

"They are blocks of granite broken off the granite peaks of the range of mountains we have just left—the mountains you see in the far distance. Look at this great big boulder as large as a house. The ice-sheet which brought this all the way from the Alps, a journey of seventy miles or thereabouts, must have filled up the plains and valleys, and even passed over some of the ridges of the mountains behind us. I can show you some other proofs of the power of the ice in those days," added the Queen, and took her away to the banks of a river flowing from a glacier, the jagged surface of which appeared at some distance up the valley. Close to them lay a sloping surface of polished rock, curiously grooved and scratched, and a short way off several little hills in the shape of low domes rose above the pine-trees bordering the river.

"Look at those peculiar little hills," said the Queen. "They are called *roches moutonnées*, because they look rather like a flock of sheep. The glacier once passed over them,

and wore them down until they became smooth and round. If you notice the rock at our feet, you will see it is beautifully polished and covered with scratches, or 'striæ.' Now how do you suppose the ice accomplished all this—for of course the rock was harder than the ice?"

"I haven't any idea," replied Daisy.

"How did the river hollow out the cañons we saw?"

"By the stones and sand it carried along."

"It is just the same in this case, for the stones lying on the surface of the ice often fall into the crevices, and those that reach the bed of the glacier become firmly embedded in the under surface of the ice, and are used as tools to scratch and groove the rocks the glacier travels over. The fine sand these stones scratch off the rock is used by the glacier to polish the surface of its rocky bed. The stones themselves get scratched and polished too."

"Look here," continued the Queen, calling Daisy's attention to some deep round holes in the rock a little below them; "these we call 'pot-holes' or 'glacier-mills.' At the bottom you see the stones that have hollowed them out. You remember the holes made by the pebbles kept in motion by the wind?"

"Yes," returned Daisy. "But how were these stones kept moving?"

"By the streams of water caused by the melting of the ice. These little brooks fall down the crevices and unite to form the torrent which rushes out from the foot of the glacier. Come and see where this river escapes from its icy prison."

At the foot of the great ice-barrier they came to the mouth of the cavern out of which the river came tumbling, and the Queen pointed to the heaps of stones lying all around them.

"I suppose these stones have been brought here by the ice," said Daisy.

"Yes, this is 'moraine-stuff,' which means, stuff which has travelled down with the ice. This pile of rocks and stones form what is called a 'terminal moraine,' having arrived at the glacier's terminus. Now they are handed over to the river, which is doing its best to carry them away. Did you notice the line of stones on each side of the first glacier we visited?"

"I don't remember," admitted Daisy.

"Then come and see what is taking place on this one," returned the Queen, and took her into a rocky valley nearer the source of the frozen river.

"Here you see the ice at work carrying away the materials that frost and rain have brought down from the cliffs and mountain slopes. These lines of stones on each side the glacier are called 'lateral moraines,' because they lie at the sides."

"I remember now seeing them on the other glacier," said Daisy; "but I think there were three rows there."

"So there were," replied the Queen. "Come a little way down the valley, and you shall see how we get a 'medial moraine'—that is, one that travels down in the middle."

A short journey brought them to a place where two valleys met, each with its glacier.

"Now you see how two moraines run into each other, so that instead of four there are three. But you will be tired of all these long names which troublesome people have given to the spoils that the glaciers are conveying towards the sea."

"I suppose they can never take them right into the sea," said Daisy.

"Oh, yes, they can, but not in these regions. Wrap your veil carefully round you, and we will go to the climates glaciers like best."

"Are we really standing on cliffs of ice?" asked Daisy, when the Queen had put her down, and she looked round upon a wintry scene, and then over the precipitous heights at the waves dashing up against their crystal walls.

"Yes; on cliffs of ice pushed out into deep water. You are on the end of a glacier—a very different one from those we have just left; for there the snow could only find a home on the mountain peaks, while here the snow-line comes nearly down to the sea; and you will not be surprised at these ice-cliffs if you look at the far-reaching fields of snow that lie behind us."

"Does this glacier move too?"

"Certainly. It has brought down these boulders; and now, no doubt, you would like to see how it contrives to deposit them in the sea."

"Indeed I should!" cried Daisy eagerly.

"Don't be afraid, whatever happens, for I will take good care of you," said the Queen, putting her arm round her. "We will stand by this boulder, and you must say good-bye to these smaller stones in front of us, for in a few moments they will be at the bottom of the sea."

A loud report made Daisy clutch hold of her guide. She felt horribly dizzy, and could not tell what was happening until she ventured to open her eyes, and found she was standing on a rocking surface of ice.

"The worst is over," said the Queen reassuringly. "Now see where you are."

Daisy looked round in astonishment, for she was on a floating island at some little distance from the magnificent line of cliffs which towered above the breakers. Yet there was the same block of stone at her side, though the smaller stones nearer the edge had disappeared.

"You are on an iceberg," explained the Queen. "A fragment of the glacier breaks off from time to time, and in its plunge it often shakes off the stones which were lying on it."

"Then will this block sail about for ever?"

"Oh, no. As soon as the iceberg gets into warmer latitudes it will begin to melt. Possibly it may turn over, or a bit may break off; but at all events our boulder will sooner or later reach a watery grave."

"How pretty the colours are," remarked Daisy, looking over the edge at the freshly-broken ice.

"Yes. You might be tempted to suppose it had got its emerald tints from the waves rather than from the snow; but, strange to say, salt-water ice is much whiter, as you shall see, for before we leave these wintry regions you shall have a peep at the frozen ocean."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Daisy, finding herself presently in a wilderness of ice, cut across with crevices in every direction, and strewn with great blocks, sometimes piled up into ridges, sometimes rising in threatening pinnacles.

"You see the ice in its glory," said the Queen. "Here, lighted by the beautiful aurora, it can construct its glittering palaces in peace, for during six months in the year the sun never appears above the horizon. But we must not linger here," she continued, and took Daisy on to the projecting shelf of a rocky cliff washed by the waves.

"Look at the thickly strewn fragments that have fallen from the cliff upon this belt of ice on which we are standing. Here the 'ice-foot,' as this shelf is called, waits during the winter to receive them, and in summer it breaks up into rafts, which carry the spoils out to sea."

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF KEVAN CAREW.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S STORY.

"I HAVE wanted to speak to you for some time, madam," the housekeeper began, "for I think it is right that in your position you should know the story of the house."

"Story of the house!" I repeated in amazement. "I didn't know there was one; and pray don't expect me to believe in it if it has anything to do with ghosts, Mrs. Spriggs."

I remembered the nonsensical tale about the maze, and wished Mrs. Spriggs to understand that no such rumours would be encouraged by me.

"It is not exactly a ghost story, madam," she went on, quite unruffled by my tartness. "Perhaps you are not aware that this house *is blighted*."

She said this so solemnly and impressively that I saw plainly that to laugh at her would do no good, and might, indeed, prevent my ever gaining sufficient influence over her as to be able to uproot this folly from her mind; so I begged her to go on with her story, and sat with folded hands to listen.

"Nigh on a hundred and fifty years ago," she began, "there was a young gentleman baronet here—much the same as Mr. St. Leger is master here now; but instead of having a lady like you to look after and care for him, madam, he had a mother, a hard, proud woman, who caused all the misery of this house. Her portrait hangs by itself in the south wing, if you remember."

I didn't remember, but I made a mental note to pay it a visit, and see what this interesting lady was like.

"Lady Carew," continued the housekeeper, "being, as I said, very proud, was anxious for her son to make a fine rich match"—here my conscience smote me unpleasantly, and I averted my eyes, for those of Mrs. Spriggs were keen and searching. "But it was not to be. Sir Kevan fell in love with and secretly married the daughter of a farmer on the estate, and took her away to London, for he knew it would be a bitter blow to his mother."

At this, terrible thoughts began to arise in my mind. Was it within the bounds of possibility that my Dick might have some low-born wife secreted somewhere in Cambridge? The next moment I was blushing at myself for having done the boy such an injustice even in thought.

"No one guessed what had really become of the girl," Mrs. Spriggs went on, "until some time after Sir Kevan returned, and brought her and his son and heir with him, and bade his mother receive her as her daughter, and treat her as such, while he was away fighting for Prince Charlie. That was in the autumn of 1745, and the husband and wife never saw each other again. At first things went on pretty well here considering, except that the elder lady hated and despised the younger, and the younger hated and feared the elder; and after a bit there used to be violent quarrels between them over the boy. And things grew worse and worse, until one bitter night in January, when the snow lay inches on the ground, the younger lady, whose portrait hangs above us, madam, disappeared."

Mrs. Spriggs paused. The long, shifting evening shadows flitted across the picture, and

in the grey eyes I fancied to myself there was an expression of terror and dismay.

"Go on!" I said, in a sharp, matter-of-fact tone.

"Long after, a servant in the house confessed, on his dying bed, the crime which, with his help, was perpetrated that night. The elder lady, overcome with her hatred for her son's wife, deluded the girl into the belief that her husband lay in concealment from King George's soldiers in Grayswood Park, and told her if she would only trust to the servant she provided, she might take him food and clothing that very night. She herself let them out of the house by a secret staircase, and before they parted the poor young lady fell on her knees in the snow and entreated her mother-in-law's forgiveness. She gave her a Judas kiss, and sent her to her death."

"How? What?" I cried in a strained, hoarse voice; the horror of the tale seemed to be creeping over me.

"He led her to the maze, madam, and left her to wander there all night. In the morning he came and found her frozen body, and buried her there, and her spirit walks that maze to this day!"

I broke into a harsh, jarring laugh. Now that it was over a more absurd tale I believed I had never heard.

"Why, my good Mrs. Spriggs," said I, rising, "it is a pity to let your imagination run away with you to such an extent as this. Pray be careful that none of these stories get to Mr. St. Leger's ears; they would annoy him intensely"—and I was about to pass on to my own room, but the housekeeper caught my arm.

"Madam, you *must* wait, you *must* listen!" she cried excitedly. "If you do not know what the curse is, how will you ever be able to help Mr. St. Leger to break it as it must be broken?"

Her almost passionate earnestness, and the convulsive pressure of her hand on my arm, forced me back into my seat.

"Make haste," I said coldly; "it is growing late!"

Her voice sank almost to a whisper as, never relaxing her hold on my arm for a moment, and bending over me until her great black eyes seemed to burn into mine, she continued—

"After Culloden, Sir Kevan came home a fugitive, mortally wounded. He was locked up alone with Lady Carew for hours after his return, and what passed between them will never be known. But late that night there was a tremendous ringing of bells, and the lady came out of her son's room with her hair that was grey as white as the driven snow, and told the servants to go to their master, for he was dying. He died that night, madam, in agonies; and just before the last he dragged himself up in bed, and pointing to his mother, who crouched at the foot, he raised his arm and prayed that every woman of his accursed house might die like him"—here the housekeeper paused a moment, and I felt a cold and horrible sweat break out in beads upon my brow and neck—like him," she repeated—*of a broken heart.*"

Every corridor and passage in the old house seemed to echo back the words in the strange peculiar whisper in which they had been uttered—"might die like him—like him—of a broken heart!"

For a moment everything was blotted out before my sight. I seemed once more to hear Lady Carew telling me with white lips and catching breath that there was no cure on earth for her disease; once more I seemed to hold the wasted form of my lost pupil as she pressed her hand to her heart and told me that the pain was *there—there.*

I came to myself with a little start. Hetty's voice and flying legs were coming along the corridor. Presently she herself appeared.

"Miss Stanmore is going, auntie," she panted—Dick had taught her to call me so—"and Dick says you're to come at once and say good-bye."

She tumbled breathless on to the rug at my feet.

"Why, you'll do yourself an injury, missie," said Mrs. Spriggs, "if you run so fast as all that."

"No, I sha'n't!" gasped Hetty. "Dick says I've got the toughest heart of anyone he ever knew. Nothing will hurt it ever, he says—nothing—nothing!"

The next moment she was on her feet. "Why, auntie—Mrs. Spriggs—look!" she exclaimed, her eyes round with wonder as she stared at the portrait of her poor little ancestress. "That is just like the grey lady who lives in the bushes in the park, only ever—*ever* so much prettier!"

* * * *

For the next few weeks I was almost as busy as in the old days at Cambridge. There was much still that required alteration and repair, and I was determined that Dick's property should yield him every penny that it ought, and that he himself should find me the (certainly self-appointed) faithful steward that I meant to be. I have always had a great turn for business, although perhaps I can hardly class it among those finishing qualities I once possessed; and now I was able to give full scope to any little degree of excellence I might boast in that direction.

My mind was therefore so fully occupied with other matters that I had no time to spare for such idle fancies as had been suggested to me by good Mrs. Spriggs, and it was only sometimes at night, as I passed along Jennie's corridor to my own room, that the uncertain light of my candle, falling for a moment across the fair features of the old portrait, recalled my thoughts to the housekeeper's story.

As for the young people, I saw comparatively little of them. I was satisfied all was going as well as even I could desire, and from various ill-natured insinuations and sundry shruggings of fair but evidently unattractive shoulders, I gathered at the select tea-parties which my duty to Dick obliged me to attend, that young Mr. St. Leger's marked attention in the immediate vicinity of Stanmore Hall was an ugly fact no longer to be ignored.

Tennis was the excuse, and after the first three or four afternoons spent on the lawn at Grayswood, the young people arranged to play the next day at the Hall.

"Capital courts, Charlie!" said Dick, as we sat the next evening at dinner in the small snug luncheon-room (the banqueting-hall, with its great oak roof and panelled walls being far too vast and solemn for our small party). "We had some rattling sets," he went on, quite flushed and excited, "and I am afraid we shall not patronise the Grayswood courts quite so much as before—eh, Teddie?"

"Not much!" cried Mr. Wilkinson warmly. "Not so pretty as Grayswood, of course; but a magnificent lawn—sweep of green velvet—no trees—wire-netting—all the latest improvements!"

Here the friends exchanged a glance, brief but significant, and I began to feel that there might be more in this sudden change of programme than they wished me to observe.

"Then, too, we get a pull this way," went on Dick, speaking very fast, and nervously twisting his glass. "You see, *when* Hetty hits a ball I defy anyone to hit it harder or smarter; but she don't always hit—do you, old woman? And the little Stanmores have a governess who doesn't play half badly, so she comes in now and then and gives Hetty a rest."

"Ah, that's it, is it, my dear generous Dick?" thought I. "But these old eyes can see through you and your little plans as clear as glass." I had heard of Lady Stanmore's pretty governess, and now, as I looked across at Mr. Wilkinson, whose head was bent over his soup, I flattered myself I wasn't so dense as they thought me. However, I kept my own counsel, and told Dick it was an admirable plan, seeing how busy I was every afternoon, and so little able to make them comfortable.

Something whizzed across the table.

Hetty had been silent, but busy making what she and Dick called "bread pills," and it was one of these missiles which she now flipped with her forefinger from the tip of her thumb. The little hard lump of dough hit Mr. Wilkinson smartly on the cheek. He started, dropped his spoon, and uttered an ejaculation which my sense of refinement and good breeding prevents my repeating; then, poor fellow, became covered with confusion, and humbly begged my pardon, which I thought was most inconsistent, seeing the freedom with which he had shouted the same at Miss Stanmore only the day before. I begged he wouldn't mention it, hoped he wasn't hurt, and turned to reprove Hetty.

"Setting aside your inhumanity, Hetty, which is distressing," I said severely, "your vulgarity in performing such an action both pains and shocks me."

Hetty broke into a howl of anguish, and flew to Dick for consolation.

"There, don't be a goose!" he said kindly—for he can't bear to see Hetty cry—"I'm sure Teddie doesn't mind. Restores the circulation—don't it, old chap?"

Mr. Wilkinson hastened to assure Hetty that the pellet had so thoroughly braced him that she had saved him the expense and annoyance of a visit to the seaside for some time to come.

"You're very unkind not to let me play tennis!" sobbed Hetty, her great tears falling like rain on Dick's shirt-front. "I *can* hit the balls beautifully. I can hit them much farther than you and Teddie can!" at which both boys burst into a roar of laughter, though I couldn't see why they should when the poor child did her best so bravely.

However, Dick soon coaxed her into a good temper, and I only mention the little incident as Hetty's malignity towards Mr. Wilkinson served to strengthen my impression that that gentleman had ousted her for a prettier and more entertaining companion.

Time passed on, and we had nearly reached the end of August without anything very eventful happening. Mr. Wilkinson was still with us; and although every now and then he told us that he was sure it was time he made a move, Dick never allowed him to get any further; and I was only too thankful that it was not a hard task to persuade him to remain, as he was a delightful fellow to have in the house, and such a good companion for Dick. I myself was quite gladly anticipating a little leisure; for now things were at last beginning to settle down; the new agent's house was in apple-pie order, and the new agent himself would be coming to my relief in a very short time. August in country like Grayswood is a dull month, almost everyone being either abroad or at the seaside. And it was most fortunate that the Stanmores had decided not to desert the Hall this year, or the time would indeed have hung heavily on the boys' hands. As it was, we were all looking forward to the approaching shooting season, and one morning, just as he was rushing off with Hetty, Mr. Wilkinson, and those poor hard-worked racquets, Dick thrust a slip of paper into my hand with quite an appalling list of guests whom he wished me to invite, and not a lady amongst them.

"Just like Dick," I said to myself. "I wonder what his poor grandmother would say to such a catalogue?" and I carried it off with me for careful revision in the housekeeper's room.

(To be continued.)

"IN HIS LIBRARY."

IN HIS LIBRARY.

By ANNE BEALE.

LINGER in his library, and think of former days,
Of all his kindly deeds and words, his wise and serious ways.
And as before me seem to rise his noble face and brow,
I weep because what once was life is only memory now.

I glance around the room he stored with works of every age;
I gently open books he loved, and softly turn the page;
But, oh! I cannot read the lines, they make my eyes so dim,
For every word on every leaf speaks to my soul of him.

I draw his own portfolio forth, and turn the sketches o'er;
I see him in this leafy glade and on that rocky shore;
I see him by that lonely pool, and near this gliding stream;
But now I weep again because I see him in a dream.

But wherefore should I weep for one now happier far than I?
What though the Poet's voice be mute, the Painter's brush be dry?
Are not the scenes of Heaven more fair, the songs of Heaven more clear,
Than all the purest sights and sounds that thrilled his senses here?

Does not his mind, that toiled for truth, in this world's broken light,
Expand in that sublimer sphere where faith is lost in sight?
And what he gained but glimpses of, when groping slowly on,
Become at once a problem solved now Earth's dark veil is gone

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CHEAP FISH.

By the Author of "Vegetarian Cookery," etc.

ALTHOUGH we are not all vegetarians, there are many of us who will freely confess that we are in the habit of eating daily too much meat. During the past few years there has been considerable change in the mode of living of a great number of persons who may roughly be described as the well-to-do classes. Economy is now regarded as a duty equally incumbent on the rich as on the poor. By economy it must be borne in mind that we do not mean so much that we live cheaply as that we avoid *waste* of every description. Probably of all articles of food there is more waste in fish than in any other form of diet. Unfortunately, much of this waste is unavoidable. From time to time we hear of catches of fish in one day amounting to several hundreds of tons, and the same paper that announces this glut of food gives us the awful intelligence, that in this rich and prosperous city a coroner's jury have brought in the verdict, "Death from starvation," and an amendment is appended, in the words of the coroner, "It is shameful." The subject is fraught with difficulty, and when we are told that our poor law is on its trial, let us trust that some Joseph will arise and teach us how, metaphorically speaking, to utilise our seven years of plenty to supply the wants of those who never appear to be able to escape from living during the seven years of famine.

One great difficulty which we have to face is the unreasonable prejudice that the poor have against eating fish; and only those who know how the poor really live can enter into and sympathise with them in these difficulties. When the poor eat fish they are very dependent on that poor man's friend, the fried fish shop. Fish, to be palatable, requires a certain amount of skill in cooking, especially when it is fried. Even boiled fish, as a rule, requires some kind of sauce, without which it would be very insipid. Under-boiled fish is unwholesome, while over-boiled fish is devoid of nourishment, and is apt to eat what is called "woolly." Consequently, the poor have to confine themselves almost entirely for home-cooked fish to bloaters and kippered herrings; and even these require firing. It is to be regretted that in very poor neighbourhoods there are not public kitchens established where the poor can go and cook their dinner in the same way that there are public wash-houses where they can wash their clothes. One of the evils of our present system of civilisation is, that in every street, containing, say, a hundred small houses, each house containing one family, each day these hundred families require a hundred kitchens, a hundred cooks, a hundred kitchen fires, and a hundred saucepans to boil their daily supply of potatoes. Among a certain class of the poor, in large towns, a certain amount of co-operation has already been achieved by means of the bakers' oven; but this is generally confined to the Sunday dinner only; and we fear that the great bulk of the destitute poor are never sufficiently well off to obtain a joint worthy of being sent to this establishment, which to them is as luxurious as a Pall Mall club would be to the class above them. Let us hope that some means may be found to provide the poor with cheap fish dinners at cost price, and that we shall no longer hear of cart-loads of fish being taken to manure the ground in one part of the country while thousands are starving in another part. The chief difficulty in supplying cheap fish is the cost of carriage. Fish is a perishable article, and unless the mode of transit is quick, the whole supply is lost. Again, the difficulty arises, suppose the London market is what is termed glutted with cheap fish—is there sufficient demand to warrant the dealers in allowing the market to be glutted? At times the supply is almost unlimited. One cure, or partial cure, of the difficulty would be to increase the demand, as demand and supply will always balance one another. If, therefore, the fairly well-to-do classes would gradually acquire the habit of eating more fish and less meat, they would not only live more cheaply themselves, but absolutely help to increase the food supply of the nation. It will also generally be found that example is better than precept. There is a tendency in all classes of society to imitate as far as possible the mode of living of the rank immediately above them, and it is probably due to this that gradually and slowly the civilisation of the world advances.

We will now run through a list of the cheaper kinds of fish, and discuss the best methods of cooking them, not as an additional luxury, to be served on special occasions between the soup and entrées at a dinner-party, but as a wholesome everyday meal, which will have the desirable effect of considerably lightening our weekly bill at the butcher's.

By the cheaper kinds of fish we refer to such as hake, ling, halibut, mackerel, plaice, and herrings, though of course in some parts of the country, fish that in London is considered a luxury can often be had at a very small cost. For instance, off the west coast of Ireland we have seen turbots fit to be served at an alderman's table or at the feast of a City company sold at a shilling each; and we can all remember the old story of a clause being inserted in the indentures of Scotch apprentices to the effect that they were not to be made to dine off salmon more than three times a week.

We will commence with that much-neglected fish, hake. At times hake is caught in large quantities, especially in the West of England, when it is sold at a very cheap rate indeed. Hake can be boiled, but, like most boiled fish, it is very insipid without some sauce to accompany it. As a rule it will be found that nearly every kind of fish, when it is simply boiled, is in reality a medium to convey a sauce. A great *gourmet* once observed that roast mutton was a medium to convey red-

currant jelly. Boiled hake, boiled cod, with oyster sauce, really lose their identity. What we enjoy in the way of flavour is the oyster. Unfortunately, in the present day good oyster sauce, made from fresh oysters, is an expensive luxury. When we can buy fish very cheaply we can well afford to spend a little extra money in making a good sauce which will render it palatable. We will suppose we are going to boil a piece of hake weighing, say, three pounds.

Place the fish in sufficient cold water that has been salted to thoroughly cover the fish. We place the fish-kettle on the fire; bring the water to a boil, and then let it boil gently for about ten minutes, more or less, *not* according to the weight of the fish, but the thickness. The thicker the fish the longer it must boil. Hake is generally split open. A thick piece of fish, like salmon, would have to boil far longer. Experience only will teach you the exact time to boil fish. It is far better to have it underdone than overdone. When you think it is done, lift the fish out of the kettle on the strainer; take a knife and fork and open the thick part. If the middle piece is transparent and the outside white, you must boil it a little longer. Fish resembles somewhat the white of an egg—when uncooked it is transparent, when cooked it is white and opaque.

It is of very great importance not to over-boil fish, for the reason we have already stated—viz., that when over-boiled it loses a great part of its nourishment, becomes indigestible, and unpalatable. I daresay there are many of you who well remember eating boiled fish that has been over-boiled—which is generally the case at all dinner-parties—and getting a piece in your mouth which feels like a lump of chewed cotton wool, and you have been obliged to scrape some sauce on to a piece of potato in order to put into your mouth to drive the lump down. Perhaps the better plan is to take a sip of water, and swallow it like a pill. Properly-boiled fish should be moist and flaky. Should by chance dinner be unavoidably delayed, the cook should take the boiled fish out of the fish-kettle *directly* it is done, strain it off, and wrap it in a cloth dipped in hot water. By this means it can be kept hot for half an hour or more without being spoilt, whereas if it had been allowed to remain in the fish-kettle it would have become utterly uneatable.

This "over-boiling" applies to every kind of fish, especially salmon. But we must now turn our attention to a cheap sauce to accompany a cheap fish, or we shall be as foolish as the traveller who lunched off bread and cheese instead of meat, to save money, and ordered a cucumber, forgetting that they were out of season, and was charged sixpence for the bread and cheese, and five shillings for the cucumber!

Oyster sauce of course is out of the question, and so too is lobster sauce, as we do not believe in lobster sauce made from tinned lobster. A very nice and cheap sauce can, however, be made, called sauce Hollandaise, or, what sounds more simple, Dutch sauce. To make this, the only out-of-the-way ingredient we shall require is a sixpenny bottle of tarragon vinegar or a small bottle of dried tarragon leaves. For the rest of the sauce we depend upon a little butter and a few eggs, according to the quantity of sauce we want. If the fish is cheap, and we are going to dine off it, it is not very extravagant to allow one egg for every two persons. We must first make some butter sauce with water, not milk, by thickening, say, half a pint of water with a little butter and flour till the water is of the consistency of thin custard. Next add some more butter—a little piece at a time—to this butter sauce, till it becomes rich and oily. Next make the sauce tureen hot, and place three yolks of eggs in it. Take a tablespoonful of the hot butter sauce, and mix it with the yolks of eggs, beating them up, and gradually add the whole of the hot butter sauce. By acting in this manner we avoid curdling the sauce, which spoils it. We now add about a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar. If we have no tarragon vinegar, put a pinch of dried tarragon in the butter sauce while it is on the fire; also add to the sauce, when finished, what is called a suspicion of nutmeg, *i.e.*, two or three scrapes of the nutmeg across the grater. In this case, as there is no acid, add the juice of half a lemon. The sauce must be finished quickly, or else it will get cold, so you must have everything ready around you before you begin. Drain the fish quite free from the water in which it has been boiled, place it on a clean white napkin at the bottom of the dish; throw a few sprigs of fresh green parsley over the fish, cover it over with a hot dish-cover, and send some nice floury potatoes to the table with the fish. Boiled hake, ling, halibut, and plaice can all be served with this sauce, which of course is far cheaper than oyster, lobster, or shrimp sauce; and if we are dining off fish instead of meat, we can well afford a little extra butter in the preparation of the sauce.

Perhaps a nicer way of cooking hake and ling—for they are very similar—is to bake them in the oven, as, cooked this way, they taste much richer. In baking fish, we must not have it too thick, as otherwise the outside of the fish will get dried up before the middle part is cooked. To make baked fish taste nice we shall require some chopped parsley and lemon juice in addition to butter. Supposing the quantity of fish to be baked is about three pounds, we should require about a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a whole lemon, and nearly a quarter of a pound of butter. Supposing cooking butter is one shilling a pound, three pennyworth of butter will enable us to dine off the fish without wishing for meat afterwards; and it is the butter that supplies the fatty element that the fish lacks, and so far from being an extravagant quantity, it is real economy to use it. You place the fish in a baking-tin, place the butter on the top, having mixed the parsley with the butter at starting. After the butter has melted and run into the baking-dish, you must baste the fish with the melted butter from time to time. The fish will also want turning over in the middle of cooking, so it is best to put it into the oven originally with the best side downwards. This quantity of fish would probably take about five and twenty minutes to bake, and you should squeeze the juice of the lemon over the fish about five minutes before you finally take it out of the oven. Of course when you send the fish to table you must pour the contents of the baking-dish over the fish; and during the cooking it is a good plan to shake the flour dredger over the fish once or twice, as this prevents the butter looking too oily, only be careful not to add too much flour, and make the melted butter thick. If you have an oval baking-dish, it is best to send the fish to table in the dish in which it is baked, of course placing the oval dish in an ordinary dish for the purpose; and if you make the ordinary china dish hot first, it prevents the fish getting cold too quickly.

One very nice fish, which varies very much in price according to the part of the country, is John Dory as it is called in England, or Jaune Doré as it is called abroad, owing to the yellow appearance of the skin. John Dory very much resembles turbot in flavour, and can be boiled plain and served with Dutch sauce, such as we have described above; but it is exceedingly nice baked in a tin with parsley, butter, and lemon juice, similar to the hake.

Perhaps the best method of cooking hake, ling, and plaice is frying. Of course in this case the plaice must be fillited, and the hake and ling cut into slices not much more than half an inch thick. We can fry the fish plain, with egg and breadcrumbs, or in batter; but in each case we shall require a sufficient quantity of fat or oil to completely cover the fish; and it is well worth while, on the grounds of economy, where fish is cheap and plentiful, to buy a coarse kind of oil far cheaper than the best Lucca oil for the purpose.

There is a great art in frying. The two chief points required are a good colour outside and the fish not over-cooked in the middle. The outside of the fish should be as dry as possible before it is plunged into the smoking hot fat; consequently, if you are going to fry the fish quite plain, flour the fish only the very instant before you plunge it into the fat. In this case it turns a good colour almost immediately, as of course the surface of the fish is dry; and if you floured it half an hour before you wanted it, it would be clammy. On the other hand, if you are going to fry the fish after it has been egged and breadcrumbed, it is best to egg and breadcrumb the fish early, and to leave it with some loose dry breadcrumbs sprinkled over and under it. Breadcrumbs should be made from stale bread, and are none the worse for being made a day or two before they are used, as long as they are kept in a dry place. Remember, good breadcrumbs for fried fish should be dry and fine. These slices and fillets of fish are best cooked a few at the time. If you put too many into the hot fat at once you chill the fat. It is for this reason that fish fried in large establishments, like an hotel, or even in a fried fish shop, is generally so good in appearance. There is such a large quantity of fat that, comparatively speaking, it loses but little heat on plunging the fish into it. Half a minute or a minute—according to the thickness of the fish—is sufficient to fry it, and a frying basket is almost an essential. Throw the fish on to a cloth for the oil to drain off. Pile the fish up on a sheet of ornamental paper placed at the bottom of the dish, and serve plenty of fried parsley with it. Many cooks do not know how to fry parsley. The secret is very simple. First, the parsley must be dry; secondly, the fat must be smoking hot; thirdly, you must have a frying-basket; fourthly—and perhaps this is the real secret—the proper time for frying parsley is about two *seconds*.

When fish is fried in batter, instead of egg and breadcrumbs, the most common mistake is, not to make the batter sufficiently thick. Thin batter has a tendency to run off the fish, and the result is a quantity of burnt batter at the bottom of the fat. In order that the batter should adhere to the fish, the fish should be perfectly dry before it is dipped in the batter. This can only be attained by flouring the fish immediately before you dip it in the batter. Remember you should never flour fish and then put it by. If this is ever done by mistake it would save time and trouble to wash the clammy flour off, dry the fish on a cloth, and re-flour it. As soon as the batter is a nice brown colour, remove it from the fat and throw it on to a cloth to drain. It is best to wait two or three minutes before serving, as owing to the great heat of the fat the fish inside the batter goes on cooking after it is taken out.

A very nice form of having hake and cod-fish is to have it smoked like haddock. By means of smoking fish it can be preserved for a considerable length of time, and it is much to be regretted that this process is not more often resorted to. In some remote parts of the country the cost of carriage and the necessary delay are the causes of an enormous amount of food being wasted. In the late Fisheries Exhibition a medal was awarded for curing fish to a Mr. Perry, who resides at that

very remote part of the United Kingdom, Penzance, which is only ten miles from Land's End. The amount of fish occasionally caught off the coast of Cornwall is at times prodigious. Perhaps in time, when this method of curing fish becomes better known, less food will be wasted than is, unfortunately, too often the case at present. To cook smoked hake or cod-fish, which are split open and resemble in colour and size gigantic haddocks, all you have to do is to place the fish in sufficient cold water to cover it, bring it slowly to the boiling point, and then let it simmer gently for five or ten minutes, according to the thickness of the fish. Smoked cod and haddock make capital breakfast dishes, and are exceedingly nice served with egg sauce, made as follows :—Place two or three eggs in cold water, bring the water to boiling point, and then let them boil for ten minutes ; remove the shell while they are hot, and place them in a basin previously made very hot by being placed in the oven. Chop these hard-boiled eggs up as finely as possible with a knife and fork and about an ounce of butter. Of course the heat of the eggs and basin will melt the butter and make the minced egg moist. Add a little pepper and salt, and pour this mixture over the fish, or serve it separately in a tureen. Some persons will think it a great improvement to add a dessertspoonful of anchovy sauce and a little cayenne pepper. This sort of sauce would be particularly suitable to a college breakfast at Oxford or Cambridge.

A very nice way of utilising the remains of any boiled fish that may be left is to have it curried. Hake, ling, halibut, or cod make excellent curry, and, like smoked hake and smoked cod, are particularly suitable for breakfast. In making curry sauce for fish, you must proceed somewhat differently from what you would were you making ordinary curry sauce. The first point to be borne in mind is that we do not wish the sauce to be too dark in colour ; consequently, when you fry the onions, fry them very gently in a little butter until they are tender, but do not fry them brown ; and if a few pieces of onion get burnt during the process it is best to remove them. It is also advisable to let the onions cook for a considerable time, though very slowly. By this means the rankness of the onions is entirely removed. These fried onions can either be chopped fine or rubbed through a wire sieve. They should then be moistened with a little stock, the best stock for the purpose being fish stock made from the bones of the fish. This stock, when cold, forms a very hard jelly. To half a pint of stock add a dessertspoonful of curry powder and a teaspoonful of curry paste. The remains of the fish are then shred with a couple of forks, and warmed up in the curry sauce. This fish curry can be served in the middle of a border of plain boiled rice. The orthodox way of serving curry is to have the curry in one dish and the boiled rice in another ; and in handing it round, the rice should be handed before the curry. Persons who are in the habit of eating curry will take a spoonful of rice and make a little well in the centre with a spoon, then take some curry, and place it in the well.

DRESSMAKING AS A TRADE IN LIFE.

Of all businesses that a woman or girl can take up as a profession for life there are none more onerous, none more difficult, than dressmaking. And yet, if well done and thoroughly learned, no business is more profitable in the long run. But I should advise no one to start upon such an undertaking without a decided gift and liking, and, above all, an almost unlimited power for patient endurance.

Dressmaking is rougher than millinery, more irksome in its details, and there is necessarily far more opportunity for loss. This fact is at once made apparent if you consider for a few moments the wide difference there is between the amount of stock required for one business and that required for the other. But the profits are far larger, and the cost of production almost the same. By this I mean that the wages paid are about the same as those given in the millinery, and the comparative difference of the number of workers, or "hands," as they are technically termed, is not so great.

And again, rent is necessarily the same, and you can do four and five times the "turnover"—that is, the amount of money paid into the "house"—in dressmaking that you can in millinery.

This last fact considerably decreases the cost of production, and materially augments the "profits." I shall deal with these facts again later on. I very strongly urge that the same amount of care, *if not more*, is required about the investigation of "houses" a girl proposes to enter. The class of ordinary trade girl who goes into the usual dressmaking business is very much more rough, more uneducated, than those who enter millinery. Dressmaking is divided into two branches, and a girl should carefully consider before entering for which of the two she has most taste.

These two branches may be roughly classified as "cutting" and "showroom." These departments are not interchangeable, as they may be in millinery. In dressmaking a "cutter" never by any chance goes into the "showroom" ; and a "showroom" hand knows nothing whatever about cutting. They are totally distinct lines of life, and both are well paid when thoroughly known. I will now follow out a "cutter's" education, and then trace the "showroom" work.

One reason for this pronounced difference is, that the work is so very heavy that from the beginning the line is different.

The apprenticeship lasts two years ; and here, again, if a girl will start as a "matcher," she will acquire practical knowledge not to be gained later on. Some houses require premiums and some do not. When first apprenticed to a workroom, a girl is set to make pockets, and is taught how to cut them out. Here again the work divides into two distinct branches—"bodice work" and "skirt work." Every girl will find that she has more taste for one or the other of these two branches. If a girl has a taste for cutting and fitting, she very rarely drapes well. If, on the other hand, she has a taste for draping, and is artistic about it, then again it is seldom that she cuts well.

In Paris these branches are kept quite distinct, and girls are allowed free choice as to which they prefer ; hence we find that each department is thoroughly well done. But in England there is not the same keen perception as to the "fitness of things," and "skirt hands" are not so carefully trained ;—the result is, that in England it is very seldom we find skirts so well hung or so carefully draped as in Paris.

I will now follow the career of a "bodice hand." When you are apprenticed you are first taught how to "fell" and cast-over the bodice seams, and it is exceedingly rare to find this work as well done in England as in Paris. The inside of a real "Parisian corsage" is as beautifully finished and as carefully worked as the outside ; but very often in England this inside "casting" is roughly and clumsily done. It is a sad fact, but the truth, that English girls do not take the same trouble over their work as the French girls do. This is not only my own experience, but it has been told to me by many heads of dressmaking departments in the best West-end shops. This is the reason why so many French girls are employed in the best London houses instead of English girls. People have often said to me, "Why do you employ French girls instead of your own countrywomen." My answer has invariably been that "the work is better" ; and this is the experience of every employer in dress-making. Therefore, I recommend every girl who wishes to be a good dressmaker, and to earn good wages, to be very careful over this early work.

"Boning" is taught next, and this is almost an art. A really first-class "boner" is nearly always a good fitter, for good "boning" generally denotes that you have a "good hand on a bodice"—an all-important factor in the case. After this you pass on to elementary stitching and sewing ; you must learn how to work a machine on a bodice, and how to "finish" neatly and carefully. At this point you become third in the workroom, and if you want to advance you should try your hand on as much *private work* as you can get, putting into practice all the theoretical knowledge that you can pick up from carefully watching the *première*, or "first hand." From this stage onwards all depends on your own talent and quickness. If the "second" is away you should be ready to fill her place. As "third hand" you are also taught how to cut and make sleeves. Here I must again digress to Paris, for sleeve-cutting and making is a very difficult art, and it is only our neighbours over the water who carry this detail out to perfection. It is there made a definite branch ; and in first-class Parisian houses the "sleeve hand" fits on her own work just as the "skirt hand" does. It is this minute attention to small details which has made Paris renowned all over the world for dressmaking and fitting. Gladly would I see the same name growing up for English dressmakers ; but unfortunately they do not perceive whence this difference arises. And I strongly desire our English women to recognise and understand the reason for this difference ; therefore, I suggest to girls that no work, no detail, should be "scamped," and to practice "out of hours."

As "third hand" you also learn how to "trim" bodices, and how to sew embroidery on. Your work is generally given to you "pinned" and arranged by the "second," and you have to carry out and finish off the details. Here innate fineness of touch and delicacy of taste will give you a great advantage. The *première* will soon know who to turn to for carrying out difficult work ; you will thus gain her confidence, and she will be ready and willing to show you her work, if she finds that a really appreciative interest is taken in it.

As "second hand" you will take all the more simple bodices and cut them yourself, being carefully watched by the "first hand" ; but you must always bear in mind that everything depends on your own efforts—that if you have practised alone as "third" you will be able to profit by every opportunity that comes

later on. You will now "take the bodice," as it is termed, from the "first hand"; you will be responsible for it to her. In some houses there is an intermediary, termed a "corrector"; but only in England—never in Paris. No Parisian *première* would allow her work to be touched by anyone but herself; hence the work is generally more complete, and not so uneven as in English houses.

When you have reached the point of being a good "second" in a first-class workroom, then you have a good chance of being taken as a "first cutter" in some good house.

Turning now to the "skirt department," if you find you have more talent for artistic drapery than for cutting, make a *specialité* of it, and turn all your attention to it. On entering this branch you are first taught how to run and stitch the long seams smoothly and well. You are taught to make waistbands, both round and flat, and then you are taught how to put the skirt into the band. This is a very important matter, and changes with every phase of fashion.

But there are certain fundamental lines which must be thoroughly acquired. It is exceedingly necessary to learn how to put "gathers" or "pleats" into a band so that it may set well, and not be either "bunchy" or "dragged." Then comes the adjusting of the under-skirt, or foundation to the dress. There is more trouble over skirts in England than over bodices. My experience shows me that it is possible to find three good "bodice hands" to one thorough "skirt hand."

This arises from the fact that I have noticed before, *i.e.*, that sufficient care is not given to this department in England. It is a curious point to notice, in dealing with workrooms, how very rough is the class of girls who, as a rule, become "skirt hands."

After passing through the various stages above enumerated, besides learning to put on "flounces," "laces," and "piping" of various kinds, you then become "second skirt hand;" and now you will take all the simple orders for skirts, and begin to cut your own first orders. Next you will begin to do simple draping for the "first hand," and work under and for her. You will be taught how to cut trained skirts and court dresses—an exceedingly difficult thing to do well.

There is an infinite possibility for artistic development when you become a "first hand": there is a wide field here open to artistic girls, and *good* skirt hands are very well paid. The highest salary I have known given in this department is £250 per annum. This would only be after some ten years of hard work, and some experience in Paris.

In dressmaking, "overtime," as it is called, is always *paid extra* at the rate of threepence, fourpence, and sixpence an hour, according to the salary received. Millinery "overtime" is not paid; therefore it is possible to make more money in dressmaking than in millinery. During the pressure of the London season all "hands" work very late, but they are paid extra for it; there is also a limitation set by law to the "overtime" work, and every workroom is bound to have a copy of the Factory Act placed in a prominent position. The inspectors call from time to time to see that there is no overcrowding, and that the workrooms are properly ventilated. Any girl has the right to give notice to the inspectors if the rules posted up are not properly kept by the head of the workroom.

Happily, the old days, when the work-girls were made to work all through the night, are now gone by owing to the "Act;" and if the hands do not choose to do "overtime," they are at liberty to go at seven or eight p.m., or whatever the hour is up to which they are engaged.

Turning to the second branch of the dressmaking business, I will now trace out the "sale, or showroom," education.

If a girl intends to "take sales," as it is termed, or to be in the showroom, she should first apprentice herself to the "stockroom" in some large good house. Here she is taught the value and quality of the stock; she has to do the matching in the house—that is, patterns are sent in from the workroom, and she has to find the material and give out the proper quantities. Book-keeping to a certain extent is also taught in this department, and every small detail belonging to trimmings and ornaments, from the smallest item to the largest quantity of material, is carefully shown to a girl. It is a most valuable education. After a year, or two years, according to a girl's natural abilities, have been thus spent, she is then placed in a subordinate position in the showrooms. She is then taught how to sell. At first she takes the work over the counters, where everything is distinctly marked. If she proves a good quick saleswoman, she is then passed on to be the head of a department in the shop. Here any organising capabilities that she has, come into work, and much valuable knowledge can be gained. After this, the next step is into the showroom for made-up costumes, cloaks, and mantles. On reaching this stage you find the value of your stockroom education, for it is impossible to give correct estimates for dresses and mantles unless you have passed through the very hard grind of the stockroom. It is most important to be able to give a correct estimate to a customer without delay; if it is not done, you are apt to leave the impression on your customer's mind that there are different prices for different people. In a large establishment there is a regular scale of charges, but if you wish to have a business of your own, and you are toiling through all this work as an education with that end in view, then very accurate attention should be paid to this part.

In small houses, prices must vary to a certain extent, and therefore you should be able to make a very rapid mental estimate of the cost of materials and trimmings when customers ask for various changes in costumes, which changes necessitate alterations in the prices. If you are obliged to say that "you will send the estimate," the delay often means the loss of a sale. The variableness of customers is something quite wonderful!

There is yet another department in dressmaking which has grown up during the last few years, and is now a definite branch requiring great taste—I refer to "tea-gowns" and "tea-jackets."

It is a curious fact that only the best educated and most refined girls of the commercial class can do anything in this branch. The taste required is so delicate, the work must be so good, that it really stands in the Art department of dressmaking. It is thus peculiarly fitted for girls of our own class who wish to go into business; it is also well paid, for the demand for good workers is greater than the supply.

If a girl or woman really wants to be successful in dressmaking, I should suggest the following course. First get apprenticed to the stockroom in some good house. Here you will learn all your matching under cover, for you will not go out—the stock is always used from the house, or sent from wholesale establishments in the city. In the stockroom you will pick up, if you are quick, a great deal of valuable knowledge about the management of the house and general business principles.

Next you will pass on to the shop, and there you may quite possibly be able to pass straight into the large showrooms. Now if you propose to start a business of your own, you have two courses open to you—(1) To start at once with this great drawback, *i.e.*, you know nothing at all about the management of the workroom, which is the basis of a dressmaking business; (2) Or you can now apprentice yourself to a workroom, and spend three or four more years over the grind of beginning again. But you have this consolation before you, that from beginning to end you know the dressmaking business—your workrooms cannot cheat you, because you understand every detail of the work. Having gone through it yourself, you know practically what amount of work ought to be turned out by the end of a week. There is a term applied to certain workrooms which is very significant, *i.e.*, "scamping." It is a peculiar system of tricking, by which a workroom appears to be very busy, but in reality does very little. This is fatal to the profits of a house, and there is no way of preventing this unless you know the work practically. If you have the patience to bear this double grind, you will be armed at all points, for in the showroom you will calculate your own estimates, and thus avoid being cheated by your own *employées*. It is sad to know of the amount of material that is wasted by bad calculations and false estimates.

There is more waste and loss in a dressmaking business over the "cutting-out" than is imagined, and a very great deal of dishonesty can creep in. I do not want to dishearten any girl who desires to take up dressmaking as a trade in life; I am simply showing how to make yourself invulnerable at all points. After all the grind is no greater than that a girl takes when she is working for various "degrees." It is more remunerative, for once having passed all this preliminary struggle, you are then *worth money*.

Indeed, a brave-hearted, right-minded girl can do very well as a dressmaker. Much patience is needed, and many disagreeables have to be borne; but there comes an end to all trials in life's journey, and dressmaking trials are like others—if bravely faced there comes a day when you can look back at them with a sense of quiet contentment, even with thankfulness for the many lessons they have taught you.

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FLORA'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE country air had got into Flora's head, as people say, so that when little Mary was sufficiently tired to be resigned to stay in the house, lie on the decrepit couch in the drawing-room, and have Minnie and Beata dress a doll for her—a task in which they took genuine pleasure, and for which they had unquestionable talent—Flora went out again to explore; and after prowling round the nearly waste garden, came back full of eagerness to ask permission to do a little gardening. "I should so enjoy it," she represented. "I have not gardened for a year, and I used to keep the whole of the manse flower-borders in order from the time I was fifteen. Lachlan just dug it over once a year; but I can dig myself, when it is necessary. I shall be very careful not to do any harm."

"What a funny idea!" cried Beata and Minnie in a breath.

"You will overheat yourself," protested Beatie.

"There are no garden tools fit for you to use," Minnie warned her. "And we have not even such a thing as a pair of gardening gloves, for nobody here ever touches the garden except Gil."

"I don't mind the want of garden gloves. Shall I confess to you"—and Flora's eyes twinkled—"that I seldom wore gloves of any kind in Inverlochan."

"But your hands!" cried Beata and Minnie in excited protest, glancing at Flora's hands, which were white and soft enough at this date.

"My hands," said Flora, looking down at them indifferently for a moment; "they were apt to get as brown as a berry. I did scratch them a good deal at times, but it soon went off. That was a trifle when I wanted to have the borders in good order."

After this tremendous heresy the Hayters felt there was nothing more to be said which could have any effect on this eccentric young lady.

"Let me come and garden with you, Cousin Flora," said Mary, sidling down from the sofa.

"No, darling, not now—the wind is too cold; but to-morrow perhaps you will be allowed to come, if I don't do too much mischief in the meantime."

"Oh, I don't for a moment suppose you will do any harm," said Beata graciously. "And I am sure nobody would mind if you did. It is no use having anything done to the garden when we are just birds of passage, and may be gone in a month or two. Papa always says so. It is only Gilbert who will muddle and mess away in the garden amongst the flowers and vegetables."

Flora said nothing more, too glad to have obtained the desired permission; but she certainly reflected, as she possessed herself of the best garden tools she could find in the out-house—"I think if I were a hale, handsome old gentleman—he is not so old after all, and I dare say he would not like to be called so; but the nearer middle age he is, the less it is to his credit to do as he does—I know if I were a strong elderly gentleman, living on my son's bounty, I should not confine myself to occupying a den where I could smoke and concoct chimeras. I should take off my coat and dig, like the gardener Adam, till the place was fit to be seen, and made a fair return in the shape of potatoes and peas, as well as lilies and roses, to the occupant. I should not think it beneath my dignity. Oh! does not many a 'placed minister,' college-bred, make his manse garden a very garden of Eden with his own diligent, skilled hands, without his having to neglect a single sacred duty! And have not I heard of Dean Hole—a whole dean and canon, Mr. Hayter!—and his roses? And is not the world raving about the Shirley poppies? Be ashamed of yourself, you lazy, slovenly old gentleman of an unpractical inventor!—for I believe now you are thoroughly unpractical. And you are slovenly, though you are bathed and brushed as if you were not living in a home like The Grays! Both God and man have made it a pleasant enough spot, if you and yours would do your part. Ah! I except "Collars." I am sure it vexes his brave, magnanimous soul to see the neglect and waste around him, which he is not able to prevent. But I will help him while I am here. I'll do all I can. Stay! Mary and I are to be quartered here for six weeks. Well, a good deal can be done for a spring garden in six weeks," reflected Flora sanguinely.

"So I see you have been taking my trade out of my hands, Miss Macdermot," said "Collars," with a bright look on his face, on his return home with the retriever puppy, which he committed to Mary's delighted care. "Seriously, I shall be greatly obliged for your advice with regard to the flower-beds; and you have so stimulated me, that I shall presently take my smoke strolling down to Summerley, and try to pick up a labourer out of work to dig over what is left of the vegetable garden, which I am afraid I cannot do in time."

"Don't take my advice for more than it is worth," Flora cautioned him, while she was in reality greatly elated by being accepted as an authority on gardening. "But I could help with the vegetable garden too, only it is getting so far on in the year; the seeds really ought to be in the ground. If you like, I will write down the names of the packages, both of vegetable and annual seeds, and you can bring them from town. I used to write to Perth or Inverness for the seeds, at Inverlochan. I can sow the most of them, but I am afraid I could not plant the potatoes, or 'dibble-in' the peas and beans; for I might not be able to keep the rows straight. But I can manage the others; and if Mary and I had been here in the season we could have done the weeding in the onion and carrot beds. But unfortunately we shall be gone before then."

"Collars" was willing to defer to Flora as an authority on gardening, but he could keep his ground on topography and archæology. He knew, if no one else in the family had troubled to master such details, where every road led to, what had been the history of a fragment of a castle on the rising ground to the right, and what battles had been fought in this quiet valley, when Kent, with its sea-border and its Cinque Ports, was one of the most warlike, jealously-guarded of English counties. He could send Mary and Flora to the nooks where the earliest posies were to be found; he could describe to the visitors the beauty of the autumn hop-fields, which were hardly behind southern vineyards in grace and luxuriance, and in exquisite colouring in the season. He could forget his worries in growing enthusiastic over the stateliness of Canterbury Cathedral, where the Black Prince slept his last sleep; the quaintness of the Tunbridge Wells pantiles, on which Dr. Johnson had walked; Penshurst, where Sidney's sword still hung in its sheath; Knole, where Sackville wrote his songs. "Collars" promised to bring to Kensington clusters of pale-green hops and of great scarlet bryony berries; for these decline to cross the Border, and untravelled Scotch eyes have never gazed on them, though the gazers may have the most intimate acquaintance with the rowan berries which, elevated from the hedgerow to the tree-top, are the bryony berries' twin sisters. Flora listened with eager pleasure and admiration, which in "Collars'" immediate circle was quite a new and very agreeable tribute to him. Then Flora let herself be taken possession of by a sense of thankful exultation in being able to do something that was useful and beneficial to other people, together with a kind of burning indignation at seeing a fellow-creature put upon, and undervalued for those very good qualities which ought to have made him most respected. "Gil's fads," "Gil's plodding lack of enterprise and originality," his highly artificial and superficial young sisters, and his jaunty, scheming father, entitled tastes and habits which were as superior to theirs, as rational intelligence and culture and patient industry are above and beyond small airs and accomplishments and fitful spurts of wasted energy. As for "Collars's" mother, she was like Gallio of old, she cared for none of these things.

But the worst of it was that Flora lost her head a little under the double impetus of justifiable self-respect and righteous wrath. She was an honest, sensible, kind and well-principled young girl. By well-principled it is meant that her whole nature was dominated more or less by the fear of God and the love of Christ, and that she ruled her conduct with the help of that Light from on high which is the spirit of goodness, given to

those who ask it, whose presence in the erring human heart is the sole unfailing assurance for a sweet and virtuous life. But Flora was by no means without faults, and one of them, created, or at least increased, by her early independence and importance as the young mistress of her father's manse, was a certain fearless self-reliance carried to excess, and an impulsive rashness when she had arrived at the point of taking the bridle of natural deference, submission, and prudent caution between her teeth.

Flora was tempted to make quite a display of her spirit and indomitableness, her superiority to foolish prejudices and petty girlish scruples, before the Hayters. She waxed almost as vain, as little Mary was, in showing all she could do, and all she did not hesitate to do. Her achievements, indeed, were confined chiefly to the garden which had been given over to her, and to the day labourer during "Collars'" daily absence in town. There little Mary, with her retriever puppy, played at gardening—not always very profitably—by her cousin's side, using with much zest a little spade and wheelbarrow which "Collars" had not only brought from London for her benefit, but had carried, slung over his shoulder, on his tramp from the station. Flora was not so lost to modesty, propriety, and innate good breeding as to propose to interfere with those very halting domestic arrangements which her busy brain and active fingers itched, and could have done something, to rectify. Certainly she was neither forward nor impertinent, she neither carpingly found fault, nor presumed to dictate, but, as she had advised Mary, behaved on the lines that beggars should not be choosers. Still, she could not resist brandishing the superior manner in which she performed the duties which fell to her share in the faces of the onlookers, so as to render the performance a mingled example and reproach. She did no good, since Rome was not built in one day; and a far older reformer than Flora need no more hope to root up opinions and practices which have grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength, nay, may have been the hereditary tendencies of generations, by one or two vigorous pulls, and a robust exhibition of an entirely different code of belief and conduct, than a woodman need dream of felling a tree by a few well-intentioned but random strokes. For Flora's pains, Mr. Hayter, with all his complacent good-humour and old-fashioned, conventional gallantry, elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders at her as at a disturber of domestic peace. She was the style of woman, young or old, who is troubled with ideas—not transcendental, like Mrs. Hayter's, who will look into things which do not concern her, and ask troublesome questions; the kind of young woman, an undesirable product of the present day, who will not let a man feel comfortable in going his own way, however unique and distinguished that way may be. This was far from his beau-ideal of pretty, charming young girls, pleasant to look upon, pleasant to jest and chat with, who received everything he said as gospel, shut their eyes to palpable evidence, and did not dream of doubting and contradicting him. If Miss Flora Macdermot was what she was at eighteen, what would she not be at eighteen-and-twenty, eight-and-thirty? He was tempted to pity any man who had to do with her. There was a good deal of affectation in Mr. Hayter's assumption of obliviousness. There was no pretence in Mrs. Hayter's blank eyes when she sat down, insensible to every outward change, and said more to herself than to her companions, "I think I have got a new light on Buddha."

Beata and Minnie simply looked at Flora with puzzled disapproval, and some repulsion. They had no desire to be anything save good girls, according to their rank; but theirs was an ornamental rank, their use was to be ornamental. If they did any menial work they were going out of their sphere, entirely upsetting Frederica's notions, and lowering themselves in her eyes. Certainly Frederica regarded the independent Scotch young lady with a dash of perplexity and contempt, which were awakened partly by Flora's despised nationality, but were also due to Frederica's narrow misconception of the situation and the actors. If she were a lady she too wouldn't dirty her fingers or rise off her seat; so what kind of a lady was this fussy Miss Macdermot? She did not content herself with occasionally gathering flowers like Frederica's ideal young lady, but actually worked hard, and raked and pretended to dig in the garden, offered to dust her bedroom, and dressed and undressed and washed and tubbed little Miss Bennet, as if Miss Macdermot were no better than a nurse-maid, which perhaps she was not in her own poor country.

Flora performed that waiting on Mary, knowing all the time that Mary ought to be beginning to wait on herself, with such an aggressive flourish that she did provoke Minnie into saying, with reference to the subject, when Mary was out of hearing—"I wonder Aunt Bennet can ask you to do such things, Flora," for the girls were still girls in their unlikeness, and had advanced, during these weeks of familiarity, if not of intimacy, to the free use of their Christian names.

"In one way I don't see how she could very well help it," admitted Minnie, "since we had not another room for a nurse; though I did suggest that she might share Frederica's bed; only Beata had the impression that London nurses would not count themselves in the same grade as country girls. However, that has not much to do with what I was going to say. Nurse or no nurse, I wonder Aunt Bennet can expect a young lady, her own niece, to dress and undress, sleep and walk out, with a child—though Mary is a dear little girl, I don't deny that—for weeks, not merely to play with her for an hour or so. As if a lady could be the same as a servant!"

"Set your mind at rest, Minnie," said Flora, with warmth and decision. "I begged and prayed Aunt Bennet to let me do it. I like it above all things. Mary and I have been such a pair of friends since I helped to nurse her when she had measles. Besides, I should not like not to be able to take care of a child. Suppose you and I marry some day, Minnie, and have children of our own," continued Flora, looking up with a laugh, half-tender, half-merry; "should not we like to be able to do everything for them—to be able to do it at least, even if we have other duties which force us to entrust the bairnies to servants."

"If I ever marry and have children of my own," said Minnie, with demure dignity, "I shall be very fond of them, of course; but I will never marry to be in a position where I cannot afford experienced nurses—an upper and an under nurse at least, to attend to my babies."

There are many young girls to whom pity is akin to contempt; to whom "Collars," from the first mention of the ridiculous name which her cousins, the Bennets, had given him, and their careless, disparaging comments on the sheer weariness, dulness, and despondent moodiness born of his hard and hampered fight with fortune, would have been at best an object of scornful commiseration; at worst, one of heartless mockery. But Flora was generous to her finger-tips. She was not only inclined to champion the oppressed everywhere, there was neither condescension nor patronage in her championship. Her heroes were not the dandy carpet-knights, no, nor the haughty conquerors, carrying everything, including the world's resounding plaudits, in the trains of the victors. Flora's heroes were the battered soldiers of the battle-field, breasting in brave silence cruel thwarting and insurmountable odds, declining to forsake their posts, though the posts could never be those of worldly honour, with a mixture of dogged determination and manly resignation. Thus she reverenced "Collars" from the bottom of her heart, for the very reason that his shiftless family were hanging round his neck, and doing their best to swamp him, and that he would not shake them off and leave them to sink or swim—the sinking being much the more likely process of the two—while he pursued an independent, and possibly successful, career. Flora formed the rash purpose of showing her sympathy with "Collars," by doing everything in her power to make his life brighter while the six weeks lasted during which she and Mary were his guests at The Grays. She never dreamt of ulterior consequences, far less of erroneous inferences. She set herself to find out his overlooked tastes and sentiments, and to act up to them. She was sure he was depressed and annoyed by the comfortless neglect and waste, the apathy and extravagance, which prevailed in the house. After she had done what she could do for the garden, she thought of what she could improve in the house without giving offence. Luckily, the most of the Hayters, in their self-satisfaction, were the reverse of touchy; but, oh! how Flora sighed for her old, homely, sagacious Flory instead of the obtuse, muddle-headed Frederica, whose soiled, tawdry finery was ten times more objectionable than Flory's tidy old wife's dowdiness.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

ART.

Impecunious.—We think the least expensive plan for you would be found in attending the art classes connected with the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C. The art school holds classes both by day and evening. The quarterly subscription, which admits to classes at reduced fees, and free admission to entertainments, lectures, use of library, reading, and magazine rooms, amounts to four shillings, or twelve shillings a year. Apply to the Secretary for Prospectus, etc.

Aurelia Rigetti, Trieste.—1. We thank you for your kind letter commending our magazine. Certainly all "our girls," of whatever nationality, may take part in our Competitions, whether in painting or otherwise.—2. "Lady Day" is the 25th of March.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Madalina.—1. It is unsafe for a young girl or woman to take long walks alone. Here is a proof to the point. Keep near the house, or get a friend, a maid, or your brother, to accompany you for some time to come. If the man should persist in persecuting you with his attentions, tell him you will feel obliged to appeal to your father to dismiss him, and so protect you.—2. Your handwriting is not formed.

"Forlorn Old Maid."—There is balm for all wounds in your Christian faith. "Cast the burden"—which you now feel so heavy—"on the Lord, and He will sustain" you. It may be His will to draw your heart nearer to Himself that He has severed this earthly tie. Active occupation of any kind is desirable in such cases, and to employ your mind and best efforts in Sunday-school teaching would be in every respect a good step to take.

Mabel.—You ought not, on any account, to take the initiative in forming any closer acquaintance with a young man. Every advance should be made by him. It would be very forward and indelicate on your part. Besides, why should you desire it, when you tell us "we neither of us think of anything to say while in each other's company?" What an agreeable companion! We advise you to think no more of sending him "friendly letters," and least of all to ask him to attend your place of worship. You should not make the house of God a place of rendezvous for such a purpose as yours!

Violet.—Your well-written and well-expressed letter has gratified us much. It is pleasant to hear that our articles and advice have been a help to you in your difficult position. You have done well in not answering back; but perhaps you might do better by acting on the wise and Divine suggestion, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Sometimes silence aggravates the person who has lost temper, and speaks evil of you to your face; and if you replied gently that you were sorry that anything you did had vexed her, and then said no more, she might calm down. Remember Him Who endured such contradiction of sinners for our sakes, and ask Him for His help. He has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Ask Him to change her heart also. This trial is sent by Him as your training.

Dorothy.—It is quite true that you stand shorter in height when you go to bed at night than in the morning, for the same reason that after the age of fifty you decrease in stature. The giving way and contraction of the cartilages of the spinal column and the soft parts between the bones reduce the height about an inch and a half by the age of eighty in both sexes, and stooping or curvature of the spine in advancing age reduces it in many still more. The tallest man of our own land of which we have absolute certainty was the Irish giant Murphy, who lived at the end of the last century, and was eight feet ten inches in height. The Austrian giant, Winkelmeier, who was exhibited here within a couple of years ago, was one inch shorter.

Jasmine.—We are unable to advertise, whether doctors or tradespeople. To leave off butchers' meat is one great means of alleviation, if not of cure, in cases of rheumatism; also sweetmeats. Reduce the usual amount of sugar, and take a milk and cereal diet; also a little fish or poultry, with soup (chiefly white cereal and vegetable ones). Sponging the place most affected with acetic acid gives much relief. But we only say all this as a friend, not with the authority of a medical man. As the former, we may give a private opinion; beyond that, we should merit the designation of "quack." Why not procure advice from a qualified physician, recommended by friends of your own?

Helena R.—You give us so little information that we are not in a position to give advice on so serious a matter. We scarcely think that your parents would oppose your marrying a really respectable young man in a good business, or having sufficient private means to support you. His position being "superior" to yours would not matter up to a certain degree. But if the man be a gentleman, your parents show much wisdom in regarding a very unequal match with apprehension. You should consult further with your parents, and pray to God to guide you.

Tom Cat.—On no account permit any girl under your care to eat alum. Such unnatural fancies proceed from disease or temporary disorderment of the system, and should be prescribed for by a medical man. Of course she will destroy her stomach and injure her blood; and moreover, if known, would betray to whoever heard of such a propensity that she was in a diseased state. That she should "take no notice of what you (her aunt) tell her" shows disease of the moral sense (as to what is right or wrong) likewise. A sad condition!

Don't Know.—If you wish to change your name, advertise your intention in the *Times*. You can also assume a new name legally at a cost of a few pounds (£3 or £4). It would be expedient, though not obligatory, to give notice of the change of name in the local paper of your place of residence.

A Simple Maid.—You have placed yourself in an unpleasant position by making acquaintance with a man without introduction, and following up the intimacy by corresponding with him. Do not return the letters, but cease to write; and if you need assistance, ask your mother to write and break off the correspondence, and ask her pardon for having been guilty of such indelicate and undignified procedure, especially if unknown to her, or contrary to her wishes.

Norah.—1. The difference between a white and a black frost consists in the fact that the white, or "hoar," frost results from the coldness of the earth, while the black frost from the cold in the atmosphere, so called from the dull grey sky, sunless and leaden-looking. The frozen surface of water looks grey also from the lack of colour and brightness above it.—2. Take more pains with your writing. It shows great lack of good breeding—at least, it is exhibited in that respect—to write an illegible or slovenly hand. It gives much trouble to the recipient of a letter, and seems to imply that any careless scrawl is good enough for such an one. It is an act of impoliteness.

Joseph H. Fry informs us that the Cripples' Home which was for some years established in Church Road, Willesden, has ceased to be maintained there. The present owner of Harvey Villa has no connection with it.

Carrie.—The copyright in music is controlled by the same rule as that respecting books. It holds good during the lifetime of the author, and for a period of seven years after death. Were a book or piece of music published after death, the copyright would last for forty-two years, dating from its first publication. This was the law in 1890, and we have had no intimation of any change as regards the British Empire.

Only a Nurse.—You are absolutely *unfit* to be either a child's or an invalid's nurse if you stammer. Unless you can cure the defect, you should adopt some other calling. It is very catching amongst children, and specially trying to a sick person. We have continually given advice about it. One rule is, to read slowly aloud and beat time regularly with your foot or hand at every word, filling the lungs well at proper intervals. Never attempt to speak with exhausted breath.

M. Stephens.—The initials written on a visiting card—"P. P. C."—are those of three French words, *i.e., Pour prendre congé;* literally translated they mean, "For to take leave." "P. D. A." means "For the adieux." In English, the indication of your going away is notified by the letters, "T. T. L."—"To take leave." Never use French if not acquainted with the language.

Geneva.—Men are often unable to pay visits with their wives, and thus it has become a recognised fact that the wives may leave the man's card when she calls, just to show that no discourtesy is meant by his omission to call with the ladies of his family. But he should look out for an opportunity to present himself in person and pay his respects to the lady of the house, and to meet her husband there, or personally leave his card for him and any grown-up son at home. If not introduced, it is better not to use the name of the lady who serves at the bazaar stall.

A Reader ought to travel on board ship with a *chaperon*, and it is to her that the man should give his card, and she should give hers, but the girl's name might be inscribed upon it.

E. Bennett.—No one sends wedding-cake to anyone but very near relatives or an exceptionally intimate friend. If wedding cards be sent you, it is not necessary to send your cards in return; they would not be sent to anyone who had not first received an announcement of the engagement, and had already sent their good wishes in return.

Constant Reader.—Wear mourning for six months for a brother or sister. That for a first cousin would depend on the intimacy and the intercourse between the deceased, or his immediate family, and yourself. Six weeks might be sufficient, or a little longer were there personal affection and close family intercourse.

Schwester.—It is not always essential to call on friends before leaving for a short absence; if it were permanently, or were the absence to be a long one, of course you should take leave. You might name your proposed leaving for a week or two on the occasion of a chance meeting. On your return it is for you to call on your friends to announce your arrival.

Little Dorrit enquires why our flag, the "Union Jack," is so called. There are two or three origins to the name: one of these is that the flag was introduced by command of King James I. when the union took place between England and Scotland, and the two national crosses—those of St. George and St. Andrew—were united. Then again, an order to the army of Richard II., when invading Scotland, was that every man should "beare a signe of the arms of St. George both before and behynde," and this order must be taken in conjunction with the fact that a coat of mail was called a "jacke" (developed into "jacket").

A. J.—All letters posted in the London district should be delivered at their London destination between two and four hours after being posted; and the London district comprehends every town and village within twelve miles of the General Post Office. It may be well to say that by appending the proper initials to distinguish the district to which a letter is destined, two hours or even more may be saved in the time of delivery.

Warra Warra.—It is a matter of dispute as to who discovered Australia, but the first navigator who is really authenticated as connected with that country was Louis de Torres, a Spaniard, whose name was given to the straits so designated. He was accompanied by Fernandez de Quiros, June, 1606. William Dampier was the first Englishman who visited it, and Captain Cook the first explorer who gave us any valuable account of an authentic character.

Ebba.—Weber, Haydn, Handel, Meyerbeer, Strauss, Rossini, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and very many more of the great composers were of Hebrew origin.

Wish to do Right.—On no account send cards, letters, or presents to any young man to whom you are not engaged. The possibility that the man you name may be engaged to another girl ought to deter you from an act which, in any case, would be forward and undignified on your part.

JUDY CURTIS.—Our Blessed Lord said, "A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me." He also spoke of the Bridegroom being taken away from them. It is true that the spiritual presence, unseen of His people, is ever with them, according to His promise, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" but this is not the same as His bodily presence, which His disciples enjoyed for a time. St. Paul said he had "a desire to depart and be with Christ," which was "far better." "Here we see through a glass darkly, but there face to face." This will throw light on the passage (2 Cor. v. 8) which seemed difficult to you. Scripture must always be compared with Scripture to arrive at its true interpretation.

ROSE.—1. Covers for the vols. of the "G. O. P." can be had at our publishing office.—2. The 18th October, 1890, was a Saturday.

NORMAN and ETHEL MAY.—1. You should not stop to speak to any man in the street, excepting an intimate friend.—2. Bread sauce should not be placed upon the chicken.

A. L. B.—Weak or inflamed eyes are sometimes benefited by counter irritation, and a small blister behind the ear would do more good than the slight perforation of the ear, which in a healthy person is so quickly healed. But you should have a doctor's advice for your eyes, or you might produce a sore that would not very easily heal. We do not advertise corsets. Let them be loose.

B. M. A.—When addressed in the third person the answer should be the same. You ought not to write "the Miss Smiths," but "the Misses Smith." We have given a long series on both "Rules of Good Breeding" and also of "Etiquette," which latter are only observed in the highest circles of society. With reference to "Letters (and cards) of Invitation," see p. 535, vol. iv. The number is for May 23rd, 1885.

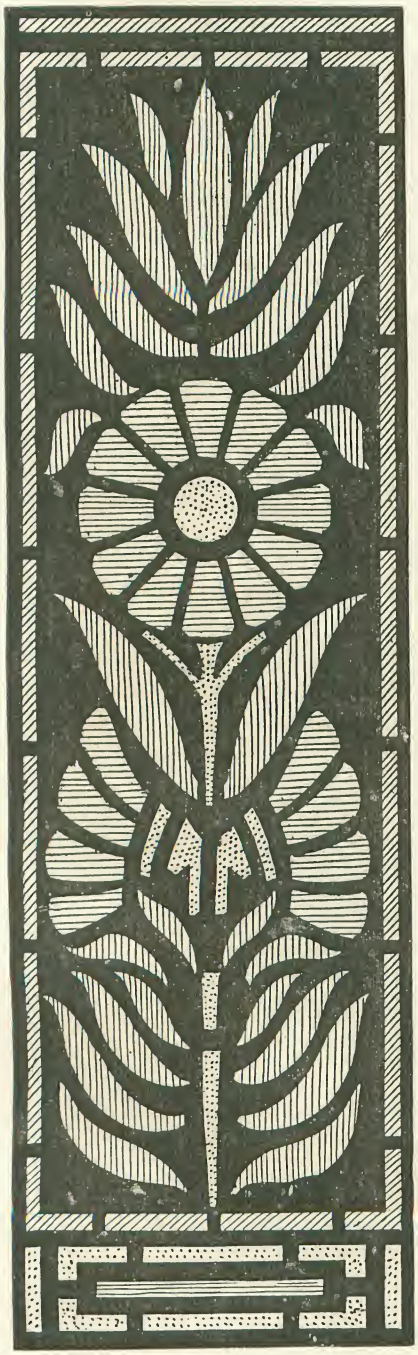
HOLLY should never append initial letters referring to degrees taken in any ordinary correspondence.—2. What is called a "Cinderella dance," simply means that it lasts till midnight only. The name has nothing to do with cinders or sitting in dust and ashes.

KANGAROO.—Many amongst your fellow readers of this paper are anxious to obtain early copies, some of which are out of print and cannot be supplied by us. We have a correspondent in Los Angeles most desirous of obtaining the first three complete volumes of the "G. O. P." amongst others. Those who have any of which they would like to dispose should give their private address for our benefit at least, as we could then dispose of them when application is made to us.

F. G. SCHUMACHER.—We do not know the address you desire, but think we have taken the best method by which your wishes may be met sooner or later.

IVY.—When shown into a private reception-room, and the lady of the house is not there, but a stranger, make a slight formal bow on entering the door, as you would at a *pension* abroad, but take no further notice. If in the highest circles of society, you would stand about until the entrance of and reception by your hostess.

LONELY LASSIE.—1. It is well to cut or singe the ends of the hair once a month.—2. Your letter does you much credit. Accept our thanks.



A SIMPLE METHOD OF WINDOW DECORATION.

MANY of our readers live in London or in the suburbs, and are troubled by an involuntary knowledge of their neighbours' back yards, and the unsightly objects that too often disfigure them. Without indulging in the beautiful but expensive luxury of a stained glass window, it is often a problem how to retain the desired light in a passage or room, and yet shut out a disagreeable view.

A very simple invention has been shown us with this object in view, and one that can be accomplished for a few pence by any girl who has skilful fingers and a certain amount of taste. This invention consists of cutting out on cartridge paper what is known as a stencil plate, filling in the spaces so cut out with a sheet of tracing-paper, and colouring the latter with transparent water-colours. The effect of this contrivance when placed in the window is of light seen through soft colouring, and of a handsome coloured design bordered by dark bands that represent the leadings of coloured glass, and that throw into relief the lighter portions of the pattern.

The designs used for this decoration should be as open as possible, but have to be arranged so that their various parts can be connected together by the short thick bands known as "ties." There is not much difficulty in obtaining suitable designs either from the numerous sheets of fret-work patterns that are published, or from the same sheets of stencil-patterns, while anyone who has the power of adapting a design intended for another object, will find plenty of subjects from conventional wall-paper designs, from crewel-work patterns, or designs for stained glass windows; while the fortunate ones who have a talent for drawing can easily sketch in a stiff flower pattern like the one illustration we give, and see that it is connected together in every part.

To commence the work, take the exact size of the window; if it is a very large window not divided by small window-panes, join the sheets of cartridge-paper together so that the join comes in the centre, and fix them firmly with strong glue. Trace or draw the design upon the paper, and fit it exactly into the space. Connect all open parts of the main design with the "ties," and make these ties very visible, or the cutting knife may ignore them. Place the sheet on which the design is drawn on a sheet of glass, with another sheet of cartridge-paper matching it in size between it and the glass; take a sharp short penknife or a stencil-knife and cut away all the parts of the pattern that are to be open. Cut through both sheets of paper at the same time, and pin them together firmly, so that they are in no danger of shifting during the operation.

Examine the work from time to time and see that no mistakes are made, and when it is completed, remove the under cut-out sheet, and put in its place a flat sheet of tracing-paper. Take some water-colours and colour the tracing-paper wherever the openings in the design render it visible.

Use only transparent colours, such as cobalt lake, gamboge, sap green, burnt sienna, and any madders. Paint in roughly and colour every exposed part thoroughly. Raise the cartridge-paper up, and again go over the colouring, bringing it this time beyond the exposed places, in order that should the pattern shift when gummed down to it, no unpainted part is visible. These transparent colours can be mixed together and also shaded; and as they look much lighter against the light than on the pattern, they require a good deal of colouring. Gamboge is shaded with burnt sienna or lake, cobalt with sap green, lake with rose or purple madder, and a variety of greens made by mixing cobalt and gamboge, and working in burnt sienna or lake at the tips of the leaves. The colouring is very easy, it is entirely conventional, and confined to crude effects.

Let the paint dry, then place the coloured paper face downwards on a board, and carefully gum to it the under sheet of the cut-out cartridge-paper, fitting the open spaces to the colouring. Allow the gum to dry, then turn the painting face upwards and gum the upper sheet of cut-out cartridge-paper over it, fixing it down with its edges even everywhere with the edges of the under sheet. Let the gum dry, and then hold up the pattern to the light. If any part of the tracing-paper shows uncoloured, retouch these places with water-colours. As a finish lay a single coating of Aspinall's enamel over the cartridge-paper, taking a light colour such as pigeon-egg blue in preference to a dark one, as the Aspinall is only used to preserve the paper, not to darken it; the effect of leaded lines being already attained by the double pattern. Fix to the windows either with fine furniture-points or by gumming strips of paper to the sides of the wood and colouring them.

The illustration given is either intended to be enlarged for a centre pane of glass, or to be put upon one of the long narrow strips of glass of a hall window. The line round the pattern paint with cobalt blue, the lines beneath with gamboge and burnt sienna, the centre of the flower with gamboge and lake, the petals with lake shaded with madder, the leaves with various kinds of greens.

B. C. SAWARD.

VOL. XIII.—No. 634.] FEBRUARY 20, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HINTS ON THE CARE OF THE FEET.

By "MEDICUS."

"Like dew on the gowans lyin'
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet."

DON'T say these words, reader—sing them. If you do not know the charming old melody, find it out in some of your books—it is certain to be in your collection. Sit down before your instrument and touch the strings, oh, ever so lightly; let the music breathe forth, sigh out, and sing low and sweet, so as not to drown it. Then, as if by the touch of some great magician's wand, you will see the heroine of the lovely song-story come modestly tripping forth to cross the daisied lawn, her bare white feet scarcely brushing the early morning dew from the grass and the "gowans."

Few girls, however, may be possessed of the fairy feet of an Annie Laurie. And there really is no way of making one's feet smaller; *but* it is nevertheless not to be forgotten that the wearing of badly-made and shapeless boots or shoes may tend to make them spread.

"Her little feet like mice
Peeped in and out."

The poet who wrote that was complimentary to the fair lady he was trying to describe. Probably after all if he had said "like rats," he would have been much nearer to the mark.

I happened to be over in America the other day, and although comparisons are odious, I could not help noticing that, taken as a whole, the ladies of New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, where I sojourned, had smaller and more shapely feet than the girls of our own old-fashioned "countrie." I had not gone to the great Republic to study feet, I can assure you, nor faces either—I was on a round tour of observation.

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"A HAPPY TIME."

What about the American hand? someone may ask. Here I must candidly confess the Republic also beats us. Now, although wearing very well-chosen boots or shoes and walking well may to some extent account for the smallness of the national foot, I can only explain the tiny hand on the hypothesis that American ladies are more delicate in frame altogether—smaller in bone, in fact—than our sisters in England.

I hope none of my readers will be cross with me for talking thus plainly. If I thought I should not continue to bask in the smiles of those who do me the honour of reading my health-sermons, I should pine away like Narcissus, and nothing would be left of me save a shadow.

Well, then, girls, especially young girls, should study as far as lies in their power to wear neat and well-made boots, and stockings that are a soft warm happy medium 'twixt thick and thin. Never under any consideration be prevailed upon to buy ready-made boots or shoes. It is quite impossible for these to fit properly and well. Moreover, if, when a pair of boots that you have been measured for come home, it turns out that they do not fit like a kid glove, or if they pinch or squeeze at any particular point, return them at once; the man who made them is no proper tradesman. Do not think of the bootmaker's feelings—think of your own feet.

The leather of which a lady's boot is made should be pliant, soft, and thin. It should have sufficient elasticity to press the foot softly in every direction, and it must have been properly prepared, else it will give. The foot gives with it, and becomes "splay." Of course you yourself may be no judge of leather, but if you deal with a really good maker, and find that he fits you well, you ought on no account to change; but if, on the other hand, the boots supplied you soon go out of shape, the man is no artist, and you must avoid the shop.

No girl can have a well-shaped or neat foot who wears very high heels. A girl is not a horse—I am not joking. The horse, you know—or ought to know—walks upon his toes; the heels of his hind feet, say, are the hocks, and there is a pedal deformity which surgeons call *talipes equinus*, in which the human foot has this equine shape. Strange, then, is it not, that this very deformity is one which, by wearing tremendously high heels, many young ladies seem to court? They positively walk about with their heels in the air; and if the absurd fashion continues, in a few generations ladies will not have any heels at all—they will be hocks.

I am bound to say that neither in this country nor in America are young girls very often taught to walk properly. And if a lady cannot walk well and gracefully, the foot will soon accommodate itself to the gait. One has to go to India to see graceful walking. I have been rude enough more than once to sit in a park in India, simply to admire the beautiful carriage of many of the native women. The upright gait, the well-carried shoulders, the beautiful elasticity of every movement, and the charming poise of head, combine to make their walking the very poetry of motion.

Only on the stage do we see such a gait as this at home, for it is, singularly enough, absent even from the Queen's drawing-room—as a rule, I mean.

No girl can be taught to walk well or gracefully after the age of seventeen. Mothers should bear this in mind. And bad walking causes flatness of feet and absence of instep.

"Slouch along, Sairah!" I heard a Berkshire mother call after her daughter one day. Sairah was going on an errand, and her mother meant her to hurry up—to walk briskly. Well, Sairah did slouch along. She was a most amusing study. Her feet were flat and large, you must know, and the ground was crisp with frost; so as Sairah walked there was music in the village. Her nose was well ahead of her, her arms waved to and fro like a Dutch doll's, her shoulders worked like pistons, and at every step her knees appeared to double up like a couple of jack-knives. Oh, she was a beauty, was Sairah! Still, she wore no high heels, and was as guiltless of tight-lacing as a jelly-fish.

Now, walking improves the shape of the feet if it be done gracefully, for it causes the feet to be well nourished, and prevents corns, bunions, chilblains, and even deformities. But then one must be taught to walk well, else it will be a case of "Slouch-along-Sairah."

Over-tight lacing in young girls tends to what I may call exaggerated feet, because it interferes with the proper circulation of the blood. The feet or hands do not receive enough arterial blood, while the venous blood becomes to some extent confined in them; effete matter, therefore, is not carried away, the tendons lose their suppleness, and in girls liable to rheumatism deposits may be formed in them or in the joints. I do assure you, reader, that want of proper circulation through the feet, is the cause of one-half of the cases of enlarged joints that girls try to cure themselves of by foolishly wearing boots a size too small.

Perhaps I might be accused of going a little too far if I were to assert that no girl who has trouble of any kind with her feet can be good-tempered or happy. Still, such a statement would not be very far from the truth.

Some people take less care of their feet than they do of their hands, because the former are less seen. They certainly are less seen; at the same time, healthful shapely feet are far more important to the general well-being than pretty hands are.

I must suppose now that the reader is blessed not only with a small and shapely foot, but that she is altogether fairly healthy in herself. How is she to maintain her feet in their pristine beauty? That is the question I wish to answer.

The stockings I have already mentioned as well as the boots. These last, I may add, must be neither too large nor too small. To pinch the feet by wearing sizes that do not belong to you, is to cause a species of awkward lameness, from which, I am sorry to say, nine out of every ten girls in England suffer more or less. The boots *must* be big enough and elastic enough to permit the bones and joints to have a certain amount of play. If your feet do not have this, they might as well be made of cast-iron—simply hoofs, and you cannot have grace of gait or any of the poetry of motion about you.

The most perfect cleanliness is necessary to keep the feet in health. They ought to be steeped in hot water for a time if you are unfortunate enough to have corns; and the rough or thickened skin is to be removed by means of a not over-sharp knife.

Corns must be got rid of at any cost; and if afterwards you try a better bootmaker, probably they will not return.

When you have washed the feet and carefully dried them, attend to the toe-nails. Cut these straight across, not down the sides, else you may be afflicted with an in-growing nail; and nothing is more painful or distressing.

Be most careful to get rid of thickened skin between or underneath the toes.

As for *bunions*, it is unlikely any of my young readers are troubled with these; but if they are, a surgeon must be consulted without delay. Bunions are not amenable to self-treatment as a rule. However, perfect rest, and painting the swelling daily with tincture of iodine, may effect wonders in those who cannot obtain medical advice.

An enlarged joint is often caused by the pressure of a tight boot. This is also a case that brooks no delay, or the deformity may become permanent. During the winter and spring months a great many girls suffer from chilblains. I need hardly describe the symptoms of this disagreeable complaint; but it cannot be too well known that chilblains are most liable to occur in delicate girls whose circulation is somewhat weak, therefore the treatment must be constitutional as well as local.

Prevention, then, is better than cure; and if mothers notice that some of their children are subject to chilblains, they may be sure they are not so strong or healthful as they ought to be, no matter how bright and cheerful they are. The diet must therefore be generous and nutritious.

If pale in face and gums, some mild preparation of iron, such as ten to fifteen drops of the dialysed iron taken in water after food, twice a day for weeks, will do good. So would cod liver oil, or the Kepler solution of cod liver oil in malt extract. The underclothing should be warm and rather loose; roomy boots and wool-lined gloves; and, above all, plenty of exercise in the open air. The feet must be kept dry.

As to local applications, their name is legion. If one thing does not suit, you must try another. Tincture of iodine with a little liquor ammoniæ and laudanum, is a very good one. Iodine is also good. It must be used twice or thrice daily.

If, however, the chilblain is broken, a poultice may be necessary in order to reduce the inflammation, and afterwards glycerine of starch applied, or the benzoated ointment of zinc.

A medical man is often consulted about cases of offensively perspiring feet. Now here again, as a rule, the fault lies in the constitution. The health is usually below par, and should be seen to at once. Iron does good if there be thinness of blood. It must be taken for quite a long time, and in small doses. Quinine and iron would suit best if there was poverty of blood combined with loss of appetite. Cod liver oil deserves a prolonged trial. The cold bath, if one can stand it, should be taken every morning, and abundant out-of-door exercise. The feet should have plenty of room, the stockings being very frequently changed. I need hardly say that perfect cleanliness is a necessity, the feet being washed morning and night in tepid water, to which a little alum may be added. They should be thoroughly dried, and the insides of the socks dusted with a mixture of oxide of zinc and starch. If this simple treatment be not successful, there may be something wrong that needs the advice of your family doctor.

Many girls suffer much from cold feet, and, as a rule, they are delicate. Everything that tends to strengthen the system will tend to alleviate the complaint — good food, cold bathing, salt-water bathing, tonics and cod liver oil, with plenty of walking exercise. Bed socks may be worn, and the feet washed in cold water before putting these on; but dry the feet well with a rough towel to restore the circulation. Hot-water bottles or hot sand bags in bed are very often prejudicial to the health.

In conclusion, let me warn young girls against the awkward practice of leaning the weight on one side of the foot while sitting or standing—that of doubling the ankle.

If your boots wear too much at one side, it is wrong to have that side raised higher than the other; *but* the shoe or boot should be seen to whenever even the eighth of an inch out of the horizontal.

My next paper will be on "Beautiful Hands," and this I hope to give next month, and a particularly useful one I mean to make it.

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEATA and Minnie's solitary deviation from their standard of the purely ornamental, was that they found themselves compelled, in strictest privacy, to do a little dressmaking, in order, as they said, to keep themselves level with the times—that is, the fashions. The sisters paid Flora's recent residence in the West-end of London the compliment of being ready to borrow gingerly a few shapes in sleeves, etc., the ideas carried out in her hats, and so on. Nobody could be more ready and eager to oblige them than Flora was, and she only asked a very small favour in return.

"I think, dears," she said, with wistful coaxing, "that I have some genius for putting rooms in order, and arranging furniture I do believe my *forte* lies in that direction. Would you mind my exercising it a little, since the door-handles are on, and the couch is standing straight? It is such a pity not to mend the bell-wire, and I think I could manage it. The chairs would look ever so much better if they were pushed backwards and forwards into cosy little nooks and friendly circles. I could darn this cushion, and re-patch that, out of the fragments of stuff in your rag-bag; and I daresay it would not be difficult to discover muslin material for summer curtains. I have taken out worse stains in tablecloths and carpets than these. Will you let me try, and then you will see me in my element?"

"Certainly, if you please," granted Beata. "But you have odd tastes. I only hope you will not spoil Frederica, and make her take impertinent liberties."

"We find," said Minnie sapiently, "it is the best plan with such girls not to take the slightest notice, but to leave them entirely to their own devices—that is, if the girls get the work done somehow."

"I am afraid that plan does not quite answer," said Flora doubtfully. "But we won't discuss it just now. Thank you very much for giving me leave to experiment a little. I'll do my best to keep Frederica from forgetting herself."

Flora swept and dusted, scrubbed and scoured, knocked in dangling tacks and loose nails, mended wires, repaired rents, and washed china with all her might. She employed the slightly malcontent Frederica as little as possible. She had only a few hours in which to work her transformation. She flattered herself, after she had filled the cracked vases with the spring flowers which had been all but hidden away among garden refuse and rubbish when she came, that she had done something to make the things look cared-for and prized. True, Beata and Minnie laughed a little, and did not seem to think the game worth the candle; and Mr. Hayter, standing on the hearthrug, overlooked the change with a lofty serenity, as if such vulgar finicking were far beneath his notice.

But it was reward enough to see the surprise and pleasure in "Collars'" grave face, and catch the quick, grateful glance he gave to the household fairy. Both their spirits rose on the same small foundation.

"Cousin Flora has done it all herself," announced Mary, converting herself for the moment into an *enfant terrible*. "She has been so busy, you cannot think; and she did hope you would notice it and like it."

To silence her Flora began to tell him some stories she had learnt about Kensington since she went to live there. There was still a little shop in the High Street which boasted of being the very "bun shop" to which Queen Caroline—Kensington's Queen Caroline—the beautiful, high-spirited queen of George II., had given the recipe for the ginger-bread, genuine *Speise kuchen*, which was still sold over the counter. At the corner of Church Street the funeral of Hammersmith's Queen Caroline — a very different Caroline — the most foolish and wretched of women, had been met and surrounded by the fierce mob who were her allies, until the soldier escort, which had been commissioned to take the hearse and mourning-coaches skulking along back lanes and by-ways outside London, on the journey to the sea-coast, were forced to relinquish their design, and conduct the cavalcade along the high road and through the crowded city. And not much within the century, while Kensington was still supposed to be a salubrious country village, Flora's own Scotch painter, Sir David Wilkie—"young David Wilkie" then—had his modest house and studio there, in the vain hope of defying and overcoming the long, intangible, nameless illness which was beyond earthly cure.

Then "Collars" pulled out a Review from his pocket, and coquetted with an article, as if he had a mind to read it to an audience composed of Flora and his sisters. Flora for one looked so radiantly willing to be read to while she worked, that Beata and Minnie had for very shame to withdraw their feeble opposition, and stifle their yawns. "Collars" was the first to seek to compensate them by asking for music the moment he had finished reading. When they had done their part with great earnestness and some execution, Flora let her fingers steal and trip over the keys in Scotch tunes which he could appreciate—"Auld Lang Syne," "The Land o' the Leal," "The Boatie Rows," "Within a mile o' Edinboro' Town." She had extracted an admission from him that he used to sing a little, only, as Minnie put it, he was so stupid as always to require his accompaniments played for him. Flora hunted over the portfolio till she had recovered the accompaniment to a German song, and played it. "Collars" acquitted himself with undeniable credit.

"Why, Gil, you have not sung that for years and years, and yet I never heard you sing it so well before," declared Beata, with languid approbation.

"Singing a song, Gil, my boy!" cried his father, as he came into the room. "Who would have thought it! Are the skies going to fall? But do you know, I don't think you gave the last stave rightly. If I were in voice, and not as hoarse as a raven, I could let you have my idea of how it should be rendered. You are well off, you young people—nothing to trouble you, nothing to interfere with your amusement. But sing on, sing on—I was young myself once. Care and anxiety will come soon enough."

Perhaps Flora's greatest triumph was when she discovered that "Collars" had a hankering to taste porridge, for which oatmeal had been provided on Mary's account, though in the circumstances the material had not been put to any use. But to give him the realisation of his wish, and enable everybody who felt inclined to taste the dish which rears Scotch bairns into strong, dauntless men and women, Flora ventured to invade Frederica's kitchen, and beneath the stony gaze of the supercilious drudge to manufacture porridge, maugre a "thivel," or "spurtle." No doubt nobody partook of more than a single spoonful of the dish except "Collars"—to whom it was dedicated—Flora, and Mary; but to them it was ambrosia, though Flora could not shake off a horrible suspicion that the ambrosia was not free from "knots." Let them eat on, as Mr. Hayter might have said, for Nemesis was close at hand. To do the Hayters justice, it was not heralded by any jealous suspicions or mean insinuations on their part. Their son and brother was their sole stay, but they no more dreaded his being witched away from them than they feared that he would desert his duty. They did not grasp the fact that there was anything particularly covetable about "Collars," or bewitching about Flora. The lad and girl were merely two curiously commonplace, well-intentioned, but rather low-minded specimens of humanity.

The first suspicion of her own wisdom, or of the good she had done to "Collars," dawned on Flora when she was conscious of an unaccountable sinking of heart as the summons, which had been lost sight of by her lately, arrived for her and Mary to return to London. She could have been as silly as Mary, who burst into tears, and said she had been so happy, and did not want to leave "Dodger," the retriever puppy, and the rest of them, and go back to paved streets and school—not for a long while yet. Flora tried to persuade herself it was regret to leave the country when it lay green under April skies, and its apple-blossom was about to give place to its May. She knew she was

deceiving herself, and she felt more than sad, she felt guilty and miserable, when she saw how "Collars," though he bore himself like a man, drooped and shrank at the news.

But her extremity of distress was reached when he took the opportunity of speaking a few words to her, in a chance encounter, in the course of Flora and Mary's last walk, and of "Collars'" return from the station sooner than usual. Mary had run on in advance with "Dodger," and left the couple together for a few minutes.

"Flora," he said desperately, in one of those crises in life when ceremony is cast to the winds—"I should like to thank you for these last few happy weeks. I have had a glimpse of what a home and a friend—a friend? no, the love of a man's life—may be like; and though I should never realise their meaning again—I don't suppose I ever shall—I owe you a debt of gratitude for one look into Paradise."

She could not speak; she hung her head. She had great doubt now whether he owed her a grain of gratitude, and not rather blame and condemnation.

"I can say no more," resumed "Collars," in increased agitation. "I do not for a moment imagine you would listen to me if I did; but I should be worse than selfish, it would be nothing short of dishonourable, for me to say another word. My tongue is tied and my feet are fettered."

Still Flora said not a word. Her conscience was reproaching her bitterly. It was she who, in her thoughtfulness and self-conceit, had brought him into this strait. Oh, why did he not assert himself, and demand his rights! But that was nonsense. How could he make people comprehend who would not comprehend? How could he shatter the poor dreams which were the dreamers' only consolation? How could he destroy the harmony which was the one good thing left to his family?

"Sometimes I have thought," said "Collars" hoarsely, "that if I were to emigrate with any chance of success, and send home and provide for them, it would be better for us all, and I should be free to go my own course and live my own life. But I dare not run the risk for them, poor souls! poor things! What would become of them if I failed? Yet it may be true what they say"—he finished with a joyless laugh—"that I have no enterprise or daring, otherwise I might find a way to redeem us all."

"It is not that," said Flora, in a passionate undertone; "it is just because you are 'tender and true.'"

He caught her hand and wrung it.

"He turned and kissed her where she stood."

It was the single concession to that love which had sprung up between them, the fulfilment of which was such a remote and forlorn prospect that they dared not give it words.

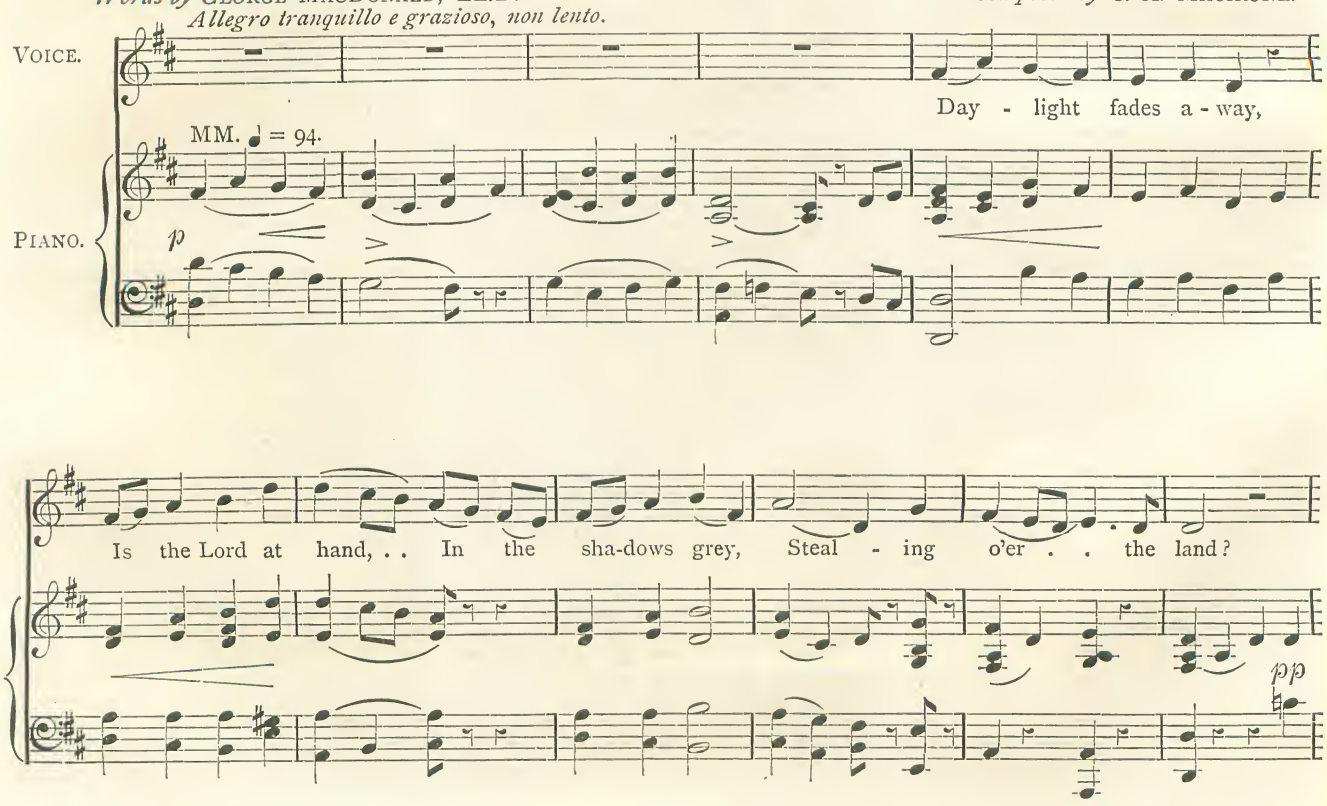
Flora departed next day with a pang in her young heart which would rankle there for many a day—a pang which was even greater than that which laid a burden of desolation on "Collars." For was it not to a great extent her own fault? Had she not been so much of a child in her girlhood, she who had thought herself a woman years ago, that she had failed lamentably in dawning womanly foresight and discretion, and thus she had brought on both—on him, above all—the misery of this hopeless longing and sick yearning. But was it all misery? Was there not a little compensation of exquisite bliss in the midst of the pain? Nevertheless, she wished with all her heart that for the sake of him whose path was thorny enough already with selfdenial and mortification, that she had refrained from her advocacy of his cause.

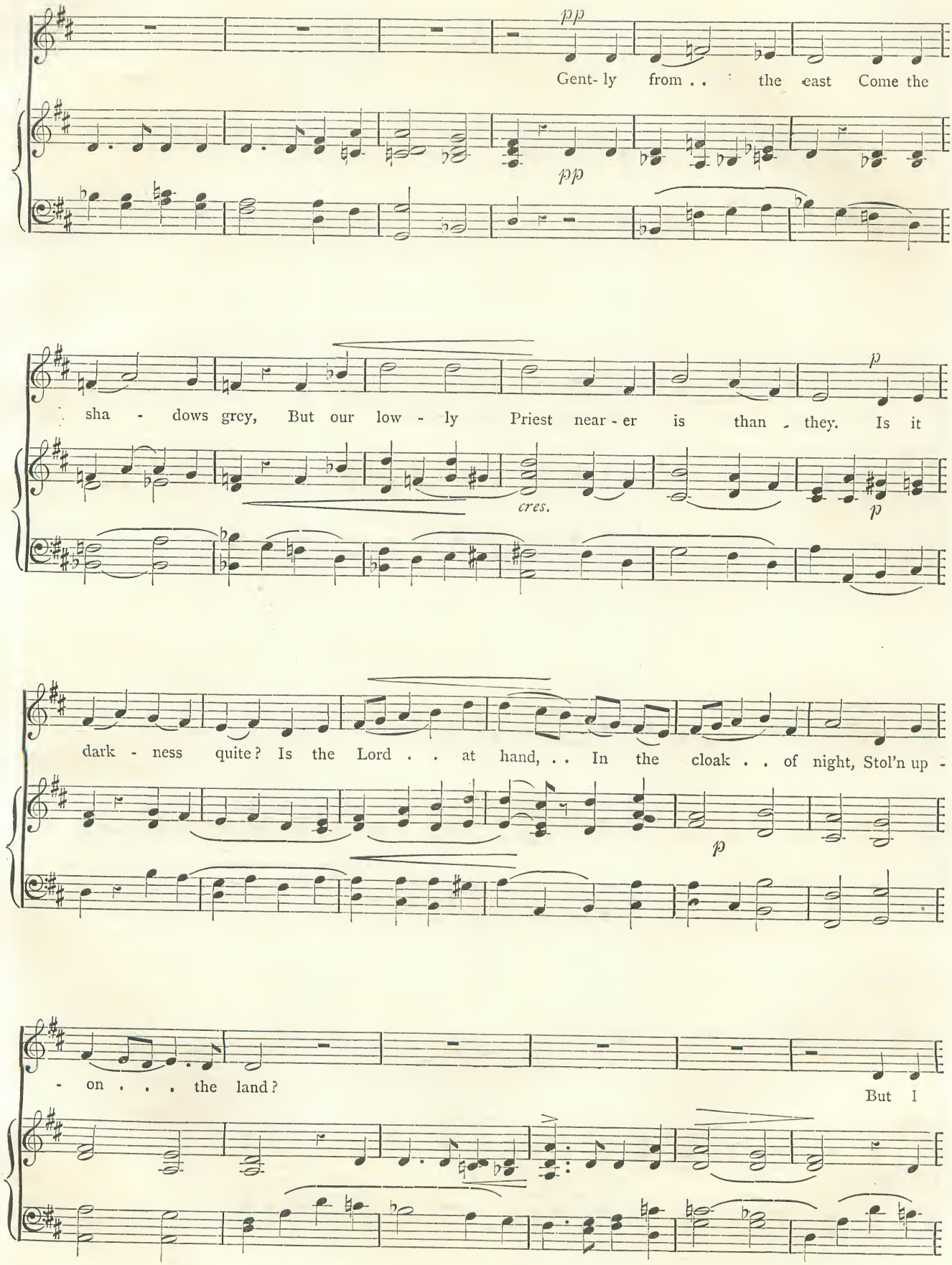
(To be continued.)

ANTIPHON.

Daylight Fades Away.

Words by George MacDonald, LL.D. *Composed by* C. A. Macirone.




pp
Gent- ly from . . the east Come the
pp
sha - dows grey, But our low - ly Priest near - er is than - they. Is it
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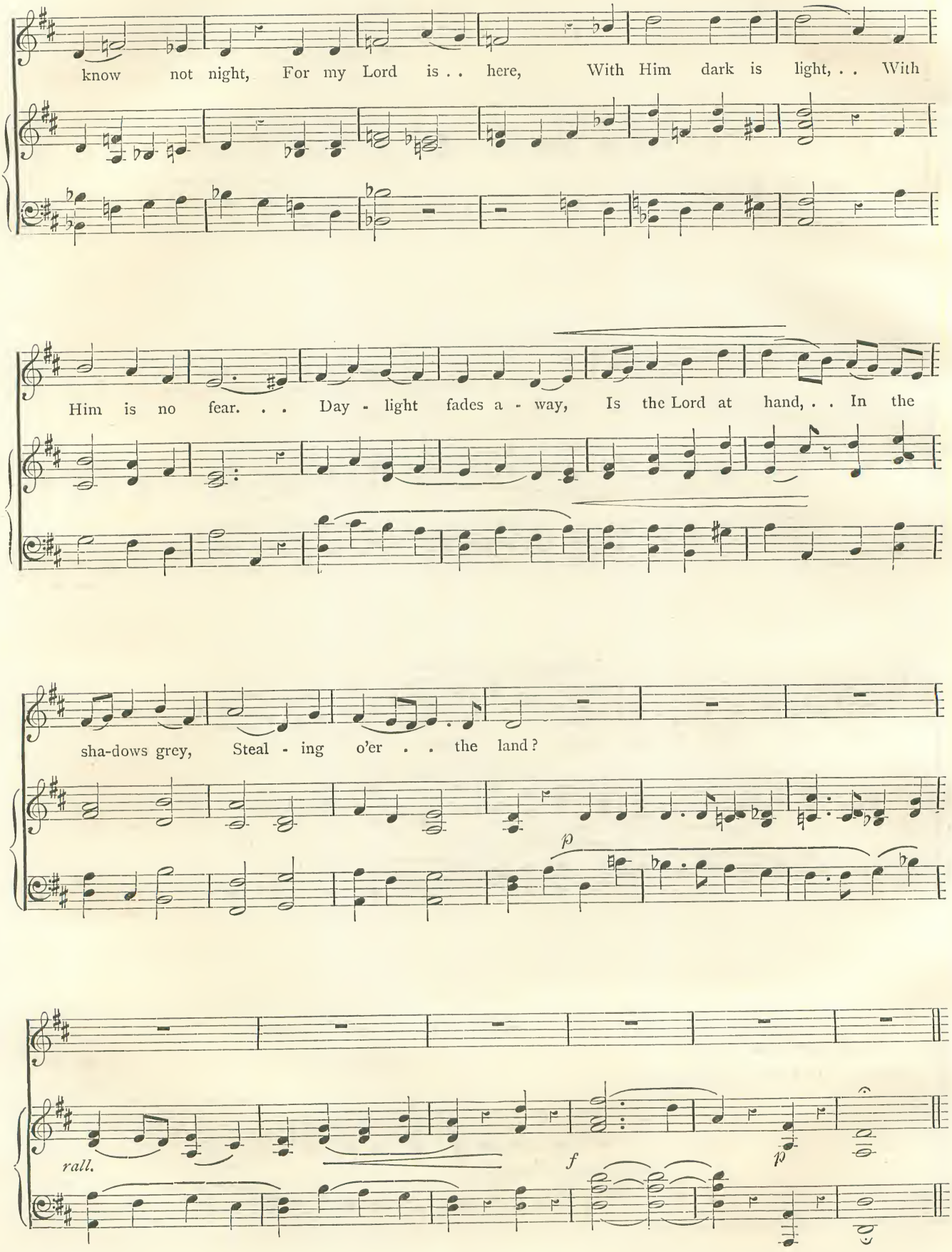
dark - ness quite? Is the Lord . . at hand, . . In the cloak . . of night, Stol'n up -
p
- on . . . the land?
But I


know not night, For my Lord is . . here, With Him dark is light, . . With
Him is no fear. . . Day - light fades a - way, Is the Lord at hand, . . In the
sha-dows grey, Steal - ing o'er . . the land?
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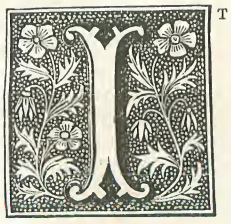
"THE ELDERLY LADY."

SPEAKING FROM ANCIENT ORIENT.



T is always interesting to hear of women who, in far distant lands, among creeds and customs very different from our own, have yet exercised a great influence for good, and won for themselves honour and affection. To make acquaintance with such women across dividing seas, or through the mist of centuries, is to make the world and the past more home-like to us, and to get a new realisation of the strong family likeness existing in the human family of the Divine Father.

We wish to introduce our readers to a famous woman who belongs to India—not to the India of the nineteenth century, but to India in the days long before William the Conqueror had landed in England.

Yet it is quite possible that the remoteness of our heroine's date brings her into more sympathy with us Westerns than if she was the inmate of a zenana to-day. For at the period when she lived the Mahometan power had not overrun India, and by its creeds and customs enjoined and enforced the seclusion and social effacement of the female sex. The ancient Hindu woman, under a simpler and more natural rule of life, possessed privileges and responsibilities which have been lost to her modern sister.

Still, though in earlier times the Hindu woman may have had freer action in a wider circle than she enjoys to-day, at no period have her public utterances been many. In a nation of poets and story-tellers, there have been few women singers. This gives the greater prominence to our heroine, to whom competent judges assign a first rank among her masculine rivals and contemporaries.

It is time to tell you her name; but, alas! she has none! She is known in Hindu literature only by the appellation of "Auvaiyar," which means "the elderly lady," and is evidently only a descriptive title, of special honour and tenderness too, since Orientals have a great regard for advanced years, and the wisdom which they ought to bring with them.

Everything we know about Auvaiyar is mythical. In the absence of records, the most diligent student of Tamil biography admits he has had to fall back upon the vague traditions current among the people.

These traditions say that Auvaiyar's father was a Brahmin, while her mother was a low-caste woman—a combination of divergent sympathies which is by no means uncommon in the heredity of genius. The children of this union were not brought up in their parents' house, but were given into the charge of a man who filled the office of minstrel in the royal Court. From him it is possible that their minds derived the literary basis. It is said that each of the family made a worthy mark in after life. The most distinguished of all, according to tradition, was the brother, Tiruvalluva, who wrote the famous *Cural*, a book whose wisdom and elevation of thought may be best indicated by a few extracts taken from it.

"If a rare opportunity come, let a man do that which is rarely done."

"It is a rare thing to find reverence with those who have not received careful instruction."

"He whose mind and life are free from deceit, has a dwelling in the hearts of all men."

"He will be called the true householder who is a firm support to the virtuous."

"The ground which supports an ignoble body but diminishes its blameless produce."

"If a man inflict suffering, even on those who without cause hate him, it will in the end give him irremovable sorrow."

"If a man in the morning seek sorrow for another, in the evening sorrow will visit him unsought."

"Do the hard-hearted who lay up only the possessions to be lost, know the happiness which springs from giving? The solitary feast and unshared wealth are more joyless than begging."

"Those destitute of love appropriate all they have to themselves; those who possess love consider even their bones to belong to others."

"Forget not the benevolence of the blameless: forsake not the friendship of those who have been your staff in adversity."

"No pious abstinence equals the abstinence of those who overcome injury by patience."

"It is tenfold more injurious to lose the friendship of the good, than to incur the hatred of the many."

"He who destroys the pride which says 'I,' 'mine,' passes into a world which is above the gods."

"Because evil produces evil, therefore should it be feared more than fire."

"The wound burnt in by fire may heal, but a wound burnt in by the tongue will never heal."

"Adverse fate is no disgrace to anyone: to be without exertion, and not to know what should be known—this is disgrace. Although through destiny the end cannot be obtained, the earnest endeavour will yield its reward."

Having thus shown the quality of the great brother's mind, we return to the genius and work of Auvaiyar herself. We know very little about her personal history. There is a pathetic legend that when the low-caste mother was obliged to send away her children, her little daughter strove to comfort her with consoling words. If we would divine anything of this woman's nature, and of the circumstances of her life, we must look for them solely from the convictions wrought in her as manifest in her work. Her translator (the Rev. E. Strutt) presents us with two of her poems—"Wise Words," and "The Good Way." He says modestly, that there is a crisp sententiousness about the original which he fears is faintly reproduced in their English dress. Both poems are long. "Wise Words" contains thirty stanzas, and "The Good Way" forty. What strikes one at once is the total absence of those qualities which are generally called "feminine"—the sentimental, the emotional, the merely fanciful. Every line is strong and practical, with reserves of power. Take this—

"Though year by year you weep and kneel
On graves of friends, they come not back:
Weep not! *That goal is yours;* content,
Give alms and eat till you too die."

Could the simplicity of the real needs of life, and the countless hardships encountered to provide for its imaginary wants, be more tersely summarised than as follows—

"We serve, or beg, or cross the sea,
Revere or rule, sing songs to please,
And thus wear out ourselves to still
The hunger for a seer* of rice.
A seer of rice, two yards of cloth
Suffice; but senseless man still thinks
Of countless things: so keeping house
Is one long care till death ends all."

How clearly she could realise the distinction between "the *sheep and the goats*," and the value of virtue even to those who do not make it their own!—

"Two castes I own: and only two:
Who mete to all unerring right,
As truth dictates, these are the high:
Who act not thus are low in caste.

To see the good is good: and good
It is to hear their weighty words:
Good also to recount their worth
Of heart, and good to dwell with them.

To see the bad is naught but bad,
Bad too to hear their worthless words,
Bad to make known their evil heart,
Bad evermore to dwell with them.

The stream that flows to bless the fields
Makes green the grass on either bank:
And if, in this old world, some men
Be good, the rain will fall on all!"

She finds an apt metaphor to convey the truth that a narrow nature cannot receive a great joy, asking—

"Will measured quart a gallon bring
Though plunged *in deepest sea?*"

She makes no confusion between gratitude and ingratitude, but does not allow the latter to deter from duty—

"A favour to the good will show
Like graving in the solid rock:
Good done to loveless souls is but
As letters upon water traced.

The tiger, healed by skilful leech,
Ate him for thanks: the earthen pot
Was shivered by the flinty rock:
'Tis thus with favours to the boor.

The tree, until it falls, grants shade
To him who feils it: so the wise
And good, while life shall last, are kind
To those who strive to work them ill."

And again, by two quaint similes, she enforces both a truth which is often bitterly borne in upon us, and also its counter-balancing consolation—

"Kinsfolk sometimes are not best friends:
Disease born with us may result
In death: far hills yield healing herbs,
So strangers may give truest help.

But we must hold our hand, and conclude our quotations with a stanza which, if duly remembered, might cause the antique pagan poetess to be thankfully hailed as a peace promoter in many a modern "Christian" home—

"The thrifty gentle wife recks not
Of comforts not within her means;
But the coarse termagant will make
Her husband's home like tiger's den."

We think we have said enough to show that this old-world Hindu matron merited King Solomon's encomium on her who "openeth her mouth with wisdom, and the law of kindness is on her tongue." It does not signify that her very name is forgotten. While her good words can reach the ears of maidens of a race of whose very existence she never dreamed, surely "her works still praise her in the gates."

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

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* Enough for a man's food for one day.

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAUD RECEIVES STARTLING NEWS.

THE weeks passed rapidly by. The cold *tramontana* had ceased to blow, and spring was advancing with swift strides. The flower vendors in the Piazza di Spagna offered to the passer-by huge bouquets of violets, and their baskets were gay with the loveliest daffodils, narcissi, and anemones. Those who preferred to pick flowers for themselves found them in rich profusion at the rural villas or in some of the greener spots of the Campagna. Now was the time to make excursions to the lovely country places about Rome. The girls were often invited to join friends who were bound on such pleasure trips, and they could seldom resist the temptation. The work in the Studio Mariano flagged in consequence. Indeed, it came to look rather a deserted place, for what painting the girls did during the bright warm days was done out of doors. Maud had begun to sketch some of the old arches on the Palatine Hill; Enid was painting some flowers in the garden of the Villa Medici. Maud was continually planning fresh pictures; but, meanwhile, the work she had in hand did not progress very fast. Enid wondered sometimes when her cousin intended to return home. Enid's letters from home were beginning to convey hints that the winter was almost over, even in England, so it was to be expected that she would soon return. But Maud never spoke of their return save as of an event still distant. She must do this; she must do that. There were numberless plans to be accomplished ere she could think of going home. It was evident that Sydney Althorp's persuasions had failed to influence her, unless, indeed, they had exercised an influence adverse to his wish, and inclined her to persist in her own way—a result which Enid, knowing the strength of her cousin's self-will, thought not improbable.

Enid rather wondered at the patience Mr. Marian manifested. She had heard nothing lately of his making any efforts to hasten his daughter's return.

April had begun, when one morning, as the girls were about to start for the studio, the English letters arrived at their *pension*. There were two for Maud and one for Enid.

"We had better take them with us and read them at the studio," said Maud. She ran down the stairs with the letters in her hand. "One from father and one from Aunt Helen," she said. "I expect they have both written to urge me to come home. It is wonderful that father has left me in peace so long. I really *must* think of returning in a week or two. Oh, dear! I wish the thought of London were not so distasteful!"

Arrived at the studio, Maud threw herself into a chair and opened her father's letter. Enid sat down also to read hers. It was from her sister Alice—a long, bright letter, detailing all the little incidents of their home life, which she knew would not fail to interest Enid. She was soon absorbed in it. The dear old home seemed so near to her as she read Alice's words. How she yearned to be back there again! But she would be soon. Had not Maud but just now said that she must think of returning in a week or two?

As the thought came to Enid, making her heart bound with delight, she was startled by an exclamation from her cousin. She looked up. What had happened to Maud? She had sprung from her seat, and stood with clenched hands before her cousin, her face strangely agitated, a spot of deep crimson burning in each cheek, her eyes aglow with passion. The letter she had been reading lay on the floor at her feet.

"Why, Maud," cried Enid, "whatever is the matter?"

"It is shameful—abominable!" exclaimed Maud, in a tone choked with passion. "I could never have believed it!"

"But what?" asked Enid, growing alarmed. "What is it you could not have believed? Do tell me?"

"Oh, I feel as if I could not speak of it," said Maud excitedly. "I could never have thought it possible for father to do such a thing."

It seemed vain to ask what Mr. Marian had done to cause his daughter such agitation. Maud was far too excited to explain. Enid waited in great perplexity, whilst Maud paced to and fro the floor, muttering angrily to herself. At last she threw herself again into her chair, exclaiming, "It is too bad of him! I do not deserve such treatment at his hands!"

"What is it?" Enid again ventured to ask. "Does your father wish you to go home at once?"

"I believe he does," replied Maud, with inexpressible scorn in her tones. "I believe he does express such a wish; but I shall not go. Nothing shall induce me to go home now."

Enid looked utterly bewildered.

"Cannot you understand, Enid?" said Maud impatiently, forgetting that she had as yet given her cousin no explanation. "My father has written to tell me that he is about to be married. Do you suppose that I can any longer regard his house as my home?"

Enid was startled at the news. It was easy now to understand the excitement Maud manifested. Enid could realise in a moment all that the news meant for her proud, high-spirited cousin. She was silent from very sympathy.

"Is it not dreadful?" Maud asked, with a quiver in her voice.

"Perhaps it will not be so bad as you think," said Enid, with some hesitation. "Perhaps when you know the lady your father is going to marry you will like her."

"But it *is* as bad as it can be!" exclaimed Maud. "I *do* know the lady, and it is impossible I can like her! My father could not have chosen anyone less congenial to me."

"Really! How is it you cannot like her?"

"Oh, how can one explain such things?" exclaimed Maud impatiently. "I tell you she is thoroughly antipathetic to me. She is a woman without style or culture or any knowledge of the world—quite a vulgar sort of person, in fact. I doubt if she can even aspirate her h's. How my father could think of marrying her I cannot imagine! I never liked her, but she was a friend of Aunt Helen's."

"Then surely she must have some good qualities," said Enid.

"I never saw them. I could not understand the attraction she had for Aunt Helen. And now my father—— Well, he has chosen between her and me, for I will never live with her."

"Do not say that," interposed Enid. "But I do say it, and *I mean it*. Do you think I will brook having that woman set over me? No, indeed! My father must give me an allowance, and I will live here in Italy. We can go to the mountains for the hot weather. I will never go back to live with a stepmother."

Enid felt some dismay at this unexpected prospect of a prolonged stay in Italy.

"Don't be in such a hurry to say what you will do and what you will not," she replied. "You will feel differently perhaps when you have thought it all over. Did you not have another letter? What does that say?"

"It is from Aunt Helen. I know well the kind of letter it is," said Maud disdainfully.

Nevertheless she took up the letter, opened it, and read it, uttering from time to time sundry scornful exclamations as she did so.

"It is as I thought," she said, as she threw the letter down. "Aunt Helen begs me to take a dispassionate view of the case. She hopes I will consider how lonely my father has been, and how this union will increase his happiness, while at the same time it will leave me perfectly free to come and go as I like. As if I were not free before! Only, of course——"

Maud checked herself abruptly. A thought had come to her which was too bitter to pursue. She rose, and began to move restlessly about the room.

"Well, I will be free!" she exclaimed suddenly. "They shall see that I mean to do exactly as I like. My father actually suggests that I should come home before the wedding takes place. As if I would do such a thing! No; I am of age, and I will demand to have an allowance

"UNDER ITALIAN SKIES."

and to live where I like! Surely you think I am justified in doing so, Enid?"

Enid's face wore a troubled look. She did not immediately reply.

"Why do you not speak?" asked her cousin sharply.

"Because I cannot feel that you are right," said Enid gravely. "I know this is a very painful surprise to you, and it is natural you should not like it; but still, your father is your father, and you have a duty to him."

"It cannot be my duty to go home. He does not need me now," said Maud.

"Does he say so?" asked Enid.

"Of course not. He wants me to go home very soon. He pretends to think that this change will increase my happiness."

"Then he will be very hurt if you refuse to go. He has been a good father to you, Maud—he has indulged you in every way. I think he deserves that you should consider his wishes."

"I do not see that. He cannot really care much about me or he would not think of marrying, for he must know how distasteful the idea would be to me."

"But think how lonely he has been! One can really hardly wonder that this has come about."

"Don't, Enid!" cried Maud, in a tone of annoyance. "That is as bad as telling me it is my own fault. Sydney Althorp would say it was. I know now what he meant when he hinted that if I did not go home soon I should live to regret it. But I never thought of anything like this."

Enid felt that it was useless to say more. It was impossible that Maud could yet be persuaded to view the situation in any light save that in which it had at first presented itself to her. Discussion would only irritate her. So Enid listened quietly to her cousin's passionate protestations, till gradually Maud's excitement subsided, and she grew silent, whilst her miserable looks showed that her mind was dwelling gloomily on the news which had so changed the aspect of her future.

The days which followed were trying ones for Enid. Maud regained command of herself, and did not again express passionate anger with her father; but it was evident that her mind cherished a sense of bitter grievance, and she looked so unhappy that Enid felt the utmost pity for her. Nothing now was said about their returning to England, and Enid had to write to her parents and sisters that they must not expect to see her yet. How Maud replied to her father's letter Enid never knew. After that first irrepressible revelation of her feelings with regard to her father's marriage she seemed unwilling to talk about it. She even made a pretence of not caring much, and of devoting herself with renewed ardour to her art. But it was a sorry pretence. Her work did not succeed. She would begin a sketch, and then presently tear it up in disgust, and plan some other picture. Nothing pleased her long. Now she would go out into the Campagna to paint, and now spend hours in damp, cold churches making sketches of picturesque old architecture. It was vain to urge her to be careful of her health. She seemed quite reckless with regard to herself; and if Enid attempted to utter a word of warning, it had the effect of driving Maud to commit greater imprudences.

"What is the good of making a fuss, Enid?" she would say. "You know nothing ever hurts me; I am never ill. And if I were it would not matter now. I am sure I do not care what becomes of me, and nobody else cares."

"That is not true," said her cousin. "I hope you will never lose your health; but if you were so unfortunate, you would find that you did care about it."

"Of course I should not like to be ill," said Maud impatiently. "I wish you would not always take everything so literally, Enid. That is the worst of you; your ideas are always so proper. For my part, I dislike people who have correct copybook sentiments for every occasion."

"Really! I did not think I was like that," said Enid laughing. "I am afraid my mind is not so orderly as a copybook."

Enid found herself called upon to exercise much patience, for Maud grew increasingly irritable, and it was often hard to bear with her perversity. Enid was not naturally of a patient disposition, so this experience was good for her. Her heart had its own burdens, which it could share with no one. She was beginning to long rather wearily to be at home again with the loved mother who understood her so well; but the time still seemed distant. Meanwhile, she was enjoying the golden sunlight, the blue skies, the fresh young beauty of the foliage, the wealth of flowers of her first spring in Rome. Growing familiarity did not diminish the fascination which the grand old city had for her. Rather the spell grew stronger; and, whilst her heart turned fondly towards home, Enid could not look forward to leaving the narrow tortuous streets, the old brown walls, the solemn ruins, the ancient buildings of Rome, without feeling that they had grown very dear to her, and that it would be hard to say "Good-bye" to them.

Though cross and gloomy when with her cousin only, Maud showed no loss of spirits when in company. Indeed, her gaiety was quite remarkable, and her acquaintance found her society more entertaining than ever, for her conversation was now marked by a daring recklessness of speech which by many persons is mistaken for cleverness. Miss Amory was still Mrs. Dakin's guest; but both ladies talked of going to London to pass the months of May and June. Julius Dakin was still there. The business which had taken him to England apparently demanded time, for nothing was said of his returning to Rome.

"Of course he will stay for the season now he is there," said Maud one day to her cousin. "He will enjoy escorting Miss Amory to all the fashionable entertainments. I daresay she will make quite a sensation in society. American beauties are all the rage in London now."

And a shadow fell upon Maud's face. The conception was not agreeable to her mind.

Nothing more had been said about Mr. Marian's wedding. Enid had no idea when it was to take place. A month passed. The spring was at its height, and Rome full of visitors, when one morning the post brought Enid a newspaper from home. As she opened it she saw that an announcement in the matrimonial column was scored with red ink. The name of "Marian" caught her eye. The brief notice published the fact that Maud's father had been married on the fifteenth of the month—nearly a week ago.

Did Maud know? Enid shrank from speaking to her on the subject, and yet felt that she ought perhaps to show her the notice. After some hesitation she placed the newspaper before Maud as she sat writing a note, and said, as she pointed to the lines—

"Here is something that concerns you, Maud. But I suppose you are already aware of it."

Maud glanced at the announcement and her face grew white; but she only said, "Yes, I knew it," and pushed the paper aside.

She finished her note, rang for the portress to send it to its destination, and then said to her cousin—

"I have said that we will go to the Coliseum this evening with Miss Amory and her friends. I took it for granted that you would go with me. Was I right?"

"Yes, I shall like to go," said Enid. "The moonlight was lovely last night." Then, as she glanced at her cousin's face, she was struck with its unusual pallor, and added hastily, "But are you sure you are fit to go, Maud? You do not look well this morning."

"I am perfectly well," said Maud coldly. "I wish you would not always be fancying things about me, Enid."

She settled herself with a business-like air to her painting, and for some time the girls worked in silence. But Enid was quietly watching her cousin, and she saw that her work made little real progress. Every now and then Maud would sigh or utter an impatient exclamation. At last she threw down her brushes.

"I cannot get on with this," she said. "I will leave it and begin something else. This room is very close; I shall go into the garden. I want to make a sketch of the old fountain, with some pigeons settling on it, if I can persuade them to come."

"Put some food for them, and they will come."

"But I want to paint them in the act of drinking, not eating. However, I suppose I must manage as best I can. I cannot expect them to pose like human beings."

"And *they* are tiresome enough sometimes. Do you remember the trouble we had with Lorenzo?"

"Yes, indeed, the little urchin! He was as restless as any pigeon. Well, I'll go and make a beginning."

Maud spent the rest of her working hours in the garden. She professed to be greatly interested in the sketch which she began, but it did not make much progress. Enid suspected that her cousin preferred to work in the garden that she

might be alone, and under no restraint. The sense of Enid's presence, and the thought that conversation was expected of her, might be irksome to her in her present mood.

It was near sunset, and Maud still lingered in the garden. Enid, having laid aside her own work, went out to look at her cousin's. The garden, with its high walls and heavy foliage, was sunless now, and the air struck chill.

"Have you finished, Maud?" asked Enid. "It is growing cold and damp; you should not remain here longer."

"Oh, Enid, do you see that red light on the wall, and the sunlight just glinting through those leaves above the fountain? I must get that effect."

"But meanwhile you may be catching cold. It is really not safe to sit here longer."

"I do not care if I *do* catch cold!" said Maud perversely. "I wish you would not fuss about me so! I shall not come in till I have done what I want to do!"

It was vain to remonstrate with her. Enid ran back to the studio and fetched a shawl, which she threw over Maud's shoulders. Her kindness was ill-received, for Maud at once shook off the shawl, saying impatiently—

"How can I paint with that thing dangling over my arms? I wish you would leave me alone, Enid."

So Enid left her alone, and, from sheer perversity, Maud remained in the garden even after it had grown too dark to paint. She was shivering when she came in; but Enid, venturing to suggest that she should take some camphor or quinine, was immediately snubbed.

"I suppose it is right that a doctor's daughter should believe in drugs," Maud said; "but I do not approve of dosing myself with them on every occasion, so please do not expect me to do so."

At dinner it was evident that Maud had no appetite, and she owned to Signora Grassi that her head ached. But she was not to be persuaded to give up going to the Coliseum. When they joined their friends, she shook off every sign of languor, and was one of the gayest of the party who explored the grand old ruin by moonlight. Enid would have been glad to enjoy the solemn beauty of the scene in quietude. To her the place was sacred ground. She could never forget that in its vast arena innumerable martyrs had shed their blood as witnesses to the truth. She was inclined to regret that the large black cross, which was formerly planted in the centre of the Coliseum, no longer stood there to mark the association of the place with the Christian faith. The mighty walls, the broken arches, the clearly-defined shadows, the soft mysterious beauty of the moonlight illumining one half the vast circle, whilst the other was plunged in gloom, kindled in Enid a rapture that was akin to awe. She wanted to be silent and to muse upon the past.

But the spirit of the present generation is not attuned to reverence. The minds of the others were as far removed from awe as they were from melancholy. Miss Amory and the young Americans who were her companions deemed it ridiculous of anyone to pause and reflect upon the associations of the place. They found only food for merriment in all they saw. Nothing was sacred from their jests. Their laughter and occasional screams of pretended terror rang out on the air as they passed under the old arches and penetrated into the darkest recesses of the place. Accompanied by one of the guards bearing a lantern, they climbed flight after flight of steps, till they gained the highest platform of the structure, and could gaze down into the vast arena and enjoy the exquisite effect of moonlight and shadow. For most of the party there seemed to be something almost intoxicating in the influence of the moonlight. No one was in a hurry to depart. They seated themselves on some of the fragments of rock with which the place was strewn, and talked and laughed and froliced, regardless of aught save the pleasure of the moment—they did, in fact, almost every imprudent thing they could do. Enid once or twice suggested that they had better be going home, but no one heeded her words; and Maud, the excitement of whose mood had been increasing ever since they set out, seemed the most reckless of the party.

At last, however, they began to descend. Enid, who was anxious for Maud's sake that they should not remain longer, moved on quickly, and was one of the first to reach the ground. Gradually by twos and threes the others joined her, and they were about to set out from the entrance, when it was discovered that Miss Marian was not in the party. No one could say where she was. Those who had descended first supposed that she was with those who had lingered behind, and these last had imagined that she was on in front. Everyone was amazed at her disappearance, and most of them were conscious of some alarm.

At once one of the gentlemen went back to look for her. The others meanwhile began to shout her name, hoping thus more speedily to discover her whereabouts. But their shouts met with no response, and when the gentleman returned, having made a fruitless search in the galleries above, there was general consternation.

"We must go in parties and search every step of the way," said Enid tremulously. "She has fainted or fallen, perhaps."

"Something must certainly have happened to her," said another anxiously.

"On the contrary, nothing has happened to her," said a gay voice, and Maud stepped quietly into their midst.

"What in the world are you all exciting yourselves about so much?" she asked.

"Oh, what a shame of you to give us such a fright!" cried Miss Amory.

"How could you, Maud?" said Enid reproachfully.

"I give you a fright! Indeed, you gave it to yourselves. I have done nothing; I only stayed in one of the arches to look down the outside wall. I had a great mind to throw myself over, but I did not do it, purely out of consideration for your feelings."

"But why did you not answer when we called?"

"Oh, when I found how you were exciting yourselves, I thought I would have some fun. You are not a good seeker, Mr. Trelawney, for you passed so near to me that I could have touched you. I just turned and followed you down, keeping always in the shadow. Oh, it was such a joke to see all your faces!"

It was a joke, however, which Miss Marian had entirely to herself. No one else thought it funny. A check had been given to the gay spirits of the party which could not be easily counteracted. Everyone suddenly became conscious of the lateness of the hour, and anxious to reach home.

"I feel real mean," said Miss Amory confidentially to Enid, whose arm she took. "I never was more frightened in my life. My heart is beating like a steam-engine yet. What could have possessed Miss Marian to act like that? But she has been rather strange altogether in her manner lately. I can't make her out."

Enid too was puzzled with her cousin's bearing that night. She feared Maud might have taken a chill, and she wanted to doctor her when they reached home; but as usual Maud refused to submit to "coddling."

The next morning, however, when Enid looked into her cousin's room, she found her still in bed, and it was evident at a glance that she was far from well.

"It is nothing," Maud said, moving her head uneasily on the pillow; "nothing but a headache. I shall be better when I have had a cup of tea. But I shall not be good for much to-day. You will have to go to the studio without me."

"I do not think I will go," said Enid.

"Indeed, you shall not stay here and waste your time on my account!" cried Maud. "I hate to have anyone by me when I am feeling out of sorts. All I want is to be left alone. If you will not go to the studio, I shall get up."

So Enid had to leave her. She felt uneasy about her cousin, however, and ere she went to the studio, she walked to the shop of an English chemist at some little distance, that she might get some medicine which she hoped would relieve Maud's headache. This shop was near the railway-station, and, as Enid was leaving it, an open cab, with a lady and gentleman seated inside, and some luggage on the box by the driver, passed on its way from the station. Enid started as she caught sight of the gentleman's face. It was strangely familiar, yet for a moment she could not remember where she had seen it. Then suddenly there was recalled to her the time when she and her cousin started from London for Rome. This was Maud's father!—Maud's father, and in Rome with the lady he had made his wife! Enid stared after the carriage in amazement. Then, as she collected her wits, she turned and walked as quickly as possible in the direction of the Via Sistina.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW EMPLOYMENTS FOR GIRLS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART III.

"NOTHING to wear!" was the grievous complaint of two or three decades ago, and was made the title and subject-matter of a bright little book of remonstrance — a poem it was, and it hailed from beyond the Atlantic. A wail ascends from our sisters again; but the form of complaint has changed, and the change is one we rejoice to see, for it tells of a healthy condition of mind, and an honest desire to work. "Nothing to do," is the cry of to-day, "to earn a living, or lessen the burdens on those who are weary and needy at home!" And kindly hands are on all sides extended to guide the willing to new fields of labour; for these are the days when the purse-strings are open, to aid in the struggle for bread of the poor.

Employments for women, both many and various, have been named in this series already; as many, or more, are still on my list, and I cannot give space to them all. The first place for to-day, "without fear or favour," may be given to women as "Printers," for in this department of actual trade their first steps in new paths were taken. The secretary of one of the institutions now in work I have just received, and the fullest particulars thereon; and certainly I have ocular demonstration of the fact that efficiency has been attained; and she may well be congratulated for the excellent work of those employed under her praiseworthy management—I refer to Miss Weede, and the society established for training and finished work, at 21 B, Great College Street, Westminster, S.W. But my judgment, in reference to the specimens now sent me, the public can scarcely need, when so distinguished a critic as Mr. Ruskin has pronounced so favourably upon similar examples. Apprentices are trained for a term of three years, at a premium of £5. A small amount of remuneration is given them after the first three months (*i.e.*, 3s. a week), a trifle being subsequently added to this sum until the apprenticeship be completed. The society is directed under a board of management, amongst whom are Louisa Lady Goldsmid, Mrs. Claude Montefiore, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and other well-known persons. At about the age of eighteen the apprentices are able to earn 15s. a week, which is gradually raised to the maximum of £1 3s. Should they prefer to undertake "piece-work" at the current rate, or the sum above-named weekly, for every week of the year, whether work be good or slack, they are free to do so—it is a matter referred to their own individual choice. This valuable society was founded by Mrs. Paterson, a special friend to her sex, some eleven years ago. Her object was to have women so well trained in the business, that they could "enter into fair competition with men," but "not to undersell them"; and she began her work in a small way in Holborn. The struggle for existence was great during several years; but now the fifteenth annual report of the society has just been placed in my hands, showing a satisfactory balance after the payment of all expenses and dues.

This society, and another under the management of the Misses Hill, 154, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., I need scarcely remind my readers, have followed in the wake of that first women's printing establishment, inaugurated by our pioneer, in behalf of supplying remunerative work for women, now so far back as thirty-three years ago—I refer to Miss Emily Faithfull, who opened the "Victoria Printing Press" in 1858. There she employed a considerable permanent staff of efficient compositors, and a band of girls in training for other offices. Seven or more were supplied by her own during the twenty years that she carried on the business. This lady's efforts in the cause of women were early recognised and patronised by the Queen, from whom she received a "personal warrant" as "Printer in Ordinary, and Publisher to Her Majesty." The work was established in Princes Street, Hanover Square, together with a depository for the sale of needlework, etc., for the benefit of poor and industrious ladies. Miss Faithfull was placed some time ago on the Civil List, for "distinguished services as a writer and a worker on behalf of her own sex."

It gives me pleasure now to speak of one of the most important vocations yet presented for competition—I refer to the "Domestic Science Lectureships," instituted for the benefit of the poorer classes and agricultural population all over the kingdom. Training of an extensive character is essential for so onerous a profession, which is exclusively designed for the daughters of gentlemen, who have comparatively but a limited sphere of remunerative employments open for their competition. The demand for such lady lecturers (required by the County Councils all over the country, and appointed by them) is met by the National Health Society—Hon. Sec., Miss Lankester, 53, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W. Here classes are held and lectures given on Sanitation, Domestic and Personal Hygiene, Elementary Anatomy and Physiology, Nursing—accidents and disease. Artisan cookery (with demonstrations) has to be acquired elsewhere. All candidates for such appointments must be upwards of the age of twenty-five years, and generally well educated. First aid—as taught in the ambulance classes inaugurated by the Order of Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem—must be included in the list of acquirements of the lady lecturer, and a course of three months' training in a hospital or infirmary. The examinations of the society are practical as well as theoretical, and medals are awarded to those candidates who are the most highly accomplished, who will naturally be given the preference for appointment.

It is only fair to say that the Devonshire County Council originated the idea of employing gentlewomen as I have described.

From the prospectuses I have received, I see that these Domestic Science Lecturers will have a very thorough, practical, and exhaustive training; and all that will remain—and which must rest with themselves alone—to make them really efficient for their profession, is an agreeable manner and presence, a light, easy style, though a very clear method of conveying to others what they have learnt themselves. To lay down a list of dry, didactic rules would be to do no effective work amongst their hearers. The talks must be interesting and attractive, the style bright, the instruction couched in such simple terms as to be perfectly comprehensible to unscientific, uneducated persons, otherwise they will not give themselves the trouble of attending them. Each course of country lectures will occupy a period of twelve weeks.

The Technical College for Women in Liverpool (26, Colquitt Street), likewise prepares candidates for employment by the National Health Society, or direct through the various County Councils by whom such appointments are made. Miss Calder is the Hon. Secretary of the Liverpool School of Cookery at the Technical College, and from her I have been kindly favoured with a large supply of their papers.

Since writing the first two parts of this series, I have received a communication from the foundress and manager of the Lady Guide Institution, which originally had an office in Cockspur Street, and was under the direction of a committee. I was so favourably impressed by all I saw some time ago of this very comprehensive system for the employment of educated women, that I included it in my descriptive list of "Women's Clubs," which appeared in this magazine. It claimed a place with them, as it served this purpose amongst the multifarious objects for which it was instituted. The office is now at 352, Strand, W.C., next to Wellington Street. It is under the sole direction of the founder and principal, Miss Edith Davis, and the patronage of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Wellington.

"Cookery," it is now well known, offers a great field for remunerative work to the qualified and certificated teachers of the art. We have our training classes at South Kensington, and elsewhere both in the metropolis and in the provinces, and it seems to me that I can offer but little information on the subject with which my readers have not already been made acquainted in the pages of this magazine. I am just in receipt of all the prospectuses and circulars issued by the great School of Cookery connected with the Liverpool Technical College for Women before named. From the Honorary Secretary I have received a kind letter, from which I quote this extract: "Within a year of its organisation, Elementary Laundry Work was accepted by the Education Department, and a grant accorded for day schools; whereas it took me five years to get Cooking made the subject of a grant before then. Only this summer did I start Household Sewing, with Home Dress-cutting, in our training school; and already our teachers are teaching with high approval in various parts of the country." From this lady I have also received many useful papers, and not the least valuable and interesting are some cookery rhymes, copies of which would be of much service in every family. Experience tells us that aids to the memory, once learned, are never forgotten; as, for instance—"Thirty days hath September," etc. In the present case, I may observe, one set of these verses has reference to the dressing of meat, and the other to that of fish. By whom they were composed does not appear. The fee for training a teacher for artisan and plain household cookery is seven guineas; that for training in all branches of cookery is ten. The training occupies about nine months. "Laundry Work" training, I may observe, is not required for Domestic Science Lectureships.

"Laundry Work," and its supervision by those duly initiated into its practical working, but who can sink capital into the business and employ women to perform it, deserves a special notice. It holds out a wide field of profitable labour, under better auspices at present than ever hitherto. Here in London there are ladies associated in carrying on the business of laundry work, and with no less advantage to their customers than to themselves.

This opening for women ought to bring much comfort amongst the women employed, as the grievances of which they have recently so much complained can scarcely exist in more liberal establishments, directed by persons of a higher class.

A *Teachers' Manual of Elementary Laundry Work* (price one shilling) has just been published by Miss Calder (Longmans, Green, and Co.), and would prove very useful in private households. Those who are able to attend a course of lessons at the Liverpool Technical College for Women receive ten lessons of two hours each (demonstration three-quarters of an hour, and practical work one hour and a half), which course might be increased to twelve lessons, the eleventh and twelfth being devoted to the "getting-up" of shirts.

I now pass on to a department of remunerative work, which will remove the candidate for self-support from out of city life, and bring her into perhaps more healthful surroundings.

"Bee and Poultry Keeping" may be combined; the dry sunny garden essential for the one is equally so for the other, and should be well stocked with honey-giving flowers. The soil should be of gravel or sand, and there should be a paddock affording a good run for the poultry; and if well sown with clover, it will benefit the bees greatly. The wired enclosure should be roofed; but the exposure should be south or south-west, so that every ray of sunshine should be enjoyed within it. The hen-house adjoining or within the enclosure should be well provided with roosting-perches and dark compartments for laying or sitting hens. In country places where I have visited, and where sufficient means were not lacking to provide these poor harmless creatures with a warm dry house, a sunny exposure, and plenty of fine sandy gravel mixed with some sifted ashes in which to roll and clean their feathers, it has pained me to see them utterly neglected. Even apart from any humane feeling, on sanitary grounds such a state of things should not be allowed; for the effluvium is far from healthful, and, moreover, the fowls cannot be in a suitable condition to be employed for table use. No great outlay of capital would be necessary in poultry-keeping. A cottage could be obtained at a small rental, and a quarter or half an acre of land taken sufficiently near a railway station to enable the bee and poultry keeper to obtain a market for her eggs, chickens, and honey, constitute the chief outlay. It is quite a fashionable freak at the present time to take a peasant's cottage and fit it up as a pretty quaint holiday retreat, wherein to rest from work, noise, and intrusion of visitors. Just such a rural snuggery would serve the purpose of one who wished to make an addition to a small income in an easy and healthful way, rendered all the more feasible through this prevailing fancy for acquiring such unpretending country dwellings. We have already seen the idea ventilated in some of the magazines, and to persons who need to augment their means of support, the new fancy lends its aid. Some years ago a gentleman conceived the idea of buying a small piece of meadow land, through which ran a brook, and this little property he devoted to the cultivation of watercress. It was a happy thought to him, for it resulted in adding a couple of hundred a year to his income, as he took the land and brook within easy reach of the London markets, where the demand for that most valuable little esculent is so very considerable. We have given a series of articles on the subject of Poultry Keeping in Vol. X., beginning at page 10 (No. for October 6th, 1888)—seven articles in all. So excellent a series already provided, I need say no more on the subject.

On that of "Bee Keeping" we have two articles, entitled "A Girl's Own Apiary," Vol. XI., pages 452 and 540 (Nos. for April 19th, 1890, and May 24th, 1890). They are charmingly written and thoroughly practical, and save me the necessity of entering further into the merits of this occupation.

Another excellent opening in several branches is offered in reference to "Dairy Keeping." As dairy farmer or proprietor, teacher of dairy work, and dairymaid, many women of the upper and lower classes may find very remunerative employment. Dairy keeping is now undergoing much scientific consideration and reformation. The Bath and West and Southern Counties Society, and the Agricultural Education Committee, are engaged on the important question of improvement; and, acting on suggestions from the Board of Agriculture, the society's cheese room at Vallis Farm, near Frome, was recently employed for the making of experiments. The school of instruction for cheese-making is under the supervision of Miss Cannon. In Gloucestershire likewise the Technical Education Committee of the County Council are engaged in the same way as regards dairy improvements; and a lecture was recently given at Darsley on "Butter-making," by Miss Waddy.

"Lady-Helps" are, here and there, finding comfortable situations; but the difficulty in their case is to obtain a place where all the other domestic servants are of the same class. I know a house where two ladies are associated together to do the whole work required, where a brother and sister keep house together. One "help" in this household is a good cook; but she works in conjunction with her lady-mate; and lady's-maid's, parlour-maid's, and housemaid's vocations are carried out between them. When the general education has been good, little is forgotten, and the work is not half done. At the same time, technical training is more or less essential, and a would-be "lady-help" has very much to learn, and has need of a more than ordinary supply of patience and self-control. Women qualified for such situations are likely to find them in the colonies. My readers may have read an article which appeared this summer in this magazine, on "The Governess Difficulty;" and if so, they need not that I should do more now than remind them of my advice—that their profession of governess should be merged in the many-sided business of the "lady-help," if a field for remunerative work be sought in the colonies. Indeed, so overstocked is the home market with reference to the former that a stampede of young women trained for such a calling must be expected from the mother country. As governesses, pure and simple, no opening is offered in any of our colonies or dependencies. To go out with a family under an engagement to remain with them would be their only chance of emigration in that capacity.

A certain number of artistic ladies have made a more or less lucrative business as "High Art House Decorators." For this occupation much taste, a good deal of study of art in all the various styles—ancient, mediæval, and those of later centuries—at home and abroad; of pictures, books on costume, and ancient stuffs, should be studied, so that no anachronism should appear in any appointments, decorations, forms, and colours destructive to the reputation of an "art decorator." To those desiring to obtain a further acquaintance with this business, a visit to the show-rooms of some lady decorator would be of service.

"China Painting" is an occupation said to be overstocked; but not so staining and painting on glass. This art appears to be in demand for private house, conservatories, hall windows, glass doors, and to take the place of short blinds of Japanese carved wood, cane, wire, or muslin. It may be well to observe that a high premium is required.

I have just heard of an American "Lady Auctioneer;" and novel as the idea is, it is quite possible that a few of our own middle-class countrywomen might find the calling a successful one. I once saw a respectable-looking woman of the lower middle-class acting as a "cheap Jack" as I passed through a London market in a humble locality. But the vocation of "lady auctioneer" appears to be quite a new departure from the paths that women have so far trodden in search of daily bread; yet it is quite possible that it may yet take a subordinate place amongst occupations for respectable women specially qualified for such a vocation.

"Type-writing" is another of the occupations for women of which few of my readers can need much to be said. But this I may say, in recommendation of the business, that Treasury clerkships were opened to female type-writers in 1890 amongst those who were proficient as shorthand writers. A salary of £180 per annum may eventually be commanded by a thoroughly good hand at this business; but the salary paid on first admission to those who have passed the Civil Service exam. amounts to £60 per annum. Work can be found in most large firms, in manufactories, and offices of all kinds, for the type-writer; but many applications may be made, and a long search may precede the finding of an opening while competition is so great. The cost of learning type-writing—which training will take about six months—will amount to two guineas; and of shorthand £5. I ought to forewarn intending pupils in these arts that a knowledge of some of the modern European languages and a generally good education (orthography specially essential) are amongst the qualifications required in a type- or shorthand writer in a large proportion of the houses of business in which their services would be in demand, besides in copying sermons, medical papers, legal documents, lectures, etc.

To type-writing I may add "Plan-tracing," for which occupation there is an office in Great Queen Street, Westminster. Pupils are received by Miss Long, and women's work is carried on there for architects' and engineers' plans, and in "Map Colouring." There is also work of a kindred nature, superintended by Miss Gann and a committee—I refer to "Chromo-lithography;" the office and school are in Queen Square, W.C. The premium is decidedly a prohibitory one to many who might wish to be apprenticed, or at least trained, at a chromo-lithographer's. For the school for chromo-lithography, those alone who have an art teacher's certificate, or have had a year's training in the Female School of Art, are eligible.

"Lithography," pure and simple, is not overstocked, and women might find employment in it, as it is in request for fashion plates; and work of this kind could be obtained in large shops for catalogues and advertisements, as well as for fashion magazines.

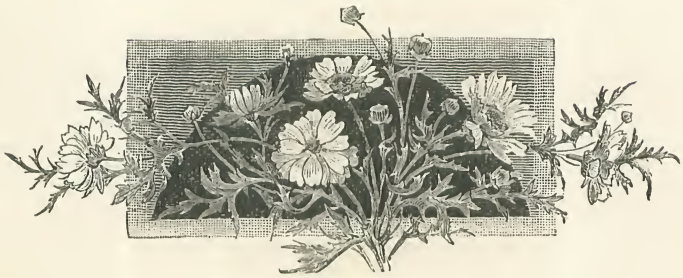
To a limited number of educated women the "Teaching of Deaf Mutes" will be found to offer a fair income, and the work appears to offer great attractions to those who, on experience of its arduous character, decide on adopting it. And certainly to be the means of giving the imprisoned thoughts a vent, after long years of utter inability to express them, and to bring light and the solace of communion with their fellows to the lonely spirits hitherto wrapped in the silence and isolation of the grave, must of itself repay the teacher's labours, apart from the good pecuniary advantages obtained. And above all considerations of comfort to the deaf mutes, or of a competence acquired by the teacher, is the awakening of the poor benighted soul to a knowledge of its Creator, to the influences and responsibilities of conscience, and the unspeakably glorious hopes of the life to come,

through the God-man, Christ Jesus. But oh! the untiring patience that is essential for work like this! Having given the method of training much thought, I wrote an article on the subject in the *Leisure Hour* two or three years ago, and will only now say that Mrs. Kinsey, Lady Superintendent and Secretary of the Training College for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf, Elmhurst, Castle Bar Hill, Ealing, W., will give all necessary information to those desiring to be trained as teachers, which would be at a charge of £50 per annum. There is also a training college for teachers at 11, Fitzroy Square, W.; Secretary, A. G. Klug, Esq. All the insight which I have obtained on this valuable work was through Miss Hull, one of the most distinguished of its practical trainers, who has a private school for the children of the upper classes at Bexley, Kent ("Woodvale," Parkhurst Road).

I suppose that no reader of this magazine can be ignorant of the existence of "Kindergartens." We have six training colleges in London and three in the provinces, and there are about thirty-two schools in town, and upwards of forty in the provinces. Now the special object I have in view in naming this sphere of work for women, as well as the teaching of Ling's system of "Swedish Drill," and that of "Sloyd," is that I think a woman with a small amount of capital might, if well trained in either capacity, find a new field for herself in many a country town where she would meet with no competition. Of course she would have to hire a fairly large room if for gymnastic exercises, send her prospectuses out to the houses of the neighbouring gentry, and leave them in the shop windows for the townsfolk, for whom she might have an evening class in Swedish drill and gymnastics. If accompanied by music, the classes would be the more attractive. In reference to the Kindergarten, the introduction of such a school into a country town would probably prove a great boon to small shopkeepers, or others having all their own housework on their hands, or who have to earn a living, and would do so, away from home, if they could place their children in safe keeping. The office of the Fröbel Society (Kindergarten) is 12, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C.; and the Sloyd Institute is at 115, Vassall Road, Brixton, S.W. That of the headquarters is the Hampstead Physical Training College, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W., under Mme. Bergman Osterberg, near Finchley Road Station.

Printing, Domestic Science Lecturing, Lady Guides, Cookery, Laundry Work, Poultry and Bee-keeping, Dairy Work, Lady-helps, High-art House Decoration, China and Glass Painting, Auctioneering, Type-writing, Plan-tracing, Chromo-lithography, Lithography, Teaching of Deaf Mutes, Kindergartens, Ling's Swedish Drill and Gymnastics, and the teaching of Sloyd, have all had some notice in this third part of my series. A few important ways and means by which a woman may be self-supporting, while rendering needful service to others, remain for consideration in my fourth and concluding article.

(To be concluded.)



THE MYSTERY OF KEVAN CAREW.

CHAPTER III.

"GOOD-BYE, SUMMER!"

"GOOD-MORNING! Mrs. Spriggs," said I, entering a kind of treasure-house of old blue china. "Mr. St. Leger naturally wishes a house-party for the shooting, and I want you to tell me of any people whom you think it is proper to ask. The friends of the Carews have had time to change in thirty years," I added a little sadly, for these September invitations reminded me of those I had written year after year so long ago now, when I was only Jennie's governess.

We were soon deep in consultation; but when at last all was arranged and I rose to go, Mrs. Spriggs detained me with her hand.

"Madam, I hope I shall not vex you," she said, "but are you not going to help Mr. St. Leger break the curse?"

She spoke with no agitation, as one might when broaching a subject known to be hateful to the person addressed, but just as if we had never been interrupted in that strange conversation held in Jennie's corridor nearly two months ago.

"Listen, Mrs. Spriggs," I said quite kindly and gently—for the old woman's persistency touched me in spite of myself; "I do not say you are wrong in this matter; indeed, I beg you will tell me *how* you think Mr. St. Leger is to break this fancied curse, for I feel convinced that your judgment and good sense are warped with brooding over these old wives' tales, and I hope that you and I may have a little talk which will tend to clear up all such delusions."

The old woman shook her head sadly and incredulously.

"First of all," I went on briskly, "I should like you to tell me the various deaths which have carried off the womenkind of the Carews since the curse, as you say, was invoked. What, for instance, befell that good lady who very naturally resented her son's low marriage?"

My words and manner excited Mrs. Spriggs.

"Madam," she cried, "you may scoff, but you cannot scoff away facts! That guilty woman the morning after Sir Kevan's death was found in her bed stone dead."

"Apoplexy," I briefly remarked.

Mrs. Spriggs deigned no notice, but went on almost fiercely—

"Her grandson's wife—thank God, until Miss Jennie there have been no daughters—had two sons, and the elder was drowned at sea. She wasted away five years and died. The next Lady Carew, who was passionately attached to her husband, died of his coldness and neglect—ah, madam, you *may* laugh! And then came Miss Jennie's grandmother; and one day, as she was driving through the park with her youngest boy, the horses, being fresh and easily frightened, bolted, the boy was thrown out, and the wheels passed over him and crushed his life out; and his mother went melancholy mad, and died soon after. The story of Miss Jennie and her mamma you well know, madam."

"Consumption in the one case, *angina pectoris* in the other," I interrupted drily.

"And my late mistress," continued Mrs. Spriggs, dropping her voice almost to a whisper, "was most unhappy in her marriage, Sir Kevan being—I hope I do not forget my place in saying so, madam—far from a kind husband, and the lady having been previously much attached, 'tis said, to a gentleman not thought rich enough to marry her. She fretted and fretted so, poor lady, that she fretted her life away, and the doctors called it hysteria."

"That is the only case of them all in which I put one grain of belief," I said with decision, for I would not admit, even to myself, that my heart misgave me. "That Kevan, as I knew him, at all events, was little short of a brute. And now, Mrs. Spriggs, after all this rigmarole, I want you to tell me what it is Mr. St. Leger is to do to obliterate the curse which you say rests on the Carews."

Leaning heavily on the table which divided us, and bending forward so as to bring the fire of her dark eyes to bear as before on mine—"There is only one way, madam," she said in a low, sad voice; "it is written in the family books, no one knows by whom."

"And that is?" I said.

"That a master of Grayswood shall follow in the steps of Sir Kevan Carew, and *marry beneath him!*"

I sprang impatiently to my feet. A vision of beautiful Lilian Stanmore standing, as I had seen her yesterday, by the side of my handsome Dick, rose before me, and I turned almost angrily upon the old woman.

"Put such nonsense out of your head at once," I said sharply. "Fortunately I am able to assure you that that is the last thing likely to happen, and it is more than probable that you will shortly have to prepare for a very beautiful and high-born bride."

The rash words were scarcely out of my mouth before the housekeeper uttered a bitter cry of pain and despair.

"Oh, Miss Hetty, Miss Hetty!" she sobbed, laying her foolish snowy old head on the table; "is there no one will help me to save you, my lamb, my poor lamb?"

I left the room in the deepest annoyance.

"The superstition of those ignorant country folk is very provoking," I said to myself as I went upstairs; and I was indeed very much provoked. I spent the rest of the morning in

my own room writing; farm accounts, bailiff's accounts—it was endless!

"Thankful I shall be to see that agent arrive next week!" I exclaimed, as I thrummed out a long addition sum with the fingers of my left hand on the table. Presently a knock came at the door.

"Come in!" I snapped, and a maid entered with some cards on a waiter. They were from Stanmore—an invitation for the Grayswood party to a garden *fête* at the Hall.

"Just a sort of 'Good-bye, Summer,' as our delightful Tosti sings," wrote Lady Stanmore, always the silliest of women, in the little pink perfumed note enclosed; "for I fear we poor women and the tennis courts are going to be quite deserted now that the faithless men may so soon be after the dicky-birds!"

"Foolishness," I meditated, as I methodically tore off the blank half-sheet—half-sheets always come in so useful—"is bound up in the note of a woman. I am glad Lilian does not take after her mamma!"

Little did I think, as I made a precise entry of the date and hour of the Stanmore garden-party, that that was to be the most eventful day of my life.

It was for the 29th August, and by half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of that day I had duly rustled into my best silk dress and mantle, tied the strings of my bonnet in an ample bow, and moulded on my lemon *suèdes*, determined to do Dick as much credit as possible.

I came downstairs to find them all three, Dick, Hetty and Mr. Wilkinson, waiting for me in the hall with the carriage at the door, for get into that phaeton behind those two dreadful, plunging horses of Dick's I won't.

I wish I could persuade Dick to be a little quieter in his dress; but he only laughs at me for my "dear old-fashioned notions," as he calls them. And, indeed, most of the young gentlemen at Cambridge are quite as bad, some much worse; and when the May week came round each year, I have sometimes entered my little drawing-room and been made quite giddy by all the striped linen and blazing coats (as I believe they are very correctly named) awaiting me there.

This afternoon both Dick and his friend were as gay as possible, and yet in spite of it all, when half-an-hour later I stepped with my party across the lawn at Stanmore to meet our hostess, I never felt so proud of my boy Dick in all my life before.

It was a pretty scene all lit up with bright hot sunshine, and the girls flitting about in soft-hued cotton dresses, while the matrons basked in easy chairs, the faint breeze just stirring the frills and ribbons of their parasols as they chatted together, or petted the little Stanmores, who trotted about in very short white smocks tied with very large pink sashes.

It was a charming garden, with many a winding lovers' walk, and here and there a clear round pond with the goldfish darting through the crystal rain which the fountains poured upon them.

The house itself was Tudor, in mellowed red brick with ivy clustering about it, and a wide terrace running its whole length. I was sitting in the shadow at the far end of this terrace, with an old friend of poor Lady Carew's, deep in the talk of bygone days we both had known and loved, when a girl in a dress of softest blue stepped out from a long window and stood a moment watching the gay scene below. At the same time I happened to drop my spectacle-case, and the sound attracted her attention. She stooped quickly to pick it up, and as she restored it to me she lifted to mine a face like a little blush rose.

I thanked her, and would have tried to engage her in conversation, but at that moment Lady Stanmore's voice was heard imperatively calling, "Miss Rose, Miss Rose, I want you!" and the girl hurried away.

Presently old Mrs. Sydenham came crackling up. She knew everything about everybody, so I promptly put the question who was that pretty girl who had just gone down the steps.

"Pretty! Oh, you may well say!" she cried, holding up her fat hands and shaking her wiry old curls at me. "*I* wouldn't have such a girl as that about *my* house, with *my* daughter not even engaged! I tell Bessie" (Bessie was Lady Stanmore) "that she will find the nursery governess one too many for Lilian. Not but what Lilian gets more than her share of attention, she added maliciously, glancing across to where Dick and Miss Stanmore, evidently enjoying a most confidential conversation, were sauntering off to the chequered shade of the lovers' walk.

The sight did me good, and prevented my being rude to Mrs. Sydenham, as I should like to have been. After all I could afford to be generous, and no wonder the poor woman was ruffled at my boy taking so little notice of her Clara.

"What is the girl's name, by-the-bye?" I asked pleasantly, for I was anxious to draw Mrs. Sydenham off such delicate ground.

"Rosamund Rose! A fine name for a governess!" she snorted. "Thinks highly of herself too, no doubt, I should imagine, dressed up as fine as Lilian herself! If I were Bessie I would insist on her wearing the stout brown holland which her relations dispose of in the City."

I slightly raised my eyebrows.

"A pity," I thought to myself, "that Mr. Wilkinson doesn't make a few enquiries before he hangs such a stone as that about his neck." But all I said was, "Then after all, Mrs. Sydenham, if one is obliged to be a governess, you think it is better to have a good plain name like mine—Charlotte Shaw? Indeed, since I heard your opinion of Miss Rose, I begin to think it has shielded me from a great deal that might have been unpleasant!" after which I thought it best to slip away on the pretence of hunting for Hetty, whom I had missed some time.

Presently I met Lilian. She was alone, which was disconcerting, as I had believed her to be with Dick.

"I am looking for Hetty," I said; "I haven't seen her for so long that I feel sure she is in mischief."

"No, she is quite safe," laughed Lilian, "having an apple match with Mr. Wilkinson in the kitchen garden;" and at that moment Hetty herself came prancing along, with an enormous "cooker" in her hand.

"Such fun, auntie!" she cried. "I've licked Teddy to fits. He could only manage four; but this is my tenth," and she took a large bite, only to hear which set my teeth on edge.

Of course I made her throw the rest away, at which she sobbed and screamed, and I wondered where Dick could be. Something very important must be keeping him, if even Hetty's cries failed to bring him. Mr. Wilkinson, however, did his best, as indeed he ought after letting her behave so, and soon he and Lilian carried the poor child off between them, quite smiling and happy again, with the promise of a basket of hawthorndeans to be sent up to Grayswood for her own consumption.

Feeling tired and oppressed with the hot sunshine and gay crowd, I turned down a little path, and soon found a sequestered seat almost hidden in the bushes. There was a faint chirp of little birds in the air, and the last dreamy strains of music (for Lady Stanmore had used her interest to some purpose with the officers of our nearest barrack town) came floating drowsily on the breeze. I leaned back and closed my eyes, and the next thing I was conscious of was that two people were coming towards me.

"Oh, Mr. St. Leger, do believe me! It is *not* possible," said a soft little distressed voice; and the voice that answered was Dick's, with a tenderness in its tone which I had never heard before.

"My poor little love," he said; "surely you are not frightened to face these county souls with me? Try to think of me as the bank clerk, which the merest accident prevented me from becoming."

"You a bank clerk!"—with just a gentle touch of pride almost as of a possessor in her tone. Then wearily enough, "Oh! it is of no use—no use! As you will not leave me, I must go away myself. I gave Lady Stanmore notice this morning."

"But you are not going to give me notice too, sweetheart," answered Dick in a voice so loving yet so determined that my heart felt sick at the sound. "Now, my little Rosamund, all I want you to say is this—'I love you, Dick, and I will be your wife whenever you want, and I don't care a rush what any of the county snobs may say or think.' So easy, sweetheart. Come!"

I peeped through the bushes. There stood my boy, his head bent with an air of protection over Lady Stanmore's governess, and holding up her rose-like face to his between his two hands. She lifted her blue eyes shyly, and the words came so softly that I could hardly catch them at all—"I love you, Dick"; but no further, for at that moment Lady Stanmore was heard calling shrilly as before, "Miss Rose, Miss Rose, I want you!" And I didn't wait to see the parting, but just dropped into my seat with a muffled groan.

It never even occurred to me that I had been listening to what was not meant for me to hear, and seeing what was not meant for me to see. The one thought in my mind was that all the brilliant future I had planned for Dick was utterly and completely shattered, and that by himself. Then came a worse thought—What if, after all, the fault was mine, and that, while too closely watching Dick's interests in one quarter, I had failed to guard and counsel him in another and far more important one?

Despair! I sprang to my feet and walked rapidly along, heedless of where I went. Presently I came to a gate, and recognising the path beyond as one leading across the meadows to Grayswood, I passed through, and with my heart beating fast, and my brain in a whirl, I hurried through the golden cornfields home.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

IRISH KATIE (Dorset).—We can only recommend you to study our article, which recently appeared in this magazine, on "The Governess Difficulty." We endorse the opinion that if they wish to emigrate, and obtain assisted or free passages, they must offer themselves as "lady helps," as governesses are not eligible for them, nor is there any demand for them in the colonies. Your proficiency in needlework and cutting-out would be a great recommendation to you. You should have letters from your clergyman and as many persons holding good private or public positions as you can get, as introductions and certificates of character and connections. You write an excellent hand.

THISTLE.—The ancient inhabitants of Caledonia (as it is called by the Roman historian Tacitus), were probably Caledonians and Picts, tribes of the Celts who passed over from Gaul in the early part of the 4th century. They were invaded by the Scythians, since called Scots, who drove the Picts to the north, and settled in the lowlands, and gave their name to the whole country. The Venerable Bede says it was called Caledonia till A.D. 258, when it was invaded by an Irish tribe, and called Scotia. Kenneth II. was first king of Scotland, 838.

ROSY CHEEKS.—1. If "an assistant mistress" of a school, how is it that you spell "oblige," "oblidge," and "truly," "truely"? The fees for the classes and lectures of the women's department of King's College, London, are a guinea a term for each class, excepting in two or three special subjects. For ladies engaged in teaching, these fees are reduced by one-third. Apply to Miss Schmitz, 13, Kensington Square (lady superintendent), for further particulars and prospectus. You can also obtain a syllabus of lectures from her, price fourpence.—2. When friends make you a present, thank them, of course; say all you can in praise of their gift, and say that you value their kind thought of you.

C. A.—The Holy Scriptures tell us "There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not" (Eccles. vii., 20). Again, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (I. St. John, i., 8). But we are also told that "we are complete in Him," whose "righteousness is unto all and upon all them that believe" (II. Cor. v., 21). As we are only finite beings, nothing can be perfect about us, although we are bound to strive after holiness by the aid of the Holy Spirit. But our blessed Lord is "made unto us . . . righteousness"; for it is "imputed unto us" by Him, who, though "He knew no sin," in reality, was "made sin for us," or, in other words, our sin was "imputed" to Him, and He bore its responsibility and punishment for us.

ART.

DESIGN.—1. To dispose of original designs for wall-paper, we think you should apply to the head manager of some great manufactory of such paper, and show what you have done. First write and state what you want, and, if possible, show your work in person, after making an appointment; or, still better, get a gentleman friend to do so for you. —2. All specimens of work must be sent in to the Council of the Royal Academy, Burlington House, before June 28th, accompanied by a printed form duly filled in. You must get a member to write and ask for this form from the Registrar. If your specimens of work be approved, you will be admitted for a period of six months as a probationer. A further specimen showing proficiency will then be required; and if approved, you will be received as a student for a period of six years.

MUSIC.

AN INNOCENT.—1. The zither is a difficult instrument on which to acquire proficiency. You should have some lessons to begin with. The lowest price you should pay would be from 15s. to £1. The instrument would be but a child's toy at less than that. —2. For failure of sight from loss of nerve-power, wearing glasses is not sufficient as a restorative. If on a clay soil, you should remove to a dry, sandy, or gravel one, and a bracing air on a hill, or by the sea. You should live well, and go to bed early; avoid gas light as much as possible, rest the eyes, and bathe them in cold water. A weak solution of vinegar and cold water, used at least twice a day, is strengthening. We know a lady suffering from the same trouble, and who was ordered to Brighton from a clay soil, who was able to read and work a little within a week of the change.

JUDY.—The Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W., gives scholarships to both sexes, tenable during three years, of which fifty-three are open and nine local. The fee for students is £40 per annum for tuition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WINDY WEATHER.—Address a dean as "The Very Rev. the Dean of ——;" and a captain in the army, as "Captain B——, 9th Regiment," etc.

OLIVE BURNHAM.—The brother's property would be divided equally between his sisters. The sister's son would have no rights if his mother were alive.

NETTIE WHITE.—1. Remain with your friend during the brief time she makes a few friendly remarks to her acquaintances *en passant*.—2. We are gratified by your letter.

A TURKISH LASSIE.—1. The 25th August, 1865, was a Friday, and the 1st May, 1852, a Saturday.—2. We do not think that you can need to go into a hospital for "weakness of the nerves and pain in the head." But there is one for nervous diseases, including paralysis and epilepsy, in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.—Secretary, Mr. B. Burford Rawlings; also at Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W., and another at 73, Welbeck Street, W.

A BANJO ENTHUSIAST.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—You should go to a surgical instrument maker, taking a letter of directions from your doctor, relative to your ears, and naming the sort of appliance that your form of deafness requires. Much depends on the cause of deafness. It might be from an accident, a fall, or an explosion; it might be hereditary, or from temporary depression of the general system.

AN ELEVEN YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—1. We know of no way better than washing with soap and water to "fetch mould off your face."—2. You do not explain what sort of "marks" are to be "fetched off a light velvet dress." Are they "mould" marks also, or grease, ink, or ordinary dirt? We think you had better cover them with some lace or gimp trimming, or else alter the folds so as to hide them.

A READER.—The version of the Psalms in the Bible is that made by the translators of the Bible in the reign of James I. That in the Prayer Book was anterior to it, and was made in 1539, chiefly from the Greek text. It is dear to many, and familiarised by custom; but that of the Bible is translated directly from the Hebrew, and probably of superior authority as regards a disputed reading of a text. The Latin headings are merely the repetition of the first words of the Psalm.

MARTHA.—Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is illegal in this country. Your going over to Canada, the United States, or to Australia, to have the ceremony performed would not avail you, nor your children, as an English woman, on your return to your own country. You could not be received into society, and your children would be illegitimate, and, excepting by will, could not inherit your own or family property, nor could they claim their father's surname, although he might give them leave to use it, as they might a nickname. It is a very serious thing to marry in defiance of the law. We thank you for your kind letter.

ONE IN DOUBT.—Our blessed Lord said, "Why take ye thought for the morrow?"—anxious or unnecessary thought. God inspired His holy prophets, and what they foretold in His Name and by His command is not to be compared to what any old woman may tell you in return for your "crossing her hand" with a sixpenny-piece. No; rather say, in humble faith, "My times are in Thy hand." It is enough.

A CONSTANT READER.—In taking photographs intended to represent the four seasons, "Spring" would be a fair young girl dressed in a flowing robe of pale green or white, with spring flowers—primroses, crocus, and daffodils. "Summer" is also dressed in white, with summer flowers—principally roses. "Autumn" is generally robed in yellow, with red leaves and autumn flowers, such as the chrysanthemum. "Winter" wears white fur and holly berries, and a gown of some thick white material, such as cloth. You could have screens at the back to represent appropriate landscapes; and as they should be out of doors, there might be rocks and trees. Snow is represented by salt and cotton wool in such pictures.

ROSEY MAY.—When you become naturalised you obtain all the rights of a native-born subject—protection from foreign interference and wrong, conscription if a man, the benefit of the laws for marriage, property, protection of good name, the right to vote, etc. We are much gratified by your kind letter, and your opinion that our paper grows "nicer than ever."

MAB wishes to know the meaning of "tit-bits." The term is derived from two Anglo-Saxon words, *tit*, *tid*, or *tydder*, which signify "nice" or "tender," and *bita*, a "bite," or "mouthful." Literally, it refers to things delicate and appetising which are edible; but the use of the term has been extended to *bon mots* and trifles of a piquant character in news, stories, etc.

PUPIL TEACHER.—1. The best English spoken in England, amongst the people in general, is that spoken in the east midland counties—in Essex, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk—all bordering on the ancient monastic regions. You will find our authority for this statement in French's work on *English, Past and Present*.—2. It is quite possible that the temporary failure, in a measure, of your sight is occasioned by bilious derangement. When the liver is out of order the whole nervous system is upset, and the most delicate of the nerves, such as those of the eye, become more or less disabled. And not only dimness of sight, but double vision, may be experienced. To "see double" is by no means peculiar to hard drinking.

H. D. P.—According to Hazell's last edition, the number of Wesleyan Methodists is 28,000,000 throughout the world. In the northern states of America there are 1,900,000 members; in the southern, 1,000,000. The total number of members of the Anglican communion is said to be 40,000,000. In the United States there are 1,250,000 members.

DUCHESS.—1. The name "duke" occurs in Gen. xxxvi., 15. It is not a title of nobility, but is considered only used to mean a leader or chief.—2. Perth was first an important place in the 12th century; but tradition ascribes its foundation to the Romans. It was the capital and residence of the Scottish kings till the ruthless murder of James I. by the wild clansmen of Grahame, 1437, showed it to be too near the Highlands for safety. The kings had no palace here, and the Court lived in the Cistercian abbey. Edward I. of England, wishing to annex Scotland to England in 1296, dethroned John Balliol, ravaged the country, destroyed the muniments of Scottish history, and carried the prophetic stone of Scone to Westminster, where the present chair was made to receive it. The history of this stone goes back to 313, when it was in the cathedral of Cashel, the capital of the kings of Munster. It was called the Lia Fail, or Fatal Stone. It was borrowed by Fergus I., a prince of the royal line, to be crowned on in 330, and never returned.

FATIMA.—You would have to advertise for the book, and get it second-hand.

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PRINCESS MAY.

BY LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

ON topmost bough 'twas set, this Flower of May,
As fresh and fragrant as a summer day.
In wallèd garden, safe from fear of harm,
The bright young life up-sprang in all its charm.

Blue was the sky above; the earth beneath,
Like emerald green, sweet-scented with the breath
Of dainty blossoms. All around looked fair
And soft and happy in the morning air;
When lo! a sound of joybells on the ear
Came ringing, ever louder as more near
The bridal day drew on, with splendid train
Of blessings uttered o'er and o'er again.
Up rose a shout of gladness from the land;
The nation poured its gifts with lavish hand—
A cheer of welcome echoed far and wide
To the young Prince and his belovèd bride.

Oh! Flower of May, dear lady, gentle, sweet,
How shall the rest be told? the bliss so fleet
To pass away from thee; the sudden gloom,
Which deepened, and still deepened, till a tomb,
White gleaming in the blackness, all apart,
Shut in thy bridegroom's body, and thy heart.

God save thee, Royal maiden, Princess May!
All England sorrows with thee on this day;
Our hearts are sorely stricken for your woe—
May He give strength from whom all strength must flow.

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PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY (MAY) OF TECK.
(*From the photograph by Messrs. Russell & Sons.*)

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

A FIRST SEASON.—THE HAYTER GIRLS IN KENSINGTON SQUARE.

IF Aunt Bennet knew I had been so careless and reckless, though I never meant any harm, would she think I was not fit to go into society, or would she think it was high time I took the plunge?" reflected Flora. But there was nothing to tell; there never would be anything to tell—that was the sorrow of it. Flora and "Collars" must learn to forget each other in that way, which seemed an impossibility; but there was no denying that they had a good many years before them for the hard duty. In the meantime, there was no use bewailing their pitiable plight, each without a heart of his or her own, while they were each burdened by the possession of another heart which neither of them could openly acknowledge, or knew at all what to do with in the circumstances.

So Flora had her first real, beautiful company outfit, and went out four or five days or nights in the week with Dorothy and Mrs. Bennet. It would be idle to say that Flora, after the first faithful reluctance to avail herself of a diversion of her mind from which "Collars" was far removed, did not enjoy the novelty and charm of everything, though there was an ache in the background of the enjoyment, just as there had been an ache behind the zeal of her sightseeing when she first came to London. She was a young girl, healthy in mind and body, of a happy nature, willing to be pleased and to give pleasure, though she could not get the moon for which she was secretly crying. She was with kind friends, who were doing all they could for her, and were pleased with her pleasure; and that world of bright doings and constant movement and excitement was new and full of its natural attraction for Flora. Though it was not quite the world of presentation to the Queen, Court balls and concerts, and great routs, it was not very far from it. In addition, being the world of Kensington, it had a delightful flavour of its own—a flavour of music and art, of conversaziones in the Museum, of studio receptions, and of great singers in the Albert Hall. It had its divagations to Kew, Chiswick, and Richmond, where its festivities became of a semi-rural and aquatic character, and took the form of garden-parties and regattas, rowing-parties, so-called brilliant breakfasts, etc. Flora had ceased to think English ladies and gentlemen stiff and monotonous in their uniformity. She had become at home with them; she could enter into their interests. They on their side reciprocated her advances towards cordiality. Flora had no want of partners and friends, though she was not a daughter of the rich wine-merchant. She was liked, and sought for her own sake. Her radiant bloom, though it might be a little out of date among the creamy, ivory complexions of the present-day standard of beauty—in a certain order of novels at least—her *naïveté*, spirit, and sense for her years, all had their tolerably ardent admirers. What girl of eighteen is, or is bound to be, entirely indifferent to such agreeable popularity? Flora had a notion all the time that the novelty of the scenes had a great deal to do with their lively attraction; that this phase of her existence was bound up with the sparkling effervescence, quick sympathies, happy inexperience, of her teens. She could see that the round had already become a little stale and flat to Dorothy, who had reached her third season. Flora recognised dimly that the exquisite glamour of the entertainment, and the keen relish for it, must pass away like the dew of that youth to which it was offered. The enchantment, without *arrière-pensée*, would not, could not, and ought not, to last, even as the bud must give place to the flower, and the flower to the fruit. But while it did last she was sometimes startled to find how it had taken hold of her abounding life; how she was in danger of being carried off her feet, as Dorothy had predicted. She was fain to steady herself from being reduced to becoming dependent for her happiness on a whirl of gaiety, and a heap of pretty frocks, mantles, and hats, down to gloves and shoes, with an ovation of compliments and requests for her favour. She was the daughter of a manse, a simple, hardy, home-loving creature, to whom it was a treat to drink tea with Miss Arabella and her sisters at the Cottage; an intoxicating contrast to be transported from the quietness of the comparative solitude of her life into the middle of the noisy glee and good fellowship of Fearnton; an honour, to be prized and treasured up, to dine or spend a day or two at the Castle. Flora had to make conscientious instinctive use of the props and stays within her reach in order not to grow what she called "silly"—properly speaking, vain and frivolous. She was not going to lose sight either of her birthright or her identity. She had to avail herself fully of those quiet serious Sundays which Mrs. Bennet, to her credit, kept like so many oases for rest and reflection, uninvaded by the tumult of engagements which belonged to all the other days in the week. Flora had to cling a little to Mary, who, to be sure, was reinstated in her nursery, and had to return to school, but who was still fain to ask Cousin Flora to help her in every difficulty in her lessons, to tell her Highland stories, teach her to repeat verses of the Scotch Psalms, to which mamma listened with such a moved, far-away look. A somewhat dangerous indulgence, only less dangerous than an infatuation for pleasure, was to hear the child chatter about their happy visit to The Grays, about the violets and the primroses, the digging in the garden, and the wheeling away of the weeds, the porridge Cousin Flora made, about Dodger and Cousin Gil. Flora had to persist in keeping those working afternoons at Mrs. Fowler's free, so that she could still go there with Kate; and the two would stitch in a company of young sempstresses, and listen to Mrs. Fowler reading something worth hearing, or follow her lead in conversations which set girls thinking, till the nimble fingers were weary.

Another effectual method for detaching Flora from devotion to the gay world into which she had been launched, was for her to sit still after listening to Mary's chatter, and recall The Grays, and one person there, whose life was all duty relieved by little or no pleasure, save what came from the performance of duty—a bracing and manly satisfaction in combating natural weakness and personal inclination somewhat akin to "the stern joy" which a good soldier is said to feel in mastering a fitting foeman. That person was bravely and patiently accepting the limitations and contradictions of his lot. Now that the weather was hot and dusty, he would be daily trudging to and fro along the fatiguing road to the train, with the hard baked white glare where the chalk came to the surface. He would be travelling in a stuffy, stifling third-class carriage. He would be rousing himself with an effort from unconquerable drowsiness to plod again through the files of papers and the array of figures on his desk. And next, he would be home for the day, or rather the night, and ought to be having well-earned rest and refreshment, buried in one of the books he loved, while Beata and Minnie were tinkling their evening gavottes and mazurkas on the piano, and their father lay stretched luxuriously on the couch, his arms above his head, listening to them, while their mother, in the twilight of the writing-room, and the vague immensity of her soul, brooded over colossal mental shapes which she could neither define nor compass. Then "Collars"—Gilbert—fatigued and faint with his day's work, would have to pull himself together again, and go out to the garden to pick the fruit, to bring in the vegetables for next day's dinner, which Frederica could not possibly get unaided, among which, in that unreasoning damsel's stolid desperation, she would, if left to herself, make a stampede, tearing up and trampling down more of her young master's labours than was in anything like fair proportion to those profits of the work which she secured by lawful means. "Collars'" family would probably exchange smiles and shakes of the head, and tell each other, not without a consoling sense of superiority, how

boorish and uncultured in his ways poor Gil was getting; how he would probably end, though he spent his days in the centre of civilisation, with being as complete a clodhopper as the young farmers around him. When he was wandering disconsolately among the summer roses, did he think of Flora as she had roamed gladly among the spring lilies? Did he ever sing now? Would nobody play his accompaniments? How could she be so heartless as to think only of pleasure when he was more lonely than she had ever been, and further removed from joy? In the light of these sobering reflections there was a certain solid gain to Flora from the disaster which had befallen her and another at The Grays.

Towards the close of the season Mrs. Bennet put into execution a project which she had devised, in order to make some return that the Hayters would like, for their hospitality to Flora and Mary, and for the great benefit which had accrued to Mary's health in consequence. The two families had seen little or nothing of each other, with the exception of "Collars," for a period of years. Now Mrs. Bennet was about to make another tender of kindred regard, a tender which was not to suit her own convenience this time. She invited Beata and Minnie to pay the family a visit in Kensington Square—a visit before the season was ended—and to go out a little with her and the girls, so that the visitors might get a glimpse of good society and a taste of its pleasant things—whether for their benefit or their bane remained to be proved.

Mrs. Bennet made her proposal (which was accepted with ecstacy by the pair graced by the invitation) not without fear and trembling. It was all very well to do what she could for the Hayter girls in return for what the family had done for Mary. But how if they were not presentable? Must she suffer for her good nature, as surely she must if she were compromised by Mr. Bennet's nieces turning out unformed illdressed gawkies? Flora said "No"; but Flora was too charitable, and Mrs. Bennet could not afford to be disgraced by her kindred and visitors, since people who are always climbing the social ladder, though they are so far successful in making the ascent, rarely attain to a very secure footing.

Mrs. Bennet was agreeably surprised to find Beata and Minnie quite ornamental, both bodily and mentally—a little flimsy, perhaps, alike in body and mind; but that only afforded her the opportunity of making them a present of some good clothes, as she had intended to do. The comfort was that invitation and clothes were not thrown away, and that Beata and Minnie did not look as if they would resent the last boon. Minnie was really pretty, bright, charming, and airy in her little way. Mrs. Bennet was not without a hope of doing her a lasting benefit—far beyond the trifling gains the donor had at first contemplated. Being a liberal-minded, large-hearted woman, without any petty jealousies where her daughter and her best-beloved niece were concerned, Mrs. Bennet was really glad to entertain this idea. She was not quite so satisfied when the first sign of its fulfilment appeared in the behaviour of Dick, home for the Long Vacation. Alas! alas! tired of an unpermitted, unrequited suit, and caught in his fickle boyish fashion by other and more congenial graces, Dick foreswore his secret sentimental allegiance to Flora, and showed himself openly smitten by Minnie, with every encouragement from the object of his present attentions. Mrs. Bennet was disgusted and indignant. Her Dick, her only son, to be in danger of throwing himself away on a brainless coquette; and, what was far worse, the daughter of Martha and Henry Hayter, one of a family of beggars, if Gilbert was left out, and who doubtless would forthwith prepare to withdraw themselves from the bowed neck of their own son and brother, in order to precipitate themselves on the unencumbered neck of the cherished representative of the Bennets! Here was the recompense which Mrs. Bennet received for her kindness! But she was far too wise a woman, too fair in her dealings, openly to cry out, to remonstrate with Dick, to abuse and turn upon Minnie. Mrs. Bennet worked on the passiveness of Mr. Bennet, so that Dick, with no choice of his own in the matter, was despatched on a long yachting tour, and she made up her mind that never, never, even after Dick had left Oxford and gone to Woolwich, even after he had joined his regiment and was ostensibly a man and not a lad, and his own master, would she invite his cousins, the Hayters, when there was the slightest possibility of Minnie's encountering Dick. It was all over within the first week of the Hayters' visit; and Flora saw it all, and was profoundly thankful that she had never encouraged Dick for a second, never believed in his ridiculous fancy so far as to condole with him on its frustration. For she found that even her aunt's affection for her—Flora—would not have stood so severe a test; and how could she have borne to bring division into a house which had opened its doors to her in her forlorn condition, and made her as one of its own children?

Flora had been a good deal disturbed and agitated in view of the Hayters' visit and of the increase of intercourse it might bring about with "Collars," who had certainly only come once to Kensington Square since Flora and Mary's return home, and had chosen a time when the girls were likely to be out, and were out. Flora had been the least in the world hurt by his self-restraint and avoidance of temptation, though when she had experienced the awkwardness, agitation, and positive wretchedness of the position when the two did meet, she gave him credit for the good sense, the consideration for her, and the respect for her guardians, which kept him away. She might have a foolish wish that he was less capable of mastering himself; she might have a consciousness that there was a delicious element of mutual understanding, unswerving regard, and youth's fond dreams, in the very wretchedness, which, on its other side, was so trying and tantalising. But she knew all the time he was right. She could hold up her head proudly in the middle of her passing disappointment, and tell herself that he was acting as she might have expected him to act, as she ought to wish him to do. His sisters' presence did not bring "Collars" nearer to Flora, or more in her company, as she had imagined for a moment—with a flutter of her heart that meant half shy unreasoning joy, half warning pain—that it would do. Beata and Minnie did not count on his company to complete their satisfaction, and were perfectly content to see a little of London and go into society without their brother. His coming and going to and from Kent every day was sufficient excuse for his having little time to spare, out of office hours, in town. Flora had to be content with being kind, with a pathetic amount of wistful kindness, to "Collars'" sisters, who really did not need such an adventitious addition to their happiness. They were supremely happy in the luxurious house, so cheerful for young people. They heartily appreciated every evidence of wealth and daintiness from which Flora had turned, after her first tribute of admiration, with a shade of weariness and a sensation of surfeit. Nothing was lost on the Hayters; they basked in the material prosperity. They were born sybarites, who had hitherto been doomed to dwell in the hard bare places of the earth, of which they had made the most according to their lights. They were restored, as it were, for a space, to their native sphere. The one drawback was that it was but for a space; the visit must needs come to an end, and that ere long. The girls must return to their unloved, unlovely home, to be buried alive, as they said, to dress only for themselves, to go out no longer to an entrancing succession of parties at the winding-up of the season.

"I think I shall just die, Flora, when the last day of our stay here arrives," said Minnie, making the alarming speech from the depths of the easiest of easy-chairs, in which she was luxuriously lounging, while she flirted a fan now and then, more for the purpose of exhibiting its feather-tips than of cooling herself. For the house was on the shady side of the square, and the long windows were open behind the closed jalousies. The very heat, thus subdued, was a luxury, the dim light made every beautiful object around more ideally beautiful, and the fresh fragrance of the mignonette which pervaded the room, free as it was from the subtle sweetness and luscious heaviness of heliotrope and stephanotis, was rousing as well as grateful to the sense it appealed to. Only Beata and Flora were in the room with Minnie, so that her reflection was but a cry of future despair, which, since it was all anticipation as yet, served rather to enhance than to darken her supreme content with her present circumstances. Take notice that Minnie's luxurious moaning had nothing to do with Dick's enforced departure. She might have missed him too badly down at The Grays, but in London, in Kensington, his going could not spoil the wealth of delights and triumphs around her. No doubt she had smiled coquettishly upon him with a

small throb of her self-seeking little heart, but the throb had been at the notion of her early release from her house of bondage down in Kent, not for the sake of poor Dick, who had been decidedly the more disinterested of the two in the brief flirtation. When she had seen it could not be, when she had found him sent away, she had submitted with the best grace in the world—a reasonable docility which had done much to reconcile Dick's mother to the offender.

"It will be awfully hard to leave it all when the time comes," chimed in Beata, who was nevertheless less vehement in her sensations and expressions.

"But you are going back to the country, to the ripe corn and the harvest moon, to the nuts and berries in the hedgerows, and later the glow-worms in the lane, of which your brother used to speak," suggested Flora shyly.

"Oh, we don't care a bit for the country," asserted both sisters. "The Gardens and the parks here are quite enough country for us. What do we want with ripe corn? The gas-lamps are a great deal more useful and more to be depended upon than the moon is, not to say than horrid little worms such as Gil actually touches with his fingers, and brings in his hands for us to admire! If we were going to the seaside or the moors, like you and Dorothy—lucky girls!—with your yachting dresses and your moor and covert suits, it would be different."

"But you are going home," persisted Flora.

"Home, worst luck!" muttered Minnie, with a pout. "We have more than enough of such a home, where we are shut up, and nobody comes from week's end to month's end, as the lover of the woman in the poem never came when she waited for him"—an ambiguous reference which Flora did not take up.

"Your father and mother will be glad to see you back," pleaded Flora.

"I daresay," granted Minnie listlessly. "But they get on very well without us."

Beata made the amendment—"They have each other, you know. Married people should be everything to each other," she reminded Flora, with a yawn. "And of course mamma is very much occupied with her great book, and papa with his clever inventions. But as each has a pursuit, it renders them the better suited for each other."

"It must be dull for your brother without you," hesitated Flora.

"Oh, not at all. He has the garden, and his newspapers and magazines. Besides, he is so dull when we are with him that he can hardly be duller without us. I do believe he is getting duller and duller every day. It is waste of time and trouble to seek to enliven Gil," finished Minnie, with the utmost confidence.

(*To be continued.*)

ON HELPING IN THE HOUSEWORK.

SWEEPING.

I AM sure it will surprise many people to be told that there are two opinions about sweeping, and that it is possible to sweep carpets too much. We constantly hear of a room being given a good sweeping each week or each day; but our relations across the ocean talk of sweeping a carpet or room perhaps six times a year. They consider that more wear is given to the threads of the carpet by the constant recurrence of this practice, than by the ordinary use of daily life.

The theory, as explained by American housekeepers is that the dust on the surface of the carpet is driven through the texture by violent and hard use of the broom on the surface, thus causing the vast accumulations of dust which are found stored up under it when it is taken up after one or two years' usage in the ordinary way. This dust represents an amount of wear to the separate threads of which the carpet is composed which is quite useless, and might be avoided if the dust were lightly taken off the surface of the carpet each day by means of a light hand-brush and dust-pan, the operator going over the floor on her hands and knees, and, in fact, dusting the carpet as she would dust any article of furniture in the room.

There seems much to recommend this theory, for we can all see that the hard sweeping must rub off the nap, and then wear the threads; and the dust, when driven through the material, must be a constant source of mischief to ourselves. Even as we walk across the floor we raise an impalpable powder of dust by every footstep and the touch of our skirts, which motes we inhale with every breath we breathe.

The first step to take on putting down a carpet is to lay under it sheets of coarse brown paper, which may be purchased by the yard of any stationer, and is manufactured for this special purpose. If it can be afforded, of course felt is the best foundation to lay under carpets; and here the first cost is the worst part of the expense entailed, for it lasts so well as to wear out many carpets, and it saves money every day it is down. A good carpet, with a felt foundation, will show very little dust under it when taken up, and such as there may be is more easily shaken out, and does not seem to have become so ingrained in the substance of the carpet. An old carpet is also well employed when it is put under a new one; but it should be well shaken and cleaned before being taken into this form of wear, or it will add to your dust collections in a very unpleasant manner.

The three kinds of carpet seen in ordinary houses are the tapestry, Kidderminster, and Brussels. During the last few years felt carpetings have been brought more into notice by the æsthetic movement, as they present a plain and uniform surface, and are made in suitable dark colourings, to show up the Indian and Oriental rugs which are usually placed upon them in various parts of the room. Felts used not to be thought good in wear; but wherever they have been used with a felt lining under them, and have been carefully swept, they have worn admirably; besides, it has been recently discovered that they can be dyed and take a fresh colour, looking as good as new after the process. Tapestry and Kidderminster are both very dependent for their wear on their having something underneath them; especially the latter, as the under side is protected; and when turned, the colours will be found much brighter. Brussels seems to be the general choice, for it is not every purse that can arrive at Axminster, Aubusson, Wilton, or at Turkey carpets for the dining-room. The first two are made in squares, like a Turkey carpet, and are not often nailed down, their own weight holding them straight; but brown paper should always be laid beneath them; and they should be shaken in preference to futile endeavours to sweep them. They may be also turned over and swept on the wrong side to get the dust out harmlessly.

My next and most important heading is carpet brooms. These are divided into those of American fibre, or brooms with long handles, which are generally sold for sweeping carpets, but which, if used immoderately, inevitably brush the nap off the surface, and wear the threads. They are best for sweeping cocoa-nut matting; and if used for carpets, it is best they should be damp, or even wet, in pursuance of the idea, that the dust should be taken off, not driven in. These American brooms should always be hung up, as they preserve their shape, and sweep better, than if left standing. In America they are often dipped in warm water after having been used, and then hung up to dry. This cleans them, and restores their stiffness. When a broom is worn unevenly, soak it in warm water for half an hour, then sew it along, below the original stitching, with a rug-needle and some twine, and thus hold it together, so that you may restore it to its original shape. Then trim off the split and broken ends with some old scissors. Even at the very last the thrifty American housewife will cut the handle and trim up the broom, to make it serve as a kitchen hearth brush. The aphorism that "A stitch in time saves nine," is most applicable as regards this class of broom; for directly the broom becomes loosened, and the stalks commence to fall apart and to strew the floor in sweeping, the broom is worn out unless immediate care be taken to mend it, by sewing it lower down, and thus binding the stalks together again. Many people use the leg of an old sock or stocking to draw over the centre of the broom and sew it on; and failing this, they use a stout band of some kind of strong material, which they sew round, and thus perform the same office by binding the stalks firmly and closely together.

The hair broom with long handle is used for sweeping stone floors or polished boards of rooms and passages, and halls that are covered with matting or oil-cloth. The "Turk's-head" broom is used for the walls of the house; and in place of this a clean towel is fastened round the ordinary broom, so that the walls may be wiped clean.

Of late years, however, the short-handled brush with two kinds of bristles, one hard and one soft, is preferred, the harder side to brush the carpet, and the softer one to gather the

dust into the dust-pan. The maid goes over the carpets in this manner each day, and thus takes up all the surface dust.

Managed in this way, a carpet would require sweeping about once a month or so. One method, in England, of thoroughly cleaning a room, seems to be as follows: We begin by shaking off and wiping all the dust from every article, and then we cover them up with dust sheets, having bestowed all the extra dust we could remove upon the carpet. Then we proceed to scatter wet tea-leaves all over it in lumps; and taking the broom, we sweep violently, scrubbing our broom most likely over the carpet, and driving the dust, if we be inexperienced sweepers, towards the fireplace, instead of the door. It is to be hoped that we go into the corners of the room, and move all the furniture, in order to get at the hidden dust underneath. Then we take up the spoils of our broom in the dust-pan; and (it is also much to be hoped) we immediately take it to the kitchen-fire and burn it, after we have opened the windows "to lay the dust," *i.e.*, to allow the dust we have raised to settle again on the carpet and furniture.

The use of tea-leaves is very excellent, provided we wash them in cold water, and use them damp, not wet. If we employ them without this washing, they will stain a delicately-hued carpet with the brown or yellowish colour of tea. In America, Indian meal, or maize-meal, is thought a better medium for the purpose of the sweeper than tea-leaves. It is scattered over the carpet and lightly brushed in with the broom before sweeping. Wet bran, and salt also, are used, when dry, to revive the colour of a carpet; and in very cold countries dry snow is used in the same manner by the housemaid to clean and revive her carpets. In England our climate is so mild we know nothing of dry snow; our snow is always wet, for we have no intense frost to freeze it into a powder.

The method of cleaning a room seems rather different in America. There they first take all large articles of furniture that can possibly be moved, out of the room, in order to obtain a clear field, and cover the carpet with sheets, or some coarse material made into a cover for the purpose. After this they proceed to dust everything carefully, just as if the floor had already been swept; and when this is finished, go on to clean the carpet as follows: Put into a pail of clear water one gill of ammonia; go over the entire surface of the carpet with a large clean cloth, wet in the liquid, and wrung fairly dry. As a general rule one pail of water and one gill of ammonia are enough, but not always. Thus every atom of dust is removed, and no injury has been done to the carpet, while it will look fresher than ever, and the colours in it will be wonderfully revived, as well as cleaned.

Another American recipe to cleanse and brighten a carpet is to wipe it over with a house-flannel which has been dipped in kerosene oil, and then wrung out quite dry. After this treatment the room must have the windows opened for at least forty-eight hours, and neither matches, lighted candles, gas, nor fire must be allowed to enter it.

Another recipe, of English origin, however, is to wipe the carpet with a damp flannel wrung out of a pail of warm water, containing a pint of ox-gall. In case the carpet be *very* dirty, it may be scrubbed with this mixture, but it must be afterwards washed over with warm water, and rubbed dry with a clean towel. This will be found to restore a half-worn carpet in a wonderful manner.

From what I have said you will see that there are some new ideas on the very old subject of sweeping a room, and that some sensible and even scientific thought has been brought to bear upon it, which has resulted in our being told that the less dust we raise in sweeping, the better. Indeed, the funny thing seems to be that the ordinary housemaid has not seen long ago that dust is a substance which has to fall somewhere if it is raised. The sight of the woman who jerks and flips her broom, raising clouds of particles of all descriptions; whose aim seems to be to stir up as much dirt as possible without a thought of the obvious fact that it must settle down again, is one of which it is to be hoped we shall see less and less as the years go on. In this instance, Lord Palmerston's clever definition of "dust" as "matter in the wrong place," well applies to all that which accumulates in our households; and dust, especially in London, must be battled with every day.

A recent writer gives us a definition of dust (or dirt, as it really is)—"Dirt consists of atoms of decaying matter; so that when matter decays it does not go into nothing, but breaks up or *powders* into the tiny atoms we call 'dust.' These float in the atmosphere, and the moving air wafts them from place to place, and they settle on everything that comes in their way." The air that we breathe is full of life; and unless we be careful, full of dirt also.

Dr. Angus Smith tells us that "Animals are constantly giving out a quantity of solid organic matter from the lungs in the act of breathing. If this condensed breath be put on a piece of white porcelain and allowed to stand a few days, it will become the abode of living animals, which may be seen with a good microscope. The impure exhalations of living bodies, therefore, become condensed on cold bodies, and form a kind of glutinous organic plaster. We often see a substance of this kind on the furniture of dirty houses, and in this case a disagreeable smell is always perceptible. This will show the necessity for constant cleaning, and tells the reason why everything becomes dirty."

Most of my readers have heard more or less of the "germ theory" of disease. Germs are living atoms, and mean the very beginning of animal and vegetable life. All disease is caused by their presence, a certain number of them floating in the air; and when they find prepared ground, they plant themselves at once. Dirty houses, dusty and ill-ventilated, soiled clothing, and, still more, unwashed people—these form the ground prepared for the germ. The more impure the air, the faster they multiply. Nothing is so good a hiding-place as dirty woollen clothing. In this they will exist, if laid by, for four or five years, and when let loose, are quite ready to be transformed into scarlet fever or any other infectious disease. They are none the worse for their long seclusion, and only great heat would destroy them, unless we choose to be converts to cleanliness, and wash them away with pure water.

So you see where my chat about "sweeping" has led us; and we find that dust forms really one of our greatest dangers; and thus we recognise the fact, that there is great reason why "raising a dust" when sweeping should be avoided, and that it is better to take it away quietly, and neither scatter abroad nor breathe what may be germs of disease, but ever remember that in the dust around you may lie the issues, not of life, but of death.

It is not a pleasant thing to feel that even by our breathing we pollute the atmosphere around us, and that others are doing the same; neither does it afford any pleasure to reflect that science says all disease is preventable—or, in other words, that it is someone's fault; for one is dirty and unclean in person, another in house and surroundings, or in personal habits; and thus disease is produced. And with this thought—over which I hope my girl readers will ponder—I must leave the scientific side of sweeping.

I have not yet mentioned the "carpet-sweeper"—a little machine which has been introduced into many houses. It is within the attainment of everyone, as the cost is so small, and with ordinary care there is no fear of breaking and having to replace it. It appears, so far as can be seen, to come up to the chief requisite of sweeping, as it takes up the surface dust, and does not drive it into the texture of the carpet. I notice, however, that there will be additional duties entailed on the maid, for she will have to dust the corners of the rooms with a duster; and, indeed, she should go round the edges of the carpets each day with a damp cloth, or else the space between the wall and the carpet is turned into a receptacle for dust. The "carpet-sweeper" must not be driven too fast, and the movement must be as smooth as possible—not jerky and uncertain. The "carpet-sweeper" is thus an excellent invention for taking up the twenty-four hours' dust from the centre of the carpet, for sweeping up crumbs round the dinner-table, and for bedrooms, when the floor is quite covered with carpet. It is to be hoped that its inventor will be able to make it a *noiseless* machine in the near future.

Matting should be swept, as I have said, with a soft hair-broom; but once a month or so it will need washing over with a mixture consisting of two handfuls of salt and a pailful of cold water, and well dried with a clean towel afterwards. If the matting has become discoloured, you may restore the colour with a wash of soda and water, made rather weak. This will make it of a pale corn colour. Matting can also be washed in a gallon of water which has had a bag of bran boiled in it—about a quarter of a pound of bran in the bag. After this it must be well dried.

Oil-cloth should never be scrubbed, nor should soap be used to it. It should be washed over when needed with a coarse sponge, or a flannel, and clean cold water. To revive the colour and polish it, you will find a little beeswax and turpentine, mixed, and well rubbed in, successful; it is used very thin, and put on sparingly, so as to avoid making the surface slippery. Tile floors should be cleaned with cold water and a clean flannel once or twice a month. They can also be rubbed over with a little whiting and water as thick as a thinnish cream. This should be wiped off afterwards with a wet flannel.

There are several methods of removing grease from carpets: a piece of blotting-paper and a hot iron laid on it is the best known. A little French chalk scraped on the spot and left on a short time is very good; and so is covering the spots with a little clean flour or oatmeal, changing it every few hours, and brushing the old application off it until the spots have disappeared. Benzine is also an excellent thing to apply, using a piece of clean flannel to rub it on with. A red-hot poker held over a small grease spot will cause its disappearance in a wonderfully short time; but do not burn the carpet.

Whether we have to practise the art of using the broom or not, it is of little consequence. Both as mistress or as the helper in the house, we shall find the benefit of knowledge on the subject. Do you remember the lessons of King Lemuel, and the prophecy that his mother taught him? And in her enumeration of the virtues of the beloved wife—in whom "the heart of her husband shall safely trust"—we find evidence that she was not uncultivated nor unlearned; and in the midst of her household she studied, and enquired, we may be sure, into the best methods and the best ways for carrying out all practical work. And while she held to "the law of kindness," she is said to have "opened her mouth to speak words of wisdom and knowledge."

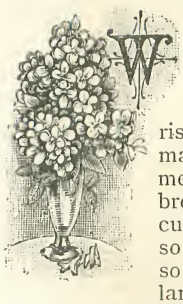
DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

FEVER.



WHEN Enid reached their *pension* in the Via Sistina, she found that her cousin had risen and was slowly making her toilette. The medicine which Enid brought was sufficient excuse for her reappearance so soon. Maud looked so ill and moved so languidly that Enid thought she would have been better in bed. It was vain to suggest this, however. She went on dressing, though every now and then she had to pause and fortify herself with a draught of cold water.

"Sit down and let me do your hair," said Enid, distressed to see her cousin's tremulous movements.

For a wonder Maud yielded. She was generally very particular about the arrangement of her hair, and preferred to dress it herself; but now she sank wearily into a chair, and seemed thankful to resign herself into Enid's hands.

As she took the brush from her cousin, Enid touched her hand. It was like a hot coal.

"How your hand burns!" she said. "You must be feverish. I am sure you should be careful of yourself."

"Oh, don't begin to preach caution," said Maud. "I have only a cold; but this weather is enough to make anyone feverish. Perhaps I have been foolish to remain so long at Rome. The heat begins to be very trying."

"There is a fresh breeze this morning," said Enid. "And after all this is only May, and many English people stay here till June. I saw some newly-arrived ones driving from the station this morning."

As she spoke, Enid was gathering Maud's heavy golden hair into a coil. She could see her cousin's face in the mirror before which she was seated. Her eyes drooped wearily; her expression was one of suffering. She showed not the least interest in what Enid was saying. Enid feared the effect of the news she had to tell, yet she felt that it must be told.

She waited till she had placed the last hairpin, and the coil of rich red gold crowned Maud's perfectly-shaped head.

"There—will that do?" she asked, turning her cousin's head with her hand so that she might catch the full effect in the mirror.

"Oh, yes; anything will do to-day," said Maud indifferently. But as she glanced at the reflection in the mirror, she smiled involuntarily to see in what a becoming style Enid had done her work.

"Why, Enid, you are improving as a lady's maid," she said. "You have done my hair quite *cunningly*, as Miss Amory would say. My hair is my chief beauty. Did I ever tell you what Sydney Althorp said about it when he was here?"

"No, Miss Vanity," said Enid gaily. "I wonder you have been able to keep it to yourself so long."

"He said that, judging from what he had seen both in the galleries at Florence and in those of Rome, most of the great painters had had the good taste to paint their Madonnas with hair the colour of mine."

"Well done, Mr. Althorp!" exclaimed Enid. "I thought you said he never paid you compliments!"

"Indeed they are most rare from him," replied Maud. "That is why I remember this one."

"Mr. Althorp must be very busy now that your father is away from home," remarked Enid, striving to speak in a matter-of-fact tone.

Instantly Maud's face changed. She rose at once from her chair, saying abruptly, "I do not know about that, I am sure. I suppose, now you mention it, that my father is from home just now; but I really had not thought of it."

"Do you not know where he is?"

"No, indeed," said Maud, in a manner intended to check Enid from saying more on the subject. "I neither know nor do I care."

"Then I can tell you," said Enid rather nervously. "I saw him here this morning, Maud—saw him driving from the railway station."

"What!" exclaimed Maud, in a startled tone. "You saw him—my father—here in Rome this morning?"

"Yes, indeed I saw him—not an hour ago. I am sure I am not mistaken."

"He was not alone?"

"No; there was a lady with him."

Maud's foot impatiently struck the ground. "To come here!" she exclaimed. "It is too bad! But I will not see her! Nothing shall induce me to see her!"

"Do not say that, Maud."

"But I do say it! Do you think I am not strong enough to keep my resolve?"

At that moment there was a tap at the door, and a servant entered to say that there was a gentleman in the *salotto* who wished to see Miss Marian.

Maud turned so white that Enid thought she was about to faint.

"It is my father, Enid," she said tremulously. Then hastily calling the servant back, she enquired if the gentleman were alone. The girl replied in the affirmative.

"Then I will go to him," said Maud, hurriedly fastening her gown.

"Are you fit to go?" asked Enid anxiously. "Had I not better ask him to come to you here?"

"By no means. I am not ill, Enid."

And indeed the colour had now returned to Maud's face. Her eyes were large and bright with excitement; she held herself erect as if suddenly endowed with fresh energy, and with an air of indomitable pride and determination she went forth to meet her father.

Enid waited anxiously for her return. She was uneasy as to the result of the interview, uneasy too respecting her cousin's health, for she felt sure that she was seriously unwell. More than half an hour had passed when Maud's step was heard coming along the passage. She entered the room with an excited, agitated air, and stood for a few moments before Enid, apparently without seeing her or anything that was before her eyes.

"Maud," said Enid, starting up, "has your father gone?"

"Yes, he has gone," replied Maud, in a hard, unnatural tone of voice.

"You have not parted in anger?"

"Well, yes; he is angry with me, certainly—angry or grieved. I believe he said he was grieved. Of course he tried to put me in the wrong. People always do when they have given others occasion to reproach them."

"Oh, Maud, do not speak like that! Remember it is your father of whom you are speaking."

"I am perfectly aware of that, unfortunately," said Maud in a bitter tone. "But if fathers change, daughters can change also."

"But your father has not changed towards you?"

"Indeed, I have had proof to the contrary. He has spoken to me as he never spoke to me before. He says he sees he has done wrong in indulging me so much. He says I am selfish and exacting. I think only of my own pleasure; I have no sense of duty. Oh, you have no idea how unkind he has been!"

"And what did you say?" asked Enid, as Maud paused, her voice choked by passion.

"Oh, I told him of course that I was determined I would never live with Mrs. Marian, that I hoped he would not expect me to receive her, and that I should be obliged to him if he would give me such an allowance as would enable me to maintain an independent life."

"And what did he say?"

"At first he refused to hear of such a thing. He was very indignant with me. He told me I was ungrateful and without affection. But at last he yielded, and said that he could not have his wife subjected to indignities or rendered unhappy, and therefore it was perhaps better that for the present I should continue to reside abroad."

"Then you have got your own way, Maud?"

"Yes." But the response came faintly from Maud's lips, and as she uttered it she sank wearily on a chair. Glancing at her, Enid saw that she had become deadly pale. Enid just reached her cousin's side in time to prevent her from falling fainting to the floor.

By night Maud was in a high fever. The English medical man who was summoned did not immediately pronounce upon the case; but there seemed little doubt that she had contracted the malarial fever, which is one of the dangers of Rome, though those who exercise ordinary prudence have little cause to dread it. Maud unhappily had been anything but prudent of late, and she was now to suffer the penalty.

The next morning it was necessary to inform her father of her illness. He came to her at once, and was distressed at the condition in which he found his daughter. Enid had abundant proof that the change that had taken place in his life had wrought no accompanying change in his feelings towards his daughter. However she had grieved and disappointed him, she was still his idolised child. He said little to Maud. She was too ill indeed, though still conscious, to speak to him or listen to his words. But his manner, and the few words he uttered, spoke the deepest tenderness.

"How will you manage?" he asked Enid. "You cannot nurse her alone."

"Indeed, I can do all that is necessary for the present," said Enid. "I am very strong."

"Are there no English nurses to be had in Rome?" asked Mr. Marian, turning to the doctor.

"Oh, yes; we have English nurses," he replied. "But I am not sure I can promise you one just now. There are many cases of illness amongst the English in Rome, and I fear all the nurses are engaged. But I will see what I can do. Would you object to a Sister of Mercy?"

"I don't think Maud would like one," said Enid. "She is very particular. She cannot bear to have strangers about her. Please let me nurse her. I am sure I can do it."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the medical man. "You young people all think that you are made of iron. But I know better; and I do not wish to have two patients on my hands."

But though he tried his best, he did not succeed in finding a nurse. Enid waited on her cousin throughout that day, and at night also. Signora Grassi came to relieve her at an early hour of the morning, and sent her to lie down; but ere the doctor paid his visit Enid was again on duty in the sick room.

She awaited his appearance in considerable anxiety. It seemed to her that Maud was growing rapidly worse. The fever was higher than ever, and she was now unconscious of all that passed. She did not know her cousin, and did not understand when she spoke to her. She talked incessantly, and her delirium took various distressing phases. At times it was all Enid could do to soothe and calm her.

Enid drew a sigh of relief as she heard the sound of steps approaching the door.

The handle was gently turned and Mr. Marian entered the room. But it was not the doctor who accompanied him. Stepping lightly behind him came a little woman, whose appearance at once inspired Enid with confidence. She was of robust form, but she moved with remarkable ease and grace, and there was a certain youthfulness apparent in her bearing despite the fact that her hair was grey. Her features were homely, but they were redeemed by a singularly sweet expression, and a pair of honest, kind, grey eyes, which met Enid's with a look of sympathy which went to the girl's heart. It struck Enid as soon as she saw her that this quiet, motherly little person would be an inestimable comfort in the sick room.

She went to the side of the bed and laid her hand lightly on Maud's burning forehead.

"Poor child!" she said tenderly. "She is very ill; but I trust she will soon take a turn for the better." And she looked into Mr. Marian's face with a smile which sought to give courage.

Then turning, she quickly laid aside her cloak and bonnet. She was dressed in grey, of Quaker-like neatness.

"I am going to stay awhile and help you, if I may," she said to Enid. "I have had much experience of sickness, so I think I can be of use."

"Oh, I am sure you will be," said Enid, very gratefully, and feeling as if a heavy burden had been lifted from her mind. For, doctor's daughter though she was, Enid knew little of the duties of a sick nurse. She had been accustomed to wait on her mother when she was prostrated by pain and weakness, and she had learned to move lightly, and perform little services in a deft manner; but that was a very different thing from bearing the responsibility of watching a fever case.

"You will not mind if I make a few little alterations?" the stranger said to Enid.

"Certainly not," replied the girl. "Indeed, I shall be very thankful to you. I have not known quite what I ought to do, and I have been so afraid of doing something wrong."

In a few minutes the new comer had effected an improvement both in the appearance of the room and in that of the patient. She spoke cheerfully to Enid in a low voice as she moved about. Enid noticed that she spoke with a decidedly Scotch accent, but it was a peculiarity which she found agreeable rather than otherwise.

Presently the doctor arrived, and then Enid heard Mr. Marian introduce this lady as his wife. Strange to say it had not before occurred to Enid that this was the stepmother whom Maud was determined to repudiate. Now that she knew who she was, she observed her with some astonishment. There was a certain homeliness in Mrs. Marian's bearing, and her gown was not made in the newest fashion; but where was the vulgarity of which Maud had spoken? Enid listened critically to her words, expecting to hear her murder the Queen's English; but she was guilty of nothing worse than a few provincialisms, and these were excusable in one who had obviously passed much of her life remote from towns, and who had retained about her that atmosphere of simplicity and unworldliness which is associated with the best description of country life—a type which is becoming rare in the England of to-day. Enid had perception enough to see that Mrs. Marian lacked none of the essentials of a true lady. She was daintily neat and nice in her dress, her manners were gentle, and her countenance proclaimed that she had a kind, unselfish heart, and was a woman to be trusted.

Enid wondered a little at the prejudice which condemns as vulgar everything which does not bear its own particular stamp. There is, perhaps, nothing more vulgar than the eagerness with which some people avoid all that they deem deserving of that epithet, for there are other superstitions and bigotries besides those that are connected with religion.

The doctor eyed Mrs. Marian with approval, and was well pleased to find her established in the sick room; and in the days that followed, her presence there proved of inestimable service. Enid often wondered afterwards what she would have done at this time but for Mrs. Marian. Maud lay in a critical state for many days. Hour after hour Mrs. Marian watched beside her bed. There could not have been a more devoted nurse. It should not be her fault, she had resolved, if the life so inexpressibly dear to her husband succumbed to the fatal power of disease. All the aid that it was possible to give to the patient she gave. When the crisis of the fever came, and there was danger of the patient sinking away in the utter exhaustion which ensued, it was she who watched her with closest attention, and gave from time to time the sustenance on which her life depended. And her efforts won their reward. The turning-point was passed, and slowly, very slowly, Maud's strength began to return.

"She will do now, if there is no relapse," said the doctor to Enid a few hours later. "She has a fine constitution, and it has conquered in the struggle. But it is Mrs. Marian who has brought her through—it was not I who saved her. She must have died had she had a less efficient nurse. I can only say that, under God, she owes her recovery to Mrs. Marian."

Life is full of surprises, and the irony of fate has passed into a proverb. It was curious to Enid to look back and recall Maud's bitter speeches concerning her stepmother and her proud determination to have nothing to do with her. And now the one she had so despised, the woman she had determined to shun, had been for many days her devoted nurse, and it was to her that she owed her life! Enid could not but wonder how Maud would feel when she came to know the truth.

But for the present it had to be kept from her. Every risk of agitating her must be avoided whilst she was still so weak. As consciousness returned to her, Mrs. Marian was obliged to withdraw from the sick room, though she still watched the patient as much as she dared, and was sometimes to be found there, seated out of sight behind a curtain, whilst Maud was unconscious of her presence.

(*To be continued.*)

FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

FELT HAT WITH VELVET.

THE month of the sales is not a very good month for new fashions, and even the little we had begun to know about expected changes has been driven from our thoughts. I need scarcely explain the cause—*i.e.*, the sorrowful and unexpected news which has come from Sandringham, of the death of the young Prince, so recently betrothed, and over whose choice all England rejoiced. Since the order for a general mourning, we have thought only of how to put ourselves into these melancholy garments as speedily as possible; and perhaps, if not very rich, we have thought of economy also. But whether rich or poor, general good-will and sympathy have been shown in a wonderful manner in all parts of England by the black garb so quickly assumed by everyone. We wear so much black at present in our ordinary dress, that it is not difficult to find something to put on; and black serge is still the best to wear, and in the best taste; indeed, most people who recently invested in new gowns have chosen it, and will have a reward in its excellent wear, both as to its colour and its material. I notice that it is being produced at exceptionally low prices, and no doubt of fairly good quality. But for my part, I prefer the best my pocket can afford, because serge is a material which can be turned, and altered, and re-made in an astonishing way, and, consequently, is worth buying at all times.

The dresses which were got ready for the Royal mourning were generally made in the most simple manner—*i.e.*, an "umbrella" or a "fan-backed" skirt with no trimming, and having a plain bodice with a pointed front and a coat back; or a waistcoat front, such as we illustrate this month, and a plain basqued bodice. The sleeves are plain and coat-shaped, and buttoned up on the outside of the arm with six plain black bone buttons, of the same description as those used on the rest of the gown.

The most popular shape for skirts is still the "umbrella," and even the gored skirt does not seem to make a difference in the universal appreciation for our first favourite. When well made, it should fit quite closely in front, and the fulness at the back should flow from the top into a slight train. These little trains are not difficult to hold up now that we have got rid of the foundation-skirt, and returned to the old idea of lining the skirt throughout, which gives us the trouble of lifting up only one skirt. But though these lengthened skirts are the fashion, I notice quite as many all-round ones which clear the ground, and enable their wearers to walk comfortably without lifting them, however bad the mud and dirt may be. We have an immense choice in bodices, open jackets, and coloured waistcoats; deep basques and pointed bodices with fringes, as well as round waists, and folded belts, and rosettes—all are worn, the latter being becoming to young and unformed figures.

RUSSIAN BLOUSE, AND LOOSE-BACKED JACKET (FRONT).

No form of bodice can be said to be specially *the* fashion, unless, perhaps, it be that the tailor-made gown shows a preference for the coat back above other makes.

The "Russian Blouse" seems likely to make progress later on, and the one we illustrate this month is one of the latest shapes when untrimmed with fur, this last being a little too warm for house wear. It can, of course, be made up with a fur bordering all round if preferred.

VELVET HAT.

We bid fair to see a great deal of Russian in our spring dresses, and the Russian sleeve—full to the elbow and tight-fitting below, or made in the form of a loose cape, edged with fur above the elbow—is a style much seen in Paris just now. The Parisians have this blouse in red cloth trimmed with bands of brown fur, to be worn with skirts of rough cloth, of black or even of dark blue. These blouses have a round yoke of velvet, the lower half of the sleeve being also of velvet, as well as the waistband.

Much red has been used this winter for gowns, the hue being rich and deep, but a true red, in no way verging on either scarlet or brickdust. For the winter in our dull climate nothing could be more comfortable-looking, especially on a snowy day. The materials used have been all kinds of woollens, the ground being sometimes of red, with black designs on it. Red serge has been in great favour, and on this black braiding has apparently been much liked, and narrow borderings of black astrachan. For both the young and the middle-aged these cosy-looking dresses have been popular. For evening wear, coloured silk blouses have been in high favour. They are worn with any description of black skirt; black velvet trimmings are used, and a black velvet Swiss belt, with wide *bretelles* of the same, is very pretty. The fancy for sashes is on the increase, and no doubt in the spring we shall find ribbon more used than it has been for some time past. The sash at the back, which we illustrate, is the latest form of ornament for an evening gown. The ends are embroidered with beads, and have a jetted or a pearl fringe, in order to give them weight sufficient to hold them down. They are made both in colours and in black, and add much grace to a slight figure. As a general rule black should be worn with black, white with white; and if a colour be worn, it should harmonise with something in the gown itself. The ribbon is from three to five inches in width, and the bow is large and soft-looking.

The hats illustrated are nearly all, as will be seen, of a large size; indeed, these hats have never been more worn than at present, in spite of the efforts made to introduce the smaller ones in the early days of the winter. The large-sized velvet bows used on them are also very graceful. This bow has three or even

more loops, and several ends, the latter being of double velvet, and the bow itself made of piece-velvet entirely. Felt hats are no longer bound with either ribbon or velvet, but the felt is cut out and left raw-edged, as it might be called. Ostrich feathers are used more than ever, and both short tips and long plumes are worn on one and the same hat. A bow of brightly-hued velvet or satin ribbon is very fashionable. For instance, a brown hat might have an orange bow, combined with brown ribbon and brown feathers, so deftly mixed that the vivid hue is toned down into pleasing harmony. The small turned-up hat is a novel shape, introduced in the autumn, of which the trimming is placed at the back, and a wide band of velvet goes round the crown, with a buckle in front. The bonnets are growing slightly larger, and the crowns are decidedly on the increase. In some of the newest there is an actual crown to be seen which is quite of the old-fashioned kind. Who knows where this may lead us? Perhaps to a *real* "bonnet," and not a shell, in time!

The effect of the Georgian, or rather the Guelphic Exhibition, seems to have been to lengthen the skirts of our small children in a very wise and sensible manner. The days of the Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs, were all characterised by the long skirts of the little girls, who seem to have followed closely their mothers' fashions in the cut of their quaint attire. Now in the early Victorian, and in the later Victorian era likewise, our poor children were dressed to look as if they wore no skirts—only frills, and those merely reaching to the knee, where they were met by black stockings, the latter being the only protection to their poor little legs. Fancy such a cruel fashion ever having been adopted! Within the last year we have grown wiser, and the style for children of all ages is a kind of loose tunic or blouse like a gymnastic dress, made with bodice and skirt in one, and rarely confined with a belt. The top, at the shoulders, may have had a yoke either gathered, or honeycombed, or plain, and trimmed only with a frill to outline the shape. These dresses are made long enough to cover the ankles, and serge, Vicuna tweed, and cloth, are the usual materials.

The loose-backed jacket which we have selected as the paper pattern for the month, is one of the latest fashions—an old form of many years ago revived, when the earliest jackets were cut with backs that were quite without seams, save perhaps one straight one in the centre. Some of these new backs, as was noticed at a private view of one of the Galleries, were so full that they took fluted folds at each side of the back. When you once got used to the idea they were not unbecoming. The fronts are what are called "surplice," laid in full pleats; the pattern of the jacket is in two pieces, half of the back and half of front, three sleeve pieces, cuff, and upper and lower sleeve and collar. The under-waistcoat is put in with the arm seams, and half of it is given in two pieces. About four yards and a half of double-width material will be needed, especially if a full sleeve be made. We shall probably see these jackets the most worn of any shape during the coming season.

LACE DRESS WITH SASH.

CORDUROY CLOTH GOWN.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke,

JACKET WITH FULL BACK AND FRONT.
(*Paper Pattern.*)

mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

THE MYSTERY OF KEVAN CAREW.

CHAPTER IV.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

AFTER crossing three fields I came to a belt of fir trees. Yes, if I kept straight on I must come out behind the north wing of The Hatch. I plunged on, lost in an inward storm of bitter regrets and vain longings. Until then I little knew how strong a love had grown up in my heart for Lilian Stanmore; and now that she was cast for ever from the proud position of my boy's wife, I *could* not pass that love on to another. And to such another! Old Mrs. Sydenham's words about the brown holland suddenly recurred to me, and an absolute shiver shook my frame.

It was quite a genuine shiver, and I raised my downcast eyes to find that the sun had sunk out of the heavens, and already the shades of evening were falling across the queer little narrow path (shut in on either hand by a tall clipped hedge of box), which my heedless feet were traversing. A little wind had sprung up too, and went moaning drearily through the trees behind me. The melancholy sound brought with it a rush of memory—old talks, old walks across the golden gorse commons and through the scented pine woods with Jennie, came flooding my recollection, and, overwrought with fatigue and excitement, the unwonted tears sprang to my eyes and streamed over my cheeks.

I thrust my hand into my pocket for my handkerchief, and drew out with it that scented half-sheet of Lady Stanmore's note, on which I had scribbled some forgotten memoranda.

"Stupid, stupid woman!" I cried out indignantly. "If she had had one grain of common sense—which she hasn't—*she* might have prevented this folly," and, crushing up the paper in my hand, I angrily tossed it over the hedge.

The action relieved my overcharged feelings, so I tucked up my skirts briskly and hurried on, for my appetite, which at the worst of times has never been known to desert me, warned me that the dinner hour must be approaching.

For some minutes I walked quickly, and then a strange thing happened. The path suddenly and sharply turned, and there, on the ground before me, lay the crunched up sheet of paper which I had just flung away. I came to a dead standstill and stared at the pink ball at my feet, then slowly, slowly, it became borne in upon me that I was quite alone and helpless in the haunted maze.

However, in another half-minute I was myself again.

"The first thing to be done, Charlotte," I said aloud—for I have always been fond of talking to myself, especially when "myself" requires a little reassurance—"is to ascertain in which direction The Hatch lies from here, and the next is, to find the quickest way out of this."

Easy enough to do the first, for I always carry a little compass which Dick gave me long ago; but not at all easy to do the second, as I very soon found out.

I left the little pink ball on the path by way of a landmark, and after walking full ten minutes I suddenly espied it through a thinness in the hedge which divided the path in which I stood from that in which it was lying.

At this my heart failed me, and I was almost on the point of despair, when a light flying footstep on the other side of the hedge restored all my courage at a bound. Someone at last was coming to look for me. I cried out, rushed quickly on, turned a corner sharply—and fell back before the icy breath of a lady in grey!

Oh, the anguish of each gasp I drew as I staggered backwards against the relentless hedge, my whole body numbed and drawn with a deadly cold! And as I gazed and gazed, my eyes riveted with horror on the slight motionless form that blocked my path, the hood which muffled and concealed the face slipped back, and there before me were the features of the old portrait which hangs in Jennie's corridor.

The same features, but grey and pinched; the same eyes, but frozen and agonised, and at the piteous sight all my terror left me, and in its place I became filled with a strange, deep compassion.

The figure stirred, and raising a marble-like hand, beckoned me and flitted on ahead.

And *I* followed—I, who had scoffed so mercilessly at Mrs. Spriggs—I, who prided myself on my solid commonsense, my nineteenth century realism! And as I followed I heard the clink of her high-heeled shoes as the poor little grey lady sped on before.

And presently she paused, and I paused too.

We had come to a small round green plot where many paths meet, and dropping on her knees upon it, her frozen hands clenched above her head, as I am a living woman the little grey form passed out before my sight as the grey mists of evening.

How long I remained there rooted to the spot, my eyes fixed on the rapidly darkening patch of green, I do not know. Years it seemed; ten minutes in reality at the outside, I suppose. But I turned at last to go, wandering with a strange apathy along the winding paths. And after many hours it seemed to me I found myself out on the sloping lawn that softly sweeps down from the old stone terraces of Grayswood Hatch, and here was Dick rushing out to meet me, and Mr. Wilkinson shouting a welcome from a window above.

"Why, my dear old lady, how fagged you look!" Dick cried anxiously, peering into my face, and flinging a strong arm around me. "I've been wondering for the last half hour where you'd got to; but knowing your predilection for solitary scrambles, I was only just beginning to get alarmed."

"I got into a wood, Dick, and lost my way," I answered, leaning heavily on him, for all my strength seemed gone. "I shall be better after dinner. Have you dined?" I added, for I had lost all count of time, and wondered if, after all, my experiences had taken up as long as I imagined.

"Dined! And without you! What next, I wonder!" he answered, fondling my hands and pulling off my gloves. "Why, dear me, Charlie, how cold you are!" and his dear eyes were full of concern.

"It is nothing," I replied, drawing my hands away and laughing to reassure him; "we will be cosy this evening, and have a fire in the library. Ah! Mr. Wilkinson"—as that gentleman came out upon the terrace—"you must be dying for your dinner, so I will not keep you waiting!" and I hurried upstairs to collect my scattered wits in my own room.

On the way I met Mrs. Spriggs.

"The poor little missie is indisposed, madam," she said, looking troubled and anxious. "She seems to have taken something this afternoon that disagreed with her; but I have wrapped her in hot flannels and she has just fallen asleep."

I went into Hetty's room. After consuming ten apples, it was not at all to be wondered at that the poor child should be indisposed.

However, I found her in a peaceful slumber, her mouth wide open, and snoring languidly; so I thought it best not to rouse her, and postponed prescribing for her until she should awake.

Dinner was over, and I had left the two young men together in the dining-room, and now I was sitting alone, my customary needlework discarded, and my chair drawn close to the blazing logs which lit up the great stone hearth in the library. So restless and busy were my thoughts, that I hardly heard the door open, and it was not until I felt a firm touch upon my shoulder that I became aware that Dick had come to invade my solitude.

He drew a low chair close to mine, and took my hand on his knee.

"Where is your friend, Dick?" I asked, for though I loved to have my boy all to myself, I felt that we were hardly acting politely to our guest.

"Oh, he knows he's not wanted," answered Dick.

A sudden resolution to tell Dick of my

adventure, and also of the curious legend of his family—and yet hardly a sudden resolution, for I had been making up my mind to it all the long while during dinner—took possession of me.

"Dick dear," I said, "I am going to tell you a little story which I think it is right you should hear."

"And when you have quite done, Charlie," he answered, "I too have a little story to tell you, and that is why Wilkinson is staying in the next room."

Of course I knew what his little story would be; but somehow the thought of it no longer appalled me, for the agonised eyes of the grey lady rose before me, and seemed to implore revenge.

So I told Dick as briefly and plainly as possible all that the housekeeper had told me, and also of what I myself had seen in the maze. He was very quiet during the recital, scarcely making a remark or asking a question; but when I came to where the grey lady had disappeared like a mist on the grass, he sprang excitedly to his feet.

"Charlie," he cried, "she *shall* be avenged. My poor little ancestress! Ah! my dear old lady!" sitting again beside me, and leaning his head against my shoulder, "it is my turn now, and you must listen to the story I am going to tell you, and you will see then how I shall yet be able to put all things straight."

And then out it came, and the beginning and the end of it all was his love for Rosamund Rose.

"I know you are disappointed, Charlie," he said. "I know you had set your heart on Lilian Stanmore. That girl's a brick, and she wouldn't look at me, not if I begged her. If it hadn't been for her and Teddy, the whole county, I suppose, would long ago have been talking. And when you get to know my little girl you can't help loving her, Charlie. And thank God!" he wound up, with startling energy—"thank God her relations keep a cotton warehouse in the city."

Visions of Rose *père* baling out sheets and tablecloths, his hair a mass of fluff and his coat thickly powdered, rose before me.

"Are they near relations, Dick?" I asked faintly.

"Near? No. Second cousins, I believe. She has no near relations; owes everything she ever had to some clergyman's widow who knew her mother. Strikes me that people's mother's friends are nothing short of heroines," he added slyly.

"Well, Dick, I hope you will be very very happy," I said, and we had not nearly finished the embrace that followed when Mr. Wilkinson came in.

"Ah! that's right!" he exclaimed. "Thought you'd be wanting my company and all that, you know. Don't mention it, old chap. Charming arrangement, isn't it, Miss Shaw?" And the good fellow's cheerfulness was so infectious, that I began quite to long to take the little nursery governess to my heart, brown holland and all.

"She can't say we gave her no warning, can she, Teddy?" asked Dick; and I notice that it is usual among young gentlemen, that when one of them makes a statement, no matter how improbable or far from the truth, he invariably turns to his friend for corroboration and support, and he invariably gets it.

"Warning!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkinson, with the air of one prepared to swear that black is white. "My dear boy, what with your stuttering and stammering and flushing up like a girl, it certainly was not *your* fault if Miss Shaw did not observe the state of affairs."

So we three sat around the fire far into the night, and Dick insisted on my telling everything all over again for Mr. Wilkinson's benefit. He evinced far more excitement than even Dick had done, and poured a torrent of questions upon me.

"Must be dug up!" he cried; "bones, you know—unhallowed burial—restless spirit—all that sort of thing? Dick, old man, you and I must shoulder spades first thing to-morrow. Miss Shaw shall lead the way, Hetty bring up the rear."

Well, although we both laughed very much over Mr. Wilkinson's suggestion, Dick insisted on carrying out the plan the very next morning, although of course I did not allow the dear child, who was still far from well, to take any part in the proceedings; and there, sure enough, not many feet beneath the patch of green, was found an old rough box, containing a human skeleton, and a ring, quaintly set with discoloured pearls, and attached to a slender chain.

Gently and reverently Dick lifted the ring up to the light, and engraved upon its inner circle, so faintly that they were hardly to be deciphered, were the words—

"To my wife, Elizabeth Carew. Nov. 10, 1743."

These last remains of the poor little grey lady were duly interred in the family vault beside those of her husband, Sir Kevan Carew; and although of course but a short time has elapsed since then, we have never heard, nor are likely to hear, I feel convinced, any more stories of "the lady who lives in the bushes in the park."

And now my little tale draws to a close. After all, the partridges were left in peace, for Rosamund's friendless condition obliged the marriage to be hurried on at once, and on me devolved the rather unpleasant task of postponing our guests. It is, however, merely a postponement, and soon we shall have to prepare not only for the return of Dick and Rosamund, but also for the advent of many an old Cambridge friend, anxious to make the acquaintance both of Dick's pheasants and Dick's wife.

It was a very quiet but sweet little wedding, with Mr. Wilkinson of course for best man, and Hetty the only bridesmaid.

The clergyman's widow, a most charming woman, gave Rosamund away, and she looked more like a rose than ever as she passed out into the September sunshine as Dick's wife. Lilian too was there, and Mr. Wilkinson seemed to find it so constantly necessary afterwards to make his way to her side and congratulate her on her skilful management during Dick's wooing, that I really found myself thinking to myself, well—there—I hardly like to say.

We had rather a difficulty in dealing with Hetty. At first the poor child was so torn with jealousy that she became quite ill.

"I meant to marry you myself, Dick," she sobbed, as she tossed in bed with her head on his shoulder. "I was saving it up for a surprise for you, and now you are going to marry someone else."

However, Dick managed her in time with his wonderful coaxing ways, and the promise of a pretty bridesmaid's frock, and a gold bangle, and a large slice of wedding-cake, and her own particular place in Dick's heart always and always. All this completely won her over, and she consented to be kissed, first by Rosamund and then by Dick, and finally insisted on their kissing each other before us all to seal the compact.

And how about the mystery of Kevan Carew, you say?

If it indeed existed, and has been wiped out by my boy's marriage with only a nursery governess, time alone will prove; but I heard Dick telling Rosamund on their wedding-day that he was positively trembling for the fate in store both for her heart and Hetty's, for, if people only knew, he had really got a little wife as far above him as the stars in heaven.

Be that as it may, Hetty's heart seems literally the toughest in the world, and Rosamund's certainly does not look like breaking; and of all the smiling faces on this sunny estate of Grayswood, the least careworn and the most radiant is that of Mrs. Spriggs.

E. M. H. BARRETT.

THE PRIMROSE.

By SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

THOU only Rose without a thorn!
Bright nursling of the infant year!
Robed in thy golden robes of morn,
Thou sayest, "Be of holy cheer!

"Frail Death has fought, and fallen! The Grave
Has given the captive soul release!
From hills and vales Life bids me wave
My sunny leaves—my flag of Peace!

"Robed in my golden robes of morn,
I bloom to breathe, 'Death's night is past!'
To breathe that 'Love from Death is born,'
And round thy soul its bonds are cast—

"Of whose bright Immortality
Each Springtide tells, that greets thee here,
In infant light—I come to thee,
Bright nursling of the infant year!

"And of that Love, which never fails—
That only Love, which knows no scorn—
I bloom to breathe, from hills and vales,
The only Rose without a thorn!"

FRAU DR. CLARA SCHUMANN.

A SHORT SKETCH OF HER LIFE.

By the COUNTESS A. VON BOTHMER.

Frau Dr. Clara Schumann, who is considered by many good judges to be the first pianist of the day, has been longer before the public than any other living artiste; and during the sixty-three years which have elapsed since her first appearance, as a child of nine, at Leipsic, in the year 1828, she has always met with thorough appreciation from the musical world.

Clara Wieck was born on the 13th of September, 1819, in the town of Leipsic, which has for so long been a great musical centre, and the resort of many well-known musicians and composers.

Her father was a well-known music teacher of great talent, but of a morose and gloomy disposition; and her mother, who was light-hearted and impatient, did not understand the nature of her husband, and this led to frequent quarrels, which ended in a complete separation and finally in a divorce, soon after which Frau Wieck married another teacher of music, whose name was Bargiel, and moved with him to Berlin.

These constant disagreements made the home life of the Wiecks most unhappy, and the childhood of Clara proved a very melancholy one, for from her earliest years she was brought up in the most sternly strict manner by her father, who was determined to crush at the outset of his little daughter's life any frivolous tendencies that she might have inherited from her mother.

When Clara was only five years old she began her musical studies, and even at that early age showed great talent, which pleased her father immensely, who a year later began a course of systematic teaching with her, which he pursued with the utmost strictness, and which, though it in later years bore excellent fruit, must have been a great trial to the poor child, who had to work her little aching fingers day after day at the uninteresting exercises devised by her stern father.

Herr Wieck was, however, in spite of his moroseness, a man of an affectionate nature, who had a great love for his children, and an honest interest in their welfare and happiness.

At nine years of age Clara had profited so much from her father's teaching that she was able to play correctly concert pieces by Mozart, Beethoven, and Hummel, and often in the evenings astonished and delighted her father's friends by her proficiency, who prophesied great things for the little girl. Finally, her father arranged that she should appear in public for the first time soon after her ninth birthday, in the year 1828.

The concert was given in the Merchants' Hall at Leipsic, and Clara played the Concerto in F minor by Chopin, and some variations by the same master on a theme taken from Mozart's "Don Giovanni"; but, unfortunately, Chopin was not appreciated then in Leipsic, and Clara did not receive the applause she deserved, although some people in the audience afterwards told her father that there was a great future for the child.

Only a few months later the celebrated Paganini visited Leipsic on one of his concert tours, and having heard through friends of the great musical talent of Herr Wieck's young daughter, he expressed a wish to hear her play.

Accordingly, Clara was taken to play before the great violinist, who was very much struck by her rendering of the difficult music which she performed, and by her wonderful *technique;* but what pleased him the most was the soul that she put into her music, and the originality which she showed.

At the end of the performance he remarked, "Dieses Kind wird eine glänzende Zukunft haben, und einst grosse Künstler in Schatten stellen," or "This child has a brilliant future before her, and will one day put great artistes in the shade."

This praise from Paganini gave great encouragement to Clara and to Herr Wieck, and she continued to work entirely under her father's training for several years, occasionally playing at small concerts in Leipsic and the neighbourhood, and thereby gaining the self-confidence necessary for a performer in public.

After three years of diligent painstaking study, under the strict supervision of her father, Herr Wieck determined to take his daughter on her first concert tour, as she had now become an accomplished musician, with a complete knowledge of her instrument, and power to speak with her soul in the beautiful tones which she produced.

One of the first towns visited by Herr Wieck and his daughter was Weimar, the centre, at that time, of the intellectual life in Germany; and here they became acquainted with Goethe, who was then quite an old man, but not too old to understand the spiritual poetical playing of Clara Wieck.

Clara played several times before him, and he was enraptured by her perfect rendering of the most difficult passages, and said that her music was to him the most beautiful poetry.

Goethe gave the Wiecks an introduction to the Court at Weimar and to the principal families in the town, so that they stayed a considerable time there; and on their departure Goethe sent the young pianist a portrait of himself, with an inscription in his own handwriting, as a little remembrance, and a return for the great pleasure she had given him by her music.

This was the real beginning of Fräulein Wieck's public life, and from this time her career was one of continued success, and she speedily became acquainted with all the great musicians of the day, and amongst others with Spohr, who was greatly taken with her playing, and prophesied a great future for her.

Spohr's favourite pupil, Wilhelmine Baldewinn, also became acquainted with the young musician, and, like everyone else, was very fond of her, and helped her in many ways, on one occasion singing for her at one of her concerts.

Wilhelmine Baldewinn often spoke in after years of the lasting impression the young girl's playing had made on her, both by her *technique*, but even more by the poetry of her music.

Shortly after the visit to Weimar, Herr Wieck moved with his daughter to Paris, in order that she might study there, and have the advantages of that school of music; and here she became acquainted with Mendelssohn, Chopin, Meyerbeer, Raltbrenner Humboldt, and Madame Schöder-Devrient, and delighted them all by her playing.

Clara became a great pet with all these great musicians, who were one and all anxious to give the young girl a helping hand over the first difficulties of her trying profession.

Clara, girl-like, conceived a most enthusiastic friendship for Madame Schöder-Devrient, who was extremely kind to her, and returned her admiration by a steady friendship, and on one occasion helped the young pianist by singing at one of her concerts, an honour which made Clara at that time wild with delight.

In spite, however, of the praise and admiration which she received, her head was not turned, as her musical genius told her how far from perfect she still was, and she therefore spent her time in Paris most diligently, and while there studied thoroughly the works of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and Mendelssohn. But the hard work was diversified and made very happy by the intellectual circle in which she was living, and this was good for her brain and heart, both of which had been somewhat starved by her gloomy surroundings at home. The bright intellectual life in Paris, and the kindness shown to her by these great musicians, were like a glimpse of heaven, and also a

foretaste of what life in the not very far future might bring her; and the return home to Leipsic was a great trial. But constant work, and the love she felt for her art, cheered and helped her in her home life.

On the return to Leipsic, Clara began the thorough study of harmony, counterpoint, and composition, and made extremely rapid progress in these most interesting but difficult studies.

Her life was greatly cheered by the friendship of Mendelssohn, who had much affection for her, and who was able to be of great assistance to her in various ways, as well as helping her in her trials by his sympathy and good advice.

In the year 1835 he played with Fräulein Wieck and Moscheles at Leipsic in a triple concerto by Johann Sebastian Bach, and by this means brought her prominently before the public, with whom he was then an immense favourite.

After two years more of careful study, Herr Wieck took his daughter to Vienna on a concert tour, and here she took the impulsive Austrians by storm, and they literally raved about her. Poems were written in her honour, and everyone wished to become acquainted with her. The Empress offered her the post of Court pianist, and from highest to lowest there was only one subject of conversation—the spiritual playing of Fräulein Wieck, the most perfect pianist of the age.

Franz Listz, who was at Vienna at the time, was perfectly charmed by her playing, which, he said, contained such marvellous poetry, power, and individuality, her touch being quite free from the affectations and mannerisms which so often spoil the greatest artistes.

Clara had meantime become acquainted with the young composer, Robert Schumann, and the friendship which they conceived for each other soon ripened into a deep and lasting love. And now began the greatest joys and trials of her life, for although Robert Schumann was in every way a suitable husband for her, and although the young people loved each other most truly, Herr Wieck refused his consent, and nothing his daughter could do or say shook his fixed resolve in the least degree.

His own unhappy married life had darkened a mind naturally gloomy, and he was determined that his daughter should never marry and run the risk of having a life as miserable as his own had been.

Clara, who was a most dutiful daughter, when she found that her prayers were of no avail, worked on with a heavy heart, hoping that time might soften her father's heart, and that he would yield when he saw the sorrow his refusal to sanction her marriage was causing her.

But patience and waiting were of no avail, for Herr Wieck continued determined that his daughter should remain unmarried, and to all her appeals he only told her that her art was the best husband for her, and that any other would only bring her misery.

This state of things went on for a long time, as Clara could not bear to think of disobeying her father, who, in spite of his sternness, she knew had a deep affection for her. But at last her patience wearied, and she yielded to the wishes of her lover. In the year 1840, one morning, she went with Robert Schumann to the church of Schönefeld, in the neighbourhood of Leipsic, and was there married to the man whom she so faithfully loved by the parish priest.

They then returned to Leipsic and confessed what they had done to Herr Wieck, who was terribly angry, and refused to have anything more to do with them; and in spite of their begging him most humbly to pardon them, he remained obdurate, and said he hoped never to see them again.

This quarrel was never healed, to the great sorrow of Frau Schumann, who did everything in her power to bring about a reconciliation.

The marriage proved ideally happy during the first years, for the husband's and wife's natures perfectly harmonised, and were able to produce the most perfect music in their home life.

Frau Schumann's cheerful spiritual nature was the greatest help to her husband in his occasional fits of depression, and his love and admiration for her were unbounded.

From their first acquaintance she had thoroughly understood his marvellous compositions, which at that time had not been properly known or appreciated by the public; and her rendering of them was a perfect revelation even to him, for she produced his very soul and thoughts in her exquisite playing.

His love for her seemed to give him fresh power, and the music which he composed after his marriage is more perfect and of a deeper character than that which he produced before he met his wife.

During the early part of her married life, Frau Schumann studied composition very diligently, and produced some excellent work, amongst other pieces some romances for the pianoforte and a trio and concerto for orchestra.

Ten years after their marriage, in the year 1850, Robert Schumann was appointed the town Concertmeister for Düsseldorf, a most excellent post, and they accordingly moved there. But alas! their unhappiness began here, for soon after receiving this appointment Herr Schumann fell ill from failure of nerve and brain-power—the fatal illness which finally destroyed his splendid intellect.

During the first trying years of her husband's illness, Frau Schumann was unremitting in her efforts to help him, and save him from all mental worry and anxiety. But it was in vain, and it was finally found necessary to put him under partial restraint.

His brave wife, however, remained in his immediate neighbourhood, and constantly visited him, and was able to cheer him at times when his brain was not too clouded by his malady. In the year 1854 he died, a happy release for him, and almost immediately afterwards Frau Schumann left Düsseldorf, and went with her children to Berlin, where her mother was at that time living.

Her means were at this time very small, owing to the large inroads her husband's sad illness had made on her purse, and she therefore determined to make a concert tour.

She was engaged to play in most of the principal towns in Germany during the winter, and had the melancholy satisfaction of bringing her husband's beautiful music more before the public, and by her exquisite rendering of it ensured its popularity for that and succeeding generations; and since that time Robert Schumann's music has been more understood, admired, and played than that of almost any other master.

Frau Schumann's public life was one continued success both in England and Germany, and she soon became the most admired pianist of her day and school, and to the present time has lost none of her well-earned popularity.

In 1878 she moved to Frankfurt again, where she had obtained the post of head teacher in Dr. Hoch's Conservatorium, and it was here that I first had the great pleasure of hearing her play.

She possesses a marvellous faculty in imparting her knowledge to her pupils, and is perhaps the most successful teacher of her day.

Her method is extremely strict, and after hearing pupils play, if they prove to have sufficient talent, she always sends them to be drilled thoroughly as regards *technique* to one of her unmarried daughters, who live with her, and help their mother in her arduous duties.

Until the necessary *technique* is attained Frau Schumann herself gives the pupil no lessons, but is present from time to time to see what progress is made.

Her best pupils are Fräulein Janotha, Mr. Leonard Borwick, and Miss Fanny Davies, all of whom are well known to the British public, and two of whom are of English birth.

She is a most kind and judicious friend to her pupils while they are with her, and takes a great interest in their comfort and welfare, and after they leave her guidance to go out into the great world, continues to take interest in their progress, and is always delighted to welcome them at her house if they are passing through Frankfurt, and to hear them play and give them the benefit of her criticism.

Frau Schumann is very much loved and respected in Frankfurt, and the first time I heard her play there she received a perfect ovation from the crowded house on her appearance, and the orchestra gave a tattoo in her honour.

It was at one of the celebrated Museum concerts, to which it is almost impossible for a stranger to get tickets, as nearly all are subscribed for yearly by the old Frankfurt families.

The dear old lady looked charming with her calm, intellectual face, and was dressed in a grey silk trimmed with black lace, and her quiet, dignified manner was perfect.

I was sitting not very far from her daughters, and it was very pretty to see their pride and delight in their mother's music, and in the enthusiastic reception which she received.

While she was playing her husband's music she had a most rapt, beautiful expression, as if her spirit was with his, and it was plain to see that her greatest happiness lies still in giving his beautiful thoughts in their proper interpretation to the world.

Frau Schumann is in most comfortable circumstances, and has a pleasant circle of musical and other friends, and every musical celebrity who visits Frankfurt never fails to call and pay a tribute of respect to the great pianist, and always receives a hearty welcome from her, although she objects to being introduced to strangers who only wish to know her because of her celebrity.

She leads a very quiet, happy, family life with her two daughters in her pretty home—32 Mylinsstrasse—and is able to see a great deal of her married daughter, Frau Sommerhoff, who lives quite close to her mother, and who is extremely well off, and is a very charming and interesting companion.

Every Christmas Frau Schumann gives a large evening entertainment, to which she invites all her pupils and the professors of the Hoch Conservatorium, and she certainly has the power of winning the love as well as the respect of her pupils, who are one and all devoted to her.

She has certainly had a hard-working and in many respects a sad life, in spite of her brilliant triumphs; but the memory of the few years of perfect happiness in her married life has cheered her in all her trials, and has made the sad years, when the light had fled from her husband's brain, only a sad memory; for now the happy past remains to her, and she only thinks of him as he was in those first years.

She is wonderfully well for her age, and her only complaint is rheumatism, which occasionally is very severe, and prevents her playing either in public or private.

It is to be hoped that she may be spared for many years to come to delight the world with her music, and to train future musicians, who, though they may never equal her, will be able to transmit to future generations some of the poetry of her playing, for she is without doubt the greatest musical poet of the age.

New Cookery, New Wages.

A lady at her own expense sent her servant to the class of a professional cook, and was delighted with her progress. At the end of the course she was surprised to learn that Bridget was engaged in looking for a new situation.

"Why, Bridget, you are not going to leave? If you had not intended to remain with us, I should not have sent you to learn cooking."

"And, mum," returned Bridget, "you don't expect me to cook in the new way for the old wages!"

In a Coach Accident.

When Lindley, the famous violoncello player, was going down to a musical festival in the country, he took his violoncello with him. On the way the driver contrived to upset the coach. Lindley escaped unhurt, and his first thought was of his instrument; so getting into the middle of the road he commenced scraping away on his beautiful structure of wood and catgut, in order to assure himself that it was all right.

A fat old lady in the meantime popped her head out of the coach window and enquired, "Is anyone killed?"

"Oh, no," said a fellow-passenger—"we are all safe."

Hearing Lindley, however, she exclaimed, "I'm sure someone is hurt: only hear how that *poor man groans!*"

No Sunday Labour.

When George III. was repairing his palace at Kew, one of the workmen, a pious character, was particularly noticed by His Majesty. One Monday morning the King went as usual to watch the progress of the work, and not seeing the man in his usual place, he enquired the reason of his absence.

He was at first answered evasively by the workmen: at last, however, they said that not being able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night, they had returned to finish it on the Sunday morning, and that as this man had refused to accompany them, he had been dismissed from the employment.

"Send him back immediately," said the King. "The man who refuses to do his ordinary work on the Lord's Day is the man for me."

Her Company Voice.

"Mamma," said the sweet little boy, before admiring friends, "I knew as soon as I came in there was folks visitin' here."

"Did you, darling?" said the fond mother, trying to wilt him with her eye. "How did you know?"

"Oh, you had your company voice on."

The Laws of Hospitality.

A Bedawee, having broken into the house of a merchant, an inhabitant of Mecca, made up a bundle of goods to decamp with, and was on the point of leaving the premises when he happened in the dark to strike his foot against something.

Thinking it might be an article of value, he picked it up and put it to his tongue, when to his mortification he found it to be a lump of rock salt. Having thus tasted the salt of the owner, his avarice gave way to his respect for the laws of hospitality; and throwing down his booty, he withdrew empty-handed.

A Good Bargain.—A man on selling a fine horse bargained that he was to receive for it nothing more than the value of the twenty-fourth nail of the animal's shoes, supposing that the first nail was worth a halfpenny, the second a penny, and so on, doubling each time. The buyer was rather surprised to find out that the twenty-fourth nail at this rate proved to be worth £19,000, and hastened to back out of the agreement.

Mistaken Politeness.—There is a curious instance of mistaken politeness recorded of the first Chinese Ambassador at the Court of Versailles. For the first few days of his residence he never passed the shop-window of an eminent hair-dresser without performing the great kouto, or ceremony of nineteen prostrations, before the waxwork figures it contained, supposing them to represent the gods of the Western barbarians placed there for public adoration in a richly-decorated temple.

A Good Lesson.

Peter of Leghorn, a learned man of the sixteen century, had this in common with many learned men before and since his time—that he was very poor. In spite of that, however, he was always in good humour.

Once, in Tuscany, he wished to be ferried over a river. Unfortunately, he had no money, so he said to the ferryman, "My good friend, I have no money to pay for your trouble, but you shall have instead a piece of wholesome counsel."

After some grumbling the ferryman consented to take him over on these terms, and when they were on the other bank, demanded the promised payment.

"Friend," said Peter, laying his hand gently on the man's shoulder, "if you do with others as you have done with me, you will gain but little by your ferry-boat; so be prudent."

And he went calmly on his way.

Printed Music in England.—The first book in which musical characters are known to have been printed in England, is Higden's *Polychronicon*, the production of Wynken de Worde, in the year 1495, some eighteen years after the introduction of the art of printing into this country.

Charade I.

Hill of the Britons, in a northern land,
Proudly thy castle on its rock doth stand,
Looking o'er fertile valleys; at thy feet
A noble river and its confluent meet.
A long, long time ago, at dead of night,
A storming party scaled thy dizzy height,
Led by a soldier who the pathways knew,
Surprised the garrison, their guards o'erthrew,
All opposition to their arms o'ercame,
And seized the castle in King James's name.

1. Shut out from intercourse, through life confined
   To silence of the grave, from all mankind,
   Till benefactors rose, who showed the way
   To lift the burden that so hopeless lay,
   And bring the imprisoned soul to light of day.
2. Grandest expression, which the human mind,
   In striving t'wards the infinite, can find!
   Untrammelled genius grasps the wildest scope,
   Sees its creations by the light of hope,
   And, with the eye of faith, their aim can see,
   Wrought in all patience and all charity.
3. A priestly city. First we meet its name
   When reading of a bride who from it came;
   Here was brought up in arts and love sublime,
   The wisest, meekest man of all his time.

XIMENA.

OLD CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR INDIA.

As a clearance of old Christmas cards may now be taking place, I venture to ask again for a little space in the Girl's Own Paper, in order to inform its many readers that I am still very glad to receive cards, *whether written upon or not*, for the children in India.

During the present year I have had good supplies, which have now been forwarded to various places—Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Lahore, Poona, etc. I think I have acknowledged all parcels which gave the address of the sender; but there were several besides from readers of the "G. O. P.," as well as from "Derwentwater," "A Friend," and "M. J. R." A capital set of cards came from Montreal (Canada); "Three little Irish Girls and their Aunty" contributed from Tullamore; Fred Jefferies (who, from his writing, must be a little fellow), sent a box from Liverpool; some Sunday-school girls made a collection at Gravesend, which was addressed from the Rectory; a large parcel came from a Kindergarten at Reading. Dorothy writes: "I and my little sister Phyllis have heard about the Indian children being so pleased with Christmas cards sent from England, and we thought we should like them to have some of ours." From a school at East Molesey, 1,320 cards were sent, which had first been exhibited in the children's own schoolroom; from another school at Spring Grove I received over 2,000; and some little Scottish girls near Edinburgh again filled a box specially for Mrs. Brander. One young correspondent writes: "I take in the 'G. O. P.,' and like it very much; and I should like also very much to hear more about the foreign children."

I am glad to say that some contributors have added a few dolls and other toys and scrap-

books, all of which were most welcome. One lady sent a number of fancy penwipers and some needle-books. A few children near Canterbury have met once a fortnight to dress dolls for India, and with this parcel Nellie Hollis wrote: "Some of the work is done rather roughly; but please excuse it, because some are very little girls who have worked upon it. My little sister is one of them, and she is only six years old." From Edgbaston several Sunday-school girls kindly sent a few dolls. One child asked whether, as she did not get much pocket-money, twopenny dolls would do. I told her that I can find use for small as well as large ones. The scrap albums made with postcards are much liked, and so are other scrap-books, for the pictures help the children to know about England. But I should prefer to have no comic subjects. We should send only pictures or cards that are beautiful and natural and refining—such as those with flowers, children, views of land or sea, and home scenes.

I mentioned last year that Mrs. Brander was at home on a year's leave. The time seemed to pass very quickly, and since July she has been again at Madras. I have just sent out to her the Christmas cards that were still left, and some pretty dolls, for giving away on a tour that she will make very shortly to the northern parts of the Presidency. Last month Mrs. Brander began her parties again. The Indian ladies were very pleased to come, and they had tea in the garden, which looked very green and fresh after a time of heavy rain. Some of them tried shooting at a target, and one great amusement was seeing a little ship, made by a nephew of Mrs. Brander, sail about in the basin of the fountain, which it did in a seaworthy manner.

Miss Carr, the other Inspectress, who has had many packets of cards this year for the schools in her district, has sent me an account of two pleasant afternoon parties which were given in that part of the Presidency. She lives at a place with a long name—Co-im-ba-tore—far away west of Madras. It was there that Mrs. Lorne Campbell gave one of the parties. The town lies near a river, with high hills and mountains in sight, which are covered with forests, where tigers and elephants and other wild animals roam about. Coimbatore is a well-built town, with wide streets. I will not give the names of the ladies who came to the party, because these are long and difficult. They arrived in carriages of various sorts, and they were dressed in beautiful gauzy, rich-coloured *sarees*, a kind of scarf yards and yards long, which they fold and twist about very gracefully. Their ornaments were very handsome—armlets, chains, necklaces, bracelets, and rings, besides gold head-ornaments and pearls all over their ears. Now most of the English ladies at the party could not speak Tamil, which is the language of those parts, and the Indian ladies did not know English; but happily, a few English were able to interpret, so that intercourse was possible. All the guests went to the upper part of the house, and there, from the wide balcony under the roof, much larger than any that we have here, they saw the magnificent view—on one side the large reservoir of water, which looked like a peaceful lake among the trees; and on the other side, the hills and the high mountains, behind which, at sunset, there is a rich beautiful glow of golden light. The younger ladies enjoyed some games in the garden (or compound, as it is called in India), and in the drawing-room there was music—European and native—in which many took part. I have no doubt that, as on all such occasions, the menservants were sent out of the way, and that separate tables were spread for the English and Indian visitors; for the Indians who keep caste must not eat with any but their own people. When the guests went away, the chief lady of the town kindly undertook to distribute flowers and fruit as a remembrance from the hostess.

Now for the other party, which was given by Mrs. Stokes at a town called Salem, lying in a narrow valley with hills all about. Invitations had been sent out to the ladies who take regular lessons from a teacher in their own homes, and also to their friends. About thirty came, and several English ladies. Now some of the guests had never been before in an English house. They themselves have no chairs or tables, and very little furniture. So one of the amusements was to go all over Mrs. Stokes' house, from kitchen to bedrooms, and to be told what the different things were used for. Then came a great treat. Mrs. Stokes had placed on a table a number of nice presents, such as workbaskets, writing-cases, and photograph frames, and the home education pupils drew for these by lot amidst great excitement. A very pleasant afternoon was spent, and here again the chief lady of the town gave the flowers and fruit, at Mrs. Stokes' request, as a farewell to the departing visitors.

Calcutta is one of the places to which I send some of the cards. It is a very large city, on the banks of a part of the river Ganges. There are no hills near, and not so many wild animals as in many parts of India. But there are numbers of jackals, and also monkeys. I knew a young girl at Calcutta who was standing to brush her hair at a looking-glass, when a great monkey bounded into the room from the verandah. She ran away frightened; but she saw the monkey catch up the brush and begin to brush *his* hair before the glass, as he had seen her do. However, a man who was called soon chased the intruder out of the room. Well, five miles from Calcutta, further up the river, there is a village called Ba-ra-na-gar, where a girls' school has been carried on for many years by Mr. and Mrs. Banerjee; and lately, some elder grown-up pupils (some of them widows) have come to live in the house as boarders, in order that they may learn to become teachers. One day, when I was at Calcutta, I drove with my friend Mrs. Grant to Baranagar. It took about an hour and a half to get there. We passed through the busy, crowded native part of the city, and then along a dusty road, with palm trees on each side, and through small villages, with thatched huts, and many children playing about, and we met bullock carts packed with coils of jute (which is rather like hemp), to be sent to Dundee and other places, for making into ropes. At last we saw a white building on the right hand side of the road; and here we stopped, for it was the workmen's hall, which is used in the daytime as the school-house. Mr. Banerjee met us on the steps of the hall; but his wife was ill, so we could not see her that day. The hall was pleasantly cool after the drive in the hot sunshine. It was filled with little girls sitting in class, dressed in jackets and skirts, and the elder ones with *sarees*, over the left shoulder—not such long ones as in Madras. Mr. and Mrs. Banerjee have several daughters, who learn in the school. They have names with very pretty meanings. The eldest, who is fifteen, is called "Shornolata," which means "golden creeper," and the second "Sukhutara," or "morning star." A younger one is "Ushabala," "daughter of the dawn," and another has a curious name, "Shudevi," which, I was told, means "good girl." They have all dark hair and bright black eyes, and they are quick at learning.

Some of the boarders help to teach the smaller school-children. One was giving an alphabet lesson. We saw some very good writing, and sums, and needlework. The upper classes are beginning to learn English, and for this there was a man teacher, who had a bright green shawl thrown about his shoulders. Before we left, the school children had a treat of *mitthai*, as they call sweets. The teachers, instead of a plate, gave to each a leaf, fastened up with a bit of stalk into the shape of a saucer—for earthenware is not used in the villages; and every child received a cube, which looked as if it was made of sugar and cocoanut, and also a round ball of sugar, and an orange besides. All was done in a very orderly manner, and the children looked quietly pleased.

I could tell a great deal about the difficulties that Mr. Banerjee has had to meet in keeping up this school. The villagers used to think it would do harm instead of good, and they behaved at first very unkindly. One morning, before the hall was built, he found, on coming to the school, that everything had been turned out into the road, and he was obliged to seek another room. But he did not mind the opposition. He went on with what he had undertaken, and at last, after many years, his neighbours have become friendly to him.

Now for many years Mr. Banerjee had felt grieved for the poor young widows, who are often treated very sadly in their own homes; and it was in 1888 that he and his wife settled to receive some into their family, and to prepare them for earning a livelihood. They began with a very few; but now there are twenty-eight boarders, many of whom are widows. One, eighteen years old, was married at seven, and she became a widow at eight and a half. Another widow is only twelve years old. This sounds strange to us in England; but in many parts of India it is the custom to marry the little girls—or as we should call it, to betroth them—when they are very young; and if the husband dies early, the girl is looked on as a widow. She must then give up wearing any ornaments, and she has to do without food all day twice in every month, and she must not take part in any festivities. Those that go to Mr. and Mrs. Banerjee's Widows' Home have a happy and interesting life. Instead of being made miserable by illtreatment and neglect, they receive a great deal of kindness, and it is like one large family. No doubt there are sometimes quarrels, but Mr. Banerjee soon settles the disputes, and teaches all to be friendly again. They have plenty to do, for they have to be in school every day from 10.30 a.m. to 4 p.m. (except at lunch time) for learning and teaching, and they do the cooking for themselves, as every Hindu woman must know how to cook well. They have to learn too to keep accounts, and other household duties. In their free time the boarders work in the garden, which has been given up to them for cultivating flowers and vegetables. Mr. Banerjee pays them for what is produced, and they agree together as to the object to which the money earned is to be applied. They get up at 5.30 a.m., for the early hours of the day, before the sun is hot, are so delightful in India. One who was at the Home has become a teacher in a distant village, another has married a doctor, and others will soon be ready to leave and to take up some useful work. Many cards and scrap books have been sent to the boarders at Baranagar, and these give all the more pleasure because Mr. Banerjee often tells them about England and his English friends.

But I must not take up any more room, and I think I have told enough about what goes on in India to show the readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER that their Christmas cards and other gifts are much appreciated, and help to promote friendly feeling.

E. A. MANNING,
(Hon. Sec. National Indian Association),
35, Blomfield Road, Paddington, W.

EDUCATIONAL.

DOROTHY HEWITT.—When questions have been many times answered, we do not continue to reply; besides, there are some as to the answering of which we use our own judgment.—As you are too young to be trained in a hospital, you could prepare for the vocation by joining ambulance classes with great advantage, and could enter a hospital later on, certificated by the society which holds them. We also recommend your careful study of a small manual called *Sick Nursing at Home* (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.).

ADDIE, MEG, and Others.—We advise you all to procure a small pamphlet brought out by the Girls' Friendly Society (East London Organising Committee), as it will give you an idea of how much young girls may do and are doing. We cannot tell you very much ourselves, for lack of space, but box-making, game-making, clay-pipe, cigar, tobacco-pouch, cracker, bon-bon, lozenge, and paper-bag making, gold-beating and burnishing, skein-reeling, labelling, picking and packing fruit, are some of the occupations suitable for female workers who are not qualified for any profession.

LOVER OF DRAWING.—That you should wish to raise yourself in the social scale is natural, but we think that, without capital to lay out on education of any specific kind, and to support you while learning, and while waiting for profits to accrue therefrom afterwards, it would be unwise of you to give up your situation in the shop. Besides, the pencilled example you send is only a feeble tracing, and the small scribbling hand you write gives no indication of artistic talent. We are sorry, but must recommend your remaining as you are.

ETHEL.—See our legion of answers to your query respecting a training for hospital work. We decline to continue to fill our correspondence columns with duplicate replies.

ART.

FOND OF DRAWING, E. L., and ERICA RAEBURN send us specimens of their untaught endeavours in drawing. "E. L." gives most promise, but there are none of them of any value.

MISS S. J. ROBINSON, Secretary of the Sunnyside Painting Society, has requested us to draw attention to her work in the interest of girls who can only prosecute their artistic studies at home, and without a master. This society gives prizes in money; the subscription is only one shilling per annum. Stamped envelopes should, of course, be sent for the rules. Address the Secretary, at 83, Camp Street, Broughton, Manchester.

BETH might get a good carte de visite enlarged and framed for each, one of the other; or else present them with some nice plated useful article for the table, or real silver, if not too large. Such might be a pair of grape-scissors, a sugar-sifter spoon, a cut-glass plated-topped biscuit-box, or jar with silver tray or top for preserves. Such a gift would be useful for both. An inspection of shop windows would afford suggestions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. S. S. S. writes as follows (and we do not comprehend her meaning):—". . . Tell me any other way" (we do not know the present way!) "in which to ware my three-penny-pits, of which I have 38, and I expect to another 2." If she "knew another way" of spelling, it would be well! She is recommended not to spell "remain," "remean."

JO.—There is no reason why you should not wear your medal from a ribbon or chain round your neck, as you would a locket (not on the left breast, as an Order). Persons who win that of the St. John Ambulance Society wear it, and so do those who are awarded decorations for heroism in nursing on the field of battle. Your father was right—there is ample precedence for it.

ADA.—It is your mother to whom you should apply for protection and direction, not to us. You should not go out alone, in any case, and if the man follows you all the same, then your father had better write and forbid it, and say that, should the annoyance be continued, he will be obliged to place the matter in the hands of his solicitor.

M. E. NEIL.—We scarcely think that satchets for nightdresses would be suitable for presents for men. It is possible that some may use them.

HARPAR and A. E. H. D. must consult a lawyer on their questions.

AGNES.—The body appears to develop equally throughout during its growth.

VAGA.—There is a general resemblance between the "Magnificat" (St. Luke i. 46) and the "Prayer of Hannah" (I. Sam. ii. 1); the language is different, but the ideas are much the same. They are such as would have naturally sprung to the lips of a pious Hebrew woman; and St. Luke probably wrote them down from the mouth of an oral witness. See St. Luke i. 2.

NOVICE.—1. The weekly parts of the "G. O. P." are one penny, and you have to pay extra at the end of the year for indexes and coloured pictures. The monthly parts are sixpence, and contain both of them.—2. The 15th of February, 1875, was a Monday.

HIGHLAND LASSIE.—1. Diamonds could not be injured by contact with water, but they might be loosened by friction, both in washing the hands and in cleaning the dirt from round them, which must arise from the dust which accumulates inside the wet open setting of a ring.—2. You may wear mourning for three or six months for an uncle, according to special circumstances.

NATALIAN.—Some stamps are employed for collections; some, we have heard, for making *papier mâché* (for this we do not vouch); and it is also said that a large number are used for the nefarious purpose of cleansing and restoring them as new stamps, and thus cheating the revenue. We are glad that our paper is "so much appreciated at Natal."

E. MAYOR.—1. You must select a sandy or gravel soil if you suffer from rheumatism. Should you need baths, go to Droitwich, Worcestershire; and if you wish to go to the sea, we can recommend Southbourne-on-Sea, in your own county, within three miles of Bournemouth. The soil is of sand and gravel, and there are mineral springs which are of a very strengthening character.—2. See the article in our Christmas Number, "Love-Light," p. 19.

M. S. A.—Charlotte Brontë's father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, curate of Haworth, is not living.

ANXIOUS ONE.—We do not interpret dreams for our correspondents beyond suggesting that meat suppers and late dinners, and likewise heavy suet dumplings, may have a depressing influence on the mind in sleep. Many young people suffer from uneasy nights, at Christmas-time especially. Instead of being haunted by "diamonds, rings, telegrams," etc., you may expect goblins to sit on your chest in the form of sirloins of beef and plum puddings.

BRENDA.—The soreness at the corners of the mouth which will not heal arises from some constitutional delicacy. It is a result only of what is wrong, and needs medical treatment in the general system. You should get advice for your health.

X. O. F.—November 13th, 1872, was a Wednesday; and the 9th of September, 1871, a Saturday.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—Mix a little whiting with some water to the consistency of cream, and leave it on till the discolouration appears to be removed. Should this fail, add to it some ordinary washing soda. This is the best way to clean marble.

W. M.—Gaslight is not desirable for the eyes, but you may escape injury by employing a milky-white glass globe over the jet, as it diffuses the light evenly. The light should never be faced. All artificial light should come from above the head and fall over the left shoulder from behind. Heat is injurious to the sight; and the light from wax candles is the best.

ETHEL.—At the early age of seventeen you have not done growing, and should not think of marrying. By the time you are four or five and twenty you might not wish to marry the man you accepted at your age. But there are exceptions to every rule, and sometimes such may exist in view of the intended emigration of the man, perhaps in every way likely to make a girl happy—the latter being one of a large family with insufficient means for their support. In such a case as this the risk, in all points of view, of so premature a marriage may perhaps be outweighed by its possible advantages. We cannot give individual advice when ignorant of the circumstances of the case, and of the parties most concerned.

BUGGY.—The girl, as a rule, would be married under her mother's maiden name. She could not claim her stepfather's name; but if he were willing to give it to her, no one could dispute it. She has naturally no legal rights as to name or property, but may inherit by will of any testator, and her right to the money, in such a case, would be as legal as if duly inherited.

A WANDERING DOVE IN SURREY.—The line—

> "Oh! that we two were lying,
> Under the churchyard sod,"

is by Charles Kingsley.

SLOPER.—June 14th, 1867, was a Friday.

M. E. W.—Certainly, a man who has bought the "book of debts" from a bankrupt can sue the persons who have failed to pay what they owe, and compel them to do so. A good solicitor should be employed to collect the money.

WERHAM.—1. Write to our publisher for the picture you want.—2. Your writing is scarcely formed; but it would be sufficiently good for an ordinary clerk.

A. H.—It is difficult to recommend special Reading Societies, because they change hands and addresses so often. Try Miss Young's, The Grove, Hollington, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Yearly subscription 2s. 6d. Prizes given. Or Miss G. Gabb's, 18, Wellington Square, Hastings. Entrance fee, 1s. only. Or Miss P. Milligan's, The Manse, Guthrie, Forfarshire, N.B. Annual subscription, 1s. 6d.

LAURIE is thanked for informing us that Mrs. Parsons' Home of Rest at Eastbourne has been either removed or has broken up.

CLUMSY L.—1. Your writing is cramped, and you write with too hard and pointed a pen. Use a soft one with a wider nib.—2. You are right in thinking that you should not do in your mother's absence what is against her rules when present.

P. DOLAN.—According to Mulhall, the English-speaking people have increased from 12·9 per cent. to 27·1 per cent. within the years 1801 and 1883—English-speaking people, 100,000,000; French-speaking, 48,000,000. Of course these numbers do not include those of other nationalities who have only learnt these languages. The Germans number 68,000,000 and the Russians 67,000,000 persons. According to Max Müller there are at least 100,000 words—good correct ones—in our language; and we find, from a careful calculation made a few years ago from the best dictionaries, that the number of words in the German, French, Spanish, and Italian languages proved to be as follows: German, 80,000; Italian, 45,000; French, 30,000; Spanish, 20,000.

MOPPET.—The half-crowns and shillings of George III., if in good condition, are worth, the former from 4s. 6d. to 10s.; the latter, of Northumberland, 1793, from 5s. to 7s. 6d.; and one with bust in armour, 1797, from 2s. to 2s. 6d.

HILDUR HESSE (Karlsruhe).—We are gratified by your kind letter.—1. Lady Day is the 25th of March.—2. All our girl readers of the "G. O. P." are free to compete, irrespective of nationality.—3. Thank you for informing us that, although in the South German dialect the final "e" in "Hesse" may be mute, correctly speaking it should be sounded, and that the country is called Hessen, and a native, "ein Hessé." We shall always be glad to hear from so appreciative a correspondent.

DIZA GRAN DI FLORA.—1. The word "satyr" is pronounced "sat-tur."—2. Hold your pen higher, and try to gain a little more freedom by copying some flourishes, showing the "lines of beauty and grace," not to introduce flourishes into your writing, but as good practice, and to help you to make a free running hand out of a very good foundation, such as your writing now is.

INEXPERIENCE.—Your verses are creditable to you. We do not know in what paper any of such a description would be taken. Read our series of articles, now coming out, on "Employments for Girls." You may find some suggestions of use to you.

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DAISY'S DREAM;

A STORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS SCULPTORS.

NEPTUNE'S WINTER PLAYTHINGS.

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A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PITY OF IT ALL.

A COUPLE of years passed over swiftly, with no event of any consequence to Flora or her kindred—nothing to mark the flight of time save the gradual growth of the young people. Flora was out of her teens at last, and felt quite impressed by the step she had taken. Dick was at Woolwich, a young cadet, with a red down on his upper lip, as energetic in his play as when he was a smooth-faced schoolboy. Kate was growing up a sensible, plodding girl, who was coming more to the front, whose qualities were receiving greater approval than they had got in their earlier development since she had shown that she could be her mother's right hand when Amelia was out of the way, and was a born nurse as well as housekeeper, a perfect treasure in remembering dates and posting people up in engagements. Mary was leaving her childhood behind her, and progressing into more angular and more self-conscious girlhood. Dorothy was perhaps the least altered outwardly, and yet in some respects she was the most altered of all; her tongue was more caustic, her temper less equable, her health not so good, and her spirits more fluctuating, than they used to be. Sometimes she talked as if she were quite an old woman, reckoning up the seasons she had been "out"—two before Flora joined her, three more since then. No wonder she was a trifle sick of the game, she said, and had thoughts of withdrawing from the ranks of the players, and sitting in the chimney-corner, or taking up Kate's vocation of being useful. Dorothy must make room for Kate and Mary to have their day, when Flora ought to coach and prompt them, as she had coached and prompted Flora in her first year. Then Dorothy should incline her head to one side and preach the epicurean's sermon—

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying."

Mrs. Bennet did not like Dorothy to speak in this absurd fashion; not because it must have the effect of aging her mother—for her mother was above minding that result, and, in addition, she did not look a day older than when Flora came to London—but because it was too outrageous of Mrs. Bennet's pretty eldest daughter, not yet three and twenty, to pretend to feel *passée* and *blasée*, with all the other unwelcome indications of having outgrown her youth while she had not yet won any of the prizes of life. For even such as she was, she had been outstripped in the race by competitors who had seemed in the beginning her inferiors, but who had reached their goal; while, according to herself, there was some danger of her being left stranded on the course.

Flora and Mary had not repeated their visit to The Grays, where all was understood to be unchanged, though Gilbert had risen another step in his office. But as Mrs. Bennet remarked, any increase of his income might as well have been cast into a quicksand as bestowed on the family expenses. But Beata and Minnie had got into the habit of paying an annual visit to Kensington Square at periods carefully chosen in reference to Dick's absence from the family circle. Such tactics were by no means vain where Dick was concerned, as his was a case in which it might be safely calculated that out of sight would be out of mind.

Beata and Minnie came always trim, always as if they had just awakened from their beauty sleep, always ready to enter into all that was delightful to them in their holiday with renewed zest; they had not had the opportunity of being satiated. Mrs. Bennet was more hopeful than ever of being able to render Minnie at least a lasting benefit by establishing her in life. Minnie should have any good thing which Mrs. Bennet could procure for her—except Mrs. Bennet's son.

It was just before one of those visits from the Hayter girls that Dorothy Bennet was moved to take an unusual step. She asked Flora to go with her as far as the Gardens, where the two girls could sit down together in some out-of-the-way corner and have a cosy chat, for she—Dorothy—had something particular to tell her cousin Flora.

Flora was very willing; she had not been often *tête-à-tête* with Dorothy lately, for the Warrens, with whom Dorothy had always kept up a certain amount of intercourse, had been on one of their visits to Lady Baillie (out of the dull season this time), and Dorothy had been a good deal with them; and after the Hayter girls came it would be still more difficult for Flora and her cousin to have what Dorothy chose to call at this date "a cosy chat." These chats had not been nearly so frequent or so intimate as they might have been between girls related, near each other in age, and dwelling in one family. The limitation had been largely Dorothy's doing; yet there was no absence of regard for Flora on her cousin's part, and her manner was specially friendly and affectionate as the pair left the main road to Rotten Row and Hyde Park, and, turning up by the back of Queen Anne's Orangery, managed to have two penny chairs spirited to a spot which was not one of the haunts of the nursery-maids and children, who are the principal afternoon frequenters of the Gardens.

"I have something to say which will surprise you, Flora dear, and I wish you to hear it first from myself. I hope you will appreciate the compliment," began Dorothy, playing with the long ribands which trimmed her dress, and looking very fair and sweet—for Dorothy, under her artistically bent, crinkled, and turned-up hat. "What would you think of my marrying Gus Warren after all?"

"Never, Dorothy!" exclaimed Flora incredulously.

"Take care what you say," Dorothy interrupted her cousin, with a warning laugh, in which there was a strain of mirth and three strains of bitterness. "It is going to be, so that if you would not compromise yourself beyond redemption—for of course I could never forgive a girl, even though she were my cousin, who had spoken disparagingly of my future husband—you must 'wale your words,' as you say in Scotland."

"But my aunt and uncle?" Flora managed to say with a gasp.

"They are coming round to it," said Dorothy coolly. "Mamma does something more than suspect already. She may not like it; she might have refused to listen to it three years ago; but she is disappointed in me already, and I am sure she would far rather I made an inferior marriage than be left an old maid on her hands. Money is not the only question with us. Papa has a large enough fortune to make me an allowance which will set me and Gus up among the rest of the genteel paupers; and I shall always have Lady Baillie for my aunt to present me on my marriage," ended Dorothy, with another half hard, half arch laugh.

"Oh, Dorothy, you are not fair to Aunt Bennet!" protested Flora. "She thinks so much of you—she is so vexed when you talk as *if*—*as if*—I don't know how to say it—she had only cared for your making a great marriage, and when that had not happened, then nothing else was worth having."

"I don't know that it is, *entre nous*," said Dorothy, shrugging her shoulders; "for a girl brought up as I have been—a girl who is neither an artist nor an author, neither a Girton girl nor a social reformer; not even with a craze for being useful—like Kate—not to marry, and marry well, if possible, is a failure, and mamma knows it perfectly. So I am going to marry, not very well, I am afraid; still, I might have done worse, you will allow, since papa will provide me with bread and cheese, and I shall have my aunt, Lady Baillie."

"Don't, don't, Dorothy!" cried Flora, shrinking as if from the pain of a blow.

"My dear Flora, you are too romantic for anything—a great deal too romantic for this world, if you except Inverlochan,

which, though certainly in the world, is not of it. May I venture to say, that if papa should buy *that* property in the country of which mamma and he are beginning to talk, to which they might retire in autumn, or for Christmas, like other well-bred people, it is just possible that he would let Gus have the mismanaging of it. Papa could afford it; and he is not irritable where misadventures are concerned. He might give us the reversion of the roof to cover us when we have no other shelter."

"You are not serious," said Flora reproachfully.

"I am quite serious. And do you not believe me when I say," went on Dorothy, with a piteous *ennui* and distaste in her voice, "I am sick of all the drives, and parties, and shows to which Beata and Minnie Hayter bring such hearty appetites? At the same time, I cannot consent to play second fiddle in the performance, as I am aware I am beginning to do. London girls go off so soon," reflected Dorothy. "Now you will wear well until you are thirty, and perhaps look better than you did at eighteen. Not to flatter you, you seem to improve year by year, till there will soon be no further room for improvement. But as for me, I wish to have done with it all. I don't pretend that I shall not be sick of something else soon—genteel poverty with Gus in a cheap house up there"—pointing somewhat superciliously with her sunshade to the Bayswater locality—"or in a foreign hotel such as that in which his mother and invalid brother find a refuge. Gus will be rather heavy luggage in either place, but at least there will be an interval of change of scene and situation. There will no longer be the necessity of figuring as an old stager—a girl whose face has been seen everywhere for the last half-dozen years, and then follows the usual charitable comparison to the last *débutante*."

"But people don't marry to escape a few annoyances, or for change, or rest," urged Flora.

"Don't they?" asked Dorothy ironically. "Marriage as a last resource is commoner than many people, who are about to marry, are willing to grant. You see, I am honest, and I could not do anything save speak the truth to you. What fault have you to find with Gus? He is not half a bad fellow; there is no great harm in him, and he has been true to me after his prosaic fashion. I do not mean that he would still have hankered after me if I had been a beggar-maid; but you must remember he could have found other rich men's daughters with what I am inclined to consider the crowning charm of novelty, to whom he might have spoken, and they might have listened—for I tell you there is Lady Baillie in the background, in addition to his other claims. I am aware that you are prejudiced against him because of something which happened ages ago—that detestable scrape into which he nearly got me, foolish, wayward little wretch that I was—from which you saved me, you faithful soul," acknowledged Dorothy, suddenly bending forward and stroking Flora's flushed cheek with unwonted tenderness. "But it was only one of poor Gus's stupid mistakes," she went on quickly. "He would have been as much distressed as anybody if his project had not been knocked on the head, and we had found that his family had gone to Hastings instead of Brighton. I will confess to you that one does not grow fonder of his sisters, who are going to be my sisters, the more one knows of them. They are extravagant, selfish women, whom we must begin by keeping at a distance; but Gus is better than his sisters. Yes, indeed, there is no great harm in Gus."

Why should Dorothy propose to marry a man whose stupidity might at any moment lead her into further disasters because he was better than his sisters, and because she had not discovered any great harm in him? Flora could have asked in despair; but she had a sorrowful conviction that it would have been of no use. Dorothy had always gone her own way, always held her decisions as beyond dispute. Flora could only say, in a troubled voice—

"Then I hope you will be happy, Dorothy—very very happy."

"I shall be as happy as my neighbours, I daresay," said Dorothy indifferently, rising to go. "There is one advantage I have—I don't expect too much."

Dorothy was right so far as her father and mother's being brought to consent to the marriage, which was announced in the course of a few days. Flora could not tell whether Dorothy was also right in the manner in which she had sounded the nature of her mother's mortification, or whether Mr. and Mrs. Bennet were also persuaded that sooner or later Dorothy would go her own way, and had come to the conclusion that it might be better sooner than later. Then it was decidedly preferable that if their daughter was resolved to make a marriage poor and of little promise, it should be with their countenance, and not in defiance of their authority. Whatever disinclination they might feel to the step, they kept it in the background.

To Flora it was very strange and sad that Dorothy should be going to marry a man whom she had always laughed at more or less; with whom good-natured Dick could hardly bear to be troubled; whom Kate, not particularly brilliant herself, and disposed to tolerance where her neighbours' brains were concerned, scouted as sending her to sleep; while Mary distinctly refused to be seen in the High Street with him, he was so like the lifeguardsman who walked out in uniform with cook on Sunday in his plain clothes. If Gus Warren had been in possession of any great compensating merits, any shining qualities, which only did not shine to eyes which would not see, it would have been more comprehensible. But the best which could be said of the heavy lover was, that he was well connected, and that there was no great harm in him. Flora could not understand it. And she had another riddle to solve before the Hayters brought their visit to an end, when a second marriage in prospect was proclaimed with a regular peal of joy-bells—Minnie Hayter's marriage to Mr. Powell, one of the senior partners in Mr. Bennet's firm.

"Minnie to marry that old man!" cried Flora, in the first shock of the news. "I thought he looked upon her as if she were his daughter!"

"My dear Flora, don't be so nonsensical, and do take care what you say," cried Mrs. Bennet with asperity. "Mr. Powell is not an old man. I don't believe he is over sixty; a man of estimable character and charming manners, as well as of long-established position; a well-bred, well-preserved, rather fine-looking man of active habits, hardly past middle age. I cannot say too much in his praise. I should be only too thankful if any of my daughters made so desirable a conquest, and showed so wise a choice; and I should be very much pleased for your own sake, Flora, if I could see you as happily settled."

"That was a dig at Gus and me," said Dorothy in an undertone. "And why don't you thank mamma prettily for her good wishes on your account, Flora, and say that these are your sentiments—you agree with her entirely?"

"Never mind, Aunt Bennet," cried Minnie, skipping across the floor; "nobody shall put me out of conceit with my dear old man. I know it's all sour plums and green-eyed jealousy with these girls. Gil is furious—but who minds Gil? *He* says I may have a house in Belgravia proper—only think of it!—and he asked whether I should like diamonds or sapphires for my engagement ring. I shall not be surprised at all though I have a whole set when he is about it, he is such a rich, generous, darling old fellow of a contemporary of papa's. I shall always adore papa's contemporaries from this date, and think that there are no young fellows like them. Yes, indeed; who would not rather be an old man's darling than a young man's drudge?—as you reminded me the other day, Aunt Bennet; and you said it was a canny Scotch proverb. There, that is for you, Flora! Oh, I am a lucky girl, and I have you to thank for it, dear auntie!"

Mrs. Bennet's account of Mr. Powell was in the main correct; neither did he show any suspicious symptom of coming dotage beyond the grave fact that he was about to marry a very pretty, silly young woman not half his own age.

Mrs. Bennet rejoiced with all the pride of one of the chief architects of her niece's good fortune, about which Minnie was half wild with triumph and delight. Beata simpered, with a lively sense that she would participate in the benefits of the alliance, and that her seasons in London were now secure till she should meet with a wealthy suitor in her turn. In its first blush it was positively terrible to Flora. It was unnatural and mercenary, openly an affair of getting all that she most cared for on Minnie's part, with little or no thought of what she was to give in return.

Dorothy's marrying in weariness and to escape from certain penalties, inevitable if she remained single; Minnie's

marrying for a house in Belgravia and a possible set of diamonds—was this true wedlock, the mating of loving, sympathetic souls, the fair exchange of fitting help-meets, the greatest bliss to man or woman on this side the grave? And was there a brave man down in Kent eating his heart out and wearing his life away because he was denied his birthright, and was spending his money for naught, unless it were for the keeping of a good conscience, and the saving from wreck and ruin of two or three blind, selfish people, who took all his sacrifices as their due, and did not thank him, but preferred to look down upon him for his free gift? And was there a woman in London who could have honoured and loved him as he deserved, and as he could have cherished her, with whom he could have tasted happiness; and were they two kept apart by the mysterious decrees of Providence while these other couples came together? Were the higher moralities always to yield to the lower?

As for Dorothy and Minnie, the best that could be said and hoped for them was, that though they had come to woman's estate, and called themselves women, they were but girls after all. Life, with all its solemn crises and deep lessons, lay before them, and might raise them into higher latitudes, and convert even the worldly pinchbeck of their marriages into fine gold. Imagine for a moment Minnie, with her light step slowed and her rounded cheek pinched by sickness, watching a little child who might be left fatherless and motherless in a world too busy and engrossed to notice him, even if the men of the world did not think the rich man's heir good game to be beguiled among thieves, stripped, and left to perish by the way. Or Dorothy sensible that Gus Warren was getting bald, with grey hairs showing thick in his beard and whiskers, while he was more and more avoided or made a butt of by the companions among whom he fell. Though there had been little harm in him to begin with, he was, under the strain and stab of the treatment he received, and of his dawning and growing consciousness of it, taking to lower and lower, more and more disastrous, solaces—to gambling, racing, betting, just as she had taken to marriage, as a last resource from discontent. Supposing that, through it all, he clung to her support with a desperate piteous tenacity as his one earthly chance of salvation, a sheer weight of dependence, which, like the helplessness of a child, crushed her insensibility, and woke up in her all that was womanly. Yes, supposing these pictures became realities, and there was one, as there were doubtless many, sparks of divinely imparted humanity in Minnie and Dorothy, would the wistful, careworn women be the same as the hard, frivolous girls, who made the marriages at which Flora marvelled and grieved? Would the sufferers not be in a measure new creatures, who, in the great goodness of God, which brings light out of darkness and good out of evil, had not merely sown the wind to reap the whirlwind, but had been taught and permitted to garner some sheaves of a better harvest?

(To be concluded.)

THE CLIFFS.

DAISY'S DREAM; A STORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS SCULPTORS.

By JESSIE M. BARKER.

CHAPTER VI.

THEY presently landed on a very different coast. The cliffs, it is true, were still white, but the greensward on which they stood was gay with golden ragwort, and sheep were cropping the fine grass on the very brink of the precipice. The coast was broken up into bays and creeks, and they looked down upon a steep cliff, against which the breakers were dashing, sending their spray far up its side, and pouring back off its rocky ledges in mimic waterfalls.

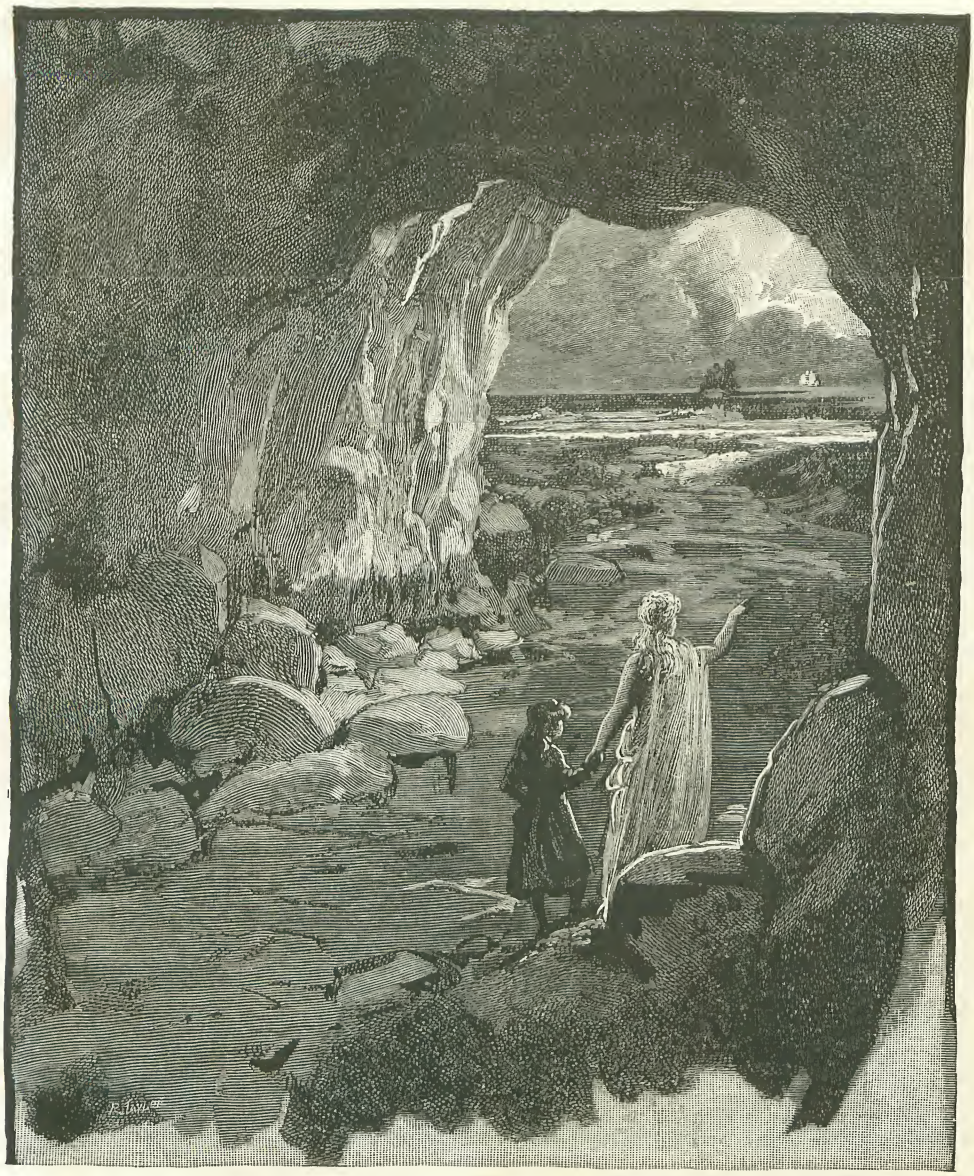
"How beautiful!" exclaimed Daisy. "Isn't it like the wall of a splendid old castle? It looks just as if it had been built, all divided up into squares in that way."

"There you see something of Nature's masonry," replied the Queen, "and, as you can easily imagine, the way in which the rocks are jointed—that is, split up into blocks—helps the waves to break them down."

"I wonder my poor castle can stand at all. How the waves do dash against it, and what a noise they make!"

"This is only play," said the Queen; "but in the winter storms the breakers can tear great pieces off rocks much better able to resist than these."

"Ah," cried Daisy, when they reached the next little creek, "here the castle is in ruins! See, there are two bits of wall standing right out amongst the waves; and



INSIDE THE CAVE.

look! some of the rooms are still left, and the sea is rushing into them through the arches."

"You see what spacious halls that castle once contained. Those bits of wall, as you call them, standing out of the water, once formed part of its arches; so you see what a great deal has been undermined and then carried away."

A few hundred yards along the coast they came to a little bay shut in again by steep white walls. These were cut on one side into massive pillars and rude archways, towards which Daisy eagerly turned her steps.

"Stop!" said the Queen. "I want to show you first how the waves begin their work"—and she took her through a small hole in the cliff on the opposite side of the bay."

"How splendid!" cried Daisy, finding herself in a large and lofty cave, from which an arched passage led to a second opening, through which the spray was dashing. "I suppose the sea fills this cave when the tide is high. Does it go right up to the roof?"

"It seldom reaches the roof, except as spray, and I hardly think you will guess how this cave was made. A good deal has been done by the force with which the waves have pushed through the passage, which began as a narrow cleft in the rock; but how about the parts beyond the reach of the breakers?"

"Do bits of the roof fall down?" suggested Daisy.

"You are not far from the mark. Yes, they are pulled down; for when, during a storm, the large waves rush into the cave, they drive the air before them until it gets compressed and squeezed into every crack and cranny. Then, just as suddenly, the wave dashes out again, and the squeezed-up air hurries out of confinement, bringing down part of the wall or roof with it. And," she continued, as they left the cave, "not only is this cliff being hollowed out inside, it is also being fiercely attacked on the outside. For rain, wind, and frost are hard at work above, and below the waves are battering away at it, not only with the force of the water, but also with still more formidable weapons. See, here are their missiles," she added, pointing to the shingly beach over which they were walking. "These smooth round stones have been made smooth by being banged against the cliffs and knocked against each other."

"What a funny stone," said Daisy, picking one up.

"That is a flint," replied the Queen. "You see quite a little band of them up there in the cliff. They are very common in the chalk."

"Then this white stone is chalk?"

"Yes, these Flamborough cliffs are all chalk; and chalk is more easy to wear away than many other kinds of rock. The work is further advanced on this side of our little bay," continued the Queen, as they reached the galleries and archways which had so greatly attracted Daisy. "The next thing to take place will be the falling in of the roof, and then these columns alone will be left to tell the tale, like your bits of wall in the other bay."

"No wonder the poor cliffs get battered to pieces when the waves are always throwing stones at them."

"You must say good-bye to the white cliffs," returned the Queen, as they rounded a projecting point of rock, "for we are going to cross a large bay cut out of soft clay, and make for that ridge jutting out into the sea, that I may show you the kind of stones the waves play with in storm-time."

"What monsters!" cried Daisy, as they landed on a rocky slab strewn on either side with huge boulders tumbled together in wild confusion.

"These have been tossed up from below during the winter storms. This great block here weighs forty tons—that is to say, as much as eight or nine hundred girls like you all put together. But it is a case of the hare and the tortoise, for though the waves are the most powerful during a storm, they don't get on as quickly with their work as rain and frost do. In going along a coast you will generally notice that the upper part of a cliff is cut away more than the lower part, which lies within reach of the waves. Come on to the sand and let us make a little closer acquaintance with the cliffs. Now, what are they made of?"

"Clay," ventured Daisy.

"Quite right. And how did it come here? Perhaps this will give you a clue," she added, pointing to one of the stones embedded in the cliff.

"It looks as if it had been scratched and polished by a glacier."

"So it has. This thick bed of clay was brought here in those days that we call the Ice Age, pushed along under a great sheet of ice. Now it is handed over to the rain, which has chopped and gashed it into all sorts of strange shapes; and while the rain has been cutting slices out of it above, the waves have been washing it away below, and between them they have carved out this large bay. Now, tell me, what is done with all the materials stolen from the land?"

"It makes new land, you said; but I don't see how."

"No, because you can't see what is taking place on the sea floor. But I'll tell you what we will do. We will find out what the rivers do with their share of the spoils, for they, after all, are the great land-builders."

(*To be continued.*)

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

By "MEDICUS."

I AM old-fashioned enough not to have lost all faith in human nature, even in tramping human nature. While out for a run with my dogs on the great Bath Road, I often meet specimens of the latter sort, and when I notice what I consider a deserving case, I cannot, for the life of me, withhold the little penny, or tinier but more welcome threepenny-bit.

"Very silly, I call it," a friend said to me one day. "They just go into the nearest public-house and spend it."

Well, perhaps most of them do, but not all, and I *may* occasionally give a penny to an angel unawares.

One day I met a poor Welsh woman, bearing up for London, with two little girls. She said they had walked all the way from South Wales, and she was going to the great world of London to look for her errant husband. I did not quite believe her, but I gave her, as I thought, a penny. She was exceedingly profuse in her thanks, and I immediately discovered I had given her half-a-crown by mistake.

"Well," I thought, "it can't be helped. May a blessing go with it!"

But a few days after, as I read in my paper, this poor woman turned up with her sad story in a police court, to beg the magistrate's advice. He kindly gave it, and something to boot, out of the poor-box. Only, you see, this woman had told me the truth.

One day last summer I saw a poor humble creature, in a thin shawl, sitting on a rest-and-be-thankful. She looked wistfully at my well-fed, happy dogs, but let me pass, and didn't beg. So I turned and gave her a little coin. She burst into tears at once.

"May the Lord love you!" she said. "Neither bit nor sup have I had since yesterday morning, and I'm ashamed to beg."

Then, only recently I met a tall and elegantly-shaped middle-aged woman, who did beg, though shyly. (N.B.—I think it is my dogs that make people beg from me, though of course they may see something soft in my eye. But if a tramp meets a gentleman with about twenty-five yards of solid Newfoundland, with coats like jet, dancing and gamboling round him, he can't be blamed if he imagines he has a copper to spare.) But about this woman. She had her hands rolled up in her shawl, to keep them warm—for it was snow-time, you know; and when she extended one, I could not help looking from it to the woman. She was, or had been, a lady, and a more delicate and shapely hand I have never seen in my life—not even in Spain, and that is saying a deal.

It was this woman's hand that put me in mind that my paper on "Hands" was due, and a week overdue. I had been down with the influenza, and forgotten everything on earth but my racking headache.

Now, girl readers, you won't mind my having introduced my subject by talking about tramps, will you? Thanks! You are very good.

Well, now, I gave, in my last article, a good many hints about the feet;—the hands naturally follow. From the point of view of beauty I believe hands are even more important than feet. Well, I mean that for one person who will be rude enough to criticise your feet, a score will take stock, mentally, of your hands. If they are beautiful, they will be admired; if not beautiful, I trust you have other charms that will counterbalance their plainness.

I'd rather not say very much about shapeless and stumpy hands, for I cannot give you a receipt to make the fingers long and taper, or to reduce the breadth of beam across the knuckles. I shall be content to imagine your hands are fairly nice in shape, and that you can stretch an octave easily enough. Now, miss, when you are done looking at those digits of yours, I shall proceed with my sermon. Staring at your hands won't do any good, you know, and I want to tell you what will.

A pretty hand, then, should not only be a shapely one, but it should be soft and white, and free from blemish. It ought to be fairly plump too, and warm—not cold and skinny. Some girls who shake hands with me—or rather "lay their loofs in mine"—make me think it is Good Friday, and that I've got hold of the tail of a salt cod by mistake.

Well, the nails should be pink and pretty, like the bill of a pure-bred Aylesbury duck—pardon the metaphor; they should be artistically trimmed, have no up-growing skin, and be as smooth and shiny as polished pebbles. Look here, miss! *Will* you or will you *not* give up staring at your fingers, and keep your eyes on your paper? Thanks again. Now we'll forge ahead.

The first thing one should do, then, in order to secure beautiful hands, is to see to existing blemishes, and their removal, if that be possible.

As for *Warts*, for instance, they are very disfiguring, and should be got rid of at as early an age as possible, so that any scars left may the sooner disappear. There are many simple remedies for warts, but they are not always effectual. The ordinary milch-weed of suburban gardens may be tried. The wart is to be touched with the juice twice or thrice daily. If this does not succeed, we go a step further, and try a wash like the following, which not only tends to banish and prevent warts, but is useful for red hands, and helps to do away with clamminess. It is very simple. You take about a dram and a half of sal-ammoniac, and dissolve it in a quart of rain-water. Add a tablespoonful of toilet vinegar. The hands are to be steeped in this—they must have been previously washed and dried—for about a quarter of an hour every morning and evening.

Well, but very likely, if obdurate, the warts will want more stringent treatment. There is strong acetic acid to be had at the chemist's, in tubes all ready. It should be used with caution—not a drop or half a drop being allowed to fall anywhere, for it stains and burns. Touch only the wart gently once a day, and don't let any on the whole skin. But the caustic silver pencil is equally effectual.

To remove lunar caustic stains from the skin, wash the part first in a solution of iodide of potassium; then rub off with a solution of spirits of ammonia.

Children often suffer from what might be called "the wart diathesis." Arsenic tonics will be needed, and good living, so a doctor should be consulted.

Now *Moles* may also be got rid of by acetic acid or even caustic silver; but they are more ticklish things to tackle than warts, so surgical aid should be had. I am much against self-treatment where safety is jeopardised.

Superfluous hairs are disfiguring. Well, they can be removed by the ordinary depilatories of shops; but these often contain arsenic; they are thus dangerous. Besides, they are dear; and one does not always like to ask for such things. I think the following depilatory as good and safe as any. It is simply a strong solution of sulphuret of barium formed into a paste with powdered starch. It is left on a few minutes and scraped off with the back of a knife. Or here is a French recipe: Crystallised hydrosulphate of soda one part, and three parts each of powdered starch and powdered quicklime. Make into a paste with water, put on, and let stay on for two minutes; then scrape off with a wooden knife.

Depilatories all require to be handled with *caution*. Touch the skin with oil afterwards, and do all this at night. Hairs may be tweezed out. Then there is electrolysis—a long and somewhat painful process.

Chapped Hands.—Some girls suffer greatly from this complaint, especially during the winter months. They must take the precautions I shall presently give for the preservation of the hands, and they must live in such a way as to increase the general strength and tone of the body, for chapped hands as well as chilblains are often associated with a weakened state of the constitution.

I may say here at once, that no girl can expect to have pretty hands who lets herself get below par. They will be red and rough, because the heart is not strong enough to receive back the blood as well as it ought. It therefore gets dammed up in the extremities—and with what results? Why, coldness of hands and feet, clammy feet or hands, red, rough hands, red ears, and—let me whisper it—a red nose. It is surprising how soon, in cases of this sort, improvement may take place from a course of citrate of iron and quinine—three to four grains thrice a day in water after meals—the cold or tepid bath after breakfast, an occasional mild liver pill, good solid—not sloppy—food, cod-liver oil or Kepler's Extract of Malt, and unbounded exercise in the open air. Try this treatment, and have the grace to think kindly of your "Medicus" for recommending it.

But of course for chapped hands some local treatment is also necessary. Well, the camphor ball is as good as anything I know. It soothes, and it allays irritation too. Then there is almond paste, rubbed well in at night, with gloves worn.

Another little mixture is glycerine mixed with a small quantity of tincture of benzine, and well rubbed in several times a day.

Now I want my readers to disabuse their minds of the notion that cosmetics of any kind whatsoever will permanently whiten or beautify the hands *if the health is neglected*. I am very earnest in saying this, and I hope you will remember it.

Ordinary Care of Hands.—Well, to begin with, they should be kept very clean, and gloves—silk is preferable—should often be worn over hands and arms, even indoors. But I do not advise you to be perpetually scouring your hands, nor using a too rough towel. The use of sand-soap or pumice-stone is highly objectionable. Always use the mildest non-alkaline soap; there are many good ones in the market, but do not trust to puffing advertisements, and never buy a cheap soap—cheap and nasty! Always use rain-water. Keep your hands gently warm—not hot—while out of doors. Muffs are not always advantageous,

as they sweat the hands. If you would avoid roughness and redness, never hold your hands to the fire. I may mention here, parenthetically, that all kinds of colds and troubles are caught, not out of doors in the open, fresh air, but in the hot rooms you enter after you come indoors. It is the most dangerous thing in the world to get warm too soon after being cold. It may sound paradoxical for me to say, "Get warm in a cold room," but this is really the only safe plan. Just listen. You may take two house-flies, and gradually freeze them—they may be even inside lumps of ice; they would in many instances come to life again if the thawing and warming process were done most gradually, but certainly not if done in a hurry. Now, if you please, take that as an example of the evil effects of thawing too quickly after you have been cold.

Standing about in cold rooms while in evening dress has a most injurious effect both on the complexion and hands. Always, if possible, throw a light, soft shawl around your shoulders. The condition of skin raised by cold, and called "goose-skin," really means temporary paralysis of the cuticle, and is very detrimental if often repeated.

Drinking hot tea or hot drinks of any kind when very cold is also bad for hands and face. Such drinks produce a too early reaction, and mischief is done that it is difficult to get over.

Nails.—A soft nail-brush should be used in washing the hands. If any instrument be needed for the nails, it should be of ivory, not of steel; if you use a sharp steel instrument you roughen the under surface, and they soon get unsightly, and are more easily soiled.

About once a week is often enough to trim the nails. Do not cut them too much down at the sides, else you may have an in-growing nail. Trim them oval or filbert, whichever suits the shape of the fingers best. Do not, however, leave them too long, or they may easily be likened to claws by people who don't love you.

Wash in hot water, and the skin that grows up over the nail may then easily be kept in its proper place by the ivory trimmer.

The white spots called "gifts," that sometimes appear in the nails, are due to a deposit, and point, not to gifts, but to more or less of the lithic acid diathesis.

The nails should be polished every day. This may be done with a trimmer covered with chamois leather, and a little levigated chalk mixed with lime juice; but polished nails look very pretty.

The liquor of boiled oatmeal groats will tend to whiten the skin; but it must be made fresh every day—it won't keep.

A cocoa-nut oil liniment is sometimes used to rub into the hands at night to whiten them. It is composed of half an ounce each of cocoa-nut oil, white wax, and almond oil, nicely scented.

Elder-flower water a pint, borax half an ounce, and lavender water an ounce. Mix. A cosmetic for face or hands.

I do not approve of always wearing gloves in bed. It is unhealthy, but occasionally it may do no harm.

In my next paper I shall touch further on the complexion, and give some hints about perspiration, which may be useful to many who are troubled therewith.

ROMANCE OF THE EARLDOM OF STIRLING.

It is often remarked by travellers to the north of the Tweed, that whilst the Castle of Edinburgh answers to the Royal Tower of London, that of Stirling is the very counterpart of Royal Windsor. And there is little doubt that when Scotland had a King and a Court, Stirling Castle was one of the proudest "homes and haunts" of royalty, since even now, in its dismantled state, we can trace, in the "pleasaunce" which lies beneath its walls, the tilt-ground where many a tournament was held in the days when the Stuarts sat upon the Scottish throne. And since the fair city of Stirling seems never to have given its name as a title to any scion of the house of Stuart, it was only meet and fitting that its earldom, if bestowed at all, should have been bestowed on one of the noblest of the old Scottish houses.

The family of Alexander trace their descent from a very early period of Scottish history—namely, from Somerled, King of the Isles, who lived in the reign of Malcolm IV., and was killed in battle about the middle of the twelfth century. He left, by his wife Elfrica, daughter of Olaf, King of Man, a son Reginald, also King of Man, who in his turn became the ancestor of several noble houses, the ancient Earls of Ross and of Antrim, and the Lords Macdonald of the Isles. He was also, through the Alexanders of Menstrie, the forefather of the celebrated Sir William Alexander, one of the ornaments of the Courts of James V. and James VI., being at once a poet, a courtier, and a statesman.

It was mainly through his poetical talents that this Sir William first became a favourite at the Scottish Court; and when James VI. travelled southwards, and was crowned as James I. of England, Sir William, like a canny Scot, to seek his fortunes travelled southwards with the King. Soon after this, in 1604, he printed and published a quarto volume of poems and plays, which he followed up by other works, all inspired by the Muse of poetry. The King, who liked to be thought a worshipper of the Muses, made him one of the gentleman ushers in attendance on Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.), and also knighted him. From this time forth we lose sight of him as a poet, but find him busily engaged in various worldly projects and schemes of a more profitable nature than verse-writing.

The chief project to which Sir William devoted his talents was that of founding and settling a colony on the shores of North America, in a part which the Council of New England seemed anxious to surrender back to the King. Sir William Alexander saw his opportunity, and being a man of action, at once seized it. At all events, in September, 1621, he obtained from the King at Windsor a royal grant bestowing on him the said tract of country for himself and his heirs, to hold as his Majesty's Lieutenants, the country itself being styled Nova Scotia. The full list of his dignities is rather long, including the offices of Hereditary Lieutenant-General of the Dominion of Nova Scotia, Justice-General, Lord High Admiral, Lord of Regality, and Hereditary Steward within the said country. After the death of James, this grant was confirmed by a charter from Charles I., dated from Oatlands in July, 1625, giving to Sir William precedence over the newly created Baronets of Nova Scotia, making him also Grand Master of that Order, and investing him with the right and power of creating additional Baronets of Nova Scotia. Some of these grants, signed by Sir William as the King's Lieutenant, are still in existence; and all the Baronets, even those who received their *titles* direct from the Crown, held their *broad acres* from Sir William, under his sign and seal.

In the following year this powerful servant of the Crown was made Chief Secretary of State for Scotland, and in 1628 he obtained from Charles yet another charter, under the Great Seal of Scotland, in which he is described as "the King's Hereditary Lieutenant of Nova Scotia," and by which he was made Lieutenant also of what is styled "the Lordship of Canada." This colony, as well as that of Nova Scotia, was founded and established at the sole expense of Sir William, and both grants were confirmed to him under the broad seal of the Scottish King and Parliament. About the same time he was raised to the Peerage as Viscount, and subsequently Earl of Stirling, Viscount of Canada, Earl of Dovan, and Baron Alexander—a long list of titles, sufficient to gratify his highest ambition—with an extension of the grant in favour of his female descendants, in event of the failure of his male line.

It may be thought fortunate for this extension to have been made, for his male line held the Earldoms and other honours for little more than a century, when they passed to the last Earl's sister, Lady Mary, who died unmarried, handing on the titles to her younger sister, the wife of a Warwickshire gentleman named Humphrys. These ladies, however, seem never to have actually assumed the title, probably because they were not rich; and when the second countess died—a year before the battle of Waterloo—her son, having been a prisoner in France, and inheriting a barren title without broad lands to maintain it, found it difficult and, indeed, impossible, to make good his claim to it. It is true that he assumed the title, and that on one occasion he voted at some elections of Scotch Representative Peers at Holyrood. But Kings George IV. and William IV., acting doubtless on the advice of their ministers, refused to receive him at Court as an earl. This refusal, joined to the want of means to prosecute his claim before the House of Lords, fairly broke his heart; and though he left no less than eight children, all born between 1812 and 1829, none of them have attempted to revive it. In all probability means would have been found to enable them to perpetuate the noble and illustrious Earldom of Stirling if it had not been weighted with the Vice-royalty of Canada, which, if admitted and allowed, would have clashed with the traditions of Downing Street and the regulations of the Colonial Office. But still, however handicapped by such awkward conditions, a claim is a claim, and a right is a right; and if any of the children abovementioned is still living, and if the various links in his or her pedigree can be proved, it is difficult to say with truth that the Earldom of Stirling is extinct.

E. Walford.

THE STUDENT.

TRAINED INTELLIGENCE, AND WHAT IT WILL DO FOR GIRLS.

By the Ven. ARCHDEACON WILSON, M.A., Vicar of Rochdale.

Education increases your interest in everything; in art, in history, in politics, in literature, in novels, in scenery, in character, in travel, in your relation to friends, to servants, to everybody. And it is *interest* in these things that is the never-failing charm in a companion. Who could bear to live with a thoroughly uneducated woman?—a country milkmaid, for instance, or an uneducated milliner's girl. She would bore one to death in a week. Now, just so far as girls of your class approach to the type of the milkmaid or the milliner, so far they are sure to be eventually mere gossips and bores to friends, family, and acquaintance, in spite of amiabilities of all sorts. Many-sided and ever-growing interests, a life and aims capable of expansion—the fruits of a trained and active mind—are the durable charms and wholesome influences in all society. These are among the results of a really liberal education. Education does something to overcome the prejudices of mere ignorance. Of all sorts of massive, impenetrable obstacles, the most hopeless and immovable is the prejudice of a thoroughly ignorant and narrow-minded woman of a certain social position. It forms a solid wall which bars all progress. Argument, authority, proof, experience avail nought. And remember, that the prejudices of ignorance are responsible for far more evils in this world than ill-nature or even vice. Ill-nature and vice are not very common, at any rate, in the rank of ladies; they are discountenanced by society; but the prejudices of ignorance—I am sure you wish me to tell you the truth—these are not rare.

Think, moreover, for a moment how much the cultivated intelligence of a few does to render the society in which we move more enjoyable: how it converts "the random and officious sociabilities of society" into a quickening and enjoyable intercourse and stimulus: everybody can recall instances of such a happy result of education. This can only be done by educated women. How much more might be done if there were more of them!

And think, too, how enormously a great increase of trained intelligence in our own class—among such as you will be in a few years—would increase the power of dealing with great social questions. All sorts of work is brought to a standstill for want of trained intelligence. It is not good will, it is not enthusiasm, it is not money, that is wanted for all sorts of work; it is good sense, trained intelligence, cultivated minds. Some rather difficult piece of work has to be done; and one runs over in one's mind who could be found to do it. One after another is given up. One lacks the ability—another the steadiness—another the training—another the mind awakened to see the need: and so the work is not done. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." A really liberal education, and the influence at school of cultivated and vigorous minds, is the cure for this.

Again, you will do little good in the world unless you have wide and strong sympathies: wide—so as to embrace many different types of character; strong—so as to outlast minor rebuffs and failures. Now understanding is the first step to sympathy, and therefore education widens and strengthens our sympathies: it delivers us from ignorant prepossessions, and in this way alone it doubles our powers, and fits us for far greater varieties of life, and for the unknown demands that the future may make upon us.

I spoke of the narrowness and immovability of ignorance. There is another narrowness which is not due to ignorance so much as to persistent exclusiveness in the range of ideas admitted. Fight against this with all your might. The tendency of all uneducated people is to view each thing as it is by itself, each part without reference to the whole; and then increased knowledge of that part does little more than intensify the narrowness. Education—liberal education—and the association with many and active types of mind, among people of your own age, as well as your teachers, is the only cure for this. Try to understand other people's point of view. Don't think that you and a select few have a monopoly of all truth and wisdom. "It takes all sorts to make a world," and you must understand "all sorts" if you would understand the world and help it.

You are living in a great age, when changes of many kinds are in progress in our political and social and religious ideas. There never was a greater need of trained intelligence, clear heads, and earnest hearts. And the part that women play is not a subordinate one. They act directly, and still more indirectly. The best men that have ever lived have traced their high ideals to the influence of noble women, as mothers, or sisters, or wives. No man, who is engaged in the serious work of the world, in the effort to purify public opinion, and direct it aright, but is helped or hindered by the women of his household. Few men can stand the depressing and degrading influence of the uninterested and placid amiability of women incapable of the true public spirit, incapable of a generous or noble aim—whose whole sphere of ideas is petty and personal. It is not only that such women do nothing themselves—they slowly asphyxiate their friends, their brothers, or their husbands. These are the unawakened women; and education may deliver you from this dreadful fate, which is commoner than you think.

In no respect is the influence of women more important than in religion. Much might be said of the obstacles placed in the way of religious progress by the crude and dogmatic prepossessions of ignorant women, who will rush in with confident assertion where angels might fear to tread; but this is neither the time nor the place for such remarks. It is enough to remind you that in no part of your life do you more need the width and modesty and courage of thought, and the delicacy of insight given by culture, than when you are facing the grave religious questions of the day, either for yourself or others.

But let me turn to a somewhat less serious subject. We earnestly desire that women should be highly educated. And yet is there not a type of educated woman which we do not wholly admire? I am not going to caricature a bluestocking, but to point out one or two real dangers. Education is good, but perfect sanity is better still. Sanity is the most excellent of all women's excellences. We forgive eccentricity and one-sidedness—the want of perfect sanity—in men, and especially men of genius; and we rather reluctantly forgive it in women of genius; but in ordinary folk, no. These are the strong-minded women; ordinary folk, who make a vigorous protest against one or two of the minor mistakes of society, instead of lifting the whole; I should call these women of imperfect sanity. It is a small matter that you should protest against some small maladjustment or folly; but it is a great matter that you should be perfectly sane and well-balanced. Now education helps sanity. It shows the proportion of things. An American essayist bids us "keep our eyes on the fixed stars." Education helps us to do this. It helps us to live the life we have to lead on a higher mental and spiritual level—it glorifies the actual.

And now, seeing these things are so, what ought to be the attitude of educated girls and women towards pleasures, the usual pleasures of society? Certainly not the cynical one—"Life would be tolerable if it were not for its pleasures." Pleasures do make up, and ought to make up, a considerable portion of life. Now I have no time for an essay on pleasures. I will only offer two remarks. One is, that the pleasure open to all cultivated women, even in the pleasures that please them least, is the pleasure of giving pleasure. Go to give pleasure, not to get it, and that converts anything into a pleasure. The other remark is, Pitch your ordinary level of life on so quiet a note that simple things shall not fail to please. If home, and children, and games, and the daily routine of life—if the sight of October woods and the Severn sea, and of human happy faces fail to please, then either in fact or in imagination you are drugging yourself with some strong drink of excitement, and spoiling the natural healthy appetite for simple pleasures. This is one of the dangers of educated women; but it is their danger because they are imperfectly educated; educated on one side, that of books; and not on the other and greater side, of wide human sympathies. Society seems to burden and narrow and dull the uneducated woman, but it also hardens and dulls a certain sort of educated woman too—one who refuses her sympathies to the pleasures of life. But to the fuller nature, society brings width and fresh clearness. It gives the larger heart and the readier sympathy, and the wider the sphere the more does such a nature expand to fill it.

What I am now saying amounts to this, that an educated intelligence is good, but an educated sympathy is better. I recall certain lines written by the late Lord Carlisle on being told that a lady was plain and commonplace:—

"You say that my love is plain,
But that I can never allow,
When I look at the thought for others
That is written on her brow.

"The eyes are not fine, I own,
She has not a well-cut nose,
But a smile for others' pleasure
And a sigh for others' woes.

"Quick to perceive a want,
Quicker to set it right,
Quickest in overlooking
Injury, wrong, or slight.

"Hark to her words to the sick,
Look at her patient ways,
Every word she utters
Speaks to the speaker's praise.

"Purity, truth, and love,
Are they such common things?
If hers were a common nature
Women would all have wings.

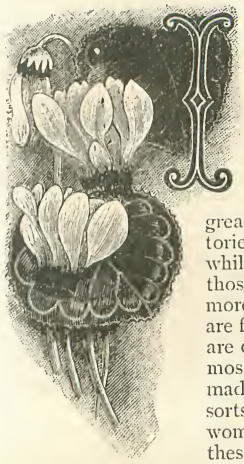
"Talent she may not have,
Beauty, nor wit, nor grace;
But until she's among the angels
She cannot be commonplace."

There is something to remember; cultivate sympathy, gentleness, forgiveness, purity, truth, love; and then, though you may have no other gifts, "until you're among the angels, you cannot be commonplace."

NEW EMPLOYMENTS FOR GIRLS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART IV.



I HAVE now arrived at the last part of my series. I do not profess to have named one-half of the occupations open to women of the lower classes, as the variety is great where manufactories are so various, while employments for those apparently in a more favoured position are few, and the markets are overstocked for the most part. Still, I have made suggestions for all sorts and conditions of women, and many of these in scarcely yet known and trodden paths.

Of "Professional Nursing" it seems trite to say much. In our own magazine the subject has been exhaustively discussed. In the great hospitals of the metropolis few openings are presented for the multitudes who seek them; but outside their pale, in our unions and over-populated parishes, there must be plenty of work, paid or unpaid, for persons who seek it; and I may add, that a limited number find such employment from the promoters of the Church Army Mission.

The science of cure or alleviation of suffering by means of "Massage" has become so well approved by the Faculty, that it has opened a new sphere of active remunerative work to a considerable number of women. It has cropped up after centuries of disuse, for it dates back to ancient times, its revival beginning in Sweden and Germany. To persons qualified, not merely by instruction in the art, but by a robust constitution, it might be regarded as a good vocation for money-making. But the *masseuse* herself, as well as her patient, should be under the watchful direction of an experienced man, since they may, either one or the other, be deteriorated in health through mutual contact. Too much of the operator's vital energy and magnetism may be absorbed by the feeble yet too keen recipient; or the weakly operator may, on the contrary, draw from the patient all the little vital power she possesses. Training during a few months for this occupation may cost from five to ten guineas, and an operator can make from three shillings to half a guinea a visit. Aspirants to this business can obtain all further information from the Secretary of the Nurses' Club, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

Another direction in which the tenders of the sick or wounded may find much scope for their labours has been provided by the Rural Nursing Branch (previously existing under the name of the Rural Nursing Association), now affiliated to the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute. The work is done in cottage homes. A duly certificated nurse has a salary of £30 per annum, her two years' training having been paid for her. Her travelling and laundry expenses and her uniform are also provided by the institution; and she lives, during her residence in the country, in her own cottage (or lodging), and works under a local committee. Already fifty-six nurses are employed in as many country districts; and it is to be hoped that the society will be able in time to supply the urgent demand for them all over the kingdom, taking each place in turn. The report of good work done, the rules issued for the use of these country districts, and special "Hints for the Nurses" themselves, are all in my hands—kindly sent me by Miss Hope Malleson, the Organising Hon. Sec. How valuable such an institution must be in country districts, some far distant from any large town, will be obvious, when it is known that trained midwifery is a branch of the nursing supplied.

The professions of "Medicine" and "Surgery," of "Dispensing" and "Chemistry," as well as "Midwifery" and "Dentistry," are all, as you know, open to women. Up to December, 1890, one hundred and ten female students had taken medical diplomas entitling them to enter their names on the British register of duly qualified medical practitioners, two of which—the distinguished and lamented Mary Prideaux and Mary Scharlieb—took the gold medal of the University of London; and Alice McLaren passed in first-class honours in October, 1890. India offers an additional field, and that a very wide one, to female doctors. But to be eligible for appointments in that country, the professor must add to her other accomplishments that of an acquaintance with Hindustani, and the local dialect of that part of the country where a medical practitioner is demanded. There are five hospitals and a dispensary in India, of which the medical officers are all women; and to that at Agra a medical school is attached. The hospitals are severally at Bombay, Madras, Patiala (Punjaub), Lahore, and Agra; and Lady Dufferin's Dispensary is at Calcutta. There are now no less than thirty-two regular women physicians, seventy-two missionary physicians, and nearly two hundred female students in the Indian medical schools, mainly, if not entirely, supported by means of Lady Dufferin's Fund.

Besides hospital and zenana practice in India, there is plenty of work to be obtained at home in private practice as well as in public institutions. Training in "Midwifery" can be had at most of the lying-in hospitals, and there is a special school for this department of the profession for gentlewomen at 131, Clapham Road, in connection with the Clapham Maternity Hospital, and where practical as well as theoretical training is given. Fees, £16 16s. for six months; board, £1 1s. per week, payable in advance. Eighty-two students have been trained here since 1889. Training in "Chemistry" and "Pharmacy" is given by the Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury Square, W.C., where daily lectures are held, and exams. also. The fees are £4 4s. There is also the London School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington Road (fees for a year, £15), and the Irish society bearing the same name holds classes to qualify for its matriculation exam. at the Queen's Institute, 25, Molesworth Street, Dublin. Here in London Mrs. Charles Keer, 9, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, W., prepares pupils for the pharmaceutical exams.

Ladies are now being qualified as "Dentists," both at home and abroad. They are trained at the National Dental Hospital, 149, Great Portland Street, W., and at the Dental Hospital in Lauriston Lane, Edinburgh.

I think that I may finish my sketch of medical fields of labour open to specially trained women, by merely a passing word respecting the training in "first aid" to the sufferers from accident, inaugurated by the St. John Ambulance Society. Of these you may do well to avail yourselves (intending emigrants especially) before adopting the vocation of a nurse, entering on a course of medical training, or making a home in isolated localities.

Classes are held at the Polytechnic Institute, and lectures are given there as in other places, medals and certificates being granted. The fees are low, and the classes, in the rooms of the institution abovenamed, are limited to 130 pupils.

It is little necessary to do more than give a list of many of the remunerative occupations open to the upper, or at least educated, classes of women, and excepting in new paths, for our working girls of a lower grade either. In music there are several branches of lucrative employment, *i.e.*, "Harp and Piano Tuners." To the "Tuner"—if a nice, well-bred girl—an opening is presented for obtaining afternoon and evening engagements to play, and to arrange and conduct the musical part of the entertainment—a line of remunerative work which I have already named, apart from tuning. That the tuner undertakes such engagements should be named on her card, and left at the house; and after every tuning she should play some attractive piece. This should not consist of a race up and down the keys—like that of a wild cat or rabid dog—followed by crashes like the fall of a tray full of plates. Shocks like these are far from beneficial to the audience, who must inevitably be more startled than pleased.

There is no true music in these gymnastic exercises, producing nerve-thrilling, head-splitting, and crazy effects. Play some beautiful air, soothing and agreeably suggestive, calling up pleasant memories it may be, the melody swelling out gradually, and dying away, like the dropping of the breeze on a summer's evening, when we cease to hear the twitter of the leaves. Or else select a bright, enlivening air, touching the chords crisply (not "hit or miss" style), the several notes being unfailingly correct, and the time perfect. These two styles will take with your audience, and obtain you engagements over and above your tuning. Fortunately, it is only on the piano that one can be electrified by horribly startling effects, and coarse and noisy pounding.

Besides, for tuners there are facilities offered for instruction to be given in a variety of instruments, both wind and stringed; and amongst the latter I would direct special attention to the mandoline and the zither, as they are less common than the rest. Organists and harmonium players may find engagements, but work must be sought in small country churches, Sunday schools, proprietory chapels, and in those of every variety of Nonconformist denominations.

The art of "Drawing," "Modelling," and "Sculpture," and a facility in taking likenesses especially, may offer remuneration, if not a livelihood, to many more female artists than are as yet so engaged, including work as a visiting teacher.

"Commission Agencies" are within the attainment—with perfect suitability—of young women who, if visiting as such, are attended by a respectable person of middle age, or otherwise in carrying on the business by correspondence at home. I am acquainted with a lady belonging to one of the first and best-connected families in the land, who acts as a commission agent to a wealthy friend on a large scale; but her name does not necessarily transpire, and the business can be carried on, as I said, by correspondence, and through the intervention of personal friends.

I have yet another opening in trade that may find a few competent women for its unique requirements. These, however, would need a little capital to invest in their stock-in-trade. I refer to a new idea which has

been carried out by a lady at Teddington—in opening a librarian's shop for the sale of old and rare books; and she has called her library "The Book-seeker's Haven," and her catalogue "Eureka."

I am now drawing near the last of those employments on my list which may prove suitable, as well as profitable, to educated women, both of the middle and the upper ranks of social life. It may be observed that I have omitted the vocation of "Governess"—that too frequently hardly-used individual of former times, who was required to give instruction in every imaginable "ology," half-a-dozen languages, English, music, drawing, painting on all descriptions of materials, decorative needlework of every description, etc., for a pitiful apology of a salary, and holidays in a lodging, if a foreigner with neither home nor friends at hand to visit. Matters are doubtless improved for them now, but the calling is creeping on towards final extinction before the steady advance of schools, colleges, and classes held for every branch of ordinary or highly-finished education. On this account I wrote an article for our magazine a short time since, making a suggestion which might be of service to many young women who cannot find situations in this country.

In the United States we find that a grist and planing-mill is in the hands of a "Lady-Miller"—*i.e.*, Miss Addie Johnson, of West Virginia. She has studied mechanics sufficiently to "take down and put together an engine as well as any engineer in the country;" and she has worked her mill for the last three years. This is quite a new vocation, and it seems worth a notice.

Again, from across the ocean we hear of a lady who was chosen, in the State of Massachusetts, to be the "Treasurer of the Florence Savings Bank." I refer to Miss Mary White Bond, who recently died at her post, where she was highly esteemed for her business ability; and it is said that "the bank never lost one dollar by her investments." There are doubtless more openings, very various in kind, in that great far-Western continent than there could possibly be in our own small and over-populated island home; but I think it expedient, all the same, to let my readers hear a little of what women can do, and are distinguishing themselves in the doing, elsewhere.

I have not as yet heard of any lady who has undertaken "House Agency." The nearest approach to it has been made by the "Lady Guide Society," every description of work being, apparently, undertaken by them on demand. But to adopt this business as a distinct vocation is a different thing. Were an agency for procuring lodgings united with that of finding houses and flats, it would prove of the greatest use to strangers, and invalids little able to seek them themselves. The lady agent could enable them to choose from a good selection the locality most suitable, and on the terms they might stipulate to pay. The office should be very well advertised, and the double agency clearly indicated on the office windows. It seems to me that such a business would be perfectly suitable for a well-educated woman.

Although I have incidentally alluded to "Zenana Work," I have not entered into the question of "Missionary Enterprise." Comparatively few are thoroughly qualified for it, so many are the essential requirements for such a vocation. Health, patience, self-abnegation, courage, zeal for souls, self-restraint, aptness for the acquirement of languages—all these are amongst the necessary qualifications of a missionary. A considerable number of our young countrywomen appear to desire appointments to this profession, and I think it desirable that they should be fully acquainted with all its difficulties, privations, and sometimes great personal dangers, amongst uncivilised tribes and countries like China, or the major part of Africa. Nor is the danger restricted to that which may be apprehended from a heathen or a Mohamedan people; fever and ague, and other complaints, including the evils of extremes of heat and cold, sunstrokes, frost-bites, and possibly starvation, besides the perils in travel by land and by water, are all to be taken into account. The cost must be counted, the foes looked calmly and closely in the face. Nor is this all that has to be considered. There is yet another point which should be very clearly brought before the notice of the intending missionary, and pressed home on the conscience, and that is, that they must beware of any self-deception in their desire for missionary life. In youth there is often a strong desire for adventure and for seeing new countries, and there are also many who long for independence, and to escape from the petty restrictions of home life—its lack of excitement and its little every-day pin-pricks, it may be—that bring no public recognition in their patient endurance, not to speak of the little dull round of uninteresting private duties which the near relations of life entail on all. Alas! that such duties, so easy of accomplishment, should feel like a burden to so many! What would not too many of us give to be blessed once more with such golden opportunities for doing sweet and loving service to some who are gone, and who deserved it at our hands, yet who never reproached us for the selfishness or the thoughtless omissions with which we reproach ourselves, and which were equally so deplorable!

But some are doubtless called to work in the world's great vineyard outside the threshold of home; and the onerous question as to who they are must be investigated and solved by each individual would-be labourer. After an unprejudiced consultation with those who might naturally claim their services and their presence in the family circle, a good test of their true motives might be applied to them by the offer of missionary work in their own land.

"Bible Women" and "Parish Visitors" find plenty to do, and in giving up other means of earning a living they are very properly provided with salary by the societies or clergy and ministers who seek their assistance. Of course such visiting is oftentimes a painful and even dangerous labour when prosecuted in the alleys and back streets of our large cities. Of this there can be no question. Far be it from me to throw cold water on the zeal of any of my younger countrywomen. I only wish to point out that work should be selected according to the age of the individual, as well as her acquirements and personal qualifications for any specific vocation. There is a niche for each and all, and Divine guidance should be sought in part through a natural source of His own appointment—*i.e.*, parental advice, the special needs of the home circle, and likewise through the plain teaching and admonition to be found in His own Word: "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Let them honestly seek Divine guidance in a humble and prayerful spirit, and "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein."

For eligibility as a "Mission Woman," or "Bible Reader," the age of the visitor must be taken into account. I speak from personal experience, acquired as an amateur visitor of two large districts at far too early an age; of the risks of contact with rough and drunken men, and of their threatened murderous assaults on unoffending wives in my very presence. I can also speak from experience of the risks run, sooner or later, of bringing the germs of fever, small-pox, and other contagious or infectious diseases, to my family at home, whose health and life I had no right thus to jeopardise. Persons of middle age are less liable to catch such complaints; and those who adopt a vocation of this kind should either live alone, or with middle-aged and consenting parties at home, or with fellow-workers, willing to encounter all the dangers which such a mission must ever involve in any large city.

My series on the subject of employments for women must now conclude. I have suggested no less than seventy-*three* ways and means of self-supporting work, or at least of making a certain addition to a private income. In this, the last number of the series, the reader will find some information on the following subjects — I think a summary of them in their sequence may prove a convenience—Professional Nursing, Massage, Cottage or Rural Nursing Appointments, the professions of Medicine, Surgery, Dispensing, Chemistry, Midwifery, Dentistry, and Ambulance Work (which latter is unpaid), Harp and Piano Tuning, instruction in Mandoline and Zither Playing, Drawing, Modelling, Sculpture, Commission Agencies, Sale of Rare Books, profession of Governess, Millers, Bank Treasurers, House and Lodging Agencies, Foreign Mission Appointments, Bible-Women, and Parish Visitors. I have not suggested Secretaryships, MS. Readerships (for publishers), Printers' Readers, Journalists, Copyists, nor situations as Private Companions to Old People or Invalids, simply because such appointments are so difficult of attainment, and comparatively few in the market, as compared with the multitudes of women who personally are really, in every respect, eligible for one or more of them. Still, I have been able to demonstrate, that a great many fields of work are presented for selection, and thus, to such as fail in securing one, a door may be found open in another. And while ostensibly writing for the young (so-called "Our Girls"), I have felt constrained to remember their elders, who will find many suggestions for their own exclusive benefit.

Missionary labour appears to me to be almost exclusively that of the robust and middle-aged; yet we may carry a missionary spirit into every vocation of life, both private and public; and Sunday-school teaching is also open to our young fellow-countrywomen, which is akin to it. Apart from the presence of the missionary spirit in every vocation, I would impress the important fact on my readers, that all work is sacred, though not ostensibly of a religious character. In serving your fellows, and labouring so as "not to be chargeable to any," you "serve the Lord Christ," and of whatever nature that labour of head or hands may be, the soul goes through a course of training in its prosecution. "There is a crook in every lot," and "ups and downs" have all a lesson to teach us. The soul's gratitude is called forth to Him who blesses faithful service, or its patience is taxed in meeting with losses and failures. We need the "pulling up of our various tent-pegs," one by one, and to be led to see our true home and true riches in our Father's "many mansions" above. All the same, we are exhorted to be "diligent in business," for "If a man will not work"—for others if not for himself—"neither shall he eat!"

"Occupy till I come" your time and opportunities, your thoughts and your lips, your whole strength, in endeavouring to attain to a higher life in your own soul, and in leading others so to do. In all the employments which I have enumerated you may serve your Divine Master; and "when you have done all," you will feel that you are but "unprofitable servants." Yet "the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever!"

[THE END.]

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

A HARD DUTY.

FOR three weeks—three long weary weeks—had Maud lain in the unconsciousness of fever. To Enid the time had seemed like three months. The bright happy days when she had so thoroughly enjoyed the fresh and stimulating interests of Rome seemed to have receded into the far distance. The clouds as well as the sunshine which had marked those days were alike forgotten. She felt as if she had passed an age in Rome, so full and deep had been the experience she had gained there.

Whilst Maud lay in a condition which might terminate in death, Enid had few thoughts save for her. She knew now how dear, in spite of her proud, petulant, trying ways, her cousin had become to her. Maud's faults passed into shade, and only the winning charm of the high-spirited, ambitious girl was remembered. Enid thought that if only her cousin were restored to health and strength, she would desire nothing more. Even when she said good-bye to Mrs. Dakin and Miss Amory on their departure for London, and they spoke of joining Julius, she listened almost with indifference. She fancied that certain feelings which had disturbed her mind a little while back were already not benumbed, but dead. She had suffered a dream to trouble her, but she was awake now, and knew that she had dreamed.

Sharing the terrible anxiety and suspense in which Mr. Marian watched beside his darling child, Enid might well forget all else. Even after the patient had passed the crisis of the fever, there was need for the utmost caution lest a relapse should occur. Maud was herself again; but the pulse of life beat very low, and her debility was such that she could hardly believe that she was on the way to recovery.

"I shall never be strong again—never!" she would say, with tears of weakness in her eyes. "It is impossible! Look at my hand, Enid, how thin it is! I can almost see through it. And my arms! No one would know them for mine."

"*Coraggio!*" said Enid, with a smile. "You *are* stronger already; and if only you take all the food we give you, your arms and hands will soon look different."

So saying, she proceeded to administer to her cousin some strengthening jelly, which Maud swallowed eagerly. She had a ravenous craving for nourishment, which was esteemed by the doctor a good symptom.

"I don't feel any stronger," she said; but already her voice was less faint. "I must be very altered, Enid. Do I not look dreadful without my hair?"

There was a shadow on her face as she passed her hand regretfully over the short golden locks which were all that remained of the hair which had been her glory.

"No, Miss Vanity; you do not look dreadful," said Enid playfully. "You used to look like one of Pinturrichio's angels, and now you look like one of his cherubs—that's all the difference it makes. Now never say that I do not pay you compliments."

Compliment though it was, the comparison was not inapt. The short, fair locks curling on her brow, the transparent delicacy of her complexion, and the helpless, docile, dependent expression often seen in convalescence, gave to Maud's countenance quite an infantile grace.

Her cousin's words pleased her. She smiled, and a faint tinge of colour, delicate as the pink flush within a shell, crept into her cheek.

"It is foolish of me to mind," she said; "but I was proud of my hair."

"You will be proud of it again yet, I am afraid," said Enid smiling.

"Enid," said Maud, after a pause—they were alone together—"have you taken care of me all the time I was ill?"

"Your father was here too, you know," replied Enid.

"Yes, of course; but did you do all the nursing? Had you no one to help you?"

"There was a lady—a lady staying here—who came very kindly and helped me," said Enid, with some hesitation.

To her relief Maud did not enquire what was the lady's name.

"I thought there was someone else," she said. "I seem to have a faint recollection of a woman who was with me, and who was very kind and gentle. I believe I thought she was my mother, and she spoke tenderly to me. I had visions of my mother many times when I was ill."

"I did not know that you could remember your mother," Enid said. "I fancied you were very young when she died."

"So I was—too young to remember her. But there was a portrait of her in my father's room; and when I was a tiny child, he would lift me up to look at it, and I used to kiss the glass which covered the dear kind face. I always carried that picture of my mother in my heart, and often in my childish troubles I used to long that my mother could come to me and take me in her arms. You see, I saw other children with their mothers, so I knew what I had missed. But afterwards Aunt Helen came to take care of me, and then I ceased to fret."

Tears came into Enid's eyes as she thought of all that her own mother had been to her. The yearning she had to be with her again was at times almost more than she could bear. She dared not let her thoughts dwell upon home. The experience of the last few weeks had deepened her sense of home-sickness; but she would not give way to it, for she foresaw that it would be long ere Maud was fit to travel back to England.

Enid hastened to speak on another subject, for she saw that memories of the past had brought a burden upon Maud's mind. She looked weary and sad, nor did Enid's best efforts avail to conquer her depression. At last, however, she fell asleep from very weariness; and when Mr. Marian and his wife presently entered the room, she lay in what looked a most peaceful slumber. Mrs. Marian sent Enid away to take a walk, and herself sat down to watch the patient.

Maud's sleep was less profound than it appeared. Not many minutes had passed since Enid left the house, when she began to move restlessly in her sleep, and presently, with a sigh, she opened her eyes. Mrs. Marian had withdrawn out of sight behind a curtain; Maud's voice reached her, saying plaintively, "Enid, Enid!"

The watcher paused in perplexity. What was she to do? Enid was away; her husband was not at hand. Should she venture to show herself to the invalid?

"Enid, Enid!" Maud cried again, this time with a touch of querulousness in her tone. Mrs. Marian could hesitate no longer. She went forward to the bed.

"What is it you want, dear? Enid has gone out for a little while; but I am here to wait on you."

Maud gazed at her in surprise. She saw something familiar in the kind face that looked down on her, but could not at once determine to whom it belonged. She continued to gaze without speaking, and Mrs. Marian had to repeat her question.

"I am thirsty," said Maud abruptly.

Mrs. Marian passed into the next room to fetch a cooling draught. She was gone but a few moments; but in the interval the truth flashed on Maud's mind, and she knew who it was who was thus waiting on her.

When Mrs. Marian approached her, Maud flushed deeply, and made a hasty movement as though she would refuse the drink for which she had asked. But her nurse appeared not to observe the action, and quietly placed the glass in her hand, whereupon Maud drained it, and gave it back with a faint "Thank you." She immediately turned on her side and closed her eyes. Mrs. Marian sat down and took up her knitting again.

Maud lay perfectly still, but she was not asleep, nor was her state of mind tranquil. It was only by a strong effort that she maintained the appearance of repose. Presently Mr. Marian entered the room, said a few words in a low tone to his wife, and stood watching Maud for a while. She carefully feigned to be asleep, and he went away again. Not a word did Maud utter till she found herself once more alone with her cousin.

Then, with a sudden access of energy caused by excitement, she raised herself in bed, and said angrily, whilst a bright crimson spot burned in each cheek, "Why did you not tell me, Enid, that *that woman* was here?"

Enid did not enquire *what woman*. She answered very quietly, "I thought it better not to tell you yet. I feared it would disturb you."

"You were right; of course it vexes me very much. Do you mean to say that she has been here helping to nurse me ever since I was taken ill?"

"Indeed she has. And oh! Maud, if you knew how good and kind she has been, you would not speak of her in that way."

"Yes, I should. I do not want her to be good and kind to me. You ought not to have let her come, Enid. You must have known that I should hate to have her do anything for me."

"Don't you think you are rather ungrateful, Maud?"

"I don't care if I am. I do not want to be grateful to her. Why should she come and thrust her services upon me?"

"Oh, Maud, do not speak like that. I was most thankful for her help. You forget how ill you have been, and what a time of sorrow and anxiety we have all known."

Maud threw herself back upon her pillows, and began to sob passionately.

"It is a pity I am getting well," she cried. "It would have been better if I had died. Perhaps I shall not get over it after all—I do not want to live. Enid, mind, I will not have her do anything more for me. Promise me that you will not leave me to her care again."

It was vain to argue with this spoiled child in her nervous, debilitated condition. Enid was obliged to give the promise required of her, and to do all in her power to soothe Maud's agitation. But the next day Maud was not so well. There was a slight return of the fever. Fresh anxiety was awakened. For some days Maud's condition did not improve. What change there was, was retrograde rather than progressive. The doctor was at a loss to understand the cause.

"There is nothing upon her mind, is there?" he asked once. "Pray let nothing trouble her that you can possibly avoid. A very slight cause of disquietude will work ill on one so reduced as she is."

Enid and Mr. Marian looked at each other in silence. Each knew well what was disturbing Maud's serenity; but it was not in their power to remove the cause. This was a case in which the patient must minister to herself.

Mrs. Marian had withdrawn from all attendance on the invalid. When Enid required to be relieved, Signora Grassi or one of the servants would take her place.

Maud continued restless, irritable, fretful. At times she was so exacting that there was no pleasing her; then she would be seized with contrition, and reproach herself bitterly for her ill-temper, or she would fall into a state of deep depression, and wish that she might die. When her father was present, although he manifested the utmost tenderness towards her, she seemed always to feel a sense of constraint. She never mentioned Mrs. Marian, but it was evidently not because she did not think of her.

Enid wondered with some uneasiness how long this state of things would last, and what the end of it would be. She thought it would be well if Maud would speak to her on the subject which lay so heavily on her mind; but Maud seemed proudly determined to keep her thoughts to herself, perhaps because she foresaw that they would not meet with full sympathy from her cousin.

At last, however, the ice was in a measure broken, and it was a letter from Sydney Althorp which effected this. It was the first letter Maud had received from him since her illness, though he had constantly written to enquire concerning her; and when she was most seriously ill Mr. Marian had from time to time sent him telegrams. Enid could see that Mr. Marian regarded this young man almost as a son, and had the utmost confidence in him. He often said that it would have been impossible for him to remain away so long if he had not had Sydney Althorp to look after his business in his absence. He told Enid one day that he meant to take Sydney Althorp as his partner in his business; but he begged her not to mention this to Maud for the present, as he wished himself to surprise her with the news when she was a little stronger.

Enid had thus come to feel considerable interest in Mr. Sydney Althorp, and she watched her cousin with some curiosity as she read the letter she had received from him.

A faint flush rose in Maud's cheek, and she looked pleased as she perused the opening lines; but presently her brow clouded, and it was with a sigh that she laid down the letter. She lay for some time without speaking, her face wearing a very thoughtful expression.

"Your letter has made you look grave," said Enid at length. "I hope there was nothing in it to trouble you?"

"No, not exactly," said Maud, with another sigh. "It is a very kind letter. You know Sydney is like a brother to me."

"Yes, I know," replied Enid. Then after a minute she added, "I am glad I have seen him; I like him so much. He seems to me a very fine character."

"I suppose he is," said Maud perversely; "but I am not sure that I like fine characters. People who think the right thing, say the right thing, and do the right thing on every occasion, bore me terribly."

"You cannot be often bored in that way," remarked Enid. "I wonder why you dislike the idea of perfection so much."

"Because it is unnatural. I cannot attain to it myself, and I do not like that others should excel me. Somehow good people always make me feel dreadfully wicked, and I long to say or do something to shock them. That is the effect Sydney Althorp always has on me."

"But why?" asked Enid.

"I don't know why. It's my natural perversity, I suppose. If Sydney were here now, I should say or do all sorts of things on purpose to vex him."

"Very amiable of you," observed Enid. "What has he said in his letter to put you out so?"

"It is not so much what he says as the way in which he takes it for granted that I am as good as he is," replied Maud.

"But do you not find that the fact that another person thinks highly of you helps you to be good."

"No; it does not have that effect upon me," replied Maud. "It only makes me impatient. What is the good of my trying to be good. I could never be as good as Sydney Althorp!"

"He would tell you to aim far higher than that," said Enid. "Everyone who would live truly must seek to conform his or her life to the One True Life. I begin to see, as I never saw before, that Christ is the touchstone of character. No one is really great whose life bears no resemblance to His. It is not easy to be like Christ. We may strive and fail. We do fail continually; but in spite of failure it is well to aim at the highest."

"I think my life has been all a failure," said Maud wearily. "I am a failure as an artist—I can see that now. I have been thinking over all my work whilst I have been lying here, and I am disgusted with it. I do not believe I shall ever have the heart to touch a brush again."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Enid. "You will take up your work with fresh zest when you are strong again. I think it is good for us sometimes to be forced to rest. You will resume your work, I believe, with fresh power and a higher aim."

"I have never aimed very high," said Maud. "Perhaps that is why I have failed. I have never thought of anything save my own pleasure and the gratification of my pride. I am disgusted with my life. It is true, Enid, that I often wish I could die; yet I know I am not fit to die, for if it is true that each one of us must give an account of himself to God, I should have a poor account to give."

"Don't wish to die, Maud, but to live, and make up your mind to live in earnest. You are getting stronger, thank God, and your health would improve more rapidly if your mind were at rest."

"What do you mean, Enid?" asked Maud, with a touch of annoyance in her tone. "How do you know that my mind is not at rest?"

"Have you not told me as much," said Enid. "How can it be at rest when you feel so dissatisfied with your life?"

"And you might add, that the state of things between me and my father is not

calculated to give me repose of mind," added Maud. "Of course I cannot help seeing how much I grieve him, and I am sorry to make him unhappy. Yet you cannot think how I hate the thought of receiving that woman. I want to keep her at arm's length all the time."

"If you knew her, and how good and kind she is, I do not think you would feel so," said Enid gently.

"There, now you are taking part against me!" cried Maud impatiently. "Oh, dear! I cannot see that it is my fault that things have come to such a pass! My life seems to have got all wrong, and I do not see how to set it right."

"I don't think that is difficult, Maud."

"Oh, you mean that I should begin to 'do my duty,' as Sydney Althorp would say. How I hate that word *duty!* It always means something disagreeable. I suppose if I had done my duty I should not have come to Rome last winter, and then perhaps my father would not have married, and I should have escaped all this trouble. But it is of no use thinking of that now! I can't undo the past."

"No; but you can avoid committing the same sort of mistake again. Duty is really no enemy, Maud. You think her so because you shrink from her. Follow her, and you will find her a friend."

"Well, how shall I follow her? What would you have me do, Enid?"

"Begin with the duty that lies nearest to you," said Enid gently. "You must know what that is."

The silence that followed seemed to show that Maud *did* know. Enid half feared that she had offended her cousin by speaking so plainly; but Maud's face wore a troubled, thoughtful expression, which was not one of anger. Many minutes passed without either saying a word. A struggle was going on in Maud's mind. At last she spoke in a low, unsteady voice—

"I suppose I must give in, Enid, and try for once to do what is right. Will you ask my father to come to me?"

Enid stooped and kissed her cousin without saying a word, then hastened to do her bidding.

(*To be continued.*)

ELGIVA'S STEPFATHER.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER I.

"I DON'T think there is anything left to be done now. The whole villa is in as apple-pie order as my dolls' house used to be when my dolls were *going to* give a party."

"My dear Elgiva, I always trained you in the most exquisite neatness, and it is no wonder that you should develop a talent for the elegant arrangement of furniture, china, and all the charming knick-knacks which surround a well-bred woman."

"I know that everything that is best in me—if there is any best—comes from you, Miss Mavisyn, dear."

"Gratitude is a beautiful and becoming virtue in the young, and I am happy to see that you possess it, my love, in a very high degree. I can conscientiously say that I never knew a young person to be compared to you in the unfolding of the graces of both mind and heart, and it is no doubt the result of your sweet mamma entrusting you, when she went to India to join your excellent papa, to the care of a highly-born, highly-educated lady like myself, whose ancestors can go back to the Norman Conquest for the commencement of their family history."

The speakers were a tall, graceful girl, with intelligence written all over her fair young face, from the high white forehead crowned by the brown hair—in which it seemed as if a sunbeam had got entangled, there were so many threads of gold in it—down to the little well-rounded chin, and a portly middle-aged lady, whose whole person, even the very ribbons in her cap and the folds of her black silk dress, appeared to be brimming over with a comfortable sense of her own importance and dignity. The pair stood on the terrace of a villa not far from San Remo, on the Italian Riviera, with the spring sunshine lighting up the blue waters of the Mediterranean, that were kissing softly, with their white-foamed lips, the yellow sands of a little bay below. To right and left stretched the lovely line of coast, a dream of rich colouring—of greyish-green olives, of golden orange groves, of many-tinted foliage, of glancing, azure waves, of headlands on which twinkled gleaming villages with their tall campaniles pointing towards the cloudless sky.

Elgiva Champney was the daughter of a gentleman who had risen high in the Indian Civil Service. Elgiva had been born in India, and at a certain age had been brought to England by her parents, as is usually the case with all English children born in that country. Elgiva was an only child, and Mr. and Mrs. Champney were people of considerable fortune; thus it came to pass that no expense was spared in her education. She was put under the care of a first-rate governess, and taken to lectures—those doorways into the kingdom of knowledge which have been opened for the girls of our day—and was given masters in all the accomplishments for which she showed a talent. Miss Mavisyn was her governess—a highly-cultivated, high-principled lady, whose strong good sense was only dimmed here and there by a foible or two, one of the most marked of which was a weakness for talking about her own grandeur. She had also a notion that the instructress of a young lady ought always to talk like a walking dictionary.

When Elgiva was about fifteen, her chest had displayed some inclination towards delicacy. She had therefore been sent abroad with her governess every winter; and the result had been, that her health was completely restored. She was now nineteen, and was as fair and sweet a specimen of English girlhood as ever bloomed. She possessed great strength of will and character, but it was a strength which was softened by the most perfect womanliness.

Elgiva's father, Mr. Champney, had died while she was little more than a child. His death had taken place in India. His widow had returned to England for a time; but having to go back to India for the arrangement of certain affairs connected with her husband's will, she had there married again. Her second husband was a Mr. Gilchrist, who was an old friend of her early youth. About two years before our story begins, Mrs. Gilchrist had died, just when she was thinking of sending for her daughter to come and join her in India; and Elgiva had been left to the sole guardianship of her stepfather. Mr. Gilchrist had started on a journey round the world soon after he lost his wife, but had kept up a frequent and affectionate correspondence with his stepdaughter, whom he wished to remain under Miss Mavisyn's care until he should return to England. His last journeyings had been in Central Africa, but he was now about to return at last to Europe, and he was to join his stepdaughter, Miss Champney, at San Remo—where she and Miss Mavisyn, who was still the girl's faithful companion and *chaperon*, had been spending the last winter—and the three were to travel back to England together.. The days of Miss Mavisyn's rule as a governess were of course over at Elgiva's age, but she still retained a certain authority over the motherless girl, who regarded her with almost a daughter's confidence and affection. On the evening in question, when they stood together on the terrace of the villa which they had inhabited for the winter months, the two ladies were in hourly expectation of Mr. Gilchrist's arrival, for which they had been making every preparation.

"I dare say he won't be here for another hour," said Elgiva. "Let us have our afternoon tea out here upon the terrace, to pass away the time. He is coming by carriage, you know, and not by train; and it is quite uncertain when he will arrive."

So saying, she sped into the house through the open window and brought out the little basket-work table with her own hands, and placed the tea-things upon it, and cut the bread and butter, to the wide-eyed astonishment of Giovanna, the leisurely-moving Italian servant maid.

"The body requires very little food when thought and fancy are provided with such a feast as is furnished by the sight of the Mediterranean," said Miss Mavisyn, as she seated herself at the table.

It did not seem, however, that the feast of thought and fancy had quite spoiled Miss Mavisyn's appetite for afternoon tea—that is, if we may judge by the slices of sweet cake and the like which found their way to her plate and disappeared from it. But it did not appear that Miss Champney cared much for her tea that afternoon, though she had been in such a hurry to prepare it. While Miss Mavisyn was still lingering over her teacup, the girl had risen, and was finding a hundred little pretexts for moving hither and thither. Now she was picking up Miss Mavisyn's shawl and replacing it on her shoulders; now she ran in to fetch more hot water; now she found it necessary to shift her seat because the sun was in her eyes.

"Dear child," said the elder lady, fixing her shrewd, kindly grey eyes upon the girl, "you are uneasy and anxious in mind, and that makes you restless. You are thinking of Wilfred Bradford, and of what you have to tell Mr. Gilchrist about him."

A soft flush overspread the girl's cheeks, but she answered quietly and at once without the slightest hesitation—

"Yes, that is what I am thinking about; I am hoping that my father will like him, and

that they will get on well together. I don't think that really there is any doubt that they will; still, I shall be glad when I have told him all, and when the two have met, and when I see them sitting side by side as friends."

"I feel quite sure that Mr. Gilchrist will approve of Wilfred Bradford as a husband for you. He is in every way worthy of my dear girl. So cheer up, my love, and look at the bright side of the matter. It is always best to do that in any case. Trouble is bad enough when it comes; and there is never any use in going half way to watch for it and meet it."

Miss Mavisyn spoke in the brisk, sensible way which was peculiarly her own whenever she was needed to help and uphold anyone she loved—a way which told of the thorough goodness of the heart which beat under all her small eccentricities and her many long words.

"You always say the right thing to put me in the right way just when I want it," said the girl, coming and kneeling down by her old friend, and twining her arms around her waist. "But, indeed, I don't mean to be at all afraid when father comes. I shall go to him and tell him the whole truth at once." And as she spoke there was a fearless, straightforward look in her clear eyes.

"That is just what I should wish you to do, dear. You never need be afraid as long as you are thoroughly, uncompromisingly true. As for your feeling restless and unsettled this afternoon, it is no wonder. There is nothing God gives us to do more difficult than waiting, and it is what we women often have to do. My father, you know, was an old soldier, and he used to tell how he was once in the reserve brigade when a battle was going on, and how it was a far harder service to perform to wait idly and passively there because it was the command of the superior officer, than to go forward and fight. My father, who was a Christian as well as a soldier, used to say that we women were often bidden by our great Captain above to stand in the waiting brigade, but that we must not think little of our service in the Christian army for all that."

It was certainly, as Miss Mavisyn said, little wonder that Elgiva Champney was in an uneasy state of mind to-day. A widow lady, called Mrs. Bradford, and her family had inhabited a villa close to the one occupied by Miss Mavisyn and her charge during the past winter. Mrs. Bradford had three daughters and two sons, and Miss Champney was naturally in constant intercourse with these young people, and an attachment had grown up between her and Wilfred, the eldest son. Miss Mavisyn had seen the state of things plainly enough, but had hoped the *dénouement* would not come till Mr. Gilchrist had returned. But his coming was postponed, and for several weeks no letter arrived from him; and during this period Wilfred Bradford made Miss Champney an offer of marriage. Miss Mavisyn could not but approve, as Elgiva returned the young man's affection, and he was a gentleman of good family and fortune. The only thing now needed for the happiness of the young pair was for Mr. Gilchrist, Elgiva's stepfather, to give his consent. Elgiva would of course have written to him at once to ask for it, but she knew of no address at which a letter would reach him. Then there suddenly arrived a telegram to say he was to be expected at the villa in two days' time; Elgiva would therefore have to make known her engagement by word of mouth to this *unknown* stepfather immediately he arrived. She believed him to be good and kind, but it was somewhat of an ordeal for any girl.

"If only dear mother were alive and was coming with him, how different it would all be!" said Elgiva sadly. "It would have been so easy, so sweet to tell her."

"Your Father in heaven loves you far more than even your mother did, dear, and He is guiding everything for you. Besides, think what a gentle, kind-hearted man your mother always said Mr. Gilchrist was. She could not have mistaken his character."

Here they were interrupted by the sound of wheels, and a minute after Mr. Gilchrist was standing in the hall of the villa. A blank, chill feeling was in Elgiva's heart. Mr. Gilchrist was certainly like the photograph she had of him, but there was no kindly goodness in his face such as she had expected to find in it.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Problems for the Ingenious.

The wits of the ancients used to be exercised by many strange problems. They had a famous one representing an ass between two exactly equal bundles of hay at exactly equal distances. "This ass," it was said, "will attempt to eat neither bundle; for by whatever line of reasoning it can be shown that he would turn first to one bundle, by a line of reasoning precisely similar it can be shown that he would turn first to the other. But he cannot turn first to both; therefore, he will turn to neither, and in presence of plenty will die of starvation."

Another of their problems was thus worded: "Epimenides, the Cretan, says that the Cretans are liars. Now Epimenides is himself a Cretan; therefore, Epimenides is a liar. Therefore, the Cretans are not liars. Therefore, Epimenides is not a liar. Therefore, the Cretans are liars. Therefore, Epimenides is a liar. Therefore," etc., *ad infinitum*.

Others stated the problem in a more simple way: "When a man says, I lie, does he lie or does he not lie? If he lies he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth he lies."

Don't Grumble.—She is a fool that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot foremost is an old and good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate. People do not like to have the unfortunate for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit; if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can.

How to Make Home Attractive.—No home that is disorderly can ever be attractive. It may be costly and luxurious, but it can never charm the eye or gladden the heart. A presiding sense of order which provides for the needs of eye and ear, which secures harmony of arrangement and consistency of detail, which ministers to that restfulness of spirit which toil and care so greatly need, is a necessary element in the good housekeeper.

Fancy and Fact.

It was on the eve of the wedding, and he was bidding her good-night. He softly whispered, "To-morrow, my darling, we begin our journey as bride and bridegroom—pilgrims of life together: hand in hand will we journey down life's rugged road. We shall want to set out with a glorious equipment of faith and hope and courage, that neither of us may faint and fall by the wayside before the journey is ended. Will we not, darling?"

"I—I—oh, yes, to be sure. Only I really am worried about the train of my dress. It didn't hang one bit nice to-day when I tried the dress on, and I'd perish with mortification if it hung so at the wedding to-morrow. Go on with what you were saying, dear!"

About Thimbles.—Thimbles were scarcely known in England before the reign of James I., when John Löpling, a mechanic, came over from Holland, bringing with him a stock of them. Finding very soon that the demand for his wares was increasing, and would soon exhaust the supply, he established a manufactory of thimbles in Islington, and invited over several of his countrymen to assist in working it. The success and profit of the undertaking were greatly beyond his expectations.

The Chief Aids to Formation of Character.—I suppose most of us think that there is no more valuable assistance in the formation of character than any pursuit that leads the mind away from frivolous pursuits, egotistic or morbid fancies, and fills it with memories of noble words and lives, teaches it to love our great poets and writers, and gives it sympathies with great causes. But this was not the prevailing opinion twenty years ago. The influence of good people, good homes, good example—in a word, truly religious influence, as we shall all admit—is the strongest element in the formation of character; but the next strongest is assuredly that education which teaches us to admire "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report;" and this ought to be, and is, one of the results of the literary teaching given by well-educated mistresses.—*The Ven. Archdeacon Wilson, M.A.*

Answer to Charade I. (p. 350).

Dumbarton.

1. Dumb (*a*). 2. Art. 3. On (*b*).

Buried Rivers.

(1.) Did Cosmo sell Edward's gun for him? Not yet; he is shooting with it to-day, and has just shot a moorhen; but Ralph, our old raven, perched on a tree and began gesticulating and croaking, and scared the others away. He has Ponto with him, but I do not see Edward or dog near us now, for he has gone to fetch Ernest. When sport is bad, I generally expect grumbling; although the boys seldom after shooting are epicures in their eating; still they blame me. Let us get up, Ruth, and go home, or we shall miss our intended ride with them, and then they will certainly blame us exceedingly.

(2.) The countess intends coming to our musical evening, and I have been in dread of her criticism ever since she made that one gay remark, comparing me to "a star." Now then, Marc Antony, let us begin our practice. After the viola solo, I repeat the minuet; just give me your A, Arthur. Now a *tempo*, Tom, a chord in the minor leading to your theme from Arne's opera and the *allegro* to finish. That will do; I see that all we shall want will be resin and another stand.

Ximena.

(*a*) The wonderful results of the oral tuition of deaf-mutes, originated in Germany, are well known.

(*b*) Joseph married Asenath, daughter of Potipherah, priest of On, and among the hierarchy of On, Moses received his education, being "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

E. J. KRUMBHOLZ.—You can obtain every information respecting the Kindergarten system of education, the schools in town and in the provinces, and the several training institutions for teachers, at the office of the Fröbel Society, 12, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C. We never gave an article on this subject in the "G. O. P."

PUPIL TEACHER.—The number of school boards throughout England and Wales up to within the last two years was 2,283.

A. W.—Perhaps the National Home Reading Union would suit you. Miss M. C. Mondy (37, Crowndale Road, Oakley Square, N.W.) would be glad to give you information and advice on this subject. She has written a useful pamphlet on "School Libraries and Higher Education." She is the Assistant Secretary of the Union, and there is a special young people's section of books. The Archbishop of Canterbury and many Anglican Bishops are Vice-Presidents of the Union.

RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.—Write to Miss Pryde for any information and advice you require. Such situations as that which you desire abroad are difficult to obtain. Address, 152, Rue de la Pompe, Paris.

A DACHETORITE.—1. There are training schools for the Kindergarten system of education all over the country, and many in London. Better apply to the Secretary of the Fröbel Society, 12, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C.—2. The 13th of March, 1875, was a Saturday.

MAIKAFEY.—The address of the Secretary of the College of Preceptors is—C. R. Hodgson, Esq., Bloomsbury Square, W.C. You had better obtain all information direct; it will be more satisfactory.

MUSIC.

DULCE CARMEN.—The guitar and mandoline are more employed as accompaniments for the voice than for instrumental pieces; but they are capable of rewarding a good player. Both are difficult of acquirement for the latter purpose.

DOROTHY F.—We can give you no recipe for reading music at sight other than careful persistent practice, just as a child learns to read letterpress.

BIRDIE.—It is quite true that music and singing are not now under a ban amongst the Quakers, or Society of Friends—at least, the "testimony" against them, as against various other things which they originally condemned, has been greatly modified. Few Quakers now wear the distinctive costume, and the form of address has dropped much out of use. But there are no hymns sung at their religious and devotional meetings, and they never have instrumental music either.

M. GARBY.—1. Your sister is not at all too old to learn any musical instrument, and more especially as she has already mastered the subjects of time and fingering, and can play a little already.—2. Mdme. Patti-Nicolini has a place in Wales, but we do not give the private addresses of public characters and authors.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND is afflicted with a nose which is "short, thick, and flat at the end." She submits to our judgment whether it would tend to render this feature "more shapely" to "wear a pair of glove-stretchers at night," so that it may not "stand in her way when trying to get a situation as housemaid." Great plainness, accompanied by a squint and a very bad figure, might stand in your way as a parlourmaid, lady's-maid, or nurse, but as cook, housemaid, laundress, or kitchenmaid, it would not signify. As to the glove-stretcher appliance, it would squeeze up the end of your nose into the shape and colour of a cherry, if small, or a purple fig if large, all the blood settling into the end. Leave your nose alone, and be thankful that you have one.

S. S.—We cannot allude to such complaints in a public paper, but we advise you to consult a doctor. Many receive patients free at certain hours in the morning. You had better ask him about marriage. We should advise you to remain single, and get your next situation in a flat, so as to be spared the stairs.

RUSSIAN VIOLET kindly informs us that wherever gold-fish are to be purchased, ants' eggs are sold for them at ninepence a pint. "Russian Violet" gives a teaspoonful of them at night to a couple of dozen fish. It seems to be a better food for them in their domesticated state, and imprisoned within glass walls, than anything else, although certainly not essential.

FRANCES.—We are much obliged to you for giving information respecting a Home of Rest for ladies of limited means at Torquay. That you "cannot say too much in its favour"; that the Matron was much liked; and that you think it would "prove a boon to many of our girls," our readers will be glad to hear. Direct—Sharon Home of Rest, Chelston, Torquay, South Devon. It was instituted by the Countess Castle-Stuart.

SEVEN SISTERS.—You write, spell, and express yourself well; and later on you will have more time to improve your education. If your engagement be still agreeable to your affianced husband, there is no reason why you should press his giving you up. You are quite capable of rising with him; and if you have so many sisters, your mother will be cared for amongst them.

J. LAW.—As delays in the changing of steamers and other conveyances, as well as stress of weather, cannot be accurately calculated, we can only give a rough estimate of the time required for going round the world. But about seventy-seven days might be sufficient, supposing that the passage from Liverpool to New York occupied six days; thence to San Francisco, seven days; voyage to Honolulu, seven days and a half; thence to Hong Kong, nearly seventeen days; to Colombo, about seven days twenty-two hours; thence to Suez, twelve days and a half: Suez to Port Said, one day; and home to Southampton in about eleven days. We allow four days for coaling at Honolulu, Hong Kong, Aden, and Malta. Delays may be put down for about four days.

E. R. E.—The writer of so gracious and gratifying a letter deserved an answer to her former one; and we would gladly answer her questions now, had she repeated them. The space allowed for correspondence is so very limited, that our girls who are disappointed of answers must kindly accept that fact as our excuse, with our regrets.

GLADYS.—1. You may address your clergyman either as "Rev. Sir," "Rev. and Dear Sir," or "The Rev. ——, Dear Sir"; and conclude, "Yours respectfully."—2. The name "Knox" is pronounced as if written "Noxce."

ONE WHO WISHES TO KNOW.—Read the Table of Degrees in the Book of Common Prayer, and you will see that uncles and aunts may not marry respectively their nieces and nephews. It would be not only illegal, and no true marriage for a Christian, but a crime; but amongst the Jews it is permitted. The "half-blood" counts the same as the whole in reference to brothers and sisters.

TROUBLED ONE.—We feel for your distress, but unless the swelling of the veins occasions pain, we do not see cause for so much alarm. No chemical process could reduce them, and if medical advice could not affect the case, we fear you must reconcile yourself to the personal peculiarity. Were the veins in your hands "varicose," medical treatment might relieve you. Many people have very prominent veins in their hands, and we never heard any comment upon them. They lie nearer the surface on some than on others.

MADGE.—You should not use emery paper to a polished steel surface. Use a very finely powdered Bath brick in a small quantity of oil, dip a piece of flannel in the mixture, and rub the spots of rust well with it. Then apply some whiting, rubbing as before; and if this does not succeed at first, repeat the same process till the rust is removed. But such spots should not be allowed to come in the first instance.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—We could not venture to say positively to what height the Tower of Babel had attained at the time of the confusion of tongues. It has been evidently much exaggerated. The historian Strabo, who puts it at 600 feet, is considered the most trustworthy in his statement. Birs Nimroad, standing in a suburb of Babylon, at a place called Borsippa, is believed to represent the ruins of that tower, still rising 153 feet above the plain. It is stated by Sir R. Porter that the summit shows it to have been destroyed by fire, like that of a volcano, as it was so intense in heat as to vitrify the stone. This corroborates the tradition that the fire descended from heaven, as on the cities of the plain. Sir Henry Rawlinson says that it consisted of seven stages of brickwork, each of a different colour; and according to Herodotus it was decorated with statues of solid gold of colossal size.

ROSABEL.—To gargle the throat with a weak solution of borax, powdered alum, and water, may be of use to you. Some people prefer glycerine, and some tannin lozenges. The same thing does not suit every one alike.

AILEEN MAUD (S. India).—Your duty is to perform the work that is placed in your hands, and in the locality where your parents have taken you. You could not be better employed than in aiding the mission work in which your parents are engaged. How could you feel a doubt about it? Young girls should beware of that spirit of independence which sets up a separate opinion to that of their natural guides and protectors, and leads them to run away from the duties allocated to them in their home life. You write a pretty hand.

MISS ALLAN sends the following riddle for solution—

"A Scripture character without a name,
Who died a death none ever died before;
Whose body to corruption never came,
Part of whose shroud's in every household's store."

Strange to say, our correspondent has not decided that it could be none other than Lot's wife.

ANXIOUS (Preston).—Write to the Secretary, Mr. B. Burford Rawlings, for information respecting the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic. Whether there be free wards we cannot say; but there is another such hospital at Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, near St. John's Wood Road Station, N.W. Apply to Mr. H. Howgrave, Secretary. We name both, in case the wards of one are full.

J. L.—No eclipse of the sun will be visible in London for about 500 years to come; nor any in these islands (with a possible exception, very slight at best, June 29th, 1927, on a line between Anglesea and Northumberland), until the year 1999, on the 11th of August. So, unless you meet with one abroad, you will never see a total eclipse of the sun.

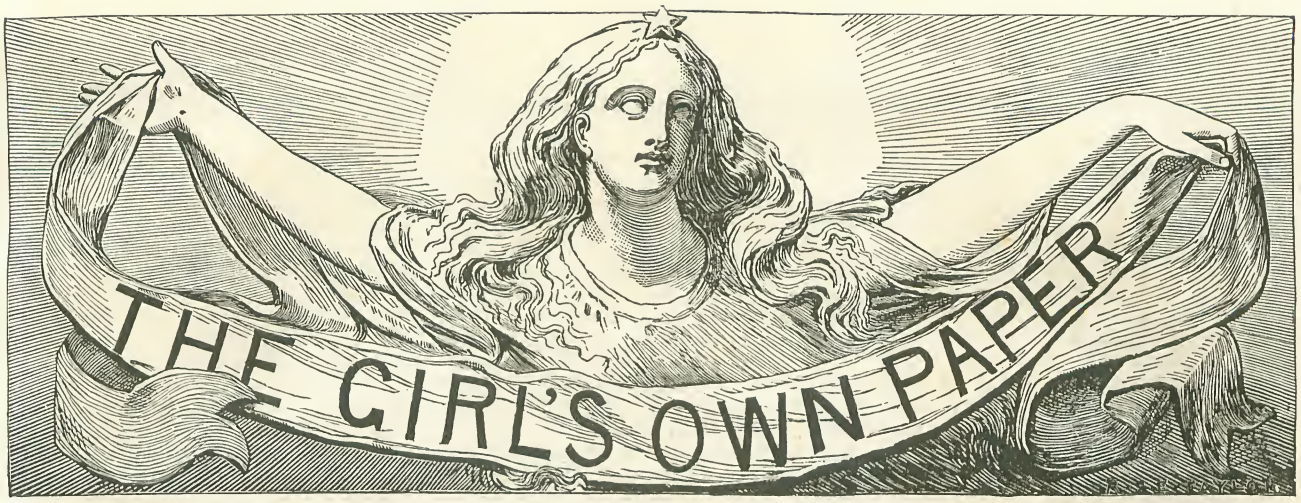
WAVERLEY (Glasgow).—No; wedding-cake is no longer sent with cards. The bridegroom fees the clergyman or minister. There is, we think, no fixed sum; it depends on the means of the bridegroom—it might be a guinea or five pounds. Better enquire what he has usually received.

AMANDA might clean a wire hair brush by means of flour, certainly not water. All brushes should be so cleansed; the flour well rubbed through the bristles and shaken out. Water takes all spring and stiffness out of them, and removes the varnish on the wood.

A. J. S.—It is not correct to say either, "Shall you mind?" or, "Will you mind?" Use the conditional mood, and say, "Would you mind?" Do not say, "I have began," but "begun." We have given two articles on "The Art of Conversing Agreeably." Read these.

A. M. F.—All MSS. offered for publication in magazines must be addressed to the Editor, and all applications for books and periodicals sent to the manager of the publishing department.

TRIXIE and IRENE are both too young by four years to apply for admission for training as nurses in any children's hospital.



VOL. XIII.—NO. 637.] MARCH 12, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONELY LASSIE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

"NEVER DOUBT THAT THE TWO DISCUSSED THE FULL IMPORT OF THE CHANGE IN THEIR FORTUNES."

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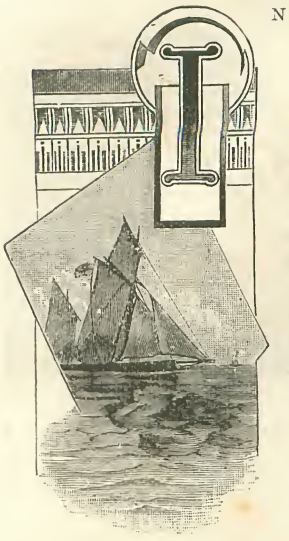
CHAPTER XXII.

HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.



IN the spring of the year following that which had seen the marriages of Dorothy and Minnie, a very agreeable surprise befell Flora. She heard from no less a person than Sir Ewan Buchanan, who, as the magnate of Inverlochan, had been asked to conduct negotiations on her behalf. Her father's cousin, who had succeeded to the small inheritance that ought to have come to the descendant of Black John, had he been able to prove his descent, was, as the minister had said, a just though not a generous man. He had not committed a midnight sacrilege in the churchyard of Inverlochan by either carrying away or defacing the tombstone which bore on its face a mouldering but still legible record of the children of Black John, born here and there and everywhere in the course of his wandering. The stone had been discovered with its blurred face resting against the wall of a shut-up building-yard which had belonged to a deceased stonemason. This worthy had in his lifetime removed the ancient landmark without being aware of its legal significance, in order to replace it by a brand new testimonial to a native of the Glen who had only recently departed from its bounds. On the recovery of the stone, the inheritor of Black John's property had done, if not the best thing, the next to the best thing—he had commissioned Sir Ewan to ask Miss Macdermot if she would consent to a compromise of their rival claims. The holder of the farm had represented, truly enough, that possession was nine-tenths of the law. He had also pointed out, what was equally undeniable, that the recovery of the lost link did not at this date put Flora in possession of the little property. The authenticity of the stone might be questioned; it was not even clear what its value would be in the light of evidence in a court of justice. Morally, it impressed the inhabitants of Inverlochan; but its effect upon a judge might be different. Flora's cousin once or twice removed did not see that he would be warranted, as the father of a family, in surrendering his acquisition unconditionally, but he was willing to come to terms with her. He wished to know if she would consent to a compromise, and in the face of what must be a contrary decision to one of the contending parties, while it was uncertain which would be beaten, agree to count the claims of blood more binding and less wasting than lawyer's judgments and fees. Would she be inclined to halve the inheritance, rather than run the risk of losing the whole? Flora, and her friends for her, discreetly held that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, and she came without any further difficulty into a small independence of about two hundred a year. Flora was very thankful for the independence, good as the Bennets had been to her, and pleased on account of the manner in which it had been brought about without deprivation or strife where anybody was concerned. "Father would have liked it in this way," she told herself. "He would have said it was one of the innumerable signs that nobody who cared to look to the ends of things had ever seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread." Then she could not help speculating, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks, whether it could make any difference to somebody down in Kent—whether it would make separate action more possible to him, especially as it was an open secret that Mr. Powell had settled an allowance on his wife's father and mother. But such speculation was idle and unprofitable, perhaps hardly even maidenly, when that spring visit to The Grays had drifted into the distance, and seemed to have happened quite long ago. Somebody in Kent, who had come so little to Kensington Square, who did not even frequent his sister's house in Belgravia, might have forgotten all about those happy weeks, with Flora's gardening and porridge-making, years and years since.

Talk of angels, and one feels the flutter of their wings; think of somebody in Kent or elsewhere, and he may turn up presently. It was an extraordinary coincidence that before a week was over a visitor called in Kensington Square immediately after breakfast one morning, and asked to see, not Mr. or Mrs. Bennet, but Miss Macdermot; and when Flora walked into the drawing-room—which chanced to be empty—there was "Collars," white with agitation, as when he and she really parted at The Grays. But this was an agitation that was lit up with hope, not darkened by despair.

"Have you heard the news?" enquired "Collars" urgently.

"Have I heard the news?" repeated Flora, a little puzzled. "I was just going to ask if you had heard the news."

Many a time afterwards, when they talked of their momentary misconception of each other's meaning, they laughed at the suspicious rapidity with which "Collars" had appeared on the scene after Flora was known to be a small heiress. It was a standing joke between two happy people, who had endless jokes, as well as endless serious confidences, in their married life.

"My news," said "Collars," "which is of such importance that it has made me take a holiday from my office and interrupt your breakfast, is, that a cousin of my father, with whom he was not on speaking terms, has died, and left him the interest of quite a considerable sum of money, to be paid to him in quarterly instalments."

"And my news," said Flora, emulous of creating an equally agreeable sensation, "is that Black John's family tombstone, which was lost, has been found, and that father's cousin is going to share with me what should have been father's inheritance."

Never doubt that the two, who were not interrupted, discussed the full import of the change in their fortunes to their hearts' content, and agreed how well it was that they had been patient, bided their time, and been loyal. For to have broken out into open rebellion, and taken their fate into their own hands, three years before, would have made misery and discord all round. And if they had not been true as steel, what wretchedness would have been in store for them when the change of fortune came! Now they had been tried and tested, and were sure of their own minds, and nobody could blame them.

"Are they very happy down at The Grays?" asked Flora, with interest. "It must be so nice for them to feel that you are relieved from the burden."

"Well," admitted "Collars" reluctantly, "I am afraid they are a little disappointed and angry because Mr. Everest has not trusted them with the capital of the bequest he made, though they had really no reason to suppose that he would leave them a penny. I need not tell you, Flora dear, that it was the only wise thing to do, because the poor old governor, though he has already squandered more than the sum in question on these hair-brained inventions of his, that will never serve anybody or bring him back a farthing, has never learnt not to burn his fingers. He would pitch the whole legacy after what has been lost already. As for my mother, poor soul, if she ever finishes that book which is to enlighten or madden the world, and the option were given her whether she would live on bread and water for the rest of her days, or publish that and more books of the same kind—should she live to write them at her own expense—by the instrumentality of any rascally publisher who got her into his clutches, she would not hesitate for a moment—she would diffuse her views though she should starve."

"But surely," argued Flora, "when they come to think of it, they will be glad of a regular income for which they are not indebted even to you, though they may object to the manner in which it reaches them."

"Perhaps; I hope so," said "Collars" dubiously; "at least you and I will be grateful in their room to the end of our days—shall we not, Flora?"—an appeal to which she thoroughly agreed.

"My dear Flora," remonstrated her aunt, "I do not mean to say that you are not mistress of yourself and your little fortune, and I have not a single objection to make against Gilbert Hayter; but your uncle and I did hope that you would have done something better for yourself. You are such a favourite everywhere; and I may venture to say to you, without the danger of spoiling you, that you have been a good deal admired, and we have been quite proud of you."

"Ah, that is all your kindness and

Painted by Renard.

Imp. Draeger et Lesieur, Paris.

Night

your affection for me," interposed Flora, blushing between modesty and innocent pleasure.

"And I shall never forgive myself," went on Mrs. Bennet, "if I am forced to see that my selfishness in sending you down to The Grays with Mary has spoilt your prospects in life. It is a poor return for what you did for us when your uncle and I were detained in France."

"Aunt Bennet," said Flora solemnly, "if your sending me to The Grays has anything to do with Gil's choosing me for his wife, you may be glad for my sake, since I am the happiest woman in the world already."

Mrs. Bennet shook her head, but she ended by sitting down beside Flora and saying that she believed she was getting old, for she was growing rather tired of chaperoning girls to routs and public places. She was not altogether sorry to find that her vocation was in a manner over, with Dorothy and Flora both married, and Kate caring so little for company. "As for Mary, she has already announced that she is going to stay with you and 'Collars'—we must put a stop to that nonsense—and that her father and I are only to have the pleasure of her company when she pays us a visit on occasions."

"Dear little Molly! She will always be more than welcome when you choose to let her come to us," said Flora warmly.

Mrs. Bennet only fired up once again with regard to her niece Flora's marriage. It was when her other niece, Minnie Powell, said, with her bird-like chirp, "If Gil were not Gil, I should say he is throwing himself away to marry and hamper himself again so soon after he is a free man, getting on in his office as my husband says he is doing. Of course Flora is very nice—a dear good girl, with money of her own; but it is very little, and I think if Gil had waited he might have looked higher."

"Everybody is not content to wait the length of time Mr. Powell was content to remain a bachelor," said Mrs. Bennet severely; "and if Flora were not Flora, I should say it is not at all probable she would have given a thought to your brother Gilbert, well as he deserves a good wife, or waited three years for him, though she is young enough to spare the time."

It is hardly necessary to say that Flora and "Collars" spent their honeymoon in Inverlochan. It was a glorious September, with the red light of the ling on the hills, and the lustrous hunters' moon lending splendour to the nights. Flora was enchanted to show her old friends to her husband, and her husband to her old friends. Miss Arabella said, between cheerfulness and pensiveness, that he reminded her of a gentleman she had known in her youth; and Flora was sensible that was the highest compliment she could pay. Old Flory called Gil "a braw man." The Macdougals clamoured round Flora, reminding her that their father had said she would marry an Englishman, and so she had, but they did not think him the least stuck up.

"The idea of Gil's being stuck up!" Flora protested.

Lady Adelaide and Sir Ewan entertained the couple at dinner, and Sir Ewan pronounced that Miss Macdermot's bridegroom was a sensible fellow, while Lady Adelaide declared he was as unmistakably a gentleman as was any one of Miss Arabella's nephews, the young Buchanans at the back of the Ben. With such of these Trojans as were left in the country, Gil was matched also, and Flora had the triumph of finding that her English husband did not come off by loss in their company. When he had the opportunity, though he was not to the manner born, he stalked a deer and captured a salmon with the best of them.

"Gil," said Flora, speaking softly to him as they two stood alone by her father and mother's grave in the churchyard where Black John's tombstone had been restored, and again held an honourable place, "I have only one thing to regret—that father and mother did not know you, and could not tell how safe and happy I should be with you."

"We cannot tell what they know now," he said quietly. "I only hope I may be worthy of their daughter's trust."

"As if you could fail me!" said Flora; "you who never failed your own people. Father's last words to me, when I little knew they were his last, were, 'Be a good lassie, Flory; God bless you.' Oh, Gil, you will help me to be good! It would be such a sin and shame if I failed now, when I have been just loaded with mercies."

"I don't think you will fail, little woman," said "Collars," lovingly. "You have higher help than I can give. I have more need to ask you to aid me than you have to bespeak my support."

"Never, Gil, never!"

Flora and "Collars" carried their mutual trust, reverence, and truest regard to no finer or more exalted habitation than a modest enough house and garden in a London suburb. They pitched their tent there, and were convinced, that if they were not in Paradise, they were very near it.

[THE END.]

NIGHT.

SONNET.

WELCOME veil of peaceful night, that wraps
The tired brain and sense in soothing rest!
The world is full of toilers, in whose nest
Such slackened tension but too rarely maps
A perfect working day. O may such saps
That drain the life, by subtle sleep's contest
All conquered be, when sun sinks in the west,
Until to earth the well-worn Earth relapse.

From every twinkling star may Angels' eyes
The easy sleep of careworn manhood see;
And after sweat of brow in heart of day
Let night's sweet purple veil dispel his sighs,
And give a rest like babe's on mother's knee,
Or like to sleep of youngsters after play!

C. P.

OUT-DOOR GAMES From over the SEA.

VI.

LIKE all other girls in all parts of the world, the American girls are inordinately fond of "Skipping the Rope;" and simple though the art seems to be, it is susceptible of a vast amount of elaboration, which implies the possession of a considerable modicum of skill on the part of the skipper. Even turning the rope is not a task to be rashly undertaken by a novice, as I have more than once found out to my cost.

Turning the rope is a somewhat thankless task in the estimation of most girls, but I have known some who were always ready to take this despised post, for with true Yankee ingenuity they had made themselves adepts in the art of vexing the souls of the skippers by all sorts of devious ways. Thus, they will suddenly tighten the rope so as to trip up the feet of the skipper, or they will lift it by almost imperceptible degrees higher and higher in the air as it turns, so that the skipper has to jump so high in the air that she misses her "turn," and comes to ignominious grief. I need not say that really nice girls are not addicted to these reprehensible practices, though I suppose no girl, if put on her honour, could affirm that she had never, on any occasion, put them into execution. As a rule the first girl who turns the rope is chosen to that post by the "counting-out" process; and then the first girl who trips has to take her place. Naturally, a girl who has not the sweetest of dispositions and the most rigid of principles is apt to demur when she is accused of tripping, for it is only the quickest of eyes on the part of the onlooker which can discern the lapse in nine cases out of ten. But a girl who makes a practice of thus perverting the truth is sure to be found out sooner or later, and gain a most undesirable reputation—so undesirable indeed, that the other girls will refuse to play with her. Thus it will be seen that even in "Skipping the Rope" honesty is the best policy, and that the game may become an instrument for the moral regeneration of girls whose ideas of truth-telling are somewhat of the vaguest.

Curiously enough there are no "skipping-rope" songs, though the nature of the game would seem conducive to some sort of rhythmical accompaniment. The following indeed is the only verse I have heard sung by American girls while they are skipping, and the time of this is so quick that only a skilful skipper can keep up to it—

"Skip, skip, to the barber's shop,
To buy a stick of candy;
One for you, and one for me,
And one for brother Andy."

"Pepper, salt, mustard, cider, vinegar," is the favourite game. Two girls turn the rope, slowly at first, repeating the above mysterious phrase; as soon as they have pronounced "vinegar" they begin to turn the rope as quickly as possible, until the skipper is either tired out or trips; in any case she is usually ready for a rest, and thankfully takes the place of one of the turners. Thus all are satisfied.

In "Rock the Cradle" the rope is not turned completely over, but is given a motion like to the pendulum of a clock. The long sweeps it takes makes it difficult for the skipper to avoid tripping.

In "Huckery-buck," or "Huck-a-buck," the rope is turned *from* instead of *towards* the skipper, and exceedingly difficult is it for some girls to skip the rope in this manner. Thus, it is difficult for them to "Chase the Fox," as the next game is called. In this, one girl is chosen as a leader, or "fox;" she first runs through the rope as it is turned towards her without skipping; the others all follow her; then she runs through from the other side as the rope is turned from her, and the others follow. Now she jumps in and skips once, and the others follow suit; then she skips twice, then thrice, and so on, the others all the time following her example if they can; if not, and they trip, they have to take the place of the girls who are turning. So it goes on till all are tired out.

"Going to School" is a pretty form of "Skipping the Rope." Two girls lock arms, or each passes one arm around the waist of the other, and with the disengaged hand holds one end of the rope. They then turn it over themselves, varying their step in unison as the fancy seizes them.

In "Going a-Begging" two girls turn, and two others jump in and skip together side by side. Then while still skipping they change places with each other, one of them saying as they pass, "A piece of bread and butter," and the other replying, "Try my next door neighbour." This is kept up till one of them trips, or until they are tired out.

In "Going a-Visiting" one girl turns the rope over herself, and another jumps in and faces her while skipping in time with the girl she is "visiting." She then jumps out again without stopping the rope, and another girl follows her example.

In "Winding the Clock" the girl who is skipping turns completely round with each skip, calling out, "One, two, three," and so on up to twelve as she does so.

In "Skip the Garret" the rope is swung very high up in the air with each revolution, and it takes a very agile skipper to avoid being tripped.

"Baking Bread" is played by a girl taking a stone in her hand, and as she skips laying it down on the ground without a check in her skipping, and then picking it up again. She repeats the operation as often as she can without tripping.

In "Chicago" the two girls who turn have a rope in either hand, and turn them alternately, the skipper having to jump in and out with marvellous rapidity to avoid being caught.

In another game with two ropes the skipper has a short one herself, and while the two girls turn the long rope over her head, she skips and turns her own rope, the double movement being one of not a little difficulty.

"Skipping the Ladder" is skipping first on one foot and then on the other with a sort of stepping motion, which is implied in the term applied to it.

A common but dangerous habit of girls is to turn for themselves, and see how many times they can skip. Some of them skip into the hundreds, and stop only from sheer exhaustion. When it is considered that the strongest organisation is affected by skipping for only a dozen skips, it can be judged what danger is run by this practice, common alike to English as to American girls. Cases of lifelong misery arising from it are not so rare as might be imagined.

I suppose English girls play "Jacks," but I don't think they play as American girls do. "Jacks" may be round sea-worn pebbles or cubical blocks of marble gathered from the discarded fragments of a marble yard, or else they may be the little iron affairs specially—in America at least—manufactured for the purpose, and formed of six short arms meeting in a common centre with a little round knob on the end of each. The peculiarity of these is, that they are inclined to remain stationary wherever they fall, and so do not roll to an inconvenient distance when thrown down. There are two different games played with jacks. The simpler one of the two is played with from ten to twelve jacks and a small rubber ball. The jacks are taken in the palm of the right hand and thrown into the air. No sooner have they been thrown than the hand is rapidly reversed, so that the falling jacks descend on the back of the hand. Should, as is very rarely the case, all the jacks be so caught, the player at once scores one game. Supposing, however, that three remain. The jacks are then gathered in the hand and thrown out upon the ground. The ball is thrown into the air, three of the jacks caught up without touching the others, and the ball caught in the same hand at the first bounce. Then the ball is thrown into the air and three more jacks gathered up while the ball is on the bounce. So it goes on till all the jacks have been gathered up three at a time. They are then once more thrown out and gathered in four at a time, then five, six, seven, eight, and nine at a time, supposing ten jacks are being used. Finally, the ball and jacks are held in one hand, the ball thrown up, and while it is in the air the jacks put down and the ball caught in the empty hand on the first bounce, as usual. Then the ball is thrown up, all the jacks gathered in, the ball caught again, and the game is won. Of course any mishap, such as touching the other jacks when picking the required number up, or missing the ball, puts the player out. If she touches her dress with her hand while gathering up the jacks, some sharp-eyed girl calls "clothings!" or by a strange corruption "cloburns!" and the offender is out.

The other and older game is played with only five jacks. The five jacks are thrown in the air and as many as possible caught on the back of the hand, as in the other game. If none are so caught, the player loses her turn at once. If any are caught, she can go on playing. First she throws all the jacks on the floor; then she separates one without touching any of the others. Next she throws this jack up, and while it is in the air she has to pick up one of the others and catch the jack she has just thrown up in the same hand before it descends. This she repeats till all the jacks are gathered up, when she throws them out again and picks them up two by two, then three at once and the fourth separately, and then all four at once. Then she proceeds to "Set the Table." She takes two jacks in her hand, at once throws one up in the air, sets the other down at the corner of an imaginary square, and catches the other before it descends. She repeats this with another jack, and forms another corner of the table, and so on till the four jacks are placed thus—

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Then she "Clears the Table" by reversing the process, and picking up the four jacks one after another while one jack is in the air.

She "Sweeps the Floor" by scattering the jacks broadcast, and by single touches of the forefinger, given while the fifth jack is in the air, pushing the others into a compact heap. She "Rides the Elephant" by placing the four jacks in a row, thus—

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and then, after placing the fifth on the back of her right hand, tracing a tortuous course with the forefinger in and out of the four. When she has done this backwards and forwards three times she jerks the jack off the back of her hand into the air, and, gathering up the four others, catches the up-thrown jack in the same hand as it falls. She finally "Gathers Chickens" by holding her left hand on the ground with outspread fingers and palm slightly arched, and with one jack on the back of the right hand taps the four jacks one after another so as to collect them in a heap under the left hand; then throwing the jack off the back of the hand she gathers in the "chickens" while the jack is in the air.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES ON SONGS OF TENNYSON,

WITH REFERENCE TO THEIR MUSICAL SETTINGS.

PROBABLY no poet has more exquisitely rendered the music of the English language as language than our present Poet Laureate. His dainty delicate grace of utterance is such as should satisfy the most fastidious ear for the melodious in spoken words. "When the poetry of the Victorian era," says a modern critic, "has receded far enough in time to admit of a final and unbiassed summing-up, we make no question but that one of its most conspicuous excellences will be found to be its musicalness. The exquisite melody alone of Tennyson is more than sufficient to consecrate a muse far less profound than his." Indeed, this word-music is so satisfying to some of Tennyson's admiring readers, that they will acknowledge to delighting in poems of his which to them confessedly do not mean much, and they will declare that it would not matter if they meant nothing. For such enthusiasts regarding mere melodious "sound signifying nothing," Thomas Carlyle has a seasonable word.

"I find considerable meaning," says Carlyle, "in the old vulgar distinction of poetry being *metrical*, having music in it, being a song. If your delineation be authentically *musical*—musical not in word only, but in heart and substance, in all the thoughts and utterances of it, in the whole conception of it—then it will be poetical; if not, not. Musical—how much lies in that! A musical thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing; detected the inmost mystery of it, namely, the melody that lies hidden in it; the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul, whereby it exists and has a right to be here in this world. All inmost things, we may say, are melodious—naturally utter themselves in song."

It is no doubt because the songs of Tennyson preeminently answer to this fine description in respect of both their perfection in inner soul and verbal embodiment, that they have been the subject of musical treatment by composers ambitiously eager to marry their melodies to immortal verse.

There is no lyric, however sweetly melodious in its words, loftily significant in its sense, and deeply moving in its feeling, which is not enhanced by a worthy musical setting. Singers know how much more a possession of the soul a noble song becomes when they have sung again and again its words to fitting music, till they feel it is—

"All their rarer, better, truer self,
That sobs religiously in yearning song."

Music makes the language of song more memorable because it expresses its meaning and emotion, and depicts the scenes it describes with more vividness, impressiveness, and enchantment than the finest elocutionary delivery of the lines could do. For instance, Miss Lindsay's simple setting to "Home they brought her warrior dead," is a pretty tone-picture of a scene which the words—certainly with charmingly touching suggestiveness—merely outline.

Many of our modern English songs are thin strains to vapid words. I do not think it is too hard to say of many a modern English composer, that he is as one

"Who whistles as he goes *for want of thought*."

It is this absence of thought or intellectual sense of the significance of song from some of our drawing-room ditties which makes their performance by cultured people in a well-educated age a deplorable marvel.

While we have composers whose songs are stamped with that intellectuality which gives such compositions as Schubert's, Schumann's, and Franz's so precious a significance; yet into their treatment of Tennyson's songs English musicians seem generally to put more heart than head. Miss Lindsay, Jane More, Blockley, and John Park have written to Tennyson's words music which seems the outcome of a depth of feeling scarcely matched by their reach of thought. Sullivan and Balfe, however, rank high as song composers. The former has the touch which adorns; the latter was a true musical interpreter of those poets to whose lines he linked his strains, one of his best examples being, "Come into the garden, Maud." But it must be admitted that some of Tennyson's songs have been treated with the greatest musicianly mastery by foreigners, such as Henschel, Pinsuti, Piatti, Blumenthal, etc.

In the volume of songs from Tennyson's writings set to music by various composers, edited by W. G. Cusins, there are forty-four numbers, testifying to Tennyson's productiveness of effusions of the lyrical order, and to their attractiveness to the musical mind. Some of the most renowned modern composers contribute to the volume, which is on the whole a valuable musical exposition, intellectual and sympathetic of the various poems. Some of the compositions, however, bear the "done to order" stamp, and are somewhat lacking in inspiration and interest. It may even be doubted if, in one or two instances, the verse is of so distinctly lyrical a type as to be suitable for setting to musical song. It is possible to exact too much from the drawing-room listener by singing an unfamiliar elaborate poem elaborately treated.

A few of the contributions to this volume may be briefly noticed.

Ciro Pinsuti introduces that dear, dear girl,

the "Miller's Daughter," with the ringlets and dainty waist, and a sweet taste in personal adornment, by a symphony expressive of the haunting rush of the mill-wheel, which continues all through to accompany the melody, delicious as the simple sweetness of the words themselves.

The tuneful Sullivan makes "Edward Gray," of the broken, buried heart, sing meltingly of his lost love, and with as much bewitching melodiousness as he (Sullivan) has provided for, say, Gilbert's "Lady Jane" when she warbles plaintively about the unwelcome effects the ravages of time are producing on her once slender grace.

Coming to Blumenthal's "Sweet is true love," one cannot but be charmed by the impressive beauty and dramatic force of the music. It might be thought, on a reference to the context of the Idyl in which Elaine's song occurs—

"And in those days she made a little song,
And call'd her song, 'The song of love and death,'
And sang it: sweetly could she make and sing."

that the dramatic element in the music is over emphasised in what the author calls a "little" song which Elaine sang "sweetly;" but, on turning to the lines which follow the song, we see how correctly the composer has caught the author's meaning, and how faithfully he reflects the shuddering weirdness of the verses :—

"High with the last line scaled her voice, and this,
All in a fiery dawning wild with wind
That shook her tower, the brothers heard, and thought
With shuddering, 'Hark the Phantom of the house,
That ever shrieks before a death,' and call'd
The father, and all three in hurry and fear
Ran to her, and lo! the blood-red light of dawn
Flared on her face, she shrilling, 'Let me die!'"

Some of Tennyson's songs, like some of our cherished hymns, live in the memory along with tunes whose associations have all the simple sweetness and dearness of childhood. My love for Tennyson's poetry began at an early age, when I sat by the piano eagerly drinking in the prattling strains of "If you're waking, call me early," and "I chatter, chatter, as I flow," sung by a voice of rare homely purity and charm of tone, than which no other voice I ever heard has pleased me better. To the song, "Late, late, so late," I associate an air by Miss Lindsay, which, though commonplace enough, I have still a sort of awe-struck admiration of. In trying over G. A. Macfarren's setting (in the volume under consideration) to these solemn lines, I at once admit its superiority in artistic and telling interpretation. The expectant tone of the two first lines of Stanzas I. and II. is expressed in a plaintive *pianissimo* theme, and the reply of the last line is delivered in a firm *forte* recitative. The expectancy sinks into a beseeching soft cry in Stanzas II. and III., but still the reply is stern and emphatic—"Too late!" In the last verse the composer produces an impressive effect after the phrase, "Ye cannot enter now," by introducing a sudden change of key in a discordant chord, played *fortissimo*, as if to clinch the irrevocableness of the awful final refusal; but the phrase, "Too late!" is repeated in gentle lingering strains, making the voice that had hitherto been so stern subside into yearning, loving, regretful pity.

Before leaving this interesting volume, allusion must be made to the song of Tennyson's which has been most studied and handled by musicians, viz., "Break, break, break." There are arrangements of it by Jane More, Blockley, Oakeley, McConnel-Wood, Georg Henschel, and many others have doubtless essayed to give musical expression to the thoughts that arise in them on reading the lines.

This beautiful poem, "Break, break, break," can never lose its freshness, its penetrating pathos, so long as "loss is common to the race." The melancholy music of its words must even appeal to young hearts into which the aching sense of an irreparable deprivation has not entered. In the aspect of its adaptability to music, it certainly presents good opportunity for effective treatment by the intelligent composer. No one has availed himself of this opportunity so satisfyingly as Georg Henschel.

In the introducing symphony a heart sigh seems to alternate with the break of the waves. Again and again with insistent monotony the waves rise, break, and rush upon the stones and crags. Amid this tumbling of waters the voice is heard. The poet cannot utter the thoughts that arise in him; he can only bitterly bid the waves break on, as he longs to find the relief of utterance for his agitated thoughts. The rush of the sea continues as the singer sighs—

"And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

The poet merely notices, in his abstracted mood, the fisherman's boy at play with his sister, the sailor lad singing in his boat, and the stately ships passing to their haven; and these scenes the musician lightly sketches in appropriate melody. An unexpected change of key to the minor on the word "hill"—

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill"—

leads to the real keynote of the poet's song—

"O for the touch of a vanished hand."

"Break, break, break," sound the waves in the symphony—

"And the sound of a voice that is still."

Again, as if mockingly, the symphony sounds the break, break, break, of the sea; and then the poet's tongue, made vocal by the musician, gives as much utterance to his thought as he is capable of to the melodious recitative of the musician, whose symphony keeps repeating the sigh of a heart and the break and rush of the sea—

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

The occasional pieces, whose melodious strains acceptably relieve the somewhat pedantically poetic narrative of the Princess, present in themselves an interesting subject of study.

The central idea of "The splendour falls on castle wall," is our individual responsibility for our personal influence as expressed in the lines—

"O love, *they* (that is, the bugle echoes) die
in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever."

Oakeley has supplied music to this song, but the lines seem better suited for tasteful elocutionary treatment—preferably by a ventriloquist.

The other songs of this Princess group have a domestic character; and regarded in that light, may be arranged in the following order :—1. "Ask me no more." (One of the captivating features of Tennyson's word "melody" is his repetition in the same piece of a felicitous phrase. Many instances of this will occur to even the casual reader of Tennyson. "Ask me no more" is one of the most charming.)

This fine poem may be said to present a picture of the period of courtship. The fruits of a recent effort in bookmaking have been given to the world in the shape of a volume entitled, *How Men Propose*, being a collection of passages from fiction bearing on this irreverent enquiry. Perhaps the author's sequel to this work will be, "How ladies refuse." One of the specimens will doubtless be that vocal triviality called, "No, sir," which for a season or two was so frequently sung with much sprightly piquancy. Certainly no collection of refusals will be complete without "Ask me no more." The verses may be *un*poetically summarised thus :—Verse 1. Ask me no more. It's of no use—we wouldn't suit each other. Verse 2. Ask me no more; because if you keep on asking me, I'll be unable to refuse, you look so miserable. Verse 3. Ask me no more—it is quite unnecessary. Yes, you are mine, and I am yours.

We will place second in the list of the Princess songs, "Sweet and low"—the mother's lullaby over her babe about the absent father, a gracefully sweet song, arranged with the utmost skill by Barnby for the four parts.

3. "Thy voice is heard through rolling drums"—the song of the soldier who, at the thought of his "brood about the mother's knee," goes forth conquering and to conquer. The singer of the lines—Lilia—is described as seeming "half possessed"—

"She struck such warbling fury through the words."

4. "As through the land at eve we went." Here we have a quarrel of husband and wife—a discord resolved into a harmony dearer than ever at the grave of their lost little one.

5. "Home they brought her warrior dead." Motherhood is the consolation, the duty, and the glory of her widowhood.

In conclusion, other two songs claim notice. These occur in the fourth part of the poem proper of the Princess, where they are placed in contrast to each other.

When, in response to Princess Ida's request, a maid of those beside her smote her harp and sang, "Tears, idle tears," the Princess afterwards demanded a song which does not "moan about the retrospect," but "deals with the other distance and the hues of promise." Then was sung, "O, swallow, swallow, flying, flying south." Is there a more perfect love song than this? Or has it been more perfectly interpreted musically than by Piatti? Piatti's song is apparently not well known, or perhaps the amateur baritone deems it too ambitious an effort for the drawing-room. But why do not professional singers render it oftener in public. It has more force and fervour in it than a score of the modern love-songs.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what ye mean," we can only touch on reverently, shrinking from a too close comment on it. Readers of it ponder it in their own hearts, and each heart finds in it its own sacred song. It has been worthily set to music by John Park; but another perusal of it constrains one to make *it* an exception to the proposition that music always enhances verse. These verses music cannot improve, and they will live by reason of their own melodious expression and inward harmony.

It has been truly said, that life can be as ample in one divine moment as in an hour or a day or a year. Those who have the gift of song amplify life by conferring on their neighbours and possessing for themselves the "divine moments" which the true rendering of a true song—a heart's melodious expression of a heart's harmonious conception—yields. And among the songs that are breathed into the air, and found, long, long afterwards in the hearts of friends, may there be many of the songs of Tennyson!

WILLIAM PORTEOUS.

In April the wealth of flowers in country gardens and town shops makes the only difficulty that of selection; while in the lanes a girl of taste will find, within a few hundred yards, materials to her hand for the most charming scheme of decoration.

Among English wild flowers there are—Primroses, violets, wood anemones, forget-me-nots, orchids, kingcups, ladysmocks, arums, cowslips, bluebells or wild hyacinths, water crowfoot, daffodils, thorn blossom.

In the garden—Daffodils, narcissi, anemones, hepaticas, wallflowers, star of Bethlehem, periwinkles, pansies, hyacinths, tulips, almond blossom, lilac, laburnum.

At florists may be bought also—Roses, mignonette, geraniums, acacia (or mimosa), spiræa, azaleas, orchids, white arums.

Perhaps the flower most intimately associated with the month, for natural and political reasons, is the primrose; and none is more lavishly used, or more distressingly illused. In most primrose decorations we come across, the principal idea that strikes us is the shocking waste of blossoms; and, following an inevitable law, this superfluity of material causes a corresponding poverty of effect. Only look at the bunches of primroses everywhere now to be bought—all crushed together more into the resemblance of a cauliflower than anything else, their delicate pentagonal outline lost, the dainty spot of warm colour hidden; and then think of what were their native surroundings. As I write I recall the Devonshire lanes, where surely more primroses grow than anywhere else; where the eye, looking first at the blue sky, travels downwards by red uplying fields, to hedges of that shiny purplish-brown which budding twigs take on in spring, to the banks beneath, where the brown ivy and brambles, bearing still some red leaves of last year's growth, form a rich background for the brilliant bits of yellow, purple, and white, supplied by primroses, violets, anemones, and other flowers which mimic them closely; while on hedges and banks alike the fresh green shoots complete the full chord of colour. The primroses grow in thousands, but yet there are more leaves than flowers; each blossom can be seen distinctly by itself, and the groups of three or four on a root have their forms thrown out by the intervening and surrounding green and brown. Remembrances like these are invaluable for suggesting naturalistic arrangements, and anyone may easily originate ideas in this way.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOM AND COWSLIPS.

For instance, if you are gathering primroses, get at least as many leaves as flowers, and supplement the light green with the darker tints of ivy or bramble; while, if you must buy, remember that a penny bunch, if judiciously mingled with foliage, will decorate a room with better effect than three times the quantity alone. Leaves are not always easy to obtain in town, but ivy can generally be bought; and wild anemones, while mixing well with primroses, supply sufficient green for both kinds of blossoms. Hepaticas too, and trails of periwinkle, look well with primroses in low dishes, and their glossy leaves are sufficient accompaniment; but the wild anemones do go agreeably with any strictly garden flowers. Palm Sunday falls in primrose time, and a charming arrangement for that day is as follows: In each of four tall specimen glasses sprays of the hedgerow-flowering willow tree, called "palm" at this season, a few white anemones, some long-stalked primroses and leaves, and a spray of brown ivy; a dish of moss stuck with primroses, anemones, and violets, mixed with ivy and their own leaves; and four small globes with the same flowers and foliage. This was for rather a large dinner-table, and the centre dish and specimen

glasses were stood on a table-mat of cream linen, embroidered in brown and green, and edged with a plain border of green linen, the small globes being at the corners of the table. The cost would be about 1s.—Primroses 1d., violets 4d., palm 2d., moss 2d., ivy 2d., anemones 1d. But of course the moss and ivy may be regarded as permanent materials, and will last for many weeks.

In the country this may be varied by substituting wild arums for palm; but I have never met with any of these in shops.

Palm and daffodils are a very happy combination in blue-and-white jars, and the latter look very well filled with the handsome golden kingcups which appear about the middle of the month, and a very dark species of flowering grass.

The scarlet and pink anemones, which mostly come from the Riviera, are valuable as a change of colour at this time of year; but here again we have to complain of the lack of green sold with them. Their own feathery foliage is very difficult to supply the place of; but with the pink kind, asparagus is very nearly as good; and with the ever-useful brown ivy, make delightful contrasts, shown to most advantage in white, or celadon-and-white china vases.

The scarlet look well mixed with pheasant's-eye narcissi and their grey-green leaves, and French fern in tall white glasses.

The white narcissi remind me of an old country garden where they grow in profusion on a bank which slopes down to a miniature brook, whose brink is fringed with forget-me-nots; and this suggests a very lovely arrangement of the two flowers.

The narcissi must stand in tall, narrow-necked vases, while forget-me-nots look best in open bowls or dishes; therefore a compromise should be effected by standing two or three specimen glasses in the middle of a dish, and surrounding their bases and stems with the lowlier flower, a few sprays of which may be placed in the glasses with the narcissi, keeping their blossoms on a lower level. Another and even prettier way is to fill a basket with moss, stuck closely with the myosotis, so that the narcissi will stand upright out of it. But this is somewhat difficult to manage, and unless the basket be of china, the moss must be constantly damped to keep the flowers fresh.

The almond is a very early forerunner of the various fruit-blossoms which begin in April to deck the orchard and hedgerow, and if branches can be cut, give striking effects in a drawing-room.

On the whole, these require less arranging than judicious placing. They should be put alone in well-shaped vases with narrow necks and wide bases, which will stand firmly, and allow the branches to spread out above without overbalancing; and great taste is demanded to obtain the most pleasing angle of the main stem with the perpendicular part of the vase. To understand exactly what I mean it is only necessary to examine any Chinese or Japanese drawing of a pot of flowers, these people having a peculiarly fine perception in the matter. Large branches of "palm" well repay similar treatment.

I do not think, as a rule, that fruit blossoms are suitable for dinner-table decorations; but a jar filled with the flowering thorn will make an effective centre to a low-lying arrangement of wild flowers, such as orchids and primroses, or bluebells and cowslips.

One of the most conspicuous of spring garden flowers, the wallflower, is decidedly unsociable, and looks best alone, or rather in a mixture of the brown and golden species, in any old china or modern white bowls. Very few sprays should be placed together, and great care taken to leave no foliage on the stalks below the water-line; and in any case the water must be changed every day, as no flowers sooner become unpleasant.

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

Although no other flowers go well in the same vase, a centre group of wallflowers can be effectively supplemented on a dinner-table by low troughs or old china teacups and saucers filled with pansies, which are fully out in gardens by the end of the month.

The cultivated hyacinths of all colours are plentiful now, and delightful both to sight and smell; but I cannot help thinking them unsuited for cutting. Growing out of the bulb the thick head looks very handsome, but when deprived of its natural base, few vases can support it with dignity, and any suspicion of floppiness in such a flower is lamentable.

The small Roman variety, however, is more graceful, and looks very pretty in finger-bowls with some brilliant anemones and a sufficiency of its own delicate green leaves.

The colour chord of the month for English flowers is undoubtedly purple and gold, beginning with primroses and violets, passing on through cowslips and bluebells, kingcups and delicate ladysmocks or cuckoo-flowers, and finally finding expression in the lilacs and laburnums of the garden. And endless variations can be obtained from these harmonies by the admixture of appropriate background greens and such neutrals as white blossoms (anemones, water crowfoot, or lilac), or the black-flowered grass mentioned above.

CONSTANCE JACOB.

VARIETIES.

THE EFFECTS OF FLATTERY.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he had lost the object of his affections.

"Alas!" he said, "I flattered her till she got too proud to speak to me."

GOOD MANNERS.—Nothing sits so gracefully upon young people, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors.

SWEET MUSIC.

The following, in praise of music, is from a manuscript in the Cotton Library:—

"Where gripinge griefs the heart would wound,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
There music, with her silver sound,
With speed is wont to send redresse.
Of troubled myndes, in every sore,
Sweet music hath a salve in store."

THE IRISH LOVER.

"I know there's a cross about Norah's blue eye,
But that fact my love cannot smother;
But her eyes are so pretty—no wonder they thry
To be gazin' 'round into each other."

LOOKING ROUND.—To the mean eye all things are trivial, as certainly as to the jaundiced eye they are all yellow.

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISS GUY AGAIN.

WHEN she had given Maud's message to Mr. Marian, and he had gone to his daughter, Enid felt sure that Maud would not need her presence for some time, so she availed herself of the opportunity to take a walk.

Of late she had been in the house far more than was good for her, and her health had suffered in consequence. She had striven to be cheerful for her cousin's sake; but the many hours passed in the sick room, and the extent to which her sympathy and forbearance had been taxed, could not fail to exert a depressing influence on her. She felt sad and weary as she stepped into the street.

It was late in the afternoon, and the air was growing fresh. Enid liked to have a purpose in her walk, and she thought of an errand that would take her to the Borgo San Spirito, at the other side of the city. She passed along the Via Sistina, and descended the Spanish Steps. She was crossing the piazza below, when someone uttered her name in a high, resonant voice, and looking round she found Miss Guy beside her. Enid was surprised to see her, for this lady had left the *pension* some weeks earlier, and Enid believed that she had returned to England. The surprise was hardly an agreeable one, but Enid did her best to respond cordially to the eagerness with which Miss Guy greeted her.

"Why, Miss Guy," she said, "I thought you had gone back to England."

"Not yet," said Miss Guy. "I have been at Naples for the last month, staying at the Grand Hotel with friends. Ah! that *is* an hotel, I assure you; such splendid service, and a lift, and electric light in all the rooms, and ten courses every night at dinner."

"Ten courses," broke in Enid mischievously—"how I pity you! It would be perfectly dreadful to me to have to sit through such a dinner as that. But what did you think of Naples? It is beautifully situated, is it not?"

"Oh, yes, of course; and there are lovely shops there. You can buy the most beautiful corals and tortoise-shells at ridiculously low prices; only you must bargain with the shop-people, and look out sharply, for they will cheat you if they can."

"Oh, dear! Then I should try to keep away from the shops," said Enid. "I suppose there are some beautiful things to be seen there besides those that are exhibited in the shop-windows?"

"Why, certainly. There is the museum if you care for sculptures and bronzes and things of that sort. And there is Pompeii and lots of ruins to be seen. But I was tired of ruins before I left Rome."

"Are you going to remain in Rome now?"

"Oh, no. I leave to-morrow for Paris, breaking the journey at Florence and Lucerne. How is your cousin, by-the-bye? She was very ill when I went away."

"She is getting better, thank you—but slowly."

"Ah! that is right. Those fevers are dreadful things. They told me hers was not infectious; but I never know whether to believe people when they say that, so I thought it best to get away."

"No doubt it was, if you felt nervous," said Enid, rather amused. It had not before occurred to her that there was any connection between Miss Guy's departure from the *pension* and her cousin's illness. She was moving on when Miss Guy made an effort to detain her.

"Stay a moment," she said. "Why are you in such a hurry? I have not had a chance of talking to you for ever so long. Do tell me, is it true that Miss Marian's father has married again?"

"It is true," said Enid, her manner stiffening as she spoke. She had no desire to discuss the circumstance with Miss Guy. "But you must please excuse me—I have some distance to go."

Miss Guy, however, was not to be shaken off so easily. She stepped after Enid, and laid her hand on her arm. "Has your cousin heard the news about Miss Amory?" she asked.

"What news?" replied Enid in surprise.

"Ah! I thought very likely you might not have heard. I only got the news yesterday in a letter from London. She is engaged to be married."

"Is she really?" said Enid, interested at once. "Do you know to whom she is engaged? It is no one whom I know, I suppose?"

"Why, of course," said Miss Guy, laughing. "Who should it be but Mr. Dakin?"

Something like an electric shock seemed to pass through Enid as she heard the words; but the very extent to which she was startled prevented her from showing any particular emotion.

"Is it so?" she said quietly; "then I hope they will be happy. Miss Amory is very bright and pretty. But I must really be going on—good-bye," and she walked quickly away, whilst Miss Guy stood looking after her with a malicious smile on her face.

Enid had received a painful surprise; but the immediate effect of the news was to act as a stimulant to both body and mind. She walked on with a quick, vigorous step, and her head held high. A feeling of scorn had been awakened within her which gave her a curious sense of exaltation. She even felt a sort of wonder at herself that she should have heard such news and be so little affected by it. She thought of her cousin, and hoped that she would not be seriously disturbed when she learned what had come to pass. It seemed almost as if the fact had little interest for her, save as it might affect her cousin in her weak condition. It caused anxiety on Maud's account, that was all. Enid smiled to think how brief a time had passed since Julius Dakin had sought to win *her* for his wife. Well, the love he had offered then could not have been worth much. It would be foolish to grieve over the loss of so light a thing. And uplifted by pride, Enid felt wise and strong enough to defy this startling event to disturb her serenity of mind.

She walked on briskly, accomplished her errand, and then, yearning for a breath of purer air than could be had in the close ill-smelling streets of the Borgo, she ascended the straight steep street which leads to the church and convent of St. Onofrio, the home and tomb of Tasso, on the slopes of the Janiculum.

She passed the convent and went on up the hill, lingering for a few moments at the spot where Tasso was wont to sit beneath his famous oak, which, crippled and propped, still lives to put forth leaves in an honoured old age. The view from this point is very fine, but finer still from the newly-made terrace above, to which Enid now ascended by a flight of stone steps.

The sun was low in the sky. Its rays illumined the white walls and grey roofs of the houses of Rome, extending below the hill in one broad sweep from right to left. Here and there the monotony of the lines was broken by the dusky green of ilexes, the rounded crests of umbrella pines, or the solemn shafts of cypresses. The Castle of St. Angelo shone so brightly in the sun rays, that the angel on its summit showed but as a black spot amid the radiance.

Far away beyond the houses, faintly visible through a pearly haze, the mountain wall of the Sabines barred the horizon. Further to the left were mountains robed in softest hue, which melted almost imperceptibly into the fainter hue of the sky. Soracte alone, isolated from the rest, stood forth with its rugged outline clearly defined. The nearer broken ground of the Campagna was flushing pink in the sunset glow.

On the other side stood full in the sunlight the Alban Hills, wearing the loveliest amethyst hues. The sun's rays gleamed on the white houses of the villages dotted on their slopes. Nearer to the city the round tower of the tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the Appian Way, and the Pyramid of Cestius, caught the illumination. Such was the scene on which Enid's eyes rested, whilst behind

her, on the other side of the road on which she stood, the vast grey dome of St. Peter's rose beautifully above the hill.

Many times during her stay in Rome had she climbed that hill for the sake of the view it afforded; yet often as her eyes had been gladdened by the prospect, it seemed to her that it had never looked so lovely as now. Yet why did the sight bring tears to her eyes—for tears they certainly were which shone on the long dark lashes, and in her heart was a sore sense of bitterness and disappointment.

Rome had not disappointed her. Oh, no! She had found it even lovelier than she had expected. It was wonderful what a hold the place had taken on her heart. She felt its strange fascination still, and in spite of her yearning to return to her loved ones, was conscious that it would be hard to leave the Eternal City. And yet she said to herself, with the unwavering decision of the young, that once away, she would never return. Not that the grand old city, with its many sacred associations, would ever lose its interest for her, but because there must inevitably be pain for her in renewing her acquaintance with it. For though the place had not disappointed her, there were people there who had—*people*, she said to herself, with a shallow pretence of including in her condemnation certain artists and celebrities of Rome who had suffered this keen-sighted little person to discern the unadmirable traits of their characters. But Enid would have been more honest—more like herself—had she owned that it was to her disappointment in *one* person that the bitterness of her present mood was due.

Enid was roused from her thoughts by a touch on the arm. She turned with a start, and met the smiling gaze of Miss Strutt. Enid forced a smile in response, and did her best to blink away her tears. Eyes will often water when the vision is strained to gaze across a wide sunlit landscape. She *hoped* Miss Strutt would not suppose that the moisture in hers had any other explanation.

But Miss Strutt's eyes were keen. She had been struck with the sad expression on Enid's face as she stood gazing on the mountains. "How is your cousin to-day?" she now asked quickly. "Not any worse, I trust?"

"Oh, no; I hope she is a little better," Enid replied; "but she advances very slowly."

"Poor girl! It is a most trying illness. And it is telling on you—I can see that. You are losing your colour, and growing thin. But I have news for you that you will be pleased to hear. I had a letter to-day from your friend, Mr. Julius Dakin."

If Miss Strutt expected to see Enid's look brighten, she was disappointed. There was no change, save a certain stiffening of the lines of the girl's face.

"I believe I have heard your news already, Miss Strutt."

"What! That Mr. Julius Dakin is about to return home with his mother?"

"No, I have not heard that." Enid grew a little paler as she spoke. "But it does not surprise me."

Miss Strutt looked at her in perplexity. Enid was a puzzle to her. She had written, at the suggestion of his father, to ask Mr. Julius Dakin to undertake a commission for her, and when writing she had been tempted to tell him a little about Enid and her cousin, feeling sure that the news would be welcome to him. Had she blundered in giving him that faint hint concerning Enid? Had her foolish old heart, still influenced by the romantic dreams of her youth, led her astray? Miss Strutt began to have misgivings.

"They are coming next week," she said. "I wrote to ask Mr. Dakin if he would kindly get something for me in London, and in reply he said that he hoped to return next week, and he would bring what I required instead of sending it."

Enid received the intelligence with apparent indifference. "I must be going," she said, glancing at her watch. "Are you returning home now?"

"Yes, so we can walk together. This is a favourite spot of yours, is it not, Enid? I have met you here before."

"It is, indeed. I like the view of the mountains from here so much," said Enid, turning again to look at them. "Oh, dear! I suppose I shall not see them again from here."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because if Maud continues to improve we shall leave Rome very soon. The doctor wishes her to be removed to more bracing air as soon as possible."

"But you will come back some day?"

"No; I shall never come back," said Enid decidedly.

"*Never?* How positively you say it! And yet I believe you will come back."

"It would be impossible, unless I came with Maud; and somehow I do not think that Maud will ever want to come back to the Studio Mariano again."

"No; really? But there are other ways. You cannot tell what may happen in the future."

"True; but I think I know enough of my future to be certain that I shall never come back to Rome."

"You young people are very fond of that word *never*. But life is full of surprises. I wish I could remember some lines I met with in an old book the other day. Let me see—how did they go?

"Manifold are the changes
Which Providence may bring.
Many unhopedfor things
God's power hath brought about.
What seemeth, often happeneth not;
And for unlikely things
God findeth out a way."

"For unlikely things
God findeth out a way,"

repeated Enid. "Certainly, unlikely things are constantly happening. That I should ever come to Rome would have seemed to me a very unlikely thing a year ago."

"Then you should not say so positively that you will never return to Rome."

"No, perhaps not; but——" Enid thought of the "unlikely thing" of which she had learned that afternoon, that had so entirely changed her feelings with respect to Rome, and made her shrink from the thought of returning rather than desire to do so.

When Enid reached home, and went to her cousin's room, she found Mrs. Marian seated, knitting in hand, by Maud's side, whilst the face of the invalid wore a more tranquil expression than Enid had seen on it for some time. She looked at her cousin with a meaning smile which seemed to say, "You see I have done all that could be expected of me, and am trying to make the best of it."

But when presently Mrs. Marian went out and left them alone, Maud had little to say about what had passed.

"I have done my duty, Enid," was all she remarked; "but I won't pretend that I liked doing it, or that I feel wonderfully happy now it is done."

"But you will feel happier, though," said Enid.

Maud made no reply. Enid asked no questions. She felt that the less that was said about experiences so mortifying to Maud's pride the better. The strong prejudice Maud had conceived towards her father's wife could not be overcome in a day. Enid believed that in the end Mrs. Marian's gentle, loving disposition would win for her the affection of her stepdaughter; but this must be the work of time. Meanwhile, in the days that followed, Enid watched anxiously the intercourse between the two, fearing lest anything should occur to check the slow growth of mutual esteem.

But Mrs. Marian was a model of discretion. She understood the character with which she had to deal, and she did not attempt to overstep the limits which Maud's manner tacitly imposed. She was careful not to give the young lady too much of her company, nor to annoy her with fussy attentions. Yet in many ways Maud was made to feel the worth of Mrs. Marian's kind thoughtfulness, and her perfect comprehension of an invalid's needs.

Perhaps it was well that they were not together long at this time. Whether she were happier or not in consequence of having obeyed the voice of conscience, Maud's health improved from that day with rapid strides. Her recovery seemed now assured. She was strong enough to bear a short journey, and by the recommendation of the medical man, apartments were taken for her at Frascati, a charming summer resort on one of the slopes of the Alban Hills.

Mr. Marian thought that when he had seen his daughter settled at Frascati, he might return to the business which now urgently required his presence. Naturally he wished to take his bride with him. They had passed a strange honeymoon, but perhaps the hours of painful suspense and anxiety they had spent together had drawn their hearts closer to each other than they would have come in hours of mere pleasure-seeking. It hardly seemed right to leave with Enid the sole charge of the invalid. But when Maud received a hint of the difficulty, she at once made a suggestion which removed it.

"Let us ask Miss Strutt to go with us

to Frascati," she said. "She knows the place well, and has often spent weeks there making sketches of the scenery. You need have no fear for us if she consents, for she is the most prudent old Scotchwoman you could find anywhere. And Enid likes her. It would please Enid, and she deserves to be considered, for she has had a sad time with me of late. She little thought what she was taking upon herself when she agreed to come abroad with me."

To the satisfaction of everyone concerned, Miss Strutt willingly consented to accompany the girls to Frascati. Enid had now to busy herself with preparations for their departure. The studio had to be dismantled, and its pretty things packed away in boxes. This was melancholy work. Maud had desired that her treasures should be so packed that they might easily be forwarded to her in London.

"For I shall never come back to work at the Studio Mariano," she said with a sigh.

"You think so now," Enid had replied, "but you will feel differently when you are strong again. There is no reason why you should not come back."

"I know; but I shall not do so," Maud said. "It has all been such a failure somehow."

Enid understood, and said no more.

One afternoon when Enid returned from spending some time at the studio, Maud asked her if she had seen Miss Strutt.

"No," said Enid. "I knocked at her door, but she was out."

"She has been here. She did not know that you were at the studio. She hoped she might meet you on the way back."

"I went into a shop," said Enid, "so that is how we missed each other. Was she here long?"

"Yes. She stayed and talked with me for some time. She is making all sorts of plans for our enjoyment at Frascati. She is a kind old soul, Enid."

"She is indeed," said Enid. "I am glad you have found that out."

"Only think, Enid; she says that Mrs. Dakin and Julius came home last night."

"Indeed!" Enid bent hastily to inhale the perfume of a pot of heliotrope which stood near the window.

"Yes. I had no idea they would be home so soon. I am very glad."

"Are you?" Enid would have given anything to be able to speak carelessly, but she was feeling intensely nervous, and her manner showed it.

"Are not you glad, Enid?"

Enid ignored the question, and said—"Did Miss Strutt tell you any news of Julius Dakin?"

"No, indeed. What news should she tell me?"

"Oh, I did not know if you had heard. I was told the other day that he was engaged to Miss Amory."

"Who told you that?"

"It was Miss Guy."

"Then I don't believe it is true," said Maud.

"Oh, yes, I think it is true," returned Enid nervously.

"Why should you? You know we have not always found Miss Guy's statements trustworthy."

Enid was silent. It had never occurred to her to doubt the accuracy of the intelligence given by Miss Guy.

"Do you hope that it is not true, Maud?" she asked presently.

"For some reasons I do," replied her cousin quietly.

Enid was still giving her attention to the flowers. She had not ventured to look at her cousin, but now as Maud spoke she stole a glance at her. It was not as she had feared. Maud's face did indeed wear a thoughtful expression as she leaned back upon her cushions; but it was hardly a troubled look. She had not grown pale, nor did she show any sign of excessive agitation. And when Enid looked again Maud was actually smiling.

"When did Miss Guy tell you this?" she asked.

"More than a week ago," said Enid. "I met her in the Piazza di Spagna, as I was going for a walk."

"And you never told me—you never said a word of it till now. You naughty Enid! I know why you kept it from me. You thought, did you not, that it would hurt me to hear of Julius Dakin's engagement?"

Enid coloured guiltily, and could say nothing.

"I thought so," said Maud laughing. "Well, I will be frank with you. Some time ago it might have disturbed me to hear such news. I believe I was silly enough to think that I—I cared for Julius Dakin. But I was cured of that folly when I heard the way in which he spoke of me that day in the studio. I don't know whether it was my heart or my vanity that felt the wound, but it was a wound. I could never feel the same towards Julius Dakin afterwards."

"It was very wrong of him to say what he did," said Enid.

"And yet he was right. The truth in his words made them sting the more. I *was* a joke as an artist—I can see that now."

"You were not, Maud," replied Enid; "you have a genuine love for everything that is beautiful; you have fine taste; you have the instincts of an artist."

"Without the power," observed Maud drily. "Well, we will not discuss that. I am thinking about Miss Amory. I never liked the idea of Julius' marrying her, even after I had ceased to have silly fancies about myself; but now I really do not care whether he marries her or not. It is wonderful the change in one that an illness like mine makes. I feel quite another being, and my past life, with all its hopes and fears, seems a long, long way off, and so dreamlike—the experience of some one else rather than my own. Still, I am surprised at Julius Dakin. He always used to laugh so at Miss Amory; I never thought he could really care for her. But she is very rich, and men are incomprehensible beings."

"They are indeed," said Enid.

"There is one man, though, whom I thoroughly believe in," said Maud, with sudden energy, "and that is my dreadful friend and mentor, Sydney Althorp. Do you know that he is to be my father's partner? Father has been telling me about it this morning."

"I thought it would be so," replied Enid, "and I am very glad."

"I need not have distressed myself," she thought, as she went away to her own room. "I need not have feared that Maud would break her heart for Julius Dakin's sake. What a difference it would have made to me if I had known the truth before! But I am thankful—oh yes!—I am most thankful that I acted as I did."

(To be continued.)

FANCY BUTTER: HOW TO MAKE IT.

By A CERTIFICATED BUTTER-MAKER.

THERE are doubtless many girls who greatly regret the unappetising appearance which butter often presents on coming to table in the form of misshapen or badly-printed pats; but perhaps there are not many who know how easily this may be remedied, and the butter made to look fresh and nice, and even ornamental. I am referring to the making-up of fancy butter, which is such simple, pretty work that it is to be wondered it is not more generally practised.

Any girl may teach herself to do it with a little perseverance and attention to a few simple rules, while the only appliances required are a pair of wooden butter-hands, or, as they are generally called, Scotch hands, and a few dozen sheets of butter-paper, both of which may be got at any place where dairy requisites are sold. The cost is trifling, a pair of the hands, of quite sufficiently good quality, being obtainable from about half-a-crown. When buying them, however, it should be noticed that they are serrated *lengthways* on one side, as they are sometimes made plain, which is not advisable for this kind of work.

There are two points to be considered before commencing the actual making-up of the butter, viz., the condition of the butter, and the preparation of the Scotch hands and butter-paper.

With regard to the first, the butter should be neither very soft nor extremely hard, as both these conditions, for obvious reasons, prevent its being easily and neatly manipulated.

In hot weather, when the former of these troubles is prevalent, the butter should be taken into the cellar over night; or, where this cannot be done, putting the butter into a basin, and allowing this basin to stand all night in

a second vessel filled with cold water, will greatly tend to make it firm. In either case the making-up should be done as early as possible the next morning, and in a cool place.

On the other hand, in the winter butter will often become so hard as to render working it almost impossible; in which case it should be placed in the kitchen for a few hours before it is made up, care being taken that it is not subjected to too great a change of temperature, or it will become sticky on the outside, when all hope of handling it must be given up until it has once more got firm.

The second point to be considered is the preparation of the Scotch hands and butter-paper in such a manner as to prevent the butter adhering to them. For this purpose the Scotch hands should first of all be plunged into boiling water for a few minutes, and then placed in cold until they are cool. Take them up, and to each one allow a lump of salt the size of a walnut, which must be well brushed all over them, an ordinary scrubbing-brush, if quite clean, serving for this purpose very well, though a smaller and softer brush is more convenient. Rinse them to clear away the salt, and allow them to lie in a bowl of cold water until ready to use them.

The greatest attention should be given to this point, as on it hinges the success of the whole process. It is practically impossible to do this kind of work satisfactorily if the butter adheres to the Scotch hands in the slightest, which it will be almost certain to do if they are not most carefully prepared in the way just indicated.

The butter-paper merely requires dipping into cold water and squeezing fairly dry. It does not tear readily, and a sheet or two spread on any clean slab or table will allow of the butter being worked on it without sticking to it in the least. The same sheet, however, should not be used on more than one occasion.

Both the Scotch hands and the paper should be kept moist while being used, as it is only when wet that they are proof against the butter adhering to them.

Having given attention to these various details, the actual business of making-up may commence. To make a pat in the shape of a brick is the first step, and beginners will be almost certain to find that this is not by any means so easy as it seems.

Take a lump of the butter to be made up (about a quarter of a pound is a convenient size), and lay it on the sheet of paper before you; then with the Scotch hands, using, of course, the serrated side, turn it rapidly over and over, with a rotatory motion, until it has assumed the form of an elongated roll.

It is difficult to describe this movement, which can only be acquired with practice; but once mastered, the use of the Scotch hands becomes familiar, and the rest is easy.

We left our butter in the form of a long roll, which must be brought to the required length by gently compressing the two ends, care being taken to press *equally* with each hand, so as to avoid getting the pat thicker at one end than the other. Now proceed to flatten the remaining four sides by pressing, first one, and then another, with the Scotch hands, until the pat has assumed the shape of a brick, and is as level and well-proportioned as possible. It must be prevented from becoming too long, as it will be apt to do during this process, by occasionally compressing the ends in the same way as at first.

The top and sides may now be ornamented according to fancy, by cutting lines, squares, diamonds, etc., on them with the thin end of the Scotch hand, care being taken not to spoil the shape of the pat while this is being done.

The difficulties of the brick-shaped pat overcome, more elaborate work may be attempted.

A very pretty thing to make is a basket. Take for the foundation a lump of butter of from a quarter to half a pound in weight, according to size required. Shape it into an oblong or square, and hollow out the middle as much after the fashion of a basket as possible. Make a number of marbles, varying from the size of a small walnut to that of a pea (these are shaped by simply rolling the lump of butter between the Scotch hands), and fill the hollow in the basket with them, putting the largest in first, and piling the small ones on the top as high as they will stand. There is a two-fold object in this piling—it gives the basket a filled appearance, and, what is of greater importance, acts as a support to the handle when it is on.

To make the handle, take three pieces of butter, from the size of a walnut to that of an egg (in proportion to the size of the basket), and roll them out separately into long coils about as thick as the little finger. The Scotch hand must be used *lengthways* for this purpose, to avoid cutting the coils. Made in this way, however, they will be quite smooth, and must be marked by pressing them very gently with the hand held breadthways, in order that they may match the rest of the basket.

When finished, lay them side by side and join them at the top, and then proceed to form a plait by laying them one over each other in the order required. Join them at the other end, and lift the whole gently on to the basket, fixing it in position by pressing the ends of the plait to the sides of the basket, allowing it to rest on the contents, as before intimated.

These baskets may be further ornamented by laying a smaller plait all round the outside of the foundation, the shape of which may also be varied if desired.

A very pretty idea is, instead of filling with the butter marbles, to use fruit, such as strawberries or currants, though in this case, of course, the flavour of the butter becomes a secondary consideration to its appearance.

All manner of ornamental shapes may be made in butter, with no other appliances whatever but the Scotch hands. Swans with hollow bodies, which may be filled in the same way as the baskets, snakes, small loaves, and rolls, are a few of them; but the maker may tax her fancy or ingenuity to almost any extent.

A capital imitation of a yellow rose-bud may be made by pressing small pieces of butter as thin as a wafer between the plain sides of the Scotch hands and laying them one over the other in the half-curled fashion of the leaves of an opening rose. This is rather difficult, owing to the butter being required so very thin, but the imitation is wonderfully good when neatly managed.

Should even greater variety be desired than can be obtained with the Scotch hands alone, small wooden butter-prints may be purchased of almost any pattern, and the butter stamped with them after it is made up into squares, rolls, etc. These are prepared for use in the same way as the Scotch hands.

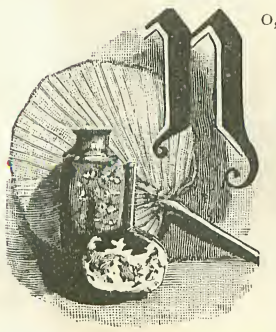
There is one important fact to be remembered by all who would excel in this art, which is, the work must be done quickly. Overworking butter breaks down and destroys what is technically known as the "grain," thereby greatly impairing its flavour and keeping properties. Speed as well as dexterity should therefore be aimed at.

Another point is, never to touch the butter with the naked hand. Apart from the scientific reasons for this rule, which need not be discussed here, there are very few people who can handle butter without its adhering to the fingers, and so causing loss of butter, time, and patience.

ELGIVA'S STEPFATHER.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER II.



O, Mr. Gilchrist was certainly not at all the man they had expected him to be. That was the thought which rose simultaneously to the lips of both Elgiva Champney and Miss Mavisyn the first moment they were alone together after Mr. Gilchrist's arrival. They had been talking with him for an hour on the terrace, and now they were all gone to their rooms to get ready for dinner.

"People are in general better looking than their photographs," said Elgiva; "but with him it is decidedly the reverse. Just look at this one of him here in my album—what a nice expression it has! But I can see nothing of it in his face—can you?"

"No, I don't think I can," replied Miss Mavisyn slowly.

She was sorry to say a word to influence the mind of the girl against her stepfather, and yet truth compelled her to speak as she had just done.

"I can't make out the expression in his eyes," went on Elgiva. "It is like one of those strange characters that they find in the East engraved on old stones, but the meaning of which no one can interpret. And then his smile—it is always there, and always exactly the same, like the smile of a painted mask."

"It is always a pity, my dear, to draw pictures of people in our minds before we see them. If we do, we are almost certain to be disappointed in them."

"And his manner, too, is quite different from what I had fancied it would be," cried Elgiva. "It is kind in a certain way, but there is something laboured about it, as though he was always trying hard to be pleasant and genial."

"We must not judge too much by the appearance and manner—they often deceive us. Remember with what affection and respect your dear mother regarded him, and how she used to speak of him in her letters, and how nobly and generously she said he acted about money matters when she married him, and how kind and liberal he has been towards you in everything since he has been left your guardian."

"I tried hard to remember all that all the while I was with him; but somehow I could not make myself like him, and I could not at all picture mother as his wife."

"Depend upon it, dear, as time goes on, and you know him better, you will find out in him what made your mother love and honour him. He is put in your father's place, and if you only go on behaving towards him like a good and dutiful daughter, all will come right."

"I feel that I shall find it much more difficult than I thought it would be to make the confession I have to make," said the girl, blushing.

"Elgiva, it is no confession, because you have not done anything wrong. Tell your stepfather at once of your engagement; don't put off doing what you know to be right because it is disagreeable to do it."

"No, I don't mean to put it off; I shall tell him this very evening," answered the girl, throwing back her pretty head with a resolute, almost queen-like movement, as she fastened a red rose in the front of the delicate creamy dress that she had just put on for dinner.

"She will do her duty, cost what it may," thought Miss Mavisyn, as she watched her; "and I must do mine by strengthening her to do it. This man stands in the place of both her parents, and of course she owes him a daughter's respect and obedience; but all the same, I don't like particularly the look of him. I can't help thinking that Elgiva's mother must have been taken in by his smooth tongue. I am not at all satisfied with the idea of my sweet girl being in his hands. My father used to say, that when he was in an enemy's country he always slept with one eye open, and I shall keep one eye open quietly to watch Mr. Gilchrist." Thus silently ran Miss Mavisyn's reflections; aloud she said to Elgiva—

"My child, ask for guidance from above before you go downstairs this evening. Thoughts of God should always be mixed up with a Christian girl's thoughts of love and marriage."

And Elgiva did ask for guidance, and then went down the stairs of the villa looking as calm and radiant as a moonbeam on an Italian night.

When dinner was over, Miss Mavisyn rose, gave Elgiva an expressive glance, and saying, "I dare say, my dear, you and your father would like to be left for a little while alone together," left the room.

Neither of the two left thus together spoke for a minute or two; then Mr. Gilchrist broke silence by saying—

"My sweet child, how did you come by your pretty Saxon name? How charmingly it suits your fair hair."

"I was called Elgiva, you know, after my aunt, my mother's sister," said the girl, looking up in some surprise at his not having heard this before.

"Your mother's sister," he repeated quickly. "I thought she had no brothers or sisters."

"She only had that one sister, who died young; after that, mother was an only child, just as I was."

"Oh, yes, of course; I remember now. She died before I knew your mother; she was in mourning for her sister when first we met. I recollect what a lovely, graceful girl she looked in her black dress. She was very like you, Elgiva."

"Father, I wish my mother was here now to listen to what I am going to tell you."

"What is it?" he asked carelessly, not seeming to notice the earnestness of her voice and manner.

"Father, I have lately had an offer of marriage from a man whose affection I can return, and who is in every way worthy of my mother's daughter, and I have promised to be his wife if you will give your consent."

Her cheeks glowed softly like the morning sky as she spoke; but her voice did not falter, and her blue eyes looked him bravely in the face.

"You are thinking of being married already, Elgiva? It is such a new idea to me that you must really give me a little time. Who is the favoured gentleman? What is his name?"

There was no change in his face, but his manner was a little embarrassed.

"He is a man who is fully my equal in every respect in a worldly point of view; and far better than that, father, he is really and truly a good man and a Christian gentleman in the highest sense of the words—his name is Wilfred Bradford."

When the girl spoke that name Mr. Gilchrist gave a start, and for a moment his whole face was distorted by a strange expression of mingled terror and anger. But Elgiva noticed neither the involuntary movement nor the alteration in his countenance, for just then the red rose had fallen from her dress, and she had stooped to pick it up. By the time that she had recovered it, Mr. Gilchrist was reclining in his arm-chair in his former easy attitude, and the eyes wore their usual impenetrable, enigmatical look, and the lips had reassumed their stereotyped smile.

"Now I think of it, Elgiva," he said, speaking in his usual slow, deliberate tones, "I recollect that your dear mother expressed a decided wish, a little while before her death, that you should not marry, or even entertain any thoughts of marriage, before you are twenty-one. This being the case, and it being a rule of life with me to obey my dear lost wife's wishes in everything as far as possible, I must request you to give up all idea of marriage for the next two years, and must forbid any further communication and connection between you and Mr. Bradford."

There was a sharp thrill of pain and disappointment in the girl's heart as she listened to him, yet she answered calmly—

"Father, if such was my mother's wish, I must of course obey both it and you; but it is strange that in all those letters which she wrote me during her last illness, while her health was slowly declining, she should never have expressed any such wish to me."

"Probably she thought it better to make it known to me, who would be left your sole guardian. It was easier to her, in her failing physical strength, to speak than to write."

"Why did you not write after her death, father, and tell me of this express wish of hers? It would have been kinder if you had," said the poor girl, bravely keeping back the tears which were making their way to her eyes.

"I intended to have done so, but forgot it in all the pressure of grief and business after your dear mother's death, dear child"—and now his voice was most studiedly sweet and tender. "It is a great sorrow to me to have to distress you, but I must desire you to give me a promise that you will have no more communication or intercourse of any kind with Mr. Bradford. I myself will write to him and tell him that all is over between you."

"I promise," she answered, in a low, firm voice. "I cannot promise to forget him, father—I should be untrue if I promised that."

And as she spoke, her blue eyes met his gaze fearlessly.

"Can I be sure that you will not prevaricate, and find some side way of evading your promise?" he asked, looking at her keenly.

"I do not break my promises," she replied, drawing herself up with a naïvely proud gesture.

And as she stood there, in all the unconscious dignity of her girlish truth and innocence, it seemed as if the man almost quailed before her, for he turned quickly away, and appeared to be occupied in looking at a white-sailed fishing-boat which just then had put out from a little bay below.

"Of course I did not really doubt your word, Elgiva," he said; and then added quickly, "But we won't talk any more on this painful subject. We understand each other—that is enough. Let us go and enjoy this lovely evening with Miss Mavisyn on the terrace."

Elgiva told everything that night to her old motherly friend, and allowed herself the relief of one burst of weeping on her shoulder.

"It does seem hard, my child," said the good woman, soothing her gently by the caressing touch of her hand upon her hair; "but God is shaping it all in love for you and Wilfred, and if you are true to each other, and go straight forward, simply doing what is right, all will be well."

And Elgiva Champney did go forward, simply doing what she knew to be right. After that night Miss Mavisyn saw her shed no more tears; nor was she a depressed, listless companion to her, filling her old friend's life with gloom. She was calm and quietly bright, and filled up her time as usual with books, and music, and visiting the poor fisher-folk in the little hamlet near the villa. She had got to know them in her yearly sojourns on the Riviera—for she and Miss Mavisyn had always returned to the same place. Yet not the less for all this did Wilfred Bradford keep his place in her heart.

The girl strove bravely and honestly, too, to feel affection and trust for her stepfather, but her efforts were in vain; she could not feel either for him. He was kind to her, and sometimes even indulgent; but there was something about him—she could not have defined what in words—that repelled her.

As for Miss Mavisyn, she liked Mr. Gilchrist less and less the more she saw of him, but she did not say much about it to Elgiva.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. Payne.—We are giving a series of articles on "Washing at Home," which will very shortly appear. Your query has been already answered, and many times.

Kitty.—The initials "R. S. V. P." represent as many French words, meaning "Answer if you please." We have often replied to this question.

E. L. M. and A Reader.—We have just given a notice of what you tell us, so we only thank you for your letter.

Lily.—1. We have given articles, not answers only, on the several duties of domestic servants, that of a "lady's maid" amongst them. She must be quick and correct in the art of cutting-out in dress-making, plain sewing, hair-dressing and cutting (keeping her acquaintance with different styles up to date). She must take in the early morning tea, keep all the underclothing in order, air and place it ready for putting on in the morning, and see that the outdoor and evening changes of dress are laid out on the bed before her mistress requires them. She must dress and undress her, brush and dress her hair, shop for her in all things connected with her dress, and nurse her when ill.—2. Your writing needs alteration—the heavy lower strokes are very ugly.

L. M.—We should say that the easiest language to learn is French; but the pronunciation is more difficult to an English person than any other of the Continental languages, on account of the nasal element in it; as, for example, that in the particle "*en*," and "*enfant*," where the second syllable has likewise a nasal sound.

Rose.—The smell of paint is not only disagreeable, but the white lead in it is most injurious. To leave basins of water in a hall or room, changing them every twelve hours, is efficacious, as it is in a case of sickness. Also a little hay sprinkled with chloride of lime, or the burning of juniper berries on a charcoal fire in a brazier in the middle of the room, the windows, chimney, and doors being shut to keep in the fumes, just as you would when disinfecting. After twenty-four hours the smell of paint will have disappeared.

Investigator.—The sign denoting a hundred-weight is composed of initial letters, and should not have been run together, as "cwt." "C" stands for the Latin word *centum*, "a hundred"; "w" is the initial letter of "weight," and with the final letter of that word, "t," forms a contraction or abbreviation of the word, the "t" being incorrectly written on a level with the initial, to save trouble.

Bible Reader.—Either directly or indirectly the British and Foreign Bible Society has translated the Bible into upwards of three hundred languages or dialects, some of which (more than thirty, we believe) were never reduced to writing before, so that the Divine Scriptures form the only book in many tongues. The great work of this society commenced in the year 1804.

Joan.—The Prime Minister is not paid for his arduous duties in holding this office; but to compensate him for all the time and thought given to the country, his premiership is united with another office, *i.e.*, Foreign Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer, or First Lord of the Admiralty.

Curious One.—A doctor's prescriptions are written in Latin, not of a very pure kind, simply because it is a language known to all scientific men all over the world.

Joey.—We do not know of any cure for colour-blindness. There are many vocations for which a youth colour-blind might be eligible; but certainly not in the navy and army, nor on railways, where signals have to be made and read. This defect is sometimes hereditary, descending from male ancestors, because it is not a defect with which women are afflicted. From investigations made under the cognizance of Dr. Jeffries, an ophthalmic surgeon to four hospitals, out of 50,000 soldiers, sailors, and railway men examined, one in every twenty-five was colour-blind; while out of 20,000 women examined only two per cent. were similarly defective in sight. Inability to distinguish between red and green is the general form the defect takes; and thus a man on the railway could not distinguish between a danger and a safety signal.

Gwendoline.—It is always polite to call on those who have invited you to any entertainment, but after having dined with them you should call within the week.

Nancy Lee had better apply to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners Street, W.; or else to the Young Women's Christian Association, 17, Old Cavendish Street, W. The business agency is at 101, Mortimer Street, W.

Primrose.—Stand until the lady of the house on whom you are calling comes in. When asked your name, say "Mrs. ——" or "Miss ——," as the case may be.—We are much gratified by receiving so many gracious assurances that our paper grows more useful and interesting every year; and we thank you for your opinion, which we accept at its true value.

F. P. H.—Lie down on an inclined wooden board for an hour or more daily, or divide the time as may be most convenient. Your back needs rest.

Water-Witch and Rosebud send us nice little letters, for which we thank them, and send them our best wishes for a happy new year. "Water-witch" can get nice little books at any good stationer's—manuals for beginners learning French and German; but she will need instruction in the pronunciation, or she will have to unlearn a great deal by-and-by.

Sarchedon.—When our Lord says, "Search the Scriptures," we have no alternative left—we must obey. "He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth Me." "Why call ye Me, 'Lord, Lord,' and do not the things that I say?" Surely it must be evident that if you ought to learn anything about your Divine Creator and Redeemer you should make yourself well acquainted with His Word and commandments. Read some portion of His Word daily, if only a few verses. Seek out all the passages that support the various articles of our Christian faith, and make a careful study of them.

Hawthorn.—Dumb-bells suitable for your brother would naturally be too heavy for you, and would do you harm. Yours should weigh from half a pound to one pound—not more. It is not merely muscular strength that you need; that of the heart and the digestion should be most considered.

Jessamine.—1. It would be easier to earn a living here than in America.—2. The 4th of March, 1876, was a Saturday.

Reader of the "G. O. P."—1. The individual you name was, we believe, a ticket-of-leave man.—2. We do not give the addresses of other publishers.

E. M.—The London charities are very great, quite apart from the enormous sums given away in private. We believe that no city in the world can compare with it in this respect. The parochial charities, some three or four years ago, amounted to about £115,000 per annum, and the yearly income of the City Guilds, or Companies, amounts to some £185,829, which is expended in the carrying out of the charitable provisions of no less than 1,028 trusts. But as institutions for the benefit of the needy and sick children, and the general public of the lower classes, are continually augmenting in number, the figures we have just given are probably a good deal under the mark at present. In the same way, owing to the increase of the population, and improvident marriages, the cost, three or four years ago, was probably considerably less than it now is of relieving the paupers of London. The Local Government Board were then expending nearly two millions and a half of money—some £2,267,330 in indoor relief, and £184,513 in out-door relief. There surely should be no begging in the streets when such vast sums are annually expended gratis.

Robby.—There is a distinction between the "Men of Kent" and "Kentish Men." The former are those born east of the Medway, who in early times called themselves *Invicti*, or unconquered, originating in the fact that they welcomed William of Normandy when, after his victory at Hastings, he marched on Dover. On this occasion they met him with green boughs in their hands; and in return he confirmed to them all their ancient rights. The latter, or "Kentish Men," are natives of the western part of the county; although any man born within its boundaries might be correctly so-called.

A. M. F.—1. It is quite impossible for us to recommend any situation for a lad of fifteen who "has no particular taste for anything." Perhaps he might know enough of arithmetic and spelling, and write sufficiently well, to be a shop-assistant, or a clerk in some office.—2. Get a good cookery book and practise paste-making. There are several kinds—boiled and baked, with suet and with butter, "short," and "flaky." Perhaps the *Girl's Own Cookery Book* would be of use to you.

Lover of the "G. O. P."—We cannot give information respecting other publishing firms. You should write to their managers direct.

"'G. O. P.' Champion" (aged twenty) enquires—"After my sister (aged eighteen) is married, *will* I be on the shelf? I dread being considered an old maid." How can you be "considered old" when not even as yet "of age"? You ought not to marry until you are four or five and twenty. You have no general experience, and your domestic training—in housekeeping, cooking, care of household linen, care of infants and children, home-nursing of the sick, duties as a mistress and as a hostess—is certainly not yet completed. Marriages at eighteen are, as a general rule, a deplorable mistake.

Dorset.—We recommend you to read our article on "The Governess Difficulty," and act upon that advice.

Snowdrop.—It is believed that Jephtha's daughter was condemned, by her father's "rash vow," to perpetual celibacy, which in those days was a serious trial, because all the Jewish maidens hoped to be the honoured mother of the Messiah.

Martha.—Very advanced Christians are sometimes grievously troubled with wandering thoughts while at private prayer. The trial and temptation should not make you despair, nor doubt your sincerity, grievous though it be. You should ask the help of the Holy Spirit to concentrate your thoughts on the Divine Creator and Redeemer, who condescends to accept the prayer offered in the name of the Lord Jesus. As to not knowing how to pray, if you were very sorry for ill-behaviour, would you not know how to ask pardon of your mother? If you were hungry, could you not ask for something to eat? Be still more reverent in addressing your Maker, but use the simplest language that will express what you need.

Virginia.—We do not think there is any opening for governesses in America. See our article on "The Governess Difficulty," which appeared very recently in this paper.

M. P.—There is no opening for emigrant domestic servants in the United States in old and long-settled cities like Philadelphia. But a chance situation might, of course, be obtained. If you apply to the Government Emigration Office in Victoria Street, Westminster, you would obtain lists of newly-settled places further westward and northward, and of domestic servants and trades in demand. If wages be high, clothing and other things are proportionately dear, and work is far more severe. Employers there will not put up with the sort of slop-work, inferior service, and shorter hours that will be accepted in this country.

A. J. P.—You had better consult some person you know who has a drapery business, and be guided by him; or get some friend to speak for you; and if in personal appearance, health, and education you give promise of success as a shop-assistant, you might get into some place without paying away all you have as a premium.

A Clumsy Girl cannot make herself "tall, slight, and graceful;" but she can hold herself well, walk lightly, speak softly, smile sweetly, touch all she handles gently, and wear dresses of suitable style and colour. There is no occasion for her rolling about, nor pounding along like a cart-horse, nor wearing horizontal stripes instead of vertical ones.

Lamea.—The "Common Law" of England was an ancient collection of unwritten maxims and customs—*leges non scripta*—of British, Saxon, and Danish origin, which had subsisted from time immemorial in England. Even the Norman Conquest did not materially disturb it. At the Parliament of Merton, 1236, "All the earls and barons," says the Parliament Roll, "with one voice answered, that they would not change the laws of England which have hitherto been used and approved." The process, practice, and modes of pleading in the Superior Courts of Common Law were amended in 1852 and 1854. "Immemorial usage" in Common Law does not refer to a period too remote to be beyond historic record. The bounds are the 3rd Edward I. to the beginning of the reign of Richard I., from which time there is uninterrupted custom. The Court of Queen's Bench is the Supreme Court of Common Law in England. It consists of a chief justice and four *puisne* judges. The Court of Common Pleas and the Court of Exchequer are also superior courts of Common Law. They sat at Westminster, and were called the Courts at Westminster up to 1882. The inferior courts of Common Law are the county courts and the borough courts, under the Recorder of London. In 1882 the new Law Courts were opened, and for the first time the various branches of the Supreme Court were housed in a single building. The Supreme Court of Judicature was formed by the consolidation of all the superior courts of the kingdom of England except the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

M. N.—There has been such a driving out of the Russian Jews that we cannot tell you with any certainty the number still resident in that country. It was stated the year before last that the Hebrew population amounted to three millions. In our own country we then had 70,000. Austro-Hungary (united) contains the next largest Jewish population to that of Russia, *i.e.*, 1,644,000. Counting in Asia, Africa, America, and Australia with Europe, there are about 8,000,000 of Jews known as being of that race throughout the world, apart from the "lost tribes," which have not, so far, been identified. Ever beware of siding against God's ancient people. "Blessed is he that blesseth thee," etc.; "They shall prosper that love thee."

I. A. D.—Every man should be thoroughly persuaded in his own mind as to those things which his own conscience either allows or condemns. Of this be sure, that you are not to be the judge of another man's conscience—"To his own Master he standeth or falleth."

Intending Bride.—The origin of a wife taking the surname of her husband dates back to the Romans. Thus, we read of "Julia of Pompey," and "Octavia of Cicero." On the continent it is usual for the husband to supplement his surname with that of his wife—a very excellent plan.

Industry.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

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"'BUT HE WAS NOT HURT—NOR YOU?'"

CHAPTER XXII.

A HERO.

ENID locked the door of the Studio Mariano and drew out the key. The action was familiar enough, but to-day it had for her a peculiar significance, for she said to herself that it was the last time. Maud's possessions had already been removed to a place of security. Nothing remained in the apartment except what was the property of the *padrone*, and Enid was about to return to him the key.

She paused for a moment on the landing. All was still in the house, for the season was now far advanced, and most of the artists who worked there in the winter had already taken their departure. Enid and her cousin, with Miss Strutt, were to leave Rome on the morrow.

"So," said Enid to herself, half aloud, "it is all over."

There was something so melancholy in the thought; it was so painful to recall all that had happened since the last hours of work and chat which had been spent in that room, that Enid suddenly turned and hurried down the stairs as if anxious to escape from the place, gave up the key, and was thankful to find herself in the street.

She was passing along the Via Sistina when an alarming thing occurred. Without the least warning a loud report rent the air—so loud, so near, that everyone in the street was painfully startled, and turned with one accord in the direction whence the sound came. On the other side of the Piazza Barberini a cloud of smoke or dust could be seen rising. "A house has fallen!" was the cry. Such events are not unknown in the history of modern Rome, where tall houses of barrack-like ugliness are being rapidly constructed with little regard to their safety or sanitation, whilst the beauty of the old city is recklessly sacrificed to the supposed necessities of modern life.

Enid found herself borne along in the stream of persons who quickly gathered together from houses and street corners, and made for the scene of the disaster. But mid-way in the Piazza they were met by a number of persons hurrying from the spot, and the excitement was increased by the tidings which these brought.

"What is it? What has happened?" asked Enid, laying hold of a woman who was still white from the shock, though she was beginning to recover from her panic.

"Ah, *Madonna mia*, I was never so frightened in my life!" gasped the woman, who held a baby in her arms. "There was a great stone as big as my hand fell within an inch of my baby's head."

"But he was not hurt—nor you?"

"No, Our Lady be praised! Oh, I shall give her a big candle the next time I go to St. Agostino! I have always prayed to the Holy Madonna there, and who can say now that it is useless to do so?"

Enid did not attempt to shake her confidence in the famous image. She was far too excited to speak of anything save her own escape. Enid turned to a man standing near, and learned from him that part of an old house, which was being rebuilt, had fallen, and it was feared that several workmen were buried under the *débris*.

"Ah, poor fellows!" she exclaimed, sickening with horror at the thought of their suffering; "they will surely be killed."

The man shrugged his shoulders, not unfeelingly, but by way of expressing his sense of their small chance of escape.

Enid waited some minutes longer, but could learn no more. The crowd was increasing at every instant; but the police had mustered too, and were forcibly preventing the people from approaching dangerously near to the wrecked house. As the pressure grew uncomfortable, Enid was glad to extricate herself from the crowd, and returned home by some of the quieter back streets.

Maud had begun to throw off her invalid habits, and was now well enough to receive visitors. When Enid entered her room she found Mrs. Dakin with her. That lady greeted Enid very warmly.

"Well, Enid," she said, "I little thought to find you still in Rome on my return; but this has been a sad illness of Maud's. However, it is over now, so we will not speak of it. I tell her she is prettier than ever, with her short baby locks and delicate bloom. But you are not looking well, Enid. I declare you have given your roses to your cousin."

"I never had any to give," said Enid rather bluntly;—she disliked the least approach to flattery. "My colour was never anything but a good serviceable brown."

"Well, whatever it was—we will not quarrel as to the shade—you have lost it altogether now."

"I have been rather frightened," said Enid. "Did you hear the noise of that house falling?"

"Indeed we did," said Maud. "It startled me dreadfully. I could not think what it meant till the servant came and told us what had happened. Have you heard any particulars?"

Enid told all she knew. They discussed the accident for some minutes. Then Maud asked Mrs. Dakin if Miss Amory were with her.

"No, indeed," was the reply. "She is not likely to bestow her company on me just now. She is visiting some of the relatives of her *fiancé*." Then, seeing the girls' astonished looks, Mrs. Dakin added quickly—

"Oh, surely you have not heard and believed that ridiculous report?"

"We were told," said Maud, "that there was a prospect of Miss Amory's becoming your daughter-in-law."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Dakin in a tone of quiet exasperation. "I should like to know who has been spreading that story amongst my acquaintance. And yet perhaps it is only a natural mistake, for Blanche *is* going to marry a Mr. Dakin, a cousin of my husband's."

"Indeed! How strange that is!" said Maud, highly interested. "It has come about very quickly, has it not?"

"With quite marvellous celerity," said Mrs. Dakin, her brows slightly contracted. Evidently the match was not entirely to her mind.

"Is he *nice*?" asked Maud.

"He is very rich," said Mrs. Dakin drily, "but otherwise not the sort of man I should have imagined Blanche Amory would choose. Not that there is anything to be said against him, you must understand, only—but there is no accounting for these things."

"Only," thought Maud, "you wonder that your son was not preferred. But it may be Miss Amory was not free to choose between the two gentlemen."

Enid heard all in silence. She felt convinced that Miss Guy had purposely misled her with respect to Miss Amory's engagement, but it hardly seemed worth while to be angry with Miss Guy now. She was half ashamed of the change wrought in her feelings by this explanation of the true state of affairs. It was as if a great weight were lifted off her heart. She dared not look at her cousin—not that she had any fear of what she would see on Maud's countenance, but because she dreaded lest Maud should read her own too truly.

But the talk went on, and apparently neither of the other two observed Enid's silence. Mrs. Dakin had much to relate concerning her visit to London. Tea was brought in, and Enid roused herself, and began to take part in the conversation. The visitor seemed in no hurry to depart, and as she was a charming companion, the girls tried to detain her as long as possible. She had been there nearly an hour when at last she rose to go.

"I shall hope to see you again before long," she said, as she bade Maud good-bye. "Julius must drive me out to Frascati some day. I hope to remain at home till the end of June, if the heat is not too dreadful."

Enid accompanied her to the outer door. As they were saying a final good-bye, another loud report shook the house and jarred all the windows. Mrs. Dakin uttered a nervous scream. "This is dreadful!" she said. "Another wall must have fallen. It is shameful that such things should occur in Rome! Someone must be very much to blame."

"Oh, I do hope there are no more lives lost," said Enid, pale with dread.

At that moment Mr. Marian came up the stairs.

"Ah, you have been frightened—and no wonder!" he said, approaching the ladies. "But I think you need not fear that any more persons are injured. They were expecting another portion of the house to fall when I was there just now, and the police were doing their utmost to keep everyone at a safe distance."

"Have they been able to extricate those poor workmen?" asked Enid anxiously.

"Yes; I believe they have got them all out. One poor fellow was killed,

and another was so injured that his recovery seems almost impossible. Four of them have been removed to the hospital. The King has been there, superintending the efforts of the rescuers, and even working himself, at considerable risk, in the hope of saving the poor men."

"That is just like him!" exclaimed Mrs. Dakin enthusiastically. "What a noble man he is!"

"Yes, indeed," echoed Enid; "he is a true hero. Rome has some living ones still, though most of her heroes are dead and gone."

"They have passed from earth," said Mr. Marian, "but in a sense they are neither dead nor gone. The spirit of a grand heroic life lives on after the human life is ended, and has its influence on succeeding generations."

Enid hastened away to see if her cousin had been greatly disturbed by the second shock, and Mr. Marian conducted Mrs. Dakin down to her carriage.

Since Maud's illness, and the arrival of Mr. Marian and his wife at the *pension*, Enid had not dined at the common table. Mr. Marian had engaged a private sitting-room for his party, and their meals were served to them there. Enid thus missed hearing the eager discussion of the day's alarming incident, which went on at Signora Grassi's dinner-table. Mr. Marian, seeing that all the ladies were excited and perturbed by what had happened, resolutely talked of other things. For Maud's sake Enid seconded his efforts, but her thoughts continually reverted to the accident. It had produced on her mind a strange sense of foreboding, for which it was impossible to account. She tried hard to appear unmoved, and succeeded, though in truth her nerves were more shaken by the event than were Maud's.

After dinner Enid went to her room to finish her packing, but presently a restless desire for further news led her into the corridor, and she passed along it till she gained the door of the dining-room.

The dinner was over, but some few ladies still sat at the table trifling with the dessert, and talking with much eagerness. Enid heard their words clearly as she lingered in the shadow of the doorway.

"Poor fellow!" said one. "I shall be grieved if he is really dangerously hurt. They say his courage was splendid. He was warned that it was not safe to linger another moment, but he was intent upon saving the man, and would not think of himself."

"What man? I do not understand," said another voice.

"Why, did you not hear what Mr. Archer was telling us about it? It seems that there was a man in a doorway, pinned in by a mass of brick, but almost unhurt. They were working frantically to set him free, and had all but released him, when there was a shout that the wall above was tottering to its fall. Everyone ran back except Mr. Julius Dakin. He *would* not till he had torn away the last stone and set the man free. Then both ran; but the falling wall caught Mr. Dakin and felled him to the ground."

"Oh, how dreadful! Was he very much hurt?"

"No one knows yet. He was taken up insensible. I should think myself such a blow might be his death."

Enid felt as if she were turning to stone as she listened. She clung to the wall for support, conscious of nothing save a sense of pain and blankness and despair. Suddenly Signora Grassi came along the passage. Enid sprang forward and grasped her with both hands.

"Oh, Signora, is it true?"

"Is what true, *carina*?" she asked, startled by her agitated manner.

"What they are saying about Mr. Dakin. Is he really so seriously hurt?"

"It is true that he has met with an injury. Let us hope it is not so very bad. My dear child, I am sorry you have learned this so suddenly. I forgot that he was a friend of yours."

"Oh, it does not matter about me," said Enid faintly, "only I wanted to know." She controlled herself with an effort, turned, and walked slowly down the passage. She entered her room again, and sat down on the side of her bed, strewn with articles that she had been about to put into her trunk. Opposite her, gaping open, stood the half-filled trunk. Enid gazed at it with vacant eyes. "Yes," she said to herself, half aloud, "there are still heroes in the world. He is one too. I always knew there was good in him. But oh! if this should be his——"—she could not utter the word *death*. Suddenly a mist seemed to float before her eyes. The trunk at which she was gazing swelled mysteriously to vast proportions, and rose towards the ceiling. The room appeared to be turning round. Enid grasped the bed-clothes to save herself from falling, then sank backwards till her head rested amongst the dainty collars and cuffs spread out upon the coverlid.

When she came to herself she was lying at full length upon the bed, from which the things which littered it had been removed. Someone held a bottle of strong smelling-salts to her nostrils, and with the other hand waved over her a palm-leaf fan. Enid looked up, and met the kind, anxious gaze of Mrs. Marian.

"Ah, she is better—she is coming round!" she observed in a low voice.

"What is it?" asked Enid, trying to raise herself. "Why—why, I must have fainted. I never did it before."

"And you must never do it again," said Mrs. Marian, smiling. "I am grieved to think that we have let you come to this. We have been thinking so much of Maud, that we have forgotten to take proper care of you, my poor child."

"Oh, no, indeed; it is not that—it is not your fault at all," said Enid faintly.

"I fear it is; I blame myself very much," replied Mrs. Marian. "How your mother would reproach me if she knew!"

The mention of her mother was too much for Enid at that moment. "Oh, I wish mother were here," she said, and began to sob.

"Now, don't cry, there's a good child, but drink this, and you'll feel better directly!" said a brisk voice on the other side of her; and there, to Enid's surprise, stood Miss Strutt with a glass, which she at once held to the patient's lips in a decided fashion it was impossible to resist. Enid drank the cordial and felt better. She even made a feeble effort to rise; but Miss Strutt at once put her back upon her pillow, saying—

"No, indeed; you will do nothing of the kind. You will please to lie perfectly still whilst I finish your packing. I think I know how to pack as well as you do."

"A great deal better, I have no doubt," said Enid. "But, Miss Strutt——"

She grasped her friend's hand, and drew her close to her, then whispered—"You have heard what has happened?"

"Yes, my dear child, I have heard, and I understand. Oh, you need not mind me. You must not grieve yet, Enid, for I hope it is not so bad as you fear. I have been to the house, and they say that the doctor speaks hopefully. He was stunned, and is still unconscious, and his arm is broken; but they hope there is no more serious injury."

But Enid grew so white as she heard this, that Miss Strutt hastened to add, in a rallying tone, "Come, Enid, you must not let a broken arm frighten you! Think what a hero he has shown himself; and remember that a man cannot be a hero for nothing. You ought to be proud of your friend."

A faint flush appeared on Enid's face as her heart thrilled in response to Miss Strutt's words.

"Yes, I am proud of him," she thought, whilst glad tears came to her eyes, and her heart found courage to hope that all would yet be well.

(*To be continued.*)

CHOICE FISH, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

By the Author of "Vegetarian Cookery," etc.

THERE can be no doubt that there is an increasing interest taken lately in the fishing industries of the united kingdom. It is only recently that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales forwarded a communication to the Grimsby Committee of the Royal Provident Fund for Sea Fishermen, expressing the interest he took in their welfare, and the satisfaction with which he had requested the Chairman of the Council of the Royal Provident Fund to attend the inauguration of a scheme recently started in their behalf. The subject is doubtless of national importance. On the one hand, we see thousands of brave Englishmen daily risking their lives in increasing the food supply of the whole nation. On the other, we find tens of thousands daily, through sheer apathy, failing to avail themselves of the benefits brought almost to their very doors; the results being thousands and thousands of tons of food annually wasted that might be turned to good account.

One very common complaint heard against a more frequent use of fish as an article of daily food is, "Oh, but we so soon get tired of it." One cause of this complaint is that too often our cook's stock of receipts is limited. There are many good plain cooks who never rise above the simple boiled and fried. For instance, take, say, that delicious and now, unfortunately, expensive fish, the sole. The majority of cooks can boil the sole, fry the sole, and perhaps even grill one, but their art fails them beyond these elementary stages. On the other hand, a Frenchman would instantly suggest a few dishes such as sole *au gratin*, sole à la Colbert, sole à la Normande, sole à la Parisienne, sole à la Maréchale, sole à la Plessy, sole au fin herbs, etc., on hearing which our good plain cook would with open mouth exclaim, "La, miss; what is the meaning of 'à la.'"

We will endeavour to give a few simple receipts, which will vary the daily monotony of fried or boiled, and in doing so try to avoid running into unnecessary expense—a charge somewhat unjustly brought against high-class French cooks, who are really most economical in the highest sense of the word, for as a rule they invariably use up *all* the material placed at their disposal.

To begin with, we will describe how to cook a sole à la Colbert, which requires some little skill in the manipulation.

Sole à la Colbert.—This will probably be a novelty to most ordinary women cooks. There is no reason, however, why you should not be successful at the first attempt. The chief difficulty you will experience will be in taking out the backbone of the fish. In a great many cases of what may be called choice fish dishes, it is necessary to take out the backbone of the fish and to fill in the space previously occupied by the bone with some kind of what is called fish forcemeat. If we have fish every day, the remains that are left one day can be utilised for making this forcemeat, to be used with some fresh fish the following day. We will first describe how to take the backbone out of a sole, and then cook the sole and send it to table looking, apparently, as if it had never been touched. The beauty of this is, that when the fish is carved it makes a sort of pleasant surprise, like a cold roast turkey at a ball supper or a wedding-breakfast, which when cut across discloses inside a red tongue and forcemeat instead of the ordinary bones.

First take a good-sized sole, and then with a pointed knife cut a long slice from the neck, or from where the head joins the body of the fish, right down the fish to within half an inch of the tail. This long cut must be through the flesh right down to the backbone and along the backbone itself. You must be careful not to cut the bone. Now with the knife separate the meat from the bone on both sides right down the fish, first one side and then the other. It is best not to have the knife too sharp, as it is apt to cut the bone. Now with the point of the knife cut right through the top of the backbone by the neck. Separate the flesh from the bone with the point of the knife underneath first one side and then the other, but do not cut right through the fish. You must separate the flesh from the bone down to where the backbone meets the two rows of little bones each side: these little bones have to be left in. You can now take the backbone out in two or three pieces, and by putting the flesh back into its original position, you will have boned the fish as required.

In order to make sole à la Colbert, we must first make what is called some maître d'hôtel butter. This is made by simply mixing some finely-chopped parsley with some ordinary butter. Take, say, an ounce of butter, and with a silver fork mix with it a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley. You must mix it very thoroughly till it resembles a green lump.

We will now return to the fish that is boned. Spread a thin layer of this maître d'hôtel butter on the flesh of the fish inside from where the backbone has been removed, just in the same way that you would butter a slice of bread. Now put the flesh back in its proper place, and make it look as much as possible as if it had never been cut open. Next flour the fish and make it quite dry all over, then dip it into some well-beaten-up egg, and cover it with some fine dry breadcrumbs. It now has to be fried in the ordinary way in some very hot fat, and then sent to table on a sheet of ornamental paper. You can send some melted butter, flavoured with anchovy sauce and lemon juice, to table with it in a tureen. When you carve the fish, it is cut across in slices right through. The flesh is moist, and the maître d'hôtel butter inside gives it a very delicious flavour. A sole cooked this way is always what may be called juicy, and we all know how insipid a sole is when it is dried up or over-cooked.

Soles, as we have said before, are unfortunately, as a rule, very expensive, but lemon soles are much cheaper, and these can be boned in this way as easily as ordinary soles. We can also bone small brill, flounders, and moderate-sized plaice. Instead of putting maître d'hôtel butter inside, it is far nicer to stuff the fish with a layer of some kind of fish forcemeat, which can be made, as we have said, from the remains of some cold fish left from the previous day. The best fish for making fish forcemeat is whiting, but the remains of plaice will answer all practical purposes. First separate all the meat from the bones and avoid also all skin of the fish. Now pound the meat in a mortar, and it is best to rub it through a wire sieve. Mix this meat with a little butter, breadcrumbs, and one or two well-beaten-up raw eggs. You must also add a little pepper, salt, and nutmeg. This mixture can be used to fill in the space previously occupied by the bone of any of the fishes we have named. By this means we not only utilise what is left from the day previous, and which otherwise would probably have been thrown away, but make the fish we are cooking to-day much nicer, both in appearance and flavour. If the fish is small it can be egged and breadcrumbed and fried, but if the fish is large, after being egged and breadcrumbed it can be baked in the oven, being basted every now and then with a little butter.

As a rule we shall want a little melted butter to send to table with the fish. To make this we must use up the backbone of the fish we have taken out. Break up the backbone and put it in a small saucepan with a little water—rather more than half a pint—but do not put more water than you want sauce. Add to this a few parsley stalks and parsley roots, if you have them by you. Let this simmer, and then strain it off and use the liquor for making the melted butter. There is a lot of gelatine in fish bones; in fact, gelatine is made from fish bones, and this liquor when cold would form a firm hard jelly. Why throw all this nourishment away?

Another very delicious way of cooking fish is what is called *au gratin*. Lemon sole is very nice cooked this way, and sole *au gratin* is generally considered a very *récherché* dish; and as lemon sole is cheap, it is by no means expensive, but simply requires care in its preparation. Besides lemon sole, fresh haddock can be filleted and cooked in this way; so also can slices of hake, ling, and filleted brill be served *au gratin*.

The only expensive extra material we shall require will be a small tin of mushrooms, which will probably cost fivepence. Open the tin of mushrooms and chop up the contents with a small piece of onion as big as the top of the thumb down to the first joint, a small piece of yellow lemon peel the size and thickness of the thumb-nail, a brimming teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, and if you like you can add sufficient thyme to cover a sixpence, as well as a little pepper and salt. Put all these ingredients into a baking tin with about two ounces of butter. An oval

baking tin is best rather bigger than the fish itself. Put the tin in the oven till the butter melts, and you can mix all the ingredients together. In the meantime, first of all flour and then egg and breadcrumb the lemon sole or the fillets or slices of fish we are going to cook. Place the fish in the tin, and cover it over with the dissolved butter, chopped mushrooms, etc. Bake the fish in the oven. About half an hour would be sufficient for a good sized lemon sole. Filleted fish will not require so long. Send the fish to table in the oval dish in which it is baked. You can shake a few bread raspings over the top, and it is best to reserve three or four whole mushrooms out of the tin to ornament the dish. French cooks generally add a tablespoonful of white wine about five minutes before the tin is taken out of the oven. Italian cooks always shake a tablespoonful of Parmesan cheese over the fish before serving, allowing it to brown in the oven. This dish is always a favourite, and is exceedingly delicious.

A very nice, pretty way of sending lemon sole, plaice, or flounders to table, is to fillet them. Boil the fillets, and serve them in a white sauce made from the bones. The fillets should be rolled so that they stand upright on one end; and as in boiling them they have a tendency to unroll themselves, it is best to tie each little rolled fillet with a piece of cotton. These fillets should be placed in a small stewpan, in sufficient warm water to cover them. As soon as the water boils, or at any rate a minute afterwards, they will be done. They should be taken out of the water immediately and drained on a cloth, and then placed upright in a vegetable dish, and the sauce poured over them. The sauce is made as follows: Stew all the bones and *débris* of the fish in a little water, adding some parsley stalks and a slice of onion. After these have stewed some time, drain off the liquid and thicken it with some butter and flour; then add one or two well-beaten-up eggs, which give the sauce the appearance of custard, only take care you do not let the eggs curdle. Add a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar to the sauce the last thing. This sauce must be poured over the little boiled fillets placed upright in the dish, but there is great art in making the dish look pretty. Supposing there are a dozen fillets, we must cut six little round pieces about as big as a threepenny piece out of the red skin of a chili, and we must cut six similar pieces out of a small pickled gherkin. Place these little red and green pieces alternately on the top of the fillets, and sprinkle a very little chopped parsley with the remainder of the red skin of the chili cut up as small as the chopped parsley, on the sauce round the base of the dish. This has a very pretty appearance, especially if served in a silver dish.

Of all fish, probably salmon is the most popular. Many years ago it was very cheap indeed, and consequently despised; but in the present day, notwithstanding a large importation of salmon from Holland, it is too often very dear. There are few dishes nicer than a fine piece of boiled salmon sent to table with a tureen of well-made lobster sauce and a thinly-cut cucumber reposing in plenty of oil and very little vinegar.

The secret of boiling salmon is to boil it sufficiently without over-boiling it. Salmon over-boiled is quite spoilt; and when a thick piece is being boiled, it is sometimes advisable to cut it open down to the bone to see if it is done sufficiently. Directly it is boiled through take it out of the water, and if there is a little unavoidable delay, wrap it in a hot cloth till you send it to table.

When salmon is rather dear, and we want to make a little piece go a long way, it is a very good plan to serve it as salmon cutlets cooked in paper, or what the French call *à la Maintenon*, and French cooks generally call *en papillôt*. A very small piece of salmon, like a very little piece of beef or mutton, is never nice boiled whole. We can boil a neck of mutton weighing three or four pounds, but we cannot boil one cutlet. Besides which, it does not look nice to send down an empty dish, and we must remember that to a great extent civilisation depends upon keeping up appearances. Suppose we have a small piece of salmon a little over a pound, and we cut it up into eight equal slices, or four slices, so that half a slice would go in each paper. We must next take eight sheets of paper of the size of letter paper, and we must oil these with a little salad oil. We must now place a slice or half a slice of salmon in each piece of paper, with a piece of butter about as big as the first two fingers down to the second joint, and add a little pepper and salt. We must now wrap up the paper, beginning at the two corners, and fold it over and over till the paper resembles in shape an apple turnover. In fact, it makes a semicircle, in which the fold of the paper is the diameter, and the two sheets folded together the semicircumference. We now cook the salmon by putting these folded pieces of paper in a tin which should be greased to prevent the paper from sticking, and then place it in the oven. The time will be from ten to twenty minutes. By this means we keep in all the juice and all the flavour of the salmon. The cutlets should be sent to table in the paper, and of course one paper is sufficient for each person. The really correct way to cook a piece of salmon wrapped in oiled paper is to grill it on the gridiron over a very clear fire. This is easy over a charcoal fire, but over an English fire there is danger of the paper catching alight. French cooks in restaurants always cook it in the oven, and then with a hot poker make one or two burnt streaks on the paper to make it look as if it had been done on a gridiron, just as some artful cooks will cook a steak in a frying-pan, and score the steak across the top with a hot poker, to make it look as if it had been grilled the proper way.

Red mullet vary very much in price, and are generally considered very choice fish. When they are small, they are best cooked wrapped up in paper as we have just described. When large, they can be stewed gently in a stew-pan in a little butter with a pinch of savory herbs. It is also a great improvement to add a tablespoonful of white wine. When mullet are cooked in paper, you can add a pinch of savory herbs to the butter before you wrap them up.

It is a great mistake to think that fish is not choice because it is cheap. There are few things nicer than a well-boiled piece of cod, juicy and flaky, but not woolly, as it is when over-boiled. Cod-fish almost asks for oyster sauce, and if oysters are too dear to render real oyster sauce justifiable, why not have a nice large tureen of mussel sauce, which, when properly made, is quite as nice; and mussels can be bought at a penny a quart. We will describe how to make mussel sauce.

Take one or two quarts of mussels and wash them in cold water, using a hard brush to get rid of the sand. Next take a good-sized saucepan and put in it a wine-glass of water with a slice of onion, and a pinch of savory herbs. Put the mussels in the saucepan, and put the saucepan on the fire and heat them gently: as soon as the mussels open of their own accord, take the saucepan off the fire. Now open the mussels one by one, letting the liquor run back into the saucepan. Place the mussels in a small basin by themselves, and next strain off all the liquid that is left in the saucepan, the greater part of which has come out of the mussels themselves. Let this liquid settle in another basin, as it is sure to contain some sand. After it has settled, strain it once more through a piece of muslin into a little saucepan, and avoid pouring the dregs, which will contain the sand. Make the liquid hot, and then thicken it with a little butter and flour till it is as thick as custard. Add a little pepper and a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce; stir it over the fire till it is quite hot, then add the mussels, and stir them in over the fire for not longer than *half* a minute, and then serve in a sauce tureen previously made hot. Remember if the mussels *boil* the mussels spoil; in other words, they get hard, and would be as tough as the fingers of a yellow kid glove. This sauce is as delicious as it is cheap, and is well worth a trial. By adding a pint of boiling milk to the sauce you can make mussel soup, which many persons think quite equal in flavour to oyster soup.

There is one very delicious little fish, and very plentiful too at the present season of the year, which is rarely met with in private houses, for the simple reason that very few persons know how to cook it. We refer to whitebait. There is really no difficulty in cooking whitebait if cooks would only grasp the principles on which cookery depends. In order to cook whitebait properly, we must have a frying-basket that will reach right down to the bottom of the saucepan. The saucepan should hold four quarts, and should be half full of fat or oil. We should remember that this fat or oil will keep good for months in cold weather, and will do to cook fish over and over again. This two quarts of fat must be made very hot indeed. In fact, the fat must smoke, and should be so hot that a piece of dry bread thrown into it should turn brown directly. We next come to the whitebait. Suppose you have a pint—they should be kept in water in a little basin till they are wanted. If the weather is warm, if possible put a little piece of ice in the water. Next have a cloth on the kitchen table thickly strewed with flour. Take a small handful of whitebait and throw them on to the flour in the cloth. Roll them backwards and forwards in the flour for a second or two by lifting the cloth first one end and then the other, but avoid handling the whitebait. Now take the floured whitebait, put them in the frying-basket, give the basket a sharp tap to shake off the superfluous flour, and *instantly* plunge the basket into the smoking hot fat. The time to cook the whitebait is from five to ten seconds. Lift the basket out of the fat, and turn them on to a hot dish. The whitebait should be crisp, and you can tell when they are done by the sound as you shake the basket for a second when you first lift it out of the fat. After you have cooked two or three small handfuls, send them to table, and in the meanwhile go on cooking a few more. If there are ten persons at dinner, you would have to send up two or three dishes before every person is helped. Whitebait ought to burn the mouth. Have a few plates of thin brown bread and butter placed on the table beforehand, and on each plate of bread and butter have a lemon cut into four pieces. It is customary to send up a second supply of devilled whitebait to finish with. Sprinkle any whitebait that have been already cooked with either black or red pepper; replace them in the frying-basket, and replunge the basket in the smoking hot fat for three or four seconds: send to table as before.

When you have finished cooking the whitebait, let the hot fat cool a little, gradually, and then strain it into a large basin containing some water. If you were to do this directly you take the saucepan off the fire, the water might be converted into steam, cause the fat to splash, and the cook might severely burn her arms. When the fat is quite cold, scrape off the impurities that will be found collected at the bottom; by this means the fat is kept pure. If oil is used for frying, the oil must be skimmed off the water before it is used again.

ELGIVA'S STEPFATHER.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER III.

s that a picture of our dear Elgiva's grandfather, who was the founder of the family, and who made all his money in Yorkshire by some chemical discovery that produced a rare dye?" asked Mr. Gilchrist of Miss Mavisyn, taking up a miniature in a case which lay on a table in the little drawing-room of the villa.

"Elgiva's grandfather was the discoverer of a dye!" repeated Miss Mavisyn, pausing in her astonishment in the midst of the task of buttoning a new pair of grey kid gloves. "Why, the Champneys are an old Devonshire family, and were never connected with Yorkshire, or with trade, in the whole course of their history."

"How forgetful I am!" cried Mr. Gilchrist apologetically. "I was thinking of the family history of an old friend of mine in India. A bad memory, that confuses events and people, is such a misfortune, Miss Mavisyn."

"Your memory often seems to give you trouble in that way," said Miss Mavisyn, darting a keen glance at him from her shrewd grey eyes, but seeing only what she always saw when she looked at Mr. Gilchrist—an impassive face with a fixed smile on it.

It certainly was strange how often Mr. Gilchrist made mistakes when speaking of things connected with his late wife and his stepdaughter's family.

"May I have the pleasure of posting your letter for you, Miss Mavisyn?" he asked, glancing at one she held in her hand. "I have two or three of my own to post, and it will save you a long walk this warm afternoon."

"Thank you, but a refreshing breeze has sprung up, I think, lately, and I shall enjoy the walk myself."

So saying, the good lady stepped briskly through the open window out on to the terrace, and took her way towards the town.

Mr. Gilchrist had betrayed ever since he arrived at the villa a singular wish to know something about the correspondence carried on by all its inmates. He generally managed, if he could, to meet the postman, and he was always offering to post letters;—perhaps he suspected his step-daughter of writing secretly to Wilfred Bradford. Be that as it might, Miss Mavisyn was always on her guard to frustrate any intentions of the kind he might have with regard to her own private correspondence. In burning sunshine and rain alike, the good lady had lately always insisted on posting her own letters.

"It is not for nothing that a woman can boast of having an ancestor that fell at Agincourt," Miss Mavisyn said to herself as she walked along; "and so perhaps you'll find out some day, Mr. Gilchrist. I've got in me a spice of the courage of Sir Bevis Mavisyn, who fought in the Wars of the Roses, as may be read in Burke's *Landed Gentry*, and more than a spice of the astute prudence of Sir Amias, who was sent on an embassy to France by Henry VIII.

Miss Mavisyn had nearly reached the first house in the town of San Remo when a handsome young man, with a face full of strength and sweetness, came swiftly along the road towards her. As he drew close to her, her eyes fixed themselves upon him in great astonishment, and as the two met the words, "Wilfred Bradford, are you here? I was just going to post another letter to you!" broke from her lips.

"Miss Mavisyn," he exclaimed, hurrying forward, "how glad, how very glad, I am to have met you! Is she safe and well? Is all going on as usual at the villa?"

And as he spoke he clasped both Miss Mavisyn's little grey-gloved hands in his with a quick, imploring movement.

Then, when she gave a surprised assent to his questions, he cried, "Thank God!"

But to return to the villa. It was a month ago now that Mr. Gilchrist had arrived, and still Mr. Gilchrist went on giving all sorts of plausible reasons for not returning to England. Sometimes it was that he feared the east winds now prevailing in England for Elgiva; sometimes it was that he could not tear himself away from that lovely Italian coast. During all this period Elgiva had heard nothing of Wilfred Bradford. He had left the Riviera a day or two before Mr. Gilchrist's arrival, to accompany his mother and sisters back to England; thus there had been no chance of her ever even passing him in a walk or a drive, or hearing him mentioned by a casual acquaintance; and she had kept faithfully her promise to her stepfather, of never writing to him, or seeking to communicate with him in any way. It must be owned, however, that she often thought of him, and it was of him perhaps that she was thinking that afternoon when she went into the drawing-room of the villa after Miss Mavisyn was gone out, for there was a somewhat dejected expression on her young face.

"My child, you look pale," said Mr. Gilchrist, who was still sitting where Miss Mavisyn had left him. "I am afraid the heat lately has been too much for you."

"We can't have too much sunshine, father, I suppose," she answered, trying to smile brightly. Then, after a few moments' silence, she added earnestly, "But oh! father, I do think I should be glad now to leave here and go back to England. I fancy I feel as if a little change would do me good."

"Well, next week we really will think about moving," he answered urbanely. "Now put your hat on, and come for a little stroll with me down to the bay—the air will do you good."

Elgiva was just going to obey and leave the room, when Giovanna, the maid, entered, and put something into Mr. Gilchrist's hand. Elgiva glanced at it to see what it was, and perceived that it was a telegram. He had hardly opened it when a low exclamation broke from him. He was standing with his back to Elgiva, but she could see his face in a mirror which hung on the opposite wall. It turned ashy pale, and the usual fixed expression of the whole countenance was as it were broken up like the ice which covers a mountain lake, and every feature was convulsed, so that the face she beheld in the glass was like a face that we see in a nightmare dream.

"Father," said the girl, "what is the matter? Have you had any bad news?"

The words came quickly from her lips, impelled by sudden alarm.

"No, not exactly," he answered, recovering himself by what was evidently a strong effort of his will. "It is a business communication that I did not expect. I must leave you to go out alone, as I must go and attend to it."

So saying, he hurried out of the room, and she heard him go along the passage, and shut himself up in a little apartment which he used as a study, and the door of which he locked.

The little party assembled round the dinner-table at the villa were more silent than usual that evening. Mr. Gilchrist spoke little, though the ordinary smile was on his lips, and his manner was just as elaborately smooth and courteous to the ladies as it always was. Miss Mavisyn also did not say much; she appeared to be in an absent frame of mind, for her cap was put on crooked, and she did nothing but drop her fan and pocket-handkerchief; and the strawberries on her plate, had it not been for Elgiva's timely intervention, would have been sprinkled with salt instead of sugar. As for Elgiva, she tried to keep up a conversation with both her companions, but after a while desisted, and sat wondering what was the matter with them. When they separated for the night, the girl noticed that Miss Mavisyn paused after she had kissed her, as was her usual custom, and seemed half inclined to say something; then she apparently changed her mind, and turned away and went to her own room.

"No, I won't say anything to the child to-night," she said to herself as she went. "The nerves of a girl are not like the seasoned nerves of an experienced woman; a woman, moreover, whose ancestors stood on the fields of Poitiers and Cressy. Her bedroom is quite shut off from the rest of the house by that green baize door. She will sleep quietly, and I will break all to her gently in the morning."

But to sleep quietly was just what Elgiva Champney could not do that night. She somehow did not feel the least inclination for slumber; she was strangely haunted by Mr. Gilchrist's face as she had seen it that afternoon in the mirror. She had a vague, uncomfortable feeling that if she slept she should certainly dream of it. She could not help asking herself over and over again what could be the business which had called up such a look on her stepfather's usually impassive countenance. She wondered also what Miss Mavisyn could have been thinking of saying to her when she wished her good-night, and why she did not say it. Besides these questions, which were alternating with each other in her brain with ceaseless persistency, the thought of Wilfred Bradford was more distinct and strong than usual to-night in her mind and heart.

Feeling thus wakeful, Elgiva did not begin to prepare for going to bed; she stood at her open window, and looked out into the lovely night. There was no moon, but the stars were shining with intense, clear brightness, and she could see the outlines of the trees in the garden standing out black and shadowy, while a soft breeze stirred lazily their branches, which waved to and fro like the arms of enchanters who were performing some drowsy spell. A mixture of a thousand shy perfumes, that were half afraid to steal out by night, rose from the flower-beds below. The dreamy lullaby sung by the sleepy sea met her ear; except for that sound everything around was wondrously still—still with a stillness that made, she scarce knew why, an uneasy feeling steal gradually over her. It seemed to her as if that face she saw in the mirror was lurking somewhere among the shadows in the garden; as if a voice was going to speak out of the silence explaining the mystery of which that face was the outward

and visible sign. Elgiva was, in general, as free from nervous fancies as any girl that ever breathed, and she could not at all account for or understand the frame of mind in which she now found herself. Like the Christian girl that she was, she took refuge simply and naturally, as a frightened bird does in its nest, in her evening prayers; and when she had said them, she felt calmer and more like herself again.

She had sat for some little time longer at her window, and was just thinking that she would now really go to bed and try to sleep, when it seemed to her that she heard a sound like the noise made by the stealthy opening of a door. Elgiva inhabited a room which was at the end of a long passage, and which was separated by a door at the other end of that passage from the rest of the house. Inside that door there were only two rooms, Elgiva's bedroom and a little sitting-room opening out of it, in which she kept some of her clothes and other belongings, as her bedroom was small. It appeared to her that the sound she thought she heard came from the door at the further end of the passage.

She listened, but that sound was not again audible, and she made up her mind that it must have been fancy. She was just about to begin to undress, when once more she heard a noise, and this time it seemed to be in the little sitting-room. With a quick, resolute hand she opened the door into it, and beheld a man trying to break open the jewel-box on the table.

(*To be concluded.*)

EASTER MESSAGES.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE fleecy cloudlets float and flit
Across a dome of cloudless blue;
The calm, far-shining sea is lit
With jewelled sparks of varied hue.

The cuckoo calls from breezy moors,
And from his lair, in yonder vale,
A mellow-throated blackbird pours
His soft, melodious madrigal.

The rivers leap towards the sea,
Fed by the brimming brooks and rills;
The budding woods, and sunlit lea,
Are golden with the daffodils.

For Love has conquered in the strife
With Death and Darkness once again;
And Hope, new-sprung to light and life,
Shines smiling through the soft spring rain.

Peace! peace! sad hearts, that miss and mourn;
Upon your cross the sunbeams play;
Look up! dim eyes, for Earth, new-born,
Would woo you from your grief to-day,

With messages of hope and love,
Writ by the tender nail-pierced hand
Of Him, Who lives and reigns above,
Where white-robed saints about Him stand.

The pearly gates are opened wide—
Look up! and let the Light Divine
Stream down, this peaceful Eastertide,
Upon that yearning heart of thine.

Hark! through the vernal April air,
Now low, now loud, o'er hills and dells,
The fresh and fragrant breezes bear
The joyful sound of Easter bells.

Above Earth's empty graves it calls:
"Look up! sad eyes, with tears grown dim,
To where, within the City walls,
They keep glad Eastertide with Him."

VARIETIES.

MUCH TOO SMOOTHLY.

Robert de Insula, or Haliland, a man of humble birth, became one of the bishops of Durham. Having given his mother an establishment suitable to his own rank, he asked her once when he went to see her how she was getting on.

"Never worse," she answered.

"What troubles thee?" said the Bishop. "Hast thou not men and women enough to attend thee?"

"Yea," quoth the old woman, "and more than enough! I say to one—'Go!' and he runs; to another—'Come hither, fellow!' and the varlet falls down on his knees; and, in short, all things go on so wretchedly smooth that my heart is bursting for something to spite me, and pick a quarrel withal."

LASTING WEAR.—Things that will wear are not to be had cheap. Whether it be a fabric or a principle, if it is to endure it must cost something.

BODY AND MIND.—More attention should be paid to bodily health than to mental growth; the tree of knowledge should be grafted with the tree of life. Whoever sacrifices health to wisdom has generally sacrificed wisdom too.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

PREPARING FOR AN EMERGENCY.

Jeweller: "The inscription you wish engraved on the inside of this ring I understand is 'Marcellus to Irene.'"

Young man (with embarrassment): "Yes, that's right. But—er—don't cut the 'Irene' deep."

BEAUTY RESTORED.

"Sweet Kate was heard one day to sigh,
'With beauty lost, I'd wish to die!'
'Oh, no,' said Tom, with humour quaint,
'Not wish to *dye*, but merely *paint*.'"

BE KIND.

"When you recall how sweetly fall
Soft words from others on the mind,
It is the reason best of all,
To be yourself a little kind."

BEWARE OF OVER-STUDY.—Great students have generally extreme sensibility of nerves, consequently much irritability of temper; they are necessarily more liable to the attacks of disease, and their complaints are also more difficult of cure than those of others less keen to distinguish themselves. Over-study, besides, often defeats its object; it causes a kind of dulness of brain, and, as Rousseau remarks, "returns man to his original stupidity."

NOTHING WORTH HAVING IS EASY.

"There's always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take.
Yonder's the fruit we crave;
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between."

THE RESULTS OF ELOQUENCE.—In 1104, when Henry I. was in Normandy, a prelate named Serlo preached so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair, that the monarch and his courtiers were moved to tears; and, taking advantage of the impression he had produced, the enthusiastic prelate whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeves and cropped the whole congregation.

FINE CLOTHES.—Those who are incapable of shining but by dress, would do well to consider that the contrast between them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage.

IN SEARCH OF HAPPINESS.—Don't try too hard to be happy. Many run about after felicity like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat, whilst all the time it is in his hand or on his head.

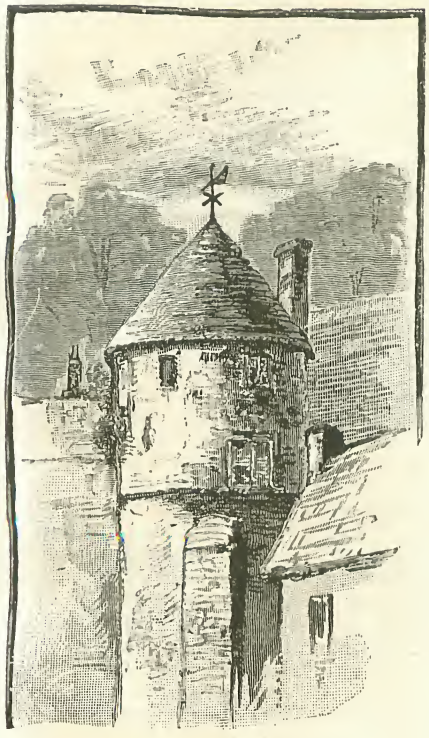
READING THE WILL.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER I.

STANARD CASTLE.



THE afternoon July sun was shining with intolerable heat on the windows and grounds of Castle Stanard. The dwellers within vainly sought relief in what was considered the cool and shady side of the mansion, but which they found to be of tropical temperature; while outside, the leaves on the forest trees above, and the grass, foliage, and flowers below, hung, drooping and scorched, beneath the burning glare.

At one end of the long façade made by the modern part of the castle, the grey battlemented tower alone, by its hoary age, and its kindly garniture of ivy, formed a welcome exception to the general blaze.

That mighty keep, on which nearly five centuries had produced no signs of decay, formed a fitting memorial of its builder, Sir Percy Stanard, who held high command in Henry V.'s army at Agincourt. From thence he had returned, crowned with honour, to his native place, where he began at once the erection of the first Castle Stanard, and thus became the real founder of the family, of which before his time nothing has been recorded.

Of that former Castle Stanard the residential portions of the structure were found, as time passed, beginning everywhere to decay. Successive owners tried to arrest this process, and ruined themselves by their efforts to restore the entire pile to its former grandeur. Thus, step by step the castle and the estates passed entirely from their hands, and their descendants sank into poverty and oblivion.

So matters remained till Benjamin Stanard, a rich Manchester merchant, who had gone into one of the great firms of that place as an errand boy, and became its head, set to work to restore the family name and dignity.

He began by the purchase of the castle and its grounds.

Next, he sought out the holders of the estates that had been left by the founder in connection with the castle, and succeeded in re-purchasing nearly the whole.

Finally, he rebuilt the residential parts of the castle, and, aided by a skilful architect, he obtained his two-fold object—to make the new building harmonise in its exterior features with the grand old tower, while making the interior fit in every respect for the luxury and the comfort of modern domestic life.

A large and lofty mediæval hall formed the principal part of the interior of the tower. There the picturesque roof, with its open-work of rafters of Spanish chestnut wood, the walls faced up to a certain height with oaken panels, and the single but magnificent statue representative of the hero of Agincourt in his armour as he fought in that memorable field, were the objects that chiefly arrested the attention of visitors, and carried their thoughts back to the few known incidents in the checkered history of the family.

That hall remains now, as of yore, the one place of reception and assemblage on all occasions of importance to the inmates; and to-day therein will be witnessed an event transcending all others since the one when Sir Percy Stanard received the king, and many of his nobles, at a grand banquet, in celebration of the final restoration of the castle.

For to-day Benjamin Stanard, the second founder, as he may well be called, has been buried in the graveyard of the neighbouring church, and to-day his will is to be read.

CHAPTER II.

READING THE WILL.

AS the mourners at the burial were retracing their steps towards the castle through the heated atmosphere which blinded their eyes, and made their feet burn at every touch of the ground, the sky darkened, a flash of lightning burst forth, followed by a single clap of thunder, while around them all nature assumed the lurid aspect that foretold the threatening storm, but which, after all, was only her beneficent method of restoring the balance she had disturbed for the purification of the air and soil.

Glad of the change, but anxious to escape in time the coming deluge, the mourners hurried along, and got safely housed just before the storm broke out in its utmost fury.

An hour later it had passed away, and left the air delightfully cool and refreshing for the assemblage who were privileged to hear the will.

Owen Stanard, the only son of the testator, led the way, with two ladies, to the daïs, where stood three gilded armchairs. Placing the ladies in two of the chairs, he then himself took the centre one, and motioned, by a wave of his hand, the two executors and the lawyers to the nearest seats behind him, assuming the while the air and dignity he considered belonging to him as the sole inheritor of his father's large possessions.

Personally he looked in every way worthy of so exalted a position. He appeared hale, and was without question a handsome man, a little over sixty years of age.

The lady on his right hand, Mrs. Bartlett, to whom he was exceptionally attentive and deferential, was his cousin, a rich widow. It was rumoured he had been in love with her, had offered marriage, and been rejected. She was about forty-five years of age, but looked younger, and was of distinguished aspect and appearance.

The lady on his left, Mrs. Gordon, a sister of the testator, he scarcely spoke to—never indeed but when she timidly ventured some remark to him.

Meanwhile the rest of the assemblage, consisting chiefly of poorer relatives of the deceased man, were accommodated with chairs at some little distance from the daïs, in the body of the hall.

At a signal from Owen, the solicitor, Mr. Dawes, rose to his feet with a parchment scroll in his hand, and remarked, by way of preliminary, that the deceased gentleman had instructed him to keep the contents of the will absolutely unknown to all but the executors, and that he had faithfully done so up to that moment. He added, "I will now read the will, which is in the testator's own words and own handwriting throughout. Its provisions were also entirely his own, he only asking my assistance where he found himself at a loss."

"I, Benjamin Stanard, of Stanard Castle, hereby make my last will and testament, thanking God for His mercies in enabling me, by the purchase of the ancient seat of my family, to raise it up from the low estate into which it had fallen through the building extravagance of certain of my ancestors.

"Reflecting on these events, and desirous to safeguard, in no self-seeking or ignoble spirit, the re-establishment of the family name and honour, I bequeath the whole of my property, landed and personal, to my valued friends, John Mortimer, Esq., merchant, of Manchester, and Abel Barraud, Esq., stockbroker, also of Manchester, in trust, under conditions hereafter described, for my only son Owen and his legitimate offspring; for my sister's son, John Rolfe Gordon, and his legitimate offspring; and finally,

in default of both the foregoing, for the next legitimate heir.

"At the end of three years from the date of this my will and testament, my executors will institute a careful examination into the state of the property and its liabilities, and should they find it burdened in any way with mortgages, bills of exchange, promissory notes, or other securities given by my said son on account of debts owing by him, and amounting in all to more than one year's clear income of the estates, now about ten thousand pounds, they will at once take all necessary legal steps to transfer the entire property to another branch of my family.

"If I do not make Colonel Stanard, Owen's only son, next inherit, it is not solely or chiefly because he has no son, but for a far more important reason—the terrible position he would be placed in as a son enjoying all that a living father had lost—a position that I am sure he would refuse under any circumstances to occupy.

"The property, therefore, will pass, if it has to leave Owen, to my sister Mrs. Gordon's only son, John Rolfe Gordon, who will at the end of the aforesaid three years have attained his majority. He will then take the name of John Rolfe Gordon Stanard; and should he have a son as his legitimate heir, will, on the latter attaining his majority, be subjected to a similar ordeal to that already described in the case of my son Owen. Should he pass that ordeal honourably, he will continue to hold a life interest in the property, which will after him pass to his legitimate male descendants.

"Should John Rolfe Gordon Stanard have no son, or have passed the said ordeal as a defaulter, the property will then pass to the ligitimate heir among other branches of the family, and to his descendants, according to the usual law of settlement; but the name of Stanard must always be retained by the holder of the castle and estates.

"Should, unhappily, my said son Owen be a defaulter, as already explained, the executors will reserve from the personal property I leave behind me, to be invested in the Three per Cents, a capital sum sufficient to produce five hundred a year for his own life, and which, at his death, is to be divided equally between his two granddaughters, Jeanie and Beth Stanard.

"Owen's only son, Colonel Stanard, needs no pecuniary aid from me, even in the sad contingency just provided for. I have, therefore, left him, in token of my affection and regard, and my sympathy with his noble career, the one thing I possess he will most care for—the sword studded with jewels given to my ancestor and his, Sir Percy Stanard, by Henry V. for his services in the battle of Agincourt immediately after its conclusion.

"Similar capital sums from the same source, producing in the Three per Cents five hundred pounds a year, will be reserved, one for John Rolfe Gordon Stanard and his children, in the event of his loss of the property through default as aforesaid, and the other for the ultimate heir who may then inherit and similarly fail.

"As I desire all my known relatives to be present during the reading of this my will, I have left a sum of a thousand pounds to my executors, with full power to dispose of it as they think best, in giving to those who are too poor to attend without assistance the necessary means to come.

"In conclusion, I hope my very dear son Owen will take to heart the reasons which have impelled me to act for his and his family's sake as I have herein done. Then all will be well. In that hope I leave him my forgiveness, love, and blessing.

"BENJAMIN STANARD."

"P.S.—Desiring to keep the foregoing strictly to the objects set out therein, I have given separate authority to my executors to pay from my personal property certain bequests, and also to make immediate arrangements such as may be required to anticipate the possibility of either of the executors being unable to act."

Previous to the reading of the will there had been a belief in the minds of all present that they knew beforehand what must be its general tenor. Owen, as the only son, would of course take all his father's property, special bequests excepted. No surprises were to be looked for, and none were expected.

Great indeed was their astonishment as they heard the restrictions placed upon Owen, and saw the possibility of his losing everything. All eyes were directed towards him to see how he received what were practically his father's last communications to him.

A hot flush for a moment overspread his features, but was immediately followed by a deathlike pallor, and he clutched instinctively the arms of his chair, as if in danger of fainting.

Then, rousing himself by an intense effort, and thinking that perhaps he had been too precipitate in his judgment, he pushed away haughtily the smelling-bottle which kindly Mrs. Gordon strove to put into his hand unobserved, and waited to hear what was to follow.

Hard indeed was his next trial, to find that the woman by his side—he did not consider her a lady—was the mother of the youth who was destined to succeed him if—— There he stopped in his reflections, conscious they were leading him into dangerous paths, and that his every movement or change of expression was being watched by the excited spectators.

These were presently still more startled to find a last surprise exceeding that caused by each of the two preceding clauses of this extraordinary will.

It was now the turn of those on the daïs to gaze with the deepest interest on the assemblage below, who had previously been content to watch *them*, naturally hopeless of anything to come from the will for their benefit.

But when they heard that one of themselves might become the heir to the great property of the testator, deep was the agitation and many the whispering guesses that ensued, as to who could be and who could not be the chosen fortunate in the event supposed.

The generosity of the testator in making equal provision for each defaulter in succession—Owen, Mrs. Gordon's son, and the ultimate heir—was listened to with some degree of attention; but as soon as the essence of the will was known, all waited impatiently for the break-up of the meeting, in order to discuss freely with one another the chances and probabilities arising out of this attempt of the dead hand to guide and control the future.

(To be continued.)

THE SPARROW'S MISSION.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

"OF what use am I?" said a sparrow, as he hopped about on a soft green lawn, now and then digging his sharp little beak into it after a worm, while his bright eyes glanced all around him, and took in every object.

A fine old house stood near, and before it a broad gravelled terrace, leading by a flight of steps at either end on to the lawn, which was ornamented with flower-beds cut in different shapes, and by two splendid cedars, standing at some little distance from one another. To the right the turf ended in a lawn tennis ground, and to the left a clump of laurels hid a winding path, which descended to a footbridge over a brawling stream, beyond which was the park. The park was large, and the house stood in a corner of it, so that while for the most part the mansion was surrounded by its own land, yet on one side it was not far from the small and old-fashioned town of Winchcombe.

The sparrow put his head sideways, and stopped hopping for a minute while he thought; and then, seeing a fat worm straight before him, he pounced upon it, and flew off to sit on a branch of one of the cedars and enjoy his meal.

He was happy enough now, this little bird, in the bright sunshine of July, with all things blooming and cheerful around him; but the winter before—oh! it was a bad time for him then.

Early in December the hard frost began, making the ground like iron; and then came the snow, thick and heavy, so that lawn and avenue alike were one smooth expanse of white, and the drift against the terrace wall and the trees in the park was six feet deep and

more. How well he remembered seeing the labourers digging away to clear the avenue, their breath showing like clouds in the clear air, and their voices sounding so sharp and loud. Then, when they had dug and dug, at last the spades scraped against the frost-bitten ground, while on either side rose walls of snow which they had shovelled off the road. How black the cedars looked underneath—for above the branches bent under the weight of their white burden—and it was the same with the laurels, and everything.

How desolate it all was! The noisy stream lay still as death, and there was no need of the foot-bridge, for the ice was thick enough to bear a horse. The house, with blinded windows—for nobody lived there then but an old caretaker and her niece—looked like death too; and the poor little bird shivered as he remembered how he fluttered round and round, trying to find something to eat, and trying in vain. At last, when he was nearly starved, he one day saw a gleam of light, and a hand appear, and throw out crumbs of bread on a window-sill. It was not high—or he could never have flown to it, he was so weak—but near the ground; and he just managed to reach it and get the crumbs, which, though almost too much exhausted to eat, yet by degrees he did devour, and felt new strength within him. After that he flew every day to the window, never failing there to find some food; and so he grew to love the house, because of the good souls in it, who thus remembered him; and often he chirped his best thanks in hopes that they might hear and understand.

The hard black winter went on for nearly four months, but then there were signs of something better. The snow melted away, and the brown earth and green grass showed themselves, all dripping wet and glistening; and the trees overhead poured streams of crystal from their boughs, while the tender folded leaves bent to look at the timid snowdrops just peeping from below. Out came the sun and touched all around with glory. Even the black old cedars rejoiced, though, being of an undemonstrative turn, they did not show it. The birds found their voices, and among them the little sparrow chirped his loudest with delight, and flew again to the friendly window, no longer for food, but only to peck at the panes, and thereby tell his gratitude.

Another month passed, and in the fair spring-time came hurry and movement about the place, and the old house woke up to receive a young bride and bridegroom. Such cleaning and furbishing up went on then. The carved chairs, with tapestry backs, and the large mirrors in gilded frames, cast off their linen covers; so did the sconces and chandeliers; and the old family portraits seemed to look less solemn and grim when the sun shone in upon them through windows uncurtained for the first time for years. Gardeners were hard at work among flower-beds and shrubberies, and a sense of bustle and activity pervaded the air.

Then there were great rejoicings: bells ringing and speeches made; tenants and school children feasted; and amidst it all, the little sparrow, fearing nothing in a place where he had been so kindly used, flew round the house, or hopped along the terrace, enjoying his life to the full. Sometimes he fluttered quite close to the open windows, and even once or twice ventured inside one of the rooms on the ground floor, where he had seen the pretty bride sitting with her husband; and where he was always puzzled by the sight of another bird as he thought, who would not respond to his chirp, but who copied his own movements exactly. He was puzzling over this one hot afternoon, turning his head from side to side, while his tiny feet pattered gently on the polished floor, when from a recess in the room came the pretty lady.

"Oh, what a dear little brown bird!" she exclaimed. "It's a sparrow; but how tame. See, it's looking at itself in the glass!"

But by the time she reached the spot the bird had flown; and as though afraid of having taken a liberty, he did not come near the house for some days. At the end of a week, however, he was seen again on the terrace; and then the bride put a few crumbs of cake just outside the open window of the room he knew, and he came and pecked at them, looking up at her between each mouthful.

"You sweet!" she said, "you must come every day to tea." The voice was so gentle, and she looked so kind, that the sparrow felt no fear, and stayed, eating up the crumbs till they were all gone; and every day at the same hour he appeared at what she used to call the "birdie's tea."

So at length it became a regular institution; and as the long summer days grew short, and instead of open windows and sunlit rooms there were closed casements and the glow of lamps within, the little brown bird flew up and tapped at the pane with his beak, and the fair lady always came herself to let him in; and he, perching on the table, hopped daintily about among the silver things, and helped himself with little pecks to what he chose; or he ate out of her hand even while she stroked his feathers with her white fingers.

But often—though nobody would think it of a bird, no doubt—his little head was full of thought, and he said to himself, "What use am I? I have all I want, but I can do nothing in return. I am only an ugly little bird; not like the lovely peacocks, or pheasants, or even the robin, with his bright red breast. I am no ornament to the place, and no use either." And so he wondered and wished, but to no end. And yet an end was coming which he did not know.

One day, grey and dull, when the little light there had been was gone, and the long darkness of a winter's evening was setting in, the sparrow flew, as usual, to the bright room for his crumbs. As he flew he saw two figures in the gloom pass quickly from the laurel clump to one of the cedar trees, but no thought was in his little mind beyond the fact. The house was all shut up, and nobody stirring, and one of the figures came out from behind the tree and stood gazing at it. On went the bird to his accustomed window, and tapped upon a pane. In a moment the blind drew up, and the pretty lady, opening the window, let her pet fly in.

But close beside her was her husband, and he said, "Who is that on the lawn? I must go and see," and in another instant he dashed out upon the terrace and down the flight of steps, followed by his brother, who was just then staying with him.

The two men rushed across the lawn in time to see two figures flying before them towards the path leading to the bridge. But those pursued were heavily built, and encumbered besides with weighty things they carried; while their pursuers were younger and more active, and soon gained upon them, overtaking them on the further side of the bridge, where, moreover, the foremost man stumbled in his haste and fell, laying at the mercy of his assailants, who were upon him before he could recover himself and rise again.

At this moment more aid arrived, in the shape of a groom, who, having been to Winchcombe, was on his way home when he heard the noise of a scuffle, and running up, helped to secure the two ruffians in spite of their violent struggles and kicks.

It was a hard fight, for one of the men was enormously strong; but the odds were against him and his companion, and so at last they gave in, and were marched off to the police-station, and there locked up till the morning. Their pockets were found stuffed full of tools used by burglars, and it was undeniable that their purpose was to break into the house in the dead of night, and carry away what they could.

In fact, the next day, finding the game was up, they confessed as much; and one of them added, "We was a watching of the place, and if it hadn't a bin for that 'ere window a opening when it did, my mate nor me would never a bin lagged."

"The sparrow saved us," said the young squire to his brother, when he heard this; "it did without a doubt, for nothing else would have made Clare open the window. How pleased she will be when I tell her. Had they got in and been disturbed, it might have gone hard with some of us. Lucky, as it was, they had no fire-arms."

"Yes," said the other, "it was. That big man was a tough customer, and I shouldn't care to come upon him suddenly in the night, just when he was packing up the plate."

Meanwhile, where was the sparrow? In the confusion even Clare forgot him, and as she stood with straining eyes following the flying figures across the lawn, her whole soul absorbed in anxious fear for her husband and his brother, there was no room for any other thought. So it came to pass that the bird was, for the first time, forgotten, and nobody remembered him until the squire told his wife the burglar's words.

"My little pet!" she cried; "to think it is to him we owe so much, and last night I forgot him! Well, to-day he shall have extra cake and cream."

The hours went on, and tea-time came, but not the bird. In vain Clare looked out over and over again; there was no sign, no flutter of wings, no tapping on the pane.

"What can have happened?" she exclaimed. "My poor little bird—where is he! I must have a lantern, and see whether he can have been hurt, and perhaps is on the terrace."

Just then there came a little tap, but so faint it could scarce be heard, and on the lowest pane, as though he could fly no higher. Clare opened the window, and stooping, took the sparrow gently in her hand. She brought him into the warm room, and laid him in her lap, smoothing the ruffled feathers. He could not eat, but sipped a few drops of cream. Evidently he was ill and in pain, and one little leg hung powerless from the body.

"Oh, what can I do!" said Clare. "He saved us, and now he has come to say good-bye." Her eyes filled, and she bent over her pet, who lay so quiet now, the pretty head never moving; while over the bright eyes stole a film.

"My little sweet!" said Clare; "if you could only speak, or say——"

Her husband touched him. "If it were only the leg," he said, "it might be set; but I fear that is not all. His heart beats so, and there is blood under the feathers. Poor little thing!"—and he stroked the bird.

"Oh, he is going!" cried Clare, as a slight convulsion shook the tiny body, so soft and warm. She lifted it in her hands and laid the beak against her lips. "Kiss me, my sweet," she said. The little beak unclosed and seemed to peck gently, and the eyes opened and looked up at her for one short moment; and then the film came back; the head drooped, and the little brown bird was dead—the tears pouring from his mistress' eyes as she looked upon him. What killed him no one ever knew; but wounded in some way he had been, and just fluttered home to die. His mission was accomplished; and though only a sparrow, he needed not to say, "I am of no use to anybody."

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Words by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. *Music by* MYLES B. FOSTER.

Allegretto giojoso.

PIANO.

f *p* *mf*

mf dolce e sostenuto.

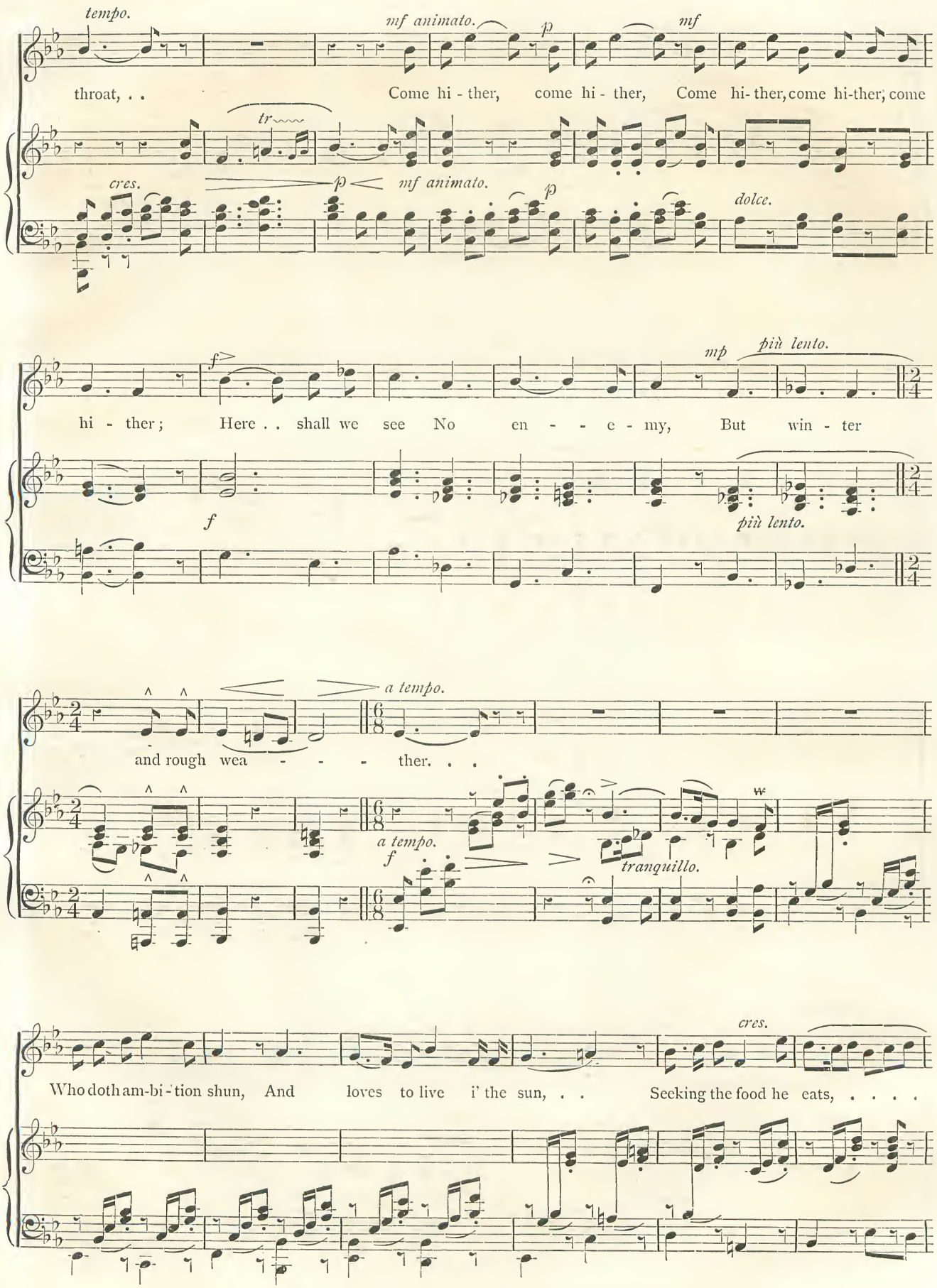
Un-der the greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with me, And

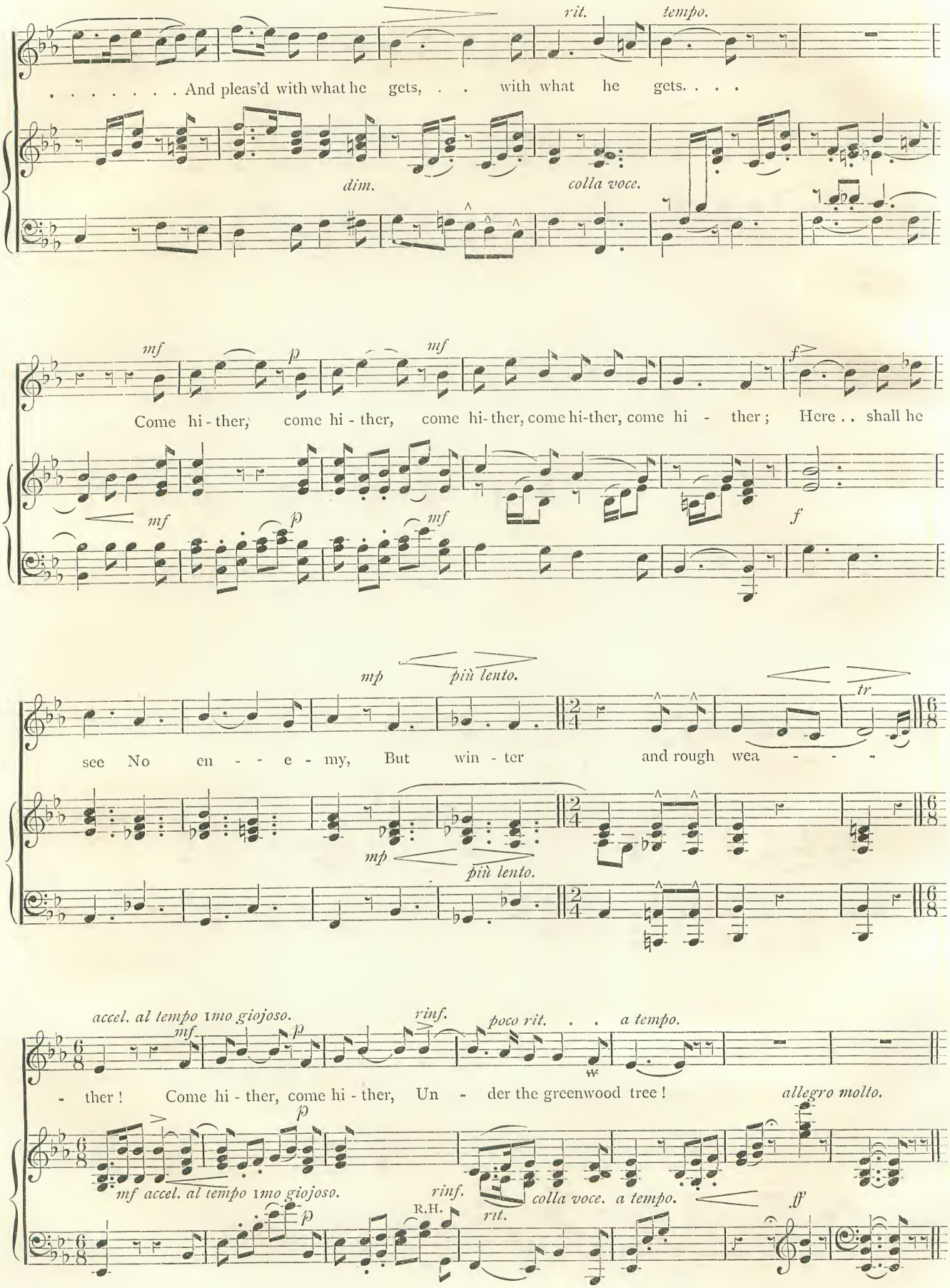
mp

cres. *dolce rit.*

tune his mer-ry note . . . . . Un-to the sweet bird's throat, the sweet bird's

cres. *p* *colla voce.*


tempo.
mf animato.
p
mf
throat, . .
Come hi - ther, come hi - ther, Come hi- ther, come hi-ther, come
tr
cres.
p
mf animato.
p
dolce.
f
mp
più lento.
hi - ther; Here . . shall we see No en - - - e - my, But win - ter
f
più lento.
a tempo.
and rough wea - - - - ther. . .
a tempo.
f
tranquillo.
cres.
Who doth am-bi - tion shun, And loves to live i' the sun, . . Seeking the food he eats, ...


rit.
tempo.
. . . . . And pleas'd with what he gets, . . with what he gets. . . .
dim.
colla voce.
mf
p
mf
f
Come hi - ther, come hi - ther, come hi- ther, come hi-ther, come hi - ther; Here . . shall he
mf
p
mf
f
mp
più lento.
tr
see No en - - e - my, But win - ter and rough wea - - -
mp
più lento.
accel. al tempo 1mo giojoso.
mf
p
rinf.
poco rit. . . a tempo.
- ther! Come hi - ther, come hi - ther, Un - der the greenwood tree!
allegro molto.
p
mf accel. al tempo 1mo giojoso.
rinf.
colla voce. a tempo.
ff
R.H.
rit.
p

A PROMISE.

PART I.

COWSLIP TIME.

THE low-lying meadows near the little River Mole were full of cowslips, and the air was heavy with the scent of them as Dick and Nellie wandered one lovely summer's afternoon by the flags and rushes on the reedy shelving banks of the river. Two beautiful swans glided past the little boat that was shoved up to the bank, and little Fairy, the fox-terrier in charge of the cloaks, barked feebly. Dick looked round, first towards the opening shaded by drooping trees, where from the Thames they had rowed in, then up the little river, where in the distance he could hear the laughter of their friends returning in the other boat. They were a large pleasure-party—two bigger boats and one small one. One had remained in the broad river; the other had, as we have said, gone up the Mole. She had a large bunch of cowslips now—he had none; all his flowers had gone to swell her bouquet. Two young men crossed the little bridge on bicycles; they exchanged nods and laughed as they saw the young pair. Fairy barked furiously, and her master called her out of the boat. Jumping ashore, the little dog hurt her forepaw, and limped to be consoled. When the other boat came quickly down, over the floating reeds and rushes, impelled by Nellie's two brothers, and steered erratically by pretty little cousin Connie, Dick and Nellie were at opposite corners of the meadow. She, with red cheeks and sparkling eyes, was adding cowslips to her nosegay, upside down, and he was apparently very much interested in the slow climb of a dragon-fly up a burdock leaf. But the castles in the air, with Nellie as Chatelaine, he saw in his mind's eye, were fairer far than the brightest lustre of the fly's blue wing. The party hailed them noisily: "Come along, you two!" And as they jumped into the little boat, cousin Connie laughed at the marks left by Fairy's muddy paws on Nellie's white dress, till Nellie became pink with embarrassment, and Connie suddenly remembered whose the dog was. Beyond the drooping alder boughs, which shaded the mouth of the tiny river, lay the third boat, deep in the shade of the trees on the bank. They joined company, and rowed up to Hampton Court Bridge, and watched the different groups sauntering beneath the old trees of the Palace grounds. What tragic scenes and pathetic incidents could they not tell of could they but speak, those old walls! Many little boats glided past, swans sailed slowly by, and a little river steam launch, a mere cockleshell by the side of sundry sleepy old barges, lay puffing on the shadowed side of the river. It was late; the sunshine was fading; that indefinable silence and calm had fallen on the party which so often comes at even after a day's pleasuring. They turned to go back. One by one the grassy islets were passed; the last sunbeam had deserted the shelving banks when, one after another, the three boats reached the little village whence they had come. The party walked up the village street; Dick carried Nellie's basket of cowslips, and all the wet weeds and water flowers she had collected. They reached her home. Good-bye was said, as he had to catch a late train back to Chatham. She looked after him, as his tall, well-built form disappeared into the shadow, escorted by her brothers to the station close by. He was glad when at last the boys left him snugly ensconced in an empty smoking carriage, fairly on his way.

He wanted to think over his happy stay, that he might not forget one word or look.

She, the following morning, washed out with care the muddy marks made by Fairy on her dress. She had petted and kissed his fox-terrier so much, when it came limping to her in the meadow, just after he had said he was ordered to India in a very short time.

PART II.

THE TIME OF HANDCLASPS—TEN YEARS AFTER.

A LONELY outpost, where a few officers and a detachment of the Line were quartered. An isolated post at the least, a good twenty miles' ride through a Kaffir-infested country from the nearest place, Grahamstown, of the Cape Colony, then not such a considerable town as it has now become.

Little Mrs. Heatherly, the only white woman in the place, sat by her open window listening intently; her little son slept in his cradle at her feet. The cool night air blew in, and though it cooled her hot forehead, she remembered the child, and dragged his cradle away from the window.

The black girl, who was her only attendant, came in and asked if she wanted anything. Mrs. Heatherly's gentle refusal sent her away full of pity and sympathy for the Captain's wife. Hour after hour passed and still he did not come. Mrs. Heatherly laid her head on the window-sill and listened.

The hoarse hum of men's life in the little place arose on the still air, and two young men were talking close beneath her. At first she did not listen. But soon her husband's name struck on her anxious ear. "Heatherly!" cried these boyish tones; "why, he should have been back ever so long ago! Could anything have happened to him, do you think, Graeme?" Graeme's reply was inaudible. This her fear, named by others, almost unnerved her; she buried her face in her hands. Thus she remained—how long she could not tell—till a gentle touch roused her.

She had not heard the warning knock, or opening creak of the ill-fitting door, or the muffled clank of the sword worn by the Captain, who now stood beside her with grave, sad face. She looked up in his face; he was not her husband—only her husband's dearest friend Jock.

Jock's face was full of pity, and she dimly guessed something had happened. But before he could explain a tramp as of heavy feet on the stairs was heard, and into the room was borne like a log an almost unconscious form, which was laid on the bed. A low moan escaped her, and breaking from Jock's pitiful restraining hand, she threw herself on her knees by the bed. Dick could not move, but he half opened those deep blue eyes, and looked lovingly at her. The surgeon now came in, and Jock slipped out.

Nellie, after the doctor had relieved Dick's present pain a little, asked with forced composure how it had all happened. He told her. Dick had been riding home—and she knew how he rode—gaily and lightly, with no thought of evil. He was alone; and some angry and revengeful Kaffir had wounded him in the back. The little surgeon did not tell her it was mortal, but Dick knew it; and when Dr. St. John said he must go but would be back very soon, Dick begged to see Jock.

The doctor promised to send him, as he saw that to refuse Dick would throw him into excitement which might prove fatal.

Accordingly the Captain soon appeared. Drawing him down with nervous fingers, closer, closer, Dick, when Jock was on his knees by the bed, whispered his hope that Jock would take care of Nellie and baby Dick. "They will soon be alone in the world—all alone!" Dick knew he must die; the wound had been poisoned. "Promise, Jock—promise!"

Dr. St. John, who had re-entered, signed to Jock to prevent Dick talking. But Jock did did not see his sign, and it was with no thought of the surgeon that he tranquilised Dick by allowing him to clasp, in one of his weak, damp hands, his own firm brown one, and press it in token of thanks. Relief shone in his clouding eyes. With the other hand Dick feebly sought Nellie's, and it was thus he died.

PART III.

THE PROMISE REDEEMED—TEN YEARS AFTER.

A SNUG fireside in a little country house; the winter wind whistling shrilly round the place amid the old bare trees. The anniversary of Dick's death; and a picture of the poor young Captain, taken in his heyday of youth and happiness, was thoughtfully glanced at by Nellie, as she sat by the fire with baby Dick, now grown a big boy, at her knee.

Jock was seated in the big high-backed chair opposite. He looked wistfully after her as she got up and slowly left the room.

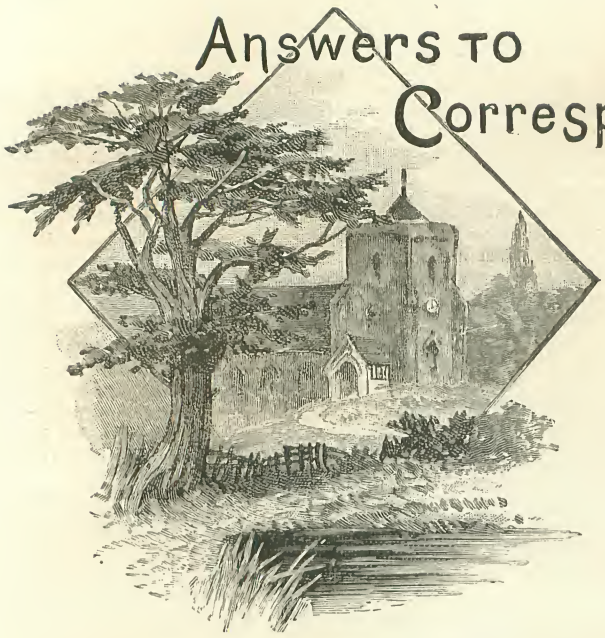
When she came back a little later, Dick, leaning on his stepfather's knees, was listening with a face of deep and absorbed interest to the story he knew so well. How his brave, light-hearted young father, riding home alone, unattended and unguarded save by his own fearless courage, had been basely wounded by a cowardly Kaffir, and found by his friends.

Nellie's eyes filled with tears as she saw that look of interest on the handsome boyish face. Irresistibly the tide of memory bore her back to that merry time of cowslips when Dick's father, with a like look, had asked her to go with him to the far land whither he was going. The cowslips long had faded, blown, and faded again in those pleasant riverside meadows.

Memory now brought another scene—when Jock had told her that it was impossible for him to help her, the friendless widow, or baby Dick, as he would wish with farther right than what the having been Dick's friend gave him. And as she thought of that sad winter when, remembrance of love floating round her in her lonely home, she had almost hated the sight of happier people looking forward to cheerful meetings, the recollection of the snowy day came upon her softly, like a falling snowflake; when the trusty friend, who was the only friend she and baby Dick had, arrived unexpectedly, and the question had been asked which had given little Dick Heatherly a loving stepfather and Jock the long-desired right to augment the tiny income of poor Dick's widow with his own. She remembered all this; Jock's long, unpretending kindness, and at the last, love—the redeeming of his promise on that grey and snowy day; and coming behind his chair, bent fondly over him. Baby Dick came shyly nearer; Jock put his hand on the boy's shoulder and returned her loving look, and thus we will leave them.

MARIA DE TRÈS ROIS.

Answers to Correspondents.



EDUCATIONAL.

BEATRIX.—For all information respecting the Cambridge Local Exams. write to the Secretary, Professor G. F. Browne, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. The fee is £1 for the junior; for the higher, up to £2.

IVY and VIRGINIA CREEPER.—Your mother's direction should be requested, and followed, in the question of what books you should read for either instruction or recreation. Sir Walter Scott's works should be read, of course; but only a short time should be devoted to works of fiction, as they are likely to distract the mind from the drier studies, which must be carried on daily at the early age of sixteen.

MAUD.—Your writing and spelling are not sufficiently good to render you eligible for any missionary work (as a teacher), however humble, whether at home or abroad. There are two Home Mission Societies by whom you might be employed if a good reader, writer, and speller, and of unquestionably good character. To this must be added sound views of the doctrines of Christianity. There are the Parochial Mission (Secretary, Miss Noble, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.), and the Bible and Domestic Female Mission (Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Selfe Leonard, 2, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.), which employ Bible women and free nurses among the poor.

MARTIAL.—It depends on the position you wish to hold as a nurse whether you have to pay for board, lodging, and training, or get in free, and even obtain uniform and a small salary. Pupils are trained as ordinary nurses as "Nightingale Probationers" (St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, S.E.), receiving board, lodging, uniform, and £12 per annum. Ladies wishing to qualify for superior appointments may be trained on payment, under two scales, of £30 and £52. At the Middlesex Hospital, lady pupils are taken for at least six months, at one guinea a week. At the London Hospital, both ladies and women of a lower class may be received without payment, and if appointed after a month's trial, will be paid £12 the first year and £20 the second. The rules of the various hospitals vary one from the other. You must make your own personal enquiries. Candidates are usually required to be from twenty-five up to forty years of age. Study "Sick-Nursing at Home" (Gill, 70, Strand, W.C.), and if you can join an ambulance class, and obtain a certificate, it will very effectually prepare you for your future vocation, and prove invaluable in private life.

I. K. MORTON.—There is an Amateur Literary Society for the encouragement of young would-be writers. Short stories on a given subject are required; and advice would be given, or at least an opinion as to merit could be obtained. A stamped and addressed envelope must be sent to the Hon. Secretary by intending members, and rules will be sent by Miss I. K. Morton, Wilson House, Wilson Road, Birchfield, Staffordshire. We gladly name this society, as so many of our young correspondents are anxious for some encouragement and advice about their first attempts at writing stories.

ONE IN EARNEST, MARY F., ANXIOUS TO SERVE ARIGHT.—See our reply to "Martial." You do not write or spell sufficiently well to be eligible for a situation as nurse in a hospital.

LOUISA LECOMTE.—You should advertise in an English daily paper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GIPSY.—It is more reverent and seemly to stand when in the act of offering praise and thanksgiving to God, following the injunction, "Stand up and bless the Lord," and to kneel in prayer when sin is confessed, and pardon and grace implored. Nature alone would tell you this. As for the anthem of which you speak, when some stand and others sit, there is no hard and fast rule. Elderly people, and young ones with weak backs, may be excused for sitting, especially as the words are often not those of prayer or praise, nor any direct address to God.

K. T.—You should take your autographs to a shop where such are sold. Their value is dependent on the condition and the subject discussed, and the number, at the time being, in the market. You might find a dealer in Fleet Street. We do not give addresses.

J. L. W.—It is indeed a matter of deep regret that the Lifeboat Institution is not better supported. We are glad that you were interested in reading the articles which recently appeared in the *Sunday at Home*. As a maritime country we ought to strain a point to keep it up quite as much as to assist our fishermen of the deep sea. The self-righting boats during thirty-six years, up to 1890, were, we believe, launched upwards of 6,500 times, and thereby saved upwards of 13,000 lives. The society needs further support.

"AN EARL'S GRANDDAUGHTER."—Bow-wow! We regret that your noble nose should not prove as aristocratic in its form as would seem to befit the traditions of its exalted race. As a general rule, fine eyes and eyebrows are characteristic of faces with noses short, "soft, and turned up at the end." Perhaps you are favoured with these as a "make-weight" against a little button nose. If not, you must only endeavour to look good-tempered, and to make yourself specially attentive to others, agreeable in your manners, and self-forgetting, ever remembering that *Noblesse oblige*, and more is expected of you than of a little humbly-born girl provided with a similar little "snub nose." A young housemaid recently consulted us on the ways and means of improving hers, and suggested wearing a glove-stretcher at night, to squeeze the end into a more pointed form. She feared it might blight her prospects in her vocation. Your position is a far more favoured one.

SKYLARK.—1. The wife of Cain was of necessity a daughter of Adam and Eve.—2. Writing not formed, but promising well.

GRANDFATHER BLOCK.—Yes, there is such a club as that called the Thirteen Club, where the salt is intentionally spilt, and knives are crossed, etc., in defiance of general superstition connected with such circumstances; and women have recently become members of it.—Learn to make capital letters in their correct form. It is ill-bred to make fancy letters which give trouble to those who have to decipher them. You substitute a "T" for a "G."

ROAMERS.—Write for such information to Miss Pryde, 152, Rue de la Pompe, Paris.

PERPLEXED.—Apply to the Government Emigration Office, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

NANCY.—We have been asked for information before on the locality of the Doldrums. It is a region in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, just below the equator, of calm wind and water. But it changes its position, more or less, with the season of the year, over a varying breadth of 150 to 500 miles. The origin of the calm prevailing in this large area is that the north-east and south-east trade-winds meeting there neutralise each other's influence and force; and these winds, having traversed a great extent of the two oceans before reaching the equator, a very large amount of vapour is taken up by them, and thus tremendously heavy rains fall in that locality at all hours of the day and night. It is a dangerous part of the ocean for all ships not propelled by steam, as the perfect calm which prevails holds sailing vessels as if at anchor, and sometimes even for months, failure of water and provisions being the terrible result.

SUNSHINE.—1. Refer to our indexes.—2. April 18th, 1876, was a Tuesday.

MARJORY.—We believe that more than one lady has been made a Freemason, but we only remember one case perfectly authentic, viz., that of the Hon. Miss St. Leger, daughter of Lord Doneraile, about the year 1739. She withdrew a brick from the partition wall of a room in her father's house, and witnessed and heard all that was going on at the meeting of the lodge. Through the mediation of her brother, himself a member, she was initiated and received. It seems she became a bright ornament to the Order, and was celebrated for her benevolence, dying greatly regretted at an advanced age.

ANNIE and BERTHA.—It is hard to give a very reliable answer as to the number of Roman Catholics and Protestants in France, as so many refuse to declare any religious belief, and many have none. Some ten years ago the Protestants numbered 1·8 per cent. of the population, and the Roman Catholics 78·50 per cent. Then there is a very considerable Jewish community, as well as non-professors of any creed. Any religious body numbering 100,000 persons is entitled to a grant from the State (or at least they were), comprising Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews; but in 1881 non-professors of religion were registered as such in the census for the first time. Whether any changes have taken place in comparative numbers or in State privileges within the last four years, we are not at this moment aware. Up to within that period we believe our statement to be correct.

EDIE.—We could not pronounce a judgment on the question of which is the purest water in London. It is affirmed by some that organically the purest water is that supplied by the Kent Company, which is consumed in the south-eastern part of the metropolis; but it has the disadvantage of being hard. The New River Company does not obtain water from the Thames, like the other companies, and they pass it through large filter beds, so that it has a good, and possibly the highest, reputation. But from whatever source your supply may be derived, always boil what is used for drinking, and let it stand to cool, well covered. This alone destroys animal germs and organisms, from which a filter will not in any way clear it.

GEORGINA.—The term "Quaker," by which the Society of Friends has been designated since the year 1620, was applied to them by Justice Bennett, of Derby. It originated from the circumstance that George Fox (who names it in his Journal) "bade the justice quake and tremble at the word of the Lord." A sect in America goes by the name of "Shakers," who really wave their hands up and down.

JENNY WREN.—It is not easy to answer your query as to the amount of soot which we Londoners are permitted to inhale. Differing calculations have been made by experts. An open fireplace gives an average amount of one per cent. Furnaces and household fires combined, if calculated at one per cent. only on the annual importation of about 5,500,000 tons of coal into London, will produce 55,000 tons of the soot we are, so far, condemned to breathe (which makes upwards of 150 tons a day). According to Professor C. Roberts, 50 tons of this soot hang suspended over the metropolis daily in a smoke cloud; and when, owing to the state of the atmosphere, the dropping of the wind, and the rising of a fog, this smoke and soot cloud descends to the earth, we are threatened with accident, sickness, and death in various forms. The general use of anthracite coal, gas, coke, and certain other descriptions of fuel which are not smoke-producing (or scarcely so), is most earnestly to be recommended, and even made compulsory.

J. BOWLER.—1. In using the word given a present is not necessarily implied.—2. We supply paper patterns for the use of our readers, and at the price you will find stated in every monthly part, whether tacked or otherwise. Postage of the same should not be omitted.

AILEEN D.—1. The child in the picture-advertisement called "Bubbles" is a grandchild of the painter (Millais).—2. June 28th, 1877, was a Thursday.

ONE WHO WISHES TO IMPROVE.—Where two or three housemaids are kept their respective duties would vary in character and amount according to the dimensions of the establishment, number in family, and of visitors received. It would be necessary to make special enquiries on entering the situation. Sometimes certain duties of the lady's-maid devolve on the head housemaid, as visitors are sometimes unaccompanied by their own maids; and in less wealthy families, where there are several daughters, it is very usually the housemaid's business to attend upon them.

EMERALD ISLE.—1. The special duties of a typewriter depend on the nature of the office in which she is engaged.—2. Your writing is of too tumble-down a character. Get a copperplate copybook to improve it.

NOVEMBER says she has several of the volumes of the "G. O. P." to dispose of—iii., vi., and vii. are bound, and ix., x., xi., are unbound. But "November" has omitted to give her address.

CODLING.—1. The exclamation, "Hang it!" although not swearing, is a vulgar slang expression.—2. A puppy is come to the period in his life when he ceases to be so termed when he has cut all his teeth, has come to his full size, and has had the distemper.

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THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT THE RUINS OF TUSCULUM.

JUNE—a glorious month in Italy—was in its full tide of beauty at Frascati. In Rome the heat was growing unbearable; but fresh breezes still tempered the heat of the sun on the slopes of the Alban Hills, and in the gardens of the villas were many shady nooks in which to pass the hotter hours of the day.

More than a month had gone by since Mr. and Mrs. Marian, satisfied that Maud, with her companions, was likely to do well in her temporary abode at Frascati, had started on their journey back to England. And Maud had been rapidly advancing in health and strength ever since. The strong mountain air wrought wonders for her. She enjoyed the sunshine, the flowers, the glorious prospects of mountains, and plains, and changeful sky, with the strange rapture one feels who has been brought back from the shore of death to find a new preciousness in every simple joy of earth.

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She developed an amazing appetite, and thought she had never tasted anything so good as the wholesome country fare on which they lived. She slept like a child, not at night only, but in the warm noontide; and her beauty came back to her with somewhat of the bloom of childhood, and a new grace of expression, at which Enid often marvelled. It was as if there were some happy secret written in Maud's eyes. Enid had not observed this look until after Maud's reconciliation with her father; but since then she had been struck with an increasing change in her cousin. She, who had before been so restlessly energetic, constantly bent upon doing something or having something, and for ever conceiving new projects for the future, was now calm and quiet, content, apparently, to rest in the present, and let the future take care of itself. "She is so gentle and easy to please, that if it were not clear that she is gaining strength, I should be afraid she was going to die," said Enid to herself one day. Yet it was not apathy which possessed Maud, for she entered heartily into every plan made by the others, and seemed to enjoy each hour as it passed. Enid wondered sometimes if the two or three letters which her cousin had received since her illness from Mr. Sydney Althorp had anything to do with her happy frame of mind; but Maud said little about them, and Enid did not care to question her.

And Enid herself? The change was proving good for her also. Her colour had come back, and the sturdy health she had lost. The terrible pressure of anxiety which, on the eve of her departure from Rome, had threatened to prostrate her utterly, had happily not lasted long. Better and better accounts of Julius Dakin had reached her. He had escaped, almost miraculously as it seemed, without any fatal injury. He was recovering better than could be expected from the shock he had received; and the broken arm was doing well. The last news the girls had of him was that he had removed with his mother from the hot city to a charming villa at Albano.

So Enid was relieved of care on his behalf. Yet her mind was not so calm as her cousin's. She could not rest in the present as Maud did. It seemed as if the restlessness which had left her cousin had entered into her. It irked her to sit for hours in the soft, deep shade of ilexes, even though there opened out before her a lovely landscape, and the sun shone on a foreground of brilliant flowers, with vineyards and olive groves beyond, and the shadows of passing clouds played on the mountain slopes, and far away in the distance the pure, snow-clad peaks of the Apennines rose against the sky.

It was well that Miss Strutt was always there to keep them company. Her spirits never seemed to vary, nor was there any end to her resources for the entertainment of herself and the others. She sketched, she read, she talked and knitted; she taught them games, and after a while she beguiled Maud into taking up her painting again. And Maud, as Enid had foretold, began to work again with new power and fresh delight, though at the same time with a far humbler opinion of her own ability. She was not too proud now to ask advice of others; and Miss Strutt, without posing as her instructor, managed to warn her of the faults into which she had fallen, and to show her how they might be conquered. Enid too made several sketches during the long, warm days. In the villas, or amongst the ruins of the ancient city of Tusculum on the hill above, charmingly picturesque subjects were to be found. But Enid was conscious that her interest in her work was not what it should be, and that she was not doing her best. She was vexed with herself that it was so, but could not command the lacking inspiration. Sometimes she felt quite disheartened, and would lay aside her brushes with a sense of disgust at her own weakness. But the restlessness which made it hard to apply herself to anything continued. Was it because Albano was but a few miles away, and there was the chance that any day someone who was staying there might appear at Frascati?

But the days passed on, and nothing occurred to break their even course. Maud was now so well that their return to England began to be talked of as a near possibility. Enid could not understand her feelings as she looked forward. Could it be that she, who had longed so passionately to be once more with her mother and dear ones, now shrank from the prospect of returning to them? No, it was not so; but she could not help feeling that it would be hard, very hard, to go away without seeing once more one who had become a friend to her since she left her home.

One lovely morning the girls and Miss Strutt started forth early, carrying their luncheon with them. They intended to pass the whole day at Tusculum, as they still called the site of the ancient town of which but a few ruins now remain. Miss Strutt had begun a sketch there which she was anxious to finish. Enid and Maud also meant to sketch, and they set out with the idea of being very industrious.

As the distance was rather beyond Maud's walking powers, a strong, sleek donkey had been hired to carry her. She made much fun of her humble steed, and professed that it hurt her pride to mount it.

"'I feel real mean,' as Miss Amory would say," she remarked as they began to ascend the steep, stony road which rises from the piazza of Frascati, and winds upward all the way to Tusculum. "It is a mercy that the tourist season is over, for I would not for the world that any of my acquaintance should see me mounted on this little beast."

"And yet I can assure you that you ride it with great dignity," said Miss Strutt. "She looks rather imposing than otherwise—does she not, Enid?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Enid. "If only that hat were not so dreadfully modern, I should say she looked picturesque."

"I had better take off my hat and drape a blue shawl over my head, like the pictures one sees of Mary on the flight into Egypt," said Maud laughingly. "Did you ever see that picture of Fra Angelica's, at Florence, in which he represents Mary sitting perfectly erect on her donkey, and holding her Babe, also perfectly erect, up high with both hands? I am certain that if any woman attempted to ride a donkey holding a baby in that fashion, she would inevitably fall off, unless indeed she had been trained in a circus."

"I have not seen it," said Enid. "You forget that I have never stayed at Florence. I long to see the Fra Angelicas; they must be so lovely, in spite of such defects."

"They are, indeed," said Miss Strutt. "Fra Angelica's mastery of colour was wonderful; and still more striking than his colours are the character, dignity, and sweetness of the countenances he has painted. The errors he made are of trivial importance compared with such results. He lived in such a narrow, secluded way, that of necessity he knew little of the practical details of life."

"But his life was so beautiful," said Enid. "It was that which made his work what it is."

"You are right," said Miss Strutt. "The gentle holy faces he painted reflected the purity and sweetness of his own heart."

"If that be so," said Maud thoughtfully, "goodness is the greatest thing of all, and art's highest inspiration. And yet how little is thought of goodness in comparison with cleverness! How often one hears it said, 'Oh, So-and-so is a very good man, of course; but——' —as if a man's goodness were of no value."

"That is the world's valuation," said Miss Strutt. "But God would have us know that character is the chief thing in human life, and a man's work is the outcome of his character. 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.' 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'"

"Yet some men have done great things who were not good," said Enid.

"True, the fire of genius has been kindled from below, but it does not burn with so pure and bright a flame as that which is drawn from heaven. 'Every good and perfect gift is from above.' Depend upon it that is true of all art. Genius ever rises and falls with character. The life of Michael Angelo, of Raphael, of Giotto, of Andrea del Sarto, all point that moral in various ways."

"If Browning's poem is true," said Enid, "Andrea del Sarto's work was marred by the influence of his wife, who valued his art only because it brought the gold she coveted for the gratification of her luxurious tastes."

"But it is only the very great and strong who can follow 'art for art's sake,'" said Maud half impatiently. "It is natural to want something for oneself—not gold necessarily, but admiration, honour, fame. Most workers desire these."

They had turned into a narrow paved alley, the remains of an old Roman road, which, shaded by thick ilexes, was delightfully cool and shady at this hour.

Enid did not reply to her cousin's words. She had paused, and was looking back to where the wider road they had quitted gleamed white in the sunshine. Miss Strutt turned to see what was engaging her attention, then said—

"Why, Maud, I am afraid you will not after all escape the gaze of the British tourist. There is a carriage driving along the road behind us, and its occupants have a very English look."

"You don't say so!" cried Maud, looking round in affected dismay. Then she added, with a droll imitation of Miss Amory's accent, "Oh, I guess they're Americans, and they can't drive up this path, anyway."

The carriage passed out of sight. Enid walked on without saying a word. It was growing warm, and the path was steep. No one felt much inclination to talk now.

The carriage road led to a point not far from that at which the bridle-path terminated. So it happened that when Maud, who was in advance of the others, rode round a bend of the path, and the old amphitheatre came in view, she saw a gentleman and lady seated on the broken wall above it. The gentleman came forward, saying merrily—

"Miss Marian, I declare! How charming! Allow me to congratulate you on the idyllic appearance you present."

"Mr. Dakin!" she exclaimed. "Is it really you? I am glad to see you. Yes, indeed, you may laugh at me and my humble steed; but I am very glad to see you, though I was saying just now how sorry I should be to meet any of my acquaintance. Are you better?"

"Oh, yes; I am all right now," he answered, though his looks hardly confirmed his words. "And you?"

"I am as well as possible, thank you."

"It delights me to hear you say so," said Mrs. Dakin, advancing. "Indeed, you look quite yourself again—very different from when I saw you last."

At this moment Enid and Miss Strutt came in sight. Julius's eyes had already sought them impatiently. He went forward and greeted them warmly. Enid's colour faded a little as she shook hands with him. It was a shock to her to see him looking so ill. She felt as if she had hardly realised before how seriously injured he had been. But he looked happy enough, nevertheless. There was the same merry laughing look in his eyes.

"Are you really getting strong?" asked Miss Strutt.

"Indeed I am. There is nothing the matter with me now, except the inconvenience of a useless arm," and he pointed to the sling he wore.

"Ah! but he is not good for much yet," said his mother. "He has been wanting to come over here before this, but I dreaded the fatigue of the long drive for him. We drove over last evening, and put up at the hotel. We started out early this morning to find you; but early as we were, you had gone out before we arrived. Your landlady told us of your plans for the day, so we thought we would come and picnic here too."

"How delightful of you!" cried Maud. "There is nothing so nice as an impromptu picnic, and there could not be a better place for one than this."

So this was what became of the day they had meant to devote to sketching. No one save Miss Strutt did any work. They ate their luncheon seated in the cool fragrant shade of a pine grove, looking down through an opening in the trees on a glorious green valley enclosed by purple mountain slopes with snowy peaks above. Afterwards, Maud and Enid, with Julius, leisurely explored the ruins, finally ascending to the summit of the hill, which in the Middle Ages was crowned by a castle, the outline of which may still be traced.

The view from this height is magnificent beyond description. Below lies the broad expanse of the Campagna stretching away to the sea, bounded by the Sabine Range on the one hand, and the Alban Hills on the other. Seating themselves in the shelter of the castle rock, the three gazed long on the fascinating scene presented to their eyes. There were clouds in the sky, and changes of weather were visible on the surface of the plain. Sunshine brightened the verdure in one spot, and a dark cloud cast its deep shadow on another. Far away a shower was falling, appearing in the distance like a lovely silvery mist. Below lay the white villas and wooded heights of Frascati; to the left the village of Roccadi Papa crowned its picturesque crag; Monte Cavo rose above; whilst more distant, Castel Gandolfo, Marino, and Grotta Ferrata were visible. A little beyond Frascati could be seen the old brown buildings of a monastery. A long green avenue led up to it, and presently Enid perceived a lonely figure walking along the path between the trees. "It is surely a woman," she said. "But how strange for a woman to be walking there alone!"

"You are mistaken," said Julius, looking at it through his field-glass. "It is an old Carthusian monk—one of the few who still remain at the monastery, for their Order is suppressed."

"Poor old fellow!" said Maud, taking the glass Julius offered her. "I always feel sorry for them when they are suppressed. How picturesque he looks in his white frock and cowl amongst the trees! I wish he would stay there and let me sketch him."

"Suppose we go and ask him to do so," said Julius rising. "I am afraid it is time we were moving."

So they descended the hill, lingering awhile, however, amongst the ruins at its base. Julius called her to look at the remains of a curious old reservoir, and Enid paused to examine it. Maud, however, did not stay to look at it, and Enid presently became aware that her cousin was many paces ahead of her. She tried to quicken her steps, but Julius seemed indisposed to hurry.

"Let us sit down for a few minutes," he said, pointing to a low, broad stone which lay in the shade of a pine.

Enid glanced at him. He looked tired; she remembered that he was not strong, and sat down.

"You are really getting strong?" she said.

"I have not a doubt of it," he replied.

"I have often thought," she said, "how brave you were to risk your life like that."

"Not at all," he returned; but he looked pleased at her words. "Anyone would have done the same. You certainly would have done it in my place."

"I am not so sure of that," she said.

"I am quite sure of it," he replied. "I believe it was you who made me do it. The thought of you has been like a good inspiration to me ever since I have known you."

Silence followed these words. Julius was feeling in the pocket of his coat. He drew out his pocket-book, opened it, and said to Enid—

"I have something here which I obtained when I was in England. I value it very highly, and I want to show it to you."

"What is it?" asked Enid eagerly. "You have told me nothing about your visit to England."

"No, but I will; and there is a great deal to tell," said Julius. Then he showed her what he held in his hand. Enid uttered a cry of astonishment.

"That!" she cried; "that! How in the world did you get it?"

"I stole it from your sister Alice," he said calmly.

Enid's astonishment was beyond words. He held in his hand an old faded *carte de visite* representing herself and her sister Alice. They had been taken thus together for a freak some time ago. Alice was sitting stiffly on a chair, and Enid knelt beside her. They were posed very awkwardly, and the photography was wretched; yet Enid's likeness was fairly good.

"Alice!" said Enid; "you have seen Alice!"

"Yes, I have seen Alice," he said, "and Clara, and Katie, and May, and Jack, and Cecil."

"You have been to my home?"

"I have, indeed," he answered meekly. "I hope you do not object. I wanted very much to make the acquaintance of your father and mother, so I went down to Devonport and called on them. And I must say that they received me very kindly, especially when they learned that I came from Rome, and had but lately seen you."

Then, as he met Enid's wondering look, his manner changed, and he said in a low, tender tone—

"Do you not understand why I wished to see your father? I wanted to confess to him that I had sought to win his daughter's heart. I wanted to obtain his sanction in case I ever dared to speak to her of my love again. Because—will you be angry with me if I confess it?—I had begun to cherish the hope that you had perhaps mistaken your own heart when you sent me away that day."

He paused, perhaps expecting a reply; but Enid had nothing to say. She sat

with her face turned from him. Her manner was not encouraging, but he found courage to ask—

"Don't you want to hear what your father said?"

Enid made a sign of assent.

"He did not seem to like the idea of giving you up to me—I must own that; but he said that if it would be for your happiness he would not refuse to do so. Enid, have you nothing to say to me? Cannot you give me a little hope?"

Enid had something to say to him, and though her words were few, they were such as made her lover unspeakably happy.

"Enid," he said, a little later, "I have not told you of my plans for the future. Do you know I am going back to England in the autumn? I have promised to work there with my uncle for a year, and do my best to acquire good business habits. After that I shall perhaps come back to help my father at Rome—that is, if I can persuade you to accompany me."

"Oh, not in a year!" said Enid. "Do you think that after being away from home so long I shall be satisfied to stay there only one year?"

"Well, well," he said, "we need not decide that now. I suppose we had better join the others. My mother will be fancying that I have fainted away if I do not soon appear."

"I am afraid," said Enid, "that your mother will think you might have made a better choice."

"Oh, of course," he said, looking at her quizzically. "I might perhaps have won Miss Amory, the rich American heiress, you know." Then in a changed tone he added, "You dear one! When my mother knows you better, she will learn that you are worth more than all the heiresses in the world. But there she is, looking for us. We will go and show her how very very well I am."

(To be concluded.)

MONUMENTS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

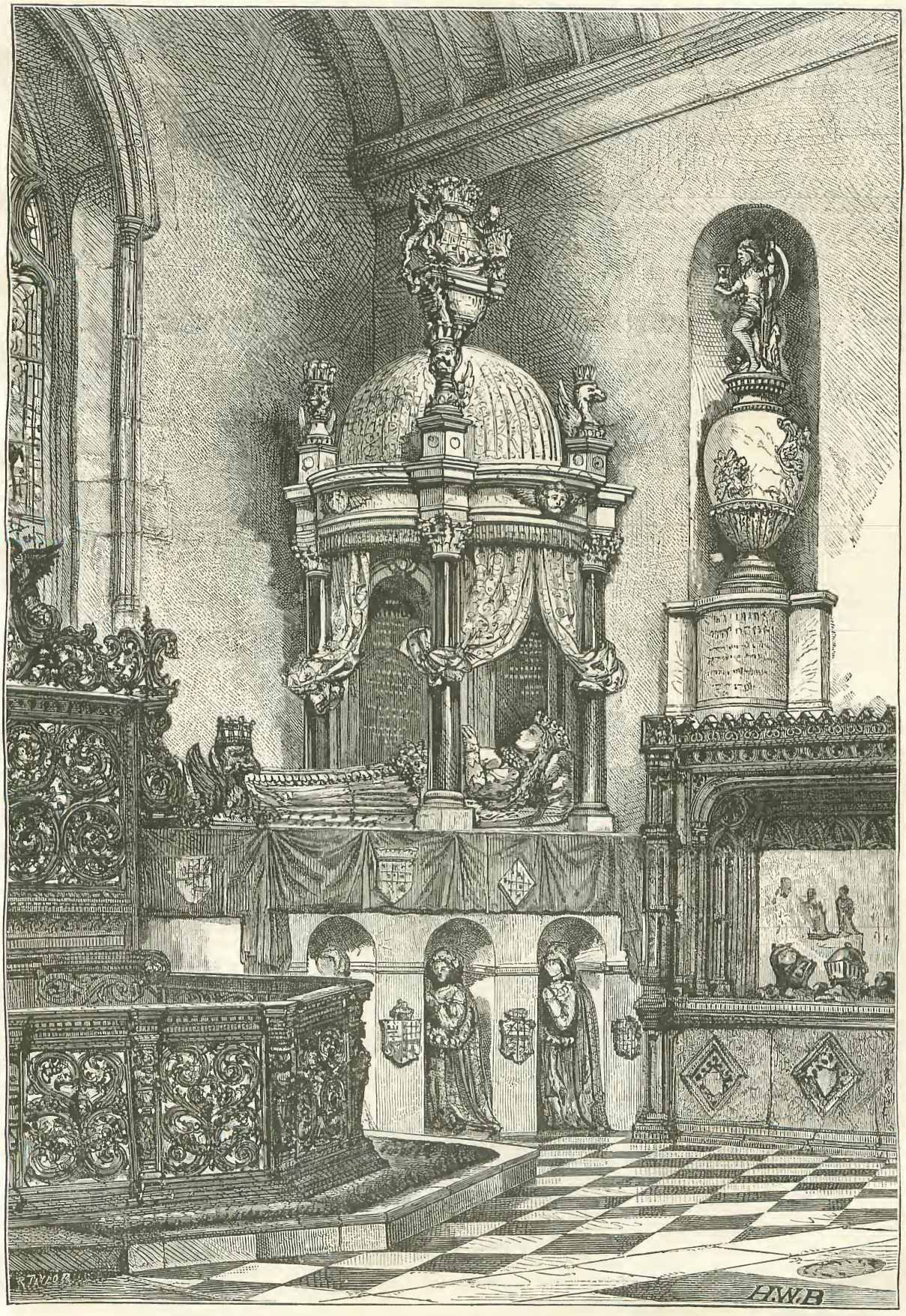
ALICE, COUNTESS OF DERBY.

THE pretty, and very interesting village of Harefield is in the extreme north-west of the county of Middlesex, close to the borders of Buckinghamshire, three miles from Uxbridge, and about eighteen from Hyde Park Corner. It is well worthy of a visit on account of the many historical and archæological remains which it possesses, for, in addition to a beautiful fourteenth century church, there is a very curious old chapel, called Moor Hall, which belonged to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. It is now used as a barn, but is a pretty example of Early English architecture. The site of the old Castle of Harefield may also be traced, and its moat is nearly entire. This old castle appears to have existed in the time of Edward the Confessor, when it belonged to a Countess Goda. In Domesday Book this manor is described as belonging to Richard Fitz-Gilbert de Tonbridge, who appears to have taken the name of De Clare. In 1315 Sir Richard de Bacheworth entered the monastery of the Knights Hospitallers, and gave over Harefield to Simon de Swanland; but the Swanlands did not have the good fortune to possess Harefield for any length of time, as the family became extinct in the male branch; and the only granddaughter of Simon de Swanland married Sir John Newdegate, and it remained in the hands of the Newdegates—or, as it is now spelt, Newdigates—down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In 1601 Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, purchased Harefield of Sir Edmund Anderson. This Sir Thomas Egerton married Alice, Countess Dowager of Derby, the subject of this article. The Lord Keeper died in 1617, and the Countess of Derby in 1637, and Harefield passed into the hands of Lady Anne Stanley, their eldest daughter, who married, firstly, Grey, Lord Chandos, and secondly, Mervin, Earl of Castle-Haven. The widow of Lord Chandos—the eldest son by a first husband—married Sir William Sedley. Sir William died in 1656, and the lady took a third husband, who sold the Manor of Harefield to Sir John Newdigate, the grandson of that Sir John Newdigate to whom the property formerly belonged. The Manor has remained in the hands of the Newdigate family from that time, and, but for this temporary alienation, the estate has descended by marriages and intermarriages in the families of Bacheworth, Swanland, and Newdigate from the year 1284; and a verdict given in that year declared that the ancestors of Roger de Bacheworth had held it from "time immemorial." This is the only manor in Middlesex which has remained in the possession of the heirs direct or collateral of the family to which it belonged in the thirteenth century.

When the old Castle of Harefield was pulled down and replaced by a manor house, we are unable to say. Very probably, however, this may have been done by Alice, Countess of Derby, as that lady gave grand entertainments at Harefield, one of which was honoured with the presence of Queen Elizabeth.

It was at Harefield Place also that Milton's *Arcades* was first performed, in presence of the Countess of Derby, her three daughters taking part in it. The Countess, it appears, was one of Milton's earliest patronesses. The old house at Harefield was entirely destroyed by fire in the year 1660, owing to the carelessness of the witty Sir Charles Sedley, who was amusing himself by reading in bed. The house was rebuilt, when the estate passed again into the hands of the Newdigates, by Sir Richard Newdigate, whose widow has a very handsome monument in the adjoining church, the epitaph upon which informs us that she was a lady, "who besides the great antiquity of her family and nobleness of her extraction, as being descended from the same paternal stock with the Barons of Stafford, sometime Dukes of Buckingham, was most eminent for the excellent endowments of her mind, and all conjugal virtues. She was the mother of many children," etc.

Sir Richard Newdigate, the husband of this lady, was made judge by Cromwell in 1664; but, with singular injustice, was deprived of his office because he acquitted a number of cavaliers who had been taken in arms, in Scotland, for high treason, upon the ground, "that it could not possibly be high treason to levy war against a Lord Protector."



ALICE, COUNTESS OF DERBY'S MONUMENT IN HAREFIELD CHURCH.

Lysons, in his *Environs of London*, 1800, gives a view of Harefield House, or, as it was more generally called, "Harefield Place," as rebuilt by Sir Richard Newdigate. Unfortunately, the greater part of it has been pulled down.

The church at Harefield is beautifully situated within the old park which once surrounded the historic mansion. It is a charming example of fourteenth century Gothic, and, where it has escaped the alterations of later ages, is built in chequers of black flint and white stone, resembling the arrangements of a chessboard. Internally it is highly picturesque, chiefly on account of the great number of handsome monuments with which its walls and floor are completely covered. The most ancient ones commemorate the Brackenburys and the Newdigates. It should be noted, by-the-way, that the estates of the Brackenburys passed into the hands of the Newdigates, and one of the aisles in which the Newdigates are buried is called the Brackenbury Chapel. The earlier monuments to the Newdigate family—some of which date as far back as 1444—are brasses; and another old family, the Ashbys of Breakspears, who are said to be descendants of the same family as Nicholas Breakspear, the only Englishman who became Pope, are commemorated by a number of beautiful old brasses. Two of these are very remarkable, that to William and Jane Ashby, 1537, because a blank space is left for the date of the husband's death, which has never been filled in, and, in the case of George Ashby and his wife *Rose, 1514*, the inscription commences with the words, "Pray for the goode estate of George Ashby, etc.," showing that he must have been alive when the brass was executed. This is the only example I have ever met with of a brass so inscribed. Our engraving represents the monument of Alice, Countess of Derby, to whom we have previously alluded. This lady was daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorp, ancestor of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough and Earl Spencer. Her first husband was Ferdinando, Earl of Derby, who was poisoned in 1594; her second husband was the Lord Keeper Thomas Egerton; and upon this second marriage Harrington wrote the following lines:—

"This noble Countess livèd many yeares,
With Derby, one of England's greatest peers;
Fruitful and faire, and of so cleare a name,
That all this region marvell'd at her fame.
But this brave peere, extinct by hasten'd fate,
She lived, ah! too, too long in widow's state;
And in that state took such sweet state upon her,
All cares, eyes, tongues heard, saw, and spoke her honour."

The effigy of the Countess upon the tomb represents a very handsome woman with long fair hair flowing down to her waist, and at the sides of the tomb are her three daughters, the Ladies Anne, Frances, and Elizabeth Stanley.

The Countess naturally had a great sympathy with widows, and built and endowed a set of almshouses for six poor widows; the picturesque building of which still exists, and is represented in the little sketch which we give.

The beautiful old monument of Purbeck marble which adjoins that of the Countess of Derby is erected to the memory of John Newdigate, who died in 1545. The helmets and some other pieces of armour, the few fragments of a collection with which this church formerly abounded, are placed upon this tomb. The altar rails and reredos, though not made for this church, are fine examples of seventeenth century oak carving, which have evidently been made up from the spoils taken from some church or monastery in the Low Countries, probably in the time of the French Revolution. A handsome marble monument commemorates the late Mr. Newdigate, the well-known member of parliament. A very interesting monumental inscription is to be found attached to the south wall of the church externally, which seems to refer to the hero of the song which a few years ago was very popular, called "Old dog Tray." The monument in question represents a gamekeeper and his dog, and was set up by one of the Ashbys "In memory of his faithful servant, Robert Mossendew, who died in 1744." Beneath it are the following lines:—

"In frost and snow, thro' hail and rain,
He scour'd the woods and trudg'd the plain.
The steady pointer leads the way,
Stands at the scent, then springs his prey.
The timorous birds from stubble rise,
With pinions stretch'd divide the skys;
The scattered lead pursues the sight,
And death in thunder stops their flight.
His spaniel, of true English kind,
With gratitude inflames his mind.
This servant, in an honest way,
In all his actions copied Tray."

One would gladly linger about this remarkably beautiful churchyard, shadowed as it is by gigantic elms, so still, so silent, and so shut out from the busy world; but Harefield is neither an easy place to get at nor to get away from, as it is some four miles from any railway station, so the visitor will do well not to forget his train; and we must not forget that we have already occupied too large a space in the columns of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

H. W. B.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER III.

OWEN'S PLANS.

IT would be difficult to describe without seeming exaggeration the vindictive fury felt by Owen as he hurried away to the privacy of his chamber, and there strode to and fro, indulging without restraint in something very like imprecations on the author of his being.

It was not merely the unheard-of severity of his father's will, but the shame, the disgrace, inflicted on his own and only son by the public exposure. This of itself was enough to ensure his ruin, loaded as he was with debts that it was impossible to pay within the required period, and probably this was what his father saw, and intended.

He was interrupted by a knock at the door, at first soft, then louder.

"Go away! I am engaged!" he shouted angrily.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Calvert, the butler, as he opened the door, "but it seems necessary I should tell you there is a man outside who has forced his way into the house, and says he will not leave till he has seen you. He comes from Rigden, your former wine merchant, and demands instant payment of the balance due—four hundred and thirty-five pounds."

"And you dare now to bring me such a message?"

"Have I any choice, sir? Pray think of the scandal he will bring on us all, having been so many times promised payment."

"You mean-spirited cur! With a dozen servants at your beck and call, why didn't you have him kicked out and thrown into the horse-pond. But, possibly, he had a golden key wherewith to open not only doors, but to make way to your heart. Out with you!"

The butler stood before his master crushing as best he might the feeling excited by these insults against him, which the utterer dared not have given way to in the lifetime of his father. But Calvert knew how ungovernable was Owen's temper and language even in his dependant days, where he could safely let himself loose. But the imputation that he had been bribed roused every bit of courage and of self-respect the man possessed.

"Sir—Mr. Owen—have you ever had occasion to——"

"Begone!" shouted Owen.

"No, sir—not till you have heard what I have now to say."

Owen looked him steadily in the face, as if to see what this new kind of rebellion might portend. And the butler, while keeping an aspect of sorrowful respect, looked as steadily in his master's face with unshaken determination.

"Well," said Owen, mastering his rage till he knew more, "make short work of your 'say,' and don't attempt to threaten me!"

"Have I ever, sir, during the forty years I have served in this family, been known to have accepted a bribe? Has anyone ever said to you a thing of this kind? I intend now to submit all my accounts to you for examination, and then at once quit your service."

The troubled tones of the man's voice, and the sad expression of his face, coupled with the intention to leave his service—which was not to be thought of under the circumstances—brought to Owen's mind, instead of the asked for proofs of corruption, many loyal acts of disinterestedness done to himself, and brought also some slight feeling of shame.

With that power of quick transition from violence to its opposite that is often characteristic of men habitually

good-natured while nothing occurs to offend them, Owen now said—

"Well, Calvert, perhaps you are right. I am sorry I lost my temper, and said what I ought not to have said. Give me your hand."

Calvert's warm grasp showed all was forgiven and forgotten.

"It's no wonder I get excited about these duns, sucking a man's blood when they can no longer get money out of him. That scoundrel Rigden has had thousands from me at those election times when my father found the cash. How shall I now deal with him? Can you raise enough from the tenants?"

"I will try, sir; but if not, I will myself advance it—that is, if you will permit me the honour of doing so."

"All right, Calvert. No one but you would think it an honour just now," Owen said with a joyous laugh, as the two separated.

Great then was the change in Owen's mind as he reverted to the business on which he had been engaged before the butler's appearance. Strange to say, things began to appear in quite a new aspect. The recent incident had unconsciously worked in him, for the moment at least, something like a moral revolution, had enabled him to throw off the baser elements of the chaos in which all natural thought and feeling had been previously enveloped.

And thus he presently became conscious of his senseless injustice to his father, and of the urgent need for calmer thought in order to see whether he could yet save himself.

Then the last paragraph of the will occurred to his mind, and the affectionate words in which his father there addressed him, in spite of his distrust, which Owen no longer denied was but too natural. He *had* been a spendthrift. He *had* sorely tried his father's patience, who more than once had paid large sums of money to free him from his most pressing creditors, and who thought in doing so he had completely relieved him, but did not know much debt remained behind that was concealed.

Well, he would now at least tell the whole truth to himself; and he sat down at his writing table, collected all necessary papers, made out a list of his debts, and thus arrived at the terrible conclusion that he owed above seventy-two thousand pounds.

Drawing a deep breath as he recognised the awful state of his affairs, and again reminding himself of the necessity of his dealing thoroughly with them, he slowly reviewed his position in every aspect, hoping thus to find a way to save himself, if salvation were yet possible. He put the salient facts with which he had to deal into the form of a balance-sheet:—

	£		£
Debts	72,000	Income for three years, about .	30,000
Necessary expenditure, household, personal, and on the estates, during the three years, say	15,000	One year's deficiency allowed.	10,000
		Deficiency. . .	47,000
Total . .	£87,000	Total . .	£87,000

"Yes, that's the state of things—forty-seven thousand pounds to be got by hook or by crook in three years! One can't go back to the days and example of Benjamin Stanard, begin life as an errand boy in a big business, and finally take possession of the entire concern." A kind of laugh, that had no mirth in it, passed over his features at his own fancy, and helped to prepare him for seeking a pleasanter side to the future.

"Possession is a great power. I am in possession of castle and estates worth over ten thousand a year; and although creditors may be clamorous, they won't forget, that whereas before my father's death I possessed nothing but their bills, I am now lord of all I survey, and they will be my very humble servants accordingly.

"There is, there can be, but one solution—marriage. I am too old to expect or to wish for a young wife. But this I can say—whatever of good or evil fortune the future may bring me, I detest for my own sake my past life too much to ever again repeat it, or even to feel any temptations that way. How often of late have I been reminded of Hamlet's words to his mother. To me, as to her, has come the time when 'the blood is tame, is humble, and waits upon the judgment.' If I could meet with a lady, say of forty or thereabouts, who could pay my debts, that would set everything straight, even if she entirely exhausted her own means in so doing.

"Would not the certainty of being mistress of Castle Stanard, and sharing with me ten thousand a year, tempt any woman who was free to act? The prospect improves. Is not that very woman now in the castle, but intending to leave before night? What if I tried again, where I have been already refused? Would she be insensible to my change of fortune? Then she knew me only as dependant upon my father, and in debt. By-the-bye, what is her state financially?"

He rummaged over several drawers to find something, and at last brought forth an old note-book.

"Ah! here is the memorandum relating to her husband's will, which I made at the time. One never knows how useful such things may be. Personalty ninety-seven thousand pounds, chiefly in the Funds, and quite independent of her freehold estates, supposed to be worth seven or eight thousand a year, and certainly worth not much less—but call it six thousand.

"Could I marry her, she not only pays my debts out of the personalty, and leaves a nest-egg of twenty-five thousand pounds for contingencies, but also adds at the least six thousand a year rental to my ten thousand, making seventeen thousand a year—an income to satisfy a peer.

"That marriage achieved, everything becomes possible for me. The castle should again take rank as a social and political centre. I could ensure my election as M.P. for the county, in spite of my previous failures long ago. I should probably be chosen as its Lord-Lieutenant, possibly obtain a good place under government, make myself useful, and so carve the way to a peerage. Did ever marriage present itself to a man under a more alluring aspect!

"But the difficulties! Look steadily at them. Don't mislead yourself. She knows quite as well as my father why he has put me into such a strait—my own past life. There is one thought, however, always pleasing to a woman—the idea of reforming a man by marrying him, if either what he *is*, or what he *has*, gives her an interest in him. The better kind of interest I believe she does even now feel for me.

"Well, I repeat, I do now intend for my own sake a thorough reform. Ambition shall henceforth be the one moving power to drive out of my soul the lesser and evil powers that have so long swayed me. Yes, I see my chance. I will strike while the iron's hot, and before she leaves to-night. If it fails, I can but go farther afield. I must prepare her beforehand—not thrust myself and my proposal unexpectedly upon her."

He sat down, therefore, to indite a letter, but found the operation difficult. The first rough sketch was too humble. "Women must be wooed with courage," he thought; so that was torn up. A second, which flowed swimmingly—for it suited Owen's natural instinct for domination—fared no better when subsequently read. "She'll think this a candid intimation of who is to be her future master, and at once refuse and retaliate."

But at last, warned by his two failures, he took what he believed to be a middle course, and obtained in so doing a result that seemed to him fairly satisfactory, and sent to Mrs. Bartlett the following letter.

(*To be continued.*)

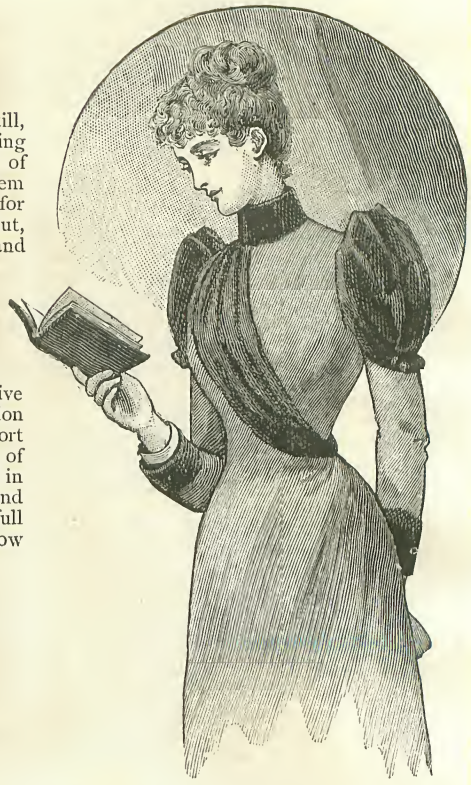
FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

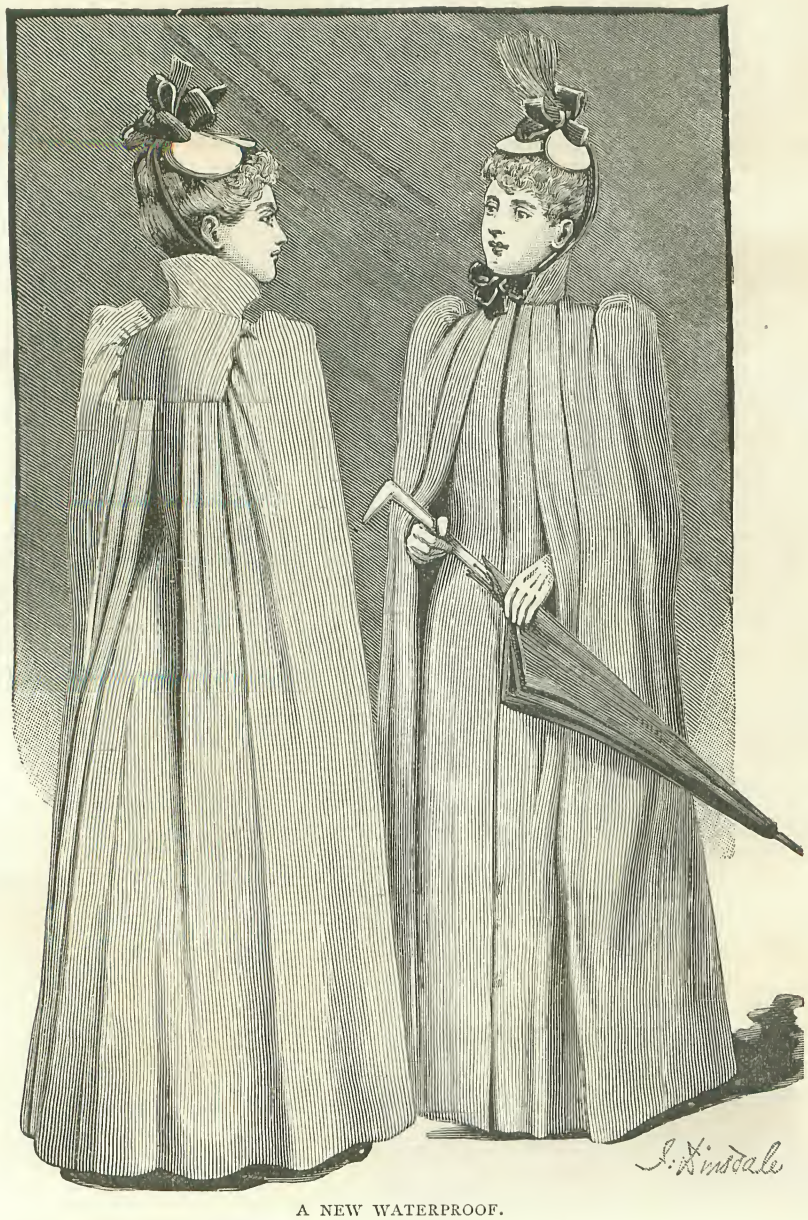
Our sad and dreary winter has slowly disappeared; but it will be long before it fades away from the memories of any whom it has left bereaved of those they love. Judging from the death-rate, and the frequent funerals passing through the London streets and also in the provincial cities, the mourners are many, and range from the highest in rank to the very lowest. At the present moment the dress worn shows more than usual how much our ideas concerning it have altered, and in some ways for the better. Deep mourning, in all cases, is now put on and used till finished out, when we leave off our crape for good, and go into black only. Indeed, crape is said to have been entirely avoided by our Royal family for their recent mourning, only plain black woollen gowns being used. Royalty, however, wears in the deepest black wide white muslin collars and cuffs, almost like those worn by widows.

The influence of our mourning is on us still, for there is a very decided tendency to cling to greys, lavenders, and the softer tints of heliotrope. And in these days we never seem to store up any remains in preparation for another period of grief, for we wear it all out, and have done with it—a much better and more sensible plan. But then our periods of mourning are quite altered—shortened by at least one-half; and we wear much more black in our ordinary everyday life than we did in the days when it was thought unlucky.

In our illustrations for this month we give the latest shape of waterproof in preparation for the showers of April, and the three short cloaks illustrated will also show that those of spring vary little from those of winter, save in so far as they are trimmed with feathers, and are of lighter cloth. The jacket with the full back is steadily making its way, and we now



PRINCESS GOWN WITH VELVET TRIMMINGS.



A NEW WATERPROOF.

see two pleats at the back instead of one. Plain Princess gowns, such as that in our illustration, show another coming style, which is pretty and decidedly elegant, and with velvet trimmings is prettier still.

Moiré silks and moiré ribbons appear to be coming into vogue; and they are seen on dresses and bonnets, as well as hats, in black as well as colours; and some of the new greens in it are exquisite in their purity of hue. One of them is exactly the colour of a daffodil leaf when quite young. We shall probably use these lovely greens as trimmings to black lace hats and bonnets this summer. At present, spring flowers are most used, the hepatica, primula in all its varied shades, the daffodil, and the crocus likewise, in all its colours. A small black jet bonnet, seen at a very fashionable milliner's, had bouquets of primulas on it, and strings of a delicate shade of mauve velvet. Gold and black will be much worn, it is prophesied, for dresses, and dark navy will be also used with gold. Picture-hats of lace and soft straw have made their appearance in formidable numbers, and will be as much liked as ever for summer use. A full ruche of narrow lace ornaments the edges of most of them, and they are fully as transparent as ever, the transparency evidently being thought becoming to the face.

Amongst the pretty new ideas I must not forget the coloured embroideries, insertions with edgings made to match, produced by Messrs. Cash, of Coventry, for trimming our underlinen, and making it dainty and nice. Of course red and blue, being ingrain colours, are those used, and the patterns on the wide insertion are peculiarly pretty. The coloured frilling does for nightgowns; and I notice that some of our very stylish shops are selecting a fine coloured cotton for them. A white ground with a red spot, for instance, trimmed with a coloured edging, and bands to match, looks very novel, and is becoming as well.

One of the fashions of the day is the giant bow worn as a necktie, the favourite idea

being black silk spotted with white dots of a small size. Colours are also seen, as well as gauze and lace. These huge bows are pretty and becoming, but must be worn with a large-sized hat, or they will not look well. They do not suit a bonnet, nor a tiny hat.

So many women and girls have taken to gaiters, instead of high boots, this season, that one is charmed to see the healthful change; for warmth on the instep and at the ankle is of the greatest service; and no one can be well who has cold feet, or is not protected against the weather. To my mind, all changes in dress which keep the legs warm, and lessen the amount and weight of petticoats, are very advisable, for exercise can be taken so much better, and a great deal of fatigue avoided by getting rid of this needless weight. The warm knickerbockers, knitted

THREE SPRING CAPES.

GOWNS OF SPRING WOOLLEN MATERIAL.

combinations, and riding drawers, are a step in this direction. Many can knit these nice warm riding drawers of blue or black wool for themselves, which are so perfectly shaped that they fit quite snugly to the limbs.

In the way of trimming for dresses, we have nothing more fashionable than the full ruche, which may be of feathers, of silk, or even of the material of the gown; the latter being adopted for most of the soft woollens; but for better gowns, soft silk or ribbon is more liked. A winter gown may be much renovated by adding fresh black ruches to it, not only round the edge of the skirt, but round the basque, or bodice, neck, and wrists. There are also feather edgings, that are put on each side, of ribbons or ribbon-velvet bands, to ornament the skirts of dresses. At a West-End shop I have just seen the shaded velvet ribbons in great use to edge the "umbrella skirts." They are placed at the top of a feather ruching, with the light side of the ribbon uppermost. One gown that I saw had a velvet ribbon shaded from black to orange, and placed at the edge of the skirt; while over it was a black silk fringe, through which the ribbon showed with shimmering lights of orange. This was very pretty and graceful, as fringes always are. In this case the shaded velvet was used with the fringe over it to edge the bodice and trim it, and also the sleeves and the collar.

A French "pattern gown" of green-striped silk at the same shop had an "umbrella skirt" and a short train to it. This train was lightly wadded throughout its length, which made it set out in rounded folds, which were very handsome. The bodice had long basques at the back and sides, and a full plastron of a plain green silk in front. There were two widths of silk in the train alone, and one rarely sees them of greater width at the present moment.

In materials, we have a great many *crépon* effects, and corduroys are produced in thin materials and in delicate hues, which are shot, or what the French call *changeant*. Thus, a pale grey has white lines, and is shot with

FULL BODICE WITH NEW SLEEVE.
(*Paper Pattern.*)

white; a yellowish-brown is lined with a lighter hue, and shot with pale blue; pale green has dark green lines, and is shot with white. These pretty materials are generally made up with ruches of silk to match the darker shade in colour. Another new material is also crêpe-like in texture; in black with lines of silk, in turquoise blue, *rose du Berri*, or pale green, or else in alternate lines of colour like a pale green and a pale mauve, or a green and gold. These are generally made as corselet bodices, or else the bodice is full in front, the skirt put over the bodice, and the edge round the latter trimmed with a rolled edge of ribbon, ending with a bow, and very long ends at the back.

The information may not seem *à propos* of hats and bonnets, mantles and gowns, except that they are worn on such occasions; but I hear that the fashion of "At Home" days is doomed to follow many another fashion. People who used to have one every week, have gradually reduced them to once a month; and the most recent development is to inscribe the "fifth" Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc., on the card, thus putting the "At Home" days off to every three months or so, as five Mondays or five Tuesdays are not of more frequent occurrence.

The paper pattern selected for this present number is that of the new and full dress-bodice, with the new full sleeve, the skirt being put on over the bodice. The edge of the skirt is finished with a roll of ribbon, which terminates at the back with a bow and long ends. The bodice fastens at the side-front with hooks and eyes, which are hidden from sight, and the under, or plain, sleeve is of the same material as the dress, or may be of velvet of a darker hue. There are eight pieces in the pattern. The bodice will take one yard and five-eighths of double material, or three yards and a quarter of single width. This seems to be the newest pattern for the bodices of young ladies for the ensuing spring.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

ELGIVA'S STEPFATHER.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER IV.

THE noise made by Elgiva as she opened the door had disturbed the man at his work, and he turned hurriedly round with a startled movement. A dark lantern, which had given him light for his task, stood on the table beside him; the candle in Elgiva's bedroom also gave light, and she could see that he was dressed like a gentleman. Then rapidly her eyes travelled up to his face, and as they did so the word "Father!" broke from her with a cry. The man standing there before her was none other than her stepfather, Mr. Gilchrist.

"Girl," he said, in a voice that was like a strange, hoarse echo of his usual smooth tones, "it is time for you to know the truth. I have no right to be called your father; I have no right to the name of Gilchrist. I am a desperate, guilty man, and I am going to fly from this house to-night, but I mean to take some spoil with me. Give me the key of this box at once! I am in great haste to be gone, and I shall open it quicker with the key than I can with these tools I have here."

Elgiva was bewildered and almost dizzy as she listened to him. The thought went flashing through her brain that this man had practised some terrible deceit upon her, but it was all a mist, all a confused entanglement, in her mind at present. Her one distinct idea was, that she would not obey him, would not give him the key, would not stand tamely by and see a great wrong done her. Those jewels which the man wanted to get possession of had belonged to her mother, and therefore were doubly precious to her. The brave spirit of the girl came to the front; her strong trust in God, and the consciousness that He was always with her, always watching her, and caring for her, which had been one of the habitual thoughts of her life, upheld her, and she said firmly—"I will not give up the key."

"You will not!" he said, his eyes gleaming fiercely on her as he spoke.

She met his gaze quite unflinchingly as she replied, "No, I will not; and in God's name, Whose eye is now upon you at this moment, I bid you stop in the evil you are doing."

The man was deep-dyed with many a stain of guilt, yet there was a dazzling brightness about her Christian girlhood as she stood there before him, a brightness which no earthly majesty or splendour can equal, that made him stand still and silent for a few moments, while he listened to a faint echo her words had wakened in his memory of holy words he had learned long ago at his mother's knee: "Thou, God, seest me."

And while he stood thus, the girl, acting as if by a sudden inspiration—an inspiration which was doubtless God's guiding hand directing her natural courage and presence of mind—dashed the lantern from the table to the ground, extinguished her own candle, and, rushing to the open window, blew aloud a silver whistle that hung on her watch-chain. No sooner had the shrill clear note resounded through the still night air, than hasty footsteps were heard on the garden walks below, and a voice cried out, "Who is there? What was that whistle?"

There was a great throb of thankfulness and joy and wonder in Elgiva's heart as she heard that voice, and she exclaimed, "Wilfred!"

Then she called to him for help, without stopping to ask herself how it was that he was there exactly at that moment when she was in such sore need. A minute or two after that, the man who had called himself Mr. Gilchrist, and who, on hearing the voice that spoke to Elgiva from the garden, had hurriedly left the next room, was met in the passage as he was trying to escape by three men, who laid hands on and captured him, and Elgiva found herself in the arms of Miss Mavisyn.

A few words will explain the strange circumstances of which that night, which was so strange and startling a one in Elgiva's young life, was the outcome. The real Mr. Gilchrist, Elgiva's stepfather, had died during his last journey in Central Africa. There was only one European with him at the time of his death, and this was a man who called himself Gibson, and whom he had hired as an experienced, intelligent travelling servant in Cape Town just before he started on his last

expedition. Mr. Gilchrist had believed him to be a man of respectable character; but he was in reality an escaped convict. His real name was Amberley; he was the son of well-born parents, had received a gentleman's education, and had held a post of great trust and authority in the bank of Mr. Bradford, Wilfred Bradford's father. But he had got among bad companions, and had become a gambler; and just when he was greatly in want of money through his own ill-doing, temptation had come in his way at the bank. He had fallen, and cheated his employer. Detection had followed, and after that, conviction and transportation. He had escaped, however, and as we have said, become Mr. Gilchrist's confidential servant.

It happened that there was between Mr. Gilchrist and this man Amberley one of those fortuitous likenesses which we sometimes see between people who are in no way related to each other; thus it had come into Amberley's brain, fertile as it was in deceit and trickery, when Mr. Gilchrist died in the wilds of Africa, to personate him. He knew much of his past history through constant intercourse with him, and he had gained possession of many of his papers. The deception had been successful with Miss Champney, Mr. Gilchrist's step-daughter; but Amberley had been fearful how the fraud would turn out if he went to England, where he would have to meet many old friends of Mr. Gilchrist's, who used to know him personally; he therefore put off going to England as long as he could. Amberley had been greatly startled when he heard that Wilfred Bradford, the son of his old employer, was the accepted lover of Elgiva Champney. He naturally both feared and hated all the Bradford family; and in order to break off the marriage he had invented that fiction about Elgiva's mother having expressed a wish that her daughter should not think of matrimony before she was twenty-one.

Miss Mavisyn—to use the expression of her soldier father, whose sayings she so often quoted—had kept one eye open with regard to Mr. Gilchrist, as he called himself, to some purpose. From the very first it had struck her that all was not right concerning this man who came to the villa as Elgiva's stepfather. Her suspicions were aroused by many things in him, such as his evident ignorance of various circumstances regarding Elgiva's mother and her family; and she had written to Wilfred Bradford privately, telling him of all her uncomfortable doubts, and asking him to set on foot an enquiry through the police which might give light on the matter. The personal description given in Miss Mavisyn's letter of the man who had arrived at the villa had at once called up in Wilfred's mind the man who had cheated his father; moreover, Elgiva had once shown him a photograph of her step-father, and it had then struck him that there was a certain resemblance between it and Amberley. He had set the detective police secretly but vigorously to work in the business, and the result had been the discovery of the whole fraud. It was found out that Amberley the convict had escaped, and step by step he was traced out to be the man who, under the name of Gilchrist, was now residing in the villa at San Remo.

This being fully proved, Wilfred Bradford had hastily started for San Remo in great distress and trouble of mind at the thought of Elgiva being in the power of such a man as Amberley. As we have seen, he met Miss Mavisyn immediately on his arrival, and was greatly relieved to find that Amberley's conduct had as yet been in no way aggressive towards the girl. That evening Wilfred was expecting to be joined by two policemen, and it was settled between him and Miss Mavisyn that that very night he and the policemen should come to the villa and arrest Amberley. Miss Mavisyn promised to sit up and await their arrival, and quietly admit them into the house, so that there might be no possibility of Amberley's escape. As we have seen, she said nothing about the matter to Elgiva, as she thought it would be better for the girl to know nothing till the next morning, when the arrest would have been completed and the whole affair, she hoped, happily ended. Elgiva's bedroom was, as we know, separated from the rest of the house, and exactly on the opposite side of it from the apartment occupied by Amberley and the door by which she intended to admit Wilfred and his companions.

This plan would no doubt have been successfully carried out, if it had not been that one of Amberley's old comrades in evil, who was still in London, and who knew his present whereabouts, had found out that the police were on his track, and had at once telegraphed the news to him. He had then determined on immediate flight, but he was resolved that he would not go quite empty-handed. He had heard Elgiva speak of certain valuable ornaments which had belonged to her mother, and which she had with her at San Remo, and of these he made up his mind to get possession. The result of his attempt to do so we already know. Wilfred Bradford and the two policemen were just approaching the villa, having entered the garden by the little side gate by which Miss Mavisyn had bidden them enter, when the sound of a shrill whistle had reached them, and Wilfred, still full of uneasy fears for Elgiva, had hurriedly called out, and had found that he had arrived just when she was in sorest need.

There is little more to be said. Amberley is still suffering for his evil-doing as a convict, but the thought of the young girl who stood there before him that night, strong in the strength, bright in the brightness, of her goodness and truth and innocence, the brave Christian words which she then spoke have been as good seed dropped into his heart, and the chaplain, who sees and talks with him frequently, speaks hopefully of his future when the time of his release comes.

Elgiva is now the happy wife of Wilfred Bradford, and her old, dearly loved, motherly friend Miss Mavisyn is still at her side; and in her life she still proves, as did the story of her girlhood, that a Christian woman can be at once brave and gentle, sweet as a flower, yet firm as a green tree of the forest.

[THE END.]

PRISON FLEDGELINGS.

By ANNE BEALE.

THE seven-leagued boots of the old fairy-tales are now at everybody's beck and call. We hear of "giant strides" made in all parts of the world by science, merchandise, civilisation, and the like; but here in England charity outstrips them all. She is for ever putting on those fabulous boots, and no sooner do you leave her in one corner than she foots it in another.

It seems but the other day that she began a work among what is called "the dangerous classes," and now there are houses and halls here, there, and everywhere open to receive them as soon as they declare their intention of being dangerous no longer. Five years ago a house was opened in Brooke Street, Holborn, for men who, having been in prison, wished to begin a new life; now in the same street there is one for boys, which the founders of the so-called Prison Mission kindly invite us to visit. Before doing so, however, let us glance at what those said founders have achieved by means of the seven-leagued boots aforesaid.

The boys' homes are amongst the last offshoots of a work that began some thirty years ago without special reference to any particular class. A few young men met at Mr. Hatton's, in Chancery Lane, and agreed to devote some pence weekly to a small work among the poor. First, a shop and parlour were engaged for meetings; then a large hall; then, as the hall overflowed, Wild Street Chapel was offered, and gladly accepted. Here are now held the annual suppers to the criminal classes, which are a remarkable feature of George Hatton's labours. But they, like the mission in St. Giles's, were the result of a small beginning.

After one of the services in the chapel, some thirteen years ago, two discharged prisoners who were present expressed a wish to reform. In due course a small room was taken, a knife-grinding and wood-chopping business commenced, and penitent prisoners welcomed. This soon became too narrow for the needs, and an old public-house in Earl Street, called Napoleon the First, was secured. Hither came men who had once used the house for evil ends, and who were now desirous to live in it an honest life. It had been a "house with a bad name." Again the accommodation became insufficient for the ever-increasing numbers of men anxious to turn over a new leaf, and another public-house was secured in Brooke Street, and converted into a home for hundreds who, without it, would have been not only homeless, but driven back into crime. Thus, what has helped to make criminals, becomes a means of their salvation.

It must be confessed that Mr. Hatton and his coadjutor, Mr. Wheatley, have worn the seven-leagued boots to some purpose. As the latter is the mainspring of the work in Brooke Street, and secretary and manager of the Prison Mission generally, we must answer his call, and accompany him to the Homes, above the doors of which is the simple inscription, "St. Giles's Christian Mission."

It may not be amiss to confide to the benevolent public the account Mr. Wheatley gives us of his work during the current day. Although it sounds mythical, it is none the less true; and when we consider that every day is similarly employed, the most sceptical reader must confess that he does not lead an idle life, and that prisoners, both old and young, have a good chance of reformation if they choose to embrace it.

At half-past eight this morning Mr. Wheatley was in waiting outside Wandsworth jail.

Through the heavy gates poured fifty-four discharged prisoners, to all of whom he gave an invitation to breakfast. Fifty of them accompanied him to the neighbouring Mission Room; four only made an excuse. A large cup of coffee and three slices of bread and butter paved the way to exhortation and Christian counsel, and they were told that all who honestly wished to reform would be helped to do so at Brooke Street, Holborn. From Wandsworth he went to Millbank Prison, where he saw such of the inmates as wished to speak to him, and all the juvenile offenders, three of whom we shall see by-and-by. Hence he proceeded to the Home Office to entreat Government to appoint a ship for the training of the lads placed under the care of the Mission. Not a reformatory ship, in one sense; though essentially so in another; for there is nothing compulsory in this "Mission to Discharged Prisoners." He is hopeful of obtaining this ship, which would save the Mission the payment of house-rent in its three "Boys' Homes," and Government a fortune! for every criminal costs the country a good sum for board and lodgings, for which the reformed do not apply. Hence it follows, that it is better for the public to support the Mission and its ship than the jail.

Then on went Mr. Wheatley to the Treasury, to appeal for a small house in connection with Holloway Prison; and finally, to the bank; for money he must have. It is to be hoped he will never overdraw his account! He had dealt with twenty-five cases of men and boys, of all ages, ready to visit Brook Street when discharged, in the hope of obtaining honest work.

And this goes on day by day. From seven in the morning till ten at night, this hopeful labour lasts; and all the helpers having been themselves in desperate prison straits, never grumble at over hours. One told us that he was often employed till past eleven.

It was between three and four when Mr. Wheatley joined us in Brooke Street. He was at once met by a respectable woman, whose son had stolen money, been discovered, and had run away to avoid consequences. She was in great trouble, but beyond kind promises, there was no present help. The porter looked at us as if he suspected us of similar business, and bade us follow upstairs. The face is not, after all, a certain index of the mind, as we were soon convinced; for most of the men and boys, who were reformed or reforming characters, looked much like other people.

Six years ago we were at the opening of the Men's Home; now it is a busy hive of industries. Tailors and shoemakers are at work; for all the clothes prepared to turn the ex-convict, or the prison man or boy, into a respectable member of society, are made on the premises. There is a small room full of them. Such a display of good, strong coats, trousers, boots, &c., of all sizes, for all sorts of recipients! There are, besides, clothes baskets, and articles in tin manufactured on the premises. The baked potato ovens are lent out as a means of turning an honest penny, and numerous are the plans made and carried out for this purpose. The large rooms, utilised by day as workshops, are bedrooms at night. Lockers surround them, which contain narrow iron bedsteads and their accessories, which are drawn out, together with mattress, blankets, and coverlet.

At the moment, the three lads, who have lately arrived from prison, are seated on two of the lockers, which form narrow seats by day; and very disconsolate they look. They are summoned and questioned by Mr. Wheatley. Two were taken to prison for sleeping out at night. One had no parents, the other only a mother, and she in a lunatic asylum. They wish to try the Home, they say, and not to return to prison. One is a pale, delicate, interesting-looking boy; the other less attractive in his outward mien. Both are ragged. The third lad is older, and says he was taken up for selling in the streets. He has no friends, and is thankful for being rescued. He looks downcast and miserable. Mr. Wheatley does not press enquiries, but looks the lads well through, knowing already the true state of their case, of which they naturally make the best. They are willing to work and attend to rules, and are added to the fifty-four boys now actually in the Homes. Thirty-four men tenant theirs. Sometimes the Homes are overflowing, and applicants must be refused. The hardest part of all is to tell a man or boy in prison that there is no room for him when he comes out.

The three lads we have seen are samples of the whole; only many—probably most—are taken up for actual theft. The object is to save them from a career of crime, and already many hundreds have been thus rescued. They are first tested; then employment is found for them. This is not so difficult as it would seem. If the prison authorities turn them over to the Mission, they cannot be hopeless; and numerous employers are willing to lend a helping hand, on receiving a sort of guarantee from the Secretary. They live at the Home, and go out for their day's work, bringing back their wages, out of which they are allowed a trifle for pocket-money. Many are sent to sea who prefer a seafaring life. Not unfrequently, men convicted and about to be sent to penal servitude, are anxious about their children.

They entreat Mr. Wheatley to help them. Not long since a boy was traced with difficulty to a common lodging-house, where he was surrounded by every sort of evil influence. He was admitted to the Home, and is doing well. On another occasion, when both parents were in prison, a family of six children were found and aided in different ways. But for Christian charity, they must have swelled the criminal classes. Now we have to thank Almighty God for a perceptible diminution of crime. This is due in a great measure to Mr. Hatton's mission to male prisoners, and Mrs. Meredith's to female. Both work on similar lines. They aid those who wish to reform, and seek to rescue the children.

That they do reform is proved in a thousand ways. Employers who have tried one lad frequently write for more. They keep their situations, they rarely fall back into theft, they write grateful letters. They become, in short, respectable. Some time ago they made Mr. Wheatley a present in token of their love and gratitude. Letters from a lad sent to Canada are now before us, which touch upon this subject. They are so satisfactory that we make a few extracts. They range from 1889 to 1890: "I am very thankful to you for sending me out. I think I can do better here than in England. I started work last Wednesday, and have earned nearly three dollars in the four days. The Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. got me a situation as telegraph messenger." "I am getting on pretty well over here. I am still clerk in a telegraph office, and I get five dollars a week; the only fault is, I have to work every Sunday for half-a-day." A friend has told him of the intended presentation to Mr. Wheatley, and he writes: "I enclose five shillings for my subscription. What are you going to present Mr. Wheatley with?"

But we are summoned to tea, and as the fashionable hour of five has struck, we must not linger over letters, or any of the other interesting subjects that engross our attention in this place. We have twice had supper with some three or four hundred reforming criminals in the Mission Chapel at Little Wild Street; but they were men. This afternoon we are invited to meet the boys from the three Homes, and find them already flocking in and seating themselves at the two well-spread tables prepared for them. It may be advisable to state here that every Sunday they are expected to attend the said Mission Chapel twice—morning and evening—and to sign their names as a certificate of their presence.

This is truly a hopeful sight. All the lads are well dressed, and there is no sign of the prison fledgling about them. Yes; one has a cropped head—he whom we interviewed above-stairs. Perhaps that is the reason of his bringing his new hat to the tea-table. It is no wonder that he actually danced for joy when his rags were taken off, and he was attired in brand new garments. He grins from ear to ear, as he seats himself between the other two new arrivals, who are less demonstrative, though not less neat. They greet us quite as an old acquaintance. Doubtless the new clothes help on the new life. About fifty have arrived when grace is sung, and we all begin upon the bread and butter, cake, and marmalade provided. Two neat matrons, one of the men, and the writer superintend the tea urns, and it is pleasant to remark that all the guests are trim and neat, with well oiled and becomingly arranged locks, and cheerful countenances. Many of them are provided with flowers; and violets, lilies, hyacinths, and daffodils adorn and perfume the buttonholes.

"Here comes one with a cane!" whispers Mr. Wheatley, delighted that his *protégés* should be "in the fashion." He arrives late, as do some others, having been detained at their places of business. There is a seat at our side, and he soon gives us his brief history. He is in a well-known West-end establishment, where he has been two years. He does every sort of odd job, and has tea at five o'clock with the porters. He hopes to get on, and means to do his best. All with whom we speak have a similar tale to tell, and we thank God that all these youths are at work in various trades, offices, shops, and not going from bad to worse through continued commitals to prison. "I can do nothing but steal," was the declaration of a youth the other day to the judge who was trying him. "By all means save the children," has become the cry of this century; and what more important than to snatch them from the greedy jaws of crime and, perchance, from the gallows. It is awful to think that many of these youths have been "to the manner born," and taught their evil trade from infancy. Parents there are who use their children to pass the counterfeit coin they have fashioned; others who make of them juvenile hypocrites. It is no charity to bestow alms on the weeping, whining child, who attracts your pity, because he has been well-tutored, and carries your dole to a brutal or drunken parent. Give him something to eat and drink, but keep your pence.

Our eating and drinking has come to an end. Social tea-drinkings loosen tongues, and our boys have become animated. But the singing of grace produces silence, and Mr. Wheatley addresses the party. Every head is turned toward him, and all eyes fixed on him, as he tells them how he, himself, began life in a small way, and by perseverance enlarged his borders; how he served a seven years' apprenticeship, and how his masters lent him money to set him up in business. "And I was not happy until I paid it," he adds emphatically; and the words are not lost upon the listeners. He understands his hearers, knows how to talk to them, and his address is evidently appreciated. When he bids such as wish to leave their present life and return to their old one, hold up their hands, no hand is

shown; but every eager face expresses the desire to follow their friend's example, and get on in the world by honest industry. May God help them!

On the table before Mr. Wheatley are displayed twenty-five well-bound volumes, amongst which are several Bibles. These are rewards for such as have kept their situations for given periods. We are privileged to present them, and by so doing look a quarter of a hundred of these reclaimed ones in the face. They choose their books, those who have been two or three years in the same situation having precedence.

We learn something of their histories as they come and go; but may be excused for not perpetuating them. It is pleasanter to chronicle that all express the hope and intention of serving God instead of Satan, and that two or three are quietly pointed out to us as converted Christians, acting as missionaries amongst their brethren.

"I sat next you at tea," say our two neighbours of the festive board, one having secured a handsome Bible, the other a collection of poetry, well illustrated.

We do our best to stammer out a few words of hope and congratulation as we put the books into their hands. Their replies show that they are in earnest, for the time being at least. Their ages average fifteen years. Several are older, and have long since left the Home, and are catering for themselves. Mr. Wheatley has a kind word and good advice for all, as they confide to him their present position, with its successes or failures. Some of the books are rewards for good conduct, and it is interesting to mark the half-gratified, half-shamefaced way with which they are received, and the grateful "Thank yous" and "I hope sos" that follow.

We notice one especially, verging on manhood, who was rescued from prison, remained two years in the Home, and has since been two years in a situation. Four years of good conduct! Which of us can show a fairer testimonial? We cannot wonder that magistrates, heads of police, prison governors and chaplains, judges even, thankfully transfer juvenile offenders, after their one day of imprisonment, to the care of Mr. Wheatley and his staff. Let us all help them according to our ability.

After the last prize is given there is again a hubbub of voices. The winners are congratulated, the books admired.

"Hush! our friend is wishing you good night," says Mr. Wheatley, with a wave of his hand.

"Good night, good night!" we repeat, when temporary silence follows.

A chorus of "good nights" echo through the room. The hands that refused to move just now become active enough. We have never before retired from any scene followed by so vociferous and animated a farewell.

Mr. Wheatley, St. Giles's Christian Mission, Brooke Street, Holborn, will gladly welcome "enquiring friends."

VARIETIES.

A Choice of Evils.

Engaged Youth: "My dear, do you know how to cook?"

Sweet Girl: "No, indeed."

"You have a general knowledge of housekeeping, though, I suppose? or perhaps you prefer sewing?"

"George, if you are in want of a housekeeper or a seamstress, I would advise you to apply to an employment agent. I thought you wanted a wife."

"Don't be angry, darling. I do want a wife, and you sha'n't be bothered with housekeeping. I will have my mother come, and——"

"I—I'll learn, my dear. Your mother sha'n't be incommoded on my account—no, indeed, George."

A Seeming Contradiction.

A poor man once went to Mahomet, who was sitting in an assembly of learned men, and cried, "Oh, Prophet, I am poor!"

Mahomet replied, "Poverty is my glory."

Immediately afterwards another man came, saying, "Oh, Prophet, I am poor!"

Mahomet replied, "Poverty makes men blush in both worlds." He then turned to his companions and added, "You are surprised, my friends, at my giving such contradictory answers to these two beggars; but the fact is, the first is a pious man, who for religion's sake has left the world; but the other is a man whom the world has deserted."

Keep Moving.—The heavens themselves run continually round; the world is never still; the sun travels to the east and to the west; the moon is ever changing in its course; the stars and planets have their constant motions; the air we breathe is continually agitated by the wind, and the waters never cease to ebb and flow; doubtless for the purpose of their conservation, and to teach us that we should ever be in action.—*Burton.*

Early Marriages.—In the middle ages it was customary in Germany for princesses to be given in marriage on their attaining the age of twelve. Thus Otto, the second Duke of Meran, married Blanca, a Countess of Champagne, in 1225, at the age of twelve, he having just completed his fourteenth year. Hedwig, daughter of the Duke of Meran, was married in her twelfth year to Henry, Duke of Breslau, in 1186.

A Wrong Reading of the Stars.

Pope John XXI. having studied astrology for a long time, imagined, by the knowledge he had gained of the influence of the planets, that his life would be long, and used to say this to all his friends.

One day, as he was boasting of it, an arch which was being constructed by his orders at the palace of Viterba, fell and hurt him so severely that he died at the end of a week.

Judging Others.—Never pronounce anyone to be a wilful niggard until you have seen the contents of her purse. The distribution should be in accordance with the receipts.

Love.

"This I morcover hold and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so."—*Whittier.*

Double Acrostic I.

Two well-wooded groves, whither once in fresh air
The vot'ries of Fashion were won't to repair,
To hear music, sip tea, and discuss, *à leur goût,*
The follies and foibles of all whom they knew.
Alas, for earth's pleasure! these groves are now gone,
And instead are seen houses of bricks or of stone,
While each site where rank, beauty, and learning would meet
Is remembered alone by the name of a street!

1. A town in an island on well-sheltered ground,
   Where sea-view and landscape boast every charm;
   Here patients with delicate lungs will be found
   Enjoying the air and the scen'ry around;
   But the town for strong persons is rather too warm.

2. A tree of our garden; its foliage so bright
   Floats gracefully over the blossoms concealed,
   Now showing, now hiding the flower-sprays white,
   That dance in the sunshine or shrink from the light—
   The poetical symbol of *love unrevealed.*

3. Among the Swiss cantons, the foremost of all
   To assemble her brave mountaineers in accord
   With their brethren, to rouse them at Liberty's call,
   To shake off the yoke of a foreigner's thrall,
   And achieve independence at point of the sword.

4. A terrible scold; when we mention her name
   That inflicts such disgrace on the rest of her sex,
   We cannot avoid a sensation of shame,
   Rememb'ring her husband's great time-honoured fame,
   And how sorely her temper his patience would vex.

5. The river whose swift-flowing waters around
   Unknown Ethiopia formerly rolled,
   Where flowers and plants aromatic abound,
   On its banks, among grasses and herbage were found
   The mysterious mineral, bdellium, and gold.

6. In our journey we crossed a remarkable land,
   Where trav'llers are not always sure of civility,
   Since the native 'gainst strangers oft raises the hand;
   The north is all rock and the centre's all sand,
   While the south is renowned for its wondrous fertility.

7. All Germany prizes a writer who brings
   To his dramas and fables such exquisite taste;
   His thoughts in melodious cadence he sings,
   But chiefly his parable, called "The Three Rings,"
   Is with wisdom and highest benevolence graced.

8. With a different spelling this word is alike
   In Scotland or Ireland, as tourists all know,
   Whether sketching a landscape or angling for pike,
   Escorted by Donald or guided by Mike,
   To the picturesque scenes whither travellers go.

Ximena.

HOW THE JAPANESE ARRANGE FLOWERS FOR DECORATION.

A BOOK reaches me from Japan which is undoubtedly "a thing of beauty," and if it would only lie open, would be "a joy for ever." But the Japanese binding, artistic though it be, renders it pre-eminently inconvenient for reading, or for studying properly the extremely beautiful plates with which Japanese artists have illustrated it. The work treats of the art of arranging flowers in Japan—an art which in that country has always been regarded as an elegant accomplishment, and by no means an effeminate one. True, the education of ladies of rank is not considered complete without the acquisition of some skill in composing flowers; but the art has been more generally practised by men of culture, whose occupations have spared them leisure for æsthetic pursuits. Priests, philosophers, and men of rank, who, on account of declining years, or from political causes, have retired from a more active life, have been its most enthusiastic patrons and devotees.

The writer of the book in question, Mr. Josiah Conder, who for many years past has been architect to the Imperial Government of Japan, has devoted a long period of study in order to master this most intricate art; an art entirely unknown in Europe, and which it is even difficult to explain to Western minds, for it frequently treats of ideas unfamiliar to them.

There are in Japan a number of different schools for flower arrangement, all of which have rigid rules more or less elaborate or artificial, and are frequently strongly opposed to each other. In his book Mr. Conder has treated principally of the Enshiu style of flower arrangement, this being at the same time the most elaborate and the most popular of the more modern schools.

To give an idea of the high esteem in which the art is held, we will cite the following ten virtues, or merits, which are attributed to those engaged in its pursuit, namely:—(1) The privilege of associating with superiors; (2) ease and dignity before men of rank; (3) a serene disposition and forgetfulness of cares; (4) amusement in solitude; (5) familiarity with the nature of plants and trees; (6) the respect of mankind; (7) constant gentleness of character; (8) health of mind and body; (9) a religious spirit; (10) self-abnegation and restraint.

It must be premised that the Japanese term "Hana," translatable as "flower," is applied, in the art under consideration, in a somewhat extended sense compared to that in which it is used in Western countries. It means not only the blossom, but includes the blossom-clad stems and branches of flowering trees and plants, and even the stumps and branches of flowerless trees and shrubs; nay, the branches of certain evergreen trees and flowerless plants hold the highest rank among flowers, such, for example, as the pine, the cedar, the fir, and the maple.

The balance and beauty of line in combination is *par excellence* the distinguishing feature of Japanese floral compositions, and one which gives much scope for the display of skill and character in design. The stems play a part quite as important as the flowers and leaves. There is not, it seems, in Japan that profusion of wild flowers to which the inhabitants of Western Europe are accustomed, though it produces many beautiful flowering trees; hence probably arose the use of branches as an integral portion of floral arrangement.

Line in Japanese, more than in any other style of painting, has developed a distinctive power of its own, and has become a vehicle for conveying the spirit and character of the artist. And these people possess the keenest perception for the lines of beauty and harmony which underlie natural forms. The European florist concerns himself with no such lineal disposition in his flower compositions: mass, colour, and geometrical arrangements of the stems according to certain arbitrary rules of harmony and taste alone receive his attention.

The artistic arrangement of flowering branches and plants in vases and other receptacles is attributed by certain Japanese writers to an Indian origin; the same Buddhist doctrine which forbids the wanton sacrifice of animal life is said to have suggested the gathering of flowers liable to rapid destruction in a tropical climate, and prolonging their life by a careful preservation. The flowers are always arranged with regard to the season, and some arrangements are only permitted at certain hours of the day. The arrangements for certain celebrations and for all the great feasts of the year are prescribed with great minuteness.

Variety in harmony is the leading principle of Japanese design, as it was in Early Christian and even in Pagan art. In the flower compositions the central lines of each group of stems receive first attention. There are three, five, and seven-lined arrangements. Legends of the early times of Buddhism exist, tending to explain the use of seven lines as the most perfect number for floral disposition, and also to illustrate a certain philosophical spirit which underlies the whole of the art. One very charming feature of this Japanese method of flower treatment is, that the natural locality of production is never lost sight of, and that there is an attempt to reproduce it as nearly as possible.

The earliest form of arrangement, called a "Shin-no-hana," is formed of a stiff central vertical stem, around which the flowers are arranged. It is still in use for flower offerings placed before religious shrines. An arrangement called "Rikkwa" was in use at the same time, of which the central stem was curved. Flowers are classified according to their seasons, and also to certain associations attributed to them. The plum is called the oldest of flowers; it is very important, and greatly esteemed. A beautiful illustration in Mr. Conder's book shows the "Plum Viewing," which is one of the spring diversions of the Japanese, who go out in companies at different seasons when different flowers are in bloom, to look at them growing in all their beauty. In this picture the strong and rugged character of these trees is most excellently given, as, indeed, throughout the Japanese artists seem to catch the very character and individuality of the various trees and plants they represent.

Poets and artists in Japan are fond of comparing the plum with the cherry, which comes rather later in the spring—the cherry being prized chiefly for its blossom; the plum for its picturesque form of growth. Dwarf plum trees are a favourite ornament for rooms in spring. There was for many years a spot in the north of Tokio where grew a most wonderful plum tree, which was called "The Recumbent Dragon," from its strange shape. Fruit from this tree was annually presented to the Shogun. It has now succumbed to extreme old age, but has been replaced by others chosen for their strange and crawling form. The boughs of these curiously shaped trees enter greatly into the composition of the "Rikkwa," or crooked, arrangement. The plum is, in Japan, an imported flower; the cherry is indigenous, though the importance of the cherry as a flower is of later date.

At the "Cherry Viewing" wine is drunk, in allusion to the legend of its petals having fallen into the cup of the Emperor Richim as he was disporting himself in a pleasure-boat, this incident calling his attention to the beauty of the hitherto neglected flower.

The wistaria is another favourite flower in Japanese arrangement. On account of its purple colour it is not used at weddings, purple being considered as mourning. It is usually painted in combination with the pheasant. The peony is the flower of rank and aristocracy, with which the peacock and the lion are combined. The lotus is the flower specially dedicated to the spirit world, and used at the festivals of the dead. The iris is also largely used, being combined in art with water birds. The chrysanthemum, often wrongly considered as the national flower of Japan—a position which really belongs to the cherry—is also greatly esteemed as the principal flower of autumn. There are said to be two hundred and sixty-nine colour varieties of chrysanthemums in Japan. Some of these are called by very poetical names, such as "Silver World," "Companion of the Moon," "Blessings of Majesty," "Die of the Dew," "Waves in the Morning Sun," and so forth. In art this flower is associated with the crane, which is regarded as the royal bird of Japan.

The paucity of flowering trees and plants in autumn has led the Japanese to make much of certain simple plants, comparatively unimportant in themselves, but gathering importance and interest in combination. Since every month in the year is associated with a special blossom, some flowers had also to be found for the autumn months, and of these the chief are the morning glory, the eularia japonica, two species of valerian, and a species of carnation. The deer is specially associated with the autumn time. Maple trees also belong to autumn, and their reddening leaves cause them to be regarded as flowers. The snowy landscape, by a pretty Japanese fancy, is also regarded as a flowery scene, and parties go to view such scenes in winter.

Certain flowers are used at particular feasts. Others, chiefly poisonous, are considered ominous, and not used in floral decorations, of which the fundamental idea is that the whole character of the plant or tree used should be considered. The treatment adopted may be likened to the method followed in distributing curved foliage in architectural panels. The surface of the water in which the flowers are placed is supposed to represent the soil in which they grow; there must therefore be an appearance of strength and stability in this part of the arrangement, as floral growth and vitality must be expressed. In the distribution of the composition an equal-sided arrangement must be avoided, although an idea of balance must be subtly conveyed.

The original model for all forms of arrangement is the three-lined one. In this the principal line, as its name imparts, is the central one, and the longest; the other two are called secondary and tertiary, the former of which should be about half, the latter about a quarter, as long as the principal. These are arranged in double curves on either side the principal. The five-lined arrangement

has two lines arranged between these three, one between the principal and secondary, called the "support," and one between the principal and tertiary, called the "sub-principal." The seven-lined arrangement has two more lines, one between the support and the tertiary, called the "trunk" line, and one between the sub-principal and the secondary, called the "side" line. Balance and harmony without repetition are always required.

A list exists of all those errors which should be carefully avoided in floral arrangements. Among these are :—Cross-cutting—that is to say, where the different lines of a composition intersect each other; view-cutting, where the smaller stems of a branch cut across the parent stem. Exception to this rule is made in the case of the plum, of which this is a characteristic. Another error is parallelism, *i.e.*, when two or more stems of equal length run parallel to each other. It is called "window-cutting" when stems or branches form looped openings. "Lattice-cutting" is when numerous stems cross each other so as to produce an impression of lattice-work. Every one of these is regarded as a mistake.

A trailing appendage, called a streamer, forms part of many arrangements; but there is to be on no account a streamer on each side. These lines have various poetic and allegorical names, alluding to the philosophy on which the art is based.

The Japanese apply the terms male and female to various inanimate objects — the stronger and more powerful being called male; the weaker, female. These must always be carefully balanced in floral design.

The various lines or directions imparted to plants and branches of trees on the above principle of disposition are obtained, first, by a careful selection of suitable material; next, by twisting, bending, and building together; lastly, by cutting and clipping off defective parts. To those who object to such bruising and forcing as a violation of nature, the partisans of the Enshiu school reply that the conditions and surroundings of branches are entirely changed when they are divided from their parent tree, and used for the embellishment of architectural interiors; and art must aid nature in such cases, even at the risk of shortening vitality. Some arrangements must last only a short time.

Intimately connected with the character of the floral design is the form of the vessels used to hold the flowers, these vessels being of various shapes and of different materials. The most ancient form in use was a long-necked earthen or bronze vessel; but the difficulty of balancing such high arrangements led to the use of broader and shorter vases, and to a corresponding lowering of flower composition. The ordinary wide-mouthed bronze vessel, of which there are an infinite number of different shapes, is called a "Hana-ike," and is said to have been suggested by certain Buddhist characters. Shallow vessels are also used, chiefly for the arrangement of water plants and grasses. Some of these shallow vessels are called "horse-tubs," and resemble them in miniature, from a tradition that a great Japanese general once, when on the march, used an ordinary horse-tub for arranging flowers.

The famous Regent, Yoshimasa, is said to have been the first to employ bamboo baskets as receptacles for flowers, and these are not placed on stands like the porcelain and bronze vessels, but are generally adopted for suspended arrangements of flowers. To the Regent's patronage is also attributed the use of bamboo vases for holding flowers, which are of most varied shapes, and are called by most fanciful names.

There are many forms of vessels and baskets used for hooking against the wall or for suspension from the ceiling. The boat-shaped vessel plays a most important part in Japanese life; thus, one is called the "homeward bound" boat; another the "outward bound"; a third the "stationary"; and in each of these a different class of floral arrangement must be made. The first of these is used when the occasion is one of welcome; the second, when it is one of farewell; the third, when a guest is staying in the house, to give him the feeling that he is not expected to remove. The form and character of the design and decoration of the vessels is carefully selected with reference to the nature of the flower composition.

A list of artistic virtues is given, said to have been pointed out by Yoshimasa. Thus, for instance, a character of affectionate attachment is expressed by a bronze sand bowl containing a pine branch entwined by a wistaria; a character of serenity is expressed by a hanging boat-shaped vessel of bronze containing white chrysanthemums, supposed to suggest a loaded boat stationary in port; a character of veneration is expressed by a pine or evergreen placed in a bronze vase engraved with a stork, both stork and pine being associated with the idea of venerable old age. Receptacles, however rare and valuable they may be, if intended for other uses, must not be employed as flower vessels.

Various forms of fasteners are employed to hold the flowers in position, and there are rules for their employment. Some of these are purely ornamental, the real fastener being hidden under the water. The bronze crabs, dragons, and other strange forms that we often find in Japanese shops in Europe, are really flower fasteners in their native land. There are also rigid rules prescribing the amount of water for use in the vessels at different seasons. In spring, vases should be about nine-tenths full, and in summer they should be full to overflowing; in winter only four-fifths full, and in very cold weather only seven-tenths. The position of the flowers used in decorating apartments is also carefully prescribed.

All important rooms in Japanese houses, large or small, are provided with an ornamental recess, called "tokonoma." The floral composition is always placed on the floor of the "tokonoma," unless it be a hanging arrangement, in which case it is suspended to a side pillar of this recess. The rolling pictures, called "kakemono," which always decorate Japanese rooms, invariably hang upon the back wall of this "tokonoma," and correspond, like the floral decorations, to the seasons of the year, being changed accordingly.

It is held of the greatest importance that the floral arrangement should not clash with the pictures, and there are rules laid down as to the relations which exist between them. For example—If the picture is long, the floral decoration must be kept low; but when a broad low picture is used, the floral composition must be high and full. If the flowers are allowed to cover any portion of the picture, they must never hide the signature of the artist. The centre, ends, and tassel of the ornamental roller forming the bottom of the picture must be left visible. If the picture represent figures, the faces must not be hidden by the flowers. Harmony must also be carefully observed between the character of the picture and the flower, and it is absolutely necessary to avoid using the same flowers as those represented in the picture. If the painting represents flowering plants, the floral decoration should be made with branches of trees, and *vice versâ*.

The association of flowers with certain birds and animals, before alluded to, must be preserved. A painting of eagles requires maples; of horses, wild grass and flowers; tigers must have bamboos; dragons, pine branches; and paintings of children require many coloured flowers. The bamboo, it may be noted, is used both as a tree and as a plant. It should never be placed in bamboo vases.

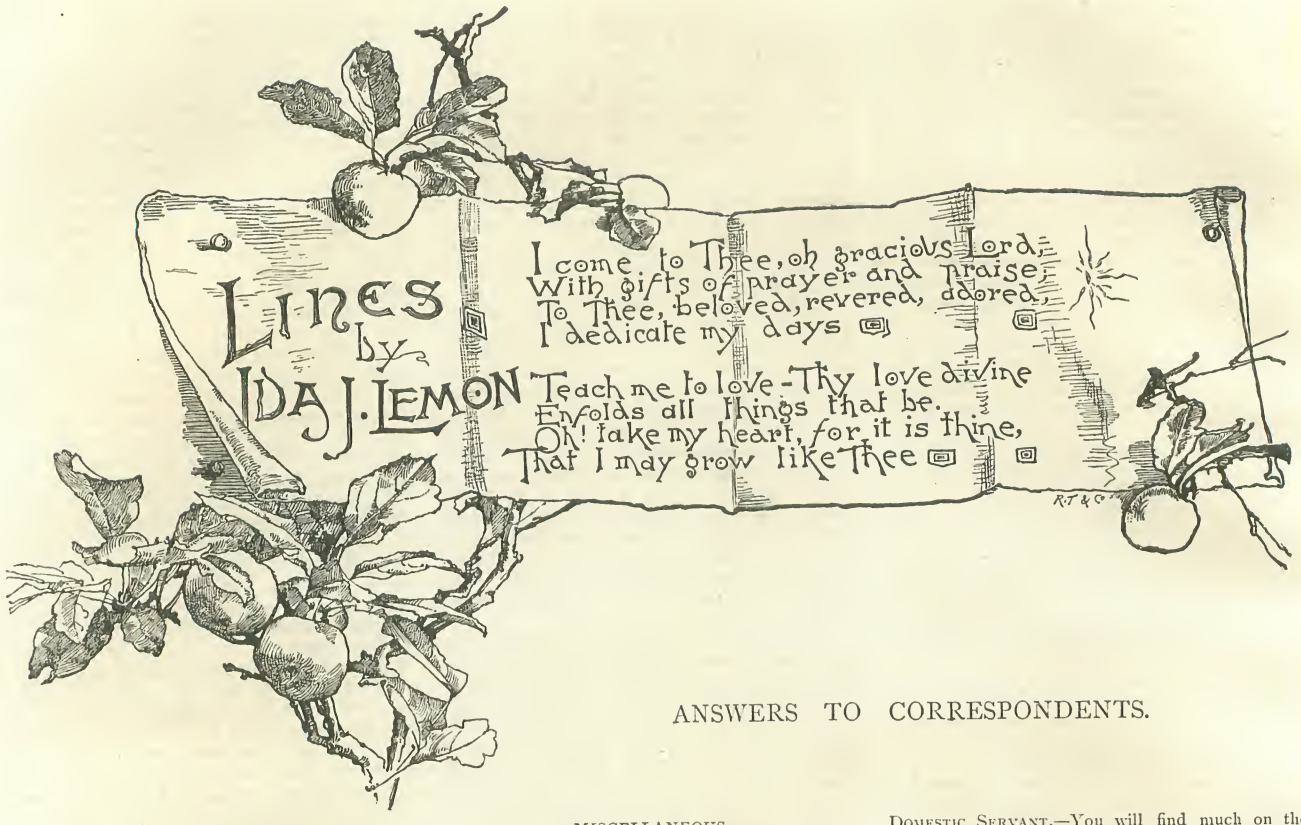
There are several points of ceremonial and etiquette insisted on in connection with the art of arranging flowers, and a sort of ritual is prescribed with regard to the examination of floral designs, which must be carefully adhered to. Certain epithets are considered to belong to certain classes of flowers. It is improper to hold a fan in the hand when regarding a floral composition. A guest is often invited by his host to make an extempore arrangement of flowers, for which purpose he is presented with suitable stems and branches, and all needful utensils and implements. If the vase provided to hold the flowers is exceedingly rare and valuable, it is polite for the guest to show diffidence in making use of it. If a small quantity of flowers is provided, the guest must do his best, and on no account ask for more. When the arrangement is completed, the host and the other guests, who have remained in the adjoining room, return and inspect the work. The guest must leave the flower scissors near to the arrangement, as a silent request to correct faults. He must also apologise for the imperfection of the work, and beg that the whole should be removed. The host must refuse, saying that the result is everything that could be desired. Before departing, however, the guest must destroy the arrangement unless especially requested not to do so. In making presents of cut flowers for floral arrangements, they should not be trimmed, or they will look as though they had been previously used. The sender must consider how they are capable of arrangement, and must send plants and other materials which are necessary accessories. The stems of plants sent should be wrapped in paper.

There are special forms of paper-wrappings used, the one for trees and the other for flowers. Certain flowers are used at certain festivals. At weddings, red and white flowers are used in combination, red being a male colour and representing the bridegroom, white being female, and representing the bride. Yellow branches are not used at weddings, nor any purple flowers. For coming of age festivals, strong and vigorous arrangements are used with a large proportion of young branches and boughs. For festivals of promotion in rank, full-blown flowers are placed above boughs. At tea ceremonials floral arrangements should be exceedingly small and simple, and usually of a rustic character.

The colours of flowers have both respective rank and sex. The idea of respective rank is applied principally to coloured flowers of the same species. In most cases the white ranks first; but there are exceptions to this rule. Among the colours, red, purple, pink, and variegated colours are male; blue, yellow, and white are female. Colours which do not harmonise must be separated by green leaves or white flowers. The idea of sex is applied also to the direction of branches in floral compositions; the right hand of the arrangement is east, the left west, the front south, the back north, and the east and south direction are regarded as male, the west and north as female.

Any change that would lead to the decay of this beautiful art of flower arrangement would indeed be a misfortune; but changes in a Western direction are proceeding so rapidly in Japan that we cannot know how long this art may continue to flourish unspoiled. For the present it certainly conforms most accurately to Ruskin's definition of design, as—"That power in any art work which has purpose other than that of imitation, and which is designed, composed, and separated to that end. It implies the rejection of some ends and the insistence upon others with a given object."

HELEN ZIMMERN.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

QUEEN MAB.—The 10th of July, 1877, was a Tuesday. Your writing is not yet formed. We are sorry some letters have not been answered.

SPEEDWELL, P. W., and EARNEST ENQUIRER.—We must refer you to our almost weekly replies to enquiries about the training of women in hospitals as nurses. No premium is required.

MONA.—If you have no time for improving your education by day, why not take advantage of the evening schools opened under the presidency of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. The Recreative Evening Schools Association provides instruction, both recreative and practical, and trains both mind and body. Write to the Secretary, J. Edward Fowler, Esq., 37, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

MDLLES. PLANTA and COOPER are secretaries of the Club Perseverance, or French Correspondence Class. This we should think one of the most needed of our girls' clubs; for, as these ladies say, our girls "spend hours over French grammars," and neglect the essential effort to "express their thoughts in French." For the rules, write to The Willows, Tredegar, Monmouthshire, S. Wales.

MUSIC.

MISS REES requests that we should inform our readers that her Amateur Musical Club has ceased to exist. It may be remembered that she was the Hon. Secretary of that society.

MABEL.—The most ancient piece of music which is still in existence is called the "Blessing of the Priests," and due to the nation which has produced the greatest number of musical composers of the first class that the world has known. This song or chant was sung in the Temple at Jerusalem, and is still to be heard in the Jewish synagogues in Spain and Portugal. The *Te Deum Laudamus* of St. Gregory the Great dates back to the sixth century.

ANA MANA.—Nothing but careful and persevering practice will teach you to read music at sight, just as it takes patient application to read letterpress or writing. We cannot suggest any other method. It might help you to join one of the Amateur Musical Girls' Clubs; as, for instance, the Practising Society (Hon. Secretary, Miss Allen, 79, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight). Prizes in money. Yearly subscription, two shillings and sixpence. Rules supplied—a stamped envelope to be sent. Doubtless the Secretary would kindly give advice as to easy pieces to be learnt by persons self-taught, or little advanced in instrumental playing.

KATHLEEN.—You should write to the secretary of the choral society which you wish to join. It is only loss of time to seek for information in such a round-about way.

QUEENIE.—One hour's careful practising daily is quite sufficient for an amateur who has a real taste for music.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. A. T.—You are in a very morbid state of mind, and your great fault is that your whole thoughts and attention are directed to, and absorbed in, yourself and your shortcomings and misdoings, rather than in your great Redeemer. Go to Him, humbly confessing all your weakness and liability to fall, and ask Him for strength and "steadfast continuance in well-doing." Your sins were "imputed" to Him, and He paid your great debt. He is "made to you wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," and you must endeavour to "grow in grace" by the promised aid of His Holy Spirit, for of yourself you will accomplish nothing. It is not required of His children to deny themselves harmless recreations, nor to dress out of keeping with the position in life in which He placed them. Your mother is His appointed guide to you in such matters.

F. S. D. J.—We are glad to answer letters from "our brothers," as in your case. You do well in laying all your affairs and course in life before your Heavenly Father in prayer, and seeking His guidance, and for marked indications of His leading. We are disposed to think that they have been clearly marked in your case, and we hope the event will further prove it.

MOINA.—The term *lakh* is an Indian one to express the amount of 100,000 when applied to money. Thus, a *lakh* of rupees meant 100,000 rupees. But the currency in India was remodelled in 1835, and the value of the rupee fixed at two shillings—our florin—which reduced the value of the *lakh* to £10,000.

ST. HELENA.—December 11th, 1877, was a Tuesday, and January 12th, 1843, a Thursday.

IVY LEAF.—The hydropathic institution you name is, we believe, still in existence, but not in the original hands. We could undertake to prescribe any special course of treatment for you. You seem to be in bad health, and need medical advice. But no one but a quack would give advice without seeing a patient, and likewise ascertaining all her circumstances and surroundings.

ENID.—If you were to slope your hand a little more from left to right it would give more satisfaction.

STAFFY.—As a rule bow only; but were the stranger a relation, or an old friend and intimate of your family, though unknown to you, it would be more gracious to offer your hand.

ANXIOUS does not say of what substance the book cover is made. What she calls "spots" we imagine to be places in the blue linen cover from which the colour has been extracted, not a fresh colour put on. For these nothing can be done, unless touched with paints of the same colour.

AN ENQUIRER.—You are in a low state of health, whether to be accounted for by temporary circumstances or constitutional we could not pretend to know. You need a personal interview with a medical man. Your writing is unformed.

DOMESTIC SERVANT.—You will find much on the subject of emigration in our Answers. Apply to the Government Emigration Office in Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

R. H. has shown a great lack of self-respect in permitting any man to take such a liberty. One who could treat you with such disrespect is not a fit friend or husband for you. Avoid his company, and show that you do not hold yourself so cheap. Bow distantly if you please, but drop the acquaintance. Sometimes girls are themselves to blame, in the first instance, for lack of respect from men.

HAMPSHIRE LASS.—If your stoutness and a disordered liver (shown by your suffering from bilious derangement) be matters of discomfort to you, why do you eat so much? You say you have a good appetite; check it, and take single helpings of meat, vegetables, and pudding. Limit your diet, and you will probably reduce your excessive stoutness, and lay a less burden on your digestive powers. Young servants are very apt to upset the stomach and liver, and suffer from headaches, because when they go into gentlemen's houses they get more to eat, and of a richer kind of food, than they had ever had in their own homes.

PATRICK.—Unhappily some of the asylums specify the early age of sixteen as that at which they will take inebriates for treatment. Naturally, the cure is more easily effected before the habit has become "second nature," and the constitution not yet hopelessly ruined. There are many such asylums; but we advise you to apply to Mr. J. A. Robertson, Edinburgh House of Refuge, Queensbury House, 64, Canongate, Edinburgh, for there there is no limit of age, and the patients pay according to their means. Whether boys and men are received at the High Flats Sanatorium, Denley Vale, Huddersfield—and where the charge is only from five to ten shillings weekly—we are not informed. Address the Lady Superintendent.

H. Y.—We do not know of anyone who would buy used penny stamps of modern date.

CONSTANCE.—There is Mrs. Hilton's Infant Infirmary and Home, 12, Stepney Causeway; the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, 327, Hackney Road; and the East London Hospital for Children, at Shadwell. Write to the Matron or Secretary.

ANNIE F.—Go to the hospital or dispensary in your own parish or district and get information and a letter, or free ticket, from them.

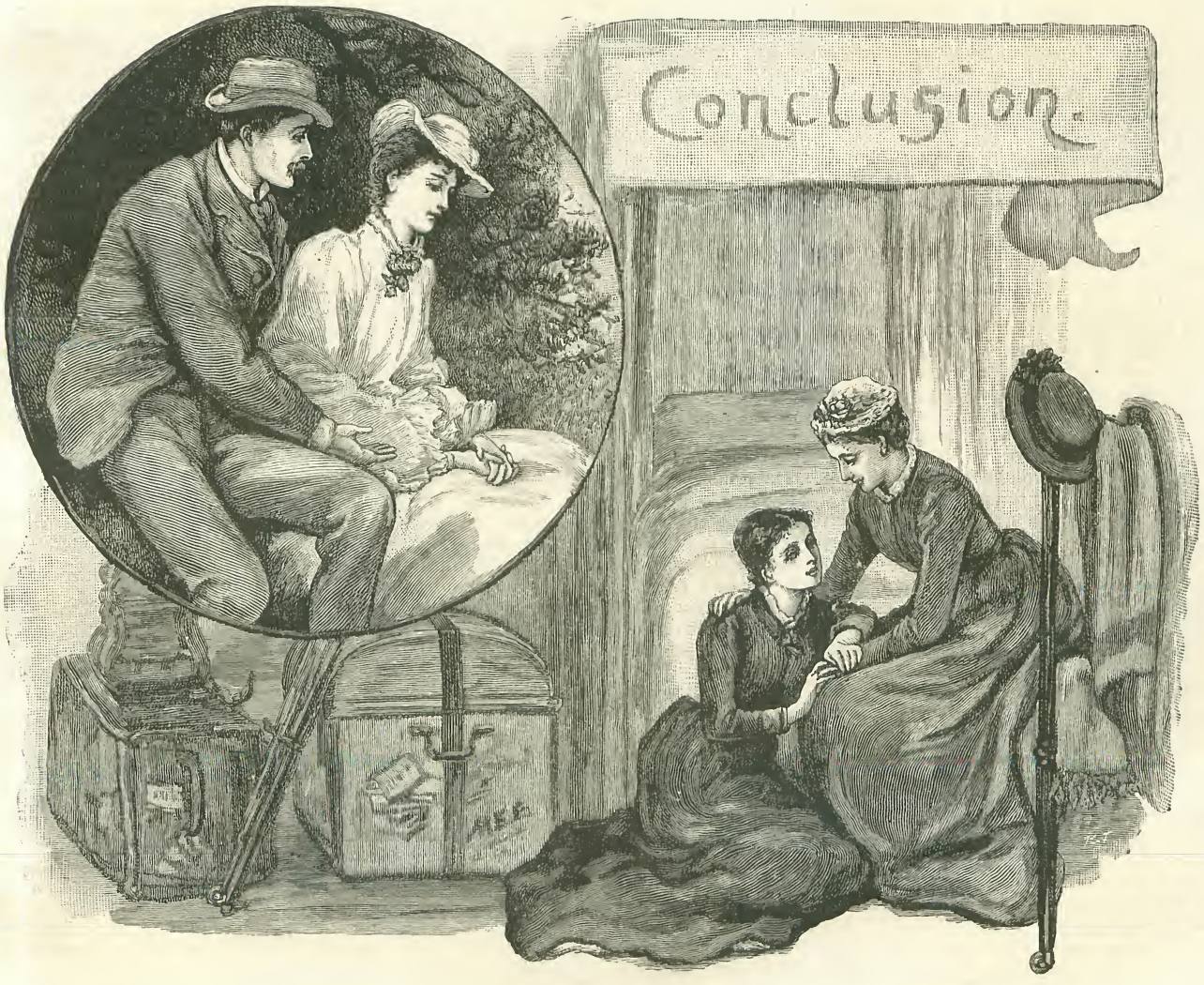
MRS. H. W. SPICE kindly informs us that she has the first volume of the "G. O. P." bound, but slightly soiled, and would part with it for five shillings, sending it carriage paid. She also has the five succeeding volumes, any of which she would part with at three shillings each, carriage also paid. Address our correspondent at 9, Western Street, Brighton.

EDITH PETERS.—You should send your eider-down quilt to a professional cleaner or you will spoil it as a mere amateur.

VOL. XIII.—No. 640.] APRIL 2, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.



A HAPPY ENDING.

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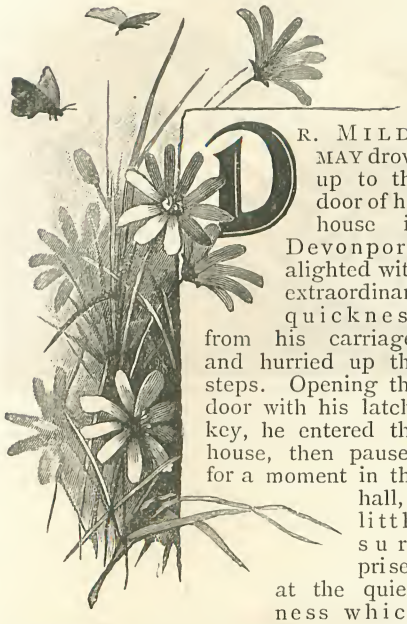
CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO ARTISTS SPOILED.



DR. MILDMAY drove up to the door of his house in Devonport, alighted with extraordinary quickness from his carriage, and hurried up the steps. Opening the door with his latch-key, he entered the house, then paused for a moment in the hall, a little surprised at the quietness which reigned there. He looked into the dining-room. It was empty; but the room bore a festive air. Blossoming plants stood on the window-sills, and the loveliest flowers of summer adorned the table, which was laid for a substantial tea with a display of good things very tempting to a hungry man.

Dr. Mildmay glanced round for a moment, then returned to the hall. His daughter Alice was descending the stairs.

"Has she not come?" he asked, with rather a disappointed air.

"Not yet; the train must be very late," replied Alice, who had been for the third time to Enid's room to make sure that all was as it should be, and there was nothing she could add to make the room look prettier and more home-like in the eyes of the returned traveller. "Clara, Katie, and the boys are all gone to the station."

"Then I'll go round there too," said the doctor, turning to the house-door.

"Take care you do not miss her on the way," cried Alice; but her father was already in his carriage.

A door behind Alice opened, and Mrs. Mildmay, with a flushed, excited face, looked forth.

"Was that your father?" she asked.

"Yes, he was here," Alice said; "but he has driven off to the station now."

"Ah, well, it is better!" returned Mrs. Mildmay. "Men never like to sit still and wait."

She looked as if such an attitude were not easy to herself. Alice knew that her mother had been constantly on the move for the last half-hour, and she feared she would excite herself into one of her nervous headaches if Enid did not soon appear.

"If they should have started from the station and come by the new road, father will miss them," said Alice, "for he always prefers the old way."

At that moment her ears caught the sound of a vehicle drawing up before the house. She flew to the door, and there stood a cab loaded with luggage, and Enid's happy face was at the window. The doctor's carriage drove up almost at the same instant. He had seen the cab, and had driven after it.

So the hour for which Enid had so often longed had come at last, and she was at home once more. Her mother held her as if she would never let her go from her again. There was nought but joy in the re-union for Enid; but in her mother's heart was a painful sense that her child had only come back to her for a time, and she felt how hard it would be to give her away even to the best of husbands. But mothers have to endure such trials, and they bring their compensations. Mrs. Mildmay was not too selfish to rejoice in the prospect of a happy future for her child. As for her brothers and sisters, they could not make enough of Enid on her arrival. She had become a heroine in their eyes from the day she started on her travels, and her betrothal to a Roman gentleman seemed a fitting culmination to her fortunes. As they crowded around her, asking questions which it was impossible to answer because they *would* all talk at once, Enid had a fleeting sense of pity for Maud Marion, who missed so much through being an only child.

"Enid, Enid, did you see the Pope?"

"Can you speak Italian, Enid?"

"How many pictures have you painted?"

"Do tell us what the Queen looked like when she spoke to you?"

"Is it true that in Italy everyone eats macaroni?"

"Did you see the Coliseum by moonlight?"

"Can Mr. Dakin use his arm yet? When is he coming here again, and shall we have to call him *Julius?*"

"You had better wait till he comes, and ask him what he thinks about it," said Enid laughingly, in reply to this last question. Then her father interposed, and said that Enid was tired, and they must not ask her any more questions till she had had her tea.

There was not much quiet for her, however, till the younger ones had been sent to play in the garden, and Enid, accompanied by her mother, withdrew to her own room, ostensibly to attend to the unpacking of her trunk, but in reality that they might have the confidential talk for which each was longing. Though Enid's letters had been long and full, they had not satisfied her mother's heart. She too had many questions to put, for there were various things she wished to have explained. Together they reviewed the course of the past nine months, and each had much to tell.

"You found your cousin a little difficult to get on with at first?" said Mrs. Mildmay.

"Well, yes, I did," said Enid frankly. "As you warned me, she was somewhat of a spoiled child; but she is so very different now that I do not wish to remember anything about that. Indeed, it was in a great measure my own fault that we fell out sometimes. If I had had more patience it need not have happened."

"Enid, I have wondered many times—you will not mind my asking you?—why it was you refused Julius Dakin the first time he asked you to be his wife. Were you afraid that your father and I would not approve?"

"No; it was not that, mother."

"You did not know your own heart?"

Enid shook her head, colouring deeply.

"You did not know of anything against him?" There was latent anxiety in Mrs. Mildmay's tone.

"No, mother; I always liked him from the first time I saw him. I used to think he was not manly enough; but I know now that I was mistaken. Still, it was not on that account that I refused him—it was because of Maud."

"Because of Maud!" repeated Mrs. Mildmay, in a tone of astonishment.

"Yes," said Enid; "it was foolish of me, but I fancied that Maud cared for him. And, indeed, she has told me since that she was greatly attracted by him; but it was not such a serious affair as I imagined. We were so much with the Dakins; I thought she would feel it so."

"And you gave him up for fear of hurting Maud's feelings? My dear, I cannot think you were justified in acting so. Were not his feelings to be considered in the matter? You ought to have remembered that it was not your own happiness alone that you sacrificed for the sake of Maud. Though it was noble of you, child—not many girls would have done it."

"Oh, mother, you must not say that! My motives were far from noble. You do not know all that had gone before. Maud had said things about Julius which had stung me sorely. I think pride moved me to some extent. I was very sorry about it afterwards, and yet I never felt that I could have acted differently."

"Well, all's well that ends well," said Mrs. Mildmay cheerfully. "It made me proud to hear how Julius spoke of you, Enid. He said you had saved him from the misery of a useless, wasted life."

"Did he say that!" exclaimed Enid, colouring. "Oh, mother, I don't think it was just my doing!"

"He said so," returned Mrs. Mildmay. "He told us he used to be an idle, good-for-nothing fellow; but he had determined to take a fresh start, and make himself a good man of business, in order that he might help his father, who is beginning to feel his burdens of responsibility weigh heavily on him. But if he becomes a good man of business, as I believe he will, he will not be a mere business man."

"I hope not," said Enid fervently. "Oh, what a solemn thing life is! I have felt that so much since Julius and I have belonged to each other. It almost frightens me to think what influence we may exert on the life of another for good or for evil."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Mildmay. "Our personal influence is a great talent entrusted to us, which we can only use

aright by the help of Him who gave it. When I think of the tremendous consequences that may depend on the way we shape our lives, I wonder at those who are content to live as if life were given to us only for our own entertainment."

"And there is always so much sorrow in the world," said Enid thoughtfully. "I told you about Miss Strutt, mother, in my letters."

"Yes, dear; I remember—the poor little Scotch artist who has known so many troubles."

"And has borne them so bravely," said Enid. "Her worst trouble is over now. When we were at Florence she was summoned to Edinburgh to see her brother. There was a change in him, and the doctors at the asylum thought he would not live much longer. She travelled night and day to reach him ere he passed away, and she arrived in time. His reason came back to him for a brief interval before he died, and he knew her, and uttered her name. She wrote and told me all about it. She is so thankful that she saw him calm and peaceful, and that he is now at rest."

"Poor little woman, she well may be!" said Mrs. Mildmay. "That was a terrible trial."

"Yet, in spite of all she has suffered, Miss Strutt is one of the best women I have ever met. You would think that such troubles as hers might well make her gloomy and bitter; but they seem to have had quite the contrary effect. You cannot think how good and unselfish she is."

"I am sure, from what you have told me of her, that she must be very unselfish. I should like to know her."

"I hope you will some day. If—as seems probable—my home, at some future time, will be in Rome, you will have to come and see me there. Oh, you need not shake your head! I mean to show you the Forum, and the Coliseum, and the Palaces of the Cæsars, some day."

Mrs. Mildmay's face brightened at the idea, but she shook her head.

Just then there was a tap at the door, and Alice's voice asked permission to enter.

"Have you finished unpacking?" she asked, as she came in.

"I have not even begun to unpack," said Enid.

"I thought as much," returned Alice briskly. "I knew you would not do anything till I came."

She attacked the trunk at once, and began lifting out the things.

"What is this?" she asked, as she came upon a soft, thick bundle, striped in many colours.

"That is a Roman blanket," said Enid. "I brought it for mother."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Alice, whilst Mrs. Mildmay uttered warm thanks. "It will do to cover her when she lies down, and if we arrange it along the sofa when it is unoccupied, it will hide how shabby the covering is."

"The colours are lovely," said Mrs. Mildmay.

"There are all sorts of lovely things to be bought in Rome," said Enid. "I wish you could have seen the draperies Maud bought for her studio."

"Oh, I do want to see the Studio Mariano!" cried Alice. "Do you think Maud would be willing to take me as her companion when she goes to Rome again?"

"You know you would not go if she asked you. However, she is not likely to go there again—at least, not to remain any length of time."

"Not go again!" repeated Alice, in surprise. "Do you mean to tell me that she is content to live at home with her step-mother?"

"Yes, for a little while—until she goes to a home of her own."

"A home of her own!" exclaimed Alice. "Is she too going to be married?"

"She is," said Enid, enjoying her sister's astonishment. "I thought it would be so; but she only told me late last night. Indeed, I believe it was only settled yesterday."

"And who is the happy man?"

"Mr. Sydney Althorp."

"Why, that is the man you said she disliked so much because he was always finding fault with her!"

"Even so," said Enid, smiling; "but I doubt whether she ever really disliked him. I am sure he had always a strong influence over her, though she tried hard to resist his influence. I think it was because she cared for him that she resented his hinting at her faults."

"I don't know about that," said Alice. "I think I should dislike a man who was always finding fault with me. Pray, does Julius find fault with you?"

"I cannot say that he does," replied Enid, blushing. "But men are different, you know."

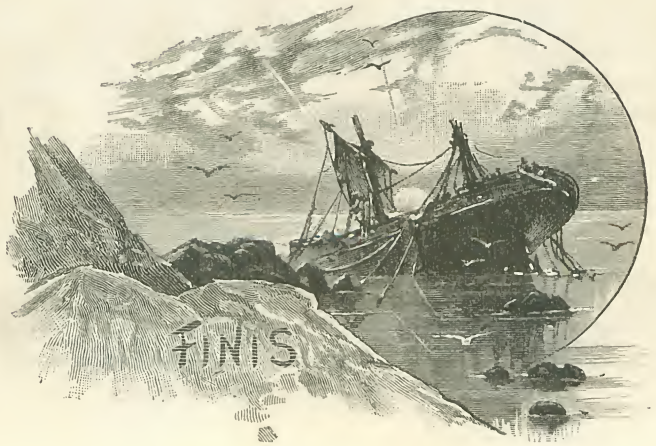
"And women, too, if there are some who can like those who find fault with them," said Alice.

"But he did not find fault with her for the sake of finding fault," said Enid; "it was because he cared for her so much, and believed in her, that he ventured to tell her of her faults. She must have felt that all along."

Alice shook her head. She could not see that that made any difference.

"When Maud was recovering from her illness I began to see that her heart was turning towards Sydney Althorp. She spoke of him in a different way. But Maud is very proud; she will not show her feelings if she can help it. I wish you could have heard the way in which she told me of her engagement, half pretending that she did not greatly care for Mr. Althorp, but had accepted him for the sake of getting away from her step-mother. And yet I really believe she is beginning to love Mrs. Marian. What is the matter, Alice? You look quite disturbed."

"Indeed, I have received a shock!" wailed Alice. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Two artists spoiled, and the Studio Mariano a thing of the past!"



ELIZABETH'S PUBLIC ENTRY INTO LONDON.

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.

II.—The Young Queen.*

THE bells which had pealed merrily for Mary, pealed as merrily for Elizabeth," writes Mr. Froude. "Through the November day steeple answered steeple, the streets were spread with tables, and, as the twilight closed, blazed as before with bonfires." And the bells of Westminster, ringing for Elizabeth's succession, were probably the last sounds heard by Mary's friend, Reginald Pole. If he heard and identified them, he must have recognised in the sound the knell of his hopes and efforts. His death saved him from imprisonment or banishment, for he was as obnoxious to Elizabeth as he had been dear to Mary. Heath, Archbishop of York and Lord Chancellor, announced Mary's death and Elizabeth's succession in Parliament, and was met by glad shouts of "God save Queen Elizabeth!" In the meantime Elizabeth remained in retirement at Hatfield, where she held her first Council. It was then and there she achieved the master-stroke of her future wise government — she appointed William Cecil, conspicuous for his sagacity and patriotism, her secretary. He had long been her friend, and had already, within an hour of Mary's death, written Elizabeth's proclamation, changed the guard at the Tower, despatched envoys to the principal foreign courts, and chosen who was to preach the following Sunday at St. Paul's Cross. Cecil's brother-in-law, Sir Anthony Bacon, another upright man, was made Lord Keeper. Cecil and Bacon were leaders of the Protestant party, and their wives, the learned daughters of Sir John Coke, who had found places in Mary's household because of their friendship with Catherine Parr, and the tastes they had in common with her and her step-daughters, were in strong sympathy with the Reformed Church. Elizabeth's own household had always been deeply tinged with the so-called heresy in which she was reared, while her opinions were more or less an arbitrary jumble of intellectual prepossessions and individual biases. She inclined more to the doctrines of Luther than to those of Calvin, her inclination being in opposition to the bent of the English Protestantism of the time. She had a distinct aversion to the views of John Knox, and a rooted dislike to the man. She did not forgive his *Monstrous Regiment of Women*, a treatise directed against the practice of sovereignty being placed in the hands of women. She was regarded as the champion of liberty. Neither was it in her nature to reckon "an opinion a crime." Not only were her political interests, and the cause of the mother whose name she never mentioned, bound up with Protestantism; she had not forgotten what she herself had endured in the conflict, and she could feel for and with those who had borne a clearer testimony, and fought a harder battle. It is said of her that, unlike her sister Mary, her safety and strength lay in her remarkable capacity for ascertaining and responding to the national pulse; and at the succession England's most passionate heart-throbs were for the hecatombs of martyrs, the victims of the dogmatism and bigotry of Mary and Pole. Elizabeth was not honest enough to be either dogmatic or bigoted, but she desired with all her heart to be fair, and her common-sense told her that her strength was to be found in fairness. Her scholarly instincts tended to a temporising middle course, and she was confirmed in it by her share of "the free, proud spirit of the educated laity which declined to be dictated to by priests"—whether of Rome or Geneva.

Elizabeth came to London on the 23rd of the month, six days after Mary's death. She was the centre of a magnificent company, and was met by vast crowds journeying out of the city to welcome her. Hayward has an enthusiastic description of her bearing on the occasion:—"If ever any person had the gift or the skill to win the hearts of the people, it was their Queen, and if ever she did express the same it was at that present, in coupling mildness with majesty, as she did, and in stately stooping to the meanest sort. . . . Her eye was set upon one, her ear listened to another, her judgment ran upon a third, to a fourth she addressed her speech. . . . Some she commanded, some she pitied, some she thanked, at others she pleasantly and wittily jested."

The exception to this universal graciousness was in the case of Bishop Bonner. When Mary's bishops knelt by the wayside to offer the new Queen their homage, she received them graciously. But she declined to let Bonner kiss her hand. Those lips which had passed many a brutal sentence should never touch her fingers.

In fact, Elizabeth, "the people's idol," was in her glory in this cheering, swaying multitude of great and small. Yet there was not a more lonely young woman in England than she was that day. Of near relations she had not one. Her nearest surviving relation in point of law was her life-long rival, Mary Queen of Scots, who had already assumed the arms of England; while the cousins had never met, and were never destined to meet. Elizabeth's position was perilous in the extreme. She was hedged about with stumbling-blocks and pitfalls. She had many advisers, but few friends. Among the advisers were such insidious councillors as the Count de Feria, Philip II. of Spain's ambassador, the husband of Mistress Jane Dormer, one of the late Queen Mary's ladies, a potent person with the Catholics. Suitors, led by her dead sister's widower, Philip, were coming round her in swarms; and neither adviser nor suitor doubted that Elizabeth would be governed by him, and would become little better than a puppet in his hands. Nobody, unless it were Cecil, guessed that Elizabeth had not only a mind of her own, it was so great a mind that it could carve out an original course for a sovereign of England; it could rule by the sheer force of a splendid judgment, and a burning zeal for the welfare of her people.

Hayward has a personal description of Elizabeth at this time which, if allowance be made for an excess of dazzled laudation, is graphic and fairly lifelike:—"She was a lady on whom Nature had bestowed, and well-placed, many of her favours. Of stature 'meane' (middling), slender and straight, and amiably composed of such state in her carriage as every motion of her seemed to bear majesty; her hair was inclined to pale yellow; her forehead large and fair—a seemly seat for princely grace; her eyes lively and sweet, but short-sighted;* her nose somewhat rising in the midst; the whole compass of her countenance somewhat long, but yet of admirable beauty, not so much in that which is termed the flower of youth, as in a most delightful composition of majesty and modesty in equal mixture."

Elizabeth lodged that night at the Charterhouse. Next day, according to Hayward—five days later, according to Miss Strickland—she was met at the Charterhouse gate by the Lord Mayor and the City dignitaries. As she rode in great state, Garter King-at-Arms carrying a sceptre before her, she wore a purple velvet riding dress, which suited her fine figure. Her evil genius, Lord Robert Dudley, whom she had already named her Master of the Horse, rode by her side. His sole claim to the honour was his handsome person, his soft tongue, and the fact that he, along with poor Edward Courtenay, had been a prisoner in the Tower when she was in the same evil plight. She entered Cripplegate, and passed by the wall at Bishopsgate. "This gate was richly hanged, and thereupon the waits of the City sounded loud musick." When she reached "Martlane," a peal of ordnance began at the Tower, which continued for half an hour. As she entered the Tower gate she made a speech, according to her invariable custom. "Some have fallen from being princes in this land to being prisoners in this place"—(were her thoughts of her unhappy mother when she said these words?)—"I am raised from being a prisoner in this place to be a prince of the land. *That* dejection was a work of God's justice: *this* advancement is a work of His mercy; as they were to yield patience for the one, so I must bear myself to God thankful, and to men merciful and beneficial for the other."

The speech is almost suspiciously appropriate and antithetical, but its occurrence is in harmony with Elizabeth's passion for delivering speeches, while its tone agrees with her love of pointing a moral, drawing sharp contrasts, and appealing to Heaven, not only in acknowledging the Divine goodness where she was concerned, but also in illustration of the position which she claimed as God's chosen servant.

Poor Queen Mary had not been more possessed with the idea, at the beginning of her reign, that she was favoured by Heaven, than Elizabeth professed to be convinced that she enjoyed the same exalted dignity. Elizabeth, however, spared no worldly means to make her position secure.

Miss Strickland quotes the tradition that the Queen went straight to the room in which she had been imprisoned, and, falling on her knees, added to her speech an extemporaneous prayer, in which she likened her deliverance to that of Daniel from the lion's den.

Mass was said at Mary's funeral, which Elizabeth attended; but when White, Bishop

* Agnes Strickland, Froude, Green, Camden, Hayward.

* Short-sightedness was present also in Elizabeth's sister, Mary Tudor's, singularly penetrating brown eyes. Like the loud deep voice which distinguished each of Henry VIII.'s daughters, short-sightedness was a defect common to both.

of Winchester, proceeded in a Latin sermon to eulogise the late Queen, and to indulge in slightly-veiled comparisons and inferences disadvantageous to Elizabeth, she was highly incensed. She ordered him to be put under arrest; he threatened her with excommunication; but there the matter ended, for she was not naturally a persecutor.

It is said that on the first Christmas Day after her succession, Elizabeth, with her train, quitted her closet after the reading of the gospel before the celebration of mass, which she thus repudiated. Her next step was the proclamation that from the following New Year's Day, 1559, the Epistle and Gospel were to be read in English in all churches throughout the land. The last was, with reason, a most welcome and popular measure where Protestants were concerned. "The first morsel of prayer and Scripture in the English tongue was most sweetly swallowed."

At the same time Elizabeth's reforms in religion were moderate and gradual. Her own convictions were hazy and vague, to say the least. She was offended by any violent excess—such as the tearing down of the crucifixes in the streets and the hustling of priests into the kennel—into which the mob were apt to fall. She wished to retain crucifixes in the churches, and strongly upheld the celibacy of the priests. She was content, in the beginning, with the re-establishment of the Royal supremacy in Church as in State, the setting aside of Mary's decrees where religion was concerned, and the revival, in another form, of the Act of Uniformity requiring a modified harmony of worship in public.

On the 12th of January, Elizabeth paid her second visit to the Tower, in anticipation of her coronation. She went on this occasion by water, sailing from Westminster in her barge, escorted by a magnificent fleet of barges, including those of the Mayor and the different guilds. She did not land at Traitors' Gate on this occasion, but at the private stairs reserved for the Sovereign on Tower Wharf. The 15th of January had been appointed for her coronation, the stars in their courses having declared it a highly fortunate day for the ceremony, according to the mathematician and astrologer, Dr. John Dee—Elizabeth's old ally during the last months of her stay at Woodstock, when he was a resident of Oxford. Dr. Dee was now the occupant of a house at Mortlake, and was at the height of his fame—full of business in drawing up the horoscopes of the principal nobility and adventurous sailors and soldiers of the day.

On the afternoon of Saturday the 14th, Elizabeth started from the Tower to make the grandest of all her grand processions through the city to Westminster. The scene was one of unparalleled rejoicing; the pageants were a succession of triumphs; the people were half mad with joy; the dark days of the late reign, with its persecutions at home and losses abroad, were ended, and in a fair way to be forgotten, though one of their disastrous consequences was the poverty of the Royal exchequer. Mary had been raising money from Flemish money-lenders at an enormous interest. The last bonds, lying in her death-chamber waiting for her signature, were used by her women to "cere her corpse." Had not Cecil sent out the princely merchant, Gresham, to appease these importunate creditors, and obtain better terms from them, Elizabeth's ill-filled purse would have been still emptier. But what she lacked of means to contribute to the great shows she made up by the exceeding graciousness and cordial animation of her demeanour. Never was Queen more enthusiastic in responding to the passionate loyalty of her subjects. Sitting in her crimson velvet-lined coach, she had smiles, waving of her hands, frank words for rich and poor alike. Again and again she made her coach be stopped, that she might the better see, hear, and answer the ingenious allegories and grandiloquent addresses got up for her delectation. There was a great rose pageant mocking the wintry season at the end of Gracechurch Street. Gentle, beautiful Elizabeth of York sat in the centre of a white rose, while her cautious, long-faced partner, Henry VII., the son of the venerable Margaret, was the heart of a great red rose. On another storey of the pageant their son, bluff King Hal, emerged from a red and white rose, and by his side—represented there for the first time since her execution—was Anne Boleyn. On the third and upper storey was Elizabeth, in solitary majesty, surrounded, like all the others, with garlands of red and white roses.

When "Time and Truth" was played in Cheapside, "Time," exclaimed the Queen, of the old man with the scythe and hour-glass, "Time has brought me here!" The figure of Truth held a Bible, which was let down by a string into the coach. The Queen caught it, kissed it, clasped it to her bosom, and promised to read it diligently. At the upper end of "Chepe," with its gorgeous banners and rich tapestries, the Recorder of London, in the name of the Lord Mayor, offered for Her Majesty's acceptance a crimson satin purse, curiously wrought, holding a thousand gold marks. This the Queen took between her hands, thanking the givers, assuring them that she would not only spend every coin she possessed, she would shed every drop of her blood, if need were, for her people; and pledging herself to be as good to them as ever queen was. Neither did she neglect smaller gifts. She received nosegays and flowers from the poorest. A woman gave the Queen a sprig of rosemary in Fleet Street, and Elizabeth was still seen to retain it at Westminster. When verses were sung in her honour at Temple Bar she requested the people to say "Amen," as she did, at the end of each verse. When they wished her prosperity she thanked them and wished them the same. She twisted every omen, good and bad, to fit in with her exultant humour. When one old man turned aside his face and wept, she cried, "I warrant it is for joy." When another proclaimed that he remembered "old King Harry," she laughed with pleasure, as if the association with her father was the pleasantest and most propitious that could arise.

At her coronation, on the 15th of January, 1559, only one bishop, Oglethorpe of Carlisle, officiated. There was no Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Catholic bishops stood as much aloof as they dared. Little wonder that the ceremony was less impressive and more shorn of splendour than it had been wont to be. It was conducted according to the Roman Catholic form, though it was installing a Protestant Queen on the throne, and it was the third coronation which had taken place within the last twelve years. Elizabeth herself, with the rampant critical faculty and the levity which was present with her even at the most solemn moments, remarked to her maids of the anointing oil that it was "grease, and smelt ill."

Her coronation robes consisted of a train and mantle of cloth of gold, furred with ermine. She was girded with a sword before the crown was put on her head and the sceptre in her hand. She made the usual offerings, including her crown, robes, and regalia, and reappeared for the banquet in Westminster Hall dressed in violet velvet, and wearing the crown of state while she dined. Her champion rode up the hall and flung down his gauntlet. Miss Strickland quotes the Queen's title, which Sir Edward Dymoloe was there to defend; and it was sufficiently curious and open to question. It was "That of the most high and mighty Princess and dread Sovereign Lady, Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queen of England, France, Ireland, defender of the true, ancient, and Catholic faith, most worthy Empress from the Orcade Isles to the mountains of the Pyrénee."

(To be continued.)

IMPROMPTU COOKERY.

HOUSEKEEPERS are always prepared for a certain amount of worry, but I think everyone will agree with me, that one of the most perplexing things that can happen to an inexperienced mistress of a house is when her husband brings home unexpectedly one or two of his friends to take pot-luck. Sometimes warning is given in the shape of a telegram, but more often, either through thoughtlessness or other reasons, the news comes upon the poor young wife quite unawares, and she is at her wits' end what to do. Husbands always expect as a matter of course that dinners can be provided for any number at a moment's notice, and I am afraid their temper is not improved by the dinner being kept waiting, or should the fare be scanty.

In some cases it is perfectly easy to send round to the fishmonger for some fish, or to the butcher for a few extra cutlets; but there are circumstances when the difficulty cannot be obviated in this manner, and then one must have resort to one's own ingenuity, and the skill of the cook. The simplest way is to increase the number of courses, besides which it produces a much better effect than merely adding to the quantity of food already destined for the *tête-à-tête* dinner. Matters are greatly facilitated if the store cupboard is well filled; and there are certain stores, about which I am going to speak, which should always be kept in the house; but in the choice of these the housekeeper must use her discretion and common-sense.

However, there is one thing which is nearly always within reach, or easily obtained, and that is, the egg. No end of nice dishes can be made with the help of eggs alone in a very short time, the first one that suggests itself being the omelet, which is known to nearly everyone, but I am sorry to say very seldom made as it should be. It is really very simple if only a little care and trouble are spent on it, and it is a very favourite dish with men; moreover, it can be used either as a savory, an entrée, or a sweet.

The best way to make a *Plain Omelet* is to take five or six eggs and beat them up slightly in a basin with a little pepper and salt and some finely chopped parsley and chives, or even chopped shalot if the onion flavour is approved of. Then melt two or three ounces of butter in an omelet pan and

pour in the mixture, which must be stirred lightly with a spoon till it begins to set; then leave off stirring, shake it a little, and fold the omelet in halves. Leave it to brown for half a minute, and then turn it out, under-side upwards, on to a dish.

All omelets are done in the same way, and take very little time to make.

Some grated Gruyère or Parmesan cheese added to the beaten eggs instead of the herbs, and also sprinkled on the omelet at the time of serving, changes it into a *Cheese Omelet*.

Substitute *Kidneys* if they can be quickly procured, and you will have a very nice entrée; they should be cut up into very thin slices, and fried in a little butter till they are quite hot, and then the beaten eggs should be added, and finished in the usual manner.

For a *Sweet Omelet*, instead of pepper and salt add two dessertspoonfuls of sugar to the eggs, which in this case can be beaten up to a froth. Proceed as usual, but lay some apricot jam or any other preserve in the centre of the omelet just before folding it up, and sprinkle well with sugar. These are only intended to serve as examples, for there are numerous other varieties of omelets which may be produced, but an intelligent cook will soon find them out for herself.

Stuffed Eggs, or what they call in French *Œufs Farcies*, make a very good savory. The eggs are first boiled hard, then cut in halves lengthwise, and the yolks removed, which latter are pounded in a mortar, and afterwards passed through a hair sieve and added to the same weight of butter and half the weight of crumb of bread moistened with a little milk and also passed through a sieve. When these are all thoroughly mixed together, some chopped parsley and chervil, pepper and salt, and a little grated nutmeg, are added, with the yolk of an egg, and each half egg is filled with this mixture; they are then put in the oven to get warm, and are served on fried sippets of bread cut with a fluted cutter.

Œufs au Gratin are very quickly made; the eggs simply have to be boiled hard, cut in slices, and arranged on a well-buttered dish, previously rubbed with a shalot. They are sprinked with Parmesan cheese, pepper and salt to taste, and lastly a few breadcrumbs, and the dish is put in the oven to get thoroughly hot, and the top is slightly browned with a salamander.

Macaroni should always be kept in the house; it is a great pity it is not appreciated more that it is in England, for besides making a very good garniture, not only in soup but for many kinds of meat, such as fillet of beef, hashed mutton, etc., it can be served by itself cooked in many different ways.

The simplest method of cooking macaroni is to boil about half a pound in plenty of fast-boiling salted water, taking care not to do it too much; and then, after having drained it, put it in a saucepan in which two ounces of butter have been melted; then add gradually four tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese and a little pepper and salt; toss it well with two spoons like you would a salad, and directly it begins to get stringy, serve.

Macaroni au Gratin is cooked in the same way, and then placed on a dish with plenty of butter, and sprinkled well with grated Parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs; it is then put in the oven to get thoroughly hot, and served directly the top becomes a light golden colour; or if the oven is too slow, it is better to brown the top with a salamander, otherwise the macaroni will be too dry.

One other variety, which is very much liked, is *Macaroni à la Napolitaine*, made in the following manner:—Boil three-quarters of a pound in plenty of boiling salted water; when it is cooked—which it should be in about twenty minutes—put it in a colander to drain, and in the meantime melt four ounces of butter in a large saucepan and add to it a sixpenny bottle of French tomato conserve, two tablespoonfuls of good stock, and pepper and salt to taste. When it has all boiled up add the macaroni gradually, and at the last two or three spoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese; mix well with a large wooden spoon, and serve very hot.

Small things must really be the housekeeper's main dependence for these repasts, which have to be altered at a moment's notice. For instance, supposing there was going to be a slice of fish for dinner, it would go much farther made into *Croquettes* than if it were served whole. The best way to make them is to mince whatever fish there is—salmon, turbot, or cod do very well; then melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour and a gill of milk; stir till it thickens, and then add pepper and salt, a little grated nutmeg, then the fish, and lastly, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with the squeeze of a lemon. The fish can now be made into balls or whatever shape desired, dipped into egg, rolled in breadcrumbs, and fried in boiling fat till they are of a light brown colour. Croquettes are generally served on a napkin, with a garnish of fried parsley.

Another way is to serve the fish *au gratin*. It is cooked in the same way, only left in pieces instead of being minced; and instead of being made into balls, it is put into scollop shells, with a small quantity of grated Parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs sprinkled on the top, and then put in the oven for ten minutes to get brown.

One often has remains of meat or poultry in the house which are, perhaps, too insignificant to send up for the late dinner; but they can be treated in the same way as the fish.

To make *Meat Croquettes*, you proceed in exactly the same way, only substituting stock for the milk, and adding some powdered sweet herbs and a little chopped parsley. If preferred, instead of making the mince into balls, it can be served surrounded by a wall of mashed potatoes, or with poached eggs.

Vegetables which, in the ordinary course of events, would be served with the meat, can be served separately dressed as a second vegetable in various manners. It is a great pity that this custom is not more practised at English tables. Frenchmen look upon the vegetable at the end of the dinner in the same way as children look upon their pudding, and no dinner is considered complete without it.

To my mind *Tomatoes* are a vegetable which should always be eaten alone, and if tinned vegetables are approved of, I should advise all housekeepers to keep a small supply of them in her store cupboard. They are excellent stuffed in the following way:—Cut the tomatoes in halves and put the pips and some of the pulp into a saucepan with a little butter, and let it boil. Then put into a basin two ounces of breadcrumbs, the lean part of a rasher of bacon chopped up finely, a little chopped parsley, the tiniest bit of shalot, some pepper and salt if necessary. Strain the tomato pulp, etc., into this mixture; stir it all well together and stuff the tomatoes with it; put a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and bake them in the oven for about twenty minutes on a tin previously buttered and rubbed with a shalot.

Tomatoes can also be eaten raw as a *salad*. They only require to be cut in slices, the pips removed, and laid in a dish, previously rubbed with a shalot, with three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one of tarragon vinegar, a little pepper and salt, and some chopped onions or chives.

Anchovies and *Sardines* should always be near at hand, as they come in very useful both for *hors d'œuvres* and savories. The sardines may be served on fried *croûtons* of bread, either plain or else pounded with butter; but I like to see them handed round in the tin just as they are before the soup, with slices of bread and butter, which should be brown if possible.

Anchovies are filleted and served very hot on fried *croûtons*, previously spread with anchovy butter. These will serve as examples, and although they are only trifles, they help to lengthen the dinner, which is the great thing.

With the sweets there is a little more scope, on account of their coming at the end of the dinner. The *Fritter* suggests itself to me as one of the things most quickly made.

There are several kinds. First of all *Beignets Soufflés*, which are made as follows:—Put half a pint of water, one ounce of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter in a saucepan; let it boil, then take it off the fire and add gradually half a pound of sifted flour; well work with a wooden spoon; put it back on the fire again, and stir till the mixture is quite dry and stiff; then take it off the fire again, let it stand for a few minutes, add any flavouring desired, and add, one by one, two eggs, or three if the paste is too stiff. When it is quite smooth prepare some boiling lard, and drop in the mixture in pieces the size of a walnut, and fry a light golden colour. Make an incision in each beignet and insert a small quantity of jam; pile them on a dish and sprinkle them with sugar.

To make *Petits Choux* lay the same mixture in small pieces on a tin; brush each with white of egg beaten up with a little sifted sugar, and bake for twenty minutes.

For *Fruit Fritters* make a batter by mixing three ounces of flour with about a gill of milk, then adding the yolks of two eggs, and at the last the whisked whites. Dip the pieces of fruit into it, and fry them in boiling fat. Apples can nearly always be had for these, and tinned pineapple, peaches, etc., are also excellent for this purpose. Bananas make excellent fritters, but unfortunately they have to be soaked first for an hour in brandy.

One other easily-made sweet I must just describe, and that is *French Pancakes*. It is very simple:—Beat up two ounces of butter to a cream, and add the same weight of flour and castor sugar. When it begins to get stiff add two eggs and half a pint of milk, a few drops at a time, and keep on stirring all the while. Butter some saucers and fill them with the mixture; bake in a slow oven. When done, turn them out and arrange them one on the top of the other, with jam spread in between.

The choice of any of these dishes depends, of course, entirely upon what time there is to prepare them in and what other courses there are for dinner; but these few ideas may, perhaps, be welcome to the perplexed housewife, and the recipes are so simple that any ordinary cook will be able to carry them out the first time quite successfully.

EVE.

"'I MUST CONFESS UNTO MYSELF.'"

A CONFESSION.

By IDA LEMON.

I MUST confess unto myself
(And unto you some day),
There is no doubt I love you—
I prove it every way.

My friends—and they are many—
Suit each my different mood;
But none like *you* is always best,
And always just as good.

There are kind people ready
To do my least behest;
They give me pleasure, nothing more;
But *you*—you give me rest.

When other men sing praises,
I laugh, but do not care;
But when *you* even smile on me
The whole world grows more fair.

I meet with those who make me
More clever or more wise,
Who fan to flame the spark of wit,
Or give blind forces eyes.

But listen—(why it is so
I've never understood)—
If even I chance to think of *you*,
It seems to make me *good*.

I have not wearied Heaven
For more gifts than I own;
I crave them now a thousandfold,
But for *your* sake alone.

For what I am in body,
Or what my soul is worth,
Can matter now to only God
And you and me on earth.

All those who seek to wed me
I have to send away;
But you—oh! if *you* asked me, dear,
I know what I should say.

I must confess unto myself
(And unto you some day),
There is no doubt I love you—
I prove it every way.

FRÄULEIN WILDERHEIN.

THE sun streamed down from a cloudless sky; bird and beast had crept silenced into woods and thickets; flowers drooped their pretty heads from drought; no breeze nor breath of wind stirred the air, and the whole earth lay parched and baking under the brazen, burning heavens. Heated labour was in full swing in the schoolroom where Fräulein Wilderhein presided.

Who, in looking back, ever remembers lessons in cold weather. There were, I suppose—there *must have been*—bitter frosty days when one studied Colenso and Otto; when one learnt the highest mountains and the longest rivers, and wrote lists of dates. But in our memories it is only the hot sultry hours that live, and make us believe at last that that knowledge which now so eminently distinguishes us was gained in a kind of volcanic glow.

Work was in full swing. Ethel, at the old tinkling piano, cheerily rattled out at full speed a funeral march of Chopin's, giving it even a merry sound. Billie, having failed to convince his governess that he had no need for arithmetic, because he always intended to pay ready money when he grew up, unobtrusively squeaked his pencil up and down his slate in a corner, and drew pictures on it with moistened thumbs.

Little Evelyn, with the look of impenetrable idiotcy she assumed as she entered the schoolroom, sat with "The Pet Lamb" before her, the book covered with tears, dirty marks, and little crosses, which marked her weary progress.

"The dew was falling fast, the stars began
to blink,
I heard a voice, it said, 'Drink, pretty
creature, drink!'"

For two years this had formed part of her allotted task.

Poppy had herself decreed that reading aloud was part of a lady's education, and she gabbled breathlessly through one of Scott's novels, the heated Fräulein coming heavily after her, pointing with a lead pencil along the lines. Tilla, flushed, with her chair tilted back at an acute angle, which only long practice could achieve, declaimed of *caillou, genou, hibou, bijou*, from a book illustrated with dirty little ink pictures, drawn as a slight recreation in the midst of harder labours. All round the margin were scattered little skeletons, little men fighting and running, frightful out-of-drawing ladies, extraordinarily formed babies with huge heads, hideous pictures of Tilla in her Sunday frock, and Fräulein as a child; hearts with arrows sticking in them, labelled "Pierced Hearts"; and tumbledown huts ticketed, "Peaceful Cots." In the beginning Tilla's name was written in blood with a match, and her address given as, "Tilla Gray the Beautiful, England, Europe, The World, Universe." Also her genealogical table, beginning with Adam and going down to Noah, through Abel, taking a jump to William the Conqueror, and, with Charles I. as a kind of stepping-stone, arriving at "Tilla the Beautiful." Every now and then this young person lost her precarious balance, and with a scream tumbled backwards, chair and all, against the tall fender. Fräulein, or one of her sisters, would pull her up by the leg, and unabashed she pursued her studies concerning *cailloux, hiboux, genoux*. Tilla had a studious turn; also a profound distrust of her preceptress's capabilities. Fräulein banged furiously on the table with her closed fist, and screamed excitedly whenever asked to expound any point—a habit which engendered distrust, and prevented the lucid explanation of any difficulty. Tilla therefore carried on her education in a method of her own—with which she would brook no interference—by means of a French and a German key, and an entirely new and wonderful system of arithmetic she had invented for herself, by which each sum took exactly a week to do.

There was still a sixth pupil, who at that moment lay panting flat on her face under the bed in her own room. This was not, as might have been supposed, a new method of torture invented by her teacher, neither did the sixth pupil altogether voluntarily choose this way of spending a long hot summer's afternoon.

The matter stood thus: When Fräulein's pupils became too outrageously naughty she sent them out of the schoolroom, and when their father met the refractory pupils outside he punished them. If, however, he did not happen to fall in with his disobedient offspring, all went well, and the most unlikely place to meet one's father was under the bed.

The windows stood wide open—a sign of excessive heat; for only the most sultry weather would induce Fräulein Wilderhein to open them even a chink. They were generally tightly closed, with a red flannel bag—made by Fraulein's own hand—carefully laid across them, to exclude every draught. Pools of water lay on the floor, which had been watered by some scholar, who had conceived this brilliant plan of making the apartment cooler when Fräulein had not been in the room.

There were signs about that the little Grays were not always at this hard work. If anyone had lifted the chairs they would have found a tin-tack nailed in the exact middle of each leg of every chair. This was no Masonic mark, but the work of one rainy afternoon, when they shoed every chair and smashed six in the process. These pots and jars by the window were not, as might at first be supposed, a collection of mud pies, but bulbs which the young Grays were growing with great pains.

If anyone had pushed over the footstool, they would have found underneath the hideous picture of a young man burnt with a red poker; if the cupboard door had been open, more portraits on the door—done in ink this time—would have been seen; that is to say, if portrait is the right word for that simple form of art where two straight lines stand for the nose and mouth, two dots for the eyes, and a large cracked round for the head; and a huge

label shows whom the drawing is meant to represent.

The *soi-disant* funeral march, the squeaking of the slate pencil, and the gabbling of the reader, went on, and it grew hotter. Suddenly Evelyn broke into revolt.

"I won't learn any more about the silly pet lamb," she cried; "it's a wretched animal!"

She received a bad mark blithely, for she knew she herself by-and-by would lay the mark-book on her father's table, taking care that the page with the bad mark was shut, and the only sheet where good was written wide open. Out of this one good mark she made great capital, showing it up regularly every evening, and the rest of the black record was never discovered to her unsuspecting parent.

Five o'clock—books were put away. Only Tilla stayed a few minutes to wrangle over a translation of hers, which began—"A sinister sneer rose up from the tomb."

"But it does not mean anything," her teacher suggested.

"It is a translation," replied Tilla doggedly.

"But it is nonsense," continued Fräulein, almost weeping.

"I can't help it. I did not write it."

Tilla consented, after much arguing, to change "a sinister sneer" to "a sinister sneerer;" but further than that she would not go.

The preceptress powdered her nose, grown rather pink, remarking, with simple craft, "That, next to washing one's hands, powdering one's nose was the most refreshing thing in the world!"

Schoolroom tea was brought in. Poor Fräulein! She had seen so many schoolroom teas. Oh, the bread-and-butter of one's childhood! How horrid it is in hot weather!

The children gave a faint hurrah when the schoolroom maid brought in a dish of "Singing Hennies," delicacies made of little lumps of baked pastry sprinkled with currants.

Fräulein sat at one end of the table and dispersed fried chumps—a dish, I believe, never seen anywhere but at schoolroom teas. Tilla sat at the top, and poured out weak tea from a pewter pot. It was rather difficult for everybody to squeeze round the table at the same time, and oh, so hot! Seats were rather few, so Poppy had the music-stool, and Tilla sat on the arm of the big armchair.

Outside, the blue sky was changing to a pale gold, and the air was cooling ever so little. Alice, the eldest daughter of the house, looked in. She was going to her first party that night, and came to show her dress. Radiant and lovely, all the world, she thought, lay before her. No sorrow had crossed her path. Fräulein patted her kindly on her back with her thin old hand, and hoped she would enjoy herself. Yet she sighed a little. She had known nothing but dull drudgery and unhappiness herself. The schoolroom party prepared for their evening walk.

"Good-bye, Fräulein," said Alice; and the bright young creature went away singing an idiotic German rhyme—

"*Leben Sie Vohl,*	"Good-bye,
Kochen Sie Kohl,	Boil cabbage,
Trinken Sie Bier,	Drink beer,
Bleiben Sie hier."	Stay here."

* * * *

Down the long dusty lane nature had decked the hedges as if for the passing of a royal procession. Pink and white wild roses, with bright gold crowns, nodded and waved, spreading out little delicate arms covered with blossoms. Clusters of their flowers and blushing buds clung to the thorn, and entwined long trailing sprays with sweet-scented honeysuckle. Scarlet poppies grew along the bank, staring up with bold, beautiful eyes, and ripening corn rustled in the fields behind the hedge. Fräulein saw none of these things. She was looking at her boots, wondering if they would last until Christmas, and going over a dreadful compound sum which haunted her day and night; so much squeezed from her salary each year, so much interest from the Savings Bank—would it keep her when she could work no more?

A cart, driven by a man none too sober, came swiftly round the corner.

"Come up here!" called her pupils from the bank.

"Hi, hi!" shouted the man.

"*Ah wie dumm!*" cried Fräulein, very flurried, running undecidedly to one side. "*Was für ein schreckliches Ding!*" she shrieked, running back again, the cart almost upon her. The man jerked his reins, the horse sprang forward, and she lay senseless in the white dust, with both legs broken. She was carried home.

* * * *

"Have you any relation you would like written to?" the doctor asked her kindly before he left.

Fräulein shook her head.

"I have no relations."

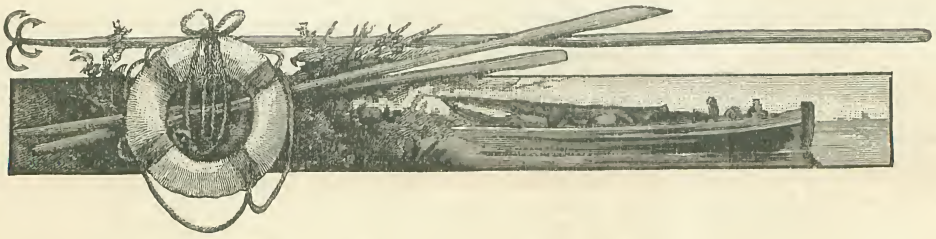
"Any friends?"

"I have no friends," she said faintly; and then called him back as he was leaving. "There is enough money in the bank to pay for my funeral," she whispered eagerly. "I have saved enough."

"Come, come; you will be as well as ever in a little while."

But when the birds began to twitter in the ivy next morning, and the sun rose a splendid ball of fire, it shone in at the window on Fräulein's dead face, a smile on her patient lips, her thin long hands crossed meekly on her breast.

KEITH MACKINNON.



HEALTH AND COMPLEXION; A ROUNDABOUT TALK.

BY "MEDICUS."

A SMILE of intense satisfaction stole over the Yankee doctor's face, and lit it up, as Sol's first rays light up the morning sky.

He was standing by the couch of a little lady just nine summers old, his fore and middle fingers placed gently on her wrist.

"Beautiful!" he murmured to himself. He looked in the child's eyes. "Beautiful!" he said again. He softly touched her brow with the knuckles of his right hand. "Beautiful—beautiful!" he exclaimed for the third time.

"Yes," said the mother, who was standing by; "Alexa was always considered a very pretty child. But is she very, *very* ill, doctor?"

The Yankee doctor, an uneducated sort of practitioner, raised his brows and looked at her.

"Waal, ma'am," he drawled—for he was a right down-Easter—"neow that ye dror my attention to it, the child is passable enough, or would be in a throng. But I guess 'twarn't the girl I was a-thinking about, but the case, ma'am, the case."

"Oh, what is it, then, doctor?"

"Waal, I reckon it's about the prettiest, most bee-yewtiful case o' measles ever I seed in all my born'd days. Just too lovely for anything."

"You alarm me. But, dear doctor, there is no danger, I hope? You can cure her?"

"What! cure the measles! I guess that ain't in my line. But don't get skeered, ma'am; the child shall live." The doctor drew himself proudly up to his full height. "I'm a specialist, ma'am. Fits is my speciality. Neow, I'm goin' to cure this child by the circumbendibus treatment. Measles isn't in my line. Nary one of them; I can't tackle measles. *But* I'll prescribe somethin' that'll give your child fits, and at curin' fits, ma'am, I can lick all creation."

Perhaps my fair readers—and the dark ones too—will think I myself am commencing this article on the circumbendibus principle. On the other hand, perhaps I have my reasons. Besides, the nearest way is sometimes the farthest round, or *vice versâ*. So I mean to get at the complexion by quite a circumbendibus route, and you shall find it is the best in the end.

If you, Miss Rosie, or you, Beatrice, were simply a beautiful marble statue, like Galatea, say, it would be the easiest thing in the world to prescribe for your complexion whenever it happened to get a trifle tarnished. A little soap and water, or a mixture of pumice stone, chalk, and washing soda, would set you all to rights in a few moments. Or, if you were the figurehead of some splendid ship, then a modicum of paint would meet the requirements of your case; but being flesh and blood, and possessed of a mind also, the case is somewhat different, and we have to go farther abroad for means to remedy an unhealthy complexion.

Well, now, I am going to begin at the lips. I can tell by looking at a girl's lips—that is, unless they have been "made up"—in what state her health is. Of course no doctor would attempt to diagnose from the lips alone; but if he be 'cute, as the Americans say, the lips will, to some extent, aid his diagnosis.

I may tell you, parenthetically, that the mouth is, next to the eyes and nose, the most important feature in the face. If I had the honour to judge at a beauty show, I should give quite a large number of marks to the competitor who was possessed of a beautiful mouth. It ought to be small, and the lips should neither be too full nor too thin. But it is with the condition of the lips, not their shape, I have to do at present. If the lips, then, are constitutionally dry and pale, the complexion cannot be healthful. Dryness of the lips may of course be from mere temporary derangement, such as a trifling cold—if, indeed, a cold ever is trifling—or from the frost, or the pernicious habit of wetting them, or of moving them about too much during the excitement of conversation. This state will disappear with the cause that gave rise to it. Girls, by the way, especially very young girls, cannot be too careful how they use the lips in talking. Do not forget that they are principally composed of muscles, just as a blacksmith's arm is. Pray forgive me for drawing such a comparison, but really I am cruel only that I may be kind. The blacksmith uses his arm constantly, and the muscles get big, and bulge; and I can assure you, Miss Rosie, if you use your lips injudiciously, and keep on working them about when speaking, and sometimes sticking them out in a most undignified way, they will, like Mr. Burn-the-wind's arm, get big, and bulge.

Well, now, girls may be perfectly sure that if the lips be as a rule palish and dry, and especially if they peel easily, and give trouble, their systems are out of order, and their complexions will suffer. If in perfect health, girls should be unconscious of possessing lips—till they look in the glass, which I am told they sometimes do. Whenever the lips begin to assert themselves, and call for attention, depend upon it there is something wrong.

If the gums are pale, fresh air, plenty of exercise, good animal food, and iron in some mild form—such as the carbonate—are called for, and perfect ablution of the whole body *daily*. Indeed, if some of my readers only knew the many benefits that a healthy skin can bestow, the brightness of mind, the clearness of eye, and purity of complexion, there would be hardly any keeping them out of the water.

Remember, though, that lip-salve will cure, or at least benefit, a case of accidental lip-trouble, such as that caused by frost, or riding against a high wind; but it cannot remedy matters if the cause lies deep in the system.

A very large percentage of cases of sallow complexion is caused by incipient or confirmed indigestion. A person can never look well if the digestion is impaired even to the slightest degree. Moreover, it should be remembered that the muddiness of one's complexion may escape self-criticism, but be very perceptible to others.

"How well you look!" a dear *dear* friend may tell you at a garden-party.

But as soon as your back is turned she will probably remark to another dear friend—

"Poor Rosie! She is looking so old and worn—I quite pity her."

The fact is, girls are not so straightforward as their brothers. If one male friend met another under like circumstances, he would say at once—

"Why, what have you been up to, eh? You look quite fishy! Keep in the shade of the trees if I were you—won't stand inspection by sunlight, old man. Ta, ta!"

Now, just behind the lips are situated the teeth.

You are not prepared to deny that, I dare say; but very few girls indeed are aware how essential to beauty of complexion are good teeth. If you are a bonnie lassie, and have bonnie white teeth, you naturally know they form a pretty background to a sweet smile. Well, this is all very well, and ten to one if you possess nice, regular, sound teeth, you are a sweet-tempered girl, for your digestion is almost sure to be good. But let no one forget that sound teeth have a more important office than smiling to fulfil. They are the principal factors in the process of mastication, and if food be not well broken up in the mouth, and retained therein long enough to become thoroughly mixed with the salivary juices, the stomach will have a very hard time of it indeed, and be quite unable to carry out successfully the duties of the second process of digestion. If it does not, or cannot, what are the consequences? Why, acidity, fermentation, flatulence, irritability of the stomach, irritation of the liver, and little Miss Rosie has a fit of the dumps, and for a time the world seems all upside down; her dress doesn't become her, her boots are awry, and they pinch; her hat doesn't fit her, and the weather is simply *horrid*. Talk about a hat not fitting you, why, Rosie dear, a halo wouldn't fit you on occasions such as these, and, what is more, it is all your own fault; you courted indigestion by eating too quickly, or eating indigestible things, or eating too m——. Well, I won't be rude enough even to hint that you ever eat too much, but you have got indigestion and the "blues." And there is something else I am not going behind your back to tell you—your complexion is what you said the weather was; so there! And you shall go early to bed to-night, miss, and take a pill besides.

But, after all, Rosie's case is not half so bad as many others. It is a *fit* of indigestion she has; her complexion will therefore recover itself in a day or two if she is good. But that form of mild but continuous indigestion from which some suffer, is a far more deadly enemy to good looks than anything I know, because it is not decided enough to call for any very active treatment; and if it continues long, the whole system and mode of life must be overhauled, so to speak, before the eyes can sparkle again, or the skin be pure and transparent.

And what should I prescribe for a case of this kind? Well, I may begin with the teeth, as they led me to speak of it. They must be kept sound and useful. If the back teeth are partially decayed, no half measures are of any use. A dentist must be consulted. Bad teeth not only do not masticate the food sufficiently, but they positively poison it. If you have sound teeth, pray keep them in good order. Brush them with a not too hard tooth-brush *after every meal*. Let this become a habit with you. That simple secret is worth her weight in gold to any girl who desires to maintain a truly fresh and clear complexion. Brush them also *after* you wash the face *before* going to bed.

I do not care much what sort of tooth-powder or tooth-soap or wash you use. The simpler the better, so long as it does not contain pumice-stone. A disinfectant powder is probably best, such as the Sanitas or carbolic preparations. But carbonate of soda or ordinary soap, or charcoal, will serve the purpose; or you may do as the simple Scotch lassie did—rub your toothbrush up the chimney—soot is charcoal, you know.

Well, having adopted measures to maintain the teeth in health, turn your attention to the system generally if you are suffering from indigestion, the symptoms of which, kindly bear in mind, may *not* be stomachic at all. You may be annoyed by many little derangements not referable to that organ, such as languor, fulness in the head, sleepiness, slight headache, want of appetite, weariness in the morning, etc., with of course a more or less apparent muddiness of the complexion.

Don't think you are going to get well in a day. Don't imagine that medicine alone is going to cure you—ten to one you do not want any at all. Don't dabble in advertised syrups—some of these are excellent *for the inside of a rat's hole*. That is where they should go, and if I had *my* will, I'd stuff the makers after them.

Very young girls do not generally suffer from chronic troubles like those I am talking about, so I may tell my older readers that they *cannot* get well unless they conduct their own treatment systematically. All medical men take notes of their cases, and if you are not prepared to do this of yours, you had better not bother yourself at all. If health is worth anything, it is worth the trouble I am going to recommend. It is simple, too. In the morning, before getting up, you must have a good "think." Write down in your private note-book the symptoms that annoy you; then write down the rules of health you propose adopting; for example, brief hygienic notes such as these. 1. Time of getting up. 2. Bath and perfect ablution. 3. Ten minutes' light dumb-bell exercise. 4. Dress leisurely. 5. Five minutes' walk in the open air; longer, if you are stronger. 6. Breakfast. Daily variety. Eating slowly. 7. Daily and abundant exercise out of doors. Exercise to be engrossing. 8. Exercise at same hours daily. 9. Employment of mind as well as body. 10. Avoidance of all excitement. 11. Temperance in *everything*. 12. Attention to teeth. 13. Ablution before going to bed. 14. Perfect ventilation of bedroom. 15. Not too much sleep. 16. Meditation before retiring. 17. No thinking in bed.

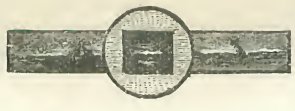
Well, these are seventeen hints. Write them down, study them, follow them up for a fortnight, then see if a good many of your symptoms have not fled. But if you have not written these down, you cannot know the improvement that has taken place.

If pale, take iron. If stout, give up starchy foods—butter, fat, and sugar.

No medicine, but plenty of vegetables, and a glass of hot water with a squeeze of lemon in it half an hour before breakfast.

Your friends, at the end of a few weeks of simple common-sense treatment like the above, will note a difference in you, and your glass will tell you, if they don't, how much improved you are. You will feel lighter in mind, too, and the world will appear ever so much more rosy—so will your cheeks.

By my notes here before me, I perceive that in this paper I had intended to give hints about perspiration—at times so troublesome—and blackheads or comedons, and also about a complaint concerning which correspondents often consult me, namely, redness of the nose. Well, I must leave all these for another month. The columns of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER will not stretch, although I have often told our Editor they ought to be made of india-rubber; but he won't see it. He is good-natured, but in some matters very obtuse.



DAISY'S DREAM; A STORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS SCULPTORS.

By JESSIE M. BARKER.

CHAPTER VII.

"SUPPOSE," continued the Queen, "we go and see what happens when our old friend the mountain torrent reaches flatter ground. The gentler the descent, the more slowly a stream flows; so we shall find it considerably tamed down."

They presently alighted on the banks of a river which was pursuing a winding course over a shingly bed between ranges of low hills.

"It is still able to wear away the land," said the Queen. "It found a weak place in the bank over there, and cut it away into a bend. Then the current flowing into the bend was driven across against this bank, which in turn has been cut away. And so the stream is able to wind about through the valley. What do you see on the inner side of each bend?"

"A bank of stones," was the reply.

"How did they come there? You know," she continued, as Daisy hesitated, "that the faster water flows, the larger stones it can carry. So what will happen if its speed is checked?"

"It will have to drop the big ones."

"That is just what is taking place here. The main part of the stream which is flowing so swiftly under the bank, is able to move along the stones with it, but the water which has a shorter distance to go, and so is dawdling along on the inner side of the bend, must leave its larger pebbles behind."

"How did it manage, though, to bring such big stones so far, and how did they get up there?"

"Think of what happened up in the mountains."

"Of course! I forgot there were such things as floods. Then I suppose," continued Daisy, looking down a straight reach of the river below them, "those stones all along the side were left there when the river was fuller?"

"Yes; and during the next flood it will try to transport them further. But suppose we follow it to still more level ground."

"There is only sand here," cried Daisy, when they again stood by the river, which now meandered through pleasant meadow lands, under banks fringed with willow and alder.

"It has left all the pebbles behind, and now it is obliged to drop some of its sand."

"Not all of it?"

"Oh, no. You remember when we visited the ice river, I told you the ice was moving more quickly in the middle than at the side. It is the same here. The layer of water which flows over the river's bed has its speed checked by coming in contact with the ground; but in the middle of the stream, where the channel is deep, the water near the surface is moving along much more rapidly. So while the stream is dropping part of its freight on the bed of the river, a great deal is being carried along by the swifter currents in the middle. Suppose we take another journey seaward."

"Now it's all horrid mud!" exclaimed Daisy, when they again alighted on the banks of the river.

"It is horrid to walk upon," returned the Queen, smiling; "but it is nothing more or less than the finer particles of the crumbled rocks."

"There won't be much left to take to the sea."

"Only mud in this case, except during a flood—don't forget the floods. But what this small river is doing all along its course, other rivers are doing on a larger scale at their mouth, in what we call an estuary. Would you like a peep at one of the biggest rivers in Wonderland?"

"Indeed I should," replied Daisy eagerly, and almost jumped into the arms of her guide.

"Now, little maiden, where are you?" asked the Queen presently, finding a rough foothold for her charge, and keeping an arm round her.

"What funny places you do bring me to! Why, I am on the top of a tree on a little island. Oh!" she cried, as the tree gave a sudden lurch and righted itself again.

"I won't let you go," replied the Queen, smiling. "Look round you once more," and she pointed to the bank of the river some half mile or more away.

"I do believe it is a floating island—and the trees and bushes are growing out of the water! Wherever are we?"

"You are on a floating raft—not a raft made by anybody, but a collection of shrubs and trees that are being swept down the stream. Now be prepared for a jolt, for we are coming to a snag."

"What is a snag?"

Before the Queen could reply the raft came to a standstill, the trees bobbed and bowed, and Daisy clutched tight hold of her guide. The next moment the raft had swung itself round and shaken itself free, and was again careering down the stream.

"A snag," said the Queen, when they had laughed over the adventure, "is a sunken tree. Its heavy roots are imbedded in the sand at the bottom of the river, and the trunk sticks up. We have got off safely this time, but our raft might have become so hopelessly entangled in its branches as to be stopped. Then other rafts would have run into it and become entangled and stopped too."

AN ENGLISH RIVER.

"And then an island would have been made," suggested Daisy.

"What you might have taken for one," replied the Queen. "In some of the smaller rivers which flow into this, real islands are formed, which grow and grow until they oblige the stream to find a new channel, for the collection of drift-wood checks the flow of the river so that it has to drop some of the sand it is carrying."

"This river seems to be carrying a great deal of sand," observed Daisy, looking down upon the yellow water rushing along below.

"Indeed it is. Do you remember a huge boulder which I told you weighed forty tons—as much as eight or nine hundred girls like you put together? I wonder what you will say when I tell you that this river, the Mississippi, carries seaward three hundred and fifty million tons of mud every year."

"Wherever does it come from?"

"Where, indeed? From the surface of the land, to be sure, washed and blown into the river by rain and wind. Presently we shall find out what use is made of all these materials, the mud and sand that you see colouring the water and the gravel that is being pushed along the bottom."

"What lovely trees! and do look at those beautiful big white flowers!" cried Daisy, as the raft took them nearer the bank, and they came in sight of a cypress wood with magnolias in full bloom here and there. "And there are the palms we have in the conservatory at home, growing wild all over the wood! But whatever are those things like posts sticking up under the trees? and what is that grey stuff like seaweed hanging from all the branches?"

"The things that stick up are called 'cypress knees'—part of the roots of the tree. You would have to be careful not to catch your foot in them if you had to cross the swamp."

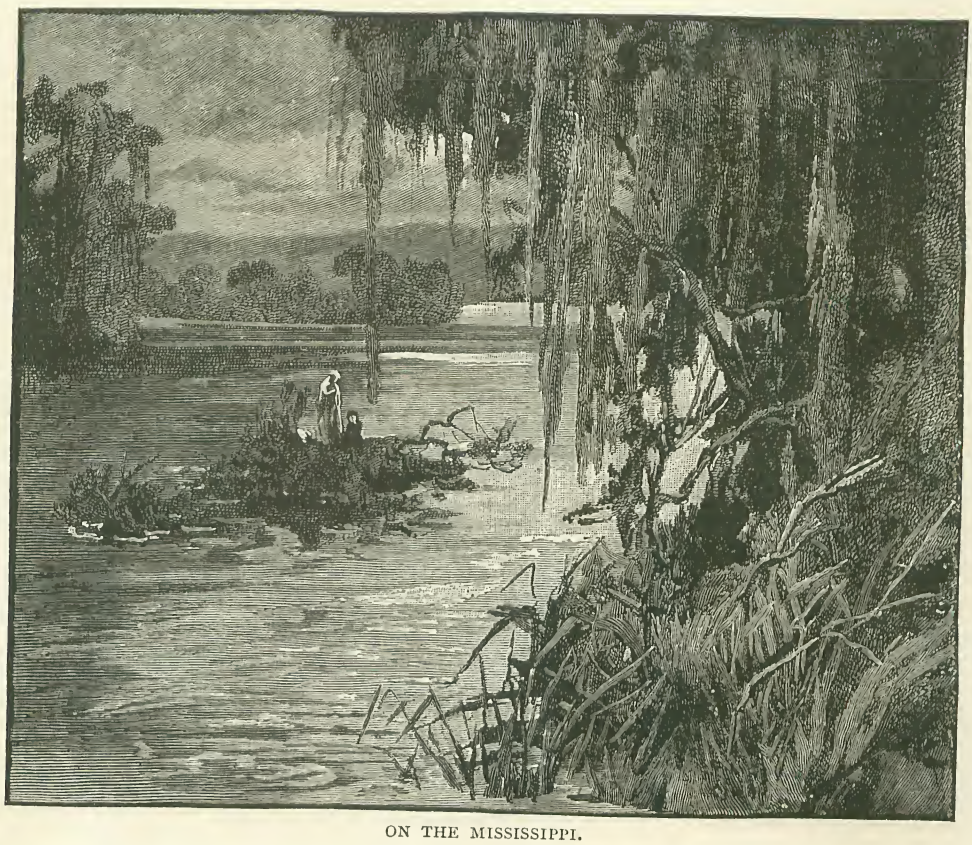
"Why do you call it a swamp?"

"You would soon find out if you were in it. It lies so low that it is always wet and spongy. The grey stuff hanging from the branches is Spanish moss. It will kill the trees in time, and, you see, the river has undertaken to bury them. That mark on the tree stem shows you how high the water rose during the last flood; and when the river overflows, the palms and other low-growing plants act, with the help of the cypress knees, as a filter to keep all the sediment it is carrying. Now you will be able to form some idea how coal has been made."

"The coal we burn?"

"Yes. In future, when you sit over a nice warm fire, you must think of beautiful forests full of lovely ferns that have been buried in this way, and squeezed into coal by the weight of the land that has been built up above them."

They drifted along for hours, which seemed to Daisy but minutes, past cypress woods and poplar thickets, now rounding the sedgy banks of an island, now passing a stagnant marsh, once a loop of the winding river, which had since cut through the dividing strip of land, and so shortened its course. Presently the character of the scene changed; signs of cultivation appeared; the surface of the river was dotted over with steamers and boats, and a large city appeared in sight. As they passed it the Queen pointed out that the streets were actually below the level of the river, and only protected by an embankment.



ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

"You will see how important the work of the river is when I tell you that the silt, or river mud, on which this city lies, is more than six hundred feet thick, and that every bit of land now in sight, and every bit we shall pass on our way to the sea, a hundred miles off, has been built up in this way."

"What was there here before?"

"This was all part of the gulf into which the river flows. The land is still being pushed out into the sea, and encroaches more than two hundred feet every year. Now you begin to understand what the river does with its spoils. A great deal it spreads out on the low land bordering its channel; with part it builds up new land above the waves; and the rest it carries into the sea."

"Ah," continued the Queen, pointing to the embankment, which had been built all along the banks of the river to protect the plantations of banana and sugar-cane, "the rats and mice, and the beetles and crawfish, have been at work riddling the levee, as they call the embankment, with holes, and it is giving way there."

It was but too true, and the raft itself began to make in the direction of the opening through which a roaring cataract was rushing.

"Let us leave our perch and see what happens. The current is carrying a great deal of sand and mud over there, but when it reaches the woods or the prairies with their long grass, it will have to pay toll, and leave the whole or greater part of its burden behind."

They stood on the bank and watched the raft until it had become but a speck on the waste of waters.

"What will happen to our poor ship?" asked Daisy.

"It will be stranded somewhere and buried sooner or later. That will suggest to you how it is we find such things as fossils. Look at that bison being carried along," she continued, turning to the main stream. "He will probably be washed on to some island near the mouth of the river, and afterwards covered with silt. Let us go off in the same direction."

With Daisy in her arms she sped along by the water's side, past mile after mile of prairie dotted with evergreen oaks. The banks of the river were covered with lovely ferns, which Daisy longed to stop and gather; but on they went, over swamps and creeks and innumerable islands, until at last the Queen stopped.

"Wherever is the river *gone?*" cried Daisy, gazing round on what looked like a big pond with long coarse grass growing all round it.

"It has branched out into a network of small channels which wind about through the swamp. If we follow the current over there it will lead us to one of the chief branches, or passes, by which the Mississippi pours its waters into the sea."

What a dreary journey it was! Wildfowl were flying overhead, but below, as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing to be seen but the coarse grass of the swamp. At last even the grass disappeared, and the sea came in sight.

"Whatever is that sticking up there!" exclaimed Daisy, pointing to a curious object that rose above the eddying current. "Is it another snag?"

"No, it is called a mud-lump. The gas that comes from the decaying plants and trees washed down and buried under the clay has forced it up. They are not uncommon near the bars."

"What are bars?"

"I was just going to tell you. The river, as you have seen, has left a large part of its sediment in the delta, but it has brought a very great deal with it, pushing the gravel along the bed of its channel. Now, however, it meets the salt water, and the river water being lighter, is obliged to flow above and leave the gravel behind. So this gravel which is continually being brought so far and then dropped, becomes piled up into a ridge. During a big flood the river may be able to

push it further out, but in the next storm the sea will push it back again."

"Does the river leave all that it has been carrying here?"

"By no means, as I will show you, for we will follow it. Another great river—the Amazon—takes its fine mud more than two hundred miles out to sea."

So on they went again, over mile after mile of brown water, until it seemed to Daisy that they were going on for ever. At last, however, to her relief, the brown of the muddy river was lost in the blue of the ocean.

(To be continued.)

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

"Stanard Castle.

"My Dear Cousin,—When, to my great grief, you before rejected me, I could not deny you had ample reason. And I, in consequence, abandoned all hope, and made matters worse by becoming reckless and despairing.

"Heavily I am being punished, as you have to-day discovered from my father's will. After some hours of bitter remorse and stern self-examination, the first necessity I feel is the advice of a true friend. My son, were he here instead of being in India, should guide me. Alas! in his absence I have no other, unless it be in the heart of the woman I have so much loved. May I, without presuming in any way on your favour, at least tell you exactly my position, as I would tell it to my father, or, if I dare, in this solemn moment, to speak it without irreverence, to my God?

"I am ashamed to begin by confessing I owe seventy-two thousand pounds, or considerably more than twice as much as the income of my estates can produce in the next three years—the only period left in which to save myself from utter ruin. And from this, thirty thousand pounds for the maintenance of the household and the estates has to be deducted.

"Should you be willing to listen to me, I might at least tell you this: I need only the payment of my debts to become the unquestioned possessor of the whole of my father's wealth, while all you possess would, as a matter of course, be settled upon yourself absolutely.

"In conclusion, allow me to say what through every line herein written has been echoing through my heart—I do love you, and do need your love more, I think, than any other living man could say to the object of his passion.

"I will be in the morning-room of the south wing two hours from this time. May I ask the unspeakable favour of a meeting there?—Ever your devoted cousin, "Owen Stanard."

Restless and impatient at the slow lapse of time, Owen, long before the hour he had named in his letter, went to the room he had chosen for the meeting. There, pacing with long strides to and fro, looking every few minutes at his watch, he asked himself the perpetually recurring question—Would she come? Did she care sufficiently for him to give this last chance of personally pleading once more his suit?

He had received no answer to his letter. Surely she would have sent a line had she decided against him! If she came he might hope. He could not be mistaken in believing she did care for him to a certain extent. But if she did not come, she would by her absence thus significantly answer his letter, and he would know he was lost. Yes, the castle and estates must then pass to other hands, unless, indeed, he could save them and himself by marriage with some other rich woman.

But that alternative was of all possible ones the most distasteful. To do Owen justice, his love for his cousin had not only been the one constant passion of his life, but a passion as unalloyed by selfishness as it was possible for such a nature to experience.

He went to the window, threw up its sash, and leant out, whistling in a jerky, unmusical manner. A gardener appeared on the lawn, touched his cap, and seemed to wait for orders. Dismissing him abruptly, Owen recommenced his walk up and down the room. A last look at his watch told him the time was due for his cousin's arrival if she meant to come.

Pausing by the bevelled glasses of the overmantel, Owen examined the state of his cravat, and twisted to the right degree of curl his moustache. Certainly he saw there a very well-preserved man for sixty-two years of age; and though his complexion seemed a trifle too florid, and his figure too obviously inclining to corpulency, he satisfied himself his features were fairly good, his carriage erect, and, as if to gain confidence for the expected interview—of which quality he felt lamentably deficient—he reminded himself of former conquests, and of the favourable reception he had always enjoyed in society, and especially in the presence of ladies.

"Good evening, Owen!" said a pleasant voice.

He turned abruptly, and saw his cousin advancing with extended hand.

Owen met her bright look with a smile as he placed a chair for her, and led her towards it by the hand he had retained.

"No, thanks. Do you not know by this time that I never sit in a high chair when I can find a low one?" And suiting the action to the words, she seated herself in a small rocking-chair, arranging her sable skirts gracefully around her.

Neither young nor beautiful, yet she was one to whom a stranger would be sure to direct a second look. Perfectly proportioned, her erect and graceful figure was carried with a dignity which became her well.

Her face was delicate and oval-shaped, with a pair of bright eager black eyes, well calculated to express her frequent alterations of mood, though the calm, well-closed lips suggested the inference that the moods were rather assumed at pleasure than consequent on a mercurial disposition.

But for the fact that her abundant hair was plentifully streaked with silver, she might have passed for any age not under thirty, whereas she had been left a widow at thirty-five, now more than ten years ago.

Seeing he apparently hesitated how to address her, she herself began.

"What a relief that heavy shower was! It has made everything so cool and green. Do you not think so?"

She looked up at Owen where he stood, his elbow on the back of the chair she had declined to take.

"Eva, did you get my letter?" was his answer.

"What else brought me here?" she replied.

"Of course—I had forgotten. Pray forgive me. I must own to feeling a little confused in my extreme anxiety about your answer. May I hope you do judge it kindly—that you will not bid me despair?"

While speaking, his hand had removed to the back of her rocking-chair.

Her delicate features flushed a little, but she simply remarked, in the same half-bantering tone she had adopted since her entrance, and which was so unexpected by Owen that he feared the worst, "Owen, your hand stays the movement of the chair."

He retreated to his former position, and his brows were knit moodily as he retorted, "What seems child's play to you is to me a matter of life or death."

Eva Bartlett rocked her chair faster than ever, impelling the movement by resting the tip of her well-fitting shoe against the floor. Her figure showed to advantage as her hands rested on the arms of the chair. Her head was thrown back against the cushion, but she remained strangely silent, as though giving herself up to the luxury of the movement.

Owen Stanard saw, admired, and passionately loved, while he could but watch her in gloomy silence; knowing that, deeply as he desired to make this woman his wife to help him out of his pecuniary difficulties, he yet felt the while he would be willing to lose all if doing so were the only means by which he might possess her. The love he bore her made her appear as fair now, in her ripened womanhood, as when he first loved her, a girl not then out of her teens.

Suddenly the movement of the rocking-chair ceased; she turned so as to meet him face to face, and with widely expanded eyes said, "This is the second time that you have done me the honour of asking me to be your wife."

"It is," he said, thinking the moment had come when his fate was to be determined.

"Have you forgotten what happened on the last occasion?"

"You refused me," he answered bitterly.

"Did I give you no reason?"

"The reason also is sufficiently well remembered. You referred to my wasted life."

"Is that reason now removed?" she asked, with more earnestness than she had yet exhibited, but with a certain severity in the tone of her voice.

"Will you hear me? What I told you in my letter I repeat solemnly now. Give me but hope to sustain me, and the reason shall cease to exist from this hour. I hate, I abhor, all that belongs to the wretched past. Life with you and with your influence would be a different thing—a life worth living were this home your home."

"Which you cannot retain unless your heavy debts are paid by someone else."

He walked to the window to hide the intense irritation he felt at hearing these words, so cruelly satirical, but tried to cover the movement by drawing a curtain to shut out the sunlight which had been playing across his cousin's eyes and embarrassing her.

"When once that debt is paid," he said, as he returned to her, "I swear to you, not only will I never ask for another shilling from anyone, but will seek by every means in my power to repay."

"On the last occasion when I spoke to you as a friend, you made that very promise. Have you been strong enough to keep it?"

"You at least gave me no incentive," he retorted bitterly.

"Can you give me a single instance in which you were true to any one purpose?"

"I can," he answered, looking fixedly at her. "At least I have been true to you. I have never wavered or swerved in my devotion to you." Observing she made no answer, he came nearer to her and said, "Dear Eva, I believe I could make your life happy."

"Was your wife happy after you married her?"

"I did my best. But I did not, could not love her, because I had so loved you."

"Owen, you condemn yourself. I can say no more."

"Then I am answered," he said; "and the one friend to whom I looked for help—the one woman who is more to me than the whole world, despises me—holds me and my future in contempt. Not from your hand did I expect so cruel a blow."

His voice was tremulous, his features were agitated, and he moved away, as if conscious he had said his last word, and hope had fled.

For a few brief seconds there was absolute silence in the room; then, rising from her chair, and standing where she could face him, holding a spray of heliotrope that she had snatched unconsciously from the flowers on the table, and which showed how her hand trembled, she said—

"Listen to me before we dismiss this matter once again and for ever. I am not quite so heartless or void of affection as you choose to think me. We are cousins—first cousins. We have known each other from childhood. As far as it was possible we have been always friends. Had I been in trouble, and in need of a friend, I should have at such times come to you."

Here she looked up at him, trying to smile, though the effort was vain, for she met only his stern, troubled eyes. It was with difficulty she continued, "And I know I should have been helped and comforted."

"God knows that is true. You do me but justice," he murmured.

"Then if I could so come to you for help, it is but right you should do the same to me."

"I have done so, and with what result?" he retorted.

"This is how I would help you. Let me, as your cousin and your friend, pay your debts, and then have the pleasure of seeing you fulfil your promises regarding the future?"

"Eva, what is it you offer me?" he asked—"the payment of my debts alone?"

"Their payment alone."

His face blazed with a dangerous light as he exclaimed roughly, "Keep your money! Is it possible you think so meanly of me as that? I shall not forget this last insult."

Suddenly noticing a paper in her hand which she had drawn from her pocket, he said to her, "What is that?"

Confused, she tried to hide it away, but he was too quick for her. In a moment he had it in his possession, and was reading it. It was a draft on her banker for the entire amount of his debts.

In a perfect fury he tore the paper to atoms and scattered the fragments from the open window.

For the first time in her life Eva felt afraid of him, and for the first time in recent years she really admired him.

"It is time, Eva, to say good-bye, or I may say something which I shall afterwards repent. For the second time you have refused me. There shall be no third. I shall never trouble you in like manner again."

Steadying herself against a chair, she said with assumed lightness, while visibly trembling with emotion, "You have forgotten to add your usual threat of going to the dogs, but I presume that goes without saying?"

"No," he answered sternly. "This time I trust I shall not go headlong to ruin. Late as it is in life, such portion of time as may be left me shall, God helping, be spent more worthily."

There was in Eva's quiver yet another arrow, of which she determined to try the effect.

"Is there not one other course open to you that you have not yet thought of?"

"What is that?" he said shortly and suspiciously.

"Marriage with another woman of means. I doubt not there are many who would be only too glad."

"I thank you, my cousin, my comforter! Have you any other suggestion for me? If not, allow me to wish you farewell!"

He turned, and strode towards the door—there hesitated; then, looking round, said in a low voice, "In acknowledgment of all you have given me to remember in this interview, let me add a few words. However base it may make me appear in your eyes, I own such a thought did occur to me before we met. Now I say, carefully measuring my words, and conscious of all they may involve—I will marry no other woman. The estate may pass, for aught I care, to a new owner. Alone and friendless I will seek to redeem my past life, which has no good point in it except, perhaps, my love for you. Again good-bye."

"Owen!"

"Well."

"I—I am going abroad soon. Do not let us part so."

"How else should we part? What is done cannot be undone."

"But Owen——!" and there Eva stopped, unable to find words. Presently she managed to ask, "Do you forgive me?"

"Oh, I forgive!" said Owen ungraciously, "as I always have done."

She began searching her pocket, saying the while in a voice full of emotion, "I—I am looking for your letter."

"What do you want it for?" asked Owen.

"To give it to you."

"Pray do not trouble. Burn it if it is in your way."

"Oh, here's the letter!" and then, faltering between every word, she said, "Were it possible that I could accept what you there ask——"

She was interrupted before she could go farther.

"Do you know, Eva, what you have said? Do you mean it?" he cried excitedly. Then he threw himself on his knees, and in tones of the most passionate fervour asked, "Can you love me? Will you be my wife after all? Can such happiness be given to one so undeserving?"

"Be it so," she said with a long-drawn sigh, which yet signified relief that her inward struggle, so long protracted, was over. But the sigh was soon succeeded by a smile, as she said with a look of real happiness, "I suppose we must try for all these good things, for I can no longer deny that I have loved you, and you only, all my life."

Even as she spoke she noticed a pallor overspread his face, and cried anxiously, "My dear Owen, you are ill! What is the matter?"

"It is nothing, dearest! The sudden revulsion of feeling I have passed through, and then the unexpected and sweet expression of your love when I thought I had for ever lost you, were too much. I am now indeed happy."

His colour had returned, as Eva saw with unfeigned delight.

"Ah, now I know you are better! The air outside will do you good. Take my arm. Rest upon it—I am strong. We will go into the garden."

He did take her arm, and as they moved towards the door, could not help saying to her, "Thus supported by you, what else in this world could I wish for?"

(To be continued.)

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All Correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

JESS.—If you have got *Cassell's Guide to Civil Service Appointments for Women*, why do you not write direct for the prospectuses issued for the department for which you wish to prepare? We have already given all such advice on the subject as we usually allow space to supply. Beware of being helpless, as we regret to find so many of our correspondents are.

LILY H.—1. The ambulance classes are held at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street. Write or call there to obtain information.—2. Direct to the editor, and enquire the terms for so many words.

RANAVANOLA.—You had better write to Miss Pryde, 153, Rue de la Pompe, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris, and ask her opinion in reference to your chance of obtaining a situation as governess in Germany. But on no account engage yourself to any foreigner without the highest references, and making enquiries from the resident English chaplain.

SILLY SIXTEEN writes a kind of broken English; and one of her questions we fail to understand, viz., "I want to know how to form a good figure—a rather ridiculous question, but I rather dote on them."—2. You cannot be received as a probationer to be trained in a hospital under the age of twenty-five, excepting in a children's hospital, where you would not be rejected on account of your age at twenty-one.

MUSIC.

ROSEBUD.—A really good master usually charges one guinea a lesson, but will make an arrangement at a lower rate, perhaps, in teaching a class, or two pupils in one family in the same house. Of course all do not charge at the same rate; and the teacher who would give first lessons, and do so satisfactorily too, would not be as expensive as a finishing master.

J. B. WEBSTER.—We must again remind you, and all who ask such questions, that we do not advertise publications of other firms, nor give private addresses.

MAY.—In reply to your question as to whether the harmony of the two hymn tunes you enclose be correct, we observe that in the second hymn tune there are consecutive octaves, both by similar and contrary movement, between treble and bass, in the first bar, hidden octaves between that and the second bar, and ditto in the third bar. There is a skip of an augmented second in the treble of the fifth bar, and a crotchet too few in the bass, etc.

WILHELMINA.—In answer to the question respecting the musical signs you transcribe, the two notes together are called a "unison;" when in vocal music, two voices would sing the same note. This as regards your first query. In reply to that respecting the second example given, it simply means to indicate that the note is to be repeated.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—The mandolin is not an instrument of easy acquirement, excepting to those who play the violin. Otherwise you would need lessons. Playing the piano would prove no aid, as the notes are ready formed.

HEATHER enquires "in what order it is best to teach young children the scales, whether it were better to teach them all the major scales first, or a major and its relative minor (arbitrary) as usually arranged together?" It is better, we think, to teach each relative minor with its major.—2. The name of the Flemish city is pronounced as if written in English "Gent," and in French, "Gand," as the French for "glove." In "Singapore" the "g" is sounded.

JESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.—1. We recommend you to obtain an instruction book to aid you in your musical difficulties; but we do not advertise any of them specially. We have not got the pieces you name by us to refer to.—2. It is better, we think, to get your hair singed by an experienced hair-dresser than to have it cut. Do not attempt to do it yourself, or you may meet with an accident.

NINA.—Paganini's violin is in safe keeping in the museum of Genoa. Once a year it is taken out of its case to go through a careful examination, restrung when necessary, and played upon by some distinguished violinist, on which occasions a few privileged persons are admitted as auditors. This ceremony has already taken place this year, Signor Sivari having been deputed for the office.

MUSIC MAD.—It would be difficult to pronounce with authority on the absolute superiority of any one orchestra over all others. But if M. Paderewski may be regarded as holding one of the highest places as judge in matters musical, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is "the finest in the world, not excepting the Conservatoire in Paris." It is under the direction of Mr. Arthur Nikisch; and M. Paderewski's Concerto was so splendidly performed at Brooklyn, that he said he would never play it again, as probably no such perfection would be again attained.

WORK.

ANXIOUS TO WORK.—There are fancy-work shops in Oxford and Regent Streets, and elsewhere. In any of these you might be taught, or directed where to find a teacher of ecclesiastical embroidery. But we warn you that it is destructive to the eyes, and very little of it should be done at any time. It needs daylight, for though it can be seen by lamp or candle-light, it is more injurious to the sight by artificial light than by daylight.

STOCKING KNITTER.—1. We have given patterns for stockings suitable for the wear of our deep-sea fishermen. Use what yarn you please, and reduce the size to suit the wearer, but take the pattern we have given; you could not have a better one for shooting. We do not give advertisements of shops.—2. We thank you for the following recipe for preserving eggs:—Pour three gallons of boiling water on three pounds of quicklime. When quite cold add an ounce and a half of cream of tartar and one pound two ounces of salt. When cold put in the eggs, and be careful not to move the jar when the eggs have been placed in it.

"DARLING CLEMENTINE" must take specimens of her work to ready-made linen shops and endeavour to obtain orders. There are depositories where work is sold for ladies under certain rules and on paying a percentage on all. We cannot indicate special shops where you might get orders.

ANXIOUS TO WORK (No. 2).—We fancy that the salaries given to assistant dressmakers is not at a fixed rate. Employers give as they may be able or feel inclined to do—much depending on the class for whom they work; and young women would not obtain as high a salary as an experienced hand. In the country a young assistant might get about seven shillings a week, and in London about eight, or perhaps nine.

H. L. B. (Sherborne).—We are sorry to hear what you say respecting the unsatisfactory dealings with you of the Ladies' Industrial Society, Lower Porchester Street, W. But we are quite unable to assist you. If you had a friend in town you might represent your case to the committee, and obtain a personal explanation and return of your work (by proxy). This is the second complaint we have received of this society; but we are unable to say whether any rules were disregarded by the applicants, not having heard what the Secretary or Superintendent has to say in explanation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARION.—"Bonny Annie Laurie" was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, Bart., of Maxwelton, Dumfriesshire, and was born on December 16, 1682. Her mother was Jean Riddle, to whom Sir Robert was married in July, 1674. Mr. William Douglas wooed but failed to win the subject of the song we owe to him, and he consoled himself by marrying Miss Elizabeth Clerk of Glenboig, Galloway; while Annie Laurie gave her hand to a wealthier suitor, *i.e.*, Mr. Alexander Ferguson of Craigdarroch.

PUSSY.—Read our article on "Dinners in Society," vol. ii., p. 314. Fruit knives and forks are supplied for use at dessert, but we do not understand how you would employ them for eating grapes, nuts, or suchlike fruits. Cut an apple in quarters, and remove the peel with the knife, holding it by the fork, if at a dinner in society; at home you might hold the apple in your hand and peel it entire. An orange may be either peeled and separated in its natural divisions, or cut through round the fruit, subdivided with the knife, and eaten with a fork.

RUBY.—Your pecuniary circumstances and your social position must be more or less your guide as to the style of mourning and the duration of its wear, for a mother or any other relative. Her age has nothing to do with the question. A plain ink-black serge, and a crape cloth dress for best, would suit a young person of the middle or lower class. Crape is expensive, and wears badly. Where it can be afforded, mourning for a parent lasts a year.

UNA WINIFRED.—We do not, as a rule, give advertisements of works published by other firms, and we have not published any book on phrenology. You could order a small manual on the subject at any stationer's or librarian's.

A. VON B. and LOUISE HOPE (Western Australia).—We have read your letters with interest, and more especially your descriptions of the mountain wild flowers. We also thank you for that more particularly of the red gum flower, which is about the size of a chrysanthemum, and looks like a greeny-white powder-puff, having a hole in the centre, and a perfume like violet powder; and another flower, that has a row of crimson, and another, pale green petals or leaves, and a vine or creeper, that has a flower like a pale green ostrich plume. The "Jarra blossoms" appear to have been praised by some writer through mistake of the name; for, according to your report, it is quite "insignificant" as compared to the curious and beautiful blossoms in its neighbourhood. Your writing (L. H.) is by no means bad. A. von B. should say, "Lay the book on the table"; but to a person, "Lie down on the sofa," or, "I am going to lie down"; but "I lay down my work, as I wish to lie down myself."

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—We must refer you to our indexes—freckles have been so often a subject of reply. They seem to be hereditary and constitutional with some people, and cannot be cured. "Medicus" has written much on the care of the skin, hands, feet, teeth, and hair. We thank you for your praise of our paper.

CORALIE wishes to obtain back numbers of this magazine. If only of the last year or two, write direct to our publisher.

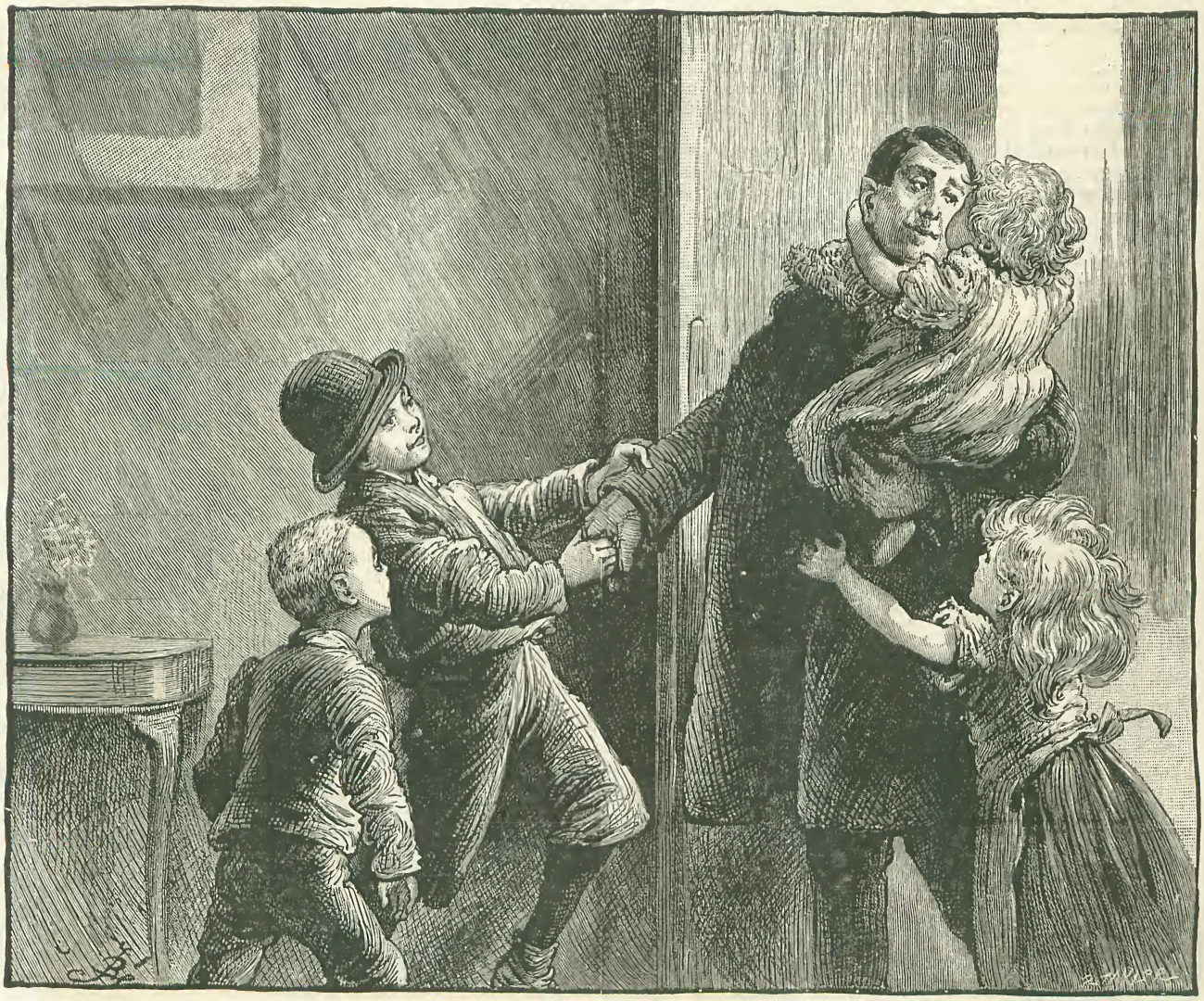
MARIGOLD.—February 5th, 1874, fell on a Thursday. Your writing is fairly good.

BULLY BOY.—The day before Christmas Day (the 24th of December) is called Christmas Eve.

VOL. XIII.—No. 641.] APRIL 9, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.



"A CURLY HEAD WAS PRESSED CLOSE TO HIS."

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CHAPTER I.

THE tram-car was nearly full. The sixteen "insides," most of them matronly females, would have said it was quite full enough; but the conductor knew that he could lawfully put in two more passengers.

In reality, there were eighteen already, for a pale-faced, sadly-too-young mother had a baby on her knee, and another child, who was somewhat older, stood by her side. When this party of three, counted as one on the time-table, got into the car, there had been a half-hearted movement amongst the lady passengers to find room for the two-year-old.

But the mother remarked in a meek voice, "He can stand"—and the strip of cushion was promptly occupied again.

Children seldom get their rights in a tram-car when room is scarce.

There was a kindly-looking man, homely of dress and speech, and plain of face, who would have taken the youngster on his knee; but the child was shy, and clung to its mother. When the car was stopped for mother and little ones to leave it, the man handed them out, and even carried the elder child across the road. When he took his seat again, he remarked, as he cast a pitying glance after the frail-looking girl-wife, "She's a young thing to have a family about her so soon. God help her!"

Anybody might have judged that the prayer came from the speaker's heart, and that he regarded the young creature with a fatherly pity that must express itself in some way.

The tram-car gained two passengers after the departure of the mother and children; but there was still supposed to be a vacant place, though none was visible.

The thoroughfare was a busy one, and tram rides were cheap. In fact, the well-dressed occupants—several of whom were evidently acquaintances—had been saying to each other what a boon these penny fares must be to the weary workers, and what a good thing it was that so many were saved by them from being more tired still, by having a long walk home after their day's toil.

All the same, everybody looked aghast as the conductor once more stopped the car to make room for an eighteenth passenger, who had just hailed him.

What a dirty, slatternly woman she was! As she extended a hand to grasp the rail, its absolute blackness brought a smile on the faces of the male passengers, and a look of disgust on those of the females. Every one of the latter, to a woman, wished the fare had been threepence as of old, instead of a penny, and would have paid it to keep out the eighteenth passenger.

It was not that the woman's hands alone were blackened with toil. Her handsome face was dimly seen under a veil of dirt, and her neck and throat must have been long innocent of soap and water. Yet nothing could hide the fact that she was still young—say thirty—and had a fine colour beneath that smutty upper crust. How she could look so strong, healthy, and even handsome through it all was a marvel.

She had on an old brown gown as dirty as her face, a felt hat to match with a dilapidated feather sticking out in an aggressive way, as if to say, "Why shouldn't a poor body have something smart as well as the rest of you?"—and a dingy woollen shawl.

The well-dressed ladies drew close together, resolved to make it plain that there was no room near them. The kindly man tried to make a little space—not that he liked a dirty neighbour, but because he *was* kind—and said to himself, "Better she should be near me than that her dirty gown should rub against those nice dresses."

Number 18, however, was prepared to pay her fare, and meant to have its value, so, as the ladies did not move, she plumped down—not between, but half upon each of the laps of the two best dressed of the whole lot. These began to draw their garments aside and from beneath the newcomer, who could not afterwards complain of having less than her share of accommodation. Indeed, the ladies seemed as anxious to give her more than her allowance of seat as they had been to keep her out altogether.

The woman's handsome face had a peculiar expression of triumph on it seen through the crust aforesaid, and she evidently enjoyed her position.

Something of a whitey-brown colour had dropped, on to the step partly, the rest hung down, and was dragged over the mud as the car moved on.

The kindly man called the woman's attention to it. "Is that something of yours, missis?" he asked.

The enquiry caused the conductor to see the flapping garment, and picking it up, he handed it to the woman, having carefully turned the cleaner portion over the muddy one, so that he might not make his own hands unfit to take the fares.

"Eh, dear! It's my clean apron that I popped on over my dirty one to look a bit decent like," said the woman, glancing down at the latter apron now exposed in all its harmonious blackness. "This is no better now," she added, then rolled it up and tucked it under her arm.

She was going to the very far end, so one by one the other passengers left the car, the females taking care as they did so to keep their clothes from contact with her dirty garments. At last, only number 18 and the kindly man remained, though there was still some distance to go.

The man seemed anxious to speak to his neighbour, and the woman noting this said, "Well, mister, those fine ladies soon gave me plenty of room, didn't they? There was only you that seemed to think a hard-working body had a right to the seat she'd paid for—ay, as much as they had. But I knew how to make them shift. I've rode in a tram-car before to-day."

She burst into a hearty laugh, and the man could not keep back a smile. Beside, he wanted to put her in a good humour, or keep her in one.

"I suppose, though, you've not always been as——"

He did not finish the sentence in words, but he looked at the woman from head to foot.

The look was enough. The colour—not the black—deepened on the handsome face, and she replied angrily, "Not so dirty, I reckon you mean. And pray what business is it of yours, or anybody's, whether I'm clean or dirty, so long as I pay? My penny was as good a one as yours."

"No doubt of that, missis," said the man.

"And I've got to work with my hands. I'm not like those fine ladies that are frightened of soiling their fingers, not I"—and she snapped hers with a gesture of contempt.

"I'm sure you're not frightened of soiling yours," said the man, with a glance at the dirty hands. "You don't need to tell one that. But it's a pity, a great pity," and he shook his head sorrowfully.

"What's a pity? Who cares for having to work?"

"I didn't mean that. Nobody need be ashamed of honest work. But it is a pity that, working as you do, you can't earn enough to afford a bit o' soap, seeing water costs nothing; and a real handsome face like yours is worth seeing without a veil of dirt over it. I'm a very plain-looking man myself. My mother—bless her! a real good one she was—couldn't say I was pretty, though you know the old proverb, 'Every crow thinks its own young ones the fairest.' No. My mother couldn't tell a story even about her babies. She owned that I was about the plainest little chap she ever came across, but she stuck to it that I was the best-tempered of the lot, and she loved me as well as if I'd been a beauty."

There was no resisting the man's good nature and his droll way of administering a rebuke.

At first the man's words were answered by a flash of the woman's dark eyes and a further increase of colour in her cheeks. She looked as if she were ready to give the speaker a taste of her mind, but she did not interrupt him. The compliment to her looks, and the amusing way in which he ran on about his own ugliness, changed the current of her feelings, and she burst into a hearty laugh.

"I'm glad to hear that," added the man. "It tells me you're not vexed at my plain talk. It's as plain as my face, you see. But, bless you, nobody that knows me is ever cross at what I say. Very likely they think to themselves—'Poor chap! He won't get friends by his beauty, so we'll give him a chance with his tongue.' Still, you and I are strangers, and I have taken a great liberty, and must beg your pardon."

"Oh, come now! There's no call for begging pardon. You're a straight-spoken one, and no mistake; but you mean well, and I don't deny but my face might be cleaner, to say nothing of my clothes. As compliments are going, I may as well tell you that you are about as clean and tidy a man as ever I saw. You must have a good wife to look after you and your linen, by the gloss on it."

"A wife! As if I should have the face to ask a nice-looking woman to marry me! And I am so fond of everything beautiful that God in His goodness has made to gladden our eyes and make us thankful, that, ugly as I am, I've too much good taste to choose one that would match me. No, missis, I'm an old bachelor, and shall be to the end of the chapter. But I get wonderful well looked after by a widow woman that I lodge with, and all the children call me 'Uncle Mat;' so I feel quite a family man, though I've neither chick nor child. We shall part directly, you and I; but I hope we shall meet again some day. Only mind—if one of us wears a veil, it should be me, to hide my ugly face, not you, to hide your handsome one. Here's a keepsake for you. Don't keep it for my sake, but use it for your own."

The man dropped a little parcel into her lap, then stepped out of the tram; but, to the astonishment of the woman, waited and offered his hand to help her down.

"That's too bad, mister," said the woman, putting aside the offered hand. "You shouldn't make fun of me."

"I'm not making fun. Why shouldn't I behave like a gentleman, and get people to say of me, 'Handsome is as handsome does'? It's the only way I can manage to be reckoned so."

"Well, I'm not used to be treated like a lady, but thank you all the same, though I get down my own way. I may have a black hand, but I won't colour yours with a grip of it."

So saying, the woman stepped lightly down, without touching the extended hand.

"Next time, missis. Good day," said the man; and, with a bow that would not have disgraced a duke, he went his way.

"She'll think about it—I know she will," he said to himself. "I daresay we shall meet again, and maybe there'll be a change. It was a great liberty to take, and 'specially with a stranger; but I'm not sorry. What a face that would be if it were clean! There's nothing in creation that makes such a pleasant picture as a woman's face, if only it is clean, and the signs of a kind heart and a good temper are to be read there. Faces are just stories without words. I never get tired of reading them. The tales they tell are endless, and no blank pages, though some are written a deal closer than others. There was the face of that bit of a girl with her mites of children. It was so young and yet so old. It told me that she had married and been turned into wife and mother when she ought to have been within reach of her own mother's apron-strings. Her face was thin and pale, and had a tale of anxiety written on it; but she and the babies were clean and neat. They were not short of soap and water. Their round faces told a tale too. They said—'We've a good mother and a cleanly one—a mother that puts her children first. Whoever goes short, we don't, or our cheeks would not be so chubby and rosy as they are.' Then that girl-wife's face told something else as she looked at her babies. It said—'I'm not strong, and my arms often ache with carrying you. My nights' rests are broken with your being fretful when you're teething and suchlike; but I wouldn't part with you for all the money in the world.' She hasn't got a bad husband, either, for I heard her whisper, 'We're going to daddy, Jack;' and she stepped out bravely with her live load, as if the thought made the child lighter to carry. Faces are wonderful things! Those ladies' countenances told their tale plain enough."

Then Uncle Mat's face broadened into a smile at the remembrance of them, and next he laughed softly to himself as he thought of the queer scene in the tram-car. By this time he was at the door of a tidy little house, and, as he opened it, there was a rush of feet in the lobby, and a sound of welcoming voices from a troop of children, who were boisterously glad to see Uncle Mat. There was a bending of his figure, a stretching out of his arms, and then two childish ones went round the man's neck, a curly head was pressed close to his, whilst showers of kisses were rained on the face which most people would have called ugly, or plain at the best, but in which the widow's children saw nothing but beauty of the best kind. They could read the tale it told, and its story was of a loving heart, an unselfish nature, a temper which all their waywardness could never ruffle. So the door closed behind Uncle Mat.

A listener might have heard jubilant sounds from within if he had lingered near it. Uncle Mat was tired, and inclined for quiet and thought in his own little parlour; but he gave the children a meed of his time for the romp which usually followed his home-coming, and at length sent them away breathless, but satisfied, after their game.

Matthew Millington's mind was occupied with the young woman in the tram-car. He was a keen observer, and he could not help noticing contradictions in her very speech. At one moment she had spoken in true Millcaster fashion. In the next sentence the Lancashire accent was missing, and though her words still savoured of the class with whom no doubt she associated, there was an altogether different ring about them. "She's no Millcaster woman," thought Uncle Mat. "Wherever she comes from, she has been mixed up with gentlefolks who know how to turn their words so that they sound like a well-played tune. I should like to know more about her. One thing I'm sure of—she's not in her right place, or amongst the sort she's been used to mix with. How differently she moved from what your regular working women do! Her head was carried as a queen might carry hers; her old clothes could no more hide a sort of dignity there was about her than the want of cleanliness could cover her handsome face. Well, going about as I do, we are pretty sure to meet again."

So, having other matters that called for his attention, Uncle Mat dismissed his late travelling-companion from his mind.

Less than twenty-five years before the day on which the tram-car scene took place, a lovely babe received the name of Susannah in a pretty country church many a mile away from the city in which this young woman now followed a most undesirable occupation. Her surname was Meade, but if any person had asked for Susan Meade at the paper and rag warehouse where she was employed as a sorter, no one would have been able to say that she worked there.

When she sought employment, Susan gave only her Christian name, saying it would be enough to know her by, and she should have no letters. By degrees, Susannah became Susan, then Sue. Next, on account of her personal untidiness, to use a mild term for what was conspicuously blamable even in such company and amid such surroundings, she was usually called "Smutty Sue," even to her face. Whether she rebelled inwardly against such a title cannot be said, but she only gave a careless laugh when she first heard it, and retorted by using nicknames of an equally suitable character when addressing her fellow-workers.

The place where the rag and paper sorting was carried on was a vast dingy cellar, in which the gas was always burning. Sunshine is often scantily enjoyed in Millcaster, and on the brightest days the light did not pierce far into that underground workshop.

Looking round amongst the women whose tasks were similar to the work done by Susan Meade, it was easy to see that there was no need for her to deserve the name of Smutty Sue. They were mostly decently clean. Their poor clothing was guarded by large coarse aprons with ample bibs. Their hands might be soiled—this could not be helped indeed—but, as one of them said when speaking of Sue—

"There's no call to have anything but top dirt on your hands. Faces will get a bit dingy amongst the rag dust, and Millcaster air carries blacks with it, but there never was a place where you'd a better chance of getting rid of dirt than here. The town supplies the best of water, and our master gives us soap and towels, for he has an eye to decency, so why we should turn into the streets out o' the cellar like a pack of sweeps is more than I can understand."

"Well, we don't, do we?" said another woman. "There's only Smutty Sue that is afraid of spoiling her complexion by washing her face. I wonder what my man would say if I went home with my cheeks dyed her colour."

"Poor thing!" said a gentle little body, who was always ready with a kind word for the absent, "she has nobody to look for her coming. She's a lonely woman, and I think, with all her joking, careless ways, she feels more than she pretends to. Nobody knows much about her, but depend on it she's been used to better things."

"Folks may come down, but they needn't go down into the gutter," retorted the first speaker.

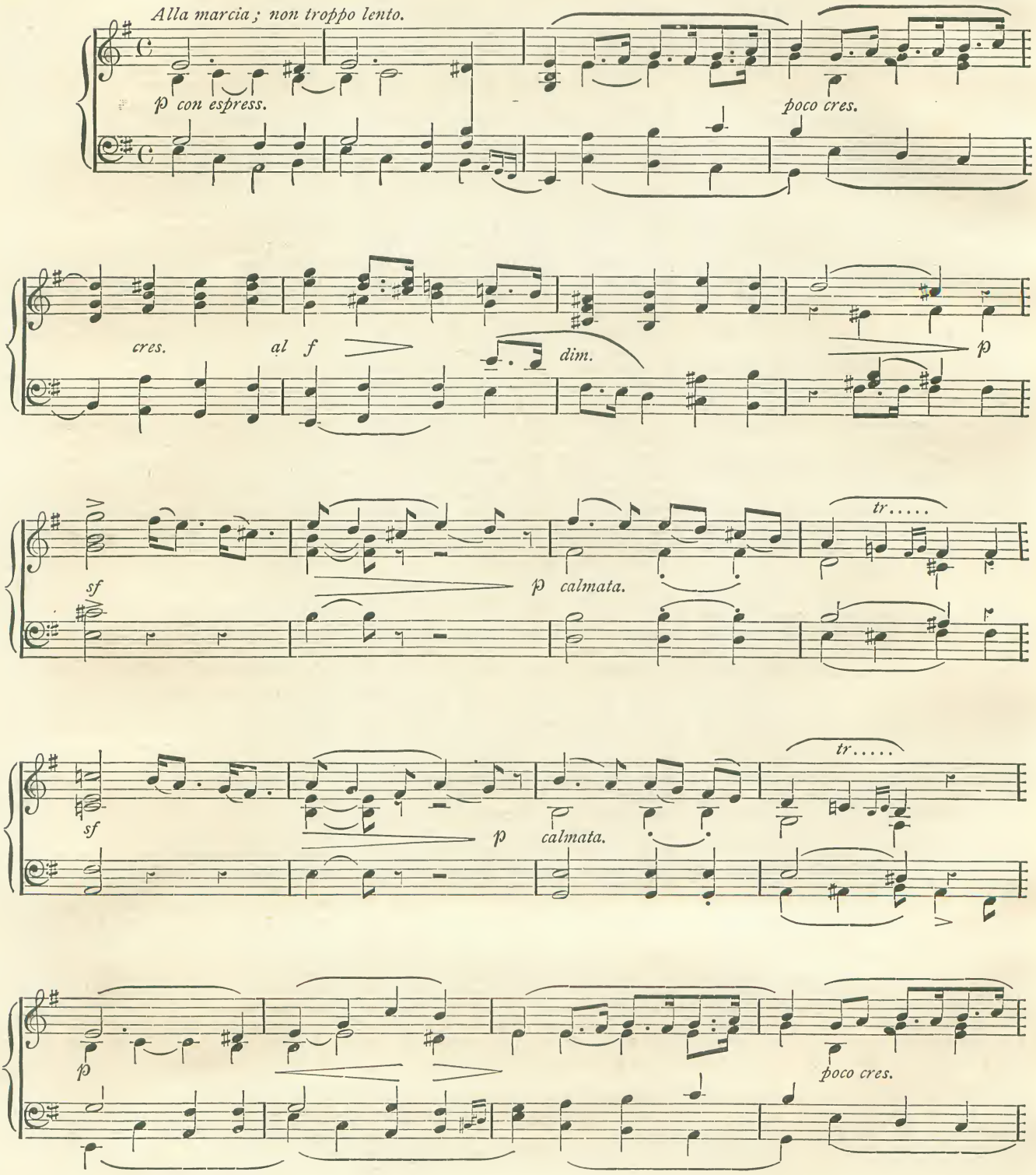
The talk was put an end to by the sound of feet clattering down the steps, and the subject of the conversation made her appearance.

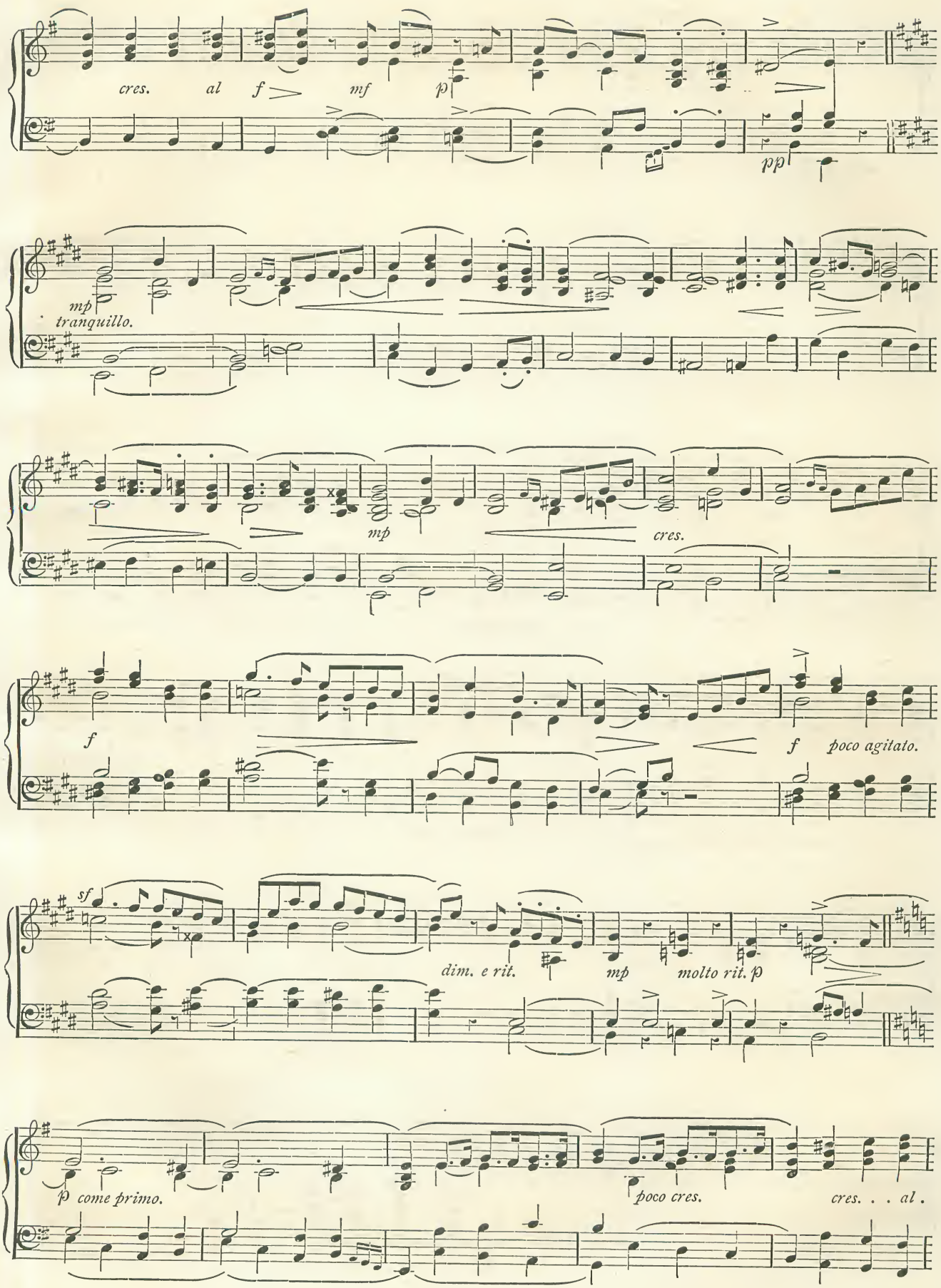
(*To be continued.*)

ELEGY.

FOR THE HARMONIUM OR AMERICAN ORGAN.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

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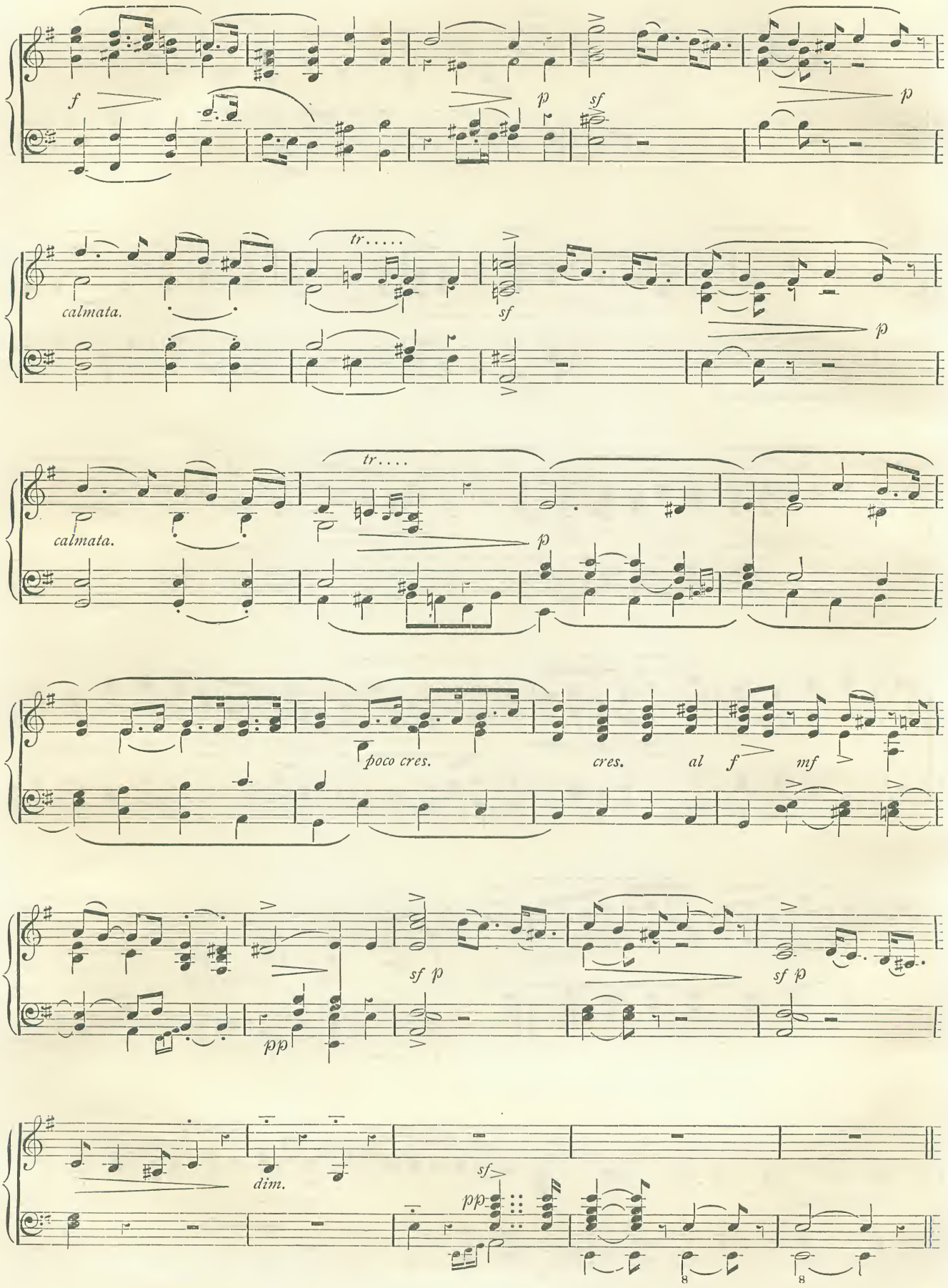
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SIMPLE PSYCHOLOGY.

By the Rev. J. N. SHEARMAN.

III.

PERCEPTION OF SHAPE AND DISTANCE.

I MUST now redeem the promise made in my last paper of bringing before the reader another of the strange discoveries of modern psychology, a discovery which, to some people, has appeared to be the most wonderful which the science has made; and we have by this time progressed so far that I think there is no danger in repeating another promise with which we set out, which is, that no greater mental exertion will be required than is involved in the operation of guessing a riddle.

Let us go back to an experience which we have already examined, and see if we can make anything more out of it. We have considered what is meant by saying, "I perceive High Street." You now understand that there is a great deal of what you see which you could not possibly see if you had not a previous experience to fall back on. If you had never been in a shop you would not see the shops on either side of the street, you would only see certain inexplicable objects; if you had no previous acquaintance with the footpaths; if you had not learned what horses and carts are, you would not understand the appearances before you, or be able to explain why some of them move and some of them are stationary. This is easily understood now: what we perceive is compounded of our present experience and the recollection of former experiences.

You can understand, too, how this truth might be denied by a person to whom it was strange. He might tell you that he could not believe that he saw anything more than what actually affected his sight; and he might allege as a proof, that if a photograph were taken of the view, it would give it exactly as he saw it; and we certainly cannot accuse the photograph of adding anything from memory or imagination. The illustration is a good one, and I hope it may have occurred to you independently, for that would be an exceedingly good omen; but it suggests some very important questions. You may be inclined, no doubt, at first thought, to set it aside; perhaps you have already done so. You may have said, The photograph only professes to give us a representation of light and shade as they appear in the street; it aims at producing on the eye a similar effect to that which the scene itself produces. Whatever then the memory or imagination adds to the original sensation, it may add the same to the picture, and thus the illustration makes the argument no clearer. Certainly in that way it makes it no clearer, but in another way it is of considerable use, for the photograph does really give us some idea of the sort of picture which the street impresses on the eye. Now the photograph is perfectly flat, and yet the street in it appears to recede into the distance. How can this be explained? In answer to this question, we are told to remark the direction of the lines, and the distribution of light and shade in the photograph, and to notice how they correspond with what we see in the street. No doubt this is the fact; but why should lights and shades, and lines sloping in a certain way, make me see distance in the picture if it is not by means of the same things that I see distance in the street? This is a most important question, and opens before us a wide field of discovery.

It is perfectly evident that the eye can see nothing but light and shade and variety of colour. It is constructed, like a photographer's camera, to produce a little inverted picture of whatever comes before it. Now this contains all that the eye can by any possibility see: the light which comes to us does nothing more than construct this picture in the back of the eye. There its office ends, and there the great physiological mystery begins; for until you come to the picture on the retina, you are dealing with an optical instrument constructed on well-known principles; but after that you have an instrument of nerves constructed on unknown principles, and intended to turn the action of light into sensation. We have not the faintest notion as to how the nerves do their work; but we know what material they have to work on—the little picture at the back of the eye; and there it is, as flat as a photograph. There is no distance in it at all.

How, then, do we see distance, or anything which implies distance, such as the shape of a solid object? It is evident that we must see it in fact as we see it in the photograph, by making certain appearances the sign of it. Lights and shades and the direction of various lines recall to our minds what we have otherwise learned about distance; and so we join our memory to our sensation, and perceive the distance before us. You will, however, be curious to know what it is which we join to the sensations of sight in order to make up our perception of distance.

Three separate kinds of sensation are supposed by psychologists to be concerned in giving us that notion or idea of distance which, with light and colour, makes up our perception of it; and the two first of these come from the eyes themselves. If you notice a photographer at work, you will see that he has to take some trouble to get the little picture to fall exactly on that place in the camera where the photograph is to be taken; for if it is even a little out of its true position, the photograph will be indistinct. This he effects by moving the lense in front of the camera by means of screws; and if the object to be photographed is moderately close at hand, the necessary adjustment will vary with any slight change of distance. The very same thing is done in the eye, for if the picture is not formed exactly on the retina, our perception of the objects shown is blurred and indistinct. In the eye, however, the adjustment is made by means of certain small muscles, and the action of these muscles produces in us a slight sensation, so that when objects are at a moderate distance we are conscious of a feeling of change in the eye as they approach or recede.

Besides this adjustment of either eye by itself, we look at everything with two eyes, and these two eyes are so moved by various muscles that they are made to look at the one spot. From the action of these muscles again we have a certain slight degree of sensation, so that we are conscious of a difference in the relative position of the eyes when we look at an object ten feet away and then at another forty feet away. Perhaps it is too much to say that we are conscious of a difference in the relative position of the eyes; it might be more correct to say that we are conscious that the effect on our eyes produced by looking at a body ten feet off is different from that produced by looking at a body forty feet off, and that part of that difference is due to the change in the relative position of the eyes.

The sensations produced by the alteration of the focus of either or the position of both eyes to suit different distances are very slight, and are usually so little attended to that an inexperienced observer will have some difficulty in noticing them at all. He will be most likely to succeed if he tries on some object held so close to the eyes that it can only with difficulty be perceived distinctly, or else on some body quickly approaching or receding, such as a railway train; for muscular sensations are most strongly felt when there is a strain on the organ in which they originate, and changes in sensation are always more distinctly perceived than the sensations themselves.

Some people have doubted whether the sensations arising from changes in the eyes produced by the varying distances of objects were strong enough to constitute any great part of our perception of distance; but as to the third sort of sensation, which still remains to be considered, there is no question but that it is most important. It is the general muscular sensation of the limbs.

We are in the habit of touching, feeling, and examining everything that is near us, and have been doing so ever since we were babies. We have become accustomed to feel the difference between round and square, rough and smooth, and to measure the space all round us by stretching out our arms. If you shut your eyes and move your arms about, you will notice that you are distinctly conscious of the action of your muscles, so that although your hand does not touch anything, you know where it is, and whether it is coming towards you or moving away. When you move your fingers, you feel the action of the muscles of your hand even when your fingers do not touch one another. Now here we have a distinct set of sensations produced in us by the size, shape, and distance of the objects within reach—sensations which we constantly experience and have experienced from our earliest infancy, and which must therefore be strongly impressed on our minds and memories. But think how often we have looked at an object, and touched it at the same time, and you will have no difficulty in understanding how the two sets of sensations have become so closely associated together that, whenever we experience the one, we remember the other, and that we seem to see before us what in reality can only be felt. And thus we have come to understand more fully what we mean by saying, I perceive High Street. It means, I have a sensation of light and shade and colour produced by something now present, to which is added by association the memory of former experiences of touch and motion; and all these together make up the High Street which I perceive before me.

No sooner was this great truth discovered than it was seen that, as a necessary consequence from it, we must believe that a person who is born blind can have only such a knowledge of space and shape as may be derived from the muscular sensations in the limbs. Whatever information can come from feeling with the hands he may have as clearly as we have it, but nothing more; he cannot guess or imagine how anything would look. If, then, he were suddenly to receive his sight, he would not understand the meaning of what he saw; he would not see distance as we do. The light falling on his eyes would have the same effect as the light which falls on the eyes of those who have always been able to see; but, as he had not been able to form any association between sight and feeling, it would not recall to his mind what his touch had already

taught him. He might know the difference between an apple and a pear by touch, but he would not be able to distinguish the one from the other by sight; nor would he be able to tell merely by looking at them that one object was farther away than another.

This opinion was at first put out merely as an interesting deduction from what was then a new theory of the nature of vision; but a few opportunities have since arisen of putting it to a practical test. Cases have been found in which persons who have grown up quite blind from childhood have been able to see perfectly after a surgical operation. The experience of such persons, as described by themselves, has been exactly what was expected. One such case is described in all manuals of psychology. The young man who was the subject of the operation at first thought that what he saw was something actually touching his eye. He soon discovered his mistake, but then it took him a considerable time to learn the appearance of all the things which he had known by feeling in his time of blindness. There were so many of them that he was perpetually forgetting which was which, and making innumerable mistakes in consequence. After a while, however, the usual association between sight and touch was established, and he perceived everything just as other people.

The reader who has felt inclined to follow me thus far will feel, I have no doubt, that all the promises which I made at the beginning have been fulfilled. He has been led into a new and wonderful region of knowledge, none the less new and none the less wonderful because it lies so near the beaten track of everyday life and thought; and he has not been allowed to encounter any of the great difficulties by which beginners are often frightened altogether away. These difficulties no doubt remain; they are the very essence of some of the most interesting departments of the science, but they need not be brought forward until practice has made psychological investigation easier and more interesting. Meanwhile, there are many other wonderful and interesting things to be learned which are not more difficult than those which we have now gone over.

(*To be continued.*)

UNA.

By LILY WATSON.

It was a day in early winter; but winter of a different type from that which depresses the dwellers in murky London. Bright sunshine flooded a scene of wonderful beauty. A glittering lake reposed beneath snowy mountains, and snow lay everywhere, not only on the heights, but on the slopes and meadows nearer to the little town of Vignoble-sur-Lac. Such snow it was! so bright, radiant, unsullied, and sparkling, as hardly to belong to the same category as the damp, dirty compound flung about in London streets.

So thought a girl, Una Severn, as she stepped along the road which skirted the lake, and looked with an appreciative sigh on the beauty around her. She had an interesting face, though it was thin, and habitually sad. Her form, too, was thin and angular, and she was evidently in the transition stage between childhood and womanhood. By her side walked a younger girl of brighter aspect, on whom the cares of life apparently pressed with little weight. Both sisters were shabbily dressed, and with none of the obvious careful thrift to make the best of worn garments which characterises the good manager. One instinctively guessed that the girls had lost their mother, and that she had died long ago.

"How lovely it all is!" cried Una, stopping and looking round her. "I never dreamt winter could be so beautiful!"

"The snow certainly does improve the landscape," acknowledged Phœbe, the younger. "But do you know, Una, I should enjoy the cold better if—if—I were not so dreadfully *hungry*."

"Hungry!" cried her elder sister, with a pained and anxious look. "Why, didn't you have enough breakfast, Phœbe?"

"I had all there was," rejoined Phœbe; "but you know perfectly well that one craggy roll, all crust and no crumb, isn't enough for an English girl's breakfast. And Madame *is* so stingy with her coffee and milk! By eleven o'clock I get simply ravenous. I can't help it. I suppose I am growing."

"I suppose you are, dear," ruefully agreed the elder sister, glancing at the short skirt and too obtrusive darned black stockings trotting beside her. She felt in both her pockets and shook her head with disappointment. "I haven't a sou left," she said; "you must wait, poor child."

"I do wish Pater would not keep you so dreadfully short," said Phœbe, with a strong air of disapprobation. "I suppose he is not paying Madame, and that is why the breakfast has fallen off so, and she is so cross. Oh, dear! I wish we had not come here—

> 'Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is——'"

"Hush, hush, dear!" remonstrated Una in alarm. "He is our father—and perhaps things will be better soon."

"Perhaps! yes, *perhaps!*" echoed Phœbe. "But you know quite well they will not be anything of the kind. What is this place?"

It was a plain edifice by the roadside, into which people were going by twos and threes.

"It is an English church of some kind," said Una, puzzled.

"Why is there service to-day? It isn't Sunday, is it? My reckoning of days has quite gone wrong, like Robinson Crusoe on his desert island. Though, indeed, when there is nothing to divide Sunday from the rest of the week, how *is* one to know?" chattered on Phœbe.

"No, it is not Sunday; but there is going to be morning service. Shall we go in?"

"Do," acquiesced Phœbe. "Walking does make me so hungry, and perhaps I shall forget it if we can sit down and be quiet."

The two girls joined the little congregation, and stared about them during the prayers as if—which was, in fact, the case—they were not much accustomed to any form of worship. When the clergyman gave out his text, "Blessed are they which do *hunger*"—Phœbe elevated her eyebrows and gave an expressive glance at her sister, while he continued—"and thirst after righteousness."

The attention of the elder girl, at first disposed to wander to her many cares and anxieties, was soon riveted by the preacher. He was no longer young, of spare, ascetic mould, and had evidently himself known the troubles of life. He depicted the scene where the words of his text were uttered—the green mountain plateau above the Lake of Galilee, the disciples gathered around the Master, the crowds at a little distance from Him, longing expectantly to hear the proclamation of His temporal kingdom. Blessed are the politically free, the great, the rich, the powerful, is their creed, which they expect to hear echoed in His language; but instead they hear with wonder, Blessed are the poor, the mourners, the meek, the hungering and thirsting.

Strange that *beatitude* should be pronounced upon the lack of all the world counts good! Una, whose own experience, poor child! had decidedly gone in the direction of lacking what is usually supposed to make life pleasant, felt this come home to her with special force. Hungering and thirsting were her normal condition; not, perhaps, for physical food and drink, though the pangs of hunger were not absolutely unknown to her, but for rest, education, comfort, respectability, a little cessation from debts and discredit, and out-at-elbows Bohemianism. She could remember a time, while her mother was alive, when it had not been like this; but after her death the father, who was always disposed to be self-indulgent, had become more and more addicted to drink and gambling; things had gone from bad to worse, and poor Una had soon come to know what it was to have to encounter creditors with shifty excuses and wretched subterfuges, to live anyhow from hand to mouth, to exist in an atmosphere of falseness, cheating, deceit, and shabbiness, migrating from one lodging to another, living at one time in thriftless extravagance, at another in penury. They had come abroad in great haste, to escape from creditors, Una felt sure, and perhaps from something worse than debt. Her father had spoken grandly of leaving her and Phœbe at a *pensionnat*, but the credulous schoolmistress had not yet been found who would receive the two girls on the flowery promises of Mr. Severn; and Una was thankful! Her cheeks burnt at the

TO SLEEP.

"THY POPPY THROWS
AROUND MY BED ITS LULLING CHARITIES."

—*Keats.*

thought of the misery she would certainly endure at the knowledge of unpaid school bills and defrauded teachers, while she and Phœbe were eating bread and receiving instruction to which they had no right.

She was, indeed, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, in the sense of rectitude and uprightness. Were this only rendered possible to her—were it possible to lead a just and upright life, instead of a daily fraud—poor Una felt that she could ask for nothing more.

But the clergyman was speaking of righteousness in a further sense—as likeness to Christ, not only in the one great virtue of uprightness, but in purity of heart and life, won through trust in and union with Him.

With wonderful force he spoke of the craving of the human heart for something the world can never give.

"Wherefore thou canst not, O my soul, be fully comforted, nor have perfect refreshment save in God, the comforter of the poor, and the upraiser of the humble.

"Thou canst not be fully satisfied with any temporal good, because thou wast not created for the enjoyment of such things.

"Although thou shouldst have all created good, yet this could not make thee happy and blessed; but in God, who created all things, all thy blessedness and thy happiness consist."

The sentences from the quaint old-world book, which has helped and encouraged so many generations of Christians, fell with a strange impressiveness on the ear of Una Severn.

She could not hope for temporal good; but could there be a deeper source of blessedness which might be hers? and was not the unrest in her nature a token of her longing for this "righteousness," the hunger and thirst for which should assuredly *one day* be satisfied? Recollections of bygone talks with her mother, of prayers and childish aspirations forgotten in the sordid detail of her life, came to poor Una's heart, and filled her eyes with tears.

But the congregation were rising, and the service was over. Una sat awhile as one in a dream, till she found she was almost alone in the little church, and Phœbe was looking impatiently at her.

When the two girls went out, they were accosted by a lady whom they had observed during the service by reason of her sweet face and prematurely white hair. Her dress and accent of perfect refinement made poor Una feel more shabby-genteel than ever, and colour up painfully as she was addressed.

"I beg your pardon, but I am beginning a Bible-class for English girls on Sunday afternoons at my house, to last during the winter. May I ask if you are staying long? You are English too, I think?—then I shall be delighted to see you both if you will come."

"Oh, I am afraid——" began Una, with the consciousness of no "best dress," and a vision of fashionable English girls in furs and cashmere.

"Please *do*," urged the lady. "It will be so kind of you—at any rate to help me make a beginning." She looked and spoke with such genuine earnestness, that Una could not help accepting the card with "Miss Arnold, Villa Castiglioni," engraved upon it, and giving a half promise.

Phœbe was full of chatter and eagerness about this event as they walked home, and appeared to have forgotten her hunger until they arrived at their *appartement*, in the least attractive thoroughfare of Vignoble-sur-Lac. In a showy and not over-clean room *au premier*, furnished with threadbare red cotton plush and tarnished gilding, a crumpled tablecloth was spread, and a sulky French-woman proceeded shortly to serve them with bouillon, followed by slices of veal, and salad.

"Where is Pater?" demanded Phœbe, attacking the meal with intense relish.

"Lunching at a restaurant, I suppose," answered Una, thinking regretfully of the francs that indulgence would cost.

"And then he will go and play 'Petits Chevaux,' of course, and waste what would pay for our board and lodging for a week!" cried the rebellious Phœbe.

"I wish we could earn something," said poor Una, wistfully.

"How can we? We've never been taught to do anything that anybody short of a lunatic would pay us for"; and Una could not help reluctantly acquiescing in this view of the case.

After the meagre luncheon, the landlady, whose appearance had foretold a storm to the experienced Una, demanded "*à parler à ces demoiselles*." The purport of her remarks was only too common to the poor girls' ears. Monsieur had been out all day, so she could not speak to him, but she had as yet received no payment for the board and lodging of himself and daughters, and it was absolutely necessary she should have it before that very night; she had to meet a demand for rent on her own account. Her terms were for weekly payment, and now, behold! it was five weeks and more since Monsieur and his daughters had arrived, and not a franc had been paid. She was "*désolée*" to trouble Mademoiselle, but would she kindly either pay the money, or go and find Monsieur her father, who was doubtless not far away? The landlady added that she had already spoken to him many times, and received promises, but nothing more.

Una judged by familiar signs that a time had come when this creditor could not be staved off, and that something must at once be paid on account if they did not intend to quit Vignoble in disgrace. She quieted the irate Frenchwoman to the best of her ability, and then, feeling that she must see her father, she hurried to the large and handsome Kursaal, or Casino, which formed a powerful attraction to that gentleman.

A charming concert was in progress in the large hall, but Una knew well it would be in vain to look for her parent there.

In a small adjoining *salon* the game of "Petits Chevaux," or "Little Horses," was in full swing. No terrible gambling saloon was this, and to all appearance the game was pretty and innocent enough. The gaily-painted toy horses, each with its number and rider, careered round a green baize race-course; the stake on each was only one franc, and he who backed the winner took the stakes. The most respectable of British tourists came to look on, and those who would have shuddered at the name of Monte Carlo, were not ashamed to toss a franc into the croupier's ladle in exchange for a number representing a jockey.

Among the players, however, were some whose eyes gleamed with hungry eagerness, and it is wonderful how much money can be made to change hands, even in this innocent pastime, in the course of an afternoon. Mr. Severn, a man of about forty, with an air of affected juvenility and faded dissipation, was greedily watching the whirling horses, and removed his cigar from his mouth to utter an angry exclamation as the croupier proclaimed, "*Le numéro six gagne*."

His temper did not improve as he caught sight of poor Una in her shabby frock, and heard her whispered errand; and he abused the landlady, *sotto voce*, in no measured terms. The luck had been against him, he said, and he was not going to lose the opportunity of winning back even a handful of miserable francs at the dictation of a lodging-house keeper or his own child. Una, not daring to go home and face Madame, or lose her father from sight, waited patiently in the crowded room, with its smell of stale cigar smoke, the sound of the whirring board, and the monotonous cry of the croupier all the afternoon. There were no chairs; she had to stand back, and was crowded and jostled unmercifully by those who were intent upon seeing the game. As she stood there, the forlorn child thought upon that Una in the *Faerie Queene*, the embodiment of Truth, of whom her mother used to tell her, with fond, caressing words, and the hope that the little Una by her side would grow up to be a fair and virtuous lady.

"So pure and innocent as that same lamb
She was in life and every virtuous lore."

The irony in the contrast between that sweet old-world ideal and her present state smote painfully upon the girl's heart. "Duessa," she thought bitterly, "would have been a better name for me; I have to go in for a life of falsehood and deception. Yet how I hate it! Oh, dear, I am so tired!"

A dreadful sense of weariness came over her as the hours went by in the close, oppressive atmosphere, and she found no rest for body or mind. Her father, angry that she did not go, took no heed of her; he was childishly exasperated that the toy horses he backed would not win, and was straining forward to see the finish of a race, when someone touched him on the arm, and said, "Does not that young lady belong to you?—she is fainting."

Una knew little more till she found herself in her bed, with Phœbe buzzing distractedly about her. She tried to rise, but was languidly surprised at her own weakness, and the scent of vinegar from a cloth on her temples.

"Oh, dear, I am so glad you're better!" cried her sister. "You've been fainting; but there—lie still; you're going to have a visitor presently. Drink this."

Una swallowed the broth held to her lips, and had scarcely energy to feel astonished, when the lady who had accosted her in the morning outside the English church quietly entered the room, placed a cool hand on her wrist, and asked her if she felt better.

"I was passing the Casino when your father was bringing you out, and he kindly allowed me to come home with you," explained the stranger in soothing tones. "Lie still, and do not try to talk."

The hours went by like a dream while Miss Arnold sat in the room busied with some noiseless needlework, ever and anon rising to give Una refreshment. How did she come to be there? How was it that the shabby bedroom, with its two beds, looked more comfortable already through her presence, freshened and brightened up; that she knew how to arrange Una's pillows (though she never "smoothed" them—that most irritating of all processes); that she knew just when to speak, and when to be silent? It was a new, delicious feeling, thus to be nursed and taken care of. When night came Phœbe reappeared, and Miss Arnold vanished.

"Isn't she delightful! She was trained as a nurse in a London hospital, and gives her life to it, out of charity, when she is at home. She saw Pater dragging you about outside the Casino, and not knowing in the least what to do with you. She said she recognised you directly. I was so surprised when I saw you all three driving up in a *fiacre*. And do you know, she paid the man herself! You were insensible such a long while! I *was* so frightened. But she said I was not to talk," suddenly recollected Phœbe, "and she's coming again to-morrow."

Una was suffering from anæmia and extreme weakness, the doctor said next day; there was no pronounced disease, but she had "no constitution." Miss Arnold saw only too clearly, from her observation of the Severn *ménage*, how the circumstances of the poor child's life, her premature anxieties, had told upon her. She was resolved not to lose sight of the girls; and as it was perfectly evident that the invalid

enjoyed her attentions, she devoted herself to the task of nursing. Mr. Severn, perceiving that the strange English lady was evidently rich, and was ready to pay for numerous indulgences out of her own pocket, encouraged her visits with assiduity; the landlady, knowing Miss Arnold by name, grew less importunate. Una, lying still, and watching the beautiful face with its halo of silver hair, mingled this saintly presence with confused memories of Friday's sermon—"They that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled." She was sure that Miss Arnold was a woman of very pure and Christlike character—"else why should she be so tender to a shabby little stranger like me?" thought the poor girl. But herein lay the inspiration.

"I was sick, and ye visited Me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

As Una grew a little stronger, she was irresistibly impelled to pour forth all the confidences of her heart to her new friend; her longing for another and a better life, her unrest of spirit, the impression that the sermon lately heard had made upon her. Miss Arnold saw that the "hungering and thirsting" after righteousness was indeed the girl's own spiritual condition, and felt unspeakable sympathy for the poor child, condemned to lead a life of petty, miserable shifts, and to be in some sense a fraud in spite of herself, with none to help or teach her. She talked to her with the fervour and earnestness born of intense feeling, and of a beautiful experience, concerning the pardon and peace to be found in Christ alone. Ere long poor Una saw a new world dawning upon her. For her might be, nay, should be, this satisfying of the heart-hunger; this peace that the world could never take away.

"But *how* shall I live like a true servant of Christ?" was her pitiful cry. She would never criminate her father; but Miss Arnold read the whole story with perfect clearness; the landlady, too, was voluble. "Such a sad necessity; the *gentilles demoiselles* to be turned out of her rooms into the streets—whither?—ah, mercy! who knows? But what would you? The father, he is too much! He games and drinks and smokes, and his children may be wanting bread; but what cares he? That!" and an energetic snap of the fingers concluded Madame's oration.

The girls must undoubtedly be helped—but how? Miss Arnold racked her brains to devise a plan of saving them from their surroundings without subsidising the spendthrift father. She satisfied the landlady's immediate claim (by a loan only, Mr. Severn politely and effusively declared), and was meditating further schemes of help, when they were put to flight by a catastrophe.

Una, who had scarcely recovered from her recent attack, fell really ill. The winter was unusually severe, and she had no strength to shake off a terrible cold which, seizing her in its grip, developed into a rapid form of consumption.

The father was loud in his protestations of affection and despair. Phœbe was heart-broken. Miss Arnold endeavoured to quiet the one, to console the other, and devoted herself to the sick bed of the girl to whom she had grown so suddenly, strangely attached in the foreign land. Una clung to her with passionate devotion, and there were many sacred hours passed in the sick room, when heart spoke to heart, and the dying child looked forward with radiant hope to the home whither her friend had pointed her, the true country of all faithful souls.

Her one anxiety was for her sister Phœbe; and when Miss Arnold promised that she would care for the younger girl's future, all earthly trouble seemed to pass away from Una. She suffered little, and seemed to have a wonderfully firm faith in the life beyond.

Day by day she grew weaker; but the end came suddenly at last.

She had just been murmuring words that were dear to her—

"As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."

Miss Arnold, who was holding her hand, saw a change pass over her face, and a look of wonderful gladness come into it. "Mother!" she cried, and tried to raise herself; then fell back on her pillows. All was over, and Una had gone home.

In the little Protestant cemetery at Vignoble-sur-Lac, there is a plain white cross, where English visitors sometimes pause, for the inscription, telling neither of sorrow nor resignation, is not a usual one. Under the name and date—

UNA SEVERN.
Born May 2, 1871.
Died March 30, 1889.

follow these words:

"BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH DO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS; FOR THEY SHALL BE FILLED."

VARIETIES.

A FEW WORDS ON CONVERSATION.

"The power to converse well is a great charm," says Mr. Ruskin. "You think anybody can talk. How mistaken you are. Anybody can chatter. Anybody can exchange idle gossip. Anybody can recapitulate the troubles of the kitchen, the cost of the last new dress, and the probable doings of the neighbours. But to talk wisely, instructively, freshly, and delightfully, is an immense accomplishment. It implies exertion, observation, study of books and people, and receptivity of impressions.

"Plato banished the musicians from his feasts that the charms of conversation might have no interference; but in our later fashions many prefer music rather than the gossip of the hour, which often degenerates into trivialities, wearisome and commonplace."

SELF-DENIAL.—The secret of success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whip-hand of yourself, that is the best educator. Prove that you can control yourself—you are then an educated girl. Without this all other education is good for next to nothing.

INNOCENT PLEASURES.—No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A girl is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent amusement.

HAPPINESS AND CONTENT.—In seeking happiness we overlook content, which is always attainable; while happiness, though sometimes in view, is never within reach.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

Archbishop Usher was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, in a wild and desert place. In his distress, he went to the house of an ecclesiastic, a man reserved and prudent almost to distrust, and, to conciliate him, alleged his sacred character.

The ecclesiastic, in a tone hardly civil, refused to believe him, and said he would answer for it he had never known how many commandments there were.

"I can prove to you," said the archbishop, with mildness, "that I am not so ignorant as you think. There are eleven."

"Eleven," answered the ecclesiastic. "Very well; tell me the eleventh, and I will give you all the help you need."

"Here it is," replied the archbishop. "A *new* commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another."

THE HISTORY OF SILK.—In the time of the Romans the price of silk was weight for weight with gold. The first persons who brought silk into Europe were the Greeks of Alexander's army. Under Tiberius it was forbidden to be worn by men, and it is said that the Emperor Aurelian even refused the earnest request of his empress for a silken dress, on the plea of its extravagant cost. Heliogabalus was the first man that ever wore a robe entirely of silk.

THE SOWER.

"Sure of the spring that warms them into birth,
The golden seeds thou trustest to the earth;
And dost thou doubt the eternal spring sublime,
For deeds—the seeds which wisdom sows in Time?"
—*Schiller.*

IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

"The world is a looking-glass,
Wherein ourselves are shown,
Kindness for kindness, cheer for cheer,
Coldness for gloom, repulse for fear,
To every soul its own;
We cannot change the world a whit,
Only ourselves which look in it."
—*Susan Coolidge.*

ONE'S OWN MISTRESS.—Being our own mistress sometimes means that we are at liberty to be the slave of our own follies, caprices, and passions.

A TRUTHFUL WITNESS.—Conscience will make us betray and fight against ourselves, and for want of other witnesses will give evidence against its owner.

ANSWER TO BURIED RIVERS (p. 367).

(1.) Moselle, Theiss, Amoor, Drave, Don, Ganges, Po, Dordogne, Cher, Adige, Gareep, Memel, Pruth, Missouri, Meuse.

(2.) Tessin, Indre, Onega, Tarn, Canton, Loire, Aar, Potomac, Ourthe, Marne, Oise, Beresina.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC I. (p. 413).

1. V e n t n o R
2. A c a c i A
3. U n t e r w a l d e N
4. X a n t i p p E
5. H i d d e k e L
6. A r a b i A
7. L e s s i n G
8. L o c H or (Lough.)

Vauxhall. Ranelagh.

FOUR USEFUL ARTICLES MADE FROM ONE YARD OF HOLLAND.

It is not always requisite that we should have handsome materials to make dainty and useful articles. Things made of expensive fabrics are not, as a rule, of great utilitarian value. More homely materials are within the reach of all, and busy fingers and brains can convert them into articles of beauty. My old friend brown holland has the merit of being washable, and, moreover, after going through the processes of washing and ironing, looking as fresh as ever. Stitched with red ingrain cotton, which washes equally as well; it has a cheerful and artistic appearance in the bargain. In the night-shirt or night-dress case, the bird is one of Messrs. Briggs' transfer designs. It and the initials are worked in outline-stitch, No. 12 ingrain cotton being used: the eye must be put in with a few stitches of black cotton. The initials were drawn with a lead pencil on the flap, and the edge is feather-stitched, as shown.

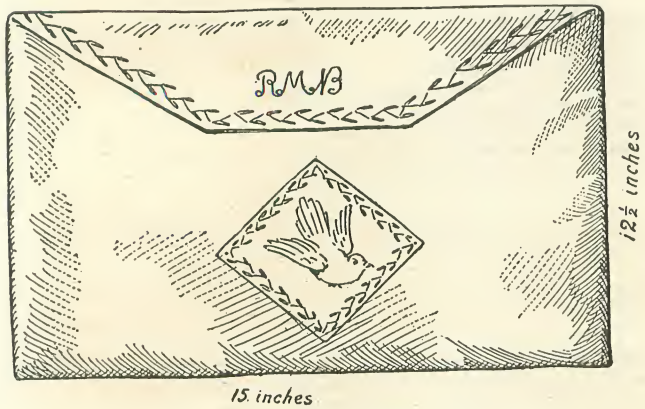
I find the neatest way of making one of these cases is to hem up the two raw edges on each side, making the hem as narrow as possible, then run the two sides together afterwards, and then there are no stitches showing, as is the case when they are run and felled.

The handkerchief case is made in the same way; if liked, the initials may be worked on the back.

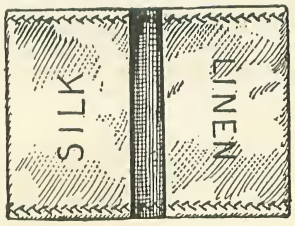
The knitting bag is a very useful article. It can be carried on the arm with the ball inside while working, and then the work may be put in the bag, and it can be hung up with the work inside protected from the dust. The drawing shows plainly how it should be cut: your design should be worked upon it before making it up.

Two yards of red braid will be required for binding. It is left open six inches down, and bound all round. This portion is shown in the sketch from the top to the bows; below the bows it is bound together to form the bag. The bows are put on last, to hide the joining. The raw edges being bound with braid on the outside, the inside is quite tidy. For the knitting-pin case, turn up twelve inches for the pocket and three for a flap, and put a button and button-hole on the flap, to fasten it securely. This is a nice case to keep long wooden pins in, such as are used for petticoats and shawls, and which very often are lost when wanted if not kept in a case.

ANNIE E. D. THORNLEY.



NIGHT-SHIRT CASE.

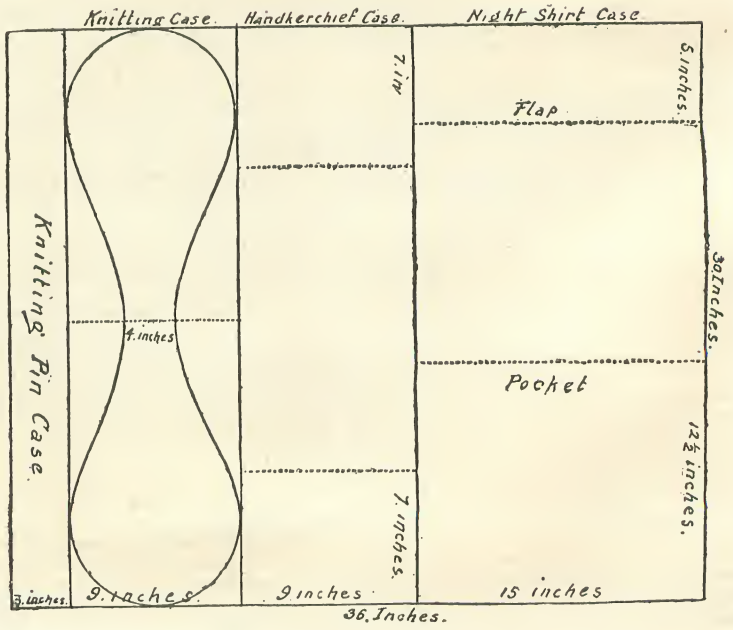


INSIDE.

OUTSIDE.

HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

KNITTING CASE.

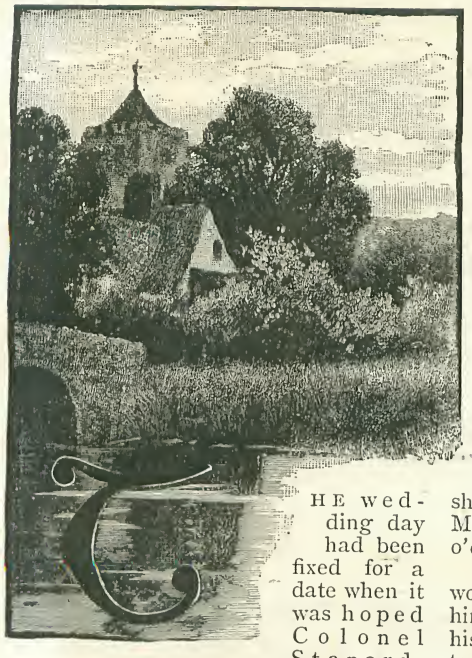


A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER V.

COLONEL PAUL STANARD.



THE wedding day had been fixed for a date when it was hoped Colonel Stanard, Owen's son, would have returned from India on leave of absence.

His father and some friends had written to him, urgently begging him to be present at the marriage if in any way possible; and their hope of a satisfactory reply was strengthened by the remembrance of his frequently-expressed desire to see his children, Jeanie and Beth, to whom he was devotedly attached.

To their great pleasure and surprise a letter from the colonel crossed theirs to him, in which he said that he had taken advantage of the offer of Government under the new law—concerning purchase—to sell out, was now free, and would be on his way home by the time they received his letter. In a postscript he added, that to guard against accidents, he had made over all he was worth to his daughters, retaining only a life interest for himself.

Paul Stanard had been abroad on Indian service for more than three years, achieving high distinction and honours.

He had left England shortly after the sudden death of his wife, a calamity that for the time so overwhelmed him he could no longer bear to live where everything recalled her image, and brought home to him the blank void life would be without her.

Entrusting his children to the care of the lady whose school his young wife had previously attended, and where he knew they were both happy and well instructed, he left for his destination.

The natural buoyancy of his disposition, aided by the sustaining power of his firm religious belief, in time enabled him to rise above his great loss, and to find solace in his many duties, and in the hope of a future spent for and with his children.

And now the long-looked-for day had arrived. The whole village and the country for miles around wore the festive air due to the two events that were to signalise it—the bridal of Owen Stanard, and the arrival of his distinguished son, the colonel.

It was scarcely nine o'clock, and already a crowd waited near the church porch, from whence a view could be obtained of the castle gates in the distance, and of the road beyond leading to the station, where he was momentarily expected.

To do him honour, and give him a warm welcome home, a large number of mounted tenants, and a body of volunteers, to which Paul had in earlier days belonged, met at the station to wait his arrival.

"He must come soon," said one of the men, who stood within the shade of the church porch; "because Mr. Owen's to be married before twelve o'clock."

"Of course he must," rejoined an old woman, who had for a brief time nursed him as a babe. "I long for a sight of his bonny kind face once more. Seems to me as if the master was coming, instead of only the son."

"He's thought mighty big of in India," remarked a groom from the castle.

"Anyway, he ain't going back again," chimed in a bystander.

"Sure, now, you don't say that?" queried yet another speaker. "After he's been in such great battles! I should have thought they couldn't do without him—that is, if they wants to go on winning, as they say he has taught them to do."

"They don't want him to leave," said, with an air of decision, a volunteer, who had long passed out of the Service. "I heard that the commander-in-chief, when told of his intention to leave the country, sent for him in a friendly manner, and said arrangements had been made to raise him to the rank of general."

"Then of course he'll go back," said another; "that settles the question, to my thinking."

"It doesn't to mine, then, nor to his either," spoke up the groom. "It's all decided; he's sold out, and is going to live at home."

"Hush! I hear shouts!" cried one of the men.

"And music, and the tramp of horses!" exclaimed others. "They are coming! they are in sight!"—and in an exceedingly short time the excited crowd sped on its course to meet the hero of the day.

Conspicuous among his welcoming tenantry, astride his favourite black charger, which he had brought with him from India, Paul Stanard rode in their midst, bowing, smiling, and heartily acknowledging their kindly if somewhat boisterous greeting.

His soldierly bearing, his keen, eagle-eyed glance, and a peculiar carriage of the head, marked at once the man accustomed to govern.

The hair of his head, and that of his large moustache, were *iron-grey*, while his heavy eyelashes and brows retained their former dark shade of brown. His features were clearly cut—the nose bold and characteristic; but the charm of the face lay, perhaps, in its melancholy, and in his deeply-set, dark grey eyes.

As the procession neared the castle the riders drew rein. The exultant shouts and the loud music of the village band subsided, while the commander of the volunteers stepped to the front, and delivered, in a clear voice, reading from a paper in his hand, a formal and general expression of the sincere happiness felt by each and all of his tenantry, that Colonel Paul Stanard had again returned to his native place. It contained also their ardent hope that he would eventually settle among them; that it would be their delight and honour to serve him at all times, and concluded with heartfelt wishes for his happiness and continued prosperity.

Rounds of gratified applause burts from the crowd when the speech had been delivered, and it was some time before the colonel could make himself heard.

With uncovered head, as he had sat during his formal welcome, he rose in his stirrups, and thanked them warmly but briefly.

"I feel more than I am able to express to you, my dear friends, the hearty welcome you have honoured me with. It is my intention, and will be my happiness, to live again amongst you all. You may accuse me," he added, with a smile, "of a want of military precision regarding my arrival. I ought to have been here three days earlier; but I think you will pardon me when I tell you the cause of the delay. We had a storm at sea, and a block in the Suez Canal, where a ship wedged itself into an uncomfortable position, and made many other ships, my own among them, share the general difficulty.

"Now, my friends, you will excuse my reminder that my father, whom I have not seen for three years, awaits me. Again I thank you from my heart. You will all, I hope, share in the festivities to do honour to my father's marriage. So we shall soon meet again." Then, waving his hat to them all, he rode through the castle gates amidst the deafening cheers of the well-pleased crowd.

* * * *

From a window of his private sitting-room, where he had breakfasted, Owen had watched the enthusiastic reception accorded to his son, and a father's glad pride awoke and thrilled within him.

Well contented with his own prospects in the future, it did not gall him, as

otherwise it certainly would have done, that his son was more honoured and better loved than he knew himself to be.

He listened impatiently for the steps which should tell of his approach; then, as they sounded fast and sharp on the polished oak flooring of the hall, he rose from his chair, crossed the room, and father and son presently met in an embrace, which closed at once and for ever the coolness and estrangement which had previously existed between them.

Holding his son's hands in a firm grasp, Owen surveyed him from head to foot; then in a husky voice said—

"I am proud of you, Paul, and of your doings. Welcome home, my boy! and if you can—ah, if you can!—give me a son's love."

"Father, I rejoice to be with you! We shall understand one another better now. Accept my hearty congratulations. Tell me all about the bride. Where is she now?" he asked, as they seated themselves by the window. "I always liked Mrs. Bartlett," he continued; "and I always had my suspicions that she inclined favourably towards you."

"So she tells me, Paul. She is staying now with her father, a few miles off, at The Turrets, a house you remember. She will meet us at the church from there. But I am forgetting you. Have you breakfasted? I have only just finished mine. I will ring, and they shall bring you some."

"I must confess to being hungry," Paul answered. "I had a cup of coffee and a roll about six o'clock—that is all."

As he ate heartily of the meal prepared for him, he heard briefly from his father the particulars of his grandfather's death; but of his strange will, and the manner in which Owen had been dealt with in it, and how wonderfully he had been helped by Evelyn Bartlett's acceptance of him, Owen said not a word.

But his studied silence on these matters so affected him that, when the colonel chanced to look up suddenly at his father, who sat where the light of the window fell upon his face, he was amazed and alarmed to see its grey, haggard aspect.

"Father, what is the matter?" he exclaimed anxiously.

"Nothing—nothing; just a feeling of faintness came over me. It is passing away. Give me a little brandy. Fill the glass, please. That will do. Thank you. No, it will not hurt me; I am used to it."

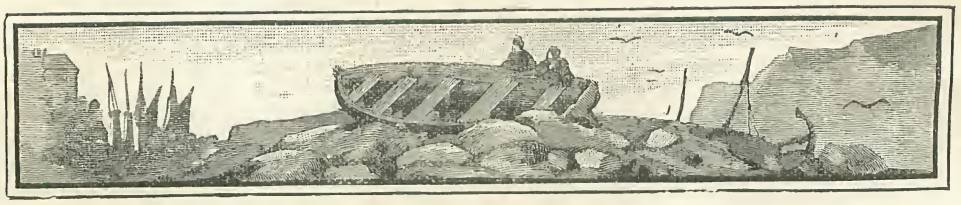
"Do you often have these attacks?" Paul questioned, as he watched his father, after giving him the brandy. "When I first came in I thought how well you were looking."

"So I have been, my boy; and I am all right again now. It has been a trying time, the last month. Now you are at home once more, and can take some of the responsibility from my shoulders, I shall be a different man; and with Evelyn Bartlett by my side I feel I shall enter upon a new lease of life." He turned to glance at the clock.

"All right, father," said Paul, interpreting the glance; "I am watching the time. I won't be late. If you are sure you are all right, I had better unpack my portmanteau and dress."

"Do so, my son. I am quite well again. By-the-bye, Paul, if you can spare time, put in an appearance with the ladies. They will be expecting you. I think they are doing some decorations at the church. I fear I have been somewhat remiss; but I needed a little quiet, and have left my visitors to entertain themselves this morning."

(To be continued.)



OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF AN OLD OAK CHEST.

By MARIA DE TRÈS ROIS.

A WHITE kid glove, a volume of Spenser, and, in an envelope, a worn visiting card and a bit of wedding cake! The card had been the first step in that bygone acquaintance, the actors in which were both long dead.

Dorothy Seymour lived in the old grey Grange, the spoiled daughter of fond parents—a gentle mother and a soldier father; and one bright sunny day in early spring a young man rode up the old lime-tree avenue on his way to call at the Grange. Was he fair or was he dark?

Her miniature still hangs in the Green Room—a dark-eyed girl with soft brown hair and smiling mouth. So, then, as generally people admire their opposite, he must have been fair and blue-eyed, broad-shouldered and tall, for she was slight and slender. And riding well—for did he not belong to the Horse Artillery?

Well, they were out—at least, Colonel and Mrs. Seymour were out; and only Dorothy was sitting at the window of the Green Room; who saw him ride away, whistling low a merry tune as down the avenue he went, as one who was glad to escape a boring visit. Another time he came; and yet another—asked to luncheon. And then he found how very nice it was, when riding in the lanes, to turn in there, away from dust and passing carts, to the welcome shade, and lounge upon the grass beneath the great beech trees, with Dorothy, her soft eyes full of welcome, ready to do him service, and treat him as an honoured guest. Then one day in sunny August they two had gone out in the little boat amid the reedy shallows of the lake, and gathered masses of the blue forget-me-not, to fill the old blue bowls Mrs. Seymour marshalled under the grey bent thorn-tree on the bank.

And they had talked of Spenser, and she had said how much she longed to read it, and he had offered to bring her his copy. But it was a new one when it came, and in it he had written her name and his own. She kept it, treasured it, and often dreamed fair day-dreams over it.

Then came a party—one of those county parties generally thought stupid nowadays; but then such dissipation as country beauties dreamed of weeks before. Dorothy was joyful when the night came, and in her high-waisted white gown, with pearls about her neck, looked very sweet and lovable as she listened to soft nothings from her partner. Then in the early dawn he handed her to the carriage, and said good-bye with a lingering clasp of the hand and a last word at the carriage window. . . . His leave was up that day. . . . She found his white glove in the folds of her cloak when she got home, entangled somehow as he helped her in, no doubt.

* * * *

Poor little Dorothy! How wretched she felt when she heard from a friend of his marriage—an Indian merchant's daughter, very rich, it was believed, and some said pretty. A few days afterwards came a little packet—a piece of wedding cake. She could not put it under her pillow to dream upon. A husband indeed!—she did not want to see his face.

* * * *

"If you could think of him, Dorothy!" the Colonel had said; and Dorothy almost wished she could, for she was lonely and sad now that her mother was dead. The heir, a distant cousin, had been staying at the Grange with them, and had asked Colonel Seymour for Dorothy's hand. He felt he should soon follow the wife he had "loved long since and lost awhile," and he wished to see Dorothy, his only child, happily settled before then.

He died, and Dorothy left the Grange, and went to live with her mother's sister, far away in Scotland, where she pined for the babble of the dear trout stream and the country she had known and loved. And at last she accepted her cousin's oft-urged offer, and returned to her old home. But the old life was gone for ever, and the only remembrance of it lay hid in the quaint old sandal-wood box down in the depths of the old oak chest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

Ada C. Gibbons.—You confound two schools of music. The Royal College of Music at Kensington Gore, S.W., demands £40 per annum for tuition. Scholarships open to both sexes. Hon. Secretary, Charles Morley, Esq. The Royal Academy of Music is at 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W., the Secretary of which is F. W. Renaut, Esq. There is an entrance fee of five guineas, and that for each term's instruction, eleven guineas. Apply to Mr. J. G. Syme, the Secretary, for all further information. There is the Royal Alexandra Home for Art and Musical Students, South Kensington; also ladies studying at South Kensington can be boarded at the Kindergarten School, 58, Pen-y-wern Road, Earl's Court, S.W. Write to Miss Wüstney.

Anxious Pattie.—1. Any of the readers of the "G. O. P."; and none of them give the answers supplied to enquirers. We give all ourselves.—2. You must be taught to play on castanets (not "casternets"). How could anyone, even a master, teach you how to play without using them before you? They go well with guitar music, and may prove an agreeable accompaniment for Spanish music performed on the piano.

Mezzo.—1. See our answer to "Webster."—2. You could not teach yourself to sing. The compass and quality of your voice should be ascertained, and the note on which it naturally breaks; and suitable songs should be selected, to preserve it from injury, and bring out your best notes, as well as to spare the ears of your audience the infliction of the screaming or growling of unmusical notes. Besides, you should be taught to take head, throat, and chest notes, and adapt them severally, as may be necessary for your individual voice. You also have to learn where to take your breath, and to unlearn and correct any tricks and vulgar mannerisms which you may have acquired. For example, an old friend of ours, who had a great love for music and good ear for time and tune, used to commence the well-known old English ballad by saying, "N'as it fell upon a day," etc.

ART.

Rose.—The term *genre*, which is French, is employed to denote pictorial representations of still life, so much in vogue amongst the Dutch painters—a shop containing vases, copper vessels, armour, etc., or a table covered with articles of vertu, dead game and flowers, and so forth. Sometimes human figures are introduced, but they are those of ordinary life—not in any way of an historical description, nor portraits.

Miss Parnell.—1. We feel happy in naming your Drawing Club, instituted in behalf of the Christian Education Association (C. E. A.), of which the next term will commence on April 1st. Our readers desiring to unite in this work must apply for the rules to Miss Parnell, 32, Pennington Street, Rugby.—2. The 24th of March, 1869, was a Wednesday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pity to Waste it.—1. Do not purchase a box of carving tools such as are usually sold to amateurs—they are worth nothing. Go to an ironmonger's and ask for the fine tools employed by cabinet-makers for delicate work. Very few are necessary. Some narrow chisels of different widths, and rounded (not angular) gouges, a small wooden mallet, for the first cutting out of the outlines, and a strong sharp penknife; also a stone for sharpening the tools.—2. Slope your writing from right to left—that is all that is required to make it exceptionally good.

Caldy.—It is against our rules to advertise the publications of other firms, or give addresses. Also, it is to our Publisher to whom application should be made for our magazines, and all other of our works. The Editor has nothing to do with the publishing department, but regrets any disappointment occasioned by your misapprehension and oversight of our rules.

L. M. and Boobyalle.—A child of twelve years old has no business to read novels. There are plenty of suitable books of an entertaining as well as useful character, from which her mother may make a selection, such as *The Home Naturalist*, the *Girl's Indoor and Outdoor Books*, *The History of Bible Plants*, published by us; and *Restful Work for Youthful Hands*, by one of our writers (Griffith, Farran, and Co.).

Water Baby.—If your weight be only seven stone and a half, you could be kept afloat in the water with the aid of one pound and a quarter of cork—at least, so we believe. But these are early days yet for thinking about any bathing, excepting in a warmed swimming-bath. Of course it is more agreeable to learn to swim with some support at first, so as to avoid disagreeable "duckings."

Gipsy.—"I will be faithful or loyal in life, and loyal or faithful to my death," is the translation of the sentence.

Lapwing.—1. The 1st of October, 1874, was a Thursday. Amongst the interesting books of travel are those by Miss Isabella Bird, Miss Gordon Cumming, and the late Mrs. Craik's *Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall*.

Hope.—There is no harm in giving relief to your nerves in crying when you are in great affliction or bodily suffering. But it is far from desirable that you should give way to frequent crying; and you should be firm with yourself, or you may become hysterical. You will also give yourself sore eyes, weaken your sight, and lose your eyelashes, not to speak of the nuisance you will become to others. This last is a grave consideration. The Holy Scriptures admonish you to "rejoice evermore."

A Jealous One.—A jealously-inclined disposition is a misfortune to the person who possesses it, as it is a fruitful source of misery if yielded to. It then becomes a sin, and is as "cruel as the grave," as Holy Writ tells us; but we can conquer evil with the help of God's grace, and we can destroy this most hateful feeling by cultivating love for others. Then we shall rejoice to see them happy, and even be glad when they are preferred before us. In so doing we shall follow our Great Exemplar, Christ. The easiest way to get rid of a bad quality is to put a good quality in its place.

Appelles is spelt wrongly; it has only one "p," that is, if you mean the famous Greek painter, B.C. 325. The painters represent angels as either fair or dark. There seems no rule or tradition about it. Murillo, being a Spaniard, might paint brunette angels; but Fra Angelico, an Italian, painted many of his fair, with blue eyes.

A Terror.—1. One of the family should play first if possible.—2. The unmarried daughter at home is "Miss Smith." No niece could take this right from her unless the daughter of the eldest brother.

Violet and Ivy.—"P. P. C." are the initials of the French phrase, *Pour prendre congé*—"To take leave." When you find your friends at home on making a call, you do not leave cards.

Teacher.—*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*, is a sentence from Ovid—"I see and approve of better things, but I follow those that are bad"—or "worse." The analogous passage is, we suppose, that of St. Paul in Romans vii. 19.

Rita.—There is a home or hospital for all diseases of the nervous system at Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W., near St. John's Wood Road Station. For all particulars apply to H. Howgrave Graham, Esq., Secretary. Here patients are received on payment according to their means, as well as free. Nervous diseases of all kinds are also treated in the National Hospital for the Paralysed, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C. There are reserved wards for patients who pay a guinea a week.

Angelina.—The fact of his mother being a widow would make no difference; she would be Mrs. Brown, and the wife of her son would be Mrs. Charles Brown. In the case of a title of nobility there are special rules.

Mystified.—We are living out the end of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. Your puzzle dates from the very early days of the era, and probably you forget that the years *before* 100 must be counted as the first century. The second century would commence when the first 100 was completed, the third when the second was ended; while if you wish to write a year in the fourth century you would write 360 A.D.

F. D. H.—Many thanks. The lines which begin, "Were half the power that fills the world with terror," are not Browning's; they are taken from Longfellow's poem, "The Arsenal at Springfield."

Shamrock.—The rose was the accepted badge of Edmund, first Earl of Lancaster. It was also the cognizance of Edmund Crouchbacke, second son of Henry III., and of John of Gaunt, fifth Duke of Lancaster, in virtue of his wife—sole heiress of Edmund Crouchbacke. The meaning of the rose is secrecy, whence the expression, "Sub rosa"—"Under the rose."

Scribbler enquires how much time is gained by writing shorthand, as compared to quick writing of the ordinary kind. We believe that some thirty or forty words can be written in one minute in the latter style; but a rapid writer of shorthand can inscribe from 120 to 180 in that same time. It is possible to write much faster, for the reporter, Mr. Reed, has been known to write shorthand at the almost incredible speed of 213 words a minute, and sixty-five words in the ordinary way, the writing being quite legible.

Eleanor.—The hostess does not introduce the successive arrivals of guests to everyone already come, but will look round for vacant seats, and place people next each other who are likely to find it mutually agreeable; and on these occasions she presents the younger to the elder (or who holds a position of precedence). If not led to seats, you may cross over to any friend you see in the room, or take the nearest chair.

Shamu.'s Wife.—1. We are quite unacquainted with the verses you quote. They are not poetry.—2. The word "beginning" has two "n's." We are sorry you waited long for an unsatisfactory answer.

Mayblossom.—One year is the period of mourning for parents. You will find it wisest to wear your first mourning till it is worn out. At six months you will probably need some change, and can lighten the depth of it by leaving off crape on dress and mantle, and only retaining it on your hat or bonnet.

Arthur's Pet.—Drying the hands very well after washing them is one way of avoiding chilblains. We have lately seen that wetting the blue-bag and rubbing the hands well with it will not only cure them, but prevent their coming as well.

Nesbit Snow.—"*Useful maid*" in a family would be the name of the position for which you should advertise.

Netta.—We were gratified by your letter, and rejoice that you are so much in sympathy with our answer to "Anxious for Salvation." We do not know her address, and in any case could not undertake to send sealed letters from one correspondent to another. We therefore return yours, as you request.

Gsorelatcyoe.—"Amyas" is pronounced as "Amy" in the first syllable—the girl's name—and is supposed to have the same origin, from the Latin word which means "beloved," and from which the French word is derived.

A. L.—We could not tell you precisely how many sheep could be maintained on your piece of grazing land, because it must depend on the quality of the herbage and of the soil, and what you could contribute to help out the pasturage. But we believe that, as a general rule, you may calculate that an acre of land would suffice for two sheep. You should consult an experienced farmer on the subject.

Oxfordshire Lass.—You may well be proud of the twelve bells of Christ Church, for they are reputed to have the finest tone of any set existing. But the finest set for the playing of tunes and carillons is that in the tower of Les Halles, at Bruges, where there are not twelve only, but forty-eight, while in Antwerp Cathedral there are ninety-nine! These are played every half-hour. *A peal of* twelve bells, as at Christ Church, Oxford, will give no less than 479,001,600 changes.

Lottie.—It is very usual for widows to wear crape mourning—diminishing after the first year—for two years. But the cap need not be worn after the first twelve months have expired. The origin of wearing widow's caps is Roman. In ancient times widows were obliged to wear them for ten months, and they were prohibited by law to marry again within the first year. In still earlier times it was the custom to cover the head, after having shaved it, as a token of grief; and the origin of wearing a special kind of cap, with pendant drapery resembling a veil—thrown back for greater convenience in these more practical days—is thus very clearly shown.

Marjorie, A. Lister, B., and E. D.—The labour market for women is said to be overstocked at present in many directions. Art, education, nursing, and music, are all full, save for very exceptional abilities, and these always find encouragement. In all the work connected with the land there seems to be a great demand for women's work, especially in dairy and poultry keeping, and also in laundry work and dressmaking. It seems as if many of our girls and women had been neglecting their own work and trying to get into other people's, does it not? and judging from this over-supply in certain directions.

Maude.—We cannot understand what you are worrying about. You must have very little to do. Certainly give up doing all that is wrong—bad temper, sharp and evil speeches, unkindness in action and language, and self-seeking. When you have given up all these for Christ's sake it will be time to do something else.

M. E. has been collecting train tickets, as she has heard that a certain number will get a child into a blind asylum. This, like the collection of stamps, is an evergreen falsehood, believed in only by foolish people who have failed to obtain reliable information.

Heliotrope.—1. Your mother needs a good tonic—one specially prescribed to suit her—and should have change of air to a place likewise recommended to her. As she is unknown to us, we could not do more than give general advice, as we are not "licensed to kill!"—2. It is perfectly a matter of individual fancy whether you wear your watch at your waist (on the left side) or in a pocket higher up—two inches below the collar-bone.

May.—The exercise for the cure of round shoulders and narrow chests is, to hold yourself erect, and then raise yourself on your toe-tips and balance yourself there, gradually increasing the time to one minute, and repeating the exercise several times a day. This simple exercise will do wonders in improving your health also.

Perseverance.—You begin writing for the press by laying in a stock of pens, ink, and paper; but before going to much expense you had better experiment in composition on only the half-sheets of paper in the house. If you can write a creditable story upon these, you may feel encouraged to persevere.

Recreation.

VOL. XIII.—No. 642.] APRIL 16, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

"SUSAN GAVE A HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF THE ATTEMPT TO ROB HER OF THE SEAT SHE HAD PAID FOR."

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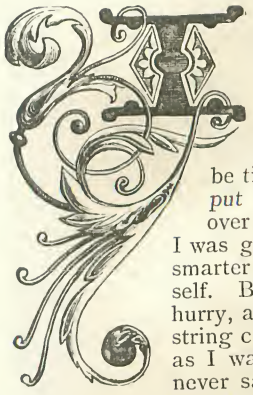
CHAPTER II.



'VE been in luck, as usual," said Susan Meade, as she joined her fellow-workers. "I thought I would be tidy for once, so I put a clean apron over my dirty one, as I was going to ride with smarter people than myself. But I tied it in a hurry, and of course the string came undone just as I was getting in. I never saw it drop off, or missed it; and I should have lost it altogether but for a man who pointed at it hanging from the step, and dragging through the mud. So there I was, amongst a car-full of ladies, if you please. But I had some fun out of them, I can tell you," said Sue, as she coiled up the apron she had just exhibited in proof of her usual ill-luck.

"Tell us all about it!" cried the others. "If there's a laugh to be had, we should like a share of it. We get enough of laughing on the wrong side every day of our lives."

Nothing loth, Susan gave a humorous description of the attempt made to rob her out of the seat she had paid for, and of the way in which she secured more than her share of accommodation from the fine ladies in the car

The story excited a hearty laugh, and such comments as, "You served 'em right. They think owt or nowt good enough for such as us. Our money's as good as theirs any day. If they don't want to sit beside hard-working folks in tram-cars, let them take cabs for themselves. We want no stuck-up fine ladies spreading their dresses out so as to take up three seats when they only pay for two."

These sentiments were hailed with a murmur of approval by nearly all the women; but there was an exception. The gentle little body, who had found a kind word to say for Smutty Sue in her absence, ventured again to speak for those whom she despised. "It's not everybody that dresses nicely that can afford to ride in a carriage or hire a cab for herself. There's many a one who tries very hard to keep up a respectable appearance, that has a sore pinch to manage it. I'd never blame anybody for being careful to keep their clothes tidy, 'specially in a town like this, where nearly everything they touch soils them. I know how I felt when I first came to Millcaster from the country, and found my print gown dirty in half the time I was used to wear it, and look neat in it. We've got to consider one another, even in tram-cars."

"That's right enough," put in a neighbour. "It's only those stuck-up ones that look at you as if you were dirt that I can't abide to be near."

"Then there's no love lost between you," said Sue; "for they can't abide being near you. But you've the best chance of paying them out, and that's some satisfaction."

"I'm often glad to ride home for a penny after my long day's work," said the little woman. "It saves time and shoe-leather, and getting cold on wet nights, not to say that the children, poor things! are wanting me badly. Still, I sometimes wish there were workwomen's cars, for I hate sitting down beside well-dressed people in the old gown I wear when I am rag-sorting. I know what I should feel if I had a nice dress on. I should want to sit between clean neighbours. My clothes are not fit to rub against good ones. They're bound to mark them."

The speaker was quite the tidiest of the rag-sorters, and Sue, on hearing her words, burst out into a loud laugh.

"That's another poke for me!" she said. "If your clothes aren't fit to rub against the fine ones, what about mine? Fancy if I'd just told the folks in the car that I was a rag-sorter, and that the stuff I worked among came from all sorts of places;—the car would have been cleared in a minute. They'd have thought they were going to catch fevers and I don't know what beside if they'd stayed near me."

"Maybe so," said the little woman. "I'd not blame anybody for trying to keep away from infection. I lost two children through a neighbour's fault, or I should say ignorance. She brought death into my house, and all the while there wasn't a kindness she would have refused me if I'd asked her help.

"I should like to say a word about ladies, too. Some of you seem to think that all the well-dressed ones look down on such as us, if they don't want to rub shoulders with us. We've no right to judge like that. When I was in my great trouble, and lost my dear children, the kindest friend and best comforter I had was a lady that I'd often called proud, and said ill-natured things about. I learned a lesson then that has kept my mouth shut many a time since."

"That'll do, Jane!" said Sue. "You're a famous one to preach; but we've had enough for the present. Let somebody else have a turn at talking. Who can tell us a tale to make us laugh a little?"

"Give us one yourself, Sue—you're the best hand at that sort," cried the rest. "Jane shall have a turn again after, for she's a good little soul, and means well, if she does preach a bit."

"I must go back to that tram-car, then," said Sue.

"She can't part with the fine ladies," shouted one of her hearers.

"You're wrong; I've done with them. I was going to tell you about a man that was in the car—just the plainest fellow I ever set eyes on, but so good-natured to everybody. One forgot that he was ugly almost as soon as one had found it out."

Then, though the tale told against herself, Sue related all that had taken place, keeping nothing back.

"I wonder you didn't box his ears for him when he talked in that impudent way. What right had he to tell you that you wore a veil over your face?" asked one woman, when she could speak for laughing.

"At first I felt rather like doing it," said Sue; "but I got over that in the same way as I forgot how plain he was. The words sound rude to you as I tell them, but if you'd seen and heard that man, you would have been sure he meant nothing but good."

There were sly looks and whispers at Sue's expense, as well as jesting words uttered aloud; but she let the women say what they chose, and showed no signs of anger at being made the subject of their rough wit.

"He was a good sort, and I wish there were more like him," said Sue. "I don't want to forget what he said, and I hope I shall see him again."

This last expression called forth more laughter; but Sue only smiled, and bade the women take their laugh out of her while they could.

"It pleases you and it doesn't hurt me. I feel to-day as if you might joke as you like; and your chaff and nonsense will make no more impression than water on a duck's back."

"You haven't let us see the gentleman's present, Sue," cried one.

"Let's see what he has given you," cried another.

"Not I. If it should be a gold brooch, or a ring, or something, I should never get it safe home if you once fingered it," she replied with a saucy laugh.

At this moment the master entered, and there was no more talk of a similar kind amongst the workers. A little later and these dispersed to their several homes, for closing time had come. Everybody but Susan seemed to be in a hurry to leave the cellar. Most of the women had families awaiting their return, and were eager to get home to them. In some cases children who had taken dinner to school with them would be locked out of the house until the widowed mother's arrival, and would, perforce, spend the time in the streets if fine, or shelter as best they could in case of wet.

A few of the workers were eager to get a penny ride when the home lay at a distance from the warehouse; and at this time, when the streets were teeming with workpeople leaving business, trams were crowded, and seats difficult to obtain, hence the hurry to secure them.

Susan Meade chose to walk alone to the poor shelter she called home. It was the worst room in the shabbiest dwelling up a narrow entry, in a wretched neighbourhood. Small as the room was, it looked scantily furnished. A narrow bedstead, with a heap of something that did duty as bedding, littered upon it, was the most important item, and served both for seat and couch. A small table, some crockery and cooking utensils, and a poker and fender, were visible. A heap of coal and a bundle of fire-lighters filled one corner. The grate was cold, the hearth covered with ashes, the whole place dirty and desolate. Two boxes, one large, the other small, were under the bed, hidden, however, by the patchwork quilt, which hung down to the floor. Before lighting the fire Sue drew the smaller box forward, and unlocked it by means of a key fastened to a string which hung beneath her gown skirt, and, having opened it, took out a frame containing a photograph. She had previously taken care that her movements

should not be overlooked, for she had closed an old wooden shutter that guarded the only window, and drawn across that a dingy curtain. But for the shutter the room would have been untenable during a cold winter, for the window fitted badly, and shook and rattled with every blast.

If anyone could have watched Susan's movements, he would have noted that the reckless, defiant look had faded from her face, and that as she gazed at the picture before her, tears began to steal down her cheeks. So greatly had the expression of her countenance altered, that her fellow-workers, accustomed to her broad jests, loud laughter, and defiant ways, would hardly have believed the change possible. There were two portraits in the photograph, and the originals must have been notable for good looks. Good in a double sense, for the faces and features which composed them were fine; but the expression, though somewhat sad, told of an inward peace which this world neither bestows nor can take away. Country folk, man and wife, dressed in their best for the purpose of being photographed, and making a simply beautiful picture which strangers might well have looked on with pleasure and admiration.

It was a long time since Smutty Sue had gazed on those faces, or disturbed the box in which many relics of better days were concealed. As a rule, she preferred to turn her thoughts from the past, with its memories of loving parents, a peaceful home, and a youth undisturbed by a knowledge of what lay outside the little world of her native village.

She had thrown aside even the early habits of personal cleanliness and neatness that had in those days seemed part of her nature. As if to sever every link which bound her to the past, she had fixed her abode where everything was as different as it could possibly be from her old home, and she seemed to take a stern pleasure in the very hardness of the life she led.

It was not from absolute necessity that she occupied so wretched a dwelling, and that food and clothing were of the meanest kind. It was part of a plan, the object of which was known only to God and herself—a mistaken one, conceived in a moment of remorse, and persisted in even after she had realised that it was such.

It was also of deliberate intent that Sue kept all her neighbours at arm's length. She rejected the offered kindnesses which even the poorest are ready to render to those in like case to themselves.

Most of the very poor are accustomed to have their few utensils almost in common. If one has an article, no one else in the court need be at a loss. So, with the kindliness born of common poverty and daily necessities, Sue was made free of Crowe's Entry, and told to ask for anything she might want.

"If we have it, ye'll be kindly welcome; and if we haven't, we'll help you to make shift somehow," said an old Irishwoman, speaking for Crowe's Entry generally.

"I'm much obliged to you," said Sue; "but I neither borrow nor lend. I've nothing worth offering myself, and I will not wear out things bought with anybody else's hard earnings. I hope you'll not think me unfriendly; it's just my way."

In the strictest sense Sue kept herself to herself, and resisted every attempt at neighbouring. Any glance at the contents of her room revealed only traces of barest necessaries, and no one crossed its threshold. The rent collector received his money regularly, and was only too glad to be asked for no repairs and improvements.

Both in the Entry, and amongst her coworkers in the rag-sorters' cellar, there were many who would fain have asked questions respecting Susan Meade's past life and belongings. But there was something about her which deterred them from taking liberties. Her fine, powerful figure, her handsome, resolute face, her hard hits when any expression called for a sharp retort, combined to fence her round against the curiosity of those amongst whom she found herself. She went her solitary way, and lived a lonely life amid the swarming thousands of a great city.

Susan looked long at the portraits of her parents, and seemed loth to restore the photograph to its hiding-place.

"They used to say I was like them both," she said to herself. "Father about the upper part of the face, only I had mother's mouth and chin, and her complexion. I feel as if I couldn't part with them; but it would never do for Smutty Sue to grow soft nowadays."

Seized by a new fancy, she turned again to the box, and, after a brief search, brought out a hand-glass, in which she gazed, after another look at the photograph, as if comparing her own face with the portraits of her parents. One piece of self-denial which she had chosen to practise was in regard to looking at her face in the glass. For years she had never seen her image so reflected, or cared to do so.

Sue gave a bitter laugh, and remarked—"Well, you're a beauty to look at nowadays, Susan Meade! The mother that nursed you would hardly know her child—the child she was so proud of, and the only one left out of five. To think I was ever like you and father!" she exclaimed, as if addressing the portrait of her mother once more.

Truly Sue's face was more unlovely to behold than it had been in the tram-car. Tears had made paler lines on its dingy surface. These lines had been further broadened into smears and smudges by the hand drawn across them to dash away the moisture. The effect was equally ludicrous and repulsive.

The sight shocked Sue, and she put down the mirror with a gesture of disgust.

"I've been wrong in this, as in many another thing," she murmered. "If I had sunk below my old level, there was no need for me to neglect common cleanliness and decency. I remember our old minister at home once said in his sermon that there was no merit in sackcloth and ashes; that there were many outside signs of penitence and humility that were poor shams, like the long faces and the long prayers made by the Pharisees 'for a pretence.' Those who saw the long faces might think they were signs of mourning for sin, yet the heart might not be altered a bit. It was the changed life that was the best evidence of a heart taught by God's Holy Spirit to see its sinfulness, and led by that blessed Spirit to the feet of Jesus, to seek for pardon as a true penitent.

"How things keep coming back to me to-night. I might be listening to that good old man's voice, just as I did when I sat between father and mother on that Sunday the week before father died. They used to talk about the sermons after they got home. I remember things they said then as if they were speaking to me now from the picture. And yet I haven't thought about such words for many a day. I've tried to forget, and I often do; but the words come back. Father and mother are dead, both of them; but they speak to me yet. They used to say that the Holy Spirit had many ways of working on a sinner's heart, and I could almost think some power I know nothing about, is using the old folks' words to strive with mine again after all these years."

There was only the light of a tallow dip in the miserable room, and the fire was still unkindled. Susan sat on the edge of the bed, holding the portraits in her hand. After a brief silence she kissed the glass that covered the dear faces, replaced the photograph in its usual hiding-place, locked the box, and pushed it beneath the bed.

Sue next busied herself in lighting a fire, and did not content herself with this and putting on the kettle, but with the stump of a brush and the worn shovel she cleared away the dirt and ashes from floor and fireside—a much-needed operation.

"There, that's a bit better. I've been 'doin' pinance,' as Irish Biddy says, for a good while past. I've denied myself all but food enough to keep life and soul together, and I've kept strong and healthy in spite of bare living. That shows how little is enough, if one could only be content without more and better. I've gone in rags, and hidden my very features under a veil of dirt, as that ugly little man told me straight out. I've stuck to these things as if they were to help me to peace and comfort; but rags and miserable surroundings have made me no better and no happier. I've been drifting further from God every day. My way of making amends for sin is a failure. That cleanly, kindly man made me feel sick of dirt and rags, though I made fun of my tram-ride and of him to the other women at the cellar afterwards. I wonder could that man be another messenger from God to stir me out of this Slough of Despond! Dear, dear, I'm living under the old roof to-night, and I can hear father reading *Pilgrim's Progress* to mother and me, as she knitted and I sewed by the fireside. What a bright home it was, every inch of it! How have I borne this? I'll bear it no longer!"

In an instant the woman started to her feet. The fire had begun to send up a cheery blaze, and did more to light the room than did the sputtering candle which was sinking in the socket.

"It's well there is no more light," murmured Sue. "The place is like my thoughts—it won't bear looking into. The more light, the more rubbish is shown that wants clearing away. Here goes for the outside business."

Sue's capable hands began the work of tidying with a vigour that told little of a long day's work in the rag-cellar. Cleaning materials at her disposal were of the scantiest; but she made the best of them, and in a short time produced a wonderful change in the look of the room.

"I'll do better next time," she said; then turned to a low shelf, on which crockery, saucepan, and frying-pan rested side by side. No wash-basin or soap-dish was visible. There was a brown earthenware bowl that did duty for many purposes, but was rarely used as a wash-basin. "I'll make shift with it," thought Sue. "Warm water will be best;" and she poured half the contents of the now boiling kettle into the bowl, then took a battered tin can to the outside tap in the court. With its contents she replenished her kettle, cooled the water in the bowl, and prepared for the much-needed wash. But another want had to be faced. "No soap, of course; and no washing clean without that."

There was a hard scrap sticking fast to the shelf; but Susan decided that it would be worse than nothing for the work to be accomplished. She was about to throw a shawl over her head and shoulders and go to the nearest shop, when she noticed the little packet given her by "Uncle Mat."

"I've never looked at my present yet," thought Sue. "I may as well see what it is before I go."

Perhaps she had a presentiment of its contents, and thought they might render a journey needless. At any rate, she found what she wanted—a square of soap. No fancy article, but just plain yellow, of excellent quality.

"Thank you, Uncle Mat. You saved me a step by giving this, and I've no doubt you would be very pleased if you could know that I'm going to use it to move the veil from my face. You're a plain-spoken one, but you mean well. If I had been told this morning that I would stand such a talking to from anybody living, I wouldn't have believed it. I'd have said, 'Let anybody try it on, that's all; and before they are five minutes older they'll wish they had kept a civil tongue in their heads.' I shouldn't have thought twice about pushing a good mouthful of this soap between the teeth of any woman at the cellar that had been impudent enough to offer it straight off. But the ugly man with his pleasant voice and kind ways made me look at myself inside and out as one may say—not at him. And an ugly sight he showed me. If ever we meet again, I'll thank him both for his talk and his present. He shall see for himself that neither of them was lost on me."

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF FICTION.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.

FICTION, as we all know, in the sense in which we use it in the present day, is a new growth. One does not need to go very far back into the social life of the past, or to read up much in any history, to be satisfied as to this; and like all influences, new and old, it has its good side and its bad—its use, but also its grave possibilities of abuse and misuse. I have more than once heard it said that it would be by no means a matter for regret, but in many ways the reverse, if during one whole year no new *novels* were to appear! There would be leisure then for a thorough weeding out of those already in existence, which would, I think, be salutary for authors as well as for readers. Weeding out always *is* effected in time, it is true, but the ever-increasing mass of publications renders it more and more difficult. And meantime, it is melancholy to reflect on the enormous waste of time and energy on books that are even less worth reading than writing. For, after all, though I would be the last to encourage or urge young people with no special gift, or no special reason for imagining they may have such a gift, though dormant, to rush into print; still, the doing so is sometimes a very wholesome lesson. *No* book can be written without a good deal of patience and toil; and except in wrong-doing, patience and toil are never altogether thrown away. And nothing tests the reality of literary power like seeing one's productions in print—unless it may be the humiliation of finding the result of one's labours ruthlessly cut to pieces, or, still worse, altogether ignored. For where there is real talent, these trials often serve but as a spur to renewed effort.

This increase of books of fiction—tales and stories of every kind, more especially novels, not to mention children's books—with which just now we are scarcely concerned—is almost incredible. Even forty or fifty years ago, when the three-volume novel was already fairly launched, and circulating libraries on a small scale had been for some time in existence, the number of tales and stories was infinitesimal compared with to-day. And in another way fiction was of much less importance as a factor in social life. Novels, as a rule, at that time were so poor. With the exception of the works of a very few leading authors, the run of them was both dull and uninteresting, exceedingly untrue to nature, badly written, and *terribly* sentimental. The word "romance," which tells its own tale, had not yet altogether gone out of fashion. I do not think many of these second- or third-rate—no rate at all we should now dub them—productions would find much favour with the girls of the present day. There is no doubt whatever that the whole level of fiction—the higher ground having been first sighted by some great pioneers such as Charlotte Brontë, Dickens, Thackeray, Harriet Martineau; a little further back by Sir Walter Scott, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth (whose *Helen*, a novel of almost typical excellence, is far less known than it should be); a little later on by Mrs. Gaskell, Anthony Trollope, Charles Kingsley, Miss Thackeray, Charles Reade, Miss Mulock, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Oliphant, Dr. Macdonald, and by that time already many others—the whole level has risen incalculably. Nowadays it would take nearly all the space at my disposal merely to enumerate the *names* of existing novels of unquestionable merit, both English and American, and among these, I may remark parenthetically, not a few good judges place women writers, led by George Eliot, in the foremost rank. These greater authors are followed by an innumerable crowd of smaller ones, many a one of whose productions would, earlier in this century, have been looked upon, and rightly, as a masterpiece. And it is just *because* the level has so risen; just because there are so very many books of fiction worth reading; that the subject requires such serious consideration;—that it behoves us out of much that is good to choose the best, and not only the best in the abstract, but to find out what is the best for *us*, and that we are left without excuse if ever we are guilty of reading a book that is in any sense *bad*—for of course the bad has come with the good. With the improvement both in matter and literary skill has crept in a great wave of false cleverness; of writing for effect and notoriety instead of from any higher motive or true love of art; of pandering to public taste, already satiated with too much light and ephemeral literature, and ever seeking for new excitement—in a word, what has been called the "sensational school" in fiction, though in using this well-worn expression I do so only in its objectionable sense; for it covers a wide field, and I should be very sorry to be supposed to refer to the many wholesome and harmless, as well as clever, novels which yet, as is rather to be regretted, must, technically speaking so to say, be classed as belonging to that school.

There are a great many things I should like to impress upon girls with regard to novel or story-book reading. I can only touch upon the most important; and first of all comes a very commonplace piece of advice—almost, indeed, a truism—never forget that reading fiction is to be looked upon as *recreation*. There are, it is true, some novels—among them I might mention Mr. Pater's *Marius, the Epicurean*, perhaps Mr. Shorthouse's *John Inglesant*—which are *hardly* to be ranked as such. They are certainly not "light" reading,

however beautiful. Such books are the product of immense learning and research, and profound scholarship: to be read, understood, and admired as they deserve, they must be *studied*. But as regards fiction in general, if it is to fall into its right place as an influence for good on a girl, it should be looked upon as among the sweetmeats of her life; otherwise it not only unfits one for graver reading, and most probably interferes practically with duties not to be set aside; but it actually loses its own charm if indulged in too much, or at unseasonable hours. First thing in the morning and last at night seem to me very prominent among these unsuitable times. Not only do we owe our very first and last waking thoughts to the best and highest interests of all; but besides this, novel reading in the forenoon leaves one in a curiously unready and desultory condition for the day's work; and sitting up late at night over an interesting or exciting tale is equally sure to make one's brain unhealthy, tired, and listless.

As to *what* fiction to read, I would, to start with, strongly advise a girl, on first beginning to feel her own way a little in Bookland, to read some of the best *older* novels. Sir Walter Scott is sadly out of fashion, I know. Young people find him woefully dull; but I cannot believe that young human nature has changed so extraordinarily as all that in half a century or less. I fear the mischief is almost entirely due to premature, and perhaps indiscriminate, indulgence in novels while still very young; even in some cases before childhood is really past. If girls had as few books as their grandmothers in *their* youth, fresh from school-work and with unspoilt taste, I think most of them would be as susceptible to the wonderful charm of the great northern wizard as were these grandmothers in their day. Indeed, I have seen it tested. Some young people I know were brought up on the Continent under rather "old-fashionedly" strict surveillance. Story-books of any kind were rare; novels unknown. Just as they were growing up, a return to England opened out a wide field to them; and as they were wisely directed, the Waverley novels were almost their first pasture ground. I can scarcely exaggerate, and shall never forget, the delight and enjoyment these boys and girls found in them. Nor has this freshness of taste ever been altogether lost. I think the restricted story-reading of their earlier youth has not proved a subject of regret.

And close upon the Waverleys come others, varying so widely that no one can complain of monotony in our older fiction, though its amount may be limited. Dear Miss Austen for one; *The Newcomes; Pendennis*, the almost embarrassing wealth of Charles Dickens's books, leading us on gradually to the later novelists of this century, who one by one have been canonised by the slow but sure decision of time as "Standard authors, whose works will live." Along with this reading, or interspersed with it, it may be well to divert yourself now and then, in anticipation, as it were, with a present-day novel. But when you begin with these, I would earnestly advise you to ask advice and direction. Do not be in a hurry to read a book just because "everybody" is reading it; do not feel ashamed *not* to have seen "*the* book of the season." It may sometimes prove a very blessed thing for you never to see it at all. Far better miss altogether the reading the cleverest book that ever was written, than soil your mind and memory in *the very least:* far better even to be laughed at as prudish, or behind the day, than risk any contact with the mental or moral pitch which is so *very* hard quite to rub off again. For though, taken in the mass, our English fiction is not often, thank God, open to the terrible verdict that must be passed on that of some other nations, there are a great many novels that are not *good*, where no real belief or nobility of principle underlies the cleverness, which leave a young mind confused as to what *is* "good," or what the writer means one to think so; or, worse still, insinuates a strange chaotic distress as to whether right *is* right any longer, or wrong, wrong.

I think, though they may not be obtrusively so, we who are Christians *must* call such books "bad." For, remember, it is not writing about bad things that is necessarily bad.

As girls grow older they have to face evil in many forms in real life, and even sometimes its delineation in fiction. But it should be recognised *as* evil, as the powerful yet miserable thing we have to do battle with while life lasts; never as a skilfully-draped and dressed-up figure, which is to be misnamed *good*. Nor, even when *recognised* as evil, should its deformities be unnecessarily dwelt upon; the doing so is one of the worst of the morbid tendencies of present-day fiction, and can do *us* no good. It may possibly, in some cases, bring home his own degradation to the hardened and stupified conscience of a drunkard to see it portrayed in its terrible reality, though even this is an open question; but supposing it were ever our painful task to help any such unhappy ones, I do not think we should do it any the better from having studied some morbidly accurate picture of this terrible vice in a novel, French or English. For, to my sorrow, I could name some recent English novels, written, I am assured, with the best motives, and supposed to be suited to young readers, which I should shrink from putting into the hands of such almost more than an honestly coarse mediæval romance.

But having sought and received wise, and at the same time sympathetic, counsel as to your choice of books, do not keep yourself too much in leading-strings. Do not be afraid to form and to hold, while always open to correction, or suggestions, or re-adjustment of your views, *your own opinion*. You have several things to consider—not only what is good in the abstract, but, as I said before, what is good for *you;* what you really enjoy; what you feel you profit by. Nothing is more pitiful or absurd than to hear a young person, parrot-like, praising or trying to be enthusiastic about some book he or she neither admires nor understands, just because it seems the thing to do. One of the very cleverest and most cultivated women I know is not ashamed to own, when the subject comes up, that she has never been able to derive any kind of pleasure from the writings of Charles Dickens. And, to me personally still more astonishing, I *have* met people who found *Pride and Prejudice*, and *Northanger Abbey*, very flat. I myself feel the same want of attraction in some American novelists whose genius is incontestable. We are not all made alike; and even if one's own want of appreciation of books that *should* be appreciated is somewhat humiliating, it is better to be humiliated than not to be honest, though at the same time good taste and true humility should prevent one's *obtruding* these eccentricities of taste—another little danger of which I could warn young readers. For mental powers and perceptions change as well as develop. "*Fontaine, je ne boirai jamais de tes eaux*, is a rash declaration; the very books you cannot like now, may become your greatest friends in later years. Say you do not care for them if your opinion is called for, but beware of inferring that they are unworthy of being cared for.

Then you have to find out what books have the best effect on you. Some people cannot stand very exciting or thrilling stories, just as some people are better without any wine. If you find it so with you; if certain novels so engross your mind and imagination that real life becomes dreamland, and you go about your duties in a sort of sleep-walking, then give them up, or indulge in them but rarely, and at judicious times; unless, indeed, you can train yourself to sufficient self-control resolutely to keep their fascination under mental lock and key—a grand piece of self-discipline in itself.

Many people object to reading stories that appear in serials. I think there is a good deal to be said in their favour, unless of course one reads too many at a time, which cannot but lead to confusion. I have often noticed that the tales one reads in parts are those that remain the longest in one's memory; they mellow there, as it were. During the intervals one seems to live with the characters, to get to know them, to distrust some, to feel increasing affection and admiration for others. We wonder how they are getting on, what will be the next news of them, and so on; almost as if they were real acquaintances at a distance. And it is often a pleasant and not unprofitable subject of conversation to discuss the incidents of a serial story between times with others who are following the gradual unfolding of its plan, much in the same way that one of the good results of reading aloud is the common interests it brings into family or friendly life. I wish reading aloud were more in fashion. I am always sorry when I hear girls say they "hate" it, or declare ungraciously that they have never been able to read aloud well. I know it calls often for patience and unselfishness—on the part of the listeners sometimes as well as the reader; but is that any real objection? Are not pleasures shared the truest? And from another point of view as regards the reader, who can tell what may be before any of us in the unseen years to come? If not darkened vision, enfeebled physical powers of some kind are the lot of most before the end: you may come to be very thankful to have acquired the art—for a real art it is—of reading a story aloud well, before there was actual call for doing so. And later on still, when the time comes that you yourselves may be dependent on the kindliness of others for anything to cheer or lighten monotonous days, will it not be pleasant to remember that when your eyes were keen and your voice clear, you grudged neither in this often welcome service?

To return to the choice of books of fiction. I should like to say a word or two about *foreign* literature of this class, notably French or German. It is most advisable not to limit your light reading to English. Most girls nowadays can read both French and German, the former especially, with ease and pleasure; but even in the rare cases where it is not so, I should recommend good translations. For it is not only of self-improvement as a linguist that one should think. The variety, the *newness* to you of the life of other countries, when well depicted, are most wholesome and widening in their influence. Nothing, next to actual foreign travel, takes one more out of oneself than a story of which the scene and characters are entirely unlike one's ordinary surroundings, provided of course that the essence of *all* good fiction, the magic "touch of nature," be not wanting. And one of the greatest services fiction can render us all—brain-weary men and women as well as young girls—is this *taking us out of ourselves*. It is one of the reasons why historical novels, or stories of long ago, are often so refreshing. It is a great part of the secret of the charm of fairy-tales. I remember not long ago asking a woman who is really a deeply-read scholar, what kind of fiction she enjoyed the most. Her reply was—"Well, on the whole, I think I would choose a good rollicking story of adventure, such as Mr. Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. It is such a *change*."

And as regards foreign fiction, do not be surprised at my recommending some French

as well as the many excellent German tales. It is a great mistake to imagine that *all* French novels are objectionable or unwholesome. There are some already "standard" ones, besides the two or three—*Paul and Virginia*, and *The Exiles of Siberia*—which our grandmothers were restricted to; a few of George Sand's, one or two of Balzac's, and some others, which I really think everybody who reads at all should read; and a fair number of modern ones, pre-eminent among them perhaps those of Mrs. Craven—whose death her many friends are still mourning—no mother need object to a daughter's reading, though of course they must be chosen with care and knowledge. As works of art, too, as models of literary skill, French novels stand unrivalled. There is no such thing as slovenly or slip-shod writing in French. The exigencies of the language, its poverty of *words* as compared with our own, necessitating extreme variety and delicacy of *expressions* or combinations of words, and partly from the same cause, the much greater precision of grammar, make it impossible for uneducated or half-educated authors to exist. It is to be regretted that our own standard in such directions is so much less stringent.

In closing, I should like to say a little more about what seems to me one of the great dangers of fiction for the young, one of the shoals to be avoided. I have already alluded to it in speaking strongly of the advantage of those tales which take us out of ourselves. These need not necessarily be laid in far-away places or long-ago days. Such a book, for instance, as Miss Lawless's admirable Irish tale, *Hurrish*, a story not only of present day events, but of, in one sense, actually our own countrymen and women, transports us to scenes as unfamiliar to many as those of the Middle Ages; thereby not only refreshing our imagination, but marvellously widening our sympathies. But still, after all, when all is said and done, I fancy girls, as girls, prefer stories of the life they themselves are actors in. And this is natural, and to some extent, when one takes into account the eager anticipations, the vivid hopes, the vague wonderment as to the unfolding of the drama of your own future, without all of which youth would no longer be youth—to some extent this preference is not to be objected to. But keep it well in hand; beware of reading yourselves into all you read; try to avoid sentimentalism, as distinct from true sentiment, in every form; while sympathising with your heroine let it be with *her*, not with yourself under her name; try to treat her objectively, so to say. Nothing is more dwarfing and enervating than to make all you read into a sort of looking-glass—and often a most misleading one!—to measure and judge and criticise solely by your own personal feelings and experience.

And even with regard to the very best works of fiction, remember they *are* fiction. It is highly improbable that your own life, taken as a whole, will resemble the most life-like story in three volumes. Art must *be* art; to restrict it to literalness would be to destroy it. Thoroughly to enter into the explanation of this would lead us into very abstruse regions, and would be, on my part, presumption to attempt. I can but hint at it. Fiction cannot be biography; an oil-painting cannot be a photograph. In the former the *characters* must be true to life; the situations and action never (in ordinary story-telling that is to say) *impossible*, and but rarely improbable; but more than this one cannot ask. Into all fiction, if it is to serve its purpose, must be infused a breath of the ideal; it must be touched by the wand of Hans Andersen's *Spirit of Fairy-tale*. It is the attempt at literalness, the exaggeration of the "realism" we hear so much about, that is degrading and distorting art in so many directions. Pictures, on canvas or in books, must be "composed"; subjects striking and beautiful selected; all must be grouped, harmonised, re-cast by the poetic genius of the artist, the "maker." For poetry, in the widest acceptation of the word, is the soul of all art. We must see with the artist's eyes; it is his power of seeing as others do not, and of partially communicating this power, which makes him what he is.

And, after all, as regards our own experience, I doubt if any human being, even at the close of the longest life, really feels at the end of the third volume. Not only do we live again in the interests, the hopes, and fears of those around us, but we feel our own life still. We are not *meant* to close the book of ourselves, it seems to me, for surely all that *makes* us will live on; not only our few good deeds, our two or three completed tasks, but, better still, the teaching of our failures, the clear vision of our mistakes, of the fitfulness of our best efforts, of the scantiness of our self-renunciation—the influence of all this training on our characters, which *are* ourselves, and must last. And above all, the love for God and for each other, which, however imperfect now, is yet the germ and mainspring of true living—all these will be found—"continued" in the Book of Golden Letters waiting for us to read when this poor stained *first* volume is done—in that new life "whose portals we call Death."

MISS FANNY; A STORY OF YOUTHFUL LIFE.*

ADAPTED FROM THE DANISH.

By ANNE BEALE.

PART I.

MISS FANNY'S ACQUAINTANCES.

An elegant young lady left Copenhagen by steamer to pay a visit to the honest Jutlanders, while a melancholy midshipmite stood on the pier watching the smoke. She had been ill, and the doctor had told her parents that if she were ever to get well again she must take a trip to the country. Now her father was a rich merchant and her mother an invalid, and between business and illness they were unable to accompany her.

They were at their wits' end, when, just in the nick of time, there arrived from Jutland the baron, brother of Miss Fanny's mamma, and owner of Söholm. No sooner did he hear how matters stood than he exclaimed, with native boldness—

"Let me take the little maiden to Söholm. Peter shall be her *cavaliere servente*, and I will bring her back in a month, frisky as a bird, and with cheeks like red tulips."

Although Miss Fanny wrinkled up her nose at the prospect of this Jutland cavalier, the offer was accepted; and thus it came about that the melancholy midshipmite stood gazing at the smoke while she went off on her adventures with the baron.

Little Miss Fanny was a much-admired damsel, and she held up her curly head as if she knew it. She had two brown eyes, which shone so brightly that you would think a tear could never darken them; and a clever little nose, slightly turned up, as much as to say, that we are not all on the same level in this motley world. She was smartness itself, and her dress might have been modelled from a fashion-book. Her little feet seemed formed for tripping up and down Œstergade,† and she was altogether the most elegant eight-year-old lady to be found within the walls of Copenhagen.

While Miss Fanny and the baron were steering towards the Jutland coast, grand old Söholm was decking herself in all her summer garments in preparation for their reception; for the wind had been there, flying in and out of every nook, and whispering that distinguished guests were on their way. And dame Söholm did not look amiss when in full dress.

This was an old manor house, which, though of staid and sober air, looked as if life and mirth might flourish beneath its careful tendence. The walls had been whitewashed and smartened; a whole regiment of storks kept guard on the roof; and swallows and sparrows flew and twittered everywhere. A green framework of forest, shaped like a crescent, sheltered it at the back; while in front, rich waving cornfields sloped down to the clear water of one of the inlets that cut the coast of Jutland. This little bay was separated from the main sea by a bare, high-ridged, homely isthmus, which looked like a huge boat, bottom upwards, enjoying repose on dry land, after having fought the battles of life on the ocean wave.

Amid these rural surroundings wandered, in all the glee of careless youth, a brave, cheerful little fellow about Miss Fanny's age. This was Peter, the future lord of Söholm, and the joy and pride of the baron. His heart was light as the spring breeze; his cheek round as a summer apple; but, alas! no one could say he was elegant, like Miss Fanny and the midshipmite. Still, he was too well-bred to adopt the manners of his intimate friend, the coachman; but, on the other hand, had too little taste for dress to please Miss Lœrke, the housekeeper. She, who was old and sensible, declared him to be the worst of all the bad Peters who, in this wicked world, tear their trousers and maltreat their clean collars.

The baron was a widower. His wife had died soon after the birth of Peter, and he had loved her so dearly that he could never forget her, as some good men are said to do. He had sought and found consolation in Peter, who became to him henceforth both wife and son. He was a kind man, and such an indulgent father, that he willed that Peter should be allowed to do just as he liked; and the good boy never failed to fulfil his father's loving wish. A rare devotion to horses, dogs, servant-lads, and other wild creatures; a magnanimous indifference to his clothes, and an amiable disposition to give away all he possessed, were amongst the early features of young Peter's character. He was also remarkable for making friends with everybody, high and low, Miss Lœrke, perhaps, excepted. These traits filled the baron's heart with joy and pride.

* This story was originally translated by Augusta Plesner, but never before published in English.

† The Regent Street of Copenhagen.

As we have said, Söholm put on her best clothes and waited expectant. A rattling of wheels, the cracking of a whip, and a carriage pulled up in her old courtyard. The baron had scarcely time to lift out his pretty niece, when a square little fellow, quite out of breath, and hurrahing with delight, rushed to meet him, and disappeared in his capacious embrace.

"Look, Fanny!" cried the happy father. "Here is the boy who has 'washed himself.'"*

Miss Fanny thought, with some reason, that if her uncle was to be trusted, the "boy who had washed himself" was a creature with very dirty trousers. The truth was that Peter had been smartened up to receive his father and cousin, but, having followed the carriage for the last mile or so, holding on by the rumble, he had acquired much additional ornament! The consequence was that Miss Lœrke stopped short in the middle of a curtsey, seized upon him, and carried him off without mercy. It was the time of the summer holidays, so his tutor was absent.

He reappeared in proper costume for dinner, and when it was over, his father said to him—

"Now, Peter, you must bring out your cousin and set her a-going, as a brave lad should!"

Nothing could be more in accordance with Peter's wishes, and he prepared at once to obey. But Miss Fanny considered herself far wiser and more experienced than he, and resolved to do her best to educate and develop him. This was well imagined of Miss Fanny.

"We will begin by eating gooseberries as long as ever we can," proposed Peter, by way of laying a solid foundation for the afternoon's labours.

"Really, I dare not, on account of my doctor," replied Miss Fanny, fanning herself elegantly with her handkerchief.

"A fig for the doctor!" cried Peter; and they were soon seated under a huge gooseberry bush.

Large juicy gooseberries are a great temptation to a young lady of eight, and Miss Fanny could not quite resist them.

She gathered a couple with the tips of her fingers, and sucked their juice daintily; while Peter devoured them with a zeal that seemed highly improper to his elegant cousin. Having heard many moral tales herself, she determined to terrify him by an awful example.

"I knew a boy who ate a quart of gooseberries, and was taken ill and died," she said solemnly.

"What a milksop! Only a quart!" exclaimed Peter with supreme contempt.

"A well-bred person couldn't eat like that," returned Miss Fanny sharply.

"Are you tired of it? Then we will leave off and have a sail," said her accommodating cousin. "I have a trough in the pond down below which is better than a boat."

Miss Fanny imagined another moral lesson.

"I have heard that a bad man lives down there who carries off imprudent boys," she said.

"Make my compliments to those who told you, and say I know that's a lie, for I have been there often," answered undaunted Peter.

Miss Fanny perceived that to invent moral tales for Peter was like throwing water on the back of a goose. She had not imagined that even a Jutlander could be so dull. She threw back her head and exclaimed contemptuously—

"It is not proper to sail in a trough. I shall not do it."

Peter, in his turn, began to suspect that the Copenhageners did not know how to amuse themselves. He was sadly puzzled how best to bring out Miss Fanny. He rubbed the back of his ear vigorously, and an idea came to him.

"Let us go down to Morten!" he said; and without waiting for an objection, set off, leading her along with him.

At the same moment there sat on the beach below two good friends, a little boy and a goat. The boy's name was Morten, the goat's Mette. Mette was very dirty, had matted hair, and a most unwomanly beard; but she was of an amiable and cheerful disposition. Morten had a lean freckled face, a spare figure, and thin legs; but there was a light in his clear blue eyes that also spoke of cheerfulness and contentment. Our Lord had given him a share of life's enjoyment in spite of his poverty, for he was an orphan maintained by the parish. He lived with a peasant and his wife in a lonely hut near the beach; and although he was so small and weak, the parish considered him a burden; and the people he boarded with said he was good for nothing but to take care of Mette, and thought they had made a bad bargain. But his daily task was very interesting to him, for he and Mette loved one another, and love makes labour light.

Peter made a third in this friendship. Every fine summer morning, when the sun shone, and the birds sang, the trio played merrily together, till they were out of breath. This soon happened, for poor Morten's breath did not last long—he had, indeed, little to spare; and then the baron's jolly son sat down beside him, and they talked together. Peter learnt to love him with all the strength of his generous heart, and to understand the grateful love that shone in Morten's eyes, who had only Peter and Mette to care for him.

Yes, he had one other friend, who, when he returned to his little room of an evening, was always awaiting him. This was an old clock that hung against the wall. He was sensible and experienced, for he knew about foreign parts, whence he had come in his youth. He had long settled down to a quiet life in the peasant's cottage, and he was a kind and faithful chum to Morten, who knew better than anyone else what he said and wished.

There rocked above this good clock's brazen face a little ship, perfect in sails, rigging, and all outfittings. To and fro, to and fro, it rocked unweariedly, keeping time with the pendulum, yet never passing beyond its narrow circle. There was a rare constancy and fidelity in this. In the twilight, when Morten looked at the clock from his little bed, and the clock returned his gaze from his home on the wall, they gradually became intimate. The ship would beckon and beckon, as if to invite Morten to sail away with it, and the clock would sing a little song that the boy perfectly understood.

"Tick-tack, tick-tack,
Through waves high and hollow,
Sails the ship with pick and pack;
Morten, thou must follow.

Tick-tack, tick-tack,
Where the sun is glowing,
And fairies dance so zick-a-zack,
There is Morten going.

Tick-tack, tick-tack,
Where's the good ship tending?
She must sail with pick and pack
To the world's far-ending."

Thus sang the clock to Morten, who would go aboard the little ship, and sail far, far away into the peaceful night. Hosts of bright fairies visited him, making his limbs strong and his breath easy, and bringing him everything that so frail a little boy could want. They came in the hush of eventide, and laid on Morten's poor pillow their choicest gifts. So he was a happy little fellow, to whom Our Lord had given a share of life's joy.

While Morten and Mette sat on the beach waiting for Peter, they took to singing a goodly old song to shorten the time—that is to say, Morten sang and Mette held her head on one side and listened; so when Peter and Miss Fanny came round the winding path that led to the beach, they could not help seeing them. There appeared before the eyes of the fashionable young lady a little fellow in a suit of white frieze, with a pointed red cap on his head, which had been the heirloom of a deceased pauper. He was sitting like a genuine brownie, with legs dangling, and singing loud and shrill the following song:—

"A peasant in his kirtle grey,
A man of wealth is he;
If what he earns he wills to pay
And scorns in debt to be.
Aalì, aalì, ah!

A peasant with his wood shoes on,
Himself amused may keep;
For when his sowing he hath done,
Then may he also reap.
Aalì, aalì, ah!

A peasant, though his means be small,
May drive like grander folk;
For if no horses to him fall,
His oxen he may yoke.
Aalì, aalì, ah!

A peasant from the skylark gay,
May learn to sing full clear;
And if none listen to his lay,
Well, then they will not hear.
Aalì, aalì, ah!"

The song finished, Morten waved his cap at Mette, who, taking it for a friendly challenge, bent her head, calculated the distance, and made an adroit spring at him. She pushed her forehead so vigorously against Morten's that he rolled over into the ditch.

Peter, watching this finale from a distance, bounded forwards with a tremendous cheer, caught Mette round the neck, and danced about with her until they were both out of breath, then, helping up Morten, he seated himself between his two comrades and invited Miss Fanny to a place beside them, crying, "Now let us four have a jolly afternoon!"

But Miss Fanny was not disposed to be jolly; on the contrary, she was quite angry at Peter's impudence. She had been resolving to appear a condescending young lady; but it was surely too ill-bred to ask her, accustomed to the best society and beloved by a midshipman, to become the companion of a mere beggar-boy. So she tossed back her curls, looked contemptuously at the country lad, and resolved to see to her dignity.

Meanwhile Morten sat dumb, glancing askance at Miss Fanny. He had never before seen a real, elegant young lady, and the sight at once fascinated and disheartened him.

"You must let her be your partner in Mette," whispered Peter encouragingly.

But Morten only looked at him despondingly, and laid his hands on his knees. He heartily wished to appear to advantage; but all he could do was to take off his red cap and place it beside him, in token of extreme respect. This humble attention failed to soften Miss Fanny; she turned and walked away with an offended air. Peter hesitated a moment, then, with rash determination, took a silver watch from his pocket, which his father had given him that very day, and presented it to Morten.

"Take this, Morten, and amuse yourself with it, for I must tell you that I have promised to set her a-going."

Thus saying, he followed Miss Fanny, crestfallen and dispirited, while the same little brownie who had warbled so cheerfully a few minutes before, sat, watch in hand, looking after them till they disappeared. Mette heaved a sigh, for she felt there would be no more merriment that day, and set to work to eat hawthorn.

(*To be continued.*)

* They say in Denmark of anything exquisite that "it has washed itself."

BIDING THEIR TIME.

NEVER GIVE IN.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

NEVER give in, girls,
Though oft you are fain,
When hope fades before you,
And labour seems vain;
Strive onward, keep doing—
Somewhat they must win
Who keep the straight pathway,
And never give in.

Ah! sit not down weary
And spent by the way;
Your meed God will give you
Of "strength for the day."
Pray always, hope ever,
Through turmoil and din—
Strive onward, look upward,
And never give in!

The clouds o'er the valleys
Will gather, and hide
The sun that illumines
Hope's clear mountain-side.
Strive onward in patience—
When rest shall begin,
To those 'twill be sweetest
Who never give in.

Be strong, true, and patient;
Hope all things, and pray;
Heed not the rough places
That cumber the way.
The crown of the victor
One day they shall win,
Who bravely strive forward.
And never give in!

WEDDING GIFTS.

THERE is an impression among some people that the giving of wedding presents is a custom of these modern days; but this is a mistake. We find that it was usual with the Greeks and Romans and some Eastern nations to show nuptial honour in this way, and the custom has prevailed through all the centuries, though it appears never to have pervaded society to such a widespread degree as in the present day. Indeed, complaints are occasionally made of the tax this custom levies on the pockets of the bridal friends. However, we are not among the complainers; on the contrary, we desire to say a good word in favour of the practice. And this we will perhaps best do by pointing out some customs attending the bestowal of wedding gifts in foreign lands.

Our gifts on these interesting occasions are not always judicious and in the best taste. We ask, "What shall we send as a wedding present—something useful or something ornamental?" But our choice is not always happy. We fear to transgress etiquette if we send some useful article, unless indeed we are on terms of the closest friendship with those on whom our gifts are bestowed. On the other hand, if we send something not practically useful, it will probably be relegated to some out-of-the-way corner of the house where it will seldom meet the eye, or possibly be deposited with solemn pomp and care in the vaults and safes of a bank.

In the matter of wedding gifts our forefathers displayed a degree of taste and judgment that the present generation might well follow.

Among the Greeks it was the custom to send to the newly-married people what were known as the unveiling presents, because they were given on the occasion of the bride's first appearance unveiled. The bride was brought in solemn procession late in the evening to her husband's house, generally on a carriage, with the bridegroom and his best man sitting at either side of her. Both were covered with garlands and perfumed, while the Hymenæus, or nuptial song, was sung by the company to the sound of harps and flutes. The next morning the married pair separated for a day, and the bridegroom slept at the house of his father-in-law, when the bride sent him a present of a garment. Then only the young couple were to receive their friends, who offered congratulations and wedding presents, which were called *anakalupteria*, because, as I have said, the bride unveiled herself to her friends on that day. She was seated in her apartment with a gilt crown on her head, and there she received the presents of her guests.

Among the Romans, both parties gave presents to those friends who had negotiated or favoured their marriage. The contract of espousals was usually confirmed by gifts on the part of the husband to his betrothed, and sometimes, but not so commonly, the woman made presents to the man. These were called *sponsalia*, espousals, or *sponsalitiæ donationes*, espousal gifts, and *arrhæ et pignora*, earnests and pledges of future marriage. Juvenal says, "*Digito pignus fortasse dedisti.*" Together with these espousal gifts, it was usual for the man to give the woman a ring, as a further token and testimony of the contract—a ceremony afterwards adopted among the Christian rites of espousal, though not used, it would seem, at that time in the solemnisation of matrimony itself.

In Syria, as well as everywhere in the East, presents are absolutely essential in betrothals and at the time of marriage. They are given with much ceremony before witnesses, and the articles presented are described in a written document, so that, if the match be broken off, the bridegroom can obtain them back again, or their value, and something more as a compensation for the injury, or, as the lawyers say in our day, a salve for wounded feelings. The custom prevailed as early as the days of Abraham, as we learn from the book of Genesis.

A curious custom prevails among the Turcomans and Moors of West Barbary, as well as several other Oriental races. The bridegroom is placed within a circle of dancers, and the guests and bystanders, wetting small coins, stick them on his forehead. All the money thus collected is added to the dowry of the couple. As the coins are put on the bridegroom's forehead, the attending servants shake them off into a basket which is placed in his lap, his eyes being meanwhile shut, and the name of the donor and the value of the gift are announced.

In the case of the Arabs of the present day, the bridegroom makes the bride presents which are sent a day or two before the nuptials. As soon as the bride reaches the bridegroom's house she makes him presents of household furniture, a spear, and a tent. The marriage contract amongst the Persians stipulates for the settlement of numerous presents, in addition to a certain sum of money. If the bridegroom is in moderate circumstances he gives his bride two complete dresses, a ring, and a mirror. He also supplies the furniture, carpets, mats, culinary utensils, and other necessaries for their home. With the Armenians presents are exchanged between the bride and bridegroom on the evening before the wedding.

To go empty-handed to a Greek wedding would be considered a breach of etiquette and long-established usage. And all the gifts bestowed on these occasions are exhibited with much ceremony and *éclat* the day after the marriage. The bride is seated in the centre of the room in her own house, still attired in her bridal costume. Before her is a large open trunk, in which are all the wedding gifts with the donors' names attached. By her side stands an attendant, who takes out each article and holds it up before the gaze of admiring and applauding friends, while occasionally a professional extemporizer sings a laudatory verse in honour of the donor. The usual presents amongst the peasantry and small farmers comprise portions of clothing, caps, slippers, sweetmeats, toys, and jewellery.

While it might be desirable and even advantageous to adopt some Chinese customs, it would, I am afraid, be counted a hardship among us to be obliged to follow them in the bestowal of wedding gifts. Their usage, in this particular, were it introduced here, would create quite a revolution in our present etiquette, and would certainly increase the number of those grumblers to whom I made allusion at the outset of this paper. Among the Celestials the family of the bridegroom make presents of various articles to the family of the bride a short time before the day fixed for marriage. The presents generally consist of food, a cock and hen, the leg and foot of a pig, the leg of a goat, eight small cakes of bread, eight torches, three pairs of large red candles, a quantity of vermicelli, and several bunches of fire crackers. Two or three days before the time fixed for the wedding a red card is sent by the family of the bride to that of the bridegroom, stating

the quantity of furniture that will be supplied as the bride's dowry. In the neighbouring kingdom of Siam it is the rule for all the guests to bring presents.

Swedish brides used to receive from their friends a pig, sheep, or cow, and from the bridegroom a colt, dog, or goose. Among the wealthier classes, the happy couple sat on a kind of raised daïs under a canopy of silk on their wedding day, and their presents, consisting of plate, jewels, and money, were arranged on a silk-covered bench before them, just as amongst us the various presents on these auspicious occasions are set forth to the best advantage on a table or sideboard for the inspection of friends, while the bride instead of sitting on a platform presides at the tea-table, from which she genially dispenses "the cup that cheers."

Every guest at a Norwegian wedding brought the bride a present. In many parts a keg of butter was the usual gift; and if the marriage took place in the winter, salted or frozen meat was offered. At the present day, as I witnessed at a Scandinavian wedding, the gifts generally, as amongst ourselves, take the form of jewellery, plate, household furniture, books, and the like.

Among the early Germans money was given to the bride's relatives on the wedding day, but this custom was not followed if the marriage happened to be an unequal one. Men of rank who had lost their wives, but had children, in order to avoid burdening their estates, married low-born women, who, bringing no fortune, were not entitled to dower. In such cases the husband gave his wife as gifts a pair of oxen for ploughing, a harnessed horse, a buckler, a lance, and a sword, to signify that she ought not to lead an idle and luxurious life, but should be a partner with him in his labours and a companion of his dangers. The wife at the same time gave her husband arms, to indicate, I suppose, that he should be ever ready to protect her person and interests.

The *Morgengabe*, or morning gift, was probably founded in the custom of the husband making presents. At first the morgengabe was a present made by the husband to his wife on the morning after his marriage. Sometimes it was a chain of gold or a jewel, and at others a portion of the husband's fortune. Formerly, such a present was given at every wedding, but lately only at the weddings of the nobility. This custom was often carried to great excess, the bride having the privilege of asking for any sum of money, or, in fact, anything that she pleased, and which could not in honour be refused by the husband. The demands sometimes were very exorbitant, if the woman chose to be avaricious, hence the laws limited the amount to be given. Amongst the ancient Germans, as we learn from Tacitus, the husband bestowed gifts upon his wife at his marriage.

There was another custom in Germany at one time which went by the name of "Pay Weddings." It was very general throughout the country. At the entertainment which followed the marriage the guests deposited money—gold or silver—or jewellery in a basin which stood before the bride, who was seated at a table with her female friends. In other instances every visitor paid for the refreshments which he had, as at an inn. Long ago it was common in some parts of Germany, as well as in Holland and France, to distribute at the weddings of the upper classes medals on which were various devices. Presents were made at the entertainment following the nuptial ceremonies in France by all the guests who were invited to be present. The presents were deposited in a basin that stood before the couple while music was being played.

In Wales, presents were generally made to the couple several days after the ceremony. They were usually household furniture, domestic utensils, pewter plates, knives, forks, candlesticks, grain, and money. A servant-maid who had continued in the same service for seven years was entitled upon her marriage to a copper kettle of a capacity of from four to six gallons. The weddings in the Principality were characterised by several curious customs, among which the "Biddings" was one of the most interesting. The richer people sent circular letters to the guests by a paid bidder or inviter, in which it was stated, as in our present-day applications for help to a benevolent public, that "any donations would be thankfully received." In later years the custom of sending bidding letters was so common throughout Wales, that the printers kept bidding forms in type. The following specimen of a bidding letter, such as was distributed half a century ago, is given in the belief that it will prove interesting to the present generation:—"We beg leave respectfully to acquaint you that it is our intention to enter the matrimonial state on Tuesday, May 23rd next; and from the encouragement we have received by the kind promises of our friends, we purpose making a bidding on the occasion, which will be held the same day at the White Lion, in Queen Street, where we hope to have the pleasure of your company and influence; and whatever favours you may then think proper to confer on us will be gratefully acknowledged and repaid with thanks whenever required on a similar occasion by your humble servants." In some parts the gifts were presented at a feast before or on the wedding day itself.

In the Celtic districts of Ireland the presents to a bride, especially if she is popular in the neighbourhood, take the substantial form of a cow or calf, or couple of sheep, or it may be a litter of young pigs. In other parts of the country the custom has not obtained, except amongst the better classes, whose wedding gifts are of the kind that usually prevails in England.

WILLIAM COWAN.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES.

NOT long had the crowd dispersed which had assembled to do honour to Paul's return before other groups collected, and loitered around the church, waiting the new excitement of the arrival of the wedding guests.

Presently they found diversion in watching and commenting upon some of the visitors from the castle, who were carrying flowers and ferns to decorate the church; and when the colonel joined the little band of workers, their pleasure was at its height.

They watched his progress to and from the church and the castle with unabated interest, while now and again the church bells clanged forth joyous peals on the warm summer air.

"That makes the sixth time the young master's been a-bringing flowers here,'cording to my reck'ning," said an old man, addressing a young mother, who was helping her baby to walk along the top of the low churchyard wall, against which the old man leaned.

"An' it strikes me," said the mother, "them ladies along with him wouldn't care if yer reck'ning gets up to sixty 'stead of six. Take care, 'Melia!"—addressing the child, whose hands she was holding—"slowly! steady! There you are! My! what a clever baby it is!"—and she caught her child up to her with a rapturous embrace.

"To think how time passes!" continued the old man. "I minds when Mr. Paul was no bigger nor your Amelia. Why, I've watched him through the gate when I bin a-sitting on the seat round the big tree yonder many a evening as I smoked my pipe. He was always a-laughing, and running away from his nurse, all over the beds among the flowers."

"Flowers!" said a youth, keeping his pipe in his mouth as he spoke. "Where did he get the flowers from?"

"They growed, o' course, in the gardins!" answered the first speaker. "Them were times afore Mr. Benjamin begun his long illness! Ay, the grounds were worth seeing then! Folks came fro' a long way off just for the pleasure of walking over 'em, when the old master, Mr. Benjamin Stanard, wer' away."

"Times must 'av been a sight better than they are now," grumbled a consumptive-looking man, who had long tried vainly for work around the neighbourhood.

"'Ow the childer do love the bells!" broke in the young mother, as her little one clapped its hands and laughed with pleasure when another merry peal was heard from the old tower, with its flag fluttering in the breeze from the lofty top.

"Yes," meditatively answered the old man. "Times was better under the old gentleman. Mr. Benjamin kept the place in style. He wasn't particuler generous, but he let none o' us want for work. He allays spoke o' thrift, he did, an' practised it, too, upon us, as he said himself; an' he made us do the same, I can tell yer."

"Ah, 'ere comes Sally Harlow!" said the mother, as a woman in a red shawl approached them. "I suppose she's

done her work up at the castle now. Any news, Sally?"

"'Pends on what ye all knows," Sally answered. "I can *tell* you they've spruced all up there finely"—and she jerked her thumb in the direction of the castle.

"Yer ain't heard what the bride's like, have yer?" asked another woman.

"I'm told she's a mighty fine un, and 'as heaps o' money; and she's young to him—not much over forty, the cook says."

"He's a nice un, he is, ter marry," said the Consumptive. "They say he's only sixty-two. I've seen him look that bad he might be a hundred and sixty-two."

"That's what he's got to pay for the life he's led," said the elderly party, in a subdued voice, and after a cautious glance round. "I shud think there ain't nothing in the world what's evil but he's tried his hand at."

"His constitution's broke, that's what it is," the owner of the pipe sententiously informed the little group.

"He's had his fits o' kindness, an' been good to some o' us," gratefully murmured the baby's mother.

"So he 'as! So he has!" chimed in some of the crowd.

"And we wishes him a 'appy life along with his wife," added the charwoman, Sally Harlow.

"Time's drawing near, ain't it?" enquired one of the men.

"Ay!" responded the old man, pulling out a huge antiquated silver watch, which he examined carefully, and apparently did some intricate arithmetic over before he answered, "It's half-past eleven. They'll be here anon."

"Won't it be grand if we all gets employment, good wages, and Christmas gifts, ter help us over the black months, eh?" queried Sally.

"Ye do run ahead," said the Consumptive. "Hist! here comes a carriage!"

There was a rush to get good places on either side of the churchyard gate, and the church porch, and along the path leading to the chief entrance, as a carriage drove up.

"Visitors—ain't they fine!" remarked a woman in a loud whisper as a gentleman and two ladies—one in heliotrope, the other in cream silk—alighted, and walked up the path.

"Don't squeedge so! Keep yer place, will you?" pettishly said the young mother, as more people elbowed and pushed to get a front view of the fast-coming bridal guests.

The lovers of finery were well satisfied during the next few minutes, as the friends from the castle and from surrounding country places kept arriving.

"The bride ain't come yet, have she?" was questioned by someone in the pause that ensued for a minute or two.

"No," Sally answered. "I guess this is her," as another carriage approached.

It was the bride, who, with her father, alighted from it; and the village children, previously arranged in convenient order, scattered their white and pink roses and purple heliotrope on the path she moved along.

Leaning on her father's arm, treading the dainty flowers beneath her white-slippered feet, she presented a pleasant picture of English matronly womanhood, arrayed in shimmering bridal costume.

"Oh!" presently came in a long deep breath from one of the lookers-on as the bride passed into the church. "Bride before the bridegroom!"

"My, ain't that queer!" said one of the school-children.

"Yes," slowly answered the old man; "an' she was none too early. If they don't look sharp, they'll not get it done by twelve o'clock."

"Did any of you see the clergyman come, and Mr. Paul?" asked the young mother.

"The parson went in by the side door more nor half an hour sin," replied the Consumptive. "I ain't seed Mr. Paul."

"Nor I;" "Nor me," echoed some of the others.

It wanted but ten minutes to twelve, and the bridegroom was still missing.

There was a similar but suppressed excitement in the church as the clergyman went out, watch in hand, to the entrance porch. The pew-opener stood bare-headed outside, eagerly scanning the road to the castle.

As the clergyman returned to his place inside, some of the marriage guests began to whisper among themselves, while others cast significant glances at the bride, who, pale yet calm, toyed nervously with her bouquet.

With one simultaneous movement the whole party rose as Paul Stanard entered the church, flushed, excited, and—alone!

The clergyman met him half-way down the aisle. There was a low hurried conference between them; then Paul Stanard went to the bride and her father, while the clergyman, returning to his place, said in a clear but subdued voice—

"The marriage is temporarily postponed. Mr. Owen Stanard has been suddenly taken ill; but the nature or extent of his illness cannot be decided till the doctor has visited him."

There was a general stir. Paul Stanard led the bride and her father to the carriage, his face terribly agitated; the crowd moving aside to let them pass in awe-struck silence.

Owing to some blunder, the bell-ringers, apparently thinking the wedding had been completed, set up a joyful marriage peal. The effect was tragical, and was quickly succeeded by a sudden silence little less appalling, as the ringers discovered their mistake.

The bride, who was sobbing in the greatest distress, pleaded passionately to be allowed to go to "her husband," as she called him, refusing to believe his illness could be anything but what he had said—*temporary*.

And Paul found it hard indeed to satisfy her that her presence in his room was impossible at this time; that he would send for her to see him the moment he could do so with safety, and by promising, if she would go back with her father to The Turrets, he would send her hourly messages as to Owen's state, and that he himself would never leave his side.

To stop farther discussion, he opened the carriage door, leapt out, reclosed it, and hurried away.

The bride and her father, seeing nothing more could be done, drove off, he comforting her by the hope that she would soon be sent for.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

She Went First.

They thought they heard burglars in the house last week, and in going downstairs to investigate, *Bibbs* said to his wife—

"You go first: it's a mean burglar that would shoot a woman."

Solitary Souls.—"Every solitary soul," says an old writer, "will make company for itself. A musing mind will not stand neuter a minute, but presently side with legions of good or bad thoughts. Grant, therefore, that my soul, which ever will have some, may never have bad company."

Winning Confidence.—Confidence is a thing not to be produced by compulsion. No one can be forced into trust.

Wordsworth the Poet.

An ancient Rydal dame was once asked what kind of a man her neighbour Wordsworth, the poet, was.

"Oh, indeed," she said, "he is canny enough at times; and though he goes booing his pottery through the woods, he will now and then say, 'How do you do, Nanny?' as sensible as you and me."

A Good Reputation.—"There is a tree in Mexico," says an old divine, "which is so exceedingly tender that a man cannot touch any of its branches but it withers presently. A lady's credit is of equal niceness—a small touch may wound and kill it, which should make her very cautious what company she keeps."

A Reason for Sympathy.

Youth: "You love me then, Miss Jane?"

Jane: Love is, perhaps, too strong a word to use. At least I have sympathy for you, because your face resembles so much that of my poor dead Fido."

Travellers' Tales. (A missing letter.)

t d r k m d g s c r s m s w p l m s f l l
s h r p c t m r n s f l s h p s t t m d r s
t l l h b d m r k s p r n g t w l l
n d t w r m s l m n c s n g b s s t g r n d m s s
b l t h z r t g r s w b d l l h s h l l
t m l g h s p r w d r w n t b l l

Ximena.

Flower Decorations

May

In this month the principal English wild flowers are cowslips, wild hyacinths, kingcups, buttercups, daisies, hawthorn (white and pink), moon-daisies, grasses, white broom, dead nettle, gorse, lychnis.

In gardens: Tulips, iris, American azaleas, peonies, lilies of the valley, rhododendrons, syringa, chestnut.

In the greenhouse: Roses, plumbago.

Most of the remarks I made last month on the primrose would equally apply to the cowslip; the latter are not so utterly ruined by being pressed into a compact bunch, because the soft green calyxes surround the tiny flowers so closely, and protect them from crushing. Still, now as always, the less crowding the better effect. A very usual and pretty arrangement of cowslips is to mix them lightly with wild hyacinths in a basket, and to these may well be added a few kingcups, letting them, with their handsome leaves, droop over the edge of the basket. For a small dinner-table I have made a very easy success by dividing about a penny bunch of cowslips between five little olive-green Clutha glasses (these shade into blue, or tawny yellow at the edges), and placing them on a table-centre made of pale sage-green linen. An equally simple decoration is made by filling about six small glass dishes, or old china saucers, with the common buttercups and daisies, a little fine flowering grass in each, and down the centre of the table three tall specimen or champagne glasses, containing kingcups and a larger variety of grass; or for a change, a small branch of white hawthorn in a blue-and-white vase; if a table-centre is used, it should be—for the kingcups, green; for the hawthorn, blue and white.

To girls living in the country I may offer the suggestion that the white dead nettle is a handsome flower too little used for decorative purposes; it can be joined happily either to the wild blue hyacinths in celadon, yellow, or white china vases, or to the pink or white lychnis, campion, or bachelor's button, as it is variously called, in glasses.

The wild white hyacinth is less common than the blue; but the two can be very prettily mixed, together with young fern fronds.

Lilies of the valley are plentiful this month; indeed, the Germans call them maybells: and very lovely they are. I have put them with forget-me-nots in white china vases, with pink tulips or American azalea in iridescent finger-glasses or silver decanter stands; or by themselves in specimen glasses, alternated with small dishes full of purple pansies, always taking care to add plenty of light green, either their own leaves, or fresh shoots of fern, and other low-growing plants.

All kinds of tulips look well in silver decanter stands or finger bowls; and as they are plentiful now, three or four blossoms should be used for each bowl. They are much improved by the addition of some ivy besides their own grey-green foliage, and some lighter flowers like narcissus, or small pieces of white lilac kept on a slightly higher level. Five large parrot tulips, placed in my little Clutha glasses on the green table-centre, opened wide in the heat of the lamps, and, with their own leaves, formed quite enough ornament for a small dinner. They were all placed in the middle of the table; but four more at the corners would make quite a brilliant display, and the whole ought not to cost more than ninepence.

Rhododendrons and American azaleas belong principally to this month, and are very effective ornaments for any occasion. For the centre of a table I have filled a punch-bowl with pale rhododendrons mixed with their own fresh green shoots, some sprays of the copper beech, and a few large fern leaves. The materials for this arrangement cost about one shilling and twopence; but they are ready to hand in most country and many London shrubberies. If the syringa is out before the rhododendrons are over, a few sprays of it may well take the place of the fern leaves.

Peonies, especially the pink and white varieties, are so handsome alone, that their own dark foliage is sufficient accompaniment; but a congenial addition is a little ribbon grass, or branches of syringa. Like most flowers of their size, they require substantial full-bodied bowls, jars, or jugs. I have seen them combined with iris, with what I consider atrocious taste, as, although often grown close together in gardens, the two flowers have absolutely no affinity, either in form, colour, or natural habits.

Fortunately, one can now buy large bunches of the sword-like iris leaves; and lightness can be given to groups of these flowers by the plentiful addition of flowering grasses and moon-daisies, or of sprays of spiræa, wild or cultivated.

Although June is their proper month, roses can now be found in some gardens, and can be bought, at some expense, at the florist's; but those ladies who have greenhouses ought now to be plucking rich harvests of the exquisite Maréchal Niel, which, with its glossy green leaves, forms so perfect an ornament in itself

WHITE TULIPS AND LILAC.

that little can be added with advantage. If possible, pick the flowers with a good length of stalk; if this is unadvisable, for the sake of future buds, cut off plenty of leaves from parts of the tree where their loss does not greatly matter, and put them into tall vases, old blue-and-white by preference.

I have an old-fashioned jug of clear turquoise and white china which forms an ideal holder for this flower; and I have also put a fine specimen of the Maréchal Niel with a piece of plumbago into a dull yellow Liberty vase. This mixture of colour is much pleasanter than the favourite arrangement of buttonhole makers, of this rose with forget-me-nots, where the blue is too crude to harmonise with such a very tender yellow and bright green.

Before the lilacs and laburnums are over come the pink and white chestnuts and hawthorns, which all look best in large jars or jugs; but the May blossom grows naturally in such evident little bouquets, that one is justified in plucking them off the twigs and using them in small vases or troughs for table decoration. I did not admire, however, an arrangement I saw a spring or two back, of roses, pansies, and knots of may in ruby-glass globes.

In this month we generally leave off fires in our sitting-rooms; and as our delightful climate never allows us to feel sure that we may not require to light them one day, even in summer, at a moment's notice, it is well for the stove ornament to be one which can be quickly removed. To this end I personally always use a large fan or paper screen to hide the ready-laid coals and wood, and stand on the hearth before it my much-valued large blue-and-white jar, or a brown earthenware jug filled with flowers or leaves according to the season; preferring this arrangement to pots of growing ferns and palms, which are invariably injured by the draught down the chimney; and having a wholesome hatred for a room in which the register is always closed. Large bunches of almond blossom, lilac, laburnum, chestnut, hawthorn, and wistaria may succeed each other for this purpose; but the purple lilac and wistaria must not go into blue-and-white china. Then a bunch of yellow or white iris mingled with moon-daisies and grass, backed with a piece of copper beech, is effective; and so is gorse or white broom, which is, in some places, to be obtained this month. This latter flower is very pretty mixed with peonies in a good-sized bowl; and, I might mention here, that heavy flowers keep in better position if the brim of the bowl turns inwards, and for this reason I have had the globular parts of some broken wine decanters cut round smoothly at a suitable height, and use them to line, so to speak, my punch bowls, which thus escape much risk of breakage, by not requiring to be often washed.

For a dinner party this month make a bank of ivy down the middle of the table, using thick bushy pieces to raise it in the centre, and trails of the smaller kind to fringe the edge, these coming nearly to the line of wine-glasses, and at the corners right to the edge of the table, winding round any small dishes of olives or sweets which may be needed. Down the centre put five or six white china vases, or specimen glasses, standing about six inches high, and so just showing above the ridge of ivy, containing each a well-grown head of lemon-colour or terra-cotta azalea, with some light sprays of very vivid green asparagus or young fern. If lamps or candles are used, they must also be placed in the same line. Then hide among the rest of the ivy as many small glass globes as you can afford flowers for, with a lily of the valley and two or three leaves in each, and at the corners a small spray, or two or three single flowers of the azalea in addition; stick in also at intervals a few small pieces of asparagus, to veil, if possible, all the vases. In all dinner-party arrangements the colour of the dessert service is a very great consideration, and sometimes absolutely prohibits the use of any flowers but white; but the above scheme would go with any china except the brilliant rose-pink which apparently was so popular about twenty years ago.

As both lilies and azaleas are at their cheapest in May, the whole design ought to be well carried out for a party of fourteen people, at a cost of about three shillings and sixpence, viz., azaleas eighteenpence, lilies a shilling, asparagus and ivy a shilling. For a luncheon earlier in the year I have mixed Neapolitan violets with the lilies; but I find that artificial light takes the colour out of all kinds of violets.

Another good arrangement of azaleas is to keep them on the lower level and let sprays of spiræa wave above them; using the ivy as before, and the foliage of the spiræa in place of asparagus or fern. But, indeed, ways of successfully treating these flowers are endless if the important points are remembered—that they require plenty of bright green surroundings, that any accompanying blossoms must be light in structure and neutral in tint, and the general background dark green or brown.

CONSTANCE JACOB.

NUTRITIOUS FISH.

LIGHT and nutritious food. How often is this recommended as the form of diet most suited to invalids; and, alas! how very often have these words been used of late owing to the recent terrible outbreak of influenza. Of all forms of light and nutritious food, perhaps none is more useful than well cooked and well selected fish.

We fear that even what may be termed high-class or professed cooks do not sufficiently grasp the fact that in cooking fish too often a great deal of the nourishment is thrown away.

In boiling a round of fresh beef, or a leg of mutton, no cook worthy of the name would throw away the water in which the joint had been boiled; but how few cooks realise the fact that the water in which a large turbot has been boiled contains almost, if not quite, as much nourishment as if a joint of meat had been boiled in it, and that when cold this water will often become a hard jelly.

We will, however, endeavour to give a few recipes for cooking fish in a way that entitles it to be called "light and nutritious food."

First of all, it is well to bear in mind the fact, that as a rule and speaking generally, that fish is most nutritious which is most gelatinous, and that of all gelatinous fish there are few to compare with eels.

First of all we will describe how to stew *Eels* to render them a light and nourishing dish fit for an invalid, and afterwards describe the ordinary stewed eels sent to table, which are, as a rule, a rather rich dish.

The first point for consideration, not only in stewing eels suitable for an invalid, but on all occasions when we cook eels for any purpose, is cleanliness. Eels are always best when bought alive, and should be killed by sticking a knife through the spine near the head. When this is not done, sometimes the pieces of eel when cut up have a tendency to wriggle about of their own accord; and although probably fish have no feeling, it is always best to avoid anything that has the slightest appearance even of cruelty.

In order to skin eels, we should detach the skin round the neck until there is sufficient to catch hold of, and then peel off the skin just as we take off a tight kid glove from the fingers—by turning the fingers of the glove inside out.

In stewing eels, if they are small they need not be skined at all, but it is very important to have them thoroughly *cleansed*. For this purpose they should be split open, and it is often a good plan to rub the bone with a lump of salt. The eel is not a clean feeding animal, and it does not do to think too much about its mode of dieting itself. Just in the same way we need not dwell on the breakfast, dinner, and supper of the innocent prawn, so clean when sent to table, and with its pure white flesh suggestive of a strictly vegetarian diet, but whose real mode of living is often too horrible to contemplate.

Having thoroughly cleansed the eels, we must cut them up into pieces about three inches in length, and place them in a small stewpan with sufficient water to cover them, and a little salt, and then bring this water slowly to the boiling point, and remove any scum that may arise. Now let the eels stew very gently till they are tender. Then throw in to, say, one pound of eels, a dessertspoonful of chopped blanched parsley, *i.e.*, parsley that has been plunged into boiling water for a few seconds. This renders it of a brighter green colour, and removes the slightly bitter flavour which it would otherwise have. Next thicken the liquor with a little butter and flour well mixed together, or better still, with some *white roux*, *i.e.*, butter and flour that have been baked long enough for the flour to lose its raw taste, but not sufficiently long for it to turn colour. We must, before serving, add a little lemon juice from a hard lemon. Whenever we use lemon juice, to add to fish or gravy, always try to have a hard and even green lemon. An old lemon that is soft and has a very thin skin is unsuitable; we want the juice—acid. A little pepper can be added, but in the case of the dish being prepared for an invalid, it is best added according to the patient's taste afterwards, on the plate. Some fried or toasted bread can be served with these stewed eels. Small silver eels are very nice cooked this way.

In making stewed eels for an ordinary dinner we can proceed in the same way till we put them in the stewpan, and should now add a few small onions similar to those used for making pickle, as well as a small tin of mushrooms, which will cost about fivepence. We should add, in addition to the parsley, to, say, two pounds of eels, a teaspoonful of mixed savory herbs. We should also thicken the liquor with *brown roux*, *i.e.*, flour and butter mixed together and fried or baked till it is a nice brown colour. We can also add a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, some lemon juice, and a little port wine or port wine dregs. It is a great improvement to the dish to stew the eels in stock at starting, instead of water. Some nicely-fried bread should be used to ornament the dish, and at the last moment a little chopped blanched parsley should be sprinkled over the pieces of eel by way of garnish. As a rule French cooks add a little anchovy sauce to stewed eels, and a little mace. This is purely a matter of taste, and whether it is an improvement or not can be regarded as an open question.

Probably the most ordinary method of serving eels in England is to have them fried. The best method is what is sometimes called "spitchcocked" eels. The proper way to fry eels, when they are fairly large, is to take out the backbone entirely and open the pieces, which should be about three inches in length, and cook them flat. It is a good plan to sprinkle the pieces with some finely-chopped onion and parsley, and pepper and salt. Then dip them into some well-beaten-up egg and cover them with fine breadcrumbs, and put them by till the pieces get dry. When you do this it is far easier to fry them a nice colour without over-cooking them. The beauty of fried eels is to have the flesh moist. Too often, when fried bones and all, the fish seems all backbone and egg and breadcrumbs. The pieces of eel should be plunged into sufficient smoking hot fat or oil to cover them, and fried parsley should be used to garnish the dish.

Ordinary butter sauce can be served with spitchcocked eels, or butter sauce flavoured with anchovy sauce and lemon juice; but the best sauce of all is tartar sauce, *i.e.*, mayonnaise sauce, to which has been added some chopped parsley, one or two fresh tarragon leaves finely chopped, a small piece of chopped onion, and a little anchovy sauce and French mustard.

A very nice way of serving eels, so as they form what may be called a light and nourishing food without being too rich for an invalid, is to have them broiled.

After boning and cutting up the eel—which should be a good-sized, thick one—squeeze a little lemon juice over the pieces and pepper and salt them, and then grill them on a gridiron over a clear fire. Having first dipped each piece into a little salad oil, they can be sent to table plain, or a little fried parsley or sauce can be served with them. For an invalid the best way is to serve them quite plain, with some thin brown bread and butter, and a little cut lemon, which can be squeezed over them on the plate. Many persons would add a little cayenne pepper as well when eaten this way.

One of the nicest ways of serving eels, and one often met with in France, is what is known as *Eels en Matelote*. This dish is made by stewing eels in wine, generally claret, which gives the dish the name of *à la Bordelaise*. It is a great mistake to think that using wine in cooking is extravagant or a waste. There is in the present day in this country such a quantity of positively bad claret sold that the extravagance and waste is to drink it as it is. It is not true hospitality to give your guests bad wine. We can all recollect the famous entertainment of Mr. Pecksnif, who observes: "Let us be merry"—here he took a captains biscuit; and we are afterwards told he sipped his red-currant wine, "and tried to look as if it didn't make his stomach ache." Of course when claret is used for cooking purposes, such as when we make *Bordelaise* sauce or *Eels en Matelote*, the cheapest claret is sufficient for the purpose so long as it is claret. Unfortunately, a great deal of fluid is sold under the name of claret that does not contain one single drop of grape juice at all.

To make *Eels en Matelote* we must stew the pieces in claret instead of water or stock. In this case we add the mushrooms, onions, and parsley as before, but also a few cloves. You can strain off the fish when stewed tender, and add a little brown gravy to the claret, and then let it boil away till it begins to get thick, or you can thicken it just as it is with a little cornflour. It does not do to have too much sauce. If the pieces of eel are placed close together at starting, and only just sufficient claret added to cover them, this will be avoided. *Eels en Matelote* should be served surrounded with plenty of fried bread, and some chopped parsley sprinkled over them at the finish.

A very cheap and at the same time nice way of serving fish when we want it in the form of light and nourishing food, is fish *souchet*. Those who have had a fish dinner at Greenwich will remember that the first dish was generally flounders *souchet*. This method of cooking fish is so simple that it is strange it is not more often met with in private houses. The flounders are boiled, and sent to table floating in the clear fish stock in which they were boiled, a sprig or two of parsley being generally thrown in with them.

We can also have *souchet* of salmon, and a few vegetables such as celery trimmings, carrots, and parsley may be boiled with the fish. The

slices of salmon are served like the flounders, in the clear fish stock, if such it may be called, in which the fish is boiled. Of course brown bread and butter should always be sent to table with every kind of fish *souchet*.

A very light and nourishing form of food is fish served up in Béchamel sauce. The more gelatinous the fish is the better. For instance, the fin part of a turbot or brill is very nutritious. Suppose we want to serve up for an invalid a piece of turbot or brill, or say a small sole with Béchamel sauce, all we have to do, so far as the fish is concerned, is to put it into cold, lukewarm, or hot salted water, according to its thickness, and then let it boil till it is done, and immediately it is done serve it with the sauce, which can be poured over the fish, or served separately in a tureen.

In order to make the sauce we shall want a little good clear stock, which, when cold, will make a jelly. We don't want much, and as there is probably some good beef tea in the house, we can use the clear part of this. We know that when beaf tea settles and gets cold, generally the upper part is a clear jelly. Take a few tablespoonfuls of this jelly and put it in a little saucepan with a slice of onion, a sprig or two of parsley, and a little celery if you have any. After you have boiled it up for, say, half an hour, strain it off and mix it with an equal quantity of cream, and thicken it with a little butter and flour.

If only a very little is required, you can let the milk stand early in the morning and skim off the top. In case of sickness in the house these little things are worth bearing in mind. It is an improvement to boil the cream or rich milk separately, and to place a bay leaf in it. The sauce, when the stock and cream have been mixed, can be thickened with butter and flour, or if it be desirable for us to have as much nourishment as possible in a small space, we can thicken the sauce with the yolk of an egg.

Stewed Oysters are very nutritious, and for cooking purposes the American blue-points are almost as good as our expensive natives.

The chief point to be borne in mind in cooking oysters in any way is to save their liquor, and to know how to scald them without making them hard. The oysters, whether opened at home or out, should be opened over a basin, so that all the liquor in the oysters is preserved. Place the oysters in a small stewpan with their liquor, and if the liquor is not sufficient in quantity to cover them, add a little milk. Then place the stew-pan on the fire, and directly the liquor begins to boil remove them from the fire. Now strain off the oysters and thicken the liquor and milk, adding a little more milk, or, still better, cream if necessary, with some butter and flour, till it becomes of the consistency of rich cream; add a very little nutmeg, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce to, say, every dozen oysters, make the liquid part hot, and then add the oysters. You must never let the liquor *boil* after the oysters are added, as this would make them hard and indigestible.

In making *Scalloped Oysters*, all you have to do is to proceed as directed for making stewed oysters and then add sufficient bread-crumbs to soak up the liquid. Be careful not to add too many breadcrumbs, as you will in this case make it too dry. Always bear in mind that in making bread sauce, the sauce which is very liquid at starting soon gets thick owing to the breadcrumbs soaking up the liquid and gradually swelling. You must allow for the breadcrumbs to swell. You can then put the mixture in scallop shells, or silver imitation scallop shells, trying as much as possible to put an equal number of oysters in each shell. Shake some bread raspings over the top, and then place very tiny pieces of butter in these, to keep the whole moist, and make the scalloped oysters hot in the oven, taking care not to leave them in too long so that they dry up.

Fried Oysters are scalded oysters, dried, floured, and then egged and breadcrumbed, or dipped in batter, and plunged into smoking hot fat. They are generally served with fried parsley on a folded dinner napkin. A little cut lemon can be served round the dish. The lemon should be cut in halves or quarters so that it can be squeezed over the oysters. Thin brown bread and butter should also be served with them.

THE LADY ERSKINE OF GRANGE.

THE Shetland Isles, as every schoolboy and schoolgirl knows, are sufficiently cut off from the rest of the civilised northern world. But as "in the lowest depths there is a lower still," so among this group of distant islands there are one or two more distant still—so remote, indeed, as to be almost inaccessible during the winter months, and peopled by crofters who would consequently be in danger of starvation if it were not for the occasional visit of a friendly steamer sent out with supplies of corn, seed, and vegetables, from Lerwick or Kirkwall. These islands are called Foula and St. Kilda. They are the haunt of gulls and of other sea birds; and the former is now the only known home of the great skua, a rival of the kingly eagle in size and fierceness. St. Kilda has, however, a population which is counted by the hundred, instead of by the score, as is the case with its rocky neighbour; and sometimes it has been known to be strangely tenanted.

At all events, as lately as the reigns of our first and second Georges, St. Kilda reckoned among its inhabitants one mysterious lady, who was known to the rest of the simple islanders as "The Lady of Grange." To most, if not to all of them, her history was a mystery; and even the venerable pastor of St. Kilda could extract from her but few of her antecedents, except that her maiden name was Rachel Chiesley, that she was the wife of Erskine of Grange, and that she had been brought forcibly to the shores of the island by relations, who desired that she should be kept there in durance vile, for family reasons which nobody could induce her to explain.

This lady, it would seem, was born under an unlucky star. Her father, John Chiesley of Dalry, had been cursed with a fierce and uncontrollable temper, and had been executed at the Tolbooth, in Edinburgh, for having slain the Lord President of the Scottish Courts, one of the Lockharts of Lee, as he was walking home from kirk along the high street in Edinburgh in 1669. Her childhood, in consequence, was passed under a cloud; but on reaching womanhood her hand was sought in marriage by many Scottish gentlemen of high rank and good fortune, among whom she chose, most unhappily as it turned out, James Erskine, next brother of the Earl of Mar, and himself a Scottish judge with the title of Lord Grange. The earl himself was attainted for his share in the unfortunate "rising" of the Stuarts in 1715, and had to live in exile abroad in order to save his head from the block. His brother James had purchased some of his forfeited lands, and in spite of this fact, and of his seat on the bench, had allowed suspicion to be thrown on the purity of his ermine in more ways than one. His wife, he felt, disapproved his conduct, and he feared that, as she knew all of his most secret affairs, his enemies might extort from her some admissions of his guilt, and so might bring about his ruin.

It is only on such grounds as these that we can account for the strong measures that he took to deprive his wife of her liberty, and to force her to spend her declining years on a barren rock in the midst of the wild Atlantic waves. If there be any truth in the story which late in life she committed to writing, and which leaked out after her death, she had lived a happy wife for five-and-twenty years in Edinburgh, when her husband tried to persuade her to abdicate her position and to sign a deed of separation. On her refusal, he turned her out of his doors, and she took refuge with an old crone who had been her servant in happier days; and some armed Highlanders being sent to seize her and carry her off forcibly, she found herself betrayed and abandoned. They were Frasers, of the Lovat clan, and had a grudge against herself and her people. They carried her first to a cottage on the hills about Linlithgow and Falkirk; but those hills being not remote enough, she was again removed by force a few weeks later into a fastness in the Highlands of Ross-shire and Inverness-shire. Even here, however, it was feared that her retreat would be found out; she was forced, by her husband's orders, to travel to the western coast, where she was made to go on board a fishing vessel, which deposited her on an island where, for a year or two, she lived as a guest, or rather as a captive, with a member of the Clan Macdonald. But even here she was not allowed to find a resting-place, being put, one summer night, on board a vessel bound for the Shetland Islands, where she was told that her husband had given orders that she should be kept as a prisoner on the lonely shores of St. Kilda.

Here she spent ten summers and winters, her only companion being the venerable pastor of the island, who doubtless would gladly have helped to restore her to her friends, but that all or most of them were dead or in exile, and that he had good reason to fear the vengeance of a man so unprincipled, so powerful, and such a master of intrigue, and so unscrupulous as Erskine of Grange was known to be.

It is said that after her long detention in St. Kilda's she was suddenly seized once more and removed to the more hospitable shores of the Isle of Skye; but her actual departure was to the last a mystery, and there is little doubt that it was effected by force and in the night. She is supposed to have died in Skye, her husband's political influence defeating all attempts to throw light upon her latter years. She left two sons; Charles, who died young, or at all events unmarried; and James, who married in 1740 his cousin, Lady Frances Erskine, who, but for the attainder, would have become in her own right Countess of Mar, and whose son was restored in blood to that ancient honour and dignity by King George IV. soon after his royal visit to Edinburgh.

E. WALFORD.

WORK.

MRS. H. ALISON, Secretary of the Co-Operative Needlewomen's Society, requests us to make known to our readers the fact that they "do not send work into the country, nor give it out to be done." This valuable institution is "intended for working women, and the whole work is done on the premises." But more employment is much desired by the Society for the women there employed. The wages given vary from 8s. to 15s. a week, according to efficiency; but the forewoman and machinist receive a permanent salary of a guinea and 18s. respectively. Mrs. Alison is the Lady Manager, and the establishment is located at 34 and 35, Brooke Street, Holborn. That orders and materials for work should be sent to this praiseworthy but struggling institution is most earnestly desired. It is easy of access—close to Chancery Lane. Indian outfits, *trousseaux*, and layettes, nightdresses, and shirts, are amongst the articles of plain sewing taken in and requested.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ON JAKKO.—In vol. vi. we gave a series of articles on "How I Kept House on £250 per Annum," from which you might obtain all the information you need as to prices and general management.

M. E. B.—We fear the colour of the heliotrope silk is gone, and your only plan would be to put on new side-pieces, a corselet bodice of velvet, or else a darker shade of silk.

M. J. L.—The new method of reducing the size of windows, and making them pretty at the same time, is to put fretwork arches over the top of them, one of Moorish shape being very tasteful. They are made of pine, and can be painted to match the colour of the room. Some similar arrangement might be carried out on the outside of the windows, also without great expense. The curtains should be put on inside the window, and should be short, and fastened between the arch and the window.

SHAMUS' WIFE.—Lemon juice is good for the skin: many people use it to remove freckles.

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. L.—Apply to the Gentlewoman's Employment Club, 72, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., near Victoria Station. Training for remunerative work is given by this institution. Premium for the first year, £5 5s.; a visitor's fee for advice, 6d. Besides work supplied on the premises, engagements are obtained for those trained there, as visiting dressmakers, laundry superintendents, lady housekeepers, etc. A comfortable residence is provided, at the club or elsewhere, for ladies seeking to earn a livelihood. Board is supplied for a limited number, at from 12s. to 17s. a week.

BLACK AND WHITE.—It would be utterly unseemly, and as much as your reputation is worth, to walk out at night with any man but your father or brother. There are certain rules of society, in the lower and middle classes as well as in the higher, which were made by common consent, for the protection of young women, and this is one—that they should not be out in the streets or roads at night, unless under the care of a member of the family or middle-aged woman. You should get home before dark, if possible; and always be accompanied by a friend, if walking (even by daylight), with a man to whom you are not engaged.

STELLA.—There is nothing "vulgar or improper" in giving an arm to a friend, nor in a husband giving his to his wife. But it is not right for three girls to take arms and spread themselves across the pavement, to the obstruction of the thoroughfare.

L. A. L.—It is not a myth that a queen has been crowned after her death. This strange event happened in Portugal, when Inez de Castro, a celebrated beauty of Castile, was exhumed six years after her death by her devoted husband, Don Pedro, on his accession to the throne. The story is most pitiful and romantic. The king's father, Alfonso IV., proposed his son's marriage with a princess of Spain; and ascertaining that the cause of his refusal was a private marriage already made, he had the beautiful princess-wife assassinated, and threw her husband, the heir-apparent, into prison. Death removed the tyrant within two years, and the young widower-king was released: and within four years of his accession (in 1361), the extraordinary ceremony abovenamed took place, which is without parallel in the annals of history.

LAUGHING WATER and VANITY.—The picture of "The Soul's Awakening" was given in the "G. O. P.," vol. x.

AMY BROWN.—As your uncle is a widower, it would be better to have your names on his card—"The Misses Brown," just below his name.

KISMET.—1. The 29th of June, 1864, was a Wednesday. —2. The word *Kismet* is Turkish, and means "Fate," or "It is fate."

BIDDY O'FLANNAGAN.—Having the weather eye open is to have your wits about you. The weather eye is that one which looks at the sky to foretell the weather, etc., as the sailor looks through the telescope.

A. B. C.—If you died intestate, your mother and brother would share equally in what money you left.

PANSY.—1. Seaweeds may be dyed with any of Judson's dyes.—2. The 6th of December, 1863, was a Sunday.

ADA.—Ants' eggs for feeding goldfish may be obtained in the Centre Avenue, Covent Garden Market. They cost 1s. 6d. a bag, and a few eggs are given to each fish every day.

ANNA BOLENA.—The first Sunday in June, seventy years ago, was June 2nd, 1822.

ECILA BOODLES.—"When a lady meets a gentleman in the street," our correspondent enquires, "whose place is it first to move?" Unless there be any special reason that you should stop, to enquire for a sick person, for instance, or because an old friend, "keep moving," as the police would admonish you, and do not stop at all—simply bow and pass on. You should bow first.

ATTER IPSE AMICUS.—Your letter seems a very nice one, and we should think by this time your visit has been returned. Some people are neither good correspondents nor good visitors, and we must have patience, and keep our hearts always tender and warm, always bearing in mind the love which "thinketh no evil, and is not easily provoked."

"DUM SPIRO SPERO" is pronounced as it is written. 2. The 27th of July, 1849, was a Friday.

SABRINE.—"Islam" is pronounced as it is spelt—Is-lam.

VINE LEAF.—Tontines were a kind of life annuity shared by subscribers to a loan, with the benefit of survivorship, the last survivor receiving the whole sum, annually paid. This plan of borrowing money was invented by a Neapolitan named Tonti, whence tontine to Louis XIV. of France. In that country, however, they met with no success, but were adopted in England, and many Government loans raised by them. They have now fallen into disuse.

A MARRIED GIRL.—In England it is usual for widows to substitute a net veil with a border of crape for the thick crape one worn at first.

LOVER OF "G. O. P."—January the 19th, 1876, was a Wednesday, and January the 14th, 1879, was a Tuesday.

ARIADNE.—The best time for crossing the Atlantic is August. The icebergs and floes are over then. Nevertheless, summer heat does not always melt them, for some have travelled far towards the torrid zone, and been met by ships, as, for example, the ship *Formosa*, sailing in the month of June, encountered a floating berg some thirty yards in height and fifty yards long, in 37 deg. 30 min. of north latitude, still floating southwards. The Antarctic bergs are floated about 250 miles nearer the torrid zone than the Arctic ones. At the Cape they have been seen in 34 deg. south latitude. But under the 36th deg. north latitude, between the Azores and Gibraltar, great masses of ice have been seen, bearing upon them the wrecked remains of a Norwegian ship. Towards the end of June and the beginning of July you are likely to meet with the most ice, after the breaking up of the great northern frost.

DODO.—It is hard to state the duration of a horse's life. Perhaps a riding, carriage, or racing horse would be counted old at fifteen or sixteen years. But the possible length of the animal's life, if well cared for, is far beyond the average duration. As a useful animal for some purposes the life may be reckoned on for thirty or forty years. One belonging to the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Company attained to sixty-two years; and we have heard of another that reached seventy-two.

FOULATA.—Your writing is too much spread out. Put more words into a line of note-paper.

GENEVIEVE.—We do not give private addresses. You can only apply to the Publisher. You should get the *Directory of Girls' Clubs* (Griffith & Farran). Write to Miss Young, The Grove, Hollington, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Prizes are given; and the amount of reading required daily is an hour; and all members must be above sixteen years of age.

ROSA.—Certainly you may wear the ring which your mother gave you on your birthday. You are much too young to receive the addresses of any man. You have much to learn, experience to gain, and duties to your mother to fulfil at home for some years yet, before such an idea as that of marriage should enter your head. Your height has nothing to do with the question, and five feet four inches and a half is not very tall.

A READER.—The gloves which you say are "mildewed" have doubtless lost the dye in some places, and thus become spotted. Nothing could remove the natural colour of the leather which has lost the artificial colour, but re-dyeing the gloves altogether.

HOPEFUL.—"Cousins-german," or first cousins, are not included in the Table of Prohibited Degrees of Matrimony (see the Book of Common Prayer). But if there be any hereditary disease taint in the blood, or insanity in the family, a union such as this intensifies the complaint, and the children of the marriage will probably (some or all) manifest the terrible inheritance. Marriage with a different race, or at least into another family, free from such special taint, would be most desirable, and tend to weaken it in the next generation. This forms the only objection.

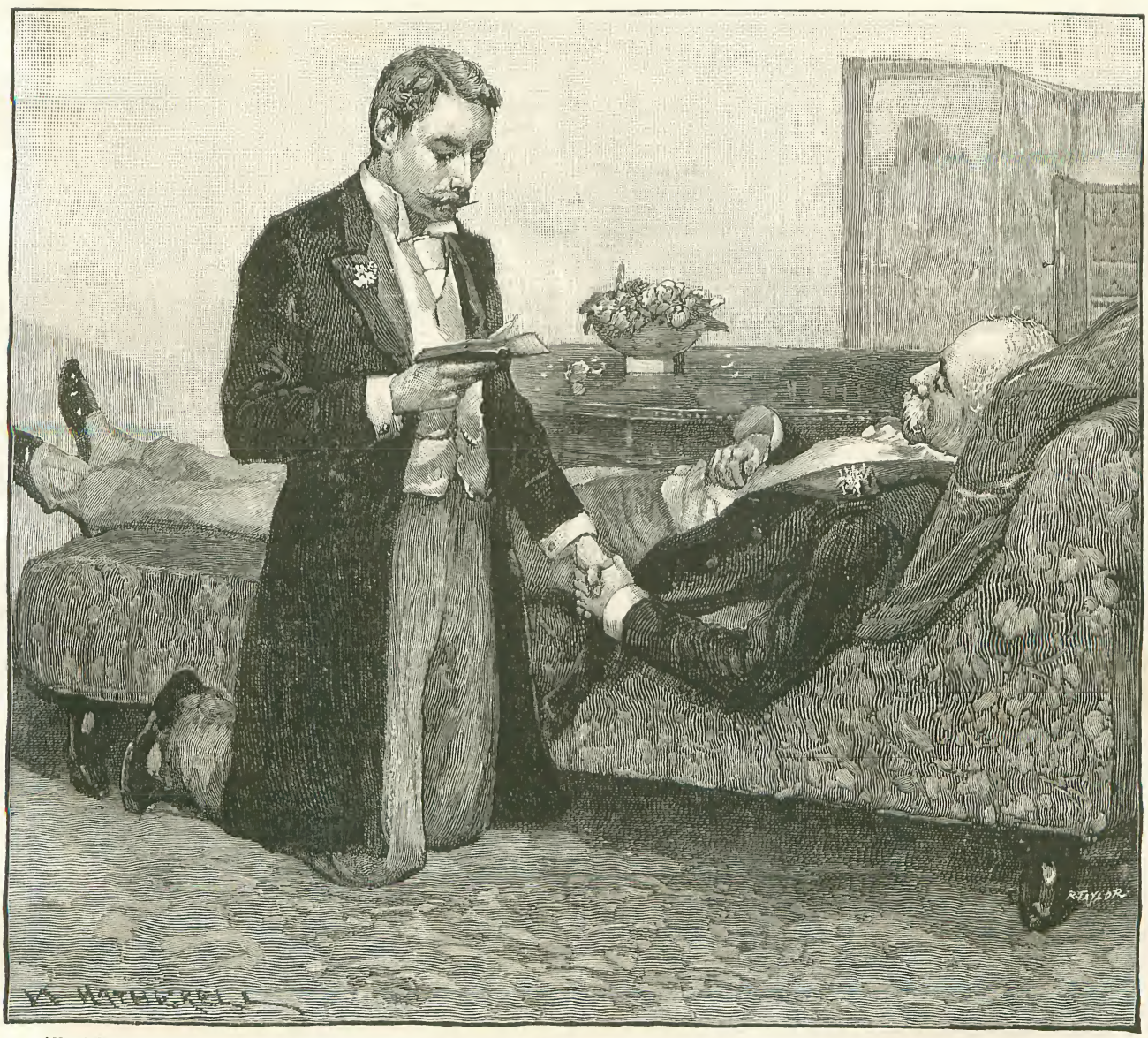
EUREKA.—You cannot change the name in which the child was registered; but there would, we imagine, be no objection to adding another name at baptism. There is, or might be, a difficulty were there property to be inherited, and the name of the child did not correspond with that to which such property was bequeathed, or there chanced to be another member of the family so called. No one, however, would find fault with your calling yourself or any one else by any name you pleased.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XIII.—NO. 643.] APRIL 23, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.



All rights reserved.] "THE WORDS HE HAD READ MANY A TIME ON THE BATTLE-FIELD."

CHAPTER VII.

OWEN'S BRIDE.

HOW brilliantly the future had shone for Owen, when his cousin accepted him, has been described in a previous chapter; and so matters remained till the morning came on which his happiness was to be realised.

The interruption of the ceremony in the church showed how sadly he had miscalculated. Meanwhile, what was his actual state? Would the delay be only temporary? To answer these questions, it will be necessary to go back to his actual experience on the bridal morn.

His sleep had been greatly disturbed. But in his first awakening he tried to recall the bright dreams of the previous days, and the feeling of reality that had accompanied them, added to the knowledge that in two or three hours his son would be by his side, to strengthen and support him. But dark and depressing thoughts irresistibly possessed him as he began slowly to dress. Impatiently he strove to resist the gloomy current. He went to the mirror, gazed in it, and turned irritably away from the pale reflection he saw there, saying to himself, "I am but sixty-two, and she, knowing me at my worst, has accepted me. The reality and strength of her feeling for me is obvious, since no other possible motive can be ascribed for her marrying me. Away, then, these morbid delusions!"

Comforting himself with these and kindred reflections, he completed his toilet and retired to his sitting-room, where he tried, but with little success, to eat a good breakfast.

The arrival of his son dispelled for awhile these gloomy anticipations.

When the time for departure came, and he was descending the staircase, he was met by Paul, who noticed, with renewed alarm, his father's faltering steps and pallid lips.

"Are you ill?" he asked anxiously.

"No—yes. Make haste. It will pass off in the fresh air."

Taking Paul's arm, the pair passed through the hall to the carriage in waiting. There Owen, noticing the bystanders, insisted on ascending the steps alone; but had scarcely reached the interior when he fell, limbs and body all huddled together, a helpless and seemingly lifeless mass at the bottom of the vehicle.

Borne back to the morning-room, as the nearest suitable place, by Paul and the servants, and laid on a couch, he in a short time regained consciousness, and asked for his usual restorative. This was quickly obtained, he drank, and then managed to say tremulously to his son—

"The church—quick! Tell them of my temporary illness—mind, temporary. Has the doctor been sent for?"

"Yes, and will soon be here."

"Go, then, and——" A spasm of pain stopped his father's speech. Paul hurried away.

Then Owen, calling his servant, who waited near, managed to convey to him directions to go to his sitting-room and bring the little bureau to him. With the help of another servant this was quickly done. With increasing difficulty Owen opened it with the key that hung suspended round his neck, and attempted to write a letter, but which, when done, he could not himself read. Then hearing, as he thought, approaching steps, he huddled up the paper in his hand, thrust it into the bureau, which he relocked, and fell back gasping.

A few minutes later, Paul, having fulfilled his hurried mission to the church, returned as hurriedly to his father to comfort him, while waiting the doctor's arrival. He found him still prostrate there, and inhaling some powerful scent, but certainly looking better, in spite of Paul's expressed misgivings about the spirit, misgivings which increased as he saw his father's anxious glances towards the door for the doctor.

"Who went for him?" Owen asked.

"Your bride."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; and indeed she would let no one else go."

"God bless her! She will make me a good and dear wife yet."

"Come, father, you *are* feeling better."

"Ah, my boy, if troubles affected me no more than they do you I might yet become happy," said Owen, with a deep sigh.

"Are you sure, father, I could bear them as well as you?" responded Paul; and a cloud seemed to pass over his features as he thought of his lost wife, and how his resignation of a military career, while the most brilliant prospects were opening upon him, had been due to that event. The mother gone, the children must be henceforth his care.

"Yes, you have a happy, buoyant humour, that always sees the pleasant or amusing side of things. Keep it—keep it with all your heart and soul. I, alas! have no such reserve to fall back upon, either in mind or body."

"My dear father, surely your present quick recovery answers you."

"Paul, my sins of life weigh heavily now!"

"But you have suffered for them, repented, abjured them for the future."

"Ah, yes, God knows I have—if only that future be still possible! Why does the doctor so delay? Perhaps she has forgotten all about me, and left the business to one of her servants."

"Impossible! I beg you to be calm. Hark! here he is!"

The door opened, and the doctor entered hurriedly, having preceded the servant who was about to announce him.

"I am very sorry, my dear sir, to be so late," he said. "I had to be fetched from a patient; but Mrs. Bartlett found me, and brought me hither with all possible speed."

The doctor's first care was to administer a cordial he had brought with him before beginning a slow and careful examination, which was to some extent illusory; as, having been so long in attendance on the patient, he had little more to learn.

The cordial and the doctor's gentle manipulation of all tender places, aided by the soothing tones of his voice, which seemed to suggest hope, had so beneficial an effect on Owen that he exhibited a desire to lie back on the pillows of the couch and possibly sleep, which he greatly needed, after so many nights of wakefulness, tossing incessantly between brightness and gloom, hope and fear.

"A sleep will greatly benefit you," observed the doctor. "So I and Colonel Stanard will withdraw awhile into the adjoining room, and be ready to come to you at a moment's notice."

"You will not leave me?" Owen murmured anxiously.

"Certainly not," said the doctor, as he went out.

Meanwhile, Paul had placed a small table by the side of Owen's couch, with a handbell.

"See! father," he said; "you can easily touch that."

A faint smile answered him; and Paul followed the doctor out, closed the door softly behind him; fearing, he hardly knew why, what the doctor might have to say, since all looked so favourable.

"I am bound to tell you his position is one of imminent danger," said the doctor, the moment he found himself alone with the colonel.

"Is it possible? Shall I telegraph at once to London for a specialist?" was Paul's agitated reply.

"To own the whole truth to you, as his son, I fear matters will be decided one way or the other before he could reach here. This attack, this simultaneous prostration of all the vital powers, is the one thing I have dreaded, and tried to avert by all possible means, though knowing they could be but of temporary effect. But even to these he no longer responds. And I no longer dare to hope."

"Have you at all warned him?"

"So far as I could—yes; but to speak to him now as I have spoken to you would probably at once seal his fate."

"But something must be done. To a man in his condition," responded Paul, "there might be reasons of infinite importance for his knowing the truth."

"So I think; and the responsibility I am incurring shows me I must now free myself, even for his sake more than for my own."

"Should I tell him, or will you? Which would be the better for him in your judgment?" asked the colonel. "Think only of that."

"Affection may soften the blow."

"Ah, if that can do it it shall indeed be done! Unfortunately, we have been much apart in recent years, and some-

what estranged, till he called me back from India for the marriage. Since then he has been most kind. It is a dreadful task. Will you wait here?"

"Certainly."

As the colonel moved to go across the room he stopped to say—

"The first shock must be terrible, but it seems to me that it is after that his great trial will come, should he find himself unable to accomplish the very things for which we make him risk so much."

"No," rejoined the doctor. "I think that for a short period, possibly to be measured in minutes, but probably by one or two hours, his present artificial strength may last. There are in nature frequent surprises. Some recuperative influence will occasionally start into what seemed to be the last hours of life, and shame our fears."

"You have now given me the greatest comfort I could hope for in my task," said the colonel, grasping the doctor's hand.

Paul found his father much exhausted, but anxiously waiting for the doctor's report, which he had not had the courage to ask for himself.

"My dearest father," began Paul, "the doctor, while seeing possible gleams of hope, wishes me to tell you your case is serious."

Owen gasped for breath, made a convulsive effort to sit up, as if boldly to confront the truth, whatever it might be, but fell back, and for a few seconds remained still, with closed eyes. At last he managed to whisper—

"I understand. How long, Paul? What time have I?"

"My dear father, that is impossible to say."

"But I *must* know. I must have time—if ever so little!" he exclaimed in irritable tones.

"Father, he believes you will, at the worst, have time if you speak and act quickly but calmly. If you can deal at once with all worldly affairs, and then dismiss them, may not that course bring some relief, and thus become a means, with God's blessing, towards your recovery?"

"With God's blessing? Paul, I dare not ask that blessing, for He will tell me I reap as I have sown—that I feel now only the natural consequences of my evil life!"

"I will ask for you that blessing on my knees. Be sure He will give it to a contrite heart," interposed Paul; but Owen went on—

"Paul, Paul, let me speak freely before I die. I must now lose your love and faith which were helping to redeem me."

"Never, father—never!"

"I have no other choice; I must burden your noble life, and that of your innocent young ones—must leave my name as a disgrace to my intended wife, who has been like a beneficent angel to me."

Conscious he had to struggle with Death, whose hand he seemed already to feel at his throat, Owen had managed to force out the few preceding sentences with increasing difficulty between spasms of intense physical anguish, alternating with still more awful mental anguish, until he utterly broke down.

Kneeling by his side, and holding one of his hands, Paul read aloud from his small pocket Bible the words of Isaiah he had read many a time in battle over dying friends and so-called enemies: 'Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

A slight pressure and movement of the fingers Paul held caused him to put his head close to his father's lips, who could just whisper hoarsely—

"Do you put trust in that?"

"I live but in such trust!"

"And for me?"

"A thousand times—yes! Oh, believe me, my dearest father!"

"I will; I do!" And again Owen had to cease for a brief space before he could find the courage or strength to make the impending revelation which he feared might destroy his son's sympathy and his own last hope.

Presently Paul saw him trying to put his stiffening fingers within the breast of his coat.

"The key of your cabinet, father?" asked Paul.

A just perceptible bend of the head was the only answer he could obtain, so Paul sought for the key, which hung by a cord round his father's neck; but being unable to pass it over the head, he burst it asunder, heedless how it cut into his own flesh.

"Shall I find in the cabinet what you want?"

"'Tis for you."

"Yes."

Suddenly Owen, in his frantic battle with the Destroyer, appeared to regain, as by a last supreme effort, voice and coherence of thought, and to whisper into his son's ear—

"Paul, my only son, my last earthly refuge, without whose aid I must perish in black despair, can you—will you, at this awful hour, give me some comfort?"

"I will. Speak!"

"Will you devote yourself to undoing the evil I have done, if in so doing you can save the honour of the family?"

"Will any honourable sacrifices of mine suffice for that end?"

"It will—it will. I ask no more."

"Then it shall be done, so help me God!"

"Pray for me; all is finished!" Owen's head drooped to the pillow, and the eyes took their last look at the world; though at what precise moment he died Paul knew not, till the doctor's kindly hand on his shoulder aroused him with the words—

"All is over!" *And so it* was. Owen Stanard's bride was Death.

(*To be continued.*)

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.

II.—THE YOUNG QUEEN—*continued.*

THE Easter and the summer following the Queen's accession were naturally full of rejoicing. In fact, she had already given every assurance for the peacefulness and prosperity of her reign. She had, with the felicity of choice which was one of her crowning gifts, appointed such a Council of wise and noble-minded men as has never been equalled in the annals of her successors. She had nominated to the See of Canterbury Archbishop Parker,* whose moderation equalled his learning. His power of organisation restored something like order to the divided and distracted Church, and his firmness to his convictions enabled him to hold in check the lion Queen on the questions of crucifixes in churches and the celibacy of priests. In the last contention Elizabeth revenged herself by behaving with scant courtesy to the wife of the Archbishop at the close of a banquet at which both were present. Married ladies were addressed then as "Madam," unmarried as "Mistress." When Mrs. Parker advanced, at the close of a sumptuous entertainment at Lambeth, to take leave of the Queen, Elizabeth feigned a momentary hesitation. "Madam," she said at last, "I may not call you, and Mistress I am loth to call you, but I thank you for your good cheer."

In her first speeches, both to her Parliament and her judges, Elizabeth showed the noble side of her strange, complex nature. "Nothing," she said to her first Parliament in words of unwonted fire—"Nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is so dear to me as the love and goodwill of my subjects;" and, adds Mr. Green, "the love and goodwill which were so dear to her she fully won." To the judges she said, "Have a care over my people. You hear my people—do that which I ought to do. They are *my* people. Every man oppresseth and spoileth them without mercy. They cannot revenge their quarrel, nor help themselves. See unto *them*, see unto them, for they are my charge."

One of those later biographers of Elizabeth who have painted her subtle character, contradictory to its core, with masterly touches, has

* "Painful Parker," the translator of the Psalms into English metre.

argued that she neither loved nor hated, and was as incapable of vindictiveness as of enthusiasm, and scorned to punish, or even to remember, as a Queen the slights she had received as a Princess. But the verdict does not hold good in relation to women. Elizabeth's nearest female relations, after Mary Queen of Scots, were Margaret Countess of Lennox and Frances Duchess of Suffolk, her cousins, leaving out of count Frances's younger sister, Eleanor Brandon, a less prominent person. Margaret was the mother of two sons, Henry Lord Darnley and Charles Stewart. Frances was the mother of three daughters, Lady Jane, Lady Catherine, and Lady Mary Grey. After the execution of her husband and eldest daughter the Duchess married again, with unseemly rapidity, a young member of her household, Adrian Stokes. When Elizabeth heard of the *mésalliance* she exclaimed contemptuously, "What! hath she wedded her horsekeeper?"—a sarcasm to which William Cecil dared to answer, with the candour of the time, "Yes, madam, and she says your Majesty would like to do so too"—alluding to the post of Master of the Horse held by Lord Robert Dudley, and to the fear entertained by Elizabeth's friends from the day that she came to the throne that she would stoop from her high estate and marry him.

Certainly Elizabeth had not forgotten the fact that Queen Mary had made use of the Duchess of Suffolk and the Countess of Lennox to humble Elizabeth by causing them to take precedence of her in Court ceremonies. The mercurial Duchess soon passed beyond the reach of the Queen's approval or disapproval, since within a year of her second marriage she died in childbirth, at the age of thirty-five—the same age at which her mother, the Queen Dowager of France, had died. Elizabeth loved the Duchess's daughters no better than the Duchess, and very soon after the Queen's accession Count de Feria communicated to his master, Philip, that Lady Catherine Grey had confided to him how little Elizabeth liked her, how different was the treatment she received from Elizabeth from that she had been accustomed to receive from Queen Mary, who had been kind and friendly, though their faiths had been different, while the very circumstance that Lady Catherine, by King Henry's will, stood next to Elizabeth in the succession to the throne caused the Queen to look askance at her kinswoman. Elizabeth had as little consideration and forbearance for Lady Lennox when her troubles overtook her, nor was the personal grudge likely to be lessened if Elizabeth knew that in the Lennox household the birthright of Anne Boleyn's daughter was spoken of with scorn, and even the family fool was permitted to jest over it.

To men Elizabeth was more magnanimous. She was especially gracious to Sir Henry Bedingfield, though she called him in jest her "gaoler," and she paid him the compliment of visiting him at his house of Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk.

Elizabeth's Parliament and people prayed her to marry, dreading, as they did, the disputed succession that was sure to arise in case of her death. Her reply was to point to her coronation ring, as Mary had pointed to hers, to affirm that she was wedded to her realm, and that she would live and die a virgin queen. Her resolution was not caused by any lack of suitors. They and their proposals were legion. Philip of Spain, her brother-in-law; the Archduke Charles, remarkable for his huge head, son of the Emperor Ferdinand; two French princes, Anjou and Alençon—Alençon, with the reputation of being the ugliest man in France—sons of Catherine de Medicis; Eric of Sweden, Casimir of Poland, the Scotch Earl of Arran, the English Earl of Arundel, and Lord Robert Dudley, possibly, also, her Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton, all made their suits in turn. With all she dallied, partly in accordance with the coquettish levity which she had inherited from her mother, and partly, where the foreign princes were concerned, from her favourite policy of procrastination and profound dissimulation, using each man's offer, as she used every public event, as a means of safety and prosperity in England, which she had found on her accession defeated and impoverished. Above all things she shunned war. It was abhorrent to her, from her natural dislike to bloodshed, and from her perfect comprehension that in the condition of her country it would be simply ruinous. No false dreams of glory, or of inordinate personal ambition, blinded her reason—she laughed them to scorn. She refused the sovereignty of the Netherlands, and scouted the idea of being the leader of the Protestants of Europe. But by consummate prudence she would raise her England to a high place among the nations. Therefore she shouted at the council-board, "No war, my lords, no war!" and therefore she played with her lovers, played them one against each other, deluded them and the governments they represented with false hopes, keeping them quiet and winning favours from them till she gained her purpose. It was by no means a noble policy, neither did the end justify the means; but this much must be allowed to Elizabeth, and it was this which, in spite of her falseness, made her great and distinguished honourably from her contemporaries—that before all else, before her own headstrong will and passion even, she held the solid welfare of her people. For them she could deny herself on every side. With her mother's sensuous love of luxury and pleasure Elizabeth was the thriftiest of English sovereigns; her fare was of the simplest and most temperate kind. She worked hard, she subdued her pride, and submitted to be thwarted and mortified when it fitted into her great hope of serving her people.

Still, while Elizabeth was the young Queen, the extraordinary influence exercised over her by her favourite, Dudley, kept their probable marriage an imminent danger for many a day. The infatuation was unaccountable enough to cause the superstitious to attribute it to magic, to the irresistible motions and attractions of the stars. Dudley lacked every quality that one would have expected Elizabeth to prize above all others. He is said to have been "without courage, without talent, without virtue," a mere handsome, sleek-mannered courtier. His very attractions were in direct opposition to the Queen's daring, her intellect, and what Mr. Froude calls her "high, conscientious devotion to duty, that great sovereign nature which shone out in her grander moments—dashed with the taint which she inherited with her mother's blood."

In addition to every other disadvantage, Lord Robert Dudley's reputation was soon clouded with the suspicion that he was concerned in the violent death of his wife, which happened at Cumnor Place, near Oxford, within two years of Elizabeth's accession. We are most of us familiar with Sir Walter Scott's great tragic novel of *Kenilworth*, by which the name of Amy Robsart is embalmed in English literature. There are only a few particulars in which the facts differ from the fiction. The ages of the principal persons concerned are recorded differently. The victim, Amy, was indeed beneath Dudley in rank, but their "love-marriage" was not a private one. The date is given in King Edward's "Journal," and the boy-king indulges in a nearer approach to boyishness than was common with him, when he proceeds to describe some of the more striking rejoicings on the occasion. However, Dudley was only a lad in his teens; and although the circumstance of his marriage was well known, he was understood not to be happily married to the wife whom he neither brought to Court, nor appeared with in public. When she was found dead at the foot of a staircase on a day when her servants were absent at Abingdon Fair, the irregularity and opportuneness of her death immediately awoke a rumour of foul play. Dudley met it by giving the poor lady a sumptuous funeral. She was buried with great ceremony before the altar of the stately Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford (in which Cranmer spoke his recantation) and in empowering a commision, in which some of the dead woman's relations took part, to enquire into the cause of her death. But his own absence from the commission, and various inconsistencies in its report, together with the widespread belief that the Queen would one day wed the widower, led to an equally widespread conviction, that if Dudley did not take an active part in the murder of his defenceless wife, it was the work of some of his followers with the object of promoting the ends of his ambition. It will be remembered that Sir Walter Scott uses this theory in the machinery of his novel.

Altogether, it is not unreasonable to conclude that Elizabeth's extravagant regard for Dudley was more like "a violent fancy which would not brook contradiction," than like worthy love. Certainly she played with him and his lover's suit very much as she played with other suits and suitors, though, after her mother's unhappy fashion, and in accordance with the free manners of the time, she allowed him to take undesirable liberties with her, and made a point of exhibiting her fondness for her chosen Squire "Robin" in public. She took a malicious delight in astonishing and mystifying her circle. Mr. Froude relates that when Dudley's patent of nobility in connection with the earldom of Leicester, which the Queen had conferred upon him, was drawn out, she cut it to pieces with a penknife, instead of signing it, saying the Dudleys had been traitors for three generations. Again, on a reconciliation after a lovers' quarrel, she cried out, clapping "Robin" on the cheeks, "No, no; the bear and ragged staff is not so soon overthrown." Once more, when her courtiers said in effect, "Marry him, then," she would "puff out her lips," and declare that she would not marry a subject or make him a king. Truly it was not in her Council alone that Elizabeth tormented her audience with exhibitions of the curious engrained irresolution that balanced her audacity. She was tenacious enough in maintaining her point when she had taken a determination, but she had not her sister Mary's singleness of heart, which caused her never to falter or to flinch in any course, right or wrong; and it would have been a wise man indeed who could have told, from the signs on the surface, whether Elizabeth's irresolution were real or assumed.

The royal progresses, in which Queen Elizabeth took great delight, that were a marked feature of her reign, began with its very commencement. Those magnificent pageants were sometimes on the waters of the Thames, where the Queen's barge disported itself in the centre of a gorgeous crowd of attendant barges, sometimes on land in "gilded and silken tents" in Greenwich Park, to which she invited her loyal subjects, sometimes in superb processions into the City, or into the country from town to town, and castle to castle, throughout the length and breadth of her pleasant land. Each and all owed its origin to two sources—to Elizabeth's passion for splendour and social entertainments, in which she resembled her father, and to her shrewd guess that nothing kept her stout citizens in better humour, after the innumerable proofs she gave them of attending sedulously to their material interests, than to afford them amusement by furnishing them with a succession of majestic and dazzling spectacles. It must be

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(From the Portrait by Zucchero at Jesus College, Oxford.)

always borne in mind that Elizabeth was pre-eminently the people's "Good Queen Bess." The flower of the English nobility—Catholic as well as Protestant—gathered around her, charmed by her wit and wisdom, her sound learning, her brilliant accomplishments, her wide sympathies with her soldiers and sailors, her knightly adventurers like Raleigh, her wits and dramatists like Spenser and Shakespeare—even her alchemists and astrologers like Dee; but she had her father Henry's resolution to rule for the people. She never forgot the little parable she had spoken of the growth of vegetation in the park at Woodstock when she was a prisoner there—how the tall trees must be thinned out and kept in subjection, so that the sweet, fresh air and sunlight might reach the undergrowth of bushes, and preserve them also in wholesome health and well-being.

Miss Strickland gives a lively description of the manner in which Elizabeth kept her Maundy-Thursday at Westminster Hall in 1560. She washed the feet of twenty poor women, and then gave gowns to every woman —to one woman the gown Her Majesty had worn on the occasion. She drank to every woman in a new white cup, and then gave her the cup. The same afternoon, in St. James's Park, she gave alms of twopence (from sixpence to eightpence in our money) to each of upwards of two thousand poor men, women, and children, "both whole and lame."

Elizabeth, by an act of great justice and judiciousness, called in the worn old gold coins and re-issued a fresh coinage of full weight. One of her gala visits was to the mint, where she coined several of her gold pieces. When she passed with her train, on these State occasions, through the streets of the City, "they were freshly sanded and gravelled, and the houses hung with cloth of arras, rich carpets, and silk, but Cheapside, then proverbially called 'the Golden Chepe,' made a display of magnificence in honour of the passage of the sovereign which we should vainly look for in these days of flimsy luxury, being hung with cloth of gold and silver, and velvets of all colours."

Elizabeth had soon to mourn a loss to her town of London of what was one of the glories of its architecture. On the 4th of June, 1561, the beautiful spire of St. Paul's was set on fire by lightning. From the windows of her palace at Greenwich Elizabeth saw the smoke of the burning, which soon extended to the church. Young Admiral Winter and his sailors stopped the fire, and saved the bishop's palace, but the Cathedral itself was left a roofless ruin.

In the same year Lady Catherine Grey was sent to the Tower by her cousin the Queen for the enormity of having married the Marquis of Hertford, son of the late Lord Protector Somerset, without the knowledge and authority of Elizabeth. The bridegroom was sent, after the bride, to the same dismal lodging. Their first-born son and a second child were born within its walls, and after a lingering imprisonment of seven years poor Lady Catherine, a devout and accomplished scholar, like her elder sister, died within a stone's throw of the spot where Lady Jane and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, and her father, the Duke of Suffolk, had suffered. Relationship to royalty was a doubtful boon in the reign of the maiden Queen. There was yet one of the Ladies Grey left—Lady Mary, less in stature than Lady Jane, the smallest lady at the Court. Sickened with splendour that was dashed with blood, and darkened by the shadow of a prison, or rendered reckless and desperate by what had gone before, Lady Mary disposed of herself in her own foolish way. She got a drunken priest to marry her to the biggest man about Court—whose size, however, was his principal recommendation, unless indeed the obscurity of his position counted for something, since Thomas Keys (appropriate name) was nothing better than a sergeant porter. The alliance was so incongruous and absurd that it only excited laughter. It was annulled, indeed, by the powers of Church and State, but no further punishment was administered to little Lady Jane and her large partner than temporary imprisonment.

Already the royal lady, who was from first to last a sharp thorn in the sensitive flesh to Elizabeth, began to appear prominently on the scene. Mary Queen of Scots, a widow at eighteen, was on her way back to her native kingdom from France, the scene of her education and of her brief wedlock to King Frances II., the eldest son of Catherine de Medicis. A safe conduct was asked for her from her cousin, Queen Elizabeth, which she refused, just as she had declined to permit John Knox to pass through any territory of hers. Mary was younger and more beautiful. She was invested with the tender grace of her recent widowhood. If she was not more learned and accomplished, she was also no mean scholar, in that generation of scholarly women, and she was still better versed than Elizabeth in those arts and graces which blind men's judgments, and dazzle their imaginations. The maiden Queen, who likened herself to a lion and a lion's cub, on that baser side of her which was inordinately vain and covetous of admiration, was furiously jealous of Mary. She not only dreaded her, as a rival queen who claimed the throne of England, and disputed Elizabeth's title to the succession, and as the sworn ally of France, who might well aid in shattering that peace which was so necessary for the recovery of the drained and exhausted forces of England; Elizabeth also detested Mary with a giddy, arrogant, woman's passionate dislike of a formidable invader of her woman's kingdom, a contester of her right to be regarded as the first in beauty and grace, no less than the first in sagacious statesmanship.

Mr. Green's description of Elizabeth's rival, Mary, is very striking:—"She was hardly inferior in intellectual power to Elizabeth herself, while in fire and grace and brilliancy of temper she stood high above her. She brought with her the voluptuous refinement of the French *Renaissance*. She would lounge for days in bed, and rise only at night for dances and music. But her frame was of iron, and incapable of fatigue. She galloped ninety miles after her last defeat, without a pause save to change horses. She loved risk and adventure and the ring of arms. As she rode in a foray against Huntley, the grim swordsman beside her heard her wish she was a man. 'to know what life it was to lie all night in the field, or to watch on the cawsey with a Glasgow buckler and broadsword.' But in the closet she was as cool and astute a politician as Elizabeth herself, with plans as subtle, but of a far wider and greater range than the Queen's."

When this is said, it had better be added that these plans were for the re-establishment of the Catholic religion in Scotland, England, and France, where the Huguenots were then a formidable political party, and for her own personal power and glory. She lacked utterly Elizabeth's wise moderation and devotion to her people. Except for the briefest interval Mary and her people were at hopeless variance. "Whatever policy is in all the chief and best practised heads of France, whatever craft, falsehood, and deceit is in all the subtle brains of Scotland, is either fresh in this woman's memory or she can fetch it out with a wet finger," wrote an English contemporary of Mary. In conclusion:—"Her beauty,* her exquisite grace of manner, her generosity of temper and warmth of affection, her frankness of speech, her sensibility and her gaiety, her womanly tears, her man-like courage, the play and freedom of her nature, the flashes of poetry that broke from her at every intense moment of her life, flung a spell over friend and foe which has only deepened with the lapse of years."

There is little question that Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, brought up a strict Catholic by his mother, Lady Lennox, was from the first destined by his kindred to be Mary's husband. The marriage would unite two claimants to the English throne, and make their double claims all the more weighty. Mary claimed through her father's mother, Margaret Tudor; he claimed through his mother's mother, the same Margaret Tudor. The Greys, of course, claimed through their mother's mother, Mary Tudor, the younger sister of Margaret. The Greys also claimed through the wills of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., which had passed over Margaret and her children. Both Lord Darnley and the Greys had the additional chance in their favour that they were born and bred in England, while Mary was alien born. The first whisper of the intended marriage between Darnley and Mary naturally aroused Elizabeth's alarm and indignation. Forthwith she proceeded to send her cousin, Lady Lennox, to the Tower for a time, on the charge of having been privy to the purpose of marriage. It was not the lady's first, neither was it her last, experience of Tower lodgings, and, as it happened, it was always in relation to weddings projected or completed that the incarceration took place. In her youth, in the reign of her uncle, King Henry, Lady Margaret had been guilty of receiving overtures of marriage on her own account. Now it was the question of her son's marriage, later it was her granddaughter, "the Lady Arbel's," rash venture in matrimony which produced the recurrence of the unpleasant experience.

In 1652 Elizabeth, when residing at Hampton Court, was seized with small-pox, and was for a few days in danger of her life, to the horror and distress of her country. The Council showed their anxiety by keeping watch in her sick room during the hours when she was at the height of her peril—a piece of attention which might have been fatal to the patient. In her weakness Elizabeth talked of Dudley, and of her love for him, and recommended him as Lord Protector of the kingdom. On her recovery, her Parliament renewed their urgent entreaties that the Queen would marry; or, if she did not marry, that she would name her successor. It is hardly necessary to say that she ingeniously evaded giving a promise to comply with either request. As to Elizabeth's suggestion that her favourite courtier, Dudley, should be accepted as a suitor by Mary Queen of Scots, it is hard to know what to make of it. Elizabeth was quite capable of offering the suggestion in a spirit of malicious mischief to baffle the curiosity of her Court, to torment Dudley, and to mortify Mary. On the other hand, it was a suggestion persisted in and renewed, as if she had a serious intention in it. She even offered to name Mary as her successor if she would marry Dudley. Is it not possible that Elizabeth in her cooler moments desired to give what might be considered an honourable dismissal to Dudley by proposing him for the husband of the sister Queen, and that she also sought to remove out of her own path a temptation which, while she would not stoop to wed him who was her subject, certainly rendered her unwilling, in her dalliance with a forbidden inclination, to engage in a more suitable alliance?

However, one may draw a different inference from Elizabeth's unblushing remark to Mary's ambassador, Melville, that it was a pity

* No existing portrait of Mary gives any idea of her brown-haired, peaked-faced beauty, which must have owed much to constant play of expression and charm of manner.

Dudley's elder brother, Lord Warwick (a worthier man) had not the "sweet delicacy" of Lord Robert, "else she and Mary might each have had their own."

One of Elizabeth's most triumphant progresses was to the University of Cambridge, which she visited in 1564. She went at the request of Cecil (who was Chancellor of the University), but his share in the ceremonial was cut short by what was quaintly styled by the old chroniclers "an unhappy grief to his foot"—probably gout. The Mayor and Corporation met her at Newnham, delivering to her the mace and "a fair standing cup, containing twenty old angels." Her Majesty returned the mace to the magistrate, and handed the cup to one of her footmen. After she had changed her horse she and her ladies, with their escort, rode into Cambridge. Elizabeth's riding-dress was of black velvet. She had a "coul" or cap on her head set with pearls and precious stones, and a hat spangled with gold, having a plume of feathers. She entered Queen's College, all her train alighting, the Queen alone remaining on horseback. Sir William Cecil, in spite of the "grief" in his foot, knelt to welcome her. He took the staves which the beadles of the college kissed and handed to him. He kissed the staves in his turn, and presented them to Elizabeth, there being so many that the beautiful hands, which she was so fond of displaying could hardly encircle them. She re-delivered them to their custodians. With a merry jest she enjoined all the magistrates of the university to administer justice uprightly, or she would take the staves into her own hands and see to it; and added, "that though the Chancellor halted his leg by being sore, yet she trusted that justice did not halt." When the orator of King's College praised her virtues, she cried out, "*Non est veritas.*" In her sudden fit of modesty "she bit her lips and fingers." She also said coyly that she would have answered him again in Latin but for fear she should speak false Latin, and then they would laugh at her.

The Queen lodged with her ladies at King's, her stay at Cambridge lasting four days. On Sunday she attended the college chapel in state, four Doctors of Divinity bearing a canopy over her head. She bade her chamberlain tell the preacher that his Latin sermon was the best she had ever heard or was likely to hear. At the same time she had not hesitated to interrupt him in the middle of his discourse by sending him a gracious message that he was to put on his cap. Elizabeth was entertained in the evening with a play from Plautus, performed in the same chapel.

In St. Mary's Church the Queen listened to a disputation of learned doctors. She paid great attention to the arguments; when a speaker mumbled she called out, "*Loquimini altius.*" But finding this did no good, in order to get nearer to the speaker she rose and stood at the edge of the platform erected for her accommodation.

Although the learned Queen still kept up a pretty pretence of humility with regard to her own attainments before the assembled scholars, she delighted them by replying to the public orator in Greek, and by at last consenting to address the University in Latin, while she did not forget to apologise coquettishly for paining the listeners' ears, and to express her hearty wish that all those who heard her had drunk of Lethe. "*Vivat Regina,*" shouted the scholars; "*Taceat Regina*" responded Elizabeth.

An unfortunate incident somewhat marred the harmony of the visit. Various plays had been acted by the students for her amusement, and when she found that, after she had left Cambridge and gone as far as the Bishop of Ely's palace of Stanton, that a party of lads had followed her with an unacted play still on their minds, she consented, in spite of her fatigue from the heat of the weather, to come forth from her chamber to witness the performance. Cambridge was then ultra-Protestant, and in an unlucky moment the youthful performers had fixed on a representation which should express their sentiments with little taste and discretion, and with still less regard for the feelings of thousands of their countrymen. The Cambridge students chose to act a burlesque of the most cherished Roman Catholic tenets, introducing and parodying not only the distinguishing doctrines, but the leaders among the priests and bishops. Bonner was portrayed carrying in his arms a lamb, at which he gnashed his teeth; a dog followed, with the Host in his mouth. Elizabeth, half a Roman Catholic at heart, and consistently opposed to gratuitous outrages of any kind, indignantly left the room, while the discomfited players had to bring their piece to a summary conclusion.

Another instance occurred in the following year of the degree to which the Queen was offended by any public attack on the Roman Catholic Church. She had gone to Paul's Cross to hear a sermon preached by Dr. Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's. In the course of the sermon the preacher thought fit to inveigh against the worship of images. The Queen stopped him without ceremony. "Leave that alone. To your text, Mr. Dean: we have heard enough of that," she cried. The unfortunate Dean stammered, unable to go on, while many of the Protestant congregation were in tears.

Little wonder that some of the Reformed Churchmen retaliated, and that one of them spoke of Elizabeth in the pulpit to her face as having fallen away from her early promise, and degenerated into "an untamed heifer"—an example of plain speaking of which Elizabeth showed her opinion by quitting the church.

Elizabeth did not always resent plain speaking; on the contrary, she encouraged it in those who came near her, even though they were the meanest of her subjects, and enjoyed, above all things, holding her own, and disarming her companions by sheer force of wit. She was frank and free of speech, like her father King Henry, though also, like King Henry, she could still retain her majesty of demeanour, and in some moods it was playing with fire and venturing within the lion's jaws to thwart and provoke her. When Sir James Melville, Mary's envoy, was on a diplomatic errand at Elizabeth's Court, chiefly to get leave for Lord Darnley to go to Scotland that his marriage might be arranged with Mary, Elizabeth professed to Melville that she would never marry unless the Queen of Scots' behaviour compelled her to, upon which the ambassador swore roundly, "Madam, ye need not tell me that. I know your stately stomach. Ye think gin ye were married ye would be but *Queen* of England, and now ye are baith King and Queen ye may not suffer a commander."

(To be continued.)

MISS FANNY; A STORY OF YOUTHFUL LIFE.*

ADAPTED FROM THE DANISH.

By ANNE BEALE.

PART II

HOW MISS FANNY WAS "SET A-GOING."

WHEN Peter returned to Söholm, he hastened to shake off the despondency caused by his unsuccessful attempt to "set his cousin a-going." He led her towards the stables, making many instructive remarks on the nature and manners of horses. She followed him on tip-toe, carefully gathering up her flounces. He had a pony named Yrsa, whom he believed capable of winning the most obdurate heart; but she was not to be persuaded to set foot within the stables, in spite of Peter's assurances that every corner was as clean as if all the dust had been blown off. So he ordered Rasmus, the groom, to put a saddle-cloth on Yrsa, and bring her out.

Yrsa was brought out, and Peter armed himself with a whip, stuck one hand in his trousers pocket, stood with his legs apart, and looked quite in his element, as he doubtless was. He gazed at the mare with the eye of a connoisseur, felt her legs like an accomplished horse-dealer, and exclaimed with delight—

"There's a beauty—eh, Fanny! Look what legs she has. Make her prance, Rasmus, and then, Fanny, open your eyes."

Yrsa pranced, and Miss Fanny opened her eyes. The mare was a lovely creature, and the young lady began to regard her cousin with awakening respect, as a well-to-do if somewhat rough proprietor.

"Is it your very own?" she asked.

"You may swear that she is; but if you like her, you shall have her," replied Peter.

There was something so charming in this open-handed liberality, that Miss Fanny began to fancy her cousin might have his good points. Her midshipman had never offered her a steed.

"Now she is yours you'd better see how she carries. I'll guarantee she has no tricks," said Peter, looking immensely wise.

In spite of some scruples, Miss Fanny felt there was sense in his words, and that she ought to be acquainted with her property.

So she allowed Rasmus to lift her on the mare, stipulating that he should not let her go, and that Peter should hold the halter.

"Tickle her a little behind the ears; hold her in tight, and she will go as if she were on wires," cried Peter, with a tremendous crack of his whip, rejoiced that things had at last got into the right groove.

Yrsa, notwithstanding her vaunted tractability, started and reared. Miss Fanny screamed, and Rasmus rescued her, while Peter, in his zeal, tumbled between the mare's legs; but he threw a somersault, and was up again in a moment, exclaiming—

* This story was originally translated by Augusta Plesner, but never before published in English.

"She means no harm; it is only innocent playfulness. You shall have a side-saddle, Fanny, and a bridle, and a riding-whip."

But Fanny looked doubtfully at Yrsa, not quite liking her "innocent playfulness." Still, her feelings towards Peter softened, for no young woman could be indifferent to his profuse liberality.

"Now we are on the move we had better look in upon Ada and the puppies. They are the prettiest creatures you ever saw with your eyes, round as sausages and soft as butter," suggested Peter. "You shall have your choice; but I cannot part with the mother, because she is an old friend. She is a pointer, you know."

He led his cousin to Ada's kennel, which was long and narrow. He gallantly spread a bundle of fresh straw before the opening for her benefit, but, being indifferent to such trifles himself, he merely said—

"I must go in first and tie up Ada, for otherwise she might take it into her head to bite off your nose; and she mustn't do that if we can help it."

Peter, in his high spirits, looked on a nose the less as a mere trifle; but not so Miss Fanny, who agreed to his entering first and tying up Ada. He soon reappeared with an armful of the prettiest little dogs possible, "round as sausages and soft as butter," as he had expressed it. Miss Fanny was charmed, and knelt down on the straw with that grace peculiar to her, but with more indifference to her dress than might have been expected in so elegant a young lady. She said the puppies were all so sweet that she could not make a choice. Peter, to settle the matter, suggested that she should take the whole lot, upon which Miss Fanny, with noble moderation, selected a pretty little fellow with brown spots, the plumpest of the lot.

"You had better let the huntsman train it, for if you meddle with it you will spoil it, and when a puppy is spoilt it gives one no end of bother," advised Peter.

Miss Fanny felt there was sense in what Peter said, and began to perceive that he was a much shrewder fellow than she had thought him, and knew more about puppies than her midshipman.

"And what do you think I have got now?" he asked, when he was safely out of the kennel, his light summer suit being slightly dotted with black patches.

"A little lamb?" guessed Miss Fanny, in a languid voice.

"A lamb!" retorted Peter contemptuously. "No; but an owl's nest. You may have it. The young ones are the prettiest creatures imaginable, with eyes like saucers."

The owl's nest was in the hollow of an old tree, which Peter climbed and announced that the family was thriving.

"Are you not afraid of your jacket?" asked Miss Fanny, glancing at her flounces.

"A fig for my jacket!" retorted Peter.

Miss Fanny sighed, and wished she could see her new property. Her wishes overcame her virtues, and she mounted on her cousin's shoulders, who rose slowly till her eyes were on a level with the nest. Meanwhile he made all sorts of unearthly noises—

"To prevent the owl-mother picking out one or two of your eyes," he said.

Miss Fanny grew nervous—now it was her eyes, and now her nose. But Peter's contempt of danger was infectious, and she was highly delighted with the young owls, and thought them the best of his presents. When she came down, however, there was a rent in her dress and holes in her white gloves; but Peter assured her she had got off cheaply, for matters might have been much worse.

"The sun is setting, and we must turn our noses homewards," announced Peter. "It is tiresome, for we were getting on so nicely. At first I thought you were a dunce, Fanny; but you are not, and I like you all the better for it."

Miss Fanny looked down bashfully, as became an educated young lady; but she could not deny that the Jutland cousin, in spite of his faults, grew more and more amiable. They returned hand in hand, with rosy cheeks and light hearts. Peter felt that they had done a good day's work, and that his cousin was set a-going; while the young lady herself was delighted with her pony, puppies, and owl's nest, not pausing to consider how they would look in the merchant's elegant rooms.

The baron received them with open arms, and listened with interest to their adventures. He patted Miss Fanny's head, and said she had been very brave; at which she failed to wrinkle up her nose, feeling that she had really distinguished herself. But Miss Lœrke was not so easily satisfied. She shook her head at Peter, and clasped her hands, when she discovered Miss Fanny's condition. She felt that the most elegant young ladies are but human, and liable to fall under the power of temptation and circumstances. Peter said Miss Lœrke was an old grumbler, who was never content, however much pains he took.

That night Miss Fanny forgot to dream of the midshipman, so little can a woman's heart be trusted.

As the days went on, Peter set her ever more and more a-going. As she got into the right groove she forgot Peter's education, and followed him from place to place like a heroine, even venturing across the pond in the trough, keeping her tongue straight in her mouth, meanwhile, according to his orders. She received so many presents from him, that she became at last puzzled to know what to do with them. It was no wonder that the midshipman's image faded, feature after feature, from her mind's eye; and it was lucky for him that he knew not how matters stood, since the roses bloomed fresher every day on Miss Fanny's cheeks, while performing her heroic feats under Peter's guidance.

In one point alone she would not yield to him. When Peter ventured to hint at paying Morten a visit, she threw back her head, stuck up her little nose, and looked dignified. She knew that an elegant young lady should keep a vulgar little fellow like Morten at a distance, and this was very correct and sensible of Miss Fanny. As to Peter, he gave himself up to the pleasures of the moment, repeating the Danish proverb, "Come time, come remedy."

By the fourth day they had well-nigh exhausted the amusements of the garden, stables, and manor, and set out on an exploring expedition. It so happened that they came unexpectedly on the familiar playground where Peter, Morten, and Mette had joined in happy sport.

Morten sat by the sea, sorrowful and alone, for he no longer found solace in Mette's company. A cloud had passed over the sun of his life when Miss Fanny turned her back scornfully upon him, and Peter followed her. He felt for the first time rejected and forsaken, for the joy of his poor existence had vanished with Peter. So he sat solitary and pining on the beach the livelong day, glancing towards the manor, hoping and expecting.

Three evenings he walked homewards sorrowful. He put Peter's watch under his pillow, but its restless "Ticke, ticke, tick," made him quite nervous. When the old clock on the wall spoke to him with its "tick, tack," it seemed to grow uncertain in its movements, and he failed to sail out with the ship on dreams and adventures, while even the fairies grew misty and dark around his bed. Morten had sorrow while there was joy at the Manor; for there was no voice to speak kindly and consolingly to him now that Peter had forsaken him. It dawned upon him for the first time that he was a poor boy for whom nobody cared; and he began to feel that his legs were weak, and his breath heavy and difficult. Grief brings such facts home to us all, whether we are big or little.

Thus it happened that on the fourth day Morten sat looking towards the manor till the sun hurt his eyes, and they grew quite red, with a film over them; and when Mette came snuffing at his face as if she understood it all, and shared his grief, he flung his thin arms round her rough body and wept bitterly.

It was at this moment that Peter and Miss Fanny came in sight. They were laughing gaily; but when Peter saw Morten his spirit sank within him. He knew that he had forsaken his dearest friend, and left him to loneliness while he was floating in joy. Under this sense of wrong-doing he went up to Morten, sat down beside him, laid his head against his, and burst into tears.

"Thank you, Peter; this is kind of you, but I cannot help crying," said Morten, weeping still.

At these words, Peter's heart grew more and more humble and penitent, and he broke into a storm of self-reproaches. He tried to relieve his burdened mind by summing up a number of presents that he meant to give Morten; but Morten only took out his watch and handed it eagerly to him, as if it were a relief to get rid of it.

At this moment he heard a rustling on his other side, and looking up, saw Miss Fanny's elegant little person close by him. She looked shy, and there was a gleam of tears in her eyes. Hitherto she had only considered the matter from her own point of view; and it had never dawned upon her that there might be sorrow and longing on Morten's part. And more could scarcely have been expected from so elegant a young lady, since there are many people older and wiser than she who know no better.

"You may now have one half of Mette," whispered Morten, bashfully casting down his eyes; for he had had time to consider Peter's sensible advice, and had resolved to follow it when he had the chance.

It did not occur to him that Mette did not belong to him, for their friendship was so close that he felt they must belong to one another.

Miss Fanny cast an inquisitive glance at Mette, wrinkled up her nose, and said—

"It does not smell sweet; and I am afraid it would push me."

This attempt to win her heart having failed, Morten could make no other. He cast down his eyes and murmured, while a tear stole down his cheek—

"You may have everything I possess; but then I possess nothing."

There was something in Morten's voice that touched Miss Fanny's heart; and forgetting all her education, she put her hand in his, and said—

"Do not cry, Morten. Indeed I will love you; but you and Peter must go first and wash your faces."

"Shall we then be partners in Mette?" was his pertinacious reply.

Miss Fanny having agreed to this, Peter and Morten went to wash off their tears in the little brook. When they returned and sat side by side, Morten's kindly little face was a perfect sunshine of smiles; and he exclaimed with intense delight—

"I am the happiest little boy on earth now that you have come back to me."

Miss Fanny looked at him, and felt that she had performed a good action; Peter threw a sumersault from sheer delight; and Mette cocked her bit of a tail, and kicked up her hind legs. So there was joy on the sunlit shore.

(To be concluded.)

OUR SCHOOLROOM.

By Mrs. J. NICHOLSON SHEARMAN.

TWIN sisters are Alice and I. Since we were born, nineteen years ago, we have never been separated for more than a day; and I often wonder how we should feel if anything should come to part us from one another, for I think it would seem to me as if some of myself were gone if Alice were to leave me for even a short time. We were always the veriest twins in every way, and my earliest recollection is of our two little cots, side by side, in the dear old nursery, of our toys in the same cupboard, of every item in our dress being similar, from the ribbons in our hair to the buckles on our shoes. A few years later we were each given a little garden, exactly alike, one only divided from the other by a narrow path running between, at the end of which, next the wall, was a rustic seat, where we often sat together, trifling away the lovely summer days playing with our dolls. Then came lesson-days with our governess, and after that school-days; and in all these we shared both our joys and our sorrows. We are not at all alike in appearance, for Alice has fair hair and lovely blue eyes, while I am dark; nor are we alike in our accomplishments, for Alice can sing, oh, so sweetly! while I can only croak; and she can play the piano well, whereas my poor fingers go every way but the right way if I try to learn but the simplest tune. Then Alice is very clever at all kinds of lovely needlework, while I can only manage the plainer kinds, and am not even particularly fond of those. But our tastes being so different seems only to make us fit each other the better, for often, when we are alone together, I work away at my drawing, whilst Alice makes my pencil get over the ground so much better by singing or playing for me; and Alice always says that her needlework is better done when I read for her, sometimes in German, or more frequently from one of our own great writers; for, though Alice dearly loves to be read to, she is not fond of reading much for herself.

Now I think I have said enough about ourselves, for we are not the only members of the family. Next to us comes Jim, who is seventeen, and then George, who is fifteen. Another little brother came after George, but he was not left with us very long, and a small white marble cross marks the place where the dear little fellow sleeps, in the churchyard, beneath the shelter of a white cluster rose-tree. Next in the list come Rosalind and Kate, aged eleven and nine; and now you have all the family.

I suppose there is not very much to tell about our home, as there must be so many homes of the same kind scattered all over England; and yet I cannot believe that any other home can be the same as ours. How dearly we love every tree and bush; and to us the scent of our roses seems to be sweeter than the scent of the roses that grow on any other bushes. And yet I know that to anyone else this must only be a very commonplace country house—a red-brick house, with its red-tiled roof sobered down to a comfortable colour by the hand of time. Up the front wall, at one side of the porch, the delicate green of the ivy contrasts so well with the dull red of the bricks, while, at the other side, a Gloire rose is still covered with a wealth of beautiful blossoms; and the hum of the bees gives one a feeling of repose and contentment, as they sip the honey from the ivy-blossoms and from the bright flowers in the beds which stud the grass.

But the place in which we most delight is a little old wood bordering the field which lies beyond the sunk fence in front of the house, for there we wove many a romance and played many a game in our childish days; and I look forward in the future to many happy hours to be spent in it, for it seems to me I see new beauties each time I look at the gnarled oak trees and moss-cushioned stones, and I long to be able to reproduce their effect upon canvas, and have made many ambitious plans for the days to come, when Alice and I shall sit there chatting, she working and I sketching, with our little sisters playing around us.

Alice and I only returned home from school before the summer holidays, and we feel so pleased now to know that we can give, to a small extent, some return for all the money which has been spent in giving us a good education; for though dear father has enough to enable him to live comfortably, he is not rich, and he and mother must have exercised a great deal of self-denial to send us and the boys to good schools; while, at the same time, Rosalind and Kate had a visiting governess at home. Jim is going to be sent to college next year, and so mother has allowed us to undertake the teaching of our two little sisters until they become sufficiently advanced to need better instruction than we shall be capable of imparting; and thus we shall be able to give a helping hand to lighten, in some degree, the educational expenses, and perhaps by the time Rosalind and Kate must go to school, Jim's college course may be ended.

After we had been settled at home for a few days, it occurred to Alice, that if we four girls were to spend so many hours of our time in the schoolroom every day, it would be well to make it as presentable as possible while we had so many weeks of leisure during the holidays; as, when lessons once began, we should find our time fully occupied with our pupils, for we had determined to continue our own studies as well.

When we came to make an unprejudiced examination of the schoolroom and its furniture, we were obliged to confess that it was very shabby indeed, and that we must decide as quickly as possible what was to be done, and devote some time systematically every day to the work of doing it up. We took mother into our confidence, and asked her to advise us how to set about our improvements. She told us that she had been looking at the room herself before our return, and that father had given her five pounds to spend on making it more comfortable for us; and she said that if we were willing to put our hands to the work ourselves during our leisure time, we could certainly make the money go twice as far as if she had merely gone to a shop and spent it on new furniture.

The room had been very much used as a play-room by the children during the last year or two; and, as is frequently the case where children play a great deal, the lower part of the walls was damaged by the paper being both soiled and torn, and in a few places the plaster was a little bit broken; but in the upper part of the walls the paper was quite good. Mother had a few scraps of the paper put away in the store-room, but these were quite insufficient to be of any use to us; so we drove into B——e, the nearest town, to see if we could procure any more of the same pattern. Needless to say, in this we were quite unsuccessful, but we got what answered much better—a paper which suited as a dado and a border to correspond. As we intended trying to be our own paperhangers, we measured the room on our return home, made our calculations, and ordered the necessary quantities of both.

Having gone so far, we got the room cleared of all the furniture, the carpet removed, and the curtains and poles taken down. The curtains were faded and shabby, so we ripped them and sent them to be dyed at once, that we might have them back again by the time we were ready for them. The colour we chose was a deep terra-cotta brown, to harmonise with the darkest tones in the wall-paper.

The room once cleared, we brushed down the walls carefully, and then proceeded to rub them and the ceiling with dough, to make them quite clean. The dough was easily procured, for the baker brought us a good lump of it for a few pence, and there is nothing which cleans wall-paper so well. As soon as your lump becomes soiled you have only to cut a thin slice off it; then it makes no crumbs, like bread, and it cannot scratch or disfigure the paper in any way. Alice and I got the entire walls and ceiling cleaned in a couple of hours.

Our next step was to mend all the holes in the lower portion of the wall, and this we did with plaster of Paris. At first we found this troublesome from our ignorance of the material. We mixed too much at a time, and were rather slow in filling up the first hole, so that the plaster began to set too soon. However, Jim explained to us how to manage it, and made us a little board with a handle, so that we could smooth it after the manner of plasterers, an iron spoon making an excellent substitute for a trowel. Our second attempt did very well, and as none of the holes were large, we had no difficulty in making the surface of the filling quite smooth.

We next marked out the depth of the dado upon the wall. At short intervals round the room dots were made with a pencil showing the exact height to which it was to go; then with a flat ruler and a heavy pencil we drew lines from one dot to another, thus making a distinct mark all round. The cutting of the paper was the next performance. The left-hand margin had to be cut off the entire length of the paper, and it had also to be cut into the lengths required for the dado, paying due regard to the exact matching of the pattern. All this is best done with a very large pair of scissors. The other implements necessary are—a good-sized common deal table to paste upon, a sixpenny whitewash brush, a soft clean cloth, and a small bucketful of well-made flour-and-water paste, quite free from lumps. With everything prepared and ready, it did not take very long to put on the paper. We found it necessary always to start from the right-hand side of a door, window, or anything that made an interruption, and to paper towards the right, taking care to lay the left-hand edge of each new width over the margin to the right-hand side of the previous one, so as entirely to hide the margin, being at the same time very particular to match the pattern. The width of paper should be held by the two top corners and settled into its proper place, then it should be gently rubbed, or rather dabbed, all over with a soft clean cloth, to make it adhere to the wall. When all the widths of paper were pasted on, we added the border along the top, taking the pencilled line as a guide by which to keep it straight. We found that it was necessary to be exceedingly particular about the border, as any little crookedness showed very much, and spoiled the appearance of the dado. The painting on the room was in fairly good order. We should have liked very much to give it a coat of paint, but we were afraid to dip too deeply into our little store of capital, lest we should have to leave out something more essential to the comfort of the room; and therefore we contented ourselves with washing it all over thoroughly with a suitable soap, which made it look quite fresh and nice.

(To be concluded.)

A SUMMER SHOWER.

By the Rev. F. St. JOHN CORBETT, M.A.

PATTER, patter on the pane—
Hear the melancholy rain,
As it falls with sad refrain!
Nature's face is bathed in tears—
E'en our own full sad appears.
Yet to Heaven's will we bow,
Though we're weather-bound just now.
Patter, patter on the pane—
Hear the melancholy rain.

Patter, patter on the pane—
Hear the soft, refreshing rain,
As it falls with glad refrain!
Nature's creatures, one and all,
Seem the gladder for its fall.
See the daisies how they smile,
Though so sad and parched erewhile!
Patter, patter on the pane—
'Tis a soft, refreshing rain.

Patter, patter on the pane
Now no more we hear the rain.
Lo! the sunshine reappears—
God is smiling through the tears.
Thus, though life may have its shower,
'Tis directed by His power.
Though it patter on the pane,
Though it fall with sad refrain,
God is smiling through the rain.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER III.

It is not needful to follow Susannah Meade's movements during the next half-hour. Vigorous in every action, she quickly made such a change in her outward appearance that it would have been impossible to call her Smutty Sue.

Uncle Mat's present had lost considerably in bulk when she laid it aside; and she had gained externally in proportion.

The hand-glass had not been restored to its place. Susan noticed that she had left it lying on the bed, when she put the photograph back into the box. Once more she took it up and gazed at the reflection of her face, now that of a fine, clear-complexioned woman ruddy with health. Her abundant hair had shared the general ablution, and hung in rich masses about her neck, even the water having failed to take out the natural waves, which added to its beauty. The habit of uttering her thoughts aloud had grown out of her lonely life, and as Susan used comb and brush upon her hair in no gentle fashion, she said, "A nice tangle I have to deal with after all this washing! What trouble mother used to take with my thick locks, never letting me go out with a wrong hair, though, being wavy, it was hard to keep tidy, she said. The old folks thought that the flatter it was pressed to the head the more becoming it was. Wouldn't mother wonder at the frizzy curls and fringes now? Many a time people smoothed my hair and said how beautiful it was, and——"

Susan checked the flow of words; but she thought, "It is beautiful yet, in spite of neglect"—and she found pleasure in unravelling the shining mass, and braiding it round her shapely head.

Never was a human being more quickly transformed, and never did the fairy of our childhood's fables effect a more wonderful change than the good fairy Cleanliness, with her simple tools of soap, water, comb, and brush, effect in Susan Meade.

There was no loving mother, no kindly friend, to see the change, or to speak words of approval and cheer. There was the pity of it!

Susan felt this as she murmured, "If only anybody cared; but there is nobody now."

She sat for some little time near the fire, wrapped in her old shawl, musing about another matter.

Could she bear to wear again the soiled and torn garments that lay at her feet? At length she decided that they would be unbearable.

Slowly the large box was drawn out, and from it was taken a complete change of good substantial underclothing, which Susan put on.

She still hesitated over the old brown gown; not that she objected to part with it—but how should she face her companions at the cellar?

The change already made would bring upon her showers of rough jests and questions. She was sure that she would be accused of acting from no good motives in making it so suddenly.

"Who cares what they say! They are nought to me. As well have all their chaff at once, seeing I shall have enough in any case. I have good clothes enough to last for many a year, stored here and elsewhere.

"Why should I keep them hidden, and go about in dirty rags, to be mocked and jeered at on account of them? My giving way to such habits has been a mistake, like all the rest of my life since I grew past a child. Anyhow, my mind is made up on the sackcloth and ashes business. There is no virtue in such sham humiliation, and it brings no peace. I have done with it, once and for all. Even the fine ladies shall not need to pull their skirts aside for fear a touch from Smutty Sue's should soil them.

"As for the inward cleansing, that I sorely need. *I* can do nothing. God help me!"

The last words were a mingling of prayer and sob; but with a determined hand Susan dashed away the rising tears, and completed her toilet by putting on a neat gown. Then, having cleared away the discarded garments, she sat down to her much-needed meal.

A little later she was surveying the brown hat with its aggressive-looking feather. This last was quickly doomed to the flames. Then the ribbon was removed, rubbed on the soiled side with a bit of damp flannel, and held tightly before the fire, so that it would dry without being creased. The hat itself was treated to careful rubbing without moisture, and then the ribbon was deftly rearranged upon it.

Susan surveyed her work with much satisfaction.

"I've not forgotten my old skill," she said to herself. "I've made the hat as tidy without proper tools, as some would do with a milliner's shop round them. Now for a decent shawl."

Another dive into the box brought out a dark woollen shawl of excellent quality, which Susan hung on a peg, with the hat above it, ready for use in the morning.

"The old shawl will wash, and come in to change with. It shall go with the rest," she concluded.

Susan's laundry work was not done at home, where she had no appliances for washing. It went to a former companion at rag-sorting, who, having a young baby, could no longer follow her vocation at a distance from home.

There was more to be done, however, before Susan could feel satisfied. "I'll go through with it," she thought. "No good in half-and-half work." So the bed received its share of attention, and from beneath the straw palliasse the woman drew a complete change of bedding, which, though coarse in quality, was whole and clean.

"When Martha Bates sees this pile of things to be washed, she will think I've lost my senses, or come into a fortune. Never mind; they may all think what they like."

At a much later hour than usual, and when the fire had all but died out, Susan lay down to rest, having first opened the shutter so that the morning light—such of it as penetrated to the end of Crowe's Entry—might find its way into the room. She had no need to rise early, for work was not begun at the cellar until half-past eight, and Susan did not trouble to light a fire before going out. She took her breakfast at a coffee-stall or little shop on the way, and at the latter she bought her dinner, which she usually consumed in a corner of the cellar. Other women who came from a distance did the same, and the dinner-hour was the time for general gossip, careless jesting, sometimes for sorrowful confidences. In the two former Susan Meade would often take more than her share. At other times, she would draw aside and eat her meal in silence, and as if unconscious of what was going on. When this occurred, there would be looks and nods of intelligence amongst the other diners, and furtive whispers which had Susan for their subject.

"She's in one of her black moods again."

"She off. Take no notice; she'll come to of herself, and when the sulky fit has passed she'll be merry enough, and keep us laughing for days to come," were the usual comments.

In confidences Susan never shared—that is, she told nothing about herself. If in a social mood, she would listen, and even sympathise, though not in words. She would give half her earnings to a worn-out mother that she might stay at home with children too young to be left, but for the stern need which compelled the widow to go out to win their bread.

"I have nobody but myself to think of. This will buy you time to stay and comfort the children, and get something for them to eat. I shall not miss it. You will be able to straighten up a bit at home and look after the little ones—they want you badly."

By purchasing a day at home for a worker, poorer and far more heavily burdened than herself, Susan conferred a real boon on her neighbour, and comfort on her ill-cared-for children. So, in spite of the fact that nothing was known of her past life, and that her silence on the subject suggested evil surmises, the woman had some friends. Jane Lancaster, the gentle little body who had always an excuse and a kind word for the absent, was one of these.

Susan had been very good to Jane in a season of sore trial and straits. The kindness had been shown almost by stealth, and the receiver was not allowed to make any after allusion to the service rendered. She was not, however, likely to forget it; but all she could do in return was to defend Susan when others attacked her, and to watch for an

opportunity of showing her gratitude should one ever occur.

The giving and receiving of help had, however, brought about no confidence between the women, and Susan's past was as much unknown to Jane as to the rest of her fellow-workers.

When Susan made her appearance at the cellar, clean in person and decently clothed, on the morning after her memorable ride in the tram-car, there was a perfect shout of astonishment from the other women.

"Well, I never! Here's Smutty Sue has gone and lost her name!"

"What's up now, Sue?"

"Up! Why, Sue's got a sweetheart, and he'll be calling to walk home with her at closing time. Do you suppose she'd have dressed up like that to surprise us, if there was nobody else to be thought about? Not she! Tell us who it is, Sue."

"It's the little man she saw in the tram-car. I was sure what would come of that meeting, and him making her a present at first sight!"

"We mustn't call her Sue any more; we must say Miss——"

"Or Missis. Which should it be, Sue?"

Thus ran the women's tongues, one after another taking up the attack, and yet feeling half afraid of a burst of passion on Susan's part, which would quickly silence jesting of which she was the object.

To the surprise of all, she listened quietly, and without showing any signs of anger. The colour on her cheeks deepened, but she did not raise her voice beyond its regular pitch when she answered—

"I expected to astonish you by coming with a clean face and a decent gown on my back, and I have done it. I'm not sorry to lose my name. I ought never to have deserved it, and I don't mean to do again. I'll not ask you to call me either Missis or Miss; but if you will all say Susan, as Jane Lancaster has had the good manners to do when nobody else thought worth while, I shall be glad, and shall take it kindly. You're right in saying I have not dressed myself decently for your sakes in particular. I have done it for my own, and because a stranger gave me a lesson yesterday, that made me ashamed of dirt and sluttishness. Most likely I shall never see the man again, but I shall for ever feel glad and grateful for the words he said, and the way he said them. Would you like to see what is left of the present he gave me?"

There was an eager shout of, "Yes; let's have a look at it," from all present, and in response, Susan, with something of the old mocking look on her face, displayed the remains of a square of soap.

"What a cheat! I'd have thrown it in his face."

"You don't mean to say that was his present!" cried one and another of the women.

"Not all—I told you so," said Susan. "I have used half of it."

"I never thought you'd be the one to put up with such impudence. You come down sharp on some folks if they say a word that doesn't please you," remarked one woman, with a toss of her head. She had often provoked Susan to a burst of anger by coarse jibes, and then declared she was only joking.

"There are some people who say hard things on purpose to hurt you, and make you angry. They are like blows given out of sheer malice. There are other people who say hard truths in a kind way, and to do you good. They are like doctors, that hurt you, but do it that you may be saved from worse pain, and brought back to health again. I don't think I was ever the better for your sharp words, Kate Hulton, and you never meant me to be. But which of you can say I am not the better for that stranger man's words?"

"You look younger by ten years. Whether you'll be better in other ways has to be seen. 'Handsome is that handsome does,' though the stranger did say such fine things about your pretty face," said Kate, with a curl of her lip and toss of the head.

The other women looked, some alarmed, some expectant of a burst of temper from Susan; but she turned quietly away with an unmoved face, and went on with her work in silence. Instead of staying at the cellar during the dinner-hour, she left it to take her meal elsewhere. Her absence was hailed with delight by the rest, who were all longing to discuss the probable reasons for Susan's latest whim. That there was something behind it of which they knew nothing, nobody doubted, and nearly all the workers were ready to believe that the something was of a discreditable character. The change was undoubtedly for the better, and, if it had been gradual, might have passed without comment.

"She's a sly one, I tell you," said Kate Hulton. "You may depend on it somebody could tell a fine tale about Smutty Sue's past life if only we could get hold of the right person. But she has put many a mile between the place she was brought up in and Millcaster, where she has chosen to settle down and work."

"You had better not call her by that name again, Kate—to her face, I mean—or you will, maybe, wish you had said Susan instead."

"Not I. You don't think I am afraid of her."

"Maybe not. I should be," said the first speaker.

"And beside, I can't see but what she has a right to be called by her proper name, so long as she has asked civilly," remarked Jane.

"You can do as you like about it, and so shall I," replied Kate. "And I repeat, that Susan would not like us to know much about her life before she came to Millcaster."

"Why should you think that because we know nothing about a girl's past, there is nothing but what is bad to be known?" asked Jane Lancaster. "Isn't it just as easy to hope that her life has been a good one, but that she has had trouble, as to make sure that it has been a wicked one?"

"Who ever keeps herself to herself as she has done, without having a reason for it?"

"But why mayn't it be a good one?" persisted Jane.

Kate thought fit to ignore the question, and went on—

"Susan is as close as wax with all of us? If she's nought that's bad to hide, why can't she talk about herself? Most folks are glad to have somebody to talk to."

"She's noan Lancashire, any way. Yo' can tell that by her tongue," said another.

"Ay. There's times when she puts in words 'at she's picked up; but she comes fro' some place a long way off here."

"Too far off for folks to bring tales. You needn't begin to preach, Jane," said Kate, judging that the little woman was about to say a word on Susan's behalf. "What I've told you before I'll stick to now. When folks have aught to brag about in their past lives, or their upbringings, they're certain to brag. If they've nought to say, it's because they're afraid, or ashamed to tell the truth about themselves. Sue's a deep one, and the less anybody has to say to her the better for them."

Few liked to tackle Kate Hulton. No one ever did it successfully except Susan Meade, though Jane Lancaster's next neighbour thought she heard the little woman whisper a familiar text, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," more as if she were saying it to herself than for the general benefit. However, when a further remark was made to the effect that somebody wondered how Susan got all the new clothes at once to make herself smart with, Jane had an answer ready.

"You can tell they are not new ones. Maybe they've been "put by,"* and she has been saving up to get them out."

(*To be continued.*)

* For the information of those ignorant of such matters, it may be told that "put by" is a delicate way of alluding to articles in pawn.

THE ART OF WASHING.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

PART I.

WHAT is called by a friend the "family water party," is not often looked forward to as a period of enjoyment in the house; and whether from carelessness and want of thought, or general mismanagement, it is usually the most miserable period of family life. The weekly washing is a terror in most houses, and it never seems ended. On the Continent — especially in Switzerland—the *lessive*, as it is called, may occur once in three months, or once in six. In the latter case it lasts a fortnight, the first week being given to washing and drying, the second week to mangling, ironing, and finishing-up. Of course this demands plenty of space, and any amount of cupboards in which to store the clothes; and also any amount of clothes, both for the house and for the personal use of the inmates. One lady of my acquaintance has four dozen night-gowns to provide for her wants during the six months when no washing is done in the house.

In England we do not quite compass this method of accomplishing our laundry-work, nor should we think it advisable; but where family washing is concerned, my own opinion is, that it may be very well done every fortnight or three weeks, with a great increase in the comfort, as well as in the economy of the household. The general objection is, that so many more clothes are needed, and that when there are children, it is quite impossible to avoid some washing. But I honestly think that much of this seeming difficulty would vanish with the exercise of a little forethought, and a small expenditure in a few more articles of clothing, which would be amply repaid in the increased length in the wear of those in use. For instance, if you arrange to wash every third week, you will need about four nightgowns for each person, or in house-linen you will need the same number, or one extra, to allow for the many accidents of household life. In bedroom towels and pocket-handkerchiefs you would find an increased number was needed, and also in pillow-cases and sheets; but no very large sum would be required—not over £2 I am sure—to make up the full amount of linen requisite for the change.

In a small establishment, with only one servant, if the washing be done at home, the services of a charwoman would be needed for a very large amount of clothes. In this case the help of the servant is only given in certain things, viz., she lights the fire under the copper, if there be one, and has hot water ready when the washerwoman comes; the tubs should be prepared, and everything waiting in readiness. She helps to wring out the clothes or to turn the wringer, to hang them out, and to do any other little thing for which she may have spare time.

One day should be allowed between the visits of the washerwoman, should you have one; and on this day the folding and damping of the linen may take place; so that on the second day the washerwoman comes she may have nothing to do but the mangling, the ironing, and starching; but if there be time on the intermediate day, the mangling had better be done also. This, as well as the folding, is work in which the members of the household can not only help, but do everything, if they wish to do so; for there is no hardship or difficulty involved when once they have been shown how to fold and damp down the clean clothes.

Where the extra assistance cannot be afforded, the usual plan is to lend all the aid possible in the house, so as to leave the maid free to do the washing undisturbed. Thus, if she rose early enough, she might get two hours before breakfast, and the preparation of that meal might be made much easier if her mistress were an early riser on that day; for the eggs might be boiled and the tea made in the dining-room, and the breakfast things cleared away and washed up, even by herself. Nor is this any hardship, nor any new idea; for if we looked back to the daily lives of our great-grandmothers, we should find them washing up their beautiful Sévres, Worcester, or Derby china, in the dining-room directly breakfast was over, the boiling water being in the urn, and a fine damask towel close at hand in readiness. The china was then kept in the dining-room; and this fact explains the use of the beautiful glass-faced cupboards which we find were made by those famous makers, Sheraton and Chippendale, for the safe keeping of the china placed in them, and always kept there. If our great-grandmothers had not been the careful souls they were, but little of the beautiful china we see to-day would have been left. There is very little trouble in washing up the breakfast things, armed with a clean towel, a china bowl, and a short mop—generally to be found in brush shops—the mop part to be made of candle-wick. The large greasy plates and dishes must be packed together and taken downstairs as well as the knives; but cups and saucers, small plates, and silver, can all be washed without your rising from the table. The use of the short-handled tiny mop will prevent the hot water from touching the hands, and will save you from the chaps and chilblains which might be produced by its use.

The day before the washing it is also advisable to make some arrangements about the dinner on that day. Have a small roast of beef, which can be eaten cold, with pickles; and if you have mashed potatoes, they can be put into a greased bowl and baked until they are of a nice light-brown colour all over. The sweet course can also be arranged for by having some stewed fruit—apples or pears in winter, rhubarb in the spring and summer, and any summer dainty that is in season. This, with a mould of rice or cornflour, can be prepared the previous day. By the time of late dinner your maid will have finished her washing, and will be dressed and tidy, and ready to lay the table, if you have not already partly laid it yourself. In many houses, at present, the tablecloth and the pretty decorations remain on the table the whole week, the mistress touching them up occasionally. The use of the carpet sweeper guarantees from all dust in the room, and thus much work can be saved in the house if another room can be found for the family sitting-room, and the dining-room devoted only to meals. In a very small house, I should always recommend that the second sitting-room should be a kind of library—not a drawing-room, which latter, for a family of small means, I consider a very useless place, besides being uncomfortable, dreary, and cold, and half the time shut up. A pleasant library might be furnished for the same money, and be the family sitting-room in habitual use.

It seems a long time before we arrive at our washing; but these articles are intended to serve two purposes, and especially to offer suggestions and assistance in "how to help in the house." It is exactly here where our young matrons are so often at fault, and are "like one that beateth the air" in their helpless ignorance.

The articles to be washed should be gathered together on the day before the washing, and this is the reason why Tuesday is a better washing-day than Monday; for we need the latter day for our preparations, our mending, and sorting-out. Monday morning should be a busy one always, if the house that can only boast of one or two servants is to be successfully "run;" and if you wash once in three weeks or once a fortnight, you will have to make Mondays your stay-at-home periods.

Monday afternoon will be the time to put into soak the things to be washed; and they should be carefully sorted into three classes, and placed in separate vessels, *i.e.*, first the personal linen, then the table linen, and then that of the household. Another division is the table linen and fine chamber towels; the body linen, and the sheets, pillow-cases, and bath sheets; and the servants' linen, with the ordinary towels, etc., of the house. The coloured clothing and flannels, as well as the stockings and socks, must be sorted out and laid aside, to be washed separately on Tuesday. The object of soaking the white things is to loosen the dirt in them, and make them the easier to cleanse. There are three operations in washing—soaking, scrubbing, and boiling; and the order of these should never be changed, nor must the house-mistress ever permit the boiling to precede the scrubbing, for the clothes should be clean before being put into the copper. If the soaking has been properly done, a gentle rubbing should be sufficient, and then the clothes should be rinsed once in clean warm water, and wrung out, then thrown into a copper of water in which some pieces of soap have been shred, and well boiled for about a quarter of an hour. Just at present there is much discussion on the question of boiling linen, and I find many practical people are not at all in favour of it, but think that it is a useless operation, likely to give the linen a bad colour, unless carried out by a skilful and experienced hand. The object of boiling is, of course, to make the linen a good colour; but now we have found out that in boiling certain chemical actions are set up, and that although it will dissolve fatty acids in the linen, and take out the dirt, it *may* also, if the water be hard, unite the lime of the water and the alkali in the soap, and thus we have an insoluble substance formed in the water, which clings to the fibre of the cotton and linen, and can only be discharged with difficulty. This effect may be studied in the London washing, alas! with great frequency, for our clothes are always yellow or black by reason of this soapy action.

After this final boiling the linen ought to be quite clean. And now follows what I always believe to be the chief operation in washing, *i.e.*, the rinsing of the boiled clothes. We must always remember that it is by prolonged and careful rinsing alone that we get rid of the soap which we have put in, the dirty water, and the greasy compounds. In Dr. Jaeger's recipe for washing his flannels and woven articles, he directs that they shall be rinsed in three waters, each water to be of

the same uniform temperature as the water in which they were washed, and the last water should be quite clear and clean *after* the woollens have been wrung out of it. This is the secret of all good colour in washed linen. In ordinary clothes, not being woollens, the first rinsing after the boiling should be in clear clean hot water, the second in cooler, and the last in cold water, plenty of water being needed.

If not fortunate enough to have a wringing machine, you must be sure to see that the wringing is done in such a manner as not to injure the linen, for some washers twist it with the greatest force, and strain it in every thread. Blueing is generally performed with the last rinsing water used in the home laundry. The blue is tied up in a piece of stout linen, and the water is coloured by drawing the bag thus made in and out and through the water, till it is well mixed and of a suitable colour. Some people put the blue-bag into a basin of hot water, and thus prepare a small quantity of strongly-tinted fluid, which they then add to the tepid or cold rinsing water. All blueing water should be very well mixed, for if not it may cause streaks on the linen. This is especially likely to be the case if the rinsing has been badly done, and the soap left in. In this case the streaks will inevitably appear just where the soap has been left in the linen.

The washing proper being now completed, we come to the important question of drying —only important, however, in London and large towns, where it is impossible to hang out the linen for that purpose. In the country, or where a small garden or roof is available, there need be no trouble on this score; the only forethought then required is in taking every advantage of fine weather when it comes, or of the snatches of sunshine in the midst of showers of rain and the fogs of winter. Drying in the open air is superior to every kind of expedient; and the sun and wind are the best bleachers. But our home washer, who has to dry in the house, need not be discouraged; for if she washes thoroughly well, and rinses carefully, she may even defy the disadvantages of drying in the kitchen. Indeed, most, if not all, of the drying in large cities is done in hot closets, and with the aid of the hydro-extractor. This is a round basin-like kind of machine, having an inner open-work cage, in which the linen is placed. The machine is then set in motion, and the cage flies round and round, whereby the air is forced through the wet linen, while the water is forced out; with the result, that the drying is more than half accomplished when the clothes go into the hot closet. This is not, however, very generally available in private houses, and amongst people with small incomes; and it is not to be expected that they will have more than a wringing machine, or perhaps a washer and wringer combined.

A word must here be given to the question of the machinery used in washing clothes, and the benefit of it in the case of families. There is no doubt about the wringer. I should unhesitatingly recommend the purchase of one in any house even where the means were the most limited. The saving of labour and fatigue is enormous; and also the wear and tear of the clothes is greatly lessened. Most large wringers can also be used as mangles, and this too is a saving of labour. In the latter case, however, the wringer cannot be fastened upon the tub in which the clothes are being washed, as it is affixed to a table; the mangling table being put on when the machine is used for that purpose. Wringers are also attached to washing machines; but on this extensive subject I do not propose to enter, as it is so much a question of individual preference; and there are so many excellent makers and kinds of machine from which to make a selection. If any of my readers visited our recent exhibitions at South Kensington, and were at all interested in the subject of machinery applied to the uses of the house, I should think they will have formed ideas on the subject. If not, a small wringing machine from a maker of good repute is quite a safe purchase, and a very valuable one; and they can then delay the purchase of another machine until they have made enquiries, examined, and made up their minds as to what will suit them best.

As a rule the clothes are passed three times through the wringer, once after soaking, once after washing, and the last and most important time, after the blueing and the rinsing have been gone through. The management of a wringing machine should be thoroughly mastered when the machine is bought, because in most machines the rollers have to be adjusted, and should not be screwed too tightly at any time. The purchaser should also learn how to oil it; and the rollers should be loosened after use, and carefully covered from dust. Before using, they should be dusted, and if needed, they should be washed with a clean sponge and some soap, and wiped dry before leaving them.

We left our washing at the conclusion of the first part, and we must now proceed to have a little chat on the drying question. The best time for drying the clothes, if they must be done in the house, is at night, in the warm kitchen; where they may be hung up without harm to anyone, just before the maid retires to bed, and taken down in the morning before the kitchen fire is lighted. This is particularly the time to dry the larger things, like sheets and tablecloths. In some kitchens the clothes can be hung up on cords, which are attached to strong hooks, the hooks remaining always in their places, and the cords being removed when the need for them is ended. But if the kitchen be sufficiently lofty, the wisest plan is to have long wooden laths across it, which are raised and lowered at each side by pulleys and cords. These appliances might remain there always, so as to be used with ease. They should, if possible, be placed high enough up to allow of the ordinary clothes being hung up above the heads of the occupants of the kitchen; and if the tops of the windows be opened the steam will escape, and there will be no danger to them of colds or coughs. The hooks can be used in any kitchen, however low, and the lines when taken down should be put away in a drawer with the other articles pertaining to the family laundry, viz., the ironing-blanket, blue-bag, and the bags for boiling the clothes in, which are sometimes used to prevent the scum settling on them when in the copper.

I have not said very much on the question of soap, soda, borax, or paraffin as helpers and cleaners in the process of washing. Soap should be purchased by the bar at all times, each bar cut up into about four pieces, and put up to dry on the top of a cupboard, or anywhere else where it will dry slowly. Even the good soap contains about one-third of its weight of water; and I do not advise you to get the cheaper kinds, as, in addition to the disagreeable smell, it will not do you such good service. Cold water soap is often used to rub on the soiled parts of clothes when they are put into soak in the lukewarm water, the clothes receiving the most benefit when lightly put in and not packed too closely. The same may be said of the boiling process. The household linen and underlinen will not, as a rule, need anything put into the soaking waters, but for the kitchen towels and the servants' washing about two ounces of soda may be added to the water, and well dissolved in it before the clothes are put in. If, however, the clothes require it, about half a pound of soda dissolved in a gallon of boiling water may be used, this quantity being divided between the three soaking pans. Soda, it must be remembered, unless well rinsed out, gives the clothes a yellow colour, which cannot be extracted from them.

Borax is a far more valuable cleansing agent than soda, and at the present moment is to be obtained pure and good. Borax softens water, and with no evil effects, and in soaking clothes it loosens dirt in a marvellous manner. A tablespoonful of borax to each gallon of water is the usual mixture for soaking clothes.

Paraffin was discovered to be a powerful and useful aid in the laundry by Miss Gordon Cumming, some years ago, and since then it has had both admirers and detractors. There seems no reason to doubt that with care it is very helpful in saving time, trouble, and expense in the laundry. Where it has failed the failures were owing, I believe, to the employment of cheap soaps and the neglect of skimming the boiling water frequently, as the soap-suds and the paraffin form a greasy compound, which rises as scum to the surface, and clings to the sides of the copper. Miss Cumming's recipe was—Half a pound of good household soap to two tablespoonfuls of paraffin (the ordinary lamp oil). This is enough for an ordinary copper when half full. The linen is not first soaked, but is put into the boiling water, and remains in it from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to the state of the linen. It should be frequently turned over, and the water carefully skimmed. The clothes are taken out, well rinsed in hot water, blued, and dried, no rubbing being needful. There are now many paraffin soaps and other mixtures in the market, and there is no doubt that a new cleansing agent has thus been discovered.

We have left the flannels and the stockings to the last. The first have now become so important, and are so expensive and much worn as combinations, or vests and drawers, that it is needful to know how to wash them well, so that we may not be disappointed in their wear. I have used for years the following recipe—Make three gallons of strong soapy lather, pour it into a tub, when boiling, upon two ounces of lump ammonia. Stir well till dissolved, then add cold water till the heat be reduced to 94° Fahrenheit, testing with a thermometer. Then put in your woven articles and flannels, and draw them up and down, working them about without rubbing or using more soap. When clean, wring out lightly, and throw into clean water at the same temperature—94°. Then rinse again in another water of the same heat, when the flannel should feel soft to the touch. Take care to have all rinses of the same heat, and never put flannel, or any woollen articles, into either very hot or very cold water, for it will make them shrink up at once. Wring carefully and slowly for the last time, hang on the horse, and dry slowly. When partly dried, iron them on the wrong side, pulling them out the long way, and pressing hard on the iron. Then hang them up again. If the iron be hot, cover the woollens with a damp cloth when ironing them.

Coloured and black stockings may be washed in a tepid lather, and rinsed in the same temperature, wrung dry in a coarse towel, and hung up to dry with the toes downwards. I prefer not to iron stockings at all, as I consider that it puts them out of shape, and stretches them, especially thread ones. Dyes have so much improved lately that we rarely are troubled with stockings turning brown instead of black. Do not on any account begin washing flannels unless you are certain to finish them, as they cannot remain in soak, and the least stoppage in the process of washing them will spoil them completely.

SOME CELEBRATED FEMALE MUSICIANS.

SAPPHO.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of "The History of Music."

IT IS nearly two thousand five hundred years ago since Sappho lived, yet her fame as the greatest female musician of the ancient world has endured during this immense length of time, and is still as fresh to-day as it was when Britain was a forest, and Roman ladies in their mansions on the Palatine wondered who Sappho could have been to have earned such immortal fame, although not a song of hers, even at that early day, had escaped the ravages of time.

Two thousand five hundred years ago seems an immense interval for our fancy to travel over; and we are apt to imagine that every dweller on the earth at that remote period, with the exception of the Jews and the Egyptians, were plunged in the grossest darkness, and leading lives gloomy with heathenism and idolatry. Yet if we had cast our eyes on the blue Ægean Sea during that period, we should have seen an archipelago alive with white-sailed ships, islands bustling with the hum of traffic, harbours, marts, and luxury. The Phœnicians were the great traders of that time, and long-continued commerce between them and the islands of Greece had raised the latter to a degree of prosperity and wealth which they never before and never afterwards attained.

Of all these islands Lesbos was the most beautiful and most prosperous. Its commerce was confined to the capital city, Mitylene, and the rest of the island was a very garden, luxuriant and prolific, abounding in beautiful landscapes and sequestered retreats. The wheat of Lesbos, it was said, was as white as snow. The vines, loaded with purple grapes, grew in such luxuriance that, leaving the over-burdened vine-poles, they spread trailing on the ground in all the vacant places of the island, so that little children could pluck the grapes by stretching out their hands. The nightingales of Lesbos were the most musical in the world, and strangers would travel long distances to listen to these birds as they sat and sang to the moon on the palm-trees in the evening. The head of Orpheus, and his lyre, so says the legend, had floated across the Ægean Sea from Thrace, when he was seized by the barbarians there and inhumanly slain. The waves, as they bore the precious relics along, tuned their ripples to melody, and on Lesbos, most musical of all the Grecian isles, they cast them ashore. So runs the legend. And the tomb is still shown where the head of Orpheus and his lyre are said to be.

The houses were built, for the most part, near the sea, and generally with courts, sometimes made of marble, and furnished with shapely balustrades, overhanging the blue water, in which the people would sit of an afternoon and look at the ships passing and repassing in the distance, or at the other islands afar, which rose like white shields from the surface of the sea. Thus must we picture Sappho sitting on a balmy afternoon in Lesbos, and the marble court around her is full of her companions. Their dress is that long white robe without sleeves which we see in pictures of Greek subjects and on ancient vases. Golden clasps catch the dress at the shoulders, and belts of various colours gird it round the waist. Some of them wear golden frontlets in their black luxuriant hair; but most of the maidens are contented with the simpler fashion of binding two pieces of ribbon round their hair, which is collected in a coil behind their heads. Sappho herself is small of stature, and exceedingly dark of complexion. The Greeks themselves celebrated her as having hair as dark and glossy as violets. When we remember that the Greek violet was our pansy, we may gather from the look of this flower that Sappho's hair was as black as jet. She has often been described. Socrates has drawn a picture of her. The Greek orators under the Roman Emperors vied with one another in collecting particulars as to her personal appearance, and portraying her to the fancy of their hearers. We need not pause to reconcile conflicting accounts, but may merely observe, that it is agreed by all that her beauty was great, and that her smile had a fascination in it second to Helen's alone.

These ladies who throng around her in the court are, or rather were, her pupils, who have passed from that inferior grade of acquaintance into the select coterie of her companions. Sappho was the most renowned player of the lyre in Greece of her time. The lyre was an instrument resembling a small harp with seven strings, being generally played to accompany the voice. She was likewise the sweetest of singers, and no less renowned for her fame in this respect. Her voice was a rich contralto, most admirably under command, and able to execute to perfection the frequent graces and embellishments with which Greek song was studded. Even in such remote times as this a *solfeggio* has been discovered, or exercise for practice in singing by means of the syllables to, te, ta, etc., which answer to our do, re, mi, of modern times. This *solfeggio* would undoubtedly be in use among Sappho and her pupils, and by its means, and similar exercise, their singing would attain that pitch of beauty which we are assured it reached. Were we to believe all the statements of the Greeks relative to the inventions and musical discoveries made by their "queen of women," we should have no option but to credit Sappho with the creation of at least half the entire art of music as practised by the Greeks. And before we go on to consider her from a more general point of view, it will be well to mention two or three of the eminent musical discoveries which all antiquity admit her to have made. She is said to have been the first to make the following important discovery in relation to stringed instruments—that if a bridge is placed a third of the way up the strings, dividing them into two unequal parts, these two parts will be precisely tuned in octaves to each other. Consequently, the player on the seven-stringed lyre could play fourteen notes now instead of seven, and the reverberation of the octaves greatly strengthened and enriched the tone. Another invention of hers was the plectrum—which is in the hands of every figure in Greek sculpture who plays the lyre, of the gods no less than the heroes—a piece of ivory it was, or sometimes a thick quill, with which the strings were struck, in place of employing the fingers to do so. The object of using the plectrum was to increase the brilliancy of the tone; and while before its invention the sound of the lyre must have been weak and dim, it afterwards became as rich, loud, and sonorous as the tones of a mellow harp. She is also said to have invented a peculiar kind of scale, known as the Mixolydian mode, which is ineffably soft and tender.

Having briefly stated a few of her contributions to the musical art of the Greeks, let us now go on to consider her in that more general aspect of her life to which we before alluded. Owing to the fame which Sappho acquired as the principal musician of her time, the parents of young girls in various parts of Greece sent their daughters to her to be educated in the arts of poetry and song. These pupils principally came from Lesbos itself, but others were from very distant places on the mainland—Thebes, Athens, and Corinth contributing their quota of ambitious young ladies, all anxious to take lessons from the great mistress of the musical art. What method of training she used with the younger pupils we are not aware of; but those who were specially talented, or whose charms of character won upon their celebrated instructress, were in course of time admitted into the ranks of her friends, and became the members of as strange a coterie as ever existed except in the vision of a philosopher or the dreams of a poet. Sappho's private circle was, in fact, a female college, from which everyone of the opposite sex was rigidly excluded. The members of the fraternity lived together, and possibly had all their property in common. The orator, Maximus Tyrius, from whom we derive much of our knowledge of Sappho and her doings, compares her to Socrates, and the young ladies who formed her sisterhood to the disciples of that philosopher. As Socrates passed his time in propounding and debating questions of morality and polity with his young adherents, so Sappho is said to have employed her time with the ladies of her sisterhood in extempore singing, in the composition of verses, and in the practice of music. These exercises were varied with discussions of musical theory, and the consideration of new inventions. In such leisurely and refined occupation the life of these ladies was passed. The names of ten of the most celebrated of her friends have been preserved, and since they come to us as the relics of so immense an antiquity, we may be excused for setting them down here—Atthis, Telesippa, Megara, Cydno, Anactorie, Andromeda, Gyrinna, Eunice, Gongyla, and Erinna. We know something about each of them. Erinna was a girl who begged permission from her parents to join Sappho's fraternity, which was with reluctance granted. Having entered on her new life among her musical friends, she soon became so enamoured of it that nothing could induce her to leave Sappho's side. This excessive affection for her mistress offended the girl's parents, who ultimately carried her away by main force from the sisterhood, and condemned her to a life of spinning wool at home. This so affected Erinna's spirits that she died broken-hearted. Atthis was, however, Sappho's chief and dearest friend. Two of Sappho's most beautiful poems are in her honour, and the love of the mistress for the pupil surpassed the bounds of affection, and became passionate adoration. The internal doings of the fair fraternity are very strangely illustrated in relation to Atthis. Andromeda, it appears, was also very fond of the beautiful Parian girl, and Sappho at times resented the rivalry of the other lady with as much warmth and hot spirit as if the twain had been two cavaliers contending for the smile of some lady of romance. Occasionally the entire sisterhood was disturbed by bickerings of a most persistent character. Although the epoch we are writing of was two thousand five hundred years ago, ladies at that time

were not above casting reproaches at one another's dress and personal appearance. To such a pitch did internal feuds at times proceed, that we have one of the bevy of ladies describing her antagonist as "a thing with a draggle-tailed gown," while the other combatant retorts that her opponent is most ungraceful in her gait, and shows her ankles every time she walks. On the occasion of a quarrel between Sappho and Atthis, Sappho declares that her young pupil "was a mere chit when she knew her first, and dreadfully plain into the bargain."

But these discords were merely the rare and short-lived interruptions to a general and tranquil harmony, which characterised all the doings of the fair recluses. A very happy life they must have led in their gardens shaded with the palms and vines of Lesbos, and in their marble courts overlooking the blue Ægean. As we have mentioned, no individual of the sterner sex was allowed within the precincts of their maiden sanctuary. A gentleman of Lesbos, who appears in the fragments of Sappho's poems under the name of "the son of Polyanax," was ardently attached to one of the ladies, and was for ever hovering in the neighbourhood, on the chance of gaining an interview with his adored one. Such, however, was the fidelity of the maidens to the strange celibacy which they had proposed to themselves, that she would on no account see him, ardent wooer though he was. On one occasion we have Sappho sending a very blunt message to the infatuated young man. "Tell the son of Polyanax," she says, "that he need not come here after any of us, for it is no good."

Unfortunate it was for Sappho that this principle of completely repudiating the sterner sex was not rigidly and inflexibly adhered to. The rule was for once broken; its violator was herself; and her weakness led to the complete dispersion of her fair bevy of companions, and to her own unhappy, if romantic, death. Near the place where they all lived was a river, at which an old ferryman named Phaon was stationed, whose duties consisted in ferrying passengers across the water, for which he received a slender dole scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together. One day among his passengers was a lady of surpassing beauty, who having no money with her to pay for her fare, gave him a box of ointment. The legend goes on to say—for in the account of Sappho's death we have only a legend to guide us, and we must give the story as a fable reports it—that Phaon applied this ointment to his face, and immediately all the wrinkles fell off his skin, and a countenance of youthful beauty took the place of his old and careworn visage, the fact being, that this box of ointment was a magic box, and it was Venus herself who had given it him. By means of this marvellous charm the old boatman was completely changed, and became the loveliest youth which the sun of Lesbos ever shone upon. The news of the remarkable transformation reached the ears of the sequestered sisterhood, who, sitting beneath the silent shade of their palm-trees, were occupied in discoursing of abstruse questions of music, or running their fingers over golden lyres to elicit unpremeditated harmony from the strings. Out of a sheer spirit of idle curiosity, Sappho confessed her wish to see the transfigured youth. She saw him, and her happiness from that day forth was gone for ever. She conceived a violent affection for this paragon of masculine beauty; but he, to whom the whole island were paying court, and who was probably intoxicated with the flattery he everywhere received, would not bestow a smile or even a kind word on the secluded musician, for whose nunnery of art and culture he had little sympathy or understanding. Sappho composed endless songs in his honour, and had them sung in Lesbos and elsewhere, in the hope that she might win him to become her husband. But finding all her arts in vain, and her most passionate appeals useless, she stole out one evening to the Cape of Leucate, where it was said that any maiden bold enough to make the experiment could purchase either success in her love or the eternal repose which death alone can bring. The terrible ordeal was to spring from the cliff into the sea. If Venus granted that the loving girl should prosper in her affection, birds of the sea, ospreys, eagles, and gulls, would soar to the assistance of the falling maid, and buoy her up on their wings until she reached the sea as softly as if she had stepped there, whence she was by her feathered friends conveyed to shore. If Venus was unpropitious, she would fall into the sea, to drown or be dashed to pieces on the rocks. Alas! for Sappho, the latter fate was hers. She laid down her lyre on the top of the Leucate cliff, sprang over, and was never seen by human eye again. Thus died at the zenith of her reputation, and in the prime of her wonderful beauty, one of the most romantic characters which the history of music, or, indeed, any history, has to show. She passed her life in a dream of art and happiness, and her death has furnished a theme for countless poets to descant upon from her day to our own. Who would not envy her the felicity of the first, and heave a sigh of pity over the tragic nature of the last?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GERTRUDE M. P.—We are happy to inform our readers of your Reading and Self-improvement Society. It will probably gain you members to hear that the first prize given amounts to £3 for the Reading Department and £1 for the Improvement. All profits (we suppose exclusive of the prizes) go to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Those who desire to be members should enclose a stamp for an answer. The rules are threepence each. Address, Miss G. M. Plummer, Oak Lodge, Chislehurst, Kent.

KATHLEEN will do well to write to the Secretary of the society abovenamed, and to Miss Allen, 79, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight. Subscription, 2s. 6d. annually, paid in advance. Prizes given in money. Or else to Miss Massey, 41, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W. The society has objects in view similar to those of Miss Plummer, and is called the C. E. A. Musical Practising Club, the ulterior design being to aid a religious society, *i.e.*, the Church Extension Society. Should you approve of this double object, write to Miss Massey. The annual subscription is 2s. 6d.

ANNIE ROONEY.—1. We have many times told our readers of the duties of a nursery governess. She should be thoroughly well educated in the English department, write a really good hand, and have acquired the art of imparting knowledge clearly and agreeably—all the more necessary when children are her pupils. (Their lessons can be made as interesting and attractive to them as telling them a story). You should also have had some experience in the judging of character and ability, have given special attention to those lessons for which your pupils are likely to have a taste and aptitude, as well as be able to discern between a fit of obstinacy, idleness, or mental incapacity, and the lack of nervous power, agitation from over-anxiety, headache, and weariness of brain. Such children should be at once relieved of all pressure and lessons, and dismissed before the regular hour. Children are only too often treated like machines. — 2. The term "pseudonym" is pronounced "su-do-neem."

SOUTHSEA would do well to procure the *English-woman's Year-Book* (F. Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.). We have so often repeated our answers on clerkships under Government; you had better consult that book.

MUSIC.

GRATEFUL READER.—Neither the banjo nor the guitar is by any means suitable for leading sacred music at a mission meeting. You might as well play the bones like a Christy Minstrel! A concertina or organ-accordian would be very suitable for such a purpose, and more easily learnt.

NANCY.—It is impossible to tell you what you could make by giving piano lessons. I heard of a young girl the other day who obtained three shillings a lesson as a visiting teacher, and she was a good pianist. Much depends on the connection you may have, who may recommend you, and whether there be any other competitor for such engagements. If there be a local paper, you would do well to put in two or three advertisements, and put a few of your professional cards, with terms, in some of the neighbouring shop windows, and in a lending library, if you can obtain that favour. You might also name your desire to obtain engagements to your clergyman or minister, and your doctor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELSIE.—Lynch law is said to derive its name from John Lynch, a farmer who was said to exercise it on the fugitive slaves and criminals dwelling in the "Dismal Swamp" of North Carolina. It began about the end of the seventeenth century, and still exists in the outlying districts of the United States, where men are able to override the law and take leave to direct its operations.

ALGÆ.—"Call us not weeds; we are flowers of the sea," is generally thought to be by Eliza Cook; but we find also an American poetess claims it—E. L. Aveline, in *Mother's Fables*.

IDALIA HENDERSEN.—"Love in idleness," the wild violet, or small pansy, mentioned in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

ISLA VERONICA.—"Who would be healthy," and "Only on *my* head," are the translations of your two mottoes.

META PETA.—It probably means, "Bear, or endure with all."

A LONELY ONE and NINETEEN.—The account of your illness sounds like liver. Perhaps you drink too much tea. Go to bed early, and take more exercise.

RET.—Coarse crochet lace is the last thing for draping mantles. Patterns were given in present volume, part 142, page 26.

HELEN LEICESTER.—The inscription on the monument to Mrs. Craik in Tewkesbury Church is: "A Tribute to Work of Noble Aim, and to a Gracious Life. Dinah Maria Mulock, Mrs. Craik, born April 20th, 1826. Died October 12th, 1887." She wrote *John Halifax, Gentleman*. "Each in his place is fulfilling his day, and passing away just as that sun is passing—only we know not whither he passes; while whither we go, we know; and the way we know. The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

M. A.—You are not correct as to the first of English novel-writers. Daniel Defoe, who wrote the *History of the Great Plague* and the *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, is styled "the father of the English novel." He published as many as 210 works, and some of them were condemned as libellous, being political. He was intended for a Presbyterian minister, and was a good and religious man, but was engaged, and very successfully, in trade and in literary work. He went through many misfortunes, and broke down under them at the age of seventy.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.—We believe that some can accomplish the difficulty of learning shorthand without the aid of a master; but we should say that, as a general rule, a teacher would be essential.

BUNGALOW.—We do not think it needs any great amount of strength to learn to swim.

HOSLUS.—Lay the flannel in a saucer and keep it wet. There is no difficulty in growing cress in this way.

J. A.—The address of the Institute and Training College for Teaching Lip Reading is at Elmhirst, Castle Bar Hill, Ealing, W. Address the Principal, for teachers of pupils.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—If the persons concerned do not mind the difference in age it would be the business of no one else, of course. But you had better wait a little.

ONE WILLING TO LEARN.—The cook should dust the plates, of course. The things that the housemaid or parlour-maid takes should be ready to put on the table.

TOBY.—Begin "Dear Mrs. Smith," and end "Very sincerely yours," if the invitation be an informal one. If formal, "Mrs. and Miss Brown accept with pleasure Mrs. Smith's kind invitation for Monday next, February 25th."

DAGMAR.—*Eothen* was written by Henry Kingsley. Your writing is good.

PHYLLIS LIVINGSTONE might take a situation as kitchen-maid, or else learn to be a laundress, if anxious to perfect herself in household work. Should she wish to give up domestic service altogether, perhaps she might obtain a situation as shop-assistant, by improving her writing, supposing that she be a good arithmetician.

ABBOTSFORD and BUTTERCUP.—You make a misquotation from Shakespear's *Tempest*:—

"Full fathom five thy father lies—
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

LILIAN MAUD.—April the 17th, 1875, was a Saturday.

THEODORA.—1. The name Chopin is French, and must be pronounced according to that of the French, not English, alphabet. The first syllable of that name is sounded as if written in English "Sho," and the second according to the French mode, as you would pronounce *pain* (bread), with a nasal sound, not at all like the English word, which signifies suffering.—2. Eighteen is a good age for taking drawing and painting lessons.

ORKOLE.—The derivation of the name Canada is to be found in the language of the Iroquois Indians. According to Charlevoix, whose statement seems very generally accepted, the original name was Cannada, which, in that aboriginal language, signified "a number of huts," and referred to the collections of dwellings of the first French settlers; and the name given to these was subsequently applied to the whole province.—2. Why our private soldiers have been given the *sobriquet* of "Tommy Atkins" is easily explained. It is the custom, in certain printed forms, to inscribe a name at haphazard, in print, or generally in pencil, to indicate the precise spot where the soldier, or other person concernod in the document, should subscribe his name. It so chanced that in certain papers this form of designation has been long in use, and thus has been applied to all private soldiers as a distinguishing appellation.

EDITH.—1. Certainly a girl between sixteen and seventeen might teach one of eight a number of things; but, as she can have had no experience, it should be under the supervision of an older person. Great patience and good temper are essential; discrimination of character. She should distinguish between obstinacy and a tired little brain, or any bodily ailment and nervousness; and she should possess the art of making the several lessons pleasant and interesting, and not seem like a task.—2. A girl had better not think of marriage till twenty-four or twenty-five, and not then unless great advantages were offered.

B. H. A.—If a man died leaving a widow and children, but having neglected to make his will, the widow can always claim a third portion, and the other two-thirds are divided equally between the children, unless there be entailed property, inherited by the eldest son.

TWO GRAINS OF SAGO would be improved by two grains of sense and good feeling, in the writing of verses on "The Death of a Covenanter." The composition is incorrect, and there is nothing "comic" about it; unless the writer thinks it very amusing to say that the mourning friends "gave a pat" to the grave to make the sod "lie flat." There is nothing in death to cause merriment.

MONA.—The Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, E., under the patronage of the Queen, is worth your consideration. Henry Hill, Esq., Hon. Secretary, 38, Bow Lane, E.C. For girls (from three years old)—Home, Clayton House, Epsom, Surrey; Foundress, Miss D. Mittendorf, whom address on the subject. There is also The Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham, near Caterham Junction, Surrey. Office, 35, Finsbury Circus, E.C. Children are received from earliest infancy, and retained till fifteen years of age. They must be destitute, but above the condition of a pauper. Secretary, John E. Edwards, Esq.

TOPSY R.—1. You will see our answer many times repeated, in reference to what the bridegroom has to supply. Of course he has no business to ask any girl to be his wife if he cannot provide a furnished home for her when he takes her from her parents' house. She needs only to provide her clothing.—2. September 24th, 1870, was a Saturday.

M. S. C.—1. The *Almanach de Gotha* (Philadelphia) first appeared in 1764. If you wish to know something of the history of almanacks, read Augustus de Morgan's *Book of Almanacs*; it was published in March, 1851. The first of our own appeared in Oxford, A.D. 1380, and was entitled, *John Somer's Calendar*. The name "almanack" is derived from the Arabic words *al mana*, which signify "to count."—2. Yes; there are branches of the Young Women's Christian Association on the Continent of Europe and in the British Colonies. For all particulars concerning these address the Secretary, 316, Regent Street, London, W., the President, Mrs. Herbert Tritton, who presides over the Continental Department, or Mrs. Frederic Barker, at the same address, over the Colonial.

QUITA.—1. Your writing is too large, and ought to slope from right to left.—2. August 13th, 1870, was a Saturday.

ELAINE and VIOLA.—We think it probable that your trouble may result from inattention rather than lack of power of memory. You should make it your duty to concentrate your thoughts on whatever study you have to make, and not allow yourself to listen or read in an apathetic or listless sort of way, which is most aggravating to a teacher, and shows a lack of principle and good sense in a pupil. It is ungrateful, likewise, to the parents who pay for a girl's education. We give this advice to you both in all kindness, as you seem inclined to do better.

RUBY.—As we have given articles, and answers many, in reference to the hair, we can only observe that sometimes a low state of the general health is the cause of the falling of the hair.

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THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

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THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

By SYDNEY GREY.

THE pride of the village is Kitty Magee,
I'm sure you would say if you knew her;
Though many a girl may be fairer than she,
There's never a dearer nor truer.

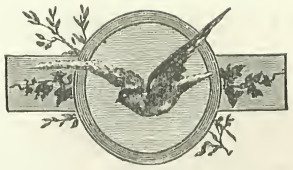
She lives with her granny—a notable dame—
In a cottage that's one of the neatest;
Granny's black currant jam has a wonderful name,
But her temper is none of the sweetest.

Yet Kitty can always be cheerful and kind,
In spite of occasional railings;
She says it is hard for the old folks to find
The young cannot bear with their failings.

She says the worn hands and the feeble, bent frame,
Should make us more helpful and tender;
They toiled for our childhood, and therefore they claim
What service in turn we can render.

And Kitty, although she has plenty to do,
Finds time for the little ones' pleasure;
And spares for the sick and the sorrowful too
A meed from her heart's loving treasure.

She brightens dark places wherever they be,
As a sunbeam will brighten a cranny;
And the pride of the village is Kitty Magee,
Who lives with her notable granny.



SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE than a week passed without anything special to mark its progress, except that Susan Meade was wonderfully quiet and even-tempered. She neither gave way to fits of sullenness, anger, nor wild mirth. Kate Hutton tried in vain to provoke her. Susan either heard and made no reply, or seemed as if she heard none of the taunts and biting jests flung broadcast, with a view of stinging her into the fierce retorts that were alike witty and cutting in a general way.

In her poor home further changes had been wrought, and all were for the better. But having become dissatisfied with habits which she had at first begun as a sort of self-punishment, and which were opposed to those of early and happier days, she could no longer endure her surroundings in Crowe's Entry.

If Susan could have found comfort or peace from the punishment to which she had condemned herself, she would have continued it. But sackcloth and ashes—otherwise dirt and personal neglect—had failed her, and not being to her real taste, she would have no more of them.

The landlord made his weekly call in Crowe's Entry early on Saturday afternoon. Those of his tenants who had wages to receive would have been paid at leaving time, and if he did not claim his share at once, it was likely another landlord would get it, in addition to his regular amount. Those who lived in Crowe's Entry were either very poor, intemperate, or improvident, and none were of a class to be trusted too long.

As usual, Susan met the landlord on the step, and handed him the rent, and with it a week's notice to quit.

"You're never in earnest," said the man. "I've always looked on you as good for years to come, seeing you've paid reg'ler, and never made a complaint, or asked for a thing to be done inside or out. Are you dissatisfied with your room? What do you want? If it's anything in reason, I'll do it. These ar'n't times to let good paying tenants go, if you can keep 'em anyhow."

"I don't ask you to do anything. I have just made up my mind to leave," said Susan.

"You'll not get a quieter spot, for, being at the far end, there's no passing; and the upstairs room being used for storing, you've no noise overhead. For a lady that wants to be quiet, and keep to herself, this place would be hard to beat."

"Perhaps I'm tired of the quiet," replied Susan.

"Some of the neighbours are decent people in their way, and would be glad to 'liven you up a bit when you feel inclined for company. They'd drop in here, or ask you in to see them. You've only to lift your finger, as one may say, and you may *neighbour* with the whole Entry, though that might be too much of a good thing."

Susan was amused at the landlord's persistence, but by no means inclined to give in.

"I haven't a word to say against any dwellers in the Entry. They offered kindnesses when I came here, and it was my own fault that I refused them. They have been kind lately in letting me go and come as I chose, and be as lonely and quiet as I liked. There's no illwill between me and any neighbour."

This was true. Susan's reserve had been resented at first; but Crowe's Entry had become accustomed to it. The stranger woman was civil and sober. She had never complained if the children made mud pies on her doorstep, or threw the material they modelled withal, at her windows. She had picked up a fallen child if it lay crying in her path, and consoled it with a copper to buy sweeties. She had bestowed an orange on the little folks now and again, without waiting for thanks, and thus the children looked on her as one who had goodwill to them, and mothers were satisfied to let her alone.

"I've other rooms, and houses too, if you think of moving into a bigger place," persisted the landlord, unwilling to give up the hope of keeping Susan as his tenant somewhere. "You might have a look round before you settle."

"Thank you; but I can't say what I shall do yet, or whether I shall take a room to myself or not. If I fix to stay on, or look at another place of yours, I'll let you know in time."

"Then I'll not put a 'To Let' on the window till next week. Folks are always curious, and begin prying and watching if they get a notion that a neighbour is going to flit. I'll make things as pleasant as I can for you, depend on it. Hallo! there's old Flint off to the Fatted Calf. If I don't catch him before he gets inside, I may whistle for my week's rent."

Without the ceremony of leave-taking, the landlord hastened after old Flint, who was speeding towards his favourite publichouse, and succeeded in barring his entrance when he was actually on the doorstep, and obtaining the rent.

"That's well done," thought he. "Only just in time. I wish that young woman had not been leaving the end house. The Entry has been so nice and full—not a room to let for ever so long. Slack work is good for property of that kind; and it sometimes pays to let 'em be a week in arrears. It shuts their mouths from grumbling. Plenty of work and reg'ler wages make the tenants as uppish as anything. They either flit to a better neighbourhood, or they want you to spend twice the rent on paint and whitewash; and if there's a cracked slate, or a chimney-pot a bit on one side, there's no peace. No. And there isn't a chance of seeing reasonable interest for your outlay. Landlords have a lot to put up with, I can tell you. I ought to know."

In Mr. Cutclose's estimation anything under ten per cent. on house property was a poor, beggarly return. He owned a great deal beside Crowe's Entry, and had bought most of it at a time when the failure of many building societies flooded the market with such property.

Mr. Cutclose collected his own rents, superintended all repairs, after having ground down the contractor to the lowest possible price, and put off doing anything to the last possible moment. During the progress of the work, he devoted his energies to getting all he could in return for his small expenditure. He cared nothing about the sanitary condition of his property. Drains might be slowly poisoning his tenants, fever might be rife, but if the rents came in well, and he could note the steady growth of his income from that source, he cared for none of these things.

Mr. Cutclose felt a profound contempt for people who "worritted about high death rates, and were always trying to prevent fevers from spreading, and such like." He was of the old-fashioned school, and reckoned that if you'd got to have measles and whooping cough, or scarlet fever, "or all of 'em, for that matter," it didn't much matter when.

People might talk of the number of children that died before they were three years old, and that they oughtn't to die by rights. If they died then, they'd be better off than those that were left. As to children! No fear of any scarcity in that line. There were plenty of poor mothers slaved to death nearly, working for their children and half starving themselves to feed them. Wouldn't they be better off with half as many?

Mr. Cutclose was very fond of airing his views on such subjects; but it need hardly be said that he did not say these things to the overworked mothers in question. Hard and exacting as he was, he had seen enough to know that he would be treading on dangerous ground, if he spoke slightingly of the little ones in the presence of some of the hardest-worked of his poor tenants.

Having lightened old Flint's pocket, and finished collecting in Crowe's Entry, Mr. Cutclose was free to indulge in thoughts apart from rents and profits, though not quite disconnected from them. He could not help regretting that Susan Meade, the most easily satisfied, best paying of all the lot, was going to leave the Entry.

"A likely girl, that, but I never could make her out. I always thought she was hiding—in a way; not altogether, for she goes about reg'ler enough to and from work, and such like. It doesn't want half an eye to see that she has been used to different doings, though she's not exactly a lady. That woman going a rag-sorting for a living! It's just ridiculous. It's a blind—that's what it is! She's burying herself in places where nobody belonging to her would be likely to search for or follow her."

Another cogitation, and then Mr. Cutclose's face brightened, and he rubbed his dingy hands together to express satisfaction at his own 'cuteness.

"Susan has smartened up most wonderfully. She's going to be married. I've lost my tenant."

The landlord's face fell again. He regretted that he had been so soft in the matter of fixing the "To Let" paper on the window, and was half inclined to return and correct the mistake.

"No, I won't. I always say that my word's as good as my bond. I'll stick to what I've done," and having come to this decision, Mr. Cutclose dismissed Susan Meade from his thoughts, and turned them in a pleasanter direction.

He had mentally told the truth about himself. His word was as good as his bond, and little need be said as to the value of either.

Mr. Cutclose felt a strong objection to signing anything which was not to benefit himself, and had often been heard to say that he hated black and white—otherwise the being bound by a written agreement—and that people who had to be kept to a bargain by such means, were not worth dealing with.

His tenants knew how clever he was about putting off promised repairs to the last moment. He was not slow to promise, but he made mental reservations as to the time of fulfilment.

Mr. Cutclose had no room in his nature for tender sentiments. It is true he had been married, but love had nothing to do with his matrimonial arrangements.

His spouse was a widow when they first met. She had been "comfortably left" by her first husband, and was saving out of her income. Richard Cutclose was poor, and many years younger than herself. He was on the point of leaving a situation, had no other in view, and his prospects were altogether of the dreariest. So he married for a home, and the widow for companionship, and that she might have a steady man whose interests were identical with her own, to assist her in looking after her property.

Her income was from house property, in which, however, she had only a life interest. But she was a hale woman, and a good deal could be saved from the proceeds if no agent had to be paid. The present had to be provided for, and—this Richard Cutclose said only to himself—"there will be pickings."

It was in managing his wife's property that the man learned how not to do anything to it that could be avoided, to extract the utmost farthing of income from it, and to leave as little as possible for the heirs when death called on Mrs. Cutclose to yield up possession.

Richard had not been a bad husband by any means. There had been no pretence of affection in connection with their marriage, but the two jogged on comfortably enough for twenty years, and, being of one mind on money matters, had no disagreements.

The wife was sensible that her end in marrying Richard had been served, and at her death he came into possession of a considerable sum of ready money, which enabled him to become a property owner on his own account. He was only forty-five at the time, and for five years he remained a widower. This was not wholly out of respect for his late wife's memory, but partly because her death made so little difference in his daily life.

One servant had always sufficed in the modest but comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. Cutclose. She was a middle-aged woman, hard-working and trustworthy. By his wife's special recommendation, she was retained as working housekeeper to the widower. A small advance in wages, added to the increased dignity belonging to the name of housekeeper in place of servant, satisfied Anna Jukes. She had always been treated with great confidence by her master and mistress, and well deserved to be.

Though Mr. Cutclose and his present housekeeper were much nearer in age than he had been to his late wife, there was no chance of a matrimonial alliance between them. Anna Jukes already possessed a husband, or rather, she was in the position of one who had the name of wife without the comfort, maintenance, or protection which marriage ought to confer on the weaker vessel. Like many another worthy girl, she had been won by a handsome face and honeyed words, to marry a man of whose moral character she knew nothing.

Anna Jukes paid for her folly by years of suffering, toil, privation, and ill-usage, when her husband thought fit to stay at home and live on her earnings. These experiences she endured in turns with actual desertion. She could hardly tell whether her husband's presence or absence was the more terrible, for in the latter case, Anna, with her upright nature, was kept in constant suspense and dread as to what his evil life might bring on him, and the shame which might fall on her own head and that of her innocent child. This little girl was the one bond of union between the ill-matched couple; but she died during one of these periods of desertion, and then the down-trodden wife made a resolution, and kept it.

Again and again the few household goods her industry had scraped together had been scattered, and the bed sold

from under her, during Sam's visits. When nothing was left to spend or sell, he left her in the empty room to shift for herself as best she could, and lay up a store to be scattered again when he found occasion so to do.

The woman might have obtained protection; but she hated publicity, and held the strongest views as to the sacredness of her marriage vow. And there was the child—his child as well as hers.

This tie broken, Anna hesitated no longer. She sold the few things she had, and took service with Mrs. Cutclose, very much to her own comfort and that of her mistress. She was only thirty at the time, and had been seventeen years in her place when the death of Mrs. Cutclose left her in sole charge.

Anna Jukes did not get wholly rid of her husband by this action. He levied blackmail from time to time by working on her dread of creating scandal, or drawing attention to her wretched partner. But Mr. Cutclose stood between her and any great harm. He was firm enough to deal with any number of good-for-nothings; and Sam had a wholesome dread of being confronted by the master, instead of his too yielding wife, when his penniless condition made a stealthy call upon her a matter of necessity.

Probably the fact that there would be no chance of Mr. Cutclose marrying Anna Jukes, should he be left a widower, had a good deal to do with the request made by his wife on her death-bed.

So the years passed smoothly enough over the head of the owner of Crowe's Entry, and his affairs were so well managed that, at the end of each twelve months, he found himself a richer man than he had been at its beginning.

At fifty years of age, Mr. Cutclose was a man of great business ability, though it was exercised within a narrow groove, and he had never known what it was to care more for another human being than for himself. Hitherto his great object in life had been to use every person with whom he had to do for the advancement of his own interest, and the increase of his worldly possessions. That he usually attained this end was evinced by the success which attended all his business undertakings. If all he touched did not actually turn to gold, money in one shape or other poured into his pockets in a very steady stream, and caused him to feel well satisfied with his position.

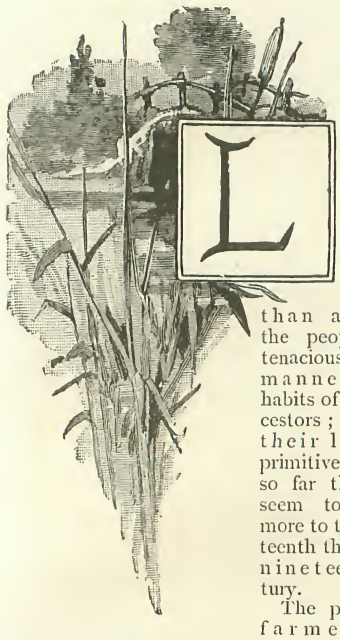
(*To be continued.*)

LIFE AT A SWEDISH FARM.

By "PEVERIL," Author of "In the Good Old Days," "Glen Gordon," etc.

"Poor and content is rich, and rich enough."
—*Shakespeare.*

"From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures — peace and health."—*Gray.*



LIFE at a Swedish farm is like life nowhere else. Contented, rather than ambitious, the people cling tenaciously to the manners and habits of their ancestors; carrying their love for primitive customs so far that they seem to belong more to the seventeenth than to the nineteenth century.

The peasant farmer, or "bonde," forms an important class in Sweden—a class which has been justly called the backbone of the country. Independent, industrious, and self-respecting, he is not unlike the British yeoman of olden days. But he will not change, like our yeoman. A bonde never aspires to rise above his class, and is, in fact, too proud to be other than he is. His farm, or "gaarde," has come down to him through a long line of bonde ancestors, and he has no higher aim than to live and die as they lived and died, with sons, daughters, and grandchildren growing up around him, and a goodly following of men-servants and maid-servants, who are treated as members of the family.

Since the greater part of Sweden is still covered by forest, it follows that wood is cheaper than stone, and is therefore largely used for building purposes. Houses are sometimes made of great trunks of trees, laid horizontally one above another, the interstices being filled with moss. This is the old style. A more modern plan is to saw the logs lengthwise into two, or to cut them into very thick planks, which are either placed horizontally or upright; the latter being thought the more durable, is often used for the building of churches.

A farmhouse, or gaarde, is sometimes built in a quadrangle; the court in the centre being entered through an archway; but more frequently the square is surrounded only on three sides, the dwelling house in the centre, flanked on one side by a stable, on the other by the cowhouse, or "ladugaarde." These are not under one roof, a slight space between each building serving as safeguard against fire. All wooden erections—houses, barns, and stake fences — are painted red, adding a picturesque element to the scenery; the artistic effect of which is heightened by the green roofs common in many rural districts. In places where neither tiles nor slate can be procured, the farmer roofs his house with wood; and as straw is too precious a commodity to be used for thatch, he overlays his beams with earth. Thither the wind carries grass, fern, and flower seeds; often also the seed of fir and mountain ash trees; so that quite a pretty garden is frequently to be seen upon the roofs of houses and barns, especially if the district is mountainous. The thrifty Swede does not fail to make use of this impromptu hay crop. Upon the true "Many a little makes a mickle" principle, he carefully mows his roof, and adds the produce to his scanty store of fodder.

A Swedish gaarde is rarely more than one story in height, and consists of two large rooms—a kitchen, and another which is literally the living-room of the family; for it is here they eat and drink, work, play, and also sleep. Some of the more wealthy have a third room; but this is kept as a guest chamber, and is only used by the family as a safe storing-place for their best garments.

The roomy kitchen looks what it is—a place in which to cook, bake, brew, and churn. The appliances for these housewifely arts are plainly to be seen. There are racks for crockery, shelves for pots and pans, and hooks for many small necessaries. A place for everything, and everything in its place, is evidently the good house-mother's rule. Fireplaces differ with locality. In the south you see stoves; but in the country open ranges are more usual; and in many parts the fire burns upon a broad stone platform, raised altar-like about two feet above the kitchen floor. Beneath the wide open chimney, supported by a strong bar, hang one or more iron chains, from whence the pans and kettles dangle over the blazing logs.

In the middle of the kitchen floor is a trap-door—the entrance into a cellar, wherein is stored barrels of salt meat, dried fish, potatoes, and turnips; not to mention a goodly supply of "branvin," and many a cask of "öl"—the light home-brewed beer of the country—etc. It was in just such a cellar that Gustavus Vasa was hidden once upon a time. When the Danes came to search for him, they found the kitchen in a great ferment and bustle. The good wife was brewing, and had her great vat placed over the trap-door. She was so indignant at this interruption to her all-important task of brewing Jul-öl for Christmas that the soldiers dared not ask her to move the vat. So once more the great Vasa escaped; and not for the first time he owed his safety to woman's wit.

The living room, or lofva, is large and comfortable, though a stranger might consider it too hot; for hardy as he is, a Swede likes warmth within-doors, and loves to see his hearth piled with blazing pine logs. There is no ceiling to the room, only broad rafters black with age, from which hang bunches of herbs, hanks of yarn, or other articles in general use. The floor is strewn with sprigs of pine or spruce, which emit a delightfully refreshing odour when trampled under foot. The robust health enjoyed by the Swedish bonde may possibly be greatly owing to this wholesome practice, which is universal from north to south, and, unlike most peasant customs, is also to be observed in towns.

The lofva is furnished simply, with a long deal table and benches, a loom, or perhaps two, and spinning-wheels, according to the number of workers. On either side of the hearth stands a large wooden armchair for the house-father and house-mother, while along

the wall are ranged pine-wood sofas or settles, evidently fixtures, which are often covered with cushions tastefully embroidered. At night these sofas change their character in a manner very startling to a stranger. The pretty cushions are laid aside, the deal seats removed, and there—behold the family beds! These pull out like a drawer, and can be used as single or double beds, as required. They are supplied with soft feather beds and pillows, white blankets woven by the house-mother herself, and coverings of sheepskin with the wool left on, soft as washleather, and white as snow. Here, and in this manner, the household sleep—master, mistress, servants, and children—and to judge by their appearance, the practice cannot be so unwholesome as might be supposed. It should be observed that, in a Swedish gaarde, going to bed does not involve undressing—the women merely take off their smart aprons, bodices, and upper skirts, and the men their boots and coats.

Saturday is washing day. If there is no proper bathhouse or "badstuga," the ladugaarde serves the purpose. The great pan, three feet in diameter, in which cattle fodder is prepared, now swings over the log fire full of steaming water; and by the time the evening meal is ready, the family assemble, fresh, rosy, and smiling, with hair neatly brushed and braided, and clothes sweet, clean, and tidy. So the week ends, and they are ready for the next.

A bonde is of all men the most industrious. "Laziness is the devil's cushion," he says, with a wise shake of the head; and certainly no one can accuse him of borrowing that Satanic luxury. Even in winter he rises at three o'clock in the morning, and his good wife and her maidens have finished their dairy work and set the house in order long before their more indolent sisters of the sunny south sit down to breakfast. The morning work accomplished, the house-mother seats herself at her loom, her daughters take each her spinning-wheel, while the maid-servants are busy carding wool. A happy party it is, and a merry one, for tongues may wag as fast as fingers. A story is told, or jokes fly round the circle, or perhaps one, with a sweeter voice than the rest, begins singing one of the ballads, or folk-viser, of which the bonde is so fond. Thus time flies.

Except in towns, there are no shops in Sweden, and no tradesmen. Every farmer is his own blacksmith and carpenter, his own glazier and his own miller. If he needs another barn, he applies to no builders, but bids his lads take their axes and follow him to the forest, where he chooses the trees best suited to his purpose. There is, in fact, no part of the work which he cannot do for himself, and do well.

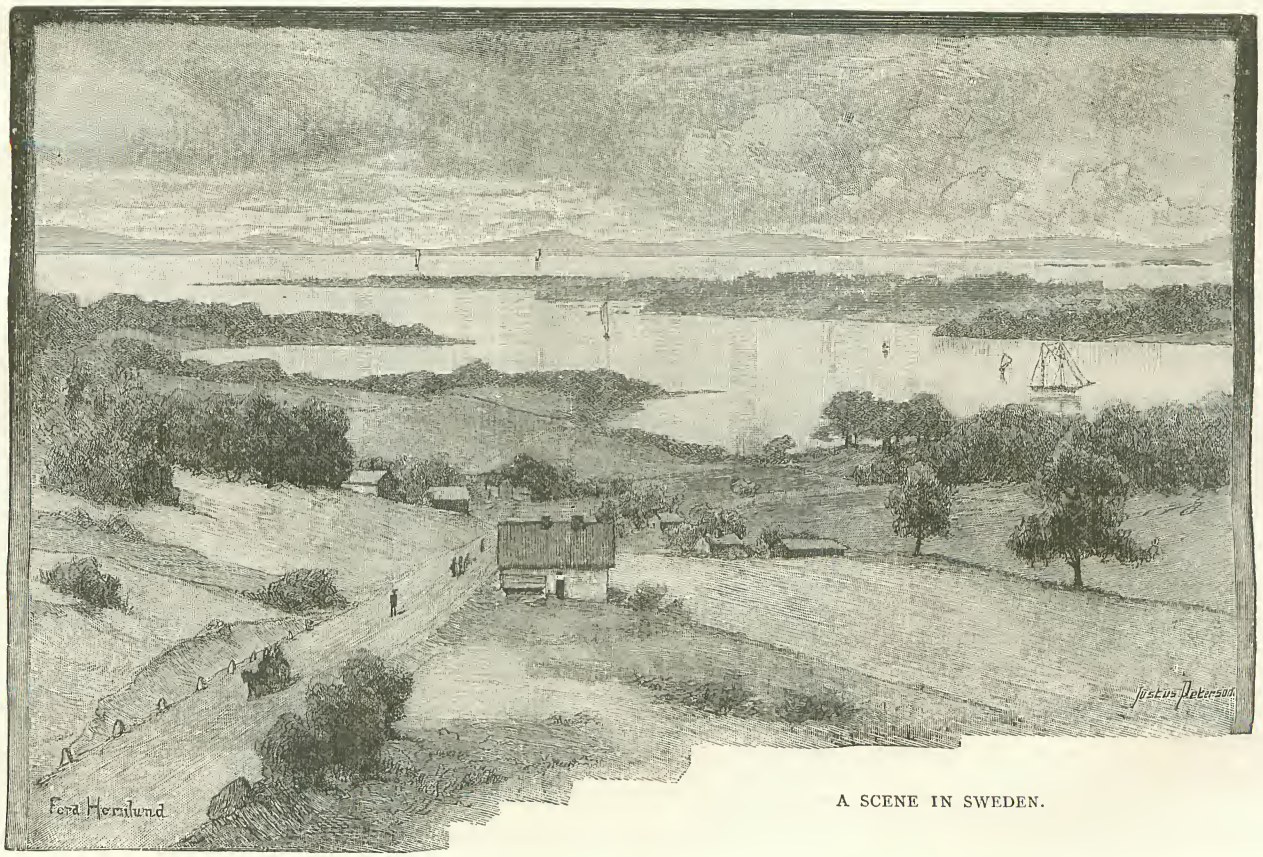
Twice a year, in April and October, comes slaughtering-time—a busy season for the farmer and his wife. By long experience he knows exactly how many pigs, sheep, and cattle will be required by his household. These he kills, giving the meat to his good wife, while he and his men are occupied with the hides, horns, and hoofs. Of the latter he makes glue; reserving the best horns that the young men who have a taste for carving may not lack material. Nothing is wasted. Even the sinews of the slaughtered cattle have their uses, and must be carefully cured and dried.

Every farmer is also a tanner, and understands the process needful to produce leather of every variety, from harness and stout boot leather to the soft, fine, dyed skins of which the women make pouches and belts. A few of the sheepskins are tanned with the wool on. These are for rugs and bed coverings. In some districts they are also used to make coats for winter wear, the wool acting as lining to the garment, and as trimming, for it forms a fringe to the wrists and bottom to the coat.

Slaughtering-time entails much work upon the house-mother and her maidens. Spinning-wheels are set on one side, and all hands are busy, some drying, smoking, or salting meat down into barrels; some rendering fat and making candles, others mincing, spicing, and pounding meat, and storing it away in bladders. They have also some way of preparing the blood of animals, which when dried to a powder can be kept a long time, and is used, mixed with oatmeal or rye-flour, to make pancakes and other savory dishes.

Self-helpful as he is, however, the farmer cannot supply all his needs; and when a country fair is held, which happens two or three times every year, he never fails to attend it, taking with him all the produce of his farm which can be spared, and returning laden with sugar, salt, coffee, tobacco, and corn brandy, which it is now not lawful for him to make at home.

There is, indeed, little a bonde cannot do for himself. He grows flax for his wife to spin and weave, hops for the annual öl-brewing, and if he lives upon a fjord, he grows also hemp enough to supply him with nets. The skin of his cattle gives him shoe-leather, and their wool provides him with clothing. But for all that he is fain to acknowledge that some few things can be done best by tradesmen—only a few. He can tan leather with anyone, but he would rather not try his hand at converting it into boots. And he need not. Twice a year a shoemaker makes the round of all the outlying farms and hamlets, staying at each house for several days—until, in fact, he has supplied every man, woman, and child on the premises with shoes to last for six months. In the same way a tailor comes round once in six months. As soon as he is seen approaching, the house-mother bustles out to receive him with due honour; and while some of her maidens prepare a meal for the traveller, others fetch out the bales of cloth, the fruits of months of busy spinning and weaving. Then follows a grand cutting out, fitting on, and stitching; and when the itinerant tailor journeys on to his



A SCENE IN SWEDEN.

next customer, he leaves behind him a houseful of simple folk delighted with and never tired of admiring their new garments, and praising the skill which has made them fit so cleverly.

In many parts of rural Sweden teaching and doctoring are carried on in the same curious manner. Once in a long while the doctor makes a tour, and is hospitably entertained at every farm on his wide circuit. If he finds invalids, he of course ministers to their needs; but the people are healthy, and "mother" has usually skill enough to deal with their simple maladies. When the doctor comes, however, each one begins to fancy a few aches or queer feelings—it seems such a pity to waste the opportunity! So much medicine is swallowed upon these occasions which had better have been thrown away.

The travelling schoolmaster is a national institution. "Flyttbara Skoler," or circular schools, are held periodically in all rural districts; and all that can be said for the system is, that it is better than no education at all; but as weeks or months must elapse between each course of study, high results cannot be expected.

Politeness is a striking characteristic of the Swedish nation; and in this particular all classes are alike. Not only do the rich treat their inferiors with kind consideration, but the poor are courteous to the poor; self-respect leading, as it should, to respect for others; for

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal natures and of loyal minds."

How true an insight into human nature is here displayed by our poet! The courtesy of the Swedish bonde is not merely the outcome of kindly goodwill, but is the natural result of his own innate honesty. His frank open-hearted hospitality is marred by no distrust, no doubt of his guest's honour or kindly feeling; for he is too loyal himself to suspect disloyalty in others.

Life at a Swedish farmhouse must needs be happy, the patriarchal simplicity of the household obviating many of the self-made trials of so-called civilisation. Bonde matrons and maids have no time for nerves and fancies; and where there is no struggle to keep up appearances, there can be no needless anxiety to succeed, or distress at failure.

Unlike his Norwegian neighbour, a Swedish bonde is light of heart and jovial, fond of singing and dancing, and thoroughly appreciating the pleasures of the table. He never loses an opportunity for a kalas, or feast. Not only are all public festivals celebrated with great *éclat*, but every domestic event serves as the occasion for a grand merrymaking. A "bröllop," or wedding, lasts several days; also a betrothal, and a "bärns-öl," or christening. Besides these, there are minor festivities of an impromptu kind, which give great zest to ordinary life.

A bonde is always ready to help his neighbour at a busy time. It may be the building of a barn, or the raising of a hässja; whatever it is that calls the neighbours together, the opportunity is one for feasting. All hands work heartily until the supper hour arrives; then the host invites them to enter the house, where the smiling house-mother stands ready to welcome her guests to her well-spread table, and the grand business of eating and drinking begins. Not all at once, however. It is one of the canons of bonde etiquette that you should not accept of hospitality without demur. It is the proper thing to protest against the honour done to you, especially if you are invited to sit in the "uppermost room of the feast." Here again the custom is patriarchal. Under these circumstances the placing of guests is a work of time; but this distresses no one, for a bonde is never in a hurry. At length, all preliminary ceremonies duly observed, the company apply themselves vigorously to the pleasant duty of clearing the dishes set before them; the hostess waiting upon them herself.

Supper ended, the guests rise, and each one shakes hands with his host and hostess, saying, "Tak för matt"—"Thanks for the meal"—to which they reply, "Väl-bekommet"—"Welcome to it." The custom of giving thanks for food is universal, from the highest to the lowest, and is as necessary a part of a grand city dinner-party as at a bonde kalas. This little ceremony over, the table is cleared with great dispatch; the musician of the party takes his fiddle and strikes up a lively tune, and the dance begins. Some of the prettiest national dances are combined with singing, the dancers keeping step to the cadence of their song.

While the young folk are thus employed, the elders of the party light their big pipes, and sit discussing the state of the crops, the prices of cattle at the last fair, and the prospects of the next. So time flies merrily, and before the party breaks up, another informal revel has been planned by the pleasure-loving lads and lasses.

OUR SCHOOLROOM.

By Mrs. J. NICHOLSON SHEARMAN.

PART II.

HAVING got the walls into good order, we turned our attention to the floor. It had been entirely covered by a carpet; but we found upon examining this that there were so many shabby bits in it, that to make it look its best it was necessary to rip it to pieces, take out the bad parts, and make up a bordered square with the remainder of it. This required a good deal of planning; but to us the novelty of the work gave a charm to what would otherwise have been a very disagreeable job. As soon as the square was made, we were able to ascertain what margin there would be all round it, and to mark it out upon the floor previous to staining it, using a carpenter's pencil to make the lines heavy.

There were a good many little splashes of paint upon the floor, made there at some former time when the woodwork round the room had been painted. So we made a strong solution of potash, and put a thick covering of it upon the paint we wished to remove, and left it to do its own work. The housemaid next morning scrubbed the floor for us, and all the disfiguring spots vanished immediately. In using the potash we had to be cautious not to burn our fingers.

For the floor stain we put an ounce of permanganate of potash into a gallon of water, and when it was thoroughly dissolved, applied it with the small whitewash brush which we had used for pasting the wall-paper. When the first coat of the stain had dried, we were somewhat disappointed with the result, as it seemed to have had very little effect upon the colour of the wood. However, as we had heard of the stain from a reliable source, we gave it another coat, and found it much improved. Thus encouraged, we put on coat after coat, until the margin was stained a beautiful warm dark brown, which allowed the grain of the wood to be seen through it, and had not the dead, monotonous colouring of some of the paints and varnishes more generally applied by amateur decorators. As the weather was very warm and dry, we were able to put on three coats in one day. At first we were inclined to splash the stain about a good deal; but a little experience made us more cautious, and we found that when any of it got on the skirting-board, if we rubbed it off immediately with a wet cloth it did no damage. When the last coat of stain was quite dry, we polished the margin with beeswax and turpentine. This was very tiring work; but as we are young and strong, we quite enjoyed it; and we were, moreover, very impatient to see the carpet down, so as to be better able to judge of the effect of our labours.

The curtain poles were very old and shabby, but they were made to look like new with Aspinall's black enamel, and a little touching up on the ends and rings with Judson's gold paint. By the time we had got the poles in their places, the curtains came home from the dyer's, and we got them sewed and hung up.

Some of the chairs and a small couch belonging to the schoolroom had been discarded from the drawing-room a few years before, and the bright colour of the rep covers was not at all in harmony with the curtains and carpet. The latter had been chosen for a blue room, and was a decided contrast to the shades of terra-cotta in the paper and curtains. So it was evident that to make the room look at all well, we must cover the chairs and couch with cretonne which introduced both colours. We tried in vain for this in B——e; but when wearied out with fruitless searching, I thought of taking a piece of paper, and painting on it great daubs of the colours in the paper and carpet, and sending it to one of the large well-known firms in London, describing what we wanted. Almost by return of post we got patterns of several very pretty cretonnes, any of which would have suited. We chose one which was rather darker than the rest, and likely to be serviceable, costing one shilling and twopence per yard. With eighteen yards of this we made loose covers with deep frills for the four rep-covered chairs and couch; we also upholstered two other chairs with some of it, and had sufficient left to make a frilled cover for a soft cushion for the couch. The loose covers were all easily made, as the sewing was principally done in the sewing machine. But the renovating of a little old arm-chair which we found in an unused room in which

mother had put a few odds and ends of decrepit furniture was a much more difficult and exciting performance.

It had at one time been a lovely chair; but as it was beginning to show signs of becoming a little worm-eaten, mother did not care to pay a high price to have it done up at a cabinet-maker's. It had originally been painted white and gold, and had been covered with some lovely silk material, which now literally hung in rags after the severe test to which we had put it, using it as a plaything for a number of years. We had to get Jim's assistance in taking out all the tacks which fastened the various covers on, as they were so rusted into the frame of the chair, that we found it very severe upon our hands to remove them. The frame of the chair was apparently quite strong; so we first painted it with several coats of black enamel, using the very finest sand-paper to smooth away any roughness after all but the last coat. We then used Judson's gold paint to mark out the carving just as it had been marked out before. The hair stuffing had to be teazed out thoroughly, and this being rather a dusty job, we did it out in the open air, leaving the hair spread on a sheet for some hours in the sun. As soon as the paint on the framework was quite hard, we proceeded with the upholstering. The back of the chair was merely an oval frame, into which the upholstering had to be fixed, and, therefore, presented two sides to be thought of. An oval had to be cut out in both the cretonne and the lining; for the latter, Hessian of not too coarse a make was employed. The oval of cretonne was put into the frame from the front, turning it so that the right side of it appeared at the back of the chair. The lining was placed next to this, and both were tacked very firmly into the framework, as upon them depended the strength of that portion of the chair. When working at that part, we found it convenient to lay the chair upon its back upon a table, with something soft between them to prevent injury to the new paint upon the former. The hair stuffing was next laid upon the top of the lining, and fixed in its place as nearly as possible in the same manner as we had found it. A second lining and the front cretonne cover were then fitted upon the top of the stuffing, and secured with tacks, and a row of gimp placed all round the edge of the cover. The chair was then set upon its legs again, and straps of strong webbing were interlaced from side to side and from back to front of the seat; these were drawn as tightly as possible, and well secured with tacks, as they form the real support of the seat of the chair. Next came a piece of lining, and on the top of that the hair stuffing had to be carefully and evenly arranged. A piece of Hessian lining was placed on this, and last of all the cretonne cover and the edging of gimp. The arms were done last. Our chief difficulty lay in trying to protect the framework from any stray taps of the hammer, which our inexperienced hands were very apt to give it. To prevent this we found a small punch very useful. When a tack was sufficiently caught in the woodwork, the punch was interposed between it and the hammer until it was driven in, and thus any danger of the latter coming in contact with the painting was avoided. When the upholstering was finished, we went carefully over the frame, touching up with gold paint or enamel any places which had suffered from our clumsiness.

There was already a bookcase in the schoolroom, which stood upon a small table against the wall; but we had no press, which, with so many to occupy the room, was an absolute necessity if we wanted to keep it tidy. We therefore asked mother for an old, shabby-looking press which was not in use, and which wanted only a few slight repairs to make it strong and neat, as far as the woodwork was concerned. It was very convenient for our purpose, as it had a division right down the centre, and three shelves on each side of the division. One side is for our music, and the other for my painting materials and various schoolroom requisites. Jim was able to make the few necessary repairs, and then we were able to decorate it after our fancy. We painted it with black enamel, all except the panels on the doors; into these we glued some gold Japanese paper. We also painted the bookcase black, and nailed black and gold leather along the edges of the shelves. When the paint was hard and all complete, we set the bookcase upon the top of the press, and got Jim to secure it with two strong screws. This gave us the nice little table which had formerly supported the bookcase, in addition to the larger one, which stood in the centre of the room.

The doing-up of the press and bookcase was not at all troublesome, and they looked wonderfully nice when the books were all neatly arranged in their shelves. As I enjoyed the painting of the various pieces of furniture, Alice left that principally to me, while she employed herself working a border in tapestry-wool round a piece of art serge for a cloth for the larger of the tables, also a long mat instead of a mantel-border, worked on a piece of the same serge, and trimmed along the ends and one side with ball fringe.

All this work took us about six weeks to complete; but when we had all the furniture arranged to our satisfaction, our *cottage piano* across one corner and my easel in another, some freshly-cut roses in little glasses upon the chimney-piece and tables, and our various knick-knacks about the room and upon the walls, we were quite surprised at the results of our industry; and we felt so proud of our handiwork that we determined to give an afternoon tea in the schoolroom, and to invite father and mother to inspect it. Accordingly, we coaxed the cook to bake some of father's favourite cakes, and mother gave us access to her store-room, so that we were able to prepare a very tempting little tea in our own special apartment, and invited the whole family to partake of it. When tea was over, father said he wanted to add a contribution to the work, and he opened a parcel that had been arousing our curiosity. It contained a beautiful framed engraving of "Christ among the doctors." "This," said he, "I chose because I thought, that should our little girls at any time become restive under the authority of their sisters, a glance at the picture might remind them to be submissive, and to learn a lesson of humility from our Great Example; and I know that my dear eldest daughters will strive to give their instruction in a patient and gentle manner." Mother then produced a present from herself, which was a very pretty little inkstand.

Below we give an account of all that we have already spent upon the room, which shows a balance of £1 10s. 1d. still in hand. We are going to spend the last few days of our holidays in London with our grandmother, when we hope to take the opportunity thus afforded of laying out the remainder of our capital to the very best advantage.

	£	s.	d.
Dough	0	0	3
Plaster of Paris	0	0	2
Paper and border for dado	0	10	0
Whitewash brush	0	0	6
Three pots of black enamel	0	3	0
Box of Judson's gold paint	0	1	6
Eighteen yards of cretonne	1	1	0
Dyeing curtains	0	7	0
Hessian gimp and tacks for chair	0	3	5
Leather, wood, and Japanese paper for press and bookcase	0	5	0
Art serge and ball fringe	0	13	6
Webbing and carpet thread	0	1	6
Paint brushes	0	2	0
Permanganate of potash 4d., and sundries	0	1	1
Total	£3	9	11

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

From *Carthage and the Carthaginians*, by Bosworth Smith.

"To the north-west of the ground once occupied by Carthage when it was a Phœnician city, is the promontory of Râs Ghamart, 200 feet high; and the line of rounded hills, called Djebel Khawi, which runs thence in a southerly direction for the distance of a mile, is one vast necropolis, or site of Roman urn burial. But when Carthage had become a Roman city, the metropolis of Africa, and the headquarters of African Christianity, the Pagan practice of cremation was replaced by Christian burial, and the ancient mortuary chambers were filled, after lapse of centuries, by new occupants.

"When these sepulchres were excavated and examined by Dr. Davis and M. Beute, some few years ago, a relic of great interest was discovered, namely, a representation on the rock of the seven-branched candlestick of Solomon's Temple.

"The seven-branched candlestick carried off by Titus from Jerusalem to Rome was, in the strange vicissitudes of human fortune, carried off again from Rome to Carthage by the terrible Genseric, the lame Vandal king, and so, probably, it comes about that the sacred ornament of the Jewish temple—the exact shape of which is known to all the world from the sculptures on the Arch of Titus—has been found engraven also within a Phœnician sarcophagus at Carthage.

"All traces of the original occupants of these sepulchres have long since disappeared, and the vacant space is chiefly tenanted by the jackal and the hyena.

"For centuries tribes of marauding Bedouin Arabs have ransacked them for any treasures to be found within them, and they visit them to this day for the chalk which they contain."

To this interesting fact, mentioned in Mr. Bosworth Smith's history of *Carthage and the Carthaginians*, may be added yet another—that the present writer, when travelling in Kabylia and Algeria, has seen this very form of lamp rudely copied in the native pottery, but unmistakable in shape, in use in the mosques in some of the unfrequented parts of the mountains. One such, with five branches instead of seven, was actually sent home to the South Kensington Museum, where it was seen not long afterwards, placed, unfortunately, upside down.

E. F. Bridell-Fox.

BONNET WITH JET AIGRETTE.

CAPE, AND THE NEW REVERS TRIMMING FOR SPRING BODICES.

TWO TAILOR-MADE GOWNS AND A LONG COAT.

FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

Of the adoption of the *fourreau*, or "umbrella skirt," there is now no manner of doubt. In all the best London shops no other shape is to be seen. The edge of the skirt is generally finished by a ruching of silk, box-pleated, and then the centre pleat is caught together in the middle, forming in this manner the round effect which is so full and pretty. The entire disappearance of the foundation skirt has been welcomed by everyone who enjoys comfort in her dress, and the decrease of weight is truly delightful. But no one must imagine that there will be much decrease in the cost of making, for our under petticoats have come so much more into view, that our attention must be given to making them suitable and handsome; and I find that the suggestion has been made to revive the old fashion of making the petticoat of the same material as the gown, and trimming it in the same manner. Now that one petticoat only is so generally used, this suggestion is both wise and feasible, as any under petticoat must be trimmed at the edge, or at the very least have an interlining of a stiff description, measuring fully three inches deep, to obtain the needful substance. There is one great comfort about the "umbrella skirt," *i.e.*, that it is very easily raised, and carried out of harm's way in the muddy weather, as all its fullness is at the back, and it can be grasped and held with one hand only. This skirt is by no means narrow, and is seldom less than four or four and a half yards wide at the hem, where it falls full at the back, the fronts being plain as well as the sides; and in many skirts there is no seam save that at the back, the skirt at the waist being fitted to the figure by pleats as carefully as the bodice would be.

The use of narrow-width materials has completely passed out of date, and I notice that in most of our best shops they are no more visible, while the smaller shops are selling them off cheaply. The saving in the cutting-

out of the wide materials is very great, especially where the *fourreau* skirts are concerned.

Silk linings to the skirts of gowns, now that so little material is used, appear almost universal. Where the dress material is not a substantial one there should be a lining muslin placed between the silk lining and the gown; and in a recent French model gown I found that the back breadths of the trained skirt were slightly wadded, as they used to be in the days of our grandmothers. Flannel lining is also sometimes employed.

Princess dresses are very much used for evening gowns, and for some day dresses too, the fronts being trimmed to look like a bodice, and the trimming commencing on the hips. Our illustration shows this way of putting it on perfectly, as will be found. The decoration used need not be ruching, but flat galoon or jet passementerie. The new sleeves, with a Russian top, are shown on this gown. They are sometimes cut so as to sit without fullness except at the shoulders, and are made without trimming round the lower part, where they are left plain and ungathered.

There are three kinds of bodices worn this spring—the corselet, with a full top; the bodice with a long basque at the back—or a coat-tail back, as it is more generally called—which comes to the side seams, where it is rounded off, and ends in a coat-tail at the back; and the bodice with a point in front and moderate basques at the back, the front being in full folds. There is also the bodice slightly pointed at both back and front, which is finished by a folded sash tied in a bow at the right side, the ribbon used being from about an inch and a half to two inches in width. With this bodice the band of the skirt may be trimmed instead of the edge of the bodice, and hooked over it. The band is shaped in this case, and the ribbon laid on in a pointed form before and behind. This will be found a very good way of altering gowns that are of last year's styles; and the advantage of putting on the skirt over the bodice is, that that portion of the skirt, from being always covered up, is perfectly unworn and clean, and a fresh ribbon sash will restore the dress to much of its original freshness.

Another bodice, with the new revers and folded "Empire Sash," is also illustrated in the present article. The latter is also a mode that can be applied to old-fashioned gowns of thick material, to which either velvet or silk can be used for their new embellishment. The revers at the back take the shape of a rounded collar, and the sash is the same as in front.

In the same illustration the three-tiered cape may be seen, which will probably be one of the newest styles, and when made of the material of the gown itself, will be very refined and ladylike in its appearance. Just at the present moment the greatest rage seems to be for the long three-quarter-length cloak, or cape, of a similar shape to those made for our royal ladies, in cashmere, for their mourning for the Duke of Clarence. They have a yoke, from which falls the cloak in a Watteau pleat or two at the back; or else they are cut in a simple circular shape, which allows of their hanging in graceful folds, and yet fitting snugly to the shoulders. There is a fold in front and two slits for the arms to come through. The collar is very high, and there is much lace used about the shoulders, either as a cape or a pointed yoke. Much jet is employed on them, whether as yoke trimmings or all round the skirts as a flat galoon, and some of the newest are furnished with a very deep flounce of lace round the bottom, put on full, which is repeated round the shoulders. The lace used is of all sorts, and the imitations now produced are both beautiful and expensive.

PRINCESS GOWN TRIMMED IN FRONT.

Point de Vénise, in white and black, seems the most popular; but Chantilly and Malines are found, which are closely copied from the originals, and look, I think, fully as well as the first-named.

The "Covert Coats," in tan-coloured cloth, or cinnamon and drab, are very popular. They are exactly on the lines of a gentleman's coat, and have the same big pearl buttons and double-breasted front. The backs are plain and straight, or cut like a man's coat. Then we find a number of jackets with the Watteau pleat at the back, and a very long bow and ends, tied just below the collar, or the back is plain, of the shape advertised as the "whole back" jacket. The favourite material for both the cloaks and lighter jackets for the spring is serge, of a coarse diagonal kind and rough texture. This is largely trimmed with lace and jet, and forms a very stylish mixture, the dull surface of the serge showing off the lace and jet. The jackets, as well as the cloaks, are lined with figured silks, brocaded and striped with coloured flowers on them, or grey brocades, the lining forming a great feature.

There are two kinds of bonnets just now, *i.e.*, the very very small, and those of a medium size, and of the hat or "opera-hat" shape—as it was called in the early days of our gracious Queen—when it was bedecked with the largest of feathers, and had the most flaring of brims. The new example is very small. The foundation is made of jet, and lined with a colour. The bonnets even which are made for matrons are very tiny, and the fact of their having strings is the only thing which distinguishes them from caps. These strings are a little wider, and measure probably an inch and a quarter in width; but they are very long, and reach below the waist when tied. Small hats have higher crowns, and so have large ones; and there is a general tendency to make the trimmings high, both in the back and in the front. The very huge bows of velvet and silk are still used on the hat, and are often lined with a bright colour. Large puffed bows of silk are also worn, and silk quilled edges, as well as narrow box-pleated ruches, are laid on at the edges of both hats and bonnets. All the newest shapes in small hats find a place in our illustrations.

In spite of all sensible people's objections to them, we have undoubtedly to look forward to, and, in fact, are in the middle at present of, a period of trained skirts, both for evening and morning gowns. With them the sacque, or Watteau pleat, has come in, which appears on everything with or without a bow and very long ends. The sacque pleats can only be worn by upright people, or else they look very bad indeed, and unless arranged by a clever dressmaker they have a clumsy appearance.

A very great novelty has shown itself in the immensely long veil, which is deep enough to extend below the waist to the knees, and wide

THE NEW CAPE.
(*Paper pattern.*)

enough to go all round to the back of the bonnet or hat. The centre is of plain net, with a figured border at the edge.

The paper patterns for the month are two in number, *i.e.*, the cape with three tiers, and the "Princess Gown" as illustrated. The cape with three tiers is made of cloth, or of the material of the gown, when thick enough. It will require one yard and a half of wide-width material to cut it out, and the plain princess gown from five to six yards.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

VARIETIES.

Both Wrong.

Bridget (to lady of the house): "Axin' yure pardon, mum, but might I be ahfter askin' what thim things is in the picture?"

Mistress: "Certainly. Those are Raphael's cherubs."

Bridget: "Indade! an' thin we was both wrong. I said they was twins, but Nora would 'av it they was bats."

Not Eloquence, but Prayer.—It is told of a famous preacher in the Middle Ages, whose sermons converted men by scores, that he once received a revelation from heaven to the effect that not one of the conversions was due to his talents or eloquence, but all to the prayers of a poor man who sat on the pulpit steps pleading all the time for the success of the sermon.

The Young Housekeeper.

A newly-married lady, who recently graduated from Girton College, is not well posted in household matters. She said at the Stores the other day—

"I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago and they were very fine. Have you any more like them?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the assistant; "there are ten of those hams hanging up there."

"Are you sure they are all off the same pig?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then I'll take three of them!"

The Joyful Christian.—It is a common error to suppose that a melancholy countenance is the index of a gracious heart. Cheerfulness is to be recommended to all who would win others to a religious life; not levity and frothiness, but the loving ways of a genial, happy spirit. "There are more flies," says a popular preacher, "caught with honey than with vinegar."

Hope.—Hope is the only tie which keeps the heart from breaking.

Borrowed Books.

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, when once they're lent,
Return to me no more.

Palaces for our Souls.—Few of us know what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought, proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us, houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.—*John Ruskin.*

In the Honeymoon.

"That was an awful fate that befell Lot's wife," said a young wife, looking up from her reading. "It was," said her husband; "but it could not have befallen you, my love."

"Why not? I would just have been as likely to look behind."

"But you couldn't have been turned into a pillar of salt, dearest."

"Why not?"

"You would have been turned into a pillar of sugar."

And yet there are some melancholy people nowadays who contend that marriage is a failure.

A Talkative Young Man.

Some people are too talkative by half. A young man was once sent to Socrates to learn oratory. On being introduced to the philosopher he talked so incessantly that Socrates asked for double fees.

"Why charge me double?" said the young fellow.

"Because," said the orator, "I must teach you two sciences—the one how to hold your tongue, and the other how to speak."

Friendly Counsel.

A peasant having climbed up into a chestnut tree to get chestnuts, fell in descending, and broke a rib.

"If you had consulted me," said a sour wit who saw him in this condition, "you would never have met with this accident. But my counsel may perhaps prove of service to you in the future. It is never to come down more quickly than you go up!"

A Good Wife, but a Stranger.

The sister-in-law of a celebrated artist who died recently tells the following story—

She met a farmer friend one day and said to him, "I hear, John, that you're lately married. Who is your wife?"

"Weel, Miss Benning, I doan't quite know."

"How so? Where did you meet with her?"

"Aweel, ye see, miss, I went to t' market, and as I was going I seed a canny lass warking along t' road, and I says, 'Will ye get oop and ride?'

"'Ay,' says she.

"So she gat oop, and I asked her, 'Are ye gangin' to t' market?'

"'Ay,' says she.

"'What for?' says I.

"'To git a plaace,' says she.

"So I set her down in t' market and left her; and as I com' back i' t' evening, there was this same lass warking t' saame way oop hill. So I spak to her again, and axed her, 'Ha' ye gotten yer plaace?'

"'Nay,' says she, 'I hinna.'

"'Will ye git oop and ride?'

"'Ay,' says she.

"So she got oop, and I axed her, 'D'ye think my plaace would suit ye?'

"'What plaace is that?' says she.

"'Why, to be my wife,' says I.

"'I doan't mind,' says she.

"So we got wed, and she's a rare good wife, but she's a parfect straanger to me."

MISS FANNY; A STORY OF YOUTHFUL LIFE.*

ADAPTED FROM THE DANISH.

By ANNE BEALE.

PART III.

HOW MISS FANNY WAS FURTHER "SET A-GOING."

IT was pleasant to see how amiable and condescending Miss Fanny became on this bright summer afternoon. She felt that it was a meritorious thing, in a distinguished young lady like herself, to spread her protecting wings over a frail little person like Morten, and when her eyes fell on his bare legs and poor clothes, she felt immensely grand, and whispered to Peter—

"We must be kind and proud to Morten." Peter stared at her in downright amazement. He did not understand how any lady could be proud to Morten. But Miss Fanny continued with undiminished generosity—

"We must look for something to amuse him." Peter agreed readily to this proposal, and set to work at once by heading a procession to the shore. Here was plenty to do; shells and pebbles to gather, and the game of "touch" to play with the little billows as they came splashing up the sands with foaming backs and fierce manners. These billows were so frolicsome that at one moment they seemed about to swallow the children up, hair and skin and all; while the next they halted and winked and swam back again with waggish smiles, ready to begin the game afresh. Their mirth was so infectious that Miss Fanny forgot her last bit of dignity, and laughed so gleefully that no one who was not better informed could have supposed that this elegant young lady was generously devoting herself to the amusement of others.

Peter displayed a wonderful talent for making everything as laborious as possible; Morten laughed with all his heart, and Mette managed adroitly to get into everybody's way.

It was low water, and on the sloping sand lay a little boat tied to a stone. It looked so inviting that they had no choice but to scramble into it. Even Miss Fanny laid aside all elegant considerations, and climbed up with the others. She was quite set a-going now. But Mette found there was an end to her sport, and gave herself up to the more solid enjoyment of cropping the tufts of grass from among the stones.

The day was waning fast, but it was much too amusing to sit at the bottom of the boat playing at sailing out into the wide world, to think of turning homewards. So they sat on till the evening sun shed his golden rays upon them; just as lovingly on the child of poverty as on those of wealth; for the sun makes no distinctions.

The spirits of air and water were also making sport above and beneath them. The spirits of air were heaping up black cloud masses on the horizon ready for giant castles—for they, like the children, knew how to build castles in the air—and the spirits of water were rollicking in with the high tide, and playing at hide-and-seek beneath the little boat. In their fun they actually lifted it from the sands. The air grew heavy and oppressive; Mette began to bleat, but still the three little adventurers played on as unconcernedly as the wavelets on the deep sea.

"What are we to do out there?" asked Peter.

"Out there the fairies will come and give us our hearts' desire. They always do in the story-books master reads to us," answered Morten, who was experienced in such matters, and had talked them over with the old clock on the wall.

"What are our hearts' desires now?" asked Miss Fanny.

"You must build us a great house where we may all live together, and Mette too," replied Morten. "There must be a drawing-room with red walls and green window-frames; a clock on the wall—but that I shall provide—a turn-up bedstead, which is the most useful piece of furniture in the world, because you can sit on it, lie on it, and keep your goods in it; and two or three cocks and hens." Here Morten heaved a little sigh, and added modestly, "And then it will be best for you and Peter to get married, for it would not be worth your while to have me. I will take care of your children, and look after Mette and the poultry. But you must let me live with you always, for I am but a poor little boy, as you know."

Morten turned such an appealing glance on his companions, that Miss Fanny hastened to reassure him.

"You may be sure that we will, Morten. You shall have a blue suit like a midshipman, with a dagger in your belt, and an anchor in your cap."

"And you shall drive in a coach and four, Morten," added Peter. "They shall be the finest horses you ever set your eyes on."

Morten did not quite like the uniform, and preferred his red cap; but he had no doubt about the horses, and told Peter he should do just as he liked.

"Up, then; rig the boat; unfurl the sails!" cried Peter, who never lost an opportunity of displaying his talents for technical phrases.

As he spoke he jumped upon one of the planks, waved his hat, and rocked the boat with might and main. But the words died on his lips when he perceived that the boat was, in truth, unexpectedly afloat. The rope was detached from the stone, and she was gliding with frightful rapidity out into the open sea. The sun withdrew behind a cloud, a squall came on, heavy raindrops fell, and a distant rumbling foretold that the spirits of the air were about to turn their jests to earnest. Mette was trotting about nervously on the shore, and bleating piteously, while the boat floated farther and farther out upon the deep waters.

As the roses faded from Miss Fanny's cheeks, Peter summoned back his fleeting energy, and called for help with all his might. But the only answer was a mighty thunder-clap. Down poured the rain, and they could no longer see the shore. Peter seized the oars, but had not power to hold them. So they drifted on the crest of the ever-swelling waves, till his courage forsook him, and he sat down with two big tears rolling down his cheeks. Miss Fanny was white as a corpse, but too terrified to shed tears.

Still the rain poured down in torrents; clap on clap of thunder echoed; the lightning flashed, the dark waves rose high; while in the midst rocked the frail boat holding the three little children.

"It is all my fault," sobbed Peter.

"Our Lord will help us," said Morten, who had sat quiet and patient through the tempest, although so young and feeble.

There was a tone in his voice that roused Miss Fanny. She moved closer to him, and put her hand in his; while Peter glanced up through his tears, and began to understand that the poor feeble Morten could be strong where *he* was weak.

"Do you think He will help us, Morten?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, I believe He will," was the reply. "It has all happened because you stayed with me, and the Lord likes us to be kind to one another. He will surely help us if we ask Him heartily."

"Will you ask Him, for I cannot?" entreated Peter.

Morten folded his childish hands and prayed devoutly and simply to that Lord who is the comforter both of strong and weak in their hour of need; and He heard his feeble voice. Scarcely had he uttered the last words of his prayer, when a shout echoed from the shore, which seemed to them like the voice of a delivering angel.

"It is father!" cried Peter, springing to his feet and answering with his powerful young voice, that rang across the sea.

Again came the shout, and again Peter answered with all the strength of his lungs, gazing through the darkness. But Miss Fanny had laid her head on Morten's shoulder, and folded her arms round his neck, he having taken off his poor jacket and placed it over her. He had even put his beloved red cap under her as a cushion. And the little lady, who awhile ago had felt herself so superior, now rested her head against a poor little fellow whose only possessions were a loving heart and childish faith. But the same Lord who had heard Morten's prayer saw the head on his poor shoulder, and doubtless pretty Miss Fanny found favour in His sight.

Nearer and nearer sounded the call; louder and louder answered Peter. At last a boat reached them, and a pair of strong arms lifted them into it, one after another. It was the count. He had come out to look for them, and when the tempest broke, wandered hither and thither in search of them. At last Mette's pitiful bleat led him on the right track.

He sat silent, vigorously pulling at the oars. Not a word passed his lips till they were safe on land. Then he flung his arms round the pair nearest his heart, and wept like a child. Neither was Morten without his greeting. Mette stood upon her hind legs and laid her fore-legs on his shoulder, while Morten threw his arms round her neck, pressed his head against her rough coat, and cried for joy. Was not this an embrace? Truly Mette deserved it, for she had a faithful heart, and had shared in his rescue.

When the count had recovered himself, he also came up to Morten, stroked his cheek, and said in tones that went to the boy's heart—

"You have shared danger and anxiety with my children, and I shall not forget it. God be thanked it is in my power to give you joy in return. Go home now for this evening, my child."

The children of the manor returned to the rich house, Morten to the poor hut. When he laid his head on the pillow, it was heavy and weary. But the clock on the wall greeted him cheerily with its tick-tack; the ship once more bore him away on the rocking billows, and the fairies trooped in, pointing to a light

* This story was originally translated by Augusta Plesner, but never before published in English.

in the distance; but whence came the light, or whither it led, Morten could not make out, because it dazzled and flickered.

The next afternoon Peter and Miss Fanny wandered down to the shore with light hearts and bright faces. They bore kind greetings from the count to Morten. So it was not for nothing that the fairies had pointed to the light, since the count was a good man, and when he stretched forth his hand, it never stopped half way. Morten's fortune was made.

But neither Morten nor Mette was to be seen on the beach. Peter shook his head doubtfully, for this had never happened before. As the flower is a part of the meadow, so was Morten a part of the beach to Peter. The children went silently to the hut where he lived. There he lay all alone, with wandering eyes and a glowing rose on either cheek. The peasants had neither heart nor wish to give up work for such a poor little fellow, who paid so badly. When he saw his friends he said excitedly—

"Thank God you are come! Help me, for it rocks up and down so that it makes my head ache. See! they all stand far off, and stretch out their arms, but cannot reach me."

Morten was wandering in fever, and Peter and Miss Fanny ran home perplexed and sorrowful. The count sent in haste for a doctor, and Miss Lœrke packed up a basket of dainties enough for sick and sound, and despatched it by one of her trusted servants, charging her to nurse Morten till other help came. Peter was so touched by this, that he took Miss Fanny aside, and solemnly declared that they would never again say an unkind word of Miss Lœrke, but live with her in eternal peace and love.

Many days passed, and Morten grew worse and worse. Again and again he went on board the little ship in the old clock, in which he had made so many pleasant trips; but now it tossed him about so wildly that his head whirled and his thoughts rambled. The distant light and the fairies, too, stood so far away that he could not reach them, and his eyes were dazzled when he tried. The peasants said he was nursed as tenderly as if he were a lord's son; but he was unconscious, and could not enjoy it.

At first Peter and Miss Fanny might not go near him, because the doctor feared infection. They spent the days planning what they could do for him when he recovered. Peter had abundant gifts to bestow upon him, and Miss Fanny pondered over a scheme on which she could come to no conclusion—whether she should kiss him when she saw him next.

But at last the doctor said there was no infection, so Morten's two friends were allowed to visit him.

It was a lovely summer's afternoon, and just the hour when Morten had been wont to watch for Peter on the shore. Now he lay on his bed weak and quiet, his face more wan than ever, and his breathing—always so short and hard—fainter than the last dying breath of evening; but in his eyes were rest and peace.

"Now I can return you loving thanks for all you have done for me," he whispered, holding out a hand to each of his friends as they stood on either side of his bed.

All Miss Fanny's doubts vanished. She bent over him and kissed his lips. The bright brown eyes, undimmed before, swam in glistening tears. Peter laid his head beside Morten's, and could not speak a word. Morten turned towards him, took his little faithful hand, and whispered again—

"You must take my half of Mette."

This was Morten's will, and when he had made it, he turned a dying look upon the old clock on the wall, and moaned in broken words—"Now I will sail out into the wide, wide world. There is light, and the fairies are there."

"When the room is still a fairy flies through it," says an old proverb. An angel flew through that poor chamber, and bore away Morten's soul to realms of joy. The light broke to which the fairies had been pointing, the old clock struck, and rang him mournfully into Heaven. Peter and Miss Fanny sat motionless on his bed, believing that he slept.

One week later a small coffin was carried from the hut on the shore. It was only a little charity boy, still there followed as chief mourner the count, holding Peter and Miss Fanny by the hands. Their eyes were swollen with weeping, and his filled with tears as they lowered the coffin into the earth. This was all the joy that God had left in the count's power, who had hoped to do so much for the poor boy who had shared his children's danger. He thought humbly of this as he stood with head bare and lowly bent beside the little grave.

In the evening Peter and Miss Fanny went secretly to the churchyard, leading Mette between them. At Peter's request, the count had purchased her. As no one had followed Morten so faithfully in life as Mette, she was to join in bidding him farewell; and she stood by the new-made grave as if lost in silent grief.

"Fanny, we have now each half of Mette, and she is the prettiest little creature the eye ever looked upon," said Peter solemnly.

Poor Mette was still matted and dirty, and Peter was not blind to the fact, so, while bursting into a fresh flood of tears, he added—

"She shall be combed and made as fine as a princess, for she needs and deserves it."

Miss Fanny did what Morten had done—she laid her head on Mette's shaggy body and wept.

Thus the sun set in golden radiance on the last evening of Miss Fanny's visit.

She left the honest Jutlanders for Copenhagen by steamer, an elegant young lady still, and quite restored to health. Her girl friends thought she had grown countrified and wild; and the midshipmite feared she had developed a taste for low society, because, whenever she met a poor little boy with thin legs and wan face, her eyes grew moist, and she would slip away to give him all the small coin she possessed. This certainly could not have been better spent.

Meanwhile, in the hut on the Jutland coast, the old clock continued its steady, trustworthy course; the ship beckoned and sailed out as it had ever been sailing, and the fairies came in the hush of night and sang—

"Tick-tack, tick-tack,
Little one, come with me.
The ship shall sail with pick and pack,
Over the deep blue sea."

And the ship still sails away—away, whenever she has anyone to sail with her.

ECONOMY: THE RIGHT SORT AND THE WRONG.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

ECONOMY is a subject worthy at all times of consideration, but especially so in England in the present day. As the population increases, the professions become more and more crowded, agricultural pursuits less and less remunerative, and the lower classes less and less willing to do what has been hitherto considered a fair day's work for a fair day's wages, the position of persons in the middle or upper classes, with moderate and fixed incomes, must evidently day by day prove more difficult and embarrassing. For heads of families the outlook is distinctly gloomy. How to place boys in the world so as to give them a reasonable opportunity of earning their living in the station of life to which they are born, is a problem in many cases almost insoluble. How to dispose of daughters who have no yearnings after Girton, betray no tendencies towards an art career, and fail to display the patience and self-denial necessary to qualify them for hospital duties, puzzles many an anxious mother, who plainly perceives, that if she marries one out of the blooming group around her she may esteem herself fortunate. Unhappily, at the very time when the means of living are more than usually difficult of attainment, custom demands more expenditure than of old in "keeping up appearances." The many pretty decorative fashions which are the rule rather than the exception now in middle-class houses, are esteemed daily necessaries, where formerly they were occasional luxuries. The number and style of dresses and hats required by young ladies who have left school, if they are to mix on equal terms in the society of their class, produces a serious item in the family bills. The flowers for the table, the palms and ferns for the drawing-room, the hundred and one pretty knick-knacks scattered about not only sitting-rooms but bedrooms, though often tasteful and refreshing to the eye, cannot be supplied without money. Then there is a perfect rage for "amusement" among the young people. They must have "society" of some kind in the evening: just as it is found necessary to furnish the poor with penny readings, concerts, and entertainments, if we would keep them out of public-houses and music-halls, so in the classes above them dissipation in some shape or form is voted absolutely indispensable. The days when the girls were content to sit at home and work while the father or mother read aloud, or when the sisters played their brothers' accompaniments, and the parents listened, pleased, and proud of their children's accomplishments; when a "party" was a great event, and chess or other games supposed to furnish sufficient diversion if reading, work, and music palled, are certainly gone for the present if not for ever, in town more particularly. We may regret it or not, but such is the fact; and frequent concerts, little dinners, and evening "at homes" all cost money. The girls must have cabs and fresh gloves if they go out, and the most simple refreshments cannot be supplied to guests without some cost. Truly, the situation of a married lady of limited income is in these days no sinecure. We have no doubt that many of our readers are anxiously pondering over ways and means, desirous to do their duty to God, as well as by their husbands and children, but hopelessly puzzled how to effect a reduction in the expenditure, which they plainly perceive will

soon become, if it be not already, beyond their means. Perhaps a few simple suggestions may be of use to such "married girls," as well as to distressed maidens, who find themselves bankrupt long before the day for the payment of their "allowance" has come round.

The first principle to lay down is—live within your income, and cut your coat according to your cloth. Persons of fixed income, (for whom this paper is meant,) have of course no difficulty in ascertaining its precise amount. Take a sheet of paper and write down the amount; then consider what proportion it is your duty and desire to set apart for God's service in some shape or form. If you are a wife, of course this can only be done in union and consultation with your husband; and if he objects to the proceeding, you are not responsible for the neglected duty; but for the sake of argument, we will suppose that you do this. You perceive that you must subtract this sum from your total income, and regard the remainder as the whole of your available funds. You will find this arrangement a great comfort and convenience in every-day life. In distributing your charities, you will be able to discriminate as your conscience dictates between the spiritual and temporal demands of your neighbours, between the claims of home and foreign missions. You will feel no anxious fears lest you are doing wrong, when you are obliged to deny requests for assistance, because your resources are exhausted, for you will always know what you have in hand, and how long it must last; you cannot give what you do not possess, and we are bound to be as careful to use rightly and wisely the funds we dedicate to God's service, as those we expend on ourselves. We are but stewards after all, and should not regard ourselves in any other light.

We turn now to what we call "our own," as distinct from our "charity" purse. We know it will be difficult to make both ends meet, and we wish to make its contents go as far as possible. We take it for granted that you are firmly determined not to run into debt, happen what may. Debt is not only a burden which ruins the peace of the debtor, but it is using other people's money without their consent; and the difference between that and dishonesty appears to us extremely difficult to discover. It is clear, then, that if we cannot stretch our income to cover our desires, we must contract our desires till they are commensurate with our income. If we will have show at any price, we must do without comfort. If we indulge our bodies, we must starve our minds. If we are extravagant in one direction, we must be parsimonious in another to make up. A few details will explain our meaning. Mrs. A. feels it necessary to live in a "good" neighbourhood; she wishes, it may be, to be near wealthier friends; she believes it advantageous to her children's prospects, or necessary to her husband's professional success. Very well; she may be quite right to do so, but she must bear in mind that she spends more than the legitimate proportion of her money on rent and taxes, and must spend less in dress, or holidays, or servants, or housekeeping, to make up the difference. Miss B. is going on a visit to rich friends or relatives; she feels it necessary to provide herself with a greater variety and a more costly sort of *toilettes* than she would have thought of procuring for home use. She knows she will incur countless little expenses while away which she most carefully avoids at home; yet she decides that on the whole it is desirable to go. It may not be extravagant; change of scene and society are as good for poor girls as rich ones—perhaps more essential, as their ordinary life affords them little enlivenment; but she should recollect that the money thus expended must be made up by strict self-denial and care during the rest of the year. Miss C. has aspirations after "higher education." She wants advantages which involve expense; she must not expect, if her parents bestow those upon her, that they can add to them the "society" opportunities and privileges which her sister, who requires no art-training, or course at Girton, may enjoy.

Another point, in considering the right division of one's income, is the importance of ensuring justice. How many parents sacrifice the daughters to the sons, or the sons to the daughters! In some homes the sons are expensively educated, supplied with sufficient—sometimes too ample—allowances, and well started in life, while the daughters are kept at home, badly dressed, poorly taught, deprived of all opportunities of cultivating accomplishments, making friends, enjoying society, or forming matrimonial alliances. In other establishments, father and mother make the girls the first consideration; there is never any difficulty in finding money for their dress, amusements, or diversions; while the boys are sent to cheap schools, and early launched into "business;" their tastes ignored, and the fact brought home to their consciousness that they are regarded as uninteresting ciphers in the domestic circle. How often, too, are the domestic resources drained by some favourite son or brother, who is allowed to waste in vice and folly the funds that ought to be saved to provide for the future of the women of the family, whom the death of the father and breadwinner leaves penniless! Again, it must be remembered that economy is not synonymous with stinginess. Some people treat their servants and *employés* with such meanness as to recall to our minds the text about "grinding the faces of the poor." We are naturally tempted, when funds run low, and an opportunity offers for getting our needlework or charing done at a charge which we know to be below the market price, to avail ourselves of it. But we should remember that we ought, as Christians, to bear one another's burdens, and resist the inclination to make capital out of our poor neighbour's necessities, by giving less than a fair return for services rendered. There is no need to be unduly lavish either. Persons who always give cabmen more than their fare, and astonish porters and servants by the munificence of their "tips," no doubt earn a sort of popularity at the expense of more frugal individuals; but, nevertheless, they might use their money much more profitably both to themselves and their neighbours. Once more; we must not be selfish in our economy. We all have our peculiar tastes and distastes. The margin for indulging them may be larger or smaller, according to circumstances; but such as it is, it should be divided equitably between husband and wife, parents and children. It is not pleasant to hear a husband, who spends a considerable proportion of his resources on choice cigars and hansoms, reproach his wife for extravagance if she fills her drawing-room with flowers, or travels by the first instead of second class. On the other hand, it is hard on a man, who is straining his energies to the utmost to make both ends meet, who denies himself all kinds of pleasure, and allows himself the narrowest possible margin of rest and relaxation, to see his wife careless and self-indulgent in personal expenditure, and eagerly snatching at every amusement within reach, regardless of cost. It is sad, too, to see parents depriving themselves of the little luxuries and comforts which old age demands, that children or grandchildren may have more to squander on ostentatious show or selfish enjoyment. The cases where parents neglect their children, depriving them of proper food and suitable clothing, to say nothing of education and companionship appropriate to their station in life, are, we believe, much less common, but we fear they are not altogether unknown. Such parents look at everything from their own point of view, and systematically stint the nursery and schoolroom expenses, that they may have more to spend on themselves. This is not just; the whole future of the children may be injuriously affected by neglect, physical or mental, in childhood.

There is another side to economy which we must mention before closing our paper. It consists in making the most of what we already possess. We have known people who would on no account buy a ticket for a popular concert, or a twopenny bunch of violets at the greengrocer's, who shook their heads at taking a cab when an omnibus was available, and were shocked beyond words at the notion of hiring a brougham to convey them to a dinner-party, who wasted ten times the value thus saved by careless use (or rather abuse) of dress or furniture. Valuable china and fragile glass will be chipped and destroyed by every-day wear, in order to avoid the expense of a cheap dinner-service to save them. Little children will be allowed to make playthings of costly presents, or rare curiosities, till they are broken or shabby. Rough boys will be permitted to turn the drawing-room into a bear garden, doing mischief to carpets, curtains, polished wood, delicate ornaments, and richly-bound books, which nothing can ever repair. Ladies will expose handsome dresses and expensive bonnets to rain, fog, or snow, rather than take the trouble of changing them, or endure the fatigue of carrying a waterproof. Girls have been known to put a wet gum-bottle on a velvet tablecloth, a lamp on an album covered with light morocco, to leave a new book on a chair by a blazing fire till its binding is irrevocably injured, or to take all the colour out of a fresh gown by first appearing in it, on a brilliant August day, on a seaside parade. It is not economy to sacrifice your health by going without the tonics, or food, or change of air, which may save you a doctor's bill, and a long period of inaction. Never give up a bird in the hand for one in the bush. Do not be in a hurry to leave a tradesman who serves you well, or a dressmaker who takes pains to please you, because you hear of someone else who gets her things a fraction cheaper. Very likely in the long run you would lose more than you save by the exchange. Do not be too eager after bargains. As a rule the old saying, "cheap and nasty," holds good. You may buy two cheap dresses for one good one, but they will probably last only half the time, and you will have to pay for making, twice over in the period. Avoid frittering away your money on trifles which give you little or no pleasure. Young people especially are tempted to fall into this snare. They buy little things which they do not want, because the shopman presses them, or because a friend buys them, or—worst reason of all, perhaps—"because they are so cheap!" Fix firmly in your mind the conviction that nothing is cheap to you that you do not want. Try to form the habit of resistance to the inclination to spend needlessly. Unexpected emergencies are certain to arise in every life. You may have to go into mourning, or to find a wedding present, to consult a specialist, or go a journey; and then what a relief it will be to have a small surplus in hand, instead of a litter of unvalued purchases in your home, and an empty purse in your pocket! In many cases, too, it is right to look forward, and strive to make some provision for the future of yourself or your family; but this subject is too large to enter upon at the close of an article, and hardly perhaps comes legitimately within its scope, so we will only add a quaint epitaph to be found in Exeter Cathedral, as a suggestive conclusion—

"Did youth but know what age doth crave,
How many a sixpence it would save."

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BURIAL OF OWEN STANARD.

How strangely the march of time may be accentuated by passing events has rarely been shown in a more significant manner than in the four short weeks that elapsed between the burial of Benjamin Stanard, with all the pomp and magnificence which money could purchase and pride devise, followed by the day, three weeks later, when Owen's marriage was to have been celebrated with equal magnificence, and this present day of the fourth week, when another funeral procession—Owen's—is passing out from the portals of the old castle.

The villagers who had loitered to watch the interment of his father's remains, and who had previously rejoiced at the festivities for his marriage, are now standing about with solemn faces and subdued voices, to watch those who are bearing him to his last home.

Not, however, with the pomp and ceremonial display of that former funeral is the long procession of unmourning mourners marked on the present occasion. On the contrary, there is a rigid avoidance of all needless accompaniments; a kind of stern simplicity that gives additional awe to the impressiveness of the event.

"Are the ladies following?" asks the young mother; who, as on a former occasion, is availing herself of the convenient height of the low churchyard wall to guide her child's tottering steps along; "I can't see from this bend. Where you stands, 'Lijah, you should be able to see."

"Yes, there are some ladies, I think," answers the youth appealed to, after craning his neck to see round the base of the hill, where the procession was just appearing.

"To think that the last time I got a holiday was to see the master's wedding, and now, before a week's gone, we're here to see him buried," remarked the grocer's assistant, swinging his legs from the top of the wall on which he sits.

"Shows you as 'tain't always the eldest as is took first," rejoins the old man, as he leans heavily on his stout stick.

"No, nor them as ain't no use neither, nor 'ave no particular wish to live," chimes in the Consumptive sadly, between his fits of coughing.

"There ain't no carriages!" exclaimed the mother, reproachfully. Then, to her baby, "That's naughty, 'Melia. You mustn't sit on the cold stone," and she took the little one up in her arms.

"Yes, there is a carriage—it's the bride's," says the assistant. "I can see it plainly now!"

There was a pause as all waited and wondered whether the bride could be in the carriage.

The first to break the silence as the carriage appeared in sight was the mother, who called out—

"Then the bride, or her as was to be, isn't in it! I heard as how she would follow on foot to-day, but is too ill. I'm telled she was that in love with our master she had loved him all her life, and was a-going to pay his debts. Bless the child! do you want to walk again? Childer never knows their own minds," and she began once more balancing the little thing as it walked unsteadily along.

"Seems it's not only children that doesn't know their own minds. If the lady loved him, why didn't they marry before, and not leave it till too late?" queried the young assistant, who was known to be in a hurry to give a practical example himself as to the advisability of early marriages. "Hush!" he said, in a low voice, "here they come! The colonel's chief mourner."

"Ain't it a plain funeral to what the old master's was?" queried the elderly man.

"It don't look near so imposing," said Amelia's mother. "How that big bell do boom! Sounds awful solemn."

"So it is—so it is," repeated the old man. "Why should we want the pomps and vanities of the world when we're gone out of it, I should like to know?"

"So should I," echoed the consumptive youth.

"See!" said the mother, "there's Sally Harlow on the other side of the church. She's all in her new mourning. It looks nice, don't it? I never did see how childer's socks runs down into their shoes," and she proceeded for the third or fourth time to pull them up.

"Ah, there's Master Paul! I hear he's mighty cut up," remarked the old man.

"He makes a splendid chief mourner," said a woman who had just come with an empty clothes-basket, which she had turned upside down to make an impromptu seat. "I suppose he's the heir now. He looks it every inch, don't he?"

"That depends," replied one of the men, tapping the ashes from his pipe. "It's a dreadful intricate will, so everybody says."

"I daresay he'll marry again," continued his former admirer. "The ladies all seems to like him! Anyone could see he's bin a milertery man, couldn't they now?" she asked, "even though he's trying to walk like a mute."

"It's in the step, you know," observed the mother; "and I think whenever you find his kind of sad look along with the milertery style, ladies always finds them very taking."

"Shall we fall in?" asked the old man, as the procession came up, and the men uncovered their heads.

The little groups parted, falling into order as the clergyman met the bearers at the gate, and the grand words fell clearly on the air and on the saddened hearts of the few faithful mourners—"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

CHAPTER IX.

SCHOOL HOLIDAYS.

It was the day of departure for the holidays at Westfield girls' school; and as the evening drew on most of the pupils had departed to their respective homes, some merely to spend their holidays, while a few, having finished their school career, were eagerly looking forward to the future awaiting them.

Two girls only remained of the fifty pupils usually to be found within Madame Marchant's highly respected establishment. These were Jeanie Stanard and her sister Beth, who were hourly expecting a letter of directions from their father as to their return to Castle Stanard.

They had been duly informed of their grandfather's death, and Jeanie having finished her scholastic routine, was to undertake the management of her father's household.

She sat alone in the deep window-seat of her class-room, where the subdued sunlight fell softly on her statuesque form, clad in deep mourning, and on her face, where it revealed the dreamy tender light in her violet-blue eyes, and the smile hovering around her sensitive mouth. The radiance also gave warmth to her light-brown hair, combed high back from her forehead, where it grew so prettily, and was then braided around her well-shaped head.

How happy the thought of the future made her! She would always be with her father and Beth—little Beth! who, though she was such a terrible child, was yet inexpressibly dear to her. Ay, how happy she was! One thing only had she needed and longed for, and that also had been given her within the last few days—friendship—a true friendship—Sybil Capella's—that in all probability would last as long as they both should live.

It was the thought of Sybil Capella, indeed, that brought the dreamy look of happiness into Jeanie's face, and of the friendship which that poor governess had sought from her—after giving various little premonitory signs, such as an earnest, lingering look at casual meetings, a letter slipped under Jeanie's bedroom door, as occasion offered or was made, presents of flowers, followed at last by an avowal of affection that Jeanie felt she could never forget.

Sybil Capella was to share that happy future with her, nominally as governess to Beth, in reality as Jeanie's friend. Her father would be sure to extend his care and affection to one so valued by his daughter, and learn to prize her for her own sake, so unassuming, bright, and loving was Sybil in Jeanie's estimation.

The class-room door was pushed open, and her sister burst in, radiant with exercise and animation.

"Oh, Jeanie, such fun!" she exclaimed, flinging herself down beside her sister, and tossing her long loose hair—"her flowing mane," as Jeanie often called it—from her face. "Madame Marchant is getting up a party for us and for her nephew and niece, Tom and Theo, you know. Won't it be nice? I have been practising my

steps. Look, Jeanie!" And she moved gracefully round the room. "At last I do think I've got into the step. I practised it ever so long with Blanche till her father came for her. She said I kept doing a hop instead of the gliding movement like what she showed me. Look, now, Jean! See if I have got it right."

Very pretty looked the child, her lithe young figure swaying in perfect unison with the step and time. Her eyes sparkled, and her intelligent face flushed with the exercise, while the rippling waves of her hair fell around her, the auburn tints gleaming as the light from the window fell upon it.

"Capital!" exclaimed her sister, as Beth stopped her gyrations. "You have caught the movement correctly."

"Well, I'm off." And away Beth danced.

"Now," questioned Jeanie to herself, "shall I tell Sybil my plan? How surprised she'll be! What should I not suffer if, like her, I had no home of my own, and while a stranger in that of others, had to work for my daily bread! Why did she so love me? It is little wonder that my heart went out to her—no one could help being so drawn."

She looked at a shabby little gold ring she wore on her hand. Beside it was a handsome diamond one, the gift of her father on her last birthday, when she was seventeen years of age. "I am glad it is such a simple ring. It stands out from others, as she herself does. How delighted she was with the pearl bracelet I exchanged with her! How sweetly she insisted it was too good for her! As though anything could be too good for Sybil!"

The servant entered with the tea-tray, followed soon after by Sybil Capella.

"Come along," said Jeanie, rising from the window-seat. "Tea is ready. How cosy we'll be!"

"What a treat!" said Sybil, with a loving glance at her friend. "No girls to keep in order, no occasion to put on the stiff and formal manners of the schoolroom. This is enjoyable!" and she drew her chair nearer Jeanie's. "But—but I cannot help thinking of what the morrow will bring forth!" and she sighed deeply.

"And what do you think the morrow will bring forth?" queried Jeanie.

"Separation," was the sad reply.

"Go on with your tea, Miss Capella," said Jeanie playfully. "Try that cake. It is very good—and don't once interrupt me while I tell you a plan I have made for a friend of mine. Will you promise not to interrupt?"

"I promise," replied Sybil, wonderingly, and obeying her friend, while watching Jeanie beneath her eyelids with a keenly attentive glance.

As Jeanie unfolded her project how Sybil might always live with her, and how, by teaching Beth—for which she would receive a salary of sixty or eighty pounds yearly—she would confer a benefit on Jeanie and her father instead of receiving one, the poor governess shot occasionally a lightning glance from her steely-grey eyes, and the vivid scarlet lips parted as though to speak. But Jeanie's restraining glance and warning finger silenced her, and she listened with pleasure and surprise to the detailed plans for their mutual happiness.

When Jeanie at length paused, it seemed Sybil could no longer contain or repress her boundless gratitude. Tears were in her eyes as she thanked her friend, and protested against such undeserved kindness with all the warmth of her partially Italian nature.

"Never—never can I repay you! I am delighted! I am enraptured! All my future shall be lived for you, as my love is now all yours! But can it be possible that I shall leave this life of drudgery, and live where you live—with *you!*" and therewith she threw herself into her friend's arms.

No letter arrived for the expectant girls that night. The following morning also passed, and their father's letter came not.

The day being warm, the girls spent most of their time in a shady part of the grounds, reading and chatting with Sybil Capella.

During the evening Jeanie slipped up-stairs to the class-room. To her surprise Beth followed her almost immediately.

"I wonder when father's letter will come—don't you?" she asked, leaning against her sister's knee and looking up into her face.

"I am expecting to hear by every post," Jeanie answered.

"What will he say? I long to see him after such an age. Will he buy us many chocolates? What fun we'll have, Jean; parties, skating, and no end of jolly things! No lessons, you know! Well, not for a long time," as Jeanie shook her head. "I won't learn if they set me any. I mean to go mad, Jeanie—right mad for a little while. I'm sure it'll do me no end of good. Do you know," she added with an almost serious look, "it might prove fatal if I had much of this—this cramming and bottling up, you know. I'm like an elastic holder that they keep putting more and more in. I bear it, but one day they'll do it too much. I shall crack—burst!"

"Oh, Beth, Beth!" her sister said, laughing, "how you do run on! No one would think you were so hardly dealt with to look at you; but I can promise you a good long run of freedom. When we go out on the heights you can do just as you like."

"Then, to begin with, I will scream at the top of my voice, and run races with Wolf. Oh, I wonder if Wolf is all right!"

"The dog was well enough when last I heard from father," Jeanie answered.

"I'm glad we didn't go just the very day all the other girls did," Beth said, jumping up, and, executing a fantastic waltz, she disappeared from the room.

Jeanie was disturbed that she had not heard from her father, and was anxious lest he should be ill, or otherwise troubled. Could anything have happened?

A servant entered, and handed her a registered letter from him. Carefully shutting the door, that she might be undisturbed, and enjoy the perusal of her precious missive, she opened and began to read.

Suddenly the happy expression on her face changed. She stopped reading, looked at the signature, then re-read what she had already perused, as though unable to master its contents. She sank on the nearest chair, and endeavoured to check her agitation while she read quietly to the end of the letter—once—twice—ere she could fully realise the facts contained in it. Thankful that she was alone, she covered her face with her hands, and for awhile kept perfectly still. By-and-by a few heavy tears found their way between her fingers, and splashed on the letter. Then she again took it up, and read for the third time as follows:—

"Stanard Castle, July 20th.

"MY DEAREST JEANIE,—The time has come when I must make known to you that which, deeply as it may pain you to read, is yet a greater source of grief for me to write.

"Through my father's death, and other accompanying circumstances, the financial position of the family is very seriously affected; and will demand from my daughters sacrifices that must be heavy to bear from the contrast to the former state of things.

"Will they, by their love and courage, smooth and lighten for me the heaviest part of my burden—the dread of my children's unhappiness, and, in consequence, their decreasing affection for their father?

"Your plan respecting your friend the governess must, I grieve to say, be given up. I will myself superintend Beth's education, and I know I may look to my Jeanie to help me where my own acquirements are insufficient. If you have, however, made definite arrangements with Miss Capella, you must let me know whether she prefers to come for the one quarter, or will take payment in lieu of a notice.

"Be ready, my dear ones, to start on Friday by the 12.2 train to Exeter. There change, and take fresh tickets to Penzarton, where I will meet you.

"Ever your loving father,

"PAUL STANARD."

"P.S.—Never fear adversity, my children. It generally comes to those fit to bear it; and if well borne, does for them what the refining-fire does for the metal—purifies and increases its value. So may you, my darlings, hope to emerge from this fire of adversity two bright and pure nuggets of gold."

Having read the letter thrice through while striving to repress the thoughts crowding into her mind and weighing on her heart, she said to herself, "This must be answered at once." So she went to a desk close by, and forgetting, in her love and sympathy for him, the downfall of all her own bright ideal plans for the future, she rapidly wrote a few loving words in answer. Then remembering she had not yet consulted Sybil; Jeanie reserved the letter till she should have spoken with her friend, and obtained her decision.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROSY-CHEEKED ANGEL must look a very queer one with the embellishment of a red nose. She had better hide it behind one of her wings. Indigestion, bad circulation, or hanging the head too soon after dinner, might any of them be the cause. We did not know "Angels" suffered in this way, to which poor humanity is liable.

BRIGHTON FAIRY.—Did you actually accept a ring from a man with your mother's permission? You should have declined it above all other gifts; and your mother might have interfered for you, and forbidden your reception of gifts from one to whom you were not engaged. It is simply insulting to you to be told that he "does not choose you to consider yourself engaged," although giving such a present as a ring. There is no "engagement finger," although there is one for the marriage ring.

READER OF THE "G. O. P." Institutions for the benefit of the blind are very numerous. Came's Charities grant pensions of £5 to blind women upwards of thirty years of age. Apply to the Clerk of the Cordwainers' Company, 7, Cannon St., E.C. Gardner's Trust, apply to Henry J. Wilson, Esq., 1, Poets' Corner, Westminster, S.W. Grainger's Charity grants pensions of £10 per annum. Apply to Clerk, Drapers' Company, 27, Throgmorton Street, City. The Painters'-Stainers' Company grant pensions to the aged blind. Apply at the Painters' Hall, E.C. The Rev. W. Hetherington's Charity grants pensions of £10 to persons over sixty. Forms of application may be had at Christ's Hospital (in October). The Blind Pension Society of the United Kingdom, 235, Southwark Bridge Road. There are many homes for the blind of both sexes, and all ages and conditions.

C. F. LUCERNE.—In Tennyson or Longfellow you will find many beautiful pieces of poetry quite suitable for reciting, and easy to understand. Many thanks for your kindly praise of our paper.

F. E. W.—1. *Zeffiro* means the west wind, "zephyr" a light wind or air. It is Italian. If found in music, the meaning of *zeffiroso* would be "airily," with extreme lightness.—2. You do not say, "The gardener *that* works in the garden," simply because *who* is more properly used when speaking of a man, *that* being applied to things. *Who* works in the garden? Answer—A man.

FLOREAT RUGBÆA.—1. The 1st January, 1869, was a Monday.—2. April 28th, 1870, was a Thursday.

QUISHYRINA.—Introduce the gentleman to the lady, mentioning both names, Mr. Smith—Mrs. Brown. Introduce the less to the greater, the younger to the elder, the lower in rank to the higher.

ST. ANDREWS.—1. Alice Carey, born in 1820, near Cincinnati, Ohio, is one of the best known of American poets. Her first volume was written with her sister Phœbe, and appeared in Philadelphia in the year 1849.—2. Sir Theodore Martin is a well-known English writer, associated with Professor Aytoun in writing. He also wrote his life and the life of the Prince Consort, which was under the Queen's special approval. He has translated much from both German and Italian.

JESSAMINE.—The child would be of the same nationality as her father, *i.e.*, Scotch.

ZARRA, LOVER OF "G. O. P.," DODINGTON, FLYING SPUR, QUEEN OF THE PUGS, and others are thanked for kind good wishes and cards.

HIAWATHA must consult the article in the "G. O. P.," by Dora de Blaquière, on "Nom de Plumes of Women." In it she will find all she needs. See vol. xi., pp. 672 and 772.

VERA can always make some trivial remark about the weather, the heat, or the cold, either in the future or the past, and smile good-humouredly when speaking.

RENA.—We can only advise you to read the series we have been giving on the subject of employments for women. Situations as companions are rare, and the qualifications essential for them many. Perhaps you might be recommended by the Ladies' Guide Society, which is mentioned in one of those articles. If you have travelled much, are a good linguist, understand foreign money, know the best and least exhorbitant hotels and pensions in the most frequented pleasure and health resorts, have good health, no headaches, good temper, and agreeable manners, you might act as a travelling companion. But you should not be less than from twenty-eight to thirty years of age.

CONSTANTIA.—1. Certainly call on the hostess after having accepted her hospitality.—2. The Indian term "pyjama" is, we believe, pronounced "pe-ja-ma"—at least, that is the name known for the article in use in this country.

MONICA.

A BEGINNER need not worry herself about "going back." So long as she trusts to the help and grace of the Holy Spirit to sustain her, she may lay all her cares and doubts about her "continuance in well-doing" and faith at the foot of the Cross. As to your comparing your spiritual happiness and all your ever-changing feelings with those of others, you err in so doing. Look to Christ, and less on your own deficiencies. "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." "He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God through Him" (their Redeemer). That true believers have often times of despondency is a common experience; but in reply to this, read Isaiah l. 10. So long as you look for happiness in yourself, you will fail to find it.

JOAN OF ARC.—1. The 24th May, 1819, was a Monday.—2. What is called the New Style was originated by Pope Gregory XIII. In order to rectify the errors of the current calendar, he omitted ten days—October 5th, 1582, becoming October 15th. In England it was not adopted till 1751, when the 3rd September was reckoned as the 14th. At the present day there is a difference of twelve days—no longer ten only.

UNFORTUNATE WIFE.—We feel for your trials, which seem to be great. But we can only say that you must look to the Holy Scriptures for consolation. "If ye suffer and take it patiently, this is acceptable with God" (I. St. Peter, ii. 20). There must be a "patient continuance in well-doing," and no "railing for railing." Continue also in daily prayer for strength and guidance, and remember that "there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," to whom you can always tell your troubles, because "He careth for you." There must be a "needs-be" that your faith and patience should be tried, or He would remove the trouble.

PRIMROSE, DOBBIN, BEATRICE, CHERRY PIE, H. B., and BOOKWORM send us contributions of poetry and prose which are generally unfit for our columns, all of them being the work of inexperienced writers.

SCOTCHIE.—The Iron Gates of Europe is a passage in the Balkans, through which the Danube flows.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—It is a very unseemly and vulgar habit to send valentines to young men. Send Christmas cards to relations and female friends if you like. It would be very impertinent of a man to send a valentine to a girl to whom he was not engaged; and is still worse taste for a girl to send one to a man. We can only wonder how it is that so many mothers have neglected to teach their daughters to be modest and retiring, and have more self-respect, judging from the letters we receive.

ELIAN.—A postal money order office set up in 1792 was little used, on account of the expense, till the year 1840. In 1839 188,291 orders were issued. The money order system was applied to France under a special convention, August 5th, 1870.

BROADSTAIRS.—1. The *Royal George* was a man-of-war of 108 guns, lost off Spithead 29th August, 1782. While heeled over to repair a pipe, a sudden gust of wind washed the sea into her ports, and she went down. Admiral Kempenfeldt, the crew and marines, many women and Jews—in all about 600 persons—were drowned. The vessel was surveyed by the use of the diving-bell in 1817, and portions of it and its cargo were brought up in 1832-42 by Sir Charles Pasley, when gunpowder was ignited by the agency of electricity.—2. The 25th August, 1871, was a Friday.

DOGCART is so called from its being used to carry dogs in the open space behind.

A LITTLE IMPATIENT.—Three meanings are given for "Millicent." One is "Thousand hundred"; another, "A sweet singer"; and another, "Work and strength."

TU-TU.—*Obit* is an old French word, from the Latin *obitus* (death). *Post obit* means "after death." The word *obit* was formerly used for death in English, but is now seldom seen, though it is in the dictionary. "An" *obit* would be the right prefix. We say "an obituary notice."

CHARITY.—You ask an extraordinary question. That your watchword should be "Jesus only" does not interfere with marriage. He is yours only, as your God and your Redeemer, your guide and preserver in this life, and the chief object of your adoration and all your hopes in the life to come, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. The latter, we are told, is an "honourable" state, and much is said in its favour, although in the terrible times of persecution it was little desirable. Our Blessed Lord sanctioned it when He attended the ceremony and the feast; and "forbidding to marry," was included in the list of evil counsels and evil doings of certain persons severely condemned. But of course a woman who has no home ties and duties could give her time more completely to missionary work in a single state.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—The author of the piece entitled "The Women of Mumbles Head," was Clement Scott.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Marriage would make the will null and void, and another should be made.

"SO TIRED!"

VOL. XIII.—No. 645.] MAY 7, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DAISY'S DREAM; A STORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS SCULPTORS.

JESSIE M. BARKER.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Now, little maiden, you have seen what happens when the river reaches the ocean with its burden. But it is not always its fortune to convey it so far. Let us see what takes place when it comes across a lake on the way."

When Daisy again touched the ground she found herself on the shore of a lake, in whose blue waters were mirrored the peaks of the lofty mountains encircling it. Flowing into it, not far off, was a river, which had wound its way through the green stretch of low lying land behind them.

"A few miles above," said the Queen, "we shall come to another lake, and once upon a time the two lakes were one, and filled the valley behind us. The strip of land we shall cross has been entirely built up with materials brought down by rivers—not by that sleepy river over there, for it flows through the lake above, and leaves all its sediment there, but chiefly by a fierce little torrent we shall see presently."

They pursued their way under the shade of spreading walnut trees until they were close to a place which the Queen said was called Interlaken—"Between the lakes." There the wall of hills opened, and they had a magnificent view of another lovely valley, at the head of which towered the snowy peaks of a granite mountain.

"Now we shall learn the secret of this stretch of green meadow-land built up in what was once the very middle of the lake. A good deal has been done by a stream which descends from the mountains on the opposite side, and still carries its load into the river. But the chief builder," she continued, taking Daisy to the entrance of the valley before them, and putting her down on the banks of a brawling river, "was this torrent, whose two branches came down from the glaciers laden with spoils."

"From that snowy mountain in the distance?" enquired Daisy.

"Yes, and from many others. You can understand how, in bygone days, these two impetuous streams, the one I told you of on the other side and this one, pushed their

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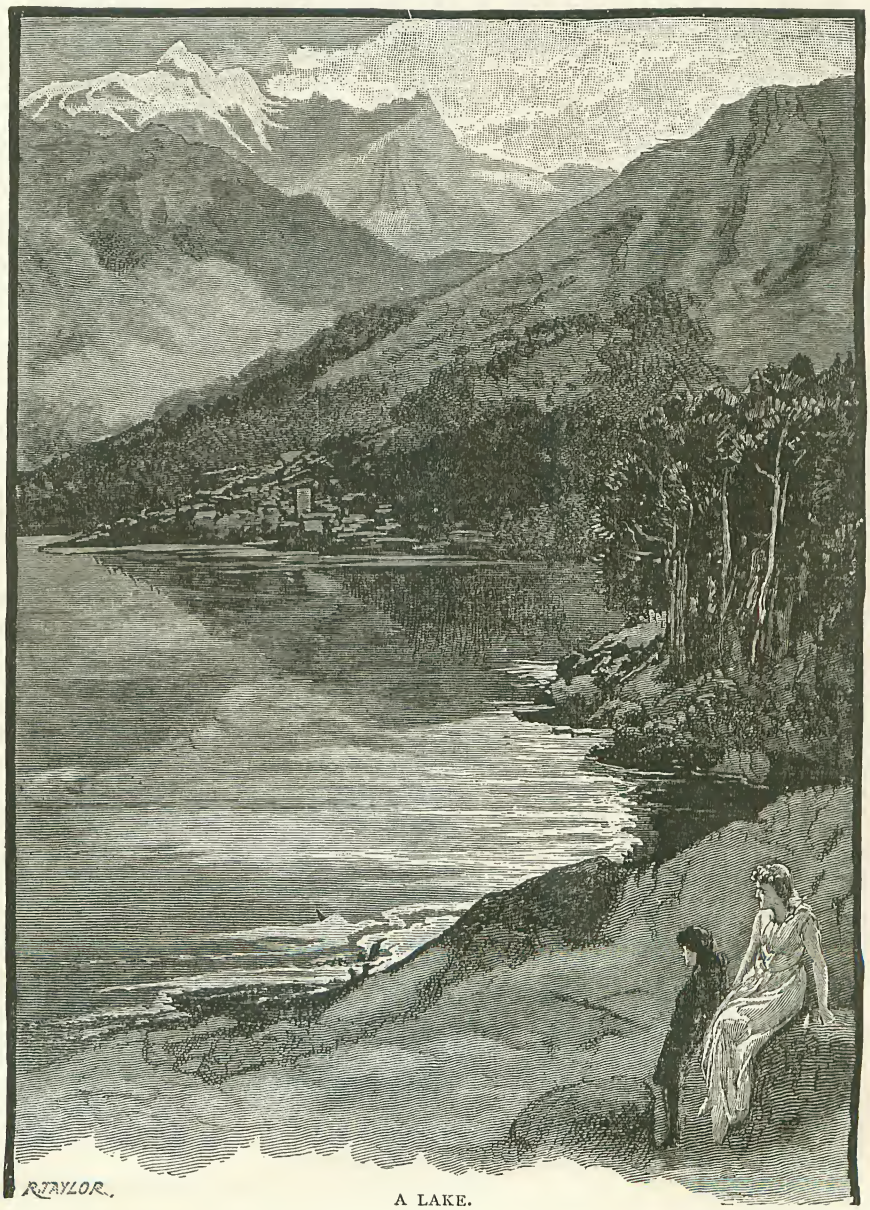
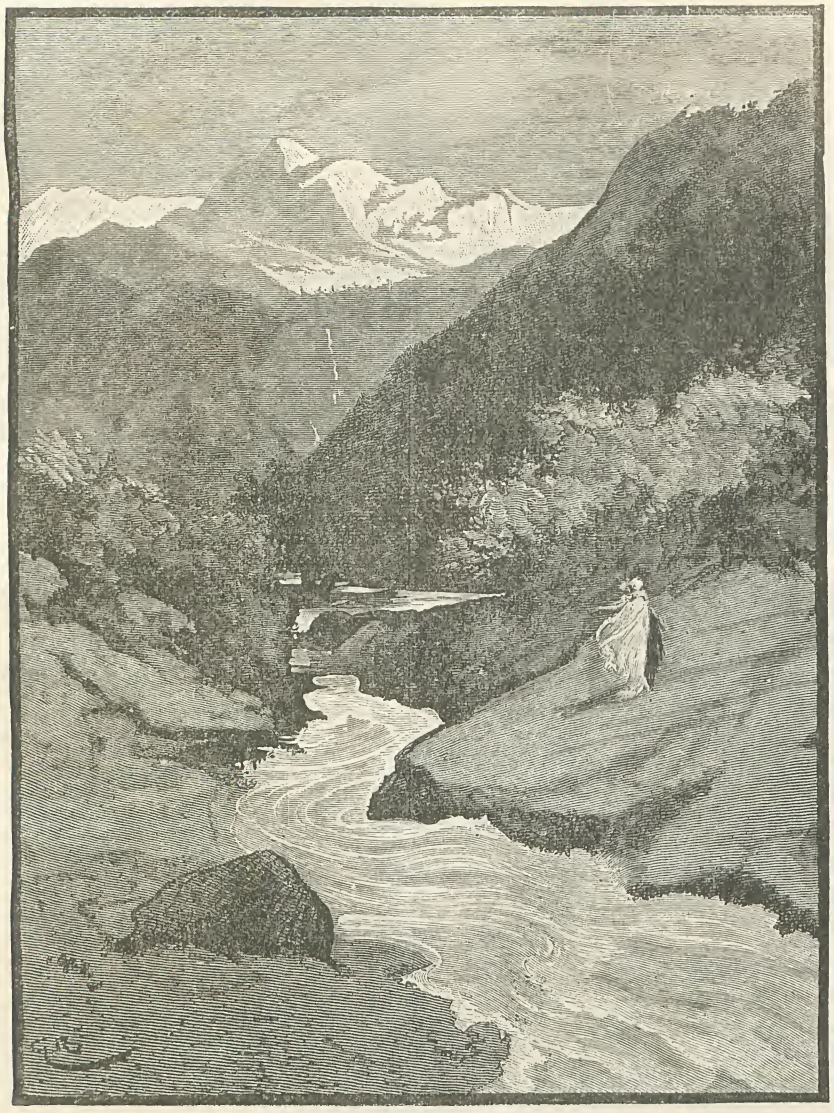


A LAKE.



SWISS MOUNTAIN RIVER.

sediment further and further into the lake, until it met in the middle. Then they proceeded to fill in the valley, and the river was left to find its way as best it might through the plain they had made, shifting its course hither and thither."

"Why?"

"Because they kept blocking its bed with stones. You can tell me why it couldn't carry them away?"

"It goes too slowly," was the reply.

"Exactly. So there was nothing left for it but to find a new bed. Well, to give you the sequel of the story, in due time this new strip of fertile land was discovered, and the settlers found it very inconvenient to have the river wandering about in this restless way, carving slices out of their meadows and washing away their homesteads; so they determined to banish this torrent, the chief offender, and undertook the tremendous task of providing it with a new channel, by which it might carry its burden into the higher lake."

Following the course of the noisy stream, they soon reached the shore of the lake, and found it strewn with rocky fragments brought down by this fierce child of the glaciers.

"You see what the stream is doing," said the Queen. "During the five hundred years or so that it has been at work here it has built up quite a large peninsula between this point and the village whose châlets you see peeping through the orchards."

They then crossed to the opposite side of the lake and sat down close to the water's edge to enjoy the calm beauty of the scene—the wooded heights and majestic peaks guarding the deep blue lake, on whose placid surface scarcely a ripple was to be seen.

Suddenly Daisy scrambled to her feet in a great hurry to get out of the way of the water, which had all at once become covered with waves, and was tossing the little boats moored along the shore.

"The storm has taken you by surprise," said the Queen smiling. "Aren't you afraid of being blown away?"

"Now you're laughing at me, for there isn't any wind at all. I can't think where the waves came from," said Daisy, looking mystified.

"It is the work of the little river on whose banks we were standing a few minutes ago. Every now and then the pile it is always heaping up on the floor of the lake gives a slip, and down go the stones and bits of rock, rolling into the deeper parts of the lake. That was the cause of the storm."

"Then the lake will soon be filled up?" remarked Daisy.

"In course of time," returned the Queen. "There are other building operations too," she continued, "which go on in lakes beyond the reach of sand and gravel and so on, brought down by the rivers. Can you think of anything else that is being stolen from the land?"

"Do you mean bits of wood, and those sort of things?"

"No, though it is quite true that rivers are carrying down remains of plants and animals and burying them in the lake, where they will be preserved as fossils. But I wanted to remind you of what was being taken away from the cave."

"Oh, yes; you mean limestone."

"Or rather lime," returned the Queen. "Now, where the water is clear and beyond reach of the sand and mud brought down by the rivers, there are shellfish and other water creatures lying in wait for this lime. They use it to form their shells and solid parts. When they die the soft parts decay away, but the hard parts remain and build up a white chalky bed, which we call marl, on the floor of the lake. I shall have more to tell you presently about the same sort of thing which goes on at the bottom of the sea; but first I want to show you a lake of a very different kind."

"What a dreadful place!" cried Daisy, when they reached their destination. "It looks as if nothing could possibly grow near it. Oh, here are a few bushes after all, and there is some fruit on them, too! This looks rather like an apple."

"I don't advise you to try it," said the Queen. "Dead Sea apples, as they are called, are not good to eat."

They wandered along the desolate shore, on which were strewn trunks and branches of palms and other trees, bleached, bare, stripped of their bark, and encrusted with salt.

"Where does all the salt come from?" asked Daisy. "Is it a bit of the sea?"

"No, and it never has been. The Caspian and several other large lakes have once been parts of the ocean, but you must find another explanation for the saltness of this one."

"I can't," replied Daisy.

"First let us see how it differs from the lake we have just left. Each has a river flowing into it, for in the distance you see the river which has brought down these trees. But in the other case there was also a river that carried water away from the lake, while this lake has no outlet, for this very good reason—that it is far below sea-level."

"Then doesn't it get fuller and fuller?"

"No, because the sun draws up about as much water as flows into it. But the salt and other minerals that the river is always bringing into it in small quantities are left behind, and so the lake gets more and more salt. Dip your finger in the water and put it to your tongue."

"Ugh! I should think it is salt, and bitter too!" cried Daisy, with a wry face. "Then do you mean that the river that flows into it is salt?"

"It is like other rivers. But all rivers contain, besides lime, a certain amount of salt, magnesia, iron, and other things, which they steal from the rocks. And here, instead of carrying this dissolved rock through the lake and on to the sea, the river has to leave it behind and go up into the clouds instead."

"And so the lake gets salter and salter?" added Daisy.

"Yes; if you went on putting the tiniest lumps of sugar into a cup of tea, it would get very sweet in time. But now let us see what all this has to do with land-building. In the winter time, and when the snow on the mountains begins to melt, the river brings down large quantities of sand and mud, which it spreads out on the floor of the lake. But in summer time, when the river is low and the sun hard at work, another kind of deposit takes place, for the water is so full of salt

that it can hold no more, so all the salt the river brings goes down to the bottom as soon as it enters the lake. The same thing happens to the other things contained in the water, and whenever you hear of magnesian limestone, you must think of what is taking place in this lake."

"I suppose there are no shellfish looking out for the lime here?"

"No; it goes down to the bottom because the water can't hold so much of it. As you saw for yourself in the stalactite cave, the drops of water were obliged to leave part of their lime behind when they began to evaporate."

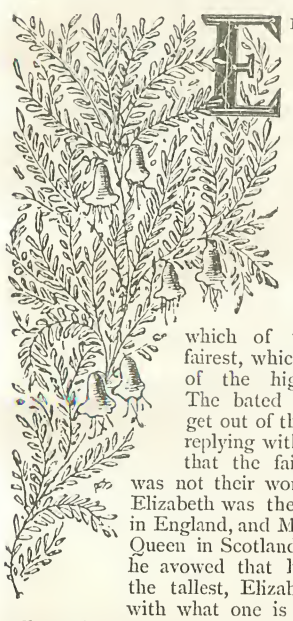
(*To be concluded.*)

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.

II. The Young Queen.—*Concluded.*



ELIZABETH scouted "that long lad Darnley," as a husband for Mary, and pressed the trusty envoy with questions respecting her beauty—whether his Queen's hair or hers was the best, which of the two was fairest, which of them was of the highest stature. The bated man tried to get out of the difficulty by replying with dry humour that the fairness of both was not their worst fault, that Elizabeth was the fairest Queen in England, and Mary the fairest Queen in Scotland, etc. When he avowed that his queen was the tallest, Elizabeth remarked with what one is compelled to call regal pertness, "Then she is over high, for I am neither too high nor too low."

The Queen took every means of impressing her cousin's messenger with her own personal attractions. Having told him that she had "weeds" or costumes of every country, she appeared in a fresh one every day, asking him which became her most. She contrived that he should, as if by accident, hear her play on the virginals, just as she had contrived, three years before, that one of the Guise princes, then in England, should see her dance. After Melville had heard her play, she urged him to say whether she or the Queen of Scots played best, and had the satisfaction of hearing the honest arbiter admit that Elizabeth was the best musician. She spoke to him in Italian and Dutch (German), in order to display her skill in languages. She wound up the exhibition by dancing before him, after she had detained him two days, according to his account, till she could find an opportunity; she then asked him whether she or his queen danced best. The gentleman answered with a "canny" reservation that his queen danced not so highly and disposedly as Elizabeth danced. The Queen, who thus displayed the aggressive unbridled vanity of the silliest, most forward chit in her kingdom, was then in the dignified prime of her thirty-first year. Moreover, she was ruling England with the wisdom of Solomon, and eclipsing all the statesmen in Europe in the subtlety of her Machiavellian policy.

In the meantime Mary Queen of Scots, with whose fortunes those of Elizabeth are inextricably mingled, was pursuing her disastrous course. Mary began by taking the hearts of her subjects by storm with her youth, beauty, and endless fascinations; but she soon alienated her people as completely. A gulf divided their religious principles and practices from hers. She had a high spirit, which did not easily brook control, and an extravagant love of pleasure. Her uncles, the Guises, exercised as prejudicial an influence over her as that by which they had swayed her mother. The younger Mary's self-will and estranged sympathies—for she was in everything French, not Scotch—speedily formed a strong party against her, a party which was led before long by her ambitious but patriotic and enlightened half-brother, the Earl of Murray.

Mary braved the wrath of Elizabeth and married Darnley, the most suitable husband that could be found for her; yet never was marriage more ill-fated, or a surer stage on the road to ruin. Darnley, not yet twenty, was a vicious, ill-mannered young fool, whose excesses, together with his rude arrogance, disgusted his high-bred, brilliantly-endowed wife. Only one bright spot broke the gloom of the wretched marriage. This was the birth of Mary's son, James VI., on the 19th of June, 1566. The news was brought by Sir James Melville to Elizabeth at Greenwich. She was dancing, after supper, when the envoy arrived, and Cecil whispered into his Queen's ear the momentous tidings. Suddenly the music and dancing ceased, while Elizabeth flung herself on a seat, laid her head on her hand, and complained bitterly to the ladies nearest to her that the Queen of Scots had a fair son, while the stock to which she belonged was barren. When advised to mask her annoyance, she did it so effectually that she received Melville with a girlish skip of apparent delight at his news, overwhelmed him with congratulations, consented to stand as "cummer," or godmother, at the prince's christening, and sent down to Scotland, as her gift, a golden font, which cost a thousand pounds.

In the August of 1566 Elizabeth honoured the University of Oxford, as she had honoured Cambridge, with a visit, and the stay at Oxford was even a greater success than that at Cambridge, for at Oxford no violent Puritan demonstration was likely to disturb the peaceful rejoicings, notwithstanding Elizabeth did not scruple to twit Dr. Humphreys, the acknowledged head of the Puritans at Oxford, with the gay jest, "Mr. Doctor, that loose gown becomes you well. I wonder your notions should be so narrow."

Elizabeth had journeyed by her old prison of Woodstock, in which she had spent so many weary days twelve years before. At Wolvercote she was met by Leicester, the Chancellor of the University, the heads of houses in their hoods and gowns, and the magistrates in their robes. The city mace was given up, and given back; the silver-gilt cup, with old gold pieces, was received. She then approached the city of towers by the north avenue "in the glow of an August sunset." Her carriage entered by the north gate, and she had before her, Mr. Froude points out, "the black tower of the Boccardo prison, in which Cranmer had lain, and the ditch where he had died." She drove up the corn market between rows of shouting students, calling "*Vivat Regina,*" to which she replied, "*Gratias ago, gratias ago.*"

Then at Carfax, where, forty years before, Bishop Longlands burnt Tyndal's Testaments, an orator addressed her in Greek, and she answered in the same language. She was lodged in Christchurch, and entertained, as at Cambridge, with plays and disputations, to which she listened with equal zest. Two comical incidents are recorded as happening when the Queen was at Oxford. In one of the plays the cry of hounds in full chase was introduced. It was caught up by the young scholars in the windows of the hall and in the quadrangle below, accompanied with shouts, "Caught! He's caught!"

"Oh, excellent!" cried the Queen from her box; "the boys, in very truth, are ready to leap from the windows to follow the hounds."

At the disputation in St. Mary's Church, a learned doctor prolonged his discourse to so great a length that Elizabeth, who was in general the most interested of listeners, sent a peremptory message to him to end without delay. In spite of it, the orator continued to declaim for half an hour longer. The Queen was the more annoyed because she had meant to speak herself, and had to put off her speech till next day. She sent another message to demand angrily how the speaker could presume to go on when she had told him to stop. Whereupon the poor man had to confess humbly that as he was delivering a harangue learnt by heart, he dared not leave out any part lest he should "lose his cue" and be brought to shame before the University and Court. Elizabeth was immediately appeased, and laughed heartily, while the lesson which she proceeded to administer to the fettered man was by example, and not by precept. In the course of the Latin oration which she made to the whole University, she interrupted herself in order to direct one of the attendants to bring a stool, that Cecil might not need to stand on his lame foot. Presently she resumed her discourse, with the same eloquence that had distinguished it from the beginning.

Elizabeth stayed five days at Oxford, sumptuously entertained to the last day. She was begged by the Commissary and proctors to accept "six pairs of very fine gloves." It is said the very town walls were papered with verses in her honour. After dinner on the last of "these bright days, Elizabeth heard one more oration, a farewell one this time," and rode away over Magdalen Bridge. As she crested Headington Hill, she reined in her horse and looked back. There lay the city and its spires, among clustering masses of college elms. There wound the silvery lines of the Cherwell and Isis. "Farewell, Oxford!" she cried; "farewell, my good subjects here! farewell, my dear scholars, and may God prosper your study! Farewell, farewell!"

While Elizabeth was thus adding to her peaceful triumphs, and winning more and more the love and admiration of her people, in Scotland Mary's affairs had arrived at a fatal crisis. Who does not know that sombre and piteous tragedy, sombre by reason of the guilt of the victims; piteous because of the youth,

beauty, and rank of the unhappy Queen? Before the birth of her child, Darnley had inflicted on his wife the gross insult of being one of the conspirators who engaged in the brutal murder of her secretary and musician, David Rizzio. Mary, in her turn, had taken a cruel revenge, culminating, in February, 1567, in the blowing up of Kirk-on-Fields, in which Darnley lay sick. It is hardly possible to believe that she was not cognizant of the deed when she married within three months, whether coerced into the marriage or of her free will, his murderer, Bothwell, the boldest and worst of her nobles on whom she had showered favours.

Then followed, in quick succession, the rising of her incensed subjects, the proclamation of her infant son, James VI., her defeat in the battle of Carberry Hill, the flight and disappearance of Bothwell, her imprisonment in Loch Leven Castle, her romantic escape, her second defeat at Langsyde, and her flight into England. She was then twenty-five years of age—the age of Elizabeth when she ascended the English throne. There can be no doubt that Mary's arrival in England was unwelcome to Elizabeth, that it filled her with extreme alarm, and that she placed her from the first in custody because she did not know how to dispose of her sister queen and cousin otherwise. Elizabeth had already been scandalised by the news of the death of Darnley, who was her kinsman and subject, and by Mary's marriage with Bothwell. The Queen had shown sufficient feeling for the murdered man's mother, her cousin, Lady Lennox, to cause her to be released from the Tower, and to express friendly sympathy with her. On the other hand, cordially as Elizabeth detested Mary, her *esprit de corps* was outraged by the knowledge of a contemporary sovereign's degradation, and the fact that she had been driven from her throne and kingdom by her insurgent subjects. Accordingly, when Lord and Lady Lennox demanded vengeance for the murder of their son, and urged that Mary should be brought to trial as accessory to the crime, Elizabeth answered coldly and haughtily. Old Camden remarks warily: "Queen Elizabeth seemed—for who can dive into the secret meanings of princes, and wise men do keep their thoughts locked up within the closets of their breasts—seriously to commiserate the most afflicted princess, her kinswoman." Nevertheless she answered the countess's cry for vengeance with the stern reminder that "Lady Lennox should not charge a crime on so great a princess, her (Elizabeth's) near kinswoman, which could not be proven by certain evidence."

Well did Elizabeth know that Mary's presence in England was that of a deadly enemy, and she did her best to get rid of her honourably in the first place. She urged in vain on Mary's half-brother, Regent Murray, to suppress the graver charges against his sister, and reinstate her on her throne, and she also urged, in vain, on Mary to abdicate in favour of her son, and to leave Murray in possession of his power as Regent, while she was permitted to return to Scotland in safety.

When everything else failed, Elizabeth had no choice save to detain Mary in custody, though the Queen of Scots did not hesitate to say that "if they kept her a prisoner they should have enough to do with her." What she asked was either help in money and arms, to restore her to her throne, or a free passage to France. Both demands were not in Elizabeth's power to grant with any prospect of peace. Mary would not submit to a legal trial of her guilt or innocence. Elizabeth had no right then, though she assumed it later, to bring her to trial, while to send her to France was to raise the French Catholics in her favour, and promote a French invasion of Scotland. The third alternative, of letting her loose in England, was to make her the centre of a hundred Catholic plots—a far more dangerous presence in the kingdom than the presence of Catherine of Aragon's daughter, Elizabeth's sister Mary, had been in Henry VIII.'s day. Mary Queen of Scots free in England, and Elizabeth's crown was not secure on her head for an hour. So untenable was the position, that though Mary could not have anticipated Elizabeth's course, and probably trusted a good deal to a personal interview and a cunning, wily tongue, it is scarcely conceivable that so crafty a politician could have expected her requests to be granted. She sought to temporise, to gain time, while she had escaped for the present from her furious enemies.

There was little leisure, in the troubles of the time, for Elizabeth to mourn for her former tutor, Roger Ascham, who died in 1568, yet she took breath to say of him that she would rather have lost ten thousand pounds than her schoolmaster. In spite of her patronage, Ascham died poor, and one learns with wonder and regret, from Camden, that the great scholar lost his means by indulgence in the practices of cock-fighting and dicing.

The Roman Catholics in England allowed Mary's misfortunes to cancel her crime, and rose on her behalf in 1569, under the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland. The insurrection was speedily put down, but it was a sign of the times, which did not increase Elizabeth's charitable inclinations towards Mary. Accordingly there began for the Queen of Scots that series of detentions in the castles of trusty servants of Elizabeth, by whom the prisoner was kept under strict watch and ward for so many years. The Pope excommunicated Elizabeth, and Regent Murray was assassinated without any material change in the attitude of the contending parties.

Elizabeth was still trifling with her suitors, shrewd enough to make up her mind to marry none of them, yet politic and coquettish enough to leave them doubtful of her ultimate purpose.

She kept the Archduke Charles dangling after her for seven years, and was exceedingly indignant when he married at the end of the term. In fact, she always resented the marriages of her former suitors. Like the fox which lost his tail and wished the loss to become the fashion, she desired that her spinsterhood should be duly honoured by the corresponding bachelorhood of her lovers. One only fulfilled the condition—Sir Christopher Hatton, whose nimble dancing of the "brawls" is said to have procured for him from his sovereign the Lord Chancellor's seals, which he used wisely and worthily enough. Light-footed Sir Christopher is reported to have been the only one of Elizabeth's many lovers who lived and died a bachelor for her sake.

For some years, about this time, a marriage between the Queen and one of the French princes, Henry of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. of France, was much discussed. With her ineradicable craving to be at least equal in all things to her royal prisoner Mary, Elizabeth showed more liking for this match than for most of the others proposed to her. Perhaps after all it was because of her restless spirit of contradiction, since she knew that her Council were not likely to agree to a union with France.

When Anjou, to Elizabeth's great disgust, withdrew his pretensions to her hand, his mother, Catherine, brought forward her youngest son, Alençon, who was understood to be more complacent in the matter of adopting the Protestant religion; but he was a mere lad of seventeen, while Elizabeth was a woman of thirty-eight, and the comment was at once made that the couple would look like mother and son. In addition, Alençon was a little fellow, grotesquely ugly. However, Elizabeth, as usual, professed to give careful consideration to his suit. Certainly Leicester's star was not then in the ascendant. There were coolnesses between him and the Queen. He was mixed up with the Duke of Norfolk's designs of liberating and marrying Mary Queen of Scots. Letters on the subject, concealed in beer-bottles, were said to pass between the Duke and the Earl. When Elizabeth's suspicions were aroused, Leicester is reported to have undergone a violent panic lest his connection with the project should be brought to light. Norfolk was the first Catholic nobleman in the kingdom; he was also Elizabeth's connection through her mother's mother, who was a Howard. The Queen always showed kindness to the Howards, and she did not suffer her Council to descend on Norfolk without giving him warning. Let him take care on what pillow he rested his head, she told him, meaningly; but the man was doomed! The proofs of his plots on behalf of Mary were beyond question. He was arrested, and tried by his peers. He walked to the place of trial with the executioner's axe carried before him, the sharp edge turned outwards; he came back with the edge turned inwards, the signal of his condemnation. After signing his death-warrant, Elizabeth revoked it no less than four times, and the struggle she passed through cost her a dangerous illness, during which Leicester, restored to her good graces, and Cecil, now Lord Burleigh, watched three whole nights by her bed. Eventually the Queen was restored to health, and Norfolk was executed on Tower Hill—as his father had been before him—in 1572.

In the meantime, Elizabeth's England was, under her fostering, unslumbering care, flourishing on every side, and recovering more than its former might. Scotland, on the contrary, ravaged by civil war, was, but for its staunch Protestantism, and its heroic reformer, John Knox, a scene of desolation. The result was, in either case, largely the work of a woman—the consequence of Elizabeth's superb sense, strong curb on her nature, and high conception of duty, where the welfare of the nation was concerned, and of Mary's undisciplined spirit, reckless self-indulgence, and unbridled passions. In England, vagabonds and beggars had been put down by royal statute as they had never been restrained before. The land was under constant cultivation. Manufactures, especially the woollen manufactures, received steady support, and throve apace. "Every little harbour sent out its fleet of fishing-boats," and trading ships began to extend the commerce, which had hitherto prevailed chiefly with Flanders, as far as Archangel, the Indies, Guinea, etc. Though young Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert had not yet started in search of El Dorado, Sir Thomas Gresham had found a model for his Bourse in Antwerp, and thought to console himself for the death of his only son by building its fellow on Cornhill, and presenting it as a gift to the merchants of London. Elizabeth loved "my merchant," as she called him, in his peaked cap and furred gown, and graced "the festival of the Bourse" at its opening with her regal presence. She first dined with Sir Thomas Gresham at his house in Bishopsgate Street, and then went in the evening, when the building was brilliantly illuminated, and inspected it with the greatest interest, bestowing on it the name of the Royal Exchange.

The habits of the people were undergoing a refining change under the sunshine of prosperity in which the whole country was basking. Mr. Green calls attention to the march of progress. Houses of stone took the place of the old wattled houses, pewter superseded wood for trenchers. Meat was taken frequently in the room of stock-fish. Carpets were laid down where rushes had been strewn. In great houses "costly wainscoting, the cumbrous but elaborate beds, the carved stair-

cases, etc., marked her increase of wealth and taste." The prodigal use of glass became a new feature in this changed England. So did the rich stuffs employed in dress, and the increased cost of living. Elizabeth had no less than three thousand robes, and we are told they were rivalled in their bravery by "the cut velvets, the ruffs, the jewelled purpoints" around her. But while masques and pastorals were paving the way for English plays, and the new old learning of Greece and Rome was beginning to be spread by the grammar schools broad-cast over the country, and the Bible in the English language was exercising a still more marvellous influence on the intellect as well as on the religious standards of the people, the giants in literature who have made Elizabeth's reign famous had still to appear. Shakespeare was the wool-stapler's son at Stratford-on-Avon simply. Spenser was still a lad, and not a particularly promising lad, at Cambridge. Ben Jonson, the youngest of the three, had not begun his scramble for education at Westminster School. Even Elizabeth's two sworn knights, the pink of courtesy and gallant adventure, Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney, had barely come into view. Raleigh, at the age of twenty-six years, was on the point of returning from a prolonged campaign in the Low Countries. Sir Philip Sidney, Leicester's nephew, at the age of twenty-two, was spending his two years of leave to travel in France. Mary Sidney, his dearly-loved sister, and Penelope, Lady Rich, who was to be the "Stella" of his *Asphodel*; Frances Walsingham, who was to be the "Pastorella" of Spenser's *Faëry Queen*; and Sidney's future wife, Elizabeth Throckmorton, for whom Raleigh was to be thrown into the Tower, were but a cluster of young girls, strangers to Elizabeth's brilliant court.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER V.

MR. CUTCLOSE had a small office in town, and he was to be found there daily during specified hours.

The remainder of his time was occupied in looking out for fresh bargains in the property line, and looking after what he already possessed. His home was a short railway ride outside Millcaster, and all with whom he had business relations were given to understand that its privacy was not to be intruded upon on any pretext whatever.

Mr. Cutclose was on the point of leaving his office one day, when an elderly, careworn-looking woman came to enquire about a two-roomed cottage which was to let. The dwelling was one of a double row of back-to-back tenements, forming a single block.

The present owner acknowledged that he had bought them for a mere trifle, owing to their wretched state of disrepair.

He judged that they would soon be condemned as unfit for human habitation. New cottages on such a plan were not allowed to be erected, and such as were in existence were already being pulled down by degrees, to make way for better.

Those of Mr. Cutclose had been built fully sixty years. As, however, they continued to stand, though with difficulty, and assisted by careful propping, they could not be removed without reasonable compensation to the owner, and to this he was looking forward.

The value of property thereabouts was going up, and Mr. Cutclose rubbed his hands in glee as he counted the probable profit on his venture. It was, however, desirable to keep the cottages tenanted, not only as a matter of present profit, but because the future compensation would be increased thereby.

At present Mr. Cutclose had four "To Let" papers on as many tenements, so he was most graciously inclined towards the applicant for one of them.

No doubt the woman was poor. If she were not, she would be seeking a better dwelling. Her garments were worn threadbare, yet they were clean, whole, and carried as if the wearer had been accustomed to different surroundings.

"She has known better days," he decided. "I have my doubts as to whether she'll be able to pay the rent. Still, there are four cottages empty, and a whole row of 'To Lets' tell a tale. People think there's something wrong about a place when they see above one."

After a further survey of his visitor, Mr. Cutclose decided that she was a person who would pay if she could, and would keep things decent.

"I suppose you haven't a big family," he asked.

"Only one daughter, grown-up, and myself."

"Got furniture for two rooms?"

"Not too much, but enough for bare needs."

A deep flush crossed the speaker's face.

Mr. Cutclose felt half ashamed of himself—a most unusual sensation for him to experience.

"You mustn't mind my asking. It's the usual thing with strangers; and you wouldn't wonder at my wanting to see for myself if you could know how people try to do me every week of my life—though you don't look that sort," he added, by way of apology.

"Why, bless you, ma'am, I've been taken into a comfortable house, spick and span as you like, furnished from top to bottom, down to a plump cat and kitten in front of the fire. I've been shown a rent book to prove that the rent was paid as regular as the week came round. I've let one of my houses to the woman that sat in the rocking-chair before that fire, and took up the kitten for the baby on her knee to play with whilst I was there, as if all of 'em belonged to the place together. I've gone for my rent at the new house—mine, ma'am, you understand—at the first week-end, and I've found nobody at home.

"Then I've said to myself, 'Richard Cutclose, you forgot to let this new tenant know your day for calling, but with such a house of furniture you're all right. Only you must make things plain for the future.'

"I've tried to peep in just to make sure, but the curtains have been drawn so close, that without going right inside the railing, and making an object of myself for the neighbours to gossip about, I couldn't do it.

"I've gone in the middle of the week, just for satisfaction, and I've found that woman with a swarm of dirty children round her in a nearly empty house, just a stick of furniture here and there, and the whole lot not enough to pay a bailiff for seizing them, let alone the rent. The only decent things in the place were those curtains, drawn close together to hide nothing, for the room was empty! I hate those white curtains, that are made to touch edges in the middle, just like poison, I do. They've lost me many a pound in rent."

"But, sir, I don't understand. I assure you I have always tried to do what is honest and right, and I mean nothing else by you. I have very little furniture, but such as it is, my daughter and I want to keep it. The loss of it would be terrible to us."

"I daresay you don't understand, ma'am. You don't look like one of the sort that go round about to cheat a landlord out of his dues," said Mr. Cutclose, who was moved in spite of himself by the gentle manner and refined speech of the woman.

"I'll tell you how I was tricked. The real mistress of that nicely-furnished house was quite well off. She'd neither chick nor child, and her husband was in a good situation. She and the woman that wanted to take my house had been schoolfellows, and had kept friends, though one had married well, the other badly. So, by way of helping her mate to get a roof over her head, she lent her house, furniture, cat, kitten, clothes to dress up, and everything else, so that I might think she was sitting in her own home, and what a nice tenant she would be. Even the rent book did not help, for the women had married cousins, and had the same surname. Ma'am, you would never guess what landlords have to put with!"

The woman had listened patiently to Mr. Cutclose's story. At its close she said, "I should not have thought such a trick possible."

"It's true, ma'am."

"I don't doubt it, sir. Now that there may be no mistake, let me tell you just how we are placed—my daughter and I. We do shirt-making for a warehouse. The pay is very small, and we have hard work to live. Yet no one has ever been able to say of us that we have spoken untruly, or done a dishonest thing. I can only give you my word for this. I could name our employers, but they know nothing of us beyond the warehouse, and I do not think they would like to be troubled with enquiries."

"Humph! I've had shirt-makers as tenants before. Very decent people, too. I suppose, then, you have a sewing-machine? Is it your own?"

Again the habitual caution of the landlord spoke. A sewing-machine, the actual property of the tenant, would be good security for a house of much higher rent than the one in question.

"It is not altogether ours. We are paying for it by weekly instalments. I can only tell you the truth. But you may be sure we shall be very anxious to complete the purchase. To lose it would be to lose our chance of winning bread."

"Yet I suppose you are on the usual terms. If you miss a week's payment, the man you got it from can take it away, and you would lose all you have paid towards the buying of it."

"That is true. The terms seem very hard, but I daresay the people who hire these machines out have to protect themselves from dishonest persons; and they do it by keeping a hold over them till they are fully paid for. The terms mean that if you go on till the whole price is paid, the machine is yours at last. If you miss an instalment, all you have paid is taken as hire money only. You lose it, and your chance of getting bread. It is awful to do that, especially when it is your only one."

The speaker's face went ashy pale at the bare thought of such a calamity. It had befallen her once, though she did not say so.

Mr. Cutclose lost sight of nothing, and concluded that the partly-bought machine was the sole capital of two forlorn women. It was his habit to defend those who, in their dealings with the poor, used every lawful means to protect themselves from loss.

He connected poverty with what he called "dodges" of every kind, and was ever looking out for some new form of dishonesty amongst his own tenants.

Accordingly, he had a word to say for the stringent terms on which sewing-machines were let out.

"The people who hire them out, and gentlemen that do the same by pianos, have their trials like us landlords. I knew a man, a tenant of my own, that hired a piano. He told me it was his property, and he actually got a loan on it from somebody else. After that, he managed to get it away on the quiet, and sold it at a distant auction room. The man was behind in his rent, but I never troubled, for I looked on that piano as good security.

"When I went collecting on the Monday, I found a piano-tuner staring at a 'To Let' paper in the window of an empty house.

"'Where has the tenant moved to?' said he to me, and I told him I wished I knew.

"'Well,' said he, 'he wrote to our people to send a tuner to-day, as the piano was quite out, and he wanted it all right for a little evening party.'

"It was out sure enough, and so were the man himself and his furniture, and I never saw him again. It was a clever move to send for the tuner to be there three days after he left. That letter kept the piano gentleman all right, and by his barefaced way of putting the 'To Let' paper in the window, the neighbours never thought there was anything wrong, as the goods were taken in broad daylight. I should like to see that man again, but I hardly think I shall. He was clever—very!" said Mr. Cutclose thoughtfully. "Sewing-machine people are cheated right and left. Their goods are pawned and made away with often. If they didn't make somebody pay, they might shut up their shops. They couldn't live."

The listener could not quite see the justice of making the honest, struggling worker pay for the thriftless cheat; but she was not inclined to argue the point. She only replied, "The settlement of these cases must depend on individuals. There are some business people who are terribly hard, and then the poor workers suffer. Others are tender and considerate, and sometimes they pay for their very kindness. All cannot be judged by the same standard.

"Now about the cottage. The rent is small and I am poor, or I would not live in such a place. Can I have it? I am tired—very tired; and I have been longer here than I ought. My time is——"

"Money, ma'am, of course; and I've been wasting it. I assure you it's not my way to talk much. I don't know what possessed me. Yes; you shall have the cottage. This is Thursday. When do you take it from?"

"Saturday next. I hope you will do a little to make it tidier? It has been empty for some time."

"That's true; but then think of the rent! A mere acknowledgment; and property is going up. Well, I'll not be hard. I'll do a little, and we'll begin rent on Saturday."

The woman thanked Mr. Cutclose and took her leave. He watched her for some moments over the office blind, and noted how wearily she walked, and how, after making an effort to step more quickly, she dropped into the old pace before she turned the corner which hid her from sight.

"Poor soul! she's not a long way off the far end. But if the girl is strong and likely, it mightn't be much of a loss if the old lady were to drop off. She can't earn much, for she's as weak as water now; and her going"—Mr. Cutclose disliked the word death—"might set the girl's hands free, and give her a better chance. How these folks stick together! It's just wonderful! It seems as if starving in company was better than living in clover apart. That sort of feeling keeps no end of them from going to the workhouse. And a good job too, for if they all went into the "house," we should have to build twice as many places to hold them, and then there would be no paying the rates."

Somehow every question that might present itself to the mind of Mr. Cutclose, was certain to be considered in reference to his own interests as an owner of property. How he could by any mental process associate the idea of "living in clover" with separation from one's nearest and dearest, and the seclusion of the "house," is more than can be explained, though doubtless it was clear enough to himself.

Mr. Cutclose was a man of discrimination in the use of words. Who but he would have spoken of the sewing-machine "people" and the "gentleman" who let pianos out on hire? It was with a fine sense of the fitness of things that he drew the line of demarcation between them. Sewing-machines were mentally associated with hard toil, scanty pay, and the lower classes—he would have said lowest, probably; pianos were signs of gentility and of leisure to some extent. In his better-class houses a piano was a part of the necessary furniture, even when it was little used; and as a rule its presence was a test of respectability, of rents duly paid, and tenants who only moved at long intervals, mostly to better themselves.

There was a reference to the property-owning position even in this nice choice of words.

As Mr. Cutclose locked his office door, he decided in his own mind that he would do a bit extra at the cottage to make it more comfortable for the incoming tenants. He had been provident enough to put on an extra sixpence a week, before he noticed so closely the signs of poverty about the applicant. He did this sometimes for various reasons.

He could earn a name for generosity by lowering the rent to that extent, if he found the tenant to be poor and yet worth keeping. Or, he could take it off to induce another to stay who had decided to leave and go into still cheaper quarters.

"This woman will be a stopper if she lives," he thought. "The place is very dirty, and she hasn't strength to scrub and whitewash even a couple of rooms. I'll see about them to-night."

It was past the time at which Mr. Cutclose was accustomed to leave town, but he actually saw his property-repairer at once, and ordered him to make things decent at No. 12, Morton Place.

"You must whitewash the ceilings, and put a very cheap paper on the walls, and get a woman for a trifle to clean down after the men. The place must be ready by Saturday, one o'clock."

The man was used to such rapid renovations, and promised that all should be done in time.

"There," thought Mr. Cutclose; "I've sometimes been a bit too soft about these things at night, and been ready to spend ever so much money for an incoming tenant; but when I've slept upon it, I've been my usual self in the morning, and saved it by waiting for second thoughts. It's queer, though, I did not want to alter my mind after I'd promised this woman, and I felt afraid of putting off for fear I should rue. She had a peculiar way with her, though she was so gentle. It seemed as if I couldn't say 'No' to her. I hope——"

What Mr. Cutclose hoped he might have found difficult to put into words. He had a considerable vein of superstition in his composition, and it is just possible that he was asking himself whether there might not be something uncanny in the influence exercised by his evening visitor. Other business intervened, and letters which he found at home put the woman out of his thoughts.

When Mr. Cutclose called at 12, Morton Place, for his first week's rent, he found it ready for him.

"By the way, I haven't got your name," he said. "It's the first time I ever took a fresh tenant and did not ask the name when I made a new let."

"My name is Adelaide Boothroyd," was the reply.

"Rather out of the common, that. I never had a Boothroyd on my tenants' list before. I shall want two-pence for the rent-book, if you please."

"I thought the landlord found the rent-books. I am afraid I have no more change," said Mrs. Boothroyd, as, with a heightened colour and trembling hand, she vainly ransacked her pocket for the extra coppers.

"Never mind. Next week will do. Some landlords may find rent-books; I don't. Some pay agents for collecting rents; I do my own work. You know the old saying, ma'am, 'If you want a thing well done, do it yourself.' That's my motto. I act up to it."

Mr. Cutclose paid a fraction of a penny each for his books, and charged twopence. He could afford to wait.

He thought Mrs. Boothroyd's manner suspicious, and guessed that she had no more money.

"You don't mind my looking through the house, I suppose," said he. "I want to see how the man has tidied it for you. I always like to know that I get my money's worth; and sometimes he shirks a bit, if he's not followed up. I couldn't see to it before you came in, being otherwise engaged."

Mr. Cutclose had no anxiety about the work, but he did want to know what the cottage contained, as the difficulty about the twopence was not satisfactory to begin with.

"You are welcome to see the place. I am much obliged to you for making it so clean for us."

"To say the truth, I went out of my way to do it, and I'm glad you're satisfied."

It was well the rooms were small, or they would have looked bare indeed; but poor as were the contents, all was clean and orderly. The sewing-machine was there, flanked by a pile of coarse striped shirts in various stages of finish.

"They've not got the work in at the warehouse in time," thought Mr. Cutclose—and he was right. "Perhaps the daughter is gone to town with part, for she's nowhere about."

He was curious to see his younger tenant, but she was not under the roof of No. 12. The poor rooms contained no hiding-place which would conceal a grown-up girl.

"I will not forget the price of the book next week," said Mrs. Boothroyd. "My daughter and I have always before been lodgers in a larger house, and have never used a rent-book."

"It will be all right, ma'am. Good-morning to you! I hope you'll find yourself very comfortable now you have a house for your own separate use and benefit," added Mr. Cutclose, with an attempt at legal language, which he thought had an imposing sound with it.

Then he departed, not a little to the relief of his new tenant.

(To be continued.)

A PANSY LEGEND.

By ADA M. TROTTER.

It was early dawn; yet the pansies, one after another, awoke and looked up.

The wind was drifting in and out the "aisles of pines" beyond the headlands. Aroused from intense silence, the swaying branches began to sing.

"It is a hymn," said the eldest pansy, softly bowing to the east as a light zephyr touched her dainty stem.

On the rock-bound coast below the tide was gently ebbing with now a gurgle, now a splash; but, above all, one heard voices from the ocean depths answering the grand call echoing from the mist that shadowed the horizon.

"That, too, is a hymn," said the withered pansy.

"In the world," she continued, "there is much to learn. At dawn we awake; soon the sun must rise. Some of you have never seen him, you know. He shines on us, and we live."

"Why should we live?" asked a tiny purple pansy, shivering in the cold sea air.

The old pansy was shocked.

"One enjoys life," she said. "Besides, there is our lesson; first we learn, and then we teach." She knew how sweet was the sunshine; her four days of life had made her content. She would have said more, but suddenly each pansy head was uplifted. A smile brightened the wistful faces.

The sun was rising out of the waves.

The mist vanished as the wild waves far out on the horizon caught the glow, splashing up against the flames of light. Soon the crimson rays darted across the rock pools; the sun rose into the blue heavens, and as the yellow beams crept up the rocks to the headlands, the little pansies cried frantically—

"It is coming to us!"

The next moment it was there. Ah! who happier then than the pansies? How they laughed in the sunshine!

"Grandmother, one enjoys life!" cried the purple pansy, which had wondered in the bleak dawn why she should live. No reply came from the withered pansy; but the little one was too busy smiling at the sunbeams glittering on the tossing sea to notice her friend. Now the wood creatures were awake, and even the rustling reeds lent their sweet voices to join the chorus of song. The pines whispered a new melody in monotone, while the waves at flood tide swelled in triumphant praise of the Omnipotent, the Creator of the heavens and earth.

The day passed on. As the sun rose to the zenith, his rays grew warmer; but the busy pansies, smiling and chatting gaily, did not droop with the heat. At length the hour of sunset drew near; the crimson disc sank behind the forest of pines.

"The sun is going away, grandmother."

No answer came to this frightened cry, for the withered face was drooping on the ground.

There was silence. The sunlight was gone. Then the pines, black against the crimson sky, stretched forth their rough arms, solemnly swaying in the evening breeze, sighing, singing. The tide lapped softly into the rock pools, while the voices from the deeps murmured far away, amidst the grey shadows which crept across the bay.

The pansies watched the shadows advance, waiting fearfully lest the gloom envelop them also, with gentle heads drooping. By the time the dreaded foe had covered the headlands they were asleep.

The purple pansy awoke presently. At first she thought it must be day again; but the light that gilded the rippling sea was pale, and gave no warmth. It was a still night. The solemn pines had swayed themselves to rest, and the wind, far away, drove the filmy clouds aslant the moon.

The pansy trembled in the silence.

"Grandmother!" she cried, wistfully, "oh, grandmother!"

Where the withered face had drooped at the sunset hour now sat a serene spirit, whose sweet eyes were almost hidden in mist-like robes, and whose wings, fluttering gently, brought her to the side of the wondering pansy.

"Have you learnt your lesson, little one?" she asked tenderly.

The pansy nodded her sleepy head.

"I heard it in the voices that sang to us as the shadows fell. The Eternal sends the sunshine."

From the sombre depths of the pine-lands came a whisper like a breath—

"And the shadows, the darkness, pain, and woe."

The spirit pansy smiled. She looked intently into the forest.

"Go on," she said to the little pansy.

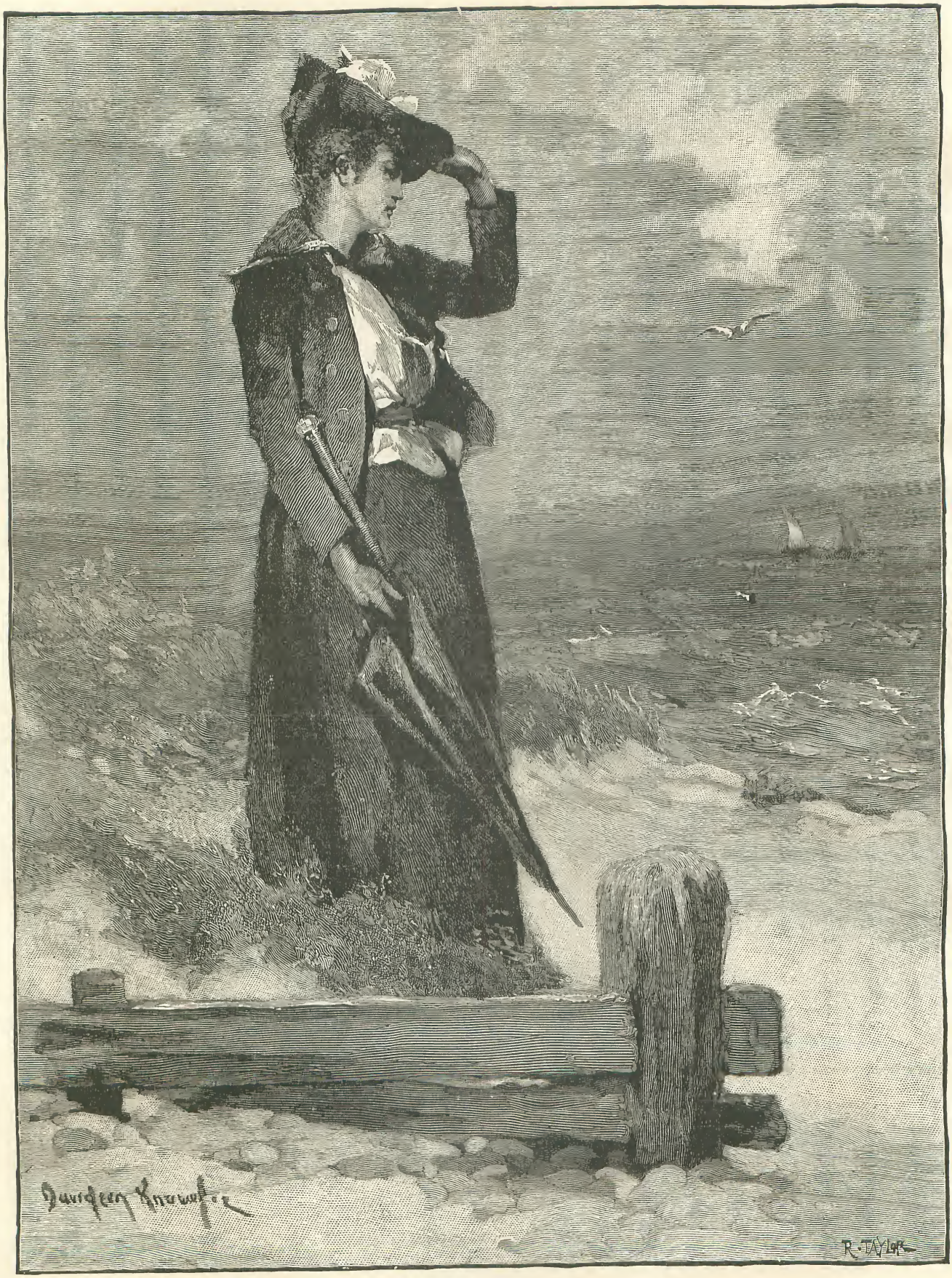
"After all," said the purple pansy, dreamily, "one can find the sunshine—somewhere."

The spirit pansy shook her wings, and floated away on the drifting breeze.

"It is a dream," said the purple pansy, nodding in sleep.

The barren pines, caught by the rising wind, clashed their rough arms and broke into rhythmic song. Voices far away in the heart of the ocean solemnly sent forth bold answer to the challenge.

Midst it all the purple pansy laughed in her sleep. She was dreaming of the sunshine.



MILDRED DUNCAN.

THE TUNER AND THE TUNING.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

I STOOD by the old church porches,
  By the old-time sleeping dead;
And I heard the tuner tuning
  The organ overhead:
And the notes seemed oft repeated
  As he touched the mournful thing:
There was neither hymn nor anthem
  That choir could chant or sing.

But I listened in the silence,
  Where the yew trees cast their shade,
Till the reeds had had their testing,
  And the final chord was played:
Then it seemed in satisfaction
  That the tuner ran them o'er,
To see what strains of music
  The perfect notes could pour.

I stand to-day in the porches
  Of the living Church divine;
And I hear the Master Tuner
  Till I almost half repine:
For the notes seem long repeated,
  And come with mournful wing—
There is neither hymn nor anthem
  That choir can chant or sing.

I stand to-day in the porches
  Of my own small temple heart,
And I hear the Master tuning
  And adjusting every part;
I will rest with hopeful patience,
  Till, perfect beneath His hand,
He wakens on earth the prelude
  Of the praise in the Better Land.

MILDRED'S MISSION.

By the Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc.

PART I.

"Our times are in His hand,
Who saith, 'A whole I planned;
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,
nor be afraid.'"—*R. Browning.*

DR. DUNCAN was a widower. He had seven children, of whom Mildred was the eldest; she was eighteen when Mrs. Duncan died, leaving the doctor a baby a few weeks old and six other children, including Mildred, to bring up. After Mildred came a boy of sixteen, a sailor; then another boy of fourteen, another of twelve; then there was a gap of seven years; then came two more boys of three and five, and then the new baby, which was a girl.

Mildred came home from school to see her mother die; a dreamy, somewhat indolent and also somewhat romantic girl, who would possibly, had her mother lived, have drifted into a useless, sentimental, lazy woman.

There were, however, some sterling good qualities in Mildred Duncan; and when she found herself face to face with a wailing infant and all these motherless boys, and a father too busy to look after them, she was equal to the occasion. There was not much opportunity for day-dreaming with all these boys to see to and a young baby to bring up; nor could she afford to be indolent in a busy doctor's house, where only two servants and an errand boy were kept; and the two youngest boys had to be taught at home, and the two elder ones to be helped in the evening with their lessons.

Mildred soon found she had plenty to do; the indolence and the day-dreaming were conquered; life, she found, was deeds, not dreams; and as for the romance, well, that lay dormant for a year or two, at any rate.

Then there came a day when Jack, the eldest boy, came home from sea, and with him a fellow-townsman, who was the second mate on board the same ship—a merchantman.

Jack's friend was several years older than Mildred; a fine, handsome fellow, who fell in love with Mildred: and just before the ship left Plymouth, where Dr. Duncan lived, he asked her to be his wife. He was well-off, and could afford to marry at once, if Mildred would have him; or he would be content to wait a year or two for her.

Had Mildred consulted her own heart alone she would have said "Yes" upon the spot, for she had grown very fond of Jack's handsome friend, who, like Othello, told her wonderful stories of his travels, which stirred up the dormant romantic element in her character. But there were others to think of; what would her father do without her, and the baby and the boys, to whom she was sister and mother all in one? It was a matter which required grave consideration, and she begged for a day or two in which to think over her answer.

On the afternoon of the day on which she had promised to give her decision, she wanted to be alone—a thing impossible for her at home, where she was wanted continually; so she put on her hat and jacket to walk to a lonely spot on the coast, about three miles off, leaving the youngest boy, her favourite, crying to go with her, and Tom, the fourth, begging her to be quick back, and help him with his French exercise.

"I shall be back to tea; if there are any messages for father, mind you write them down on the slate, Tom; and be kind to the little boys," said Mildred, as she left the house.

It took her an hour to reach the place she was bent for, and all the way she was revolving the pros and cons of her case in her mind.

Inclination said, "Go with him you love"; duty seemed to say, "Stay with your father." All the afternoon these two voices were clamouring together in her heart; they were both so eloquent, it was hard to say which was right.

Inclination said, "Why do you hesitate? Why sacrifice yourself and him to those children? Why should you blight your life because your father's life has been blighted?"

Duty said, "What will become of those children without me? Father would be almost bound in self-defence to give them a stepmother, and she might be unkind to them!"

Inclination replied, "But she might be even kinder than you; no one is missed; take him."

It was a stormy day, although the month was June; the wind was blowing hard, and when she reached her destination, a spot overlooking the sea, with Plymouth to her right and the open ocean in front of her, she found the angry breakers white with passion, tossing their spray up to where she stood with difficulty against the wind.

Out in front of her stood the Eddystone lighthouse; some fishing-smacks were making for the harbour, warned by the seagulls' cry, as they flew low over the breaking waves, that a storm was impending. Far out at sea on the horizon were some large ships outward-bound; ships which would have to face the storm, and plough their way through wind and wave to distant harbours.

Mildred stood watching the great ships and the small fishing-boats, the lonely lighthouse with its three keepers, and the seagulls; and as she looked, she thought they were all doing their duty, not following their inclination. The big ships would, no doubt, rather be in harbour than at sea in bad weather; the fishing-boats too; the lighthouse men must be terribly weary of their lonely life; but ships and boats and lighthouse all had a mission in life, and all were fulfilling it; the very gulls which appeared to be skimming the waves so purposelessly were fulfilling their appointed end in the scheme of creation, though they knew it not.

Alas! we often know as little what our mission is as the seagulls; as little do we know what appointed end the Creator has in store for us. We can but do our best, and trust to Him, and then we shall not miss the goal set us. It is, if we only knew it, the saddest thing that could befall us to fall short of the place God has destined for us; this is the true tragedy of life—to appear to frustrate His plans for us here and hereafter.

This is why to have to make a decision which must necessarily influence our whole lives is such a solemn duty; but such moments come to all of us in some shape sooner or later; and though such crises are often sudden, all that has gone before has really been a preparation for the critical moment.

As Mildred stood watching the sea, the salt wind cooling her burning cheeks and blowing her pretty fair hair into disorder, she felt this was a crisis in her life; and being a good girl, she breathed a little prayer for guidance, and an unseen angel who was flying about with the gulls carried it up to heaven.

A dash of romance is not always to be deprecated in a person's character; it is some-

times a spark of heroism which may be kindled into a noble life. Now Mildred had an element of romance in her character—she wished to be a heroine; she was one of those.

"Who needs must choose the highest when we see it, not Lancelot nor another."

And as Mildred watched the ships and the lighthouse and the gulls, she thought of her hard-worked, lonely father; of that delicate baby-girl at home, who needed all her care; of the boys, who would not know what to do without her; and she felt her mission in life was to care for them, her duty was to stay with them; the act of heroism required of her was to give up her own hope of happiness to make them happy; to sacrifice herself for them; to choose not Lancelot.

"I will give him up; I can't leave father and the children. I will write and tell him so, and post the letter before I go home," she said, with a sigh, as some large tears fell from her dark eyes.

She turned away from the sea, and, getting into a sheltered spot, sat down on the short dry turf, and taking a pocket-book from her pocket, wrote a short note, and put it into a directed envelope she had brought with her; and then, as if half afraid her resolution should fail her, she hurried back to Plymouth, posting it in the first letter-box she came to.

In spite of her hurry she was late for tea—a meal which Dr. Duncan seldom came in for; but on this occasion, as ill-luck would have it, he did come in, and when Mildred arrived, she found him with the baby on his lap, and a little boy on each side of him at the tea-table, plying the children with bread and jam to keep them quiet.

The children, delighted at the double treat of having their father and jam for tea, and half afraid Mildred would forbid unlimited supplies of the latter, called out, "We don't want you, Mildred."

"I do, though. Why are you so late, my dear? and why do you leave the house without an intelligent person to take the messages? That housemaid is no use; she never remembers to tell me who has been," said Dr. Duncan testily.

"Where is Tom? I left him at home," said Mildred.

"Gone out to tea somewhere," said the doctor.

"To get someone to do his French for him," said little Charlie.

"I am sorry I was late. I'll be down directly, father," said Mildred, with a lump in her throat, for the children's thoughtless speech and her father's complaint hurt her.

After all, did they want her? Tom had found someone else to help him with his French; the children had plainly said they did not want her; her father had complained of her; after all, was the sacrifice necessary? Would she have been missed?

Tired with her walk, and excited by the mental struggle she had undergone, Mildred threw off her hat and burst into a flood of tears, instead of hurrying down to tea. It was not heroic; but it was very natural; and Mildred forgot that it is when we are on the heights, on the top of the mountain, or on a pinnacle of the temple, that temptations mostly assail us.

Presently she heard the street-door close; it was, she knew, Dr. Duncan gone out to finish his rounds before supper; in a minute she would be beset by the children. She checked her sobs, locked her door, and bathed her tear-stained face; then, as the traces of tears were still visible, she moved to the window, and looking out, saw the rector of the parish with his *fiancée* on his arm sauntering slowly past on the opposite side of the street.

How happy they both looked: and she might have been equally happy, but for her father and those children, who, after all, did not seem to want her very much.

Just then, as if to belie her thoughts, there was a pattering of small feet on the stairs, and a knocking of little hands on the door, and a child's voice lisped, "Cissy, me want 'oo."

And another little voice cried, "Cis, let me in; I want you."

And a third whined, "Cissy, will you put me to bed, please, for a treat?"

And Tom shouted from below, "I say, Mildred, how am I to do my French if you don't come and help me?"

And Jack ran upstairs four or five stairs at a stretch, and rattled the door-handle, and called out, "Mildred, it is my last day. Send all these children to bed, and come for a walk on the Hoe with me."

Certainly she was wanted, and some fresh tears started to her eyes—tears of joy this time—as she opened the door, and was immediately besieged by the three youngest children to come and play with them.

"Not to-night; I must go out with Jack; besides, my head aches; to-morrow if you are good I'll play with you. It is nearly your bedtime"—and as the children hugged and kissed her, Mildred felt already she was rewarded.

Jack saw at a glance something had upset his sister, and he was not vain enough to think it was his departure over which she had been weeping. He half guessed the truth; and later on, as they sat on a seat on the top of the Hoe, watching the stormy sea, Mildred told him what had happened.

"I am not sorry, Mildred. He is a charming fellow, and I am very fond of him; but he is not quite good enough for you."

"Why not, Jack?"

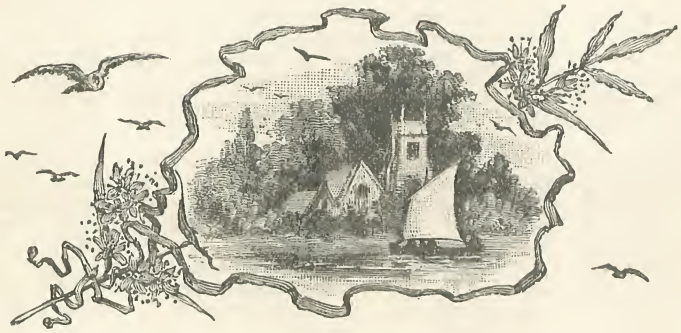
"Well, he is not at all religious."

"I am glad you have told me that, Jack, because now I have not a shadow of a doubt I did right; I was not certain before."

"How glad the dad will be; he has been in such a fright lest you should accept Stevens. He told me he did not know what would become of him and the children if you did. He thinks no end of you, Mildred; and no wonder—you are a brick."

And Mildred, having five brothers, knew that that was the highest praise a boy's vocabulary supplies, and she was comforted.

(To be concluded.)



A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER X.

"VERY SAD, BUT THESE REVERSES WILL HAPPEN."

As Jeanie's thoughts reverted to Sybil Capella, and to her own unhappy position regarding her friend, she became anxious and distressed. How was she to impart the news she had received? How dreadful must be the shock after leading her to expect so much! Must all her fine promises to the poor governess now be broken? Should she write, and so explain all to her? No! that would be a cowardly way of getting out of the painful task.

The question was partly settled by Sybil's coming into the room. Slipping her arm into Jeanie's, she whispered, "Madame has told me you go on Friday. I have come to help you pack."

"Thank you," was all Jeanie could answer.

"One of the servants has gone to see to Beth's things. Why, darling," Sybil exclaimed, as she saw Jeanie's red eyes and agitated face, "what is the matter?"

"Read," said Jeanie, handing her the letter.

"Am I really to read it? Oh, how good you are thus to trust me with your confidence," and her glistening eyes were raised to Jeanie's in loving sympathy.

"Yes, read."

"Not till I have comforted you. That is my first consideration. Whatever pains you, my dear friend, must equally cause me pain."

"Pray read," again murmured Jeanie, unwilling to receive the sympathy she yearned for till Sybil should have learned the worst.

Sybil Capella did read, and nothing could be more remarkable than the change which came over her face, atti-

tude, and behaviour. The tears dried up as if scorched by the hot anger of her eyes, as they ran over the letter, while a dark red spot grew in her cheek. The hapless looker-on saw and understood, and was stricken with grief and shame.

"Very sad," said her friend at last, in dry, hard tones, as she handed back the letter. "Very sad, but these reverses will happen. Shall I help you to pack before I see if Madame wants me?"

"No," said Jeanie, summoning up her remaining strength; and as she turned to watch her friend's retreating figure, and listened to the sound of her footsteps along the corridor, she fancied she heard a mocking laugh.

The mere fancy, added to her previous anxiety, worked her up into such a state of anguish, that, ascending the stairs to her bedroom, and shutting the door, she threw herself on the bed, and sobbed as though her heart would break, and thus at last sobbed herself to sleep and forgetfulness.

In the middle of the night, as it seemed to her when she first opened her eyes, but in reality soon after ten o'clock, she was awakened by a light kiss upon her forehead, and a voice saying, "Jeanie darling, wake up, and try to eat just a little supper. I begged Madame to let me have it to keep till your sleep had soothed and rested you."

Jeanie rubbed her eyes. Was she dreaming? Was that Sybil? Yes, that gentle, silky voice was hers most certainly. She sat up, Sybil supporting her by an arm round her waist, as she asked wonderingly, "*You*, Sybil! Is it you? I thought——"

"Never mind what you thought. I daresay you thought me a brute," said Sybil; "but drink this warm tea, and try to eat these rice-cakes while poor wretched me tries, even if vainly, to make herself understood."

As Jeanie listened there was some lightening of the terrible doubt that had possessed her that Sybil was false—utterly unworthy. Could she really explain? She began to hope once more, to believe, and did her best to drink and eat.

"Did you think me a brute, Jeanie?" Sybil began, but not waiting for a reply, "because, when I read that letter, I was so overpowered, I was so prostrated—I think I ought rather to say I was so enraged—against fate, that I lost all self-control. To think that *you*, my friend, delicately brought up in all comforts, in all luxuries, should suddenly and quite unprepared have to face, and perhaps bear, some of the trials and petty humiliations which girls who are poor, and yet ladies, so often have to bear! "There! That's what I felt. But instead of being sweet and sympathising, as others would be, I, to hide my own feelings, must show myself a bear—and —and perhaps even now you will misjudge me. Oh, I am most miserable!" Then she broke down, and hid her face in the pillow.

Jeanie, full of penitence, love, and renewed confidence, sought to reassure her; and in a few moments the knot of friendship was more closely tied than before, and the two began busily packing, while a new idea for carrying out the old scheme of Sybil's coming to teach Beth was discussed and agreed upon.

It was late when all preparations were completed, and the friends separated for the night. When Sybil left her, Jeanie opened the letter she had written to her father, and added a postscript.

"Westfield, Wednesday night.

"DEAR, DEAR FATHER,—A daughter's love and lifelong devotion shall indeed cheer and console you, if God will give me the requisite strength. Shall you so bravely bear trouble, and we, your daughters, fear to share it? No, indeed, father! I will carefully follow all your directions for the journey. No time for more.

"JEANIE."

"P.S.—Miss Capella prefers to come to us for the quarter rather than leave us now. She will thus have time to look out for a fresh engagement, aided by our recommendation. She is clever, and has had much experience, not only in education but occasionally in household matters; so that I cannot but think she may help to lessen my difficulties in both ways, especially in carrying farther Beth's instruction under my superintendence. Thus I hope to profit greatly before succeeding Miss Capella as teacher. So she will travel with us on Friday. If this suits you, dear father, do not trouble to answer."

Her letter finished, Jeanie placed it on a table outside her room, where the servants would see it and have it posted early the next morning.

Late as was the hour, it was not too late for Sybil to begin work in her bedroom. Rules were not observed during the holidays; therefore, as the gas was turned off, she did not fear to light a couple of the bedroom candles, and use them as long as she desired. First, she exchanged her dress for a worn little dressing-gown, which, though old and of cheap material, was, like Sybil's self and all her belongings, made the most of. In her way she was an artist as regarded her clothing; she made dress a study, and the poverty of her means and the restrictions of her position enhanced to herself and others the effect produced.

Slipping her small feet into a pair of oriental-looking shoes, which one of the boarders had cast aside in packing, she went to a cupboard near, where she had hurriedly thrown a medley of clothes and oddments obtained in a similar fashion. Selecting from these a silver-grey Japanese silk dress, which had been soiled and thrown aside by its owner, Sybil set herself to hide the defects by turning and removing the injured breadth to a place where it would be hidden among the fullness of the back pleats.

"No one will recognise it now," she reflected.

She gave one more look in the mirror at her little person in its borrowed plumes, smiled as though anticipating future triumphs, and the gleam of the shimmering dress and the glitter of the teeth and eyes produced a transient flash of brilliancy that satisfied her.

Her dress finished, Sybil had one more duty to perform, which was to adhere to a practice of writing from time to time in a little blue calf-bound diary, with a silver lock and key. This diary was never for a moment unlocked except when in use, and when she was alone and not likely to be disturbed. "The gift of a grateful parent for services rendered to her child by Sybil Capella" was inscribed on the cover in showy gilt letters.

Sybil Capella did not keep the usual style of diary affected by young ladies, neither did she consider it incumbent on her to make entries at regular dates. To-night was just one of the occasions on which an entry had to be made. The aim and end to which that diary was rigidly kept were the furtherance of Sybil's prospects in life. The steps which helped to make or mar that grand aim must be chronicled, together with the rational conclusions to be drawn therefrom. Her book lay open before her as she sat at her table pen in hand, thinking. Presently an ironical smile spread over her face, and a laugh as silky as were the tones of her voice accompanied the words, "Soft simpleton! Thinks I bury myself in a pauper's house for the love of her, and to teach a girl who, I have cause to know, is as much a hornet as myself. She can sting, child as she is. Well, for that matter, so can I. But take care, Sybil! your utmost skill will be needed now to use rightly the opportunities opening before you."

She dips her pen in the ink and writes:—

"*July 21st.*—The friendship with Jeanie Stanard, of Stanard Castle, which yesterday was so happily strengthened and sealed, and which promised so well for the future, has to-day been nearly destroyed. Tidings, which told me how little her fine promises could be carried out, so upset me that I nearly lost what small hope might remain by an inconvenient exhibition of my feelings. Saw my false move in time to reinstate myself in Jeanie's estimation, and so regained the incalculable blessing of going as teacher to her adorable sister—the hornet—salary uncertain!

"Still, let me be thankful. *At the worst*, it will free me from this drudgery, and set me afloat again in the world, with a well-sounding recommendation from the daughter of Colonel Stanard, of Stanard Castle. At the best, what may it not give me? By-the-bye, she told me he had sold out and got a lot of money, which he had settled upon her and Beth, with only the life-interest for himself. I must remember that.

"*Resolves.*—To make Jeanie dependent upon me and upon my love; and if the end promises well, to make the C. also dependent upon my help and companionship.

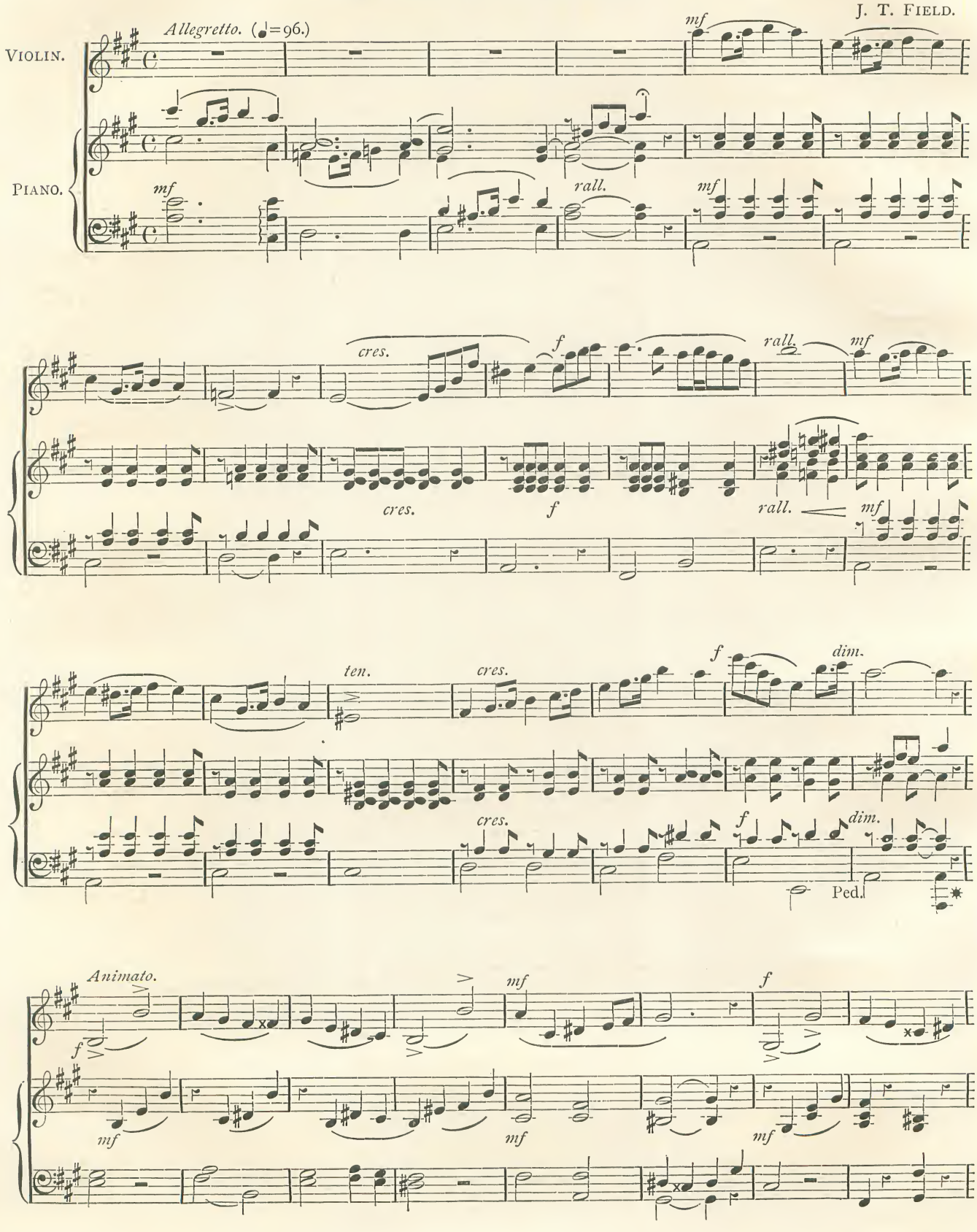
"*Maxims.*—Remembering your mistake of to-day, never judge rashly henceforth by the outward appearance of people or things. Never take an offence as an offence, unless you are quite sure the offender never can or will be of any service to you."

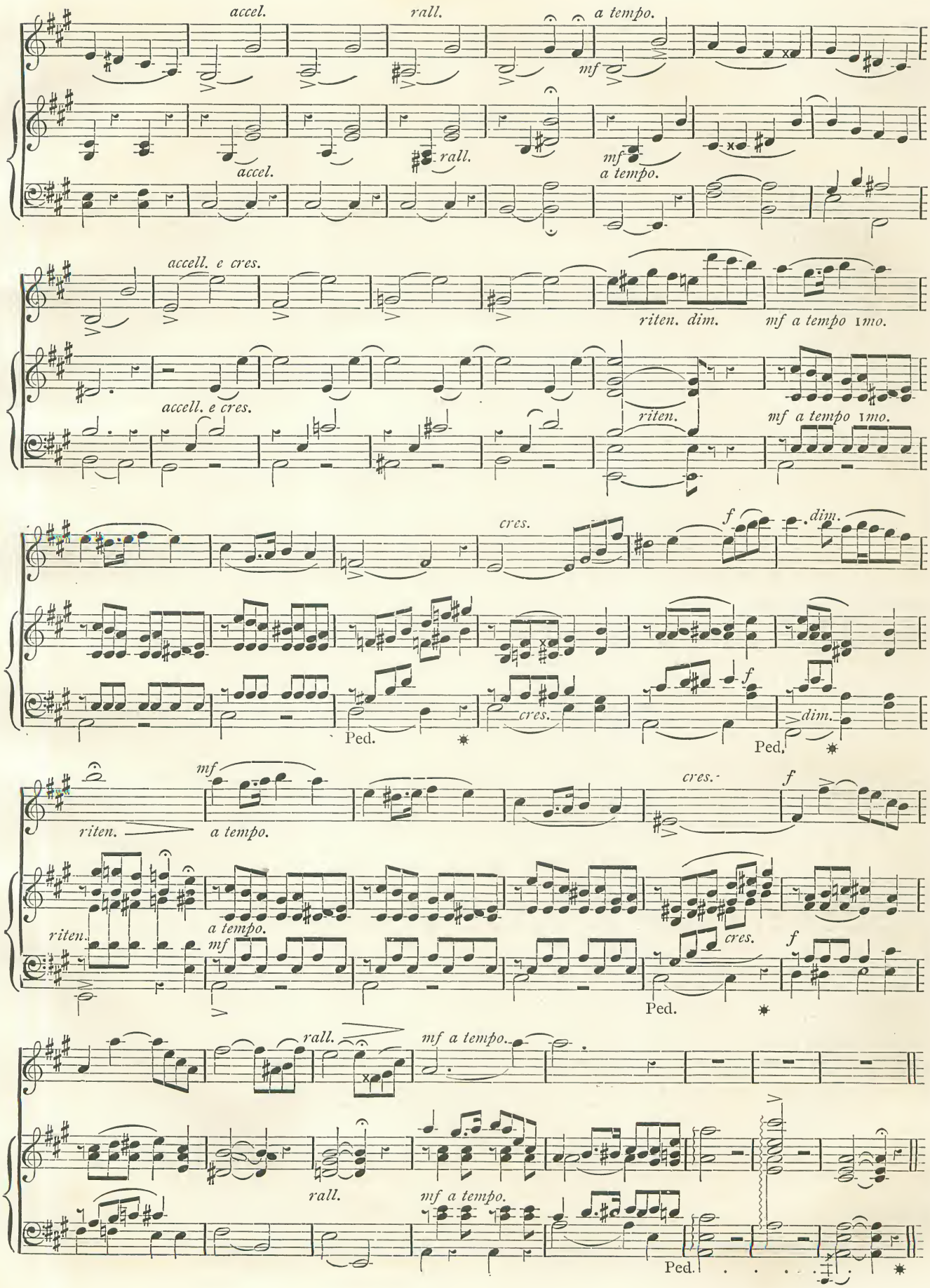
(To be continued.)

ROMANCE.

FOR VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

J. T. FIELD.

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AN AMATEUR NURSE'S MISTAKES; OR, "LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

A LADY of my acquaintance, well experienced in a sick room, had charge of an invalid who was ordered abroad. A book of health resorts was studied, and a southern locality selected, well suited, as far as climate was concerned, to delicate lungs. But other things than mean temperatures, the hours of average sunshine, amount of rainfall, and prevailing winds, have to be placed in the category of essentials. They were not made a subject of enquiry, and "a leap in the dark" was taken.

Mistake No. 1.—An early start was made,—surely the patient would be at her best in the morning? But the unwonted fatigue and mental excitement proved too much. The start should have been delayed till midday, a picnic should have been made in the carriage at one, and the journey broken, that first day, at four. As it was, the patient was completely knocked up, resulting in a severe access of coughing, and she arrived in the evening more dead than alive.

Mistake No. 2.—The first and second day's journey should be restricted to four hours each, for then the patient gets "second breath," so to say, and accustomed to the exertion and excitement, which raise the pulse, and result in exhaustion, if not in fever. Arrived at their destination in the South, the climate was charming and Nature was lovely; but at the end of three months the cutting mistral drove the dust like blinding sandstorms of the desert. The patient was a prisoner at home, but the children, who went out, caught terrible coughs, which ended in whooping-cough. And now a new enemy appeared; fever attacked the invalid, and excessive night perspiration; and the English doctor treated the case as hectic fever—as ignorant as the nurse of an existing local cause for any other.

Mistake No. 3.—Why was not the fact of periodical prevalence of malarial fever enquired into by those in quest of health resorts, and the swamp discovered which resulted after the heavy rainfall between the town and the sea? Further back, on the more inland and high-lying parts of the town, the influence of the swamp did not seem to be felt. As it was, wrong remedies were for some time employed, to the great injury of the sufferer; and when almost at the point of death, those suitable to the fever, but inimical to the lungs in their condition, brought her round, but at the cost of a grave renewal of cough and spitting of blood.

The month of May arrived, and a removal to Switzerland was desirable. Profiting by former experience, the nurse determined to limit the first day's journey, and to break it at Montelimart. I cannot tell what accommodation that town may now offer to travellers who need beds for a night; in those days they were far from satisfactory. The nurse and patient and two or three little children were ushered into a long suite of apartments—musty, dusty, and closely shuttered. It was clearly useless to enquire when the beds were last occupied. The posting-house of the old diligence days was little in request since the trains roared by, and carried the travellers to a further stage on their way. The nurse shuddered as she thought of a night in such quarters, and groaned over *Mistake No.* 4; but the poor invalid held her peace. The warming-pan was in great request; every shawl and rug was piled over her bed, and closely tucked in. It was devoutly hoped that the bed might be transformed into a monster poultice; but, apart from this, Divine aid was sought, and, to the unspeakable relief of the nurse, the patient appeared no worse in the morning.

On the return of autumn a winter residence was again in request, and a lovely spot was suggested. Wise so far, the nurse enquired: "Is there any lagoon, or backwater, permanent or periodical, in the near vicinity of this small paradise?" "None whatever," was the reply. The aspect and the climate were unexceptionable; but yet a few more queries suggested themselves to the now more wideawake nurse. "Are there good shops for provisions? Are there comfortable lodgings? Is the drainage satisfactory; and is the place and its *entourage* cheerful? Is the food for the mind catered for, as well as for the body? Or is it a secluded place, where stagnation seems to prevail, and there is nothing to divert the brain from thoughts of self and its daily pains and weariness?" This time, "forewarned" by due reflection, and so "forearmed," the nurse escaped with her charge from the direful results of *Mistake No.* 5.

A further journey was now undertaken, and a large city was selected. Of all climates suitable for pulmonary complaints, Pisa offered one of the best in the world. There were plenty of apartments and shops, a good cheap market, English advice, and English society. All went on fairly well, and the invalid progressed, though slowly, as far as the chest was concerned. But the fever and ague had not been cured, and a bad sore throat was somewhat too severely treated by the kindly English doctor, now long gone. It was not a very encouraging winter, in spite of the balmy air, and the brilliant and glorious skies.

The month of May came round again, and the trunks were packed, and the party *en route*, as before, for Switzerland; and the often-tried patient began to feel as if the chest troubles were gone, and that the faces of the travellers might be turned towards home. But now a sad story must be related. It was thought that a winter in a climate less warm would prepare the lungs for the more trying climate of a northern latitude. Damp was their *bête noir;* and a dry bright climate was sought. Blois was selected, and in a pretty villa, well raised on the outskirts of the town, and overlooking the rapid Loire, the party was established. But oh, the bitterness of the wind when winter set in! And oh, the swirling of great blocks of ice—which looked like breakers on a stormy sea—that day after day swept by with freezing breath, as the half-perished travellers bemoaned their colds and coughs, and the little ones their chilblains. The invalid's bedroom had to be exchanged for the drawing-room, a screen concealing the bed; and the young folks, including the nurse, used to have a playful fight for the privilege of making toast, and of skating about the polished floor, on the well-waxed brushes attached to the polisher's feet. All had them in turn; and never was floor more bright and slippery than that, nor purple figs more deeply darkly blue than the faces of the *blanchisseuses*, when, week by week, they brought in the family linen.

Mistake No. 7 was truly a great one, for the nurse had taken most evil counsel. Not only was the locality ill-chosen, but the house was not built as a winter residence.

Do not ridicule the inexperience of the nurse, or at least give her credit for the next step taken. Then the month of May again came round, and she took her charge to Paris, and obtained the best opinion on her state, and the course that was next to be followed. The error of staying anywhere away from the South had been a very grave mistake. It was waste of time and money, and might have brought on a relapse. "Go back to Pisa, and, after another winter there, the experiment of a winter spent at home may be made." So spoke the oracle.

This time no *rez de chaussée* was in contemplation; and provided with a good picnic basket, off the party set once more for the captivating South. Could it be believed? But again *Mistake No.* 4 was repeated! The long journey had to be broken; a midway station was noted on the map, and tickets were taken for Langres. They reached the station at dusk—two small children, an infant in arms, four adults, and two maids, a heap of luggage, bundles of rugs and umbrellas, and baskets for provisions, and toys. Landed on the platform, they looked for a town, and seeing no house, they sought for some vehicles wherein to bestow themselves. What was their despair when only a very small diligence stood waiting to receive a number of passengers in addition to themselves. Some kindly men resigned their places to walk, and the children and weakly ones were packed in a heap inside, while the rest of the party hung on as best they could on the top—some on the baggage-load itself!

The moon shone brightly as they wound their way to the top of the hill, where stood the quaint old town, at two leagues' distance. Truly, *Mistake No.* 5 was sorely punished. The loud rough rattling over the stone-paved streets was thought to be the last trial before a warm welcome and comfortable tea in a cosy room, and then the delightful pillows for the aching heads should atone for all.

No such thing. They rang the hotel bell many times before "mine host" appeared in his night-cap. "Who are you?" "What are your names?" "Where do you come from?" "Where are you going?" "How long do you want to stay?" "How many beds do you want?"

The patience of the travellers was fairly exhausted, and they indignantly requested admission. In they trooped, groping their way to the dirty, dingy, deserted *salle-à-manger*. They asked for supper. "The fire is out," and, worse than that, the larder was empty! But at last the slipshod waiter brought in a jug of cold boiled milk and some dry and mouldy bread. "Only that, and nothing more!"

The bedroom *étage* was a haunted-looking place, and seemed to be a mausoleum for slain blackbeetles, and other nocturnal visitors, perhaps more objectionable still. The former occupants of the rooms had waged successful war on their unwelcome invaders, and the *femmes de chambre* of the other sex had left their trophies undisturbed. Most of the party kept woeful vigil that weary night, and right glad was the nurse to speed away with her charge at an early hour in the morning.

How glad were each and all when they once more set their eyes on sunny, genial, balmy Pisa again. But here a woeful oversight was made, and bitterly did the amateur nurse suffer for *Mistake No.* 6. It had reference to the *étage* on which the apartments were taken, at least as regards those of the invalid. It was what is called "the church house," the private accommodation of which was much sacrificed to the chapel it contained. Unhappily, the poor traveller for health had her bedroom and dining-room on the entrance floor, selected to save her the fatigue of the stairs. No rooms on the *rez de chaussée* are wholesome in Italy, and foreigners who take them are liable to low fever and ague. And the cause is not far to seek, for the great exhalations from the ground, and luxuriant southern vegetation, during an hour before and an hour after sunset, produce these dangerous maladies, which sometimes cling to the sufferer for life. Thus, no one not a native of a southern clime should ever be out during those two hours. *Mistake No.* 7 was now made. The lungs recovered, the cough nearly cured, but "brow-ague" supervened, and day after day the poor sufferer lay helpless in a

darkened room, reduced by a new complaint, from which she has from time to time continued to suffer ever since.

Through God's mercy the lungs had recovered. Pisa was the means employed and blessed by Him. There was a visit to Switzerland *en route* homewards the next summer, and a return to the Continent a few years subsequently. And although the experiences of the "amateur nurse" and the *ci-devant* patient were many of them singularly varied, and oftentimes very trying, the latter bears up bravely. Twelve little grandchildren share her loving interest, with two of the three beloved daughters who made these journeys with her. But one has "fallen asleep!" and truly "the memory of the just is blessed."

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

THE ART OF WASHING.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

PART II.

WE have now arrived at the conclusion of our Tuesday's washing operations, and on Wednesday morning the mistress of the house must be prepared to help with the folding, and also with the mangling, if she be fortunate enough to possess a mangle. We will suppose you have only one servant, and therefore that you find yourself in the kitchen, with a clean table, early in the morning after breakfast. Here you should find the clean clothes in their appropriate baskets, or more probably heaped up on the swing-table in the kitchen, and covered up carefully from the dust. You will want a clear space on the table and a basin of clean water; and if the clothes to be starched have not been sorted out already, you should proceed to take them out and lay them successively aside as you come to them. In folding, the great rule to be observed is, to make the hems and selvedges meet exactly. For instance, in folding a sheet see that the selvedges are even at the sides and the hems at the top, and that it be well pulled out before folding. If these rules be not attended to, you will find the linen will never look well; the material will be strained from its natural lines, and will be uneven in every direction. In folding body-linen, the side seams of nightgowns and chemises must meet, and the shoulders be perfectly even. Put the tapes inside, and cover all buttons in the folds, or you will find them torn and broken. In many houses everything is put through the mangle, even though it be ironed afterwards. In damping or sprinkling the clothes, be careful to do it evenly, not making one part wetter than another, and fold every article without a crease. Handkerchiefs should be folded once, and then all rolled together for ironing. These and the table napkins can be ironed by the mistress herself. Most people starch the tablecloths slightly—a plan which makes them look better, and keep clean longer; and a recent authority says it will preserve the linen from stains, as the starch forms a film round each thread of the material, and this prevents the stain from sinking in too deeply. Table linen, *i.e.*, tablecloths, napkins, and sideboard cloths, are put into diluted starch, called starch water, and well rinsed in it. If starched, the table linen need not be mangled. Should the mistress of the house fail to understand the processes of washing, it would be a good thing if she tried to find out a good washerwoman who goes out by the day, and from her she would learn much if she only had a young and inexperienced servant. I have occasionally found very excellent laundresses, and I have learnt much all my life from them; and some years ago I had a course of instruction from a French laundress in clear starching and ironing.

In the old method of starching, various things were used to give the fine glaze to linen, viz., wax, tallow, borax, turpentine, sugar, etc., and many people still "swear by" the idea of boiling starch. The first has been rendered nearly obsolete by the introduction of starch glazes, which are made to be used with either hot or cold starch. They are generally efficatious, as well as quite harmless. The general ingredient is, I believe, stearine, and full directions are given by each manufacturer as to how his own starch glaze is to be used. So you must follow these faithfully, and you may depend on a good result being attained. I should recommend that a good rice starch be used, as although the most expensive, it is the most reliable. There are also some starch substitutes, which I have heard highly commended and for inexperienced people they are an advantage, as they cannot well make a mistake with them. But there is no teacher so good as experience; and I do not believe anyone could teach herself to iron a gentleman's shirt to perfection unless she had first seen someone do it. Everything, including shirts, should be starched on the wrong side, and after starching should be well rubbed between the hands, both to smooth the surface and to be sure that the starch has penetrated into them. Fold the shirts with the fronts together, to keep them from getting dry, and roll all the starched things and lay them together in a clean cloth, and put them aside, as they should lie so for at least twenty-four hours.

In ironing a shirt, you first turn it to the right side, then you begin at the back, and iron that to the collar and the back of cuffs. Then you iron the sleeves, first one side and then the other. After that, the back and front of the collar, and then open the fronts and lay the back in folds, and iron; then raise and fold back the front, and iron the back down to the bottom; lastly, you iron the bosom of the shirt, and finish. So you see it is rather a difficult matter, and you follow a fixed rule. An ironer must be provided with a holder, a piece of wet linen, and another of flannel, as well as a rough clean cloth to polish up her irons. The piece of wet linen is used to pass over the surface of the article, and with which to rub it well before you iron it. Then you iron lightly over on the wrong side first till stiff and dry. Your iron must be very hot or else it will stick to the material.

My French laundress told me that on the Continent much of the polish which we so much admire is produced by rubbing the iron itself with some kind of fat—a piece of good paraffin candle or of paraffin wax being used by the superior laundresses, and a bit of soap, or an end of any kind of candle, by the poorer ones. The wax is tied up and covered with several thicknesses of muslin, and rubbed upon the hot iron till it is well coated. It is then wiped with a clean rag, and the laundress proceeds to iron the damp shirt-front, collar, or cuff. This gives a real "French polish," and I see it is used in many of the laundries in London.

There are three kinds of irons, viz., the box-iron, which is heated by a heater placed inside it: although heavy, it is always clean and nice; the flat iron, which is heated directly on a stove, and requires constant care in its use to keep it clean and polished, and just at the right heat for its purpose. The irons should not be too heavy, and three at least are required to ensure your always having a hot one ready, and no drawback of waiting during the work. Polishing-irons are used for the last process in ironing shirts, and must be very hot, and also employed with all the strength possible, so as to give the needful polish.

An ironing-table must be of solid make, and very firm; and an old blanket is used to cover it; and, lastly, a sheet or cloth of linen is required to iron upon. We must also have a stand for the irons, and a bowl of water and linen rag to take out marks of dirt, creases, and rucks in the starched things under treatment.

For ironing shirt-fronts, my teacher preferred a yard of coarse flannel to lay under the fronts when ironing; but as a general thing in England the laundresses use a board of the same length as a shirt-front, and about fifteen inches wide. It may be from an inch to three inches thick, and should be covered with flannel sewn smoothly on it, with a covering of linen over it to iron upon.

The following is the cold method of making starch for what is called "clear starching" for fine linen, shirts, and underclothes. The recipe is given by a French laundress. Take half a pound of pure starch and place in a glazed vessel of earthenware, and pour over it enough cold water to mix it into a paste-like cream free from lumps. Then take enough cold water and add it gently till you have it of the required thickness—about two pints will be required. Take two ounces of borax and put into a small saucepan, and add enough water to cover it. Stand it over the fire, and stir it till melted. Then allow it to become quite cool; and when your starch is mixed, pour it in and stir it well together, adding, finally, a teaspoonful of turpentine.

The hot, or boiled starch, is made as follows—Take half a pound of starch, place in a clean tin; pour on enough boiling water to make it into a thick paste, and then add enough cold water to make it like a thin cream. Put it on the fire, and boil for a quarter of an hour. Stir it several times with a paraffin candle, or add two ounces of borax melted in a little boiling water. Use this starch hot. If a starch glaze be used, neither the borax, paraffin, nor the turpentine will be needed.

I must not forget to give you the recipe for soap jelly, which is added, when a washing-machine is used, to the boiling water—enough to make a good lather. The first is an American recipe, and makes a very excellent soft soap, which is a valuable thing to keep in the house at all times, and can be used for all purposes—scrubbing and cleaning as well as washing. Take ten quarts of soft water, three and a half pounds of soap sliced up finely, and one pound of washing soda. When the soap and water boil add the soda, and keep the mixture stirred to prevent boiling over. Boil for about a quarter of an hour, and then pour out of the saucepan or pot into a wooden tub or large jar, and add two and a half or three gallons of cold water, stirring all the time.

The ordinary recipe in use in the present day is—A pound of soap cut into fine slices to a gallon of water, and boiled up till the soap is melted. This is a clear jelly, and is used in sufficient quantity to make a good lather to the water in the machine.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANXIOUS ONE, BROWNIE, FORGET-ME-NOT, and R. J. O. M.—We think from your account your faces must be suffering from soap and its effects. Try washing them with oatmeal water for a time, and see if it improves them.

MISS BURFORD RAWLINGS, The Bushes, Bowes Park, N., is anxious to form a Girls' Numismatic Club, and will be glad to correspond with girls who, like herself, are interested in that study. Letters to be sent to her address.

ARCADE.—1. We should send the cushion to a cleaner. —2. The amount earned would depend on the position of the milliner and her success, of course. See reply to "Anxious to Work" No. 2.

DOUBTFUL.—"If you were me, what would you do with this dress?" is not right. "Me" would not do anything with the dress, "I" should do it.

MOLLY.—The salary of a mother's-help varies from £18 to £30. It depends on the work done, and the position in life of the mother in question.

ENGAGED.—*How to be Happy Though Married* is the name of a book which you can get at any bookseller's.

IRENE.—Twenty-three is the age at which a man can be ordained a deacon in the Church of England.

LADY GRACE.—A young person may grow after nineteen. An illness up to twenty-five may make you grow.

TRUE TILL DEATH.—In the present day it is not "What shall I do?" but "Do whatever you can find to do." As you have experience in teaching, you had better go back to that occupation.

A CONTENTED ONE.—Many thanks for your recipe and kind letter.

LILLIAN H., PROBATIONER, and many others.—No one can be admitted to a hospital under twenty-one, and the profession is overcrowded.

CONSTANT READER and SEVENTEEN.—The former should take the advice of a medical man; he might order a tonic, or wine to serve as such, in preference. Follow his directions, and thank God for any gift of His that may serve to restore your health. "Seventeen" cannot be prescribed for by anyone who is unacquainted with her, even by sight. Possibly her habitual mode of life has tried her back and general strength.

FYFIE is repeating the mistake made by so many, and continually pointed out, *i.e.*, asking for correct pronunciation of foreign words which cannot be represented by letters of the English alphabet. We should have to teach you the German and French alphabets orally before we could tell you how to pronounce many foreign words. We have no letters to represent the nasal and guttural, nor such a sound as that in the French word *œuvre*, or *œil* nor the German "o" in *Löhlein*. The word *kiosk* is pronounced "ke-osk," *Jäger* as "Yaeger," and *Fräulein* as "Froy-line."

DAMON and PYTHIAS.—We could not possibly tell you of any magazine that would take stories written by two young girls, hitherto unknown as writers. There are girls' clubs that would receive and criticise them, and which give prizes to the best amateur contributors.

FOLLY wishes to know whether, if the harness of her carriage were put in order by a gentleman who happened to be passing, or who obliged her by assisting to put on her skates, meeting him afterwards she should "move towards him"? Do not on any account do that. It might be alarming should he have sensitive nerves! How near you thought of "moving" we cannot tell; but, in any case, to recognise a former attention by a slight bow in passing would be quite sufficient.

PUPIL.—"Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just," is a quotation from Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, part ii. act 3.

YORK by paying a small fee for each year can search at Somerset House until she finds the will. That is the only way we can suggest. A *London Directory* would give the address, we suppose, if her name is likely to be there, as it would be if she owned a house in the fashionable quarter named.

MANITOBA.—You can take anything you please with you to the above-named place. A good supply of the warmest rugs and blankets and woollen and cloth garments should be amongst your provision of winter essentials. Write to the Secretary of the Government Emigration Office, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W., for any little books and papers connected with that settlement, telling that you go as saloon passengers, and asking for any further information. The books and papers only cost a few pence. Remember that you will experience the extremes of both heat and cold.

IVY.—It is far from desirable to take tea "four or five times a day"; twice, or three times at most, might do no harm; but the tea should be taken not less than five minutes after freshly-boiling water has been poured upon it. After having stood some time it is quite unfit for use. If you have to keep it for anyone, pour it off the leaves, and thus it may be laid by and prove innocuous.

A BEREAVED ONE.—If you can prudently spare the subscription required, you might hire a piano sufficiently good for a beginner, and if able to reckon on keeping up the payments for three years, the piano would then be your own. We highly approve of confiding all our cares and necessities to our Heavenly Father in prayer; and if the procuring of a piano were desired with a view to your ultimate self-support, by playing for remuneration, or teaching as a paid mistress, to pray for the furtherance of your vocation in life would be consistent with that in the Lord's Prayer. "Give us this day our daily bread"; but if only for an object of recreation, we scarcely see the propriety of praying for it on the strength of the passage which you have incorrectly quoted. See I. St. John v. 14.

ETHEL.—Your question has been answered more than once. If you only take a dry biscuit at an afternoon tea you need not take off your gloves; but supposing you took hot buttered cakes, or bread and butter, by all means keep on your gloves if you wish to grease them, and render them unfit to wear again.

LITTLE J.—1. Trimmings of gold and silver will become tarnished in course of time. Keep them well covered, and in a very dry place.—2. Leap year is one that includes 366 days, which, as a general rule, comes round every fourth year. The name is not well selected, as a day is not omitted or leaped over, but an extra one is added. 1896 will be like the present year—a leap year. It is probable that you will not understand the explanation, but there must be a leap every fourth year, excepting in such as complete centuries whose numbers, after suppressing the two ciphers, are not divisible by four. Thus, 1700 and 1800 were not leap years, nor will 1900 be, but the year 2000 will be one of them. The extra day in February is called an *intercalary* day. Under the Roman system it was placed in the calendar between the 24th and 25th of February, and the 24th was called the "sixth" before the calender of March, and every leap year this "sixth" (*sextus*), was reckoned twice (*bis*) and called *bissextus*, from which we derive our own term for this year—*bissextile*.

R. G. C.—1. When the royal residence was at Greenwich, the kennel for the king's hounds was on the opposite side of the river, thence called the Isle of Dogs.—2. The lady who came down with the host to dinner leaves the room first, and the other ladies in the same order.

ANGÈLE YVONNE (Geneva).—We are gratified by your appreciation of our paper.—To clean white kid gloves, lay them on a clean tray or board, mix some Fuller's earth and powdered alum in equal parts, and rub it well all over them with a clean stiff paint-brush; wipe it off, and sprinkle thickly with bran; then shake it all off.

MARGOT.—It does not necessarily follow that the foods that are the most quickly digested are the most nutritious, and this is too often forgotten. Rice and calf's foot jelly are amongst the first-named, the former needing one hour only for that process, and the jelly only half an hour. But rice is not nearly so nutritious as wheat, which, even in the form of stale bread, takes, like milk (the best of all foods) two hours in digestion. Trout, broiled, takes one hour and a half, and, we believe, whiting still less. Cheese and butter, which are so full of nourishment, take half an hour longer to digest than roast beef, boiled mutton, and boiled eggs, which take three hours each. So in providing for the weak in digestive power, and for those needing much nourishment, this fact should be remembered. Although roast pork takes five hours and a quarter, and roast veal five hours and a half, boiled pork takes three hours and a half only, while roast fowl, which is a special dish for invalids, takes half an hour longer in digestion.

"MISS MOPPET."—The temporary blindness of which you complain may be produced from entirely different causes. Sometimes it is from a disorderment of the nervous system and mental strain; at others, from that of the liver. A deficient flow of bile produces disorder of the nerves likewise; and giddiness, dimness of sight, and double vision may thus supervene.

WIELY.—We can give no other advice or prescription for the cure of blushing—as we have often said —than self-forgetfulness. Think of other people; what they may want that you can do; what they are saying, in which politeness demands you should show some kindly interest; what you can tell them that might please them to know.

HILDA could scarcely interpret the offer of some flowers out of a man's buttonhole as a declaration of a serious kind. At the same time, gentlemen are not in the habit of so doing.—2. The reason that some words are printed in italics in the Bible is simply because they are not in the original, and are required to make sense—the true sense—of passages translated from a different language. More words are needed in one language to express a thought than are wanted in another; and the sentences are differently arranged. You will remember how a German phrase is constructed as compared with English or French, if acquainted with either language. So our careful and scrupulous translators put all words in italics which were meant but not expressed in the original language, simply because not required to make sense. You should not spell "type," "tipe"; nor "different," "diffirent."

LITTLE NELL.—1. There are two versions of the rhyme you name. One runs thus:—

"Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is full of woe;
Thursday's child has far to go;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
Saturday's child must work hard for a living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day,
Is healthful, and happy, and blithe, and gay."

—2. Do not be discontented with the shape of your nose; be thankful to have one that would not "frighten away the crows." Many admire a small *rétroussé* nose, and it is usually accompanied by fine eyes and eyebrows.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.—By reference to a concordance to the Holy Scriptures, you would find that the phrase you quote is not therein. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is to be found in the writings of Laurence Sterne (*In the Street*). But it was not an original idea—unless "wits jumped," for Sterne wrote between 1713 and 1768, but Henri Etienne wrote in 1594, and in his *Premices* you will find, "*Dieu mesure le froid a la brebis tondue.*" The idea is represented in somewhat different language in Isaiah xxvii. 8—"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind."

PANSY.—1. We have no book of high-class recitations amongst our publications, but you will find plenty of beautiful ones amongst the works of our standard poets.—2. At eighteen you should certainly turn up your hair. It must be long now, and it is a dirty, untidy practice to leave it all over your dress. It does very well for a child. You need not wear it on the top of your head, but at the back.

M. C.—Remove with tweezers, and then rub gently every day with pumice-stone.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER and ALICE HOLMES.—You require regular exercise—not such as to over-fatigue you. We are quite sure you can find time if you try to do so.

LILA ALICE, ANTOINETTE, ERIN'S ISLE, IRENE, DECISION, PERPLEXED ONE, O. E. P., MARIE, and LOUISE.—All such situations must be obtained by advertising, or through a reliable agency.

ROSE should return everything when the engagement is broken off. No presents should be retained that it is possible to return, and also all letters on both sides.

VOL. XIII.—No. 646.] MAY 14, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

AH! we reck not of our blindness
When we speak, or haply write,
Of their failures, or successes,
Who strive with us in the fight:
For our comrade's aim we knew not,
And it may be, in his eyes,
What to us appeared successes,
Were but failures in disguise.

What to us has looked like failure,
It may be, our brother knows,
Was the base on which the structure
Of his best success arose:
And we seldom know how often
On his patient heart will be
Deeply scored a list of failures
For the one success we see.

Let us strive to set before us
Only highest hope and aim,
Little heeding, as we labour,
If the world should praise or blame.
For our failures or successes
Well He knows, whose sweet "Well done!"
Will rejoice the "faithful servant,"
When the fight at last is won.

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"THE DAILY ROUND."

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

HALF AN HOUR after Mr. Cutclose left Morton Place with Mrs. Boothroyd's last penny in his pocket, a tall slender girl entered the cottage carrying a large parcel. When out of doors it would have been difficult to discern this girl's features, for she wore a close-fitting bonnet and a thick Shetland veil, which effectually obscured them.

"You were too late after all, Janet," said Mrs. Boothroyd.

"Not really too late. The warehouse was open, and if the work had been for a special order, the shirts would have been taken in. As they are for stock, the foreman told me I was to bring in the whole lot together. The accounts were made up for the week, and a portion could not be paid for apart from the rest. He would not even allow me to leave these."

"He might have taken them in and paid you if he had chosen. What shall we do? The rent took our last penny, and I had not the trifle to pay for the rent-book, though it was only twopence."

"Only twopence!" exclaimed the girl. "Why, mother, you are getting quite reckless in your talk about money! Think how much work goes to the earning of twopence."

The girl's voice was harsh and unnatural—almost fierce. There was no youthful ring in it, though Janet Boothroyd was but just nineteen. Yet it seemed to her that youth, joy, brightness, even hope, had been taken out of her life.

There was, however, one thing which sordid surroundings, bitterness of spirit, wearing toil, and utter poverty, existing in spite of toil, could not deprive her of, and that was her marvellous beauty. It shone out above and beyond all these. Face, form, complexion, all combined to make Janet Boothroyd one on whom it was impossible to look without admiration.

It was just on account of her beauty that the girl went out with the hideous veil closely drawn beneath her chin; that whenever it was possible the mother—once accustomed to abundant means and luxurious surroundings—stole out to carry back the load of finished shirts, and to bring home fresh work. Worn and weary she would face the tramp through the streets, the waiting at the warehouse, anything that she could do, rather than her child should be exposed to dangers and annoyances from which her own age exempted her. But for Janet, and the need that she should be guarded even by so frail a protector as her mother, Mrs. Boothroyd would have been well content to die had it been God's will to release her from the struggle for bare existence.

There was no romance about the history of the mother and child. Husband and father had died, leaving ample means to maintain them in the position to which they had been accustomed. His trusted friend took advantage of his position as sole executor, to rob them of everything, and then to decamp. They had no very near relatives—none to whom they cared to appeal—and had gone to a new neighbourhood after Mr. Boothroyd's death, partly on account of the widow's delicate health, partly that Janet, then fourteen, might have special educational advantages.

This was during the first months of mourning, and, naturally, there had been little visiting with those amongst whom they found themselves. Neighbours were beginning to be interested in the refined-looking widow and her beautiful daughter, when a whisper went round that they were reduced to poverty.

There were the usual comments.

"Poor things! How terribly sad!"

"Quite gentlepeople too, and used to every luxury!"

"I am truly sorry for them!"

"What will they do?"

"Oh, people like those are sure to have relations able to care for them! No doubt there will be plenty of homes open to them," suggested one of a party of ladies who were chatting over afternoon tea.

Everybody took this suggestion for a statement of facts, and the widow and her daughter disappeared from their midst, none knew whither, or troubled to enquire.

No need to tell in detail how the little store of money in hand gradually melted away. Trinkets, articles of plate, clothes, all that could be disposed of, went, until at last Mrs. Boothroyd and Janet became Mr. Cutclose's tenants at 12, Morton Place—a very poor locality, yet near to one of the main thoroughfares in Millcaster.

The going thither was a fearful trial to both. They had occupied a couple of rooms in a better house and neighbourhood, and would have made any sacrifice to remain. Their landlady liked these quiet inmates, and it went sorely against the grain to give them notice to leave.

"It's not that I've anything against you, I'm sure; but it's the other lodgers," she said.

"We have scarcely spoken to anyone," replied Janet Boothroyd.

"It's not you, miss, or your mamma. It's the machine. You see, it's not like a regular domestic one. You are forced to have the sort you use, so as to get more work off; and it is noisy—there's no denying that. And there's the night-work; it keeps people awake."

This was true. If an order came to the warehouse which must be refused or executed in a given time, the *employées* must labour the night through, if needful, or expect no more work from that quarter. The machine might have been silent for days, owing to slackness of work, so no chance of earning money must be lost by the poverty-stricken women.

"What can we do?" said Mrs. Boothroyd. "It is not of our own will that we work at night—you may be sure of that."

"I quite understand," replied the landlady. "It's no fault of yours; for everybody knows that people would rather do their work by daylight than be slaving at it when they ought to be asleep. And for you and Miss to do such rough work at all, doesn't seem right. Anybody could see, with half an eye, that you've been used to things very different. Born ladies you are, as I've said many a time. But what can I do? I live by my lodgings. Everybody has been complaining, and it has come to this, that if the machine stops here, all my other lodgers will go. They all had a good word for you and 'Miss,' but they can't stand the machine at night."

Hence the enforced removal to Morton Place, where the tenants were not likely to complain of such a trifle as the clatter of a sewing-machine, even if continued through the night.

Few as were the articles of furniture to be removed, and short as was the time occupied in conveying them from one place to another, the effect was disastrous to the Boothroyds. They wished to remove a few hours later. Their landlady intimated that they must be out before noon, when their tenancy expired, as she had another party coming in. So work, which might have been completed and delivered in time, was delayed, and during the first week at Morton Place Mrs. Boothroyd was so ill that she was obliged to spend most of it in bed. This entailed a further loss, and the utmost that the money in hand would do was to pay the usual instalment on the machine and the rent to Mr. Cutclose.

Had the mother and daughter been in lodgings still, their landlady would have realised the position, and given them a few days' grace. It was impossible to begin by asking a favour from Mr. Cutclose; so there was no resource but the pawnbroker, and by his aid their immediate necessities were met.

Whilst the landlord was going his round of Morton Place a happy thought struck him. There were still four of the cottages empty. Two rooms would be an improvement on one, and the neighbourhood, on account of its nearness to a great main road, was superior to Crowe's Entry, which was in the midst of one of the poorest, most crowded districts in the city.

"The very spot for Susan Meade if she'll come next door to the new people. They are quiet and she'd be quiet, but able to stand up for that weakly widow woman and her girl, if she happened to take to them. It would be doing a real good turn to both if I could bring them together. There's a something about that old lady that gets over me. I can't bear to put any rough tenants in next

door. She looks as if a puff of wind would blow her away, and if there was a noisy lot on the other side of her wall, which isn't over thick, they'd be the death of her. She's next the end shop on the other side, and the people in it are all right."

So possessed was Mr. Cutclose with this new idea, that he even turned his steps in the direction of Crowe's Entry a second time, in order to lay his proposal before Susan Meade. He reflected that, even were she going to be married, a Morton Place cottage would hold a couple of new beginners and their household goods.

The landlord found Susan at home, and told her why he had come.

"I don't want to lose such a tenant as you," he said. "It isn't for me to be prying into your concerns, but if you only want a change for yourself, Morton Place is the very spot for you. You'd have two real ladies next door, and a couple of rooms instead of one for the same rent, to say nothing of the neighbourhood. Morton Place is not bad for two new-married people to start in; and if you——"

"I am not going to be married! I have only myself to plan for. The cottages must be poor places if you will let them for the same rent as this room," returned Susan, somewhat suspicious of Mr. Cutclose's motives. To herself she said, "He has something to gain beyond the keeping me as a tenant."

"I'm not going to praise up the cottages. They're old property, but they're in a far better place than the Entry. Less than ten minutes' walk would take you from Morton Place to New Park. Think of that! The Place is just stuck in at the back of real valuable buildings. It will come down in time; but not yet. Just go and have a look at it. No. 11 would be the house for you, next to No. 12, where those ladies live."

Susan laughed at the word ladies, which Mr. Cutclose persisted in applying to his new tenants.

"I'm not joking," he said. "The old one, the mother, is a lady, and she couldn't have anything but a lady for a daughter. They're poor—very, I'm sure of that; and they're timid, and shrink out of sight. A fine young woman like you might be a wonderful comfort to them, for you have good spirit of your own."

Susan stood silent for some moments, but there was a new bright expression on her face. The words of Mr. Cutclose had gone home, and she felt inclined to accept his offer; not to obtain greater conveniences for herself, but that she might be a comfort to some one. He thought that two desolate women needed a friend, and that she might prove one to them. So she replied, "I will see the cottage, and let you know on Monday."

"I've had No. 12 nicely done up, and if you fix on No. 11, it shall be beautified straight away and ready for you by Thursday morning."

"My week will not be up till Saturday."

"That won't matter with me. You're not changing landlords, and there's nobody to turn out of No. 11, so I shall only count the week, whichever house you spend the days in that make up the seven."

They parted, and Mr. Cutclose returned to his home in the suburbs quite satisfied that he had gained his point.

"A good stroke of business it will be," he thought. "Armstrong, who has the rest of the house in the Entry, is crowded out, and wants the bottom room for storage. He'll give more rent than she does. He must have had that room before long, and will be pleased to get it a day or two sooner. I shall benefit, he'll benefit, Susan Meade will be saved the trouble of house hunting, and I shall do a good turn to those new people by sending her next door. How wonderfully things do work together for my good! And how nice it is to do a kind turn to other people *and oneself at the same time!*"

Thus at peace with himself and the world at large, Mr. Cutclose withdrew from the busy streets, and in his little villa out of town spent a happy afternoon in making up his accounts and calculating the week's profits. The result was most satisfactory, and when arrived at, Mr. Cutclose felt that there was only one drawback to his prosperity—he had no one in whom he could fully confide. Anna Jukes was all very well—a woman to be trusted with untold gold, but not to be informed how rapidly her master's income was increasing.

"It's on Saturday afternoons I miss Eliza most of all," thought Mr. Cutclose. (Eliza was the late Mrs. Cutclose.) "How we used to enjoy going over the books together. We were of one mind about house property and money matters generally. I'd the greatest respect for her opinion; and she was the making of me. How pleased she would be if she could know that I'm getting on in the world, laying house to house as fast as ever I can. There's a Scripture text about that; but I can't remember the rest of it, only that there is one. Let me see—'and field to field.' That's in the verse, I'm certain. But I'm not partial to fields, 'specially as farming has not been paying of late years. Give me bricks and mortar and weekly payments. Then you cannot lose much. And beside, it's a comfort to feel that house property is according to Bible teaching."

From these self-communings it will be seen that Mr. Cutclose's knowledge of the Bible was very fragmentary. Like many another, he seized on any line that seemed to encourage his own views, and never troubled himself about the context. If he had read the whole passage, "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place," he would not probably have thought it well to be Scriptural as regarded house property.

Mr. Cutclose continued to muse.

"It's very lonely and a trial to be a widower, when one has been used to married life. What a comfort it would be to have Eliza just for Saturday afternoons. To have something pleasant to tell and nobody to say it to, is a nuisance. If some of the business men knew what these books tell they would be crowding in to try and borrow money. It would be trying. A wife would be best; but if I were to marry again, I should choose a young woman—not one with money, or she'd want to spend her own and mine too. I can afford to keep a wife comfortably now. And to think, when I was first married, Eliza had to maintain me! Not but what I earned my living, and she owned it, and in the end paid me well for all I did. She was a good woman—one of the excellent of the earth, as was remarked on the day of her funeral. If I could meet with a young person of twenty-five—I would not say a year older—and of similar disposition to Eliza, I should not be long making up my mind. Money no object. I could make a lady of her."

By making a lady, Mr. Cutclose meant the installing of his second choice as mistress of One Ash Villa, giving her the means to dress expensively, and even setting up a nice little "trap" of some sort for her special use, though in his company. He could afford to keep a carriage and a good horse if he chose, but a pretty victoria and a pair of ponies made an ideal turn-out for a lady in his estimation.

Mr. Cutclose pleased himself with the idea of what the neighbours would say when the time came for this new departure, and he indulged in such pleasant day-dreams, that for once his Saturday leisure hours sped all too quickly.

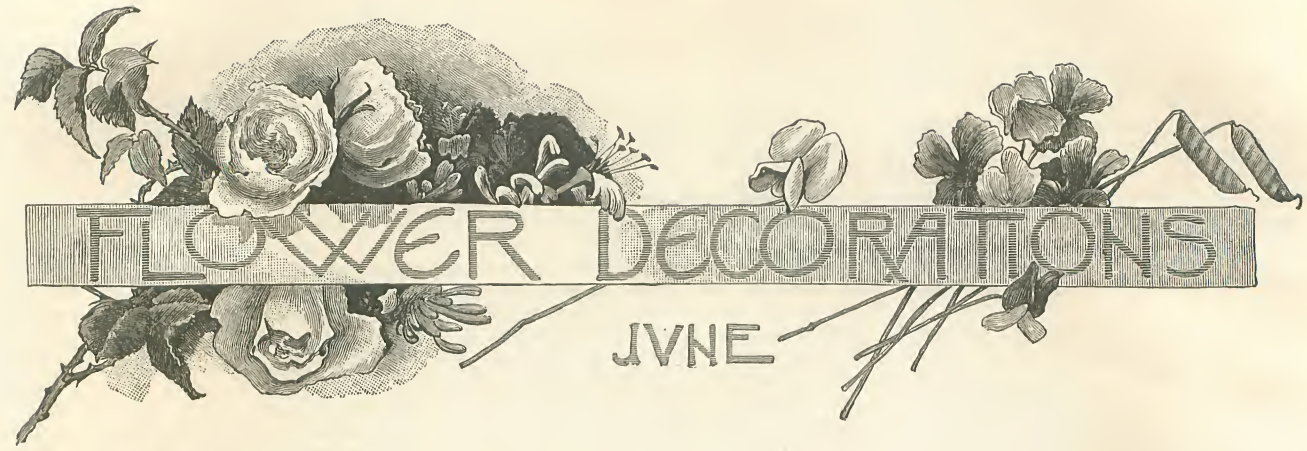
He had seemed to see the carriage, the ponies, himself ready for the drive, the velvet and furs, the silk, the lace and feathers suitable for the adornment of Mrs. Cutclose the second; but the individual who was to occupy the seat by his side he could not picture as yet. It must be owned that whilst fully conscious of his ability to "make her a lady" so far as externals went, he felt there was something needed which he could not do.

His thoughts persistently turned to 12, Morton Place, and Mrs. Boothroyd. She possessed the indescribable something which had made him recognise her as a lady, in spite of utter poverty and its accompaniments of shabby clothing and bare surroundings.

"She's a lady ready made to suit good clothes and a villa residence; but much too old, and feeble for her years. Still, it stands to reason that the daughter will be something of the same stamp; and the old lady has been a handsome girl in her day, or I'm mistaken. There's more than clothes and good looks that goes to the making of a real lady. I can do my share; but——"

Mr. Cutclose's further cogitations were interrupted by Anna Jukes, who came to tell her master that tea was ready. It may be easily guessed that the thinker had realised the need for more than the proverbial fine feathers to make the truly fine bird, and that, with regard to this all-important qualification, money was powerless, however willing he might be to spend it.

(To be continued.)



By CONSTANCE JACOB.

Not even the poorest City "artist in flowers" can complain this month of scarcity of material; the variety is only too confusing, and in our purchases the danger lies in buying too much rather than too little.

In gardens there are roses, pinks, peonies, iris, sweet peas, lupins, syringa, honeysuckle, larkspurs, snapdragons, Canterbury bells, sweet-williams, alpine poppies, gladioli, geraniums, many varieties of annuals, marigolds, pansies, mignonette, columbines, ixias, and a few late species of narcissus. On the hedges and in the fields are dog-roses, honeysuckle, elder-flower, iris, meadow-sweet, clover, campions, moon-daisies, sorrel, poppies, cornflowers, bryony, woodruff, buttercups; while many trees are now in bloom, such as the lime and sycamore.

The name of June brings before us a vision of roses—roses everywhere, in lanes, in gardens, in streets, and in shops; and few flowers are so easy to deal with, and need so little accompaniment. With the garden varieties, the great point is to avoid doubtful harmonies in colour; the innumerable shades of pink and crimson including many which refuse to blend with certain others. The old-fashioned cabbage rose, for instance, is quite vulgarised by the neighbourhood of La France or Baroness Rothschild, while with some shades of dark red and pale yellow it makes a delightful contrast. Other flowers which are particularly suited for rose decorations are—mignonette, sweet peas, syringa, honeysuckle, and white pinks, mainly because they sink naturally into the secondary place, and heighten the dignity of their queen by their own lightness.

In gardens where many roses are grown, it is always good for the trees to have every blossom cut off before it is quite full-blown, leaving the buds to mature; and as this means contenting oneself with very short stalks, flat arrangements of the flowers are almost a necessity. Here old china plates and dishes and silver decanter-stands are invaluable. For longer stalks, specimen-glasses, small jugs or vases, and bowls may be used. No foliage goes quite so well with garden-grown roses as those rich, brown young shoots which are a peculiarity of some of the tea-scented kinds; and one of my friends keeps a large bush in his garden on purpose for a supply of these shoots, the cutting of which, of course, prevents the tree from blooming.

The Japanese single roses, which are now coming into fashion, should be cut each with a large bud and leaf, and placed by themselves in vases of Oriental china, if possible; but as the fruit is the most characteristic part of the plant, it is not often that the flowers are cut at all.

The wild dog-rose requires much more discrimination in placing, but well repays it if small sprays are chosen with the buds just about to open, as the full-blown flowers fall in an hour or two. They look best in upright glasses or small bowls, and may be mixed very lightly with meadow-sweet, or trails of woodbine, bryony, woodruff, or the three last all together, provided that the roses predominate. This last arrangement was very much admired at a country dinner-party, the roses and honeysuckle being in five tall specimen-glasses down the centre of the table, and in a row of small globes about six inches on either side of them, while the trails of bryony and cloudy woodruff fell from the globes and wound in and out upon the tablecloth. In each folded napkin was placed a spray of rose or honeysuckle alternately, and when dessert came on, a tiny piece of woodruff floated in each finger-glass. This cost nothing but the trouble of gathering the flowers from a hedge-row near the house, and was pleasing to more senses than one, for the combined odours made a sort of *pot-pourri* fragrance too delicate to interfere with the guests' enjoyment of the wine and sweets, as I have known heavily-scented flowers sometimes do.

Another rustic table decoration of which the beauty must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated, is composed entirely of that white clover the tiny florets of whose heads are tipped with pink. They should fill a glass or white china bowl rather closely in the centre, but plentifully mixed with foliage, with some long sprays hanging over the edges, on to a table-mat, if possible, of pale greenish-blue; at the edge of that should be put more flowers and plenty of foliage in glass troughs, or small globes, or white china vases, and to each guest place a specially fine spray in a specimen-glass. If only large, tenderly-tinted flower-heads be selected, and the foliage sprays of as bright a green as possible, I am sure the effect will be both original and graceful.

The red sorrel of the fields is now out in full splendour, and looks very beautiful combined with moon-daisies, buttercups, and grass in large jars for the corners of the drawing-room, or in small glasses for the table.

Wild flowers are nearly always spoilt by travelling, so that these suggestions will be of little use to town dwellers.

In London at this season I have bought for 6d. a large bunch of Iceland poppies, which, mingled with flowering grass in old champagne glasses on a dark green table-mat, or in blue-and-white china on a square of white damask embroidered in blue, made a brilliant centre-piece for a small dinner-table.

Sweet peas are very effective scattered over a table in slender glasses, and we can either keep to one colour—pale rose-pink, for example, or mix the pink, purple, and white together. The so-called "scarlet" is not a very pleasant shade, and blends well only with white.

It is generally difficult to obtain sufficient green for these flowers, and, for my part, having a plant of the everlasting kind, whose blossoms are not particularly pretty, I use the young green shoots of that to accompany the flowers of the beautiful annual varieties now to be bought everywhere.

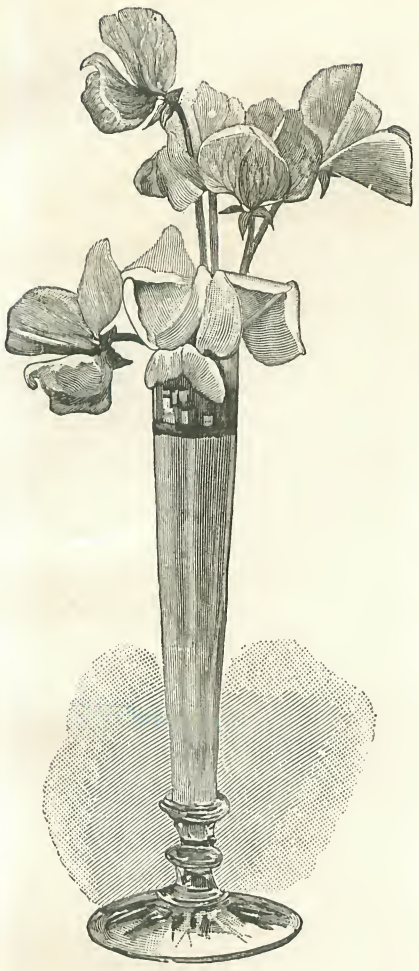
The foliage of the white jasmin will also answer the same purpose.

Two or three tall glasses full of white sweet peas look very well surrounded by trails of mauvish-grey ivy geranium, in low vessels, or the pink shades of both flowers may be combined in this way.

In a nicely-shaped vase of neutral colouring two or three sprays of purple sweet peas contrast agreeably with a Gloire de Dijon rose. White and pink peas will also give lightness to a bowl of peonies. Small posies for sitting-rooms may be made of columbines, which are now to be obtained in so many exquisite tints, and for the dinner-table these may be treated in the same way as sweet peas.

Ixias, and their relations—sparaxis, tritonias, and Watsonias—are generally plentiful this month, and look very well in specimen-glasses mixed with fine grass. The green flowers of *Ixia Viridiflora* need no foliage, and can be arranged in light bunches with the handsome double white narcissus, as long as these are to be had.

Such annuals as nemophila, candytuft, Virginia stock, scabious, and flax, which bloom this month, are chiefly valuable as light accessories to more important-looking flowers; but if used alone, should be in large masses, in order to obtain the full effect of their colouring.



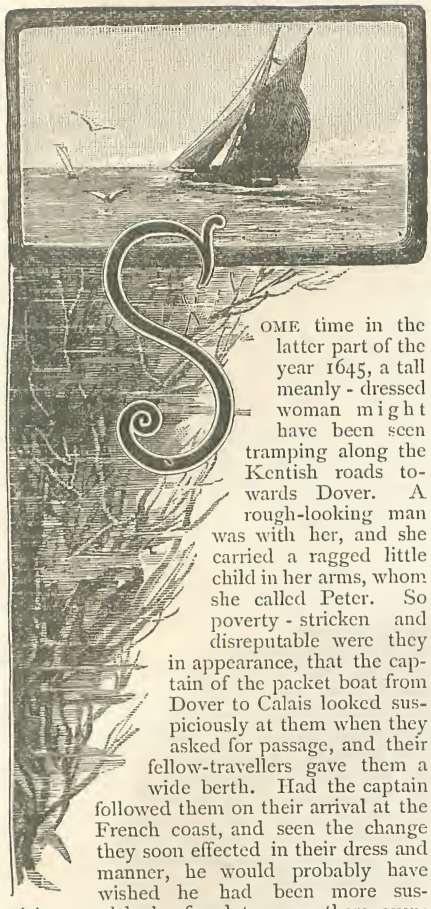
Lupins and Canterbury bells—blue, pink, and white—larkspurs and snapdragons, are all handsome flowers, less suited for table decorations than for putting in tall vases on fairly high shelves or cabinets, where their colours should be carefully adapted to that of the wall-paper or other background. There is no reason why all these different species should not be mixed together in large bunches, provided that the colours do not jangle; and some ribbon-grass looks as well with them as anything besides their own green leaves, those of the larkspur, by the way, being particularly decorative.

For large groups to ornament the fireplace or to stand on the floor, branches of the elder in flower are very effective; but many people object to the sickliness of the perfume. The early-flowering gladioli answer the same purpose in tall jars, and, like the iris, may be mixed with some good-sized fern leaves. A large bunch of syringa, or a small branch of lime in bloom, will fill a room with sweet scent, and give a cool bowery effect without interfering with flowers of brighter colouring. Other trees, such as the larch, when it is bearing its purple raspberry-like flowers, and the sycamore, in bloom or seed, may be laid under contribution for decorating the grate, and I am not sure but what the effect is better in hot weather than when flowers are used. However, if branches are put on the hearth, small posies of woodland flowers may appear, with a happy suggestiveness, on the mantelshelf.

For entirely covering the opening of the fireplace, the bamboo frames now made are useful; they require a great many flowers to fill them, but are particularly suitable for rustic mixtures. Several long trails of dog-roses, in a large jug of water, can be supported by one of these frames, and thus form a natural screen of great beauty, which may be completed by some sprays of honeysuckle placed in the little clefts of the bamboos, which are purposely cut out to hold water.

A frequent source of embarrassment at this time of the year is that multicoloured posy which good-natured country friends bestow on their town guests at parting, and which from its very variety is almost impossible as a decoration in a tasteful London room. How is one to disperse and rearrange successfully a medley of cabbage roses, geraniums, marigolds, sweet-williams, iris, larkspurs, lupins, pinks, and pansies, set in a ring of fern leaves, laurel, and southernwood? How often have I mingled with my gratitude for such a sweet-smelling gift the wish that the donor had exercised more discrimination in her generosity! However, one must try one's best, and something like beauty may result from isolating the different kinds of flowers as much as possible, and putting the roses in a bowl along with the pinks, if these should happen fortunately to be all white; the iris and ferns in tall vases set round with the marigolds on a slightly lower level, and softened, if possible, by feathery grasses; while the prim heads of the sweet-williams, placed in flat glasses, may make an effective base for the larkspurs and lupins in taller vases, accompanied by the neutral-tinted southernwood. Geraniums generally refuse to agree with any cottage garden flowers, and look best alone with their brilliant tints thrown up by dark glossy leaves like those of the laurel; but it is hardly necessary to say that bright scarlet, salmon, and rose-pink wrangle horribly if they are too near neighbours. In this month of vague forms and brilliant colouring, many flowers like some of the last-mentioned are not in themselves decorative, but they may be made so by judicious treatment and by carefully contrasting them with others.

"MADAME."



SOME time in the latter part of the year 1645, a tall meanly-dressed woman might have been seen tramping along the Kentish roads towards Dover. A rough-looking man was with her, and she carried a ragged little child in her arms, whom she called Peter. So poverty-stricken and disreputable were they in appearance, that the captain of the packet boat from Dover to Calais looked suspiciously at them when they asked for passage, and their fellow-travellers gave them a wide berth. Had the captain followed them on their arrival at the French coast, and seen the change they soon effected in their dress and manner, he would probably have wished he had been more suspicious, and had refused to carry them over; for the woman was Lady Morton, and the little Peter was Henrietta Anne, the youngest daughter of Charles I., and the future wife of Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV.

The English Queen, Henrietta Maria, had fled to France some time before this, when her little daughter was only a few weeks old, and the baby had been left in the care of Lady Morton. Once only had her father seen her for a few minutes, and it seemed as though the child would grow up without knowing either of her parents; for after the battle of Naseby the Parliament began to show an interest in the royal children. But Lady Morton determined never to give up her charge except to her mother; and so she disguised herself as a beggar-woman, and escaped to France. But even in France all hardships were not over, for there was civil war there as well as in England, and the royal family and its English guests were at one time reduced to great straits. One cold January day, when Charles I. was waiting his trial in England, Cardinal de Retz visited Henrietta Maria at the Louvre, and found her without money, fire, or bread, and the little princess in bed to keep her warm. But these troubles were temporary; and the French Court treated its guests generously, though it was still a life of exile. Henrietta Maria was constantly engaged in plots and intrigue to regain her son's inheritance for him, and spent nearly all her money in assisting the English Royalists. She always kept her little daughter with her; and the child had many a lesson in intrigue which she turned to good account in later days. She was bright and intelligent, skilled in accomplishments, and a great favourite with her brothers. Her mother, who had been forced to allow all her other children to be brought up as Protestants, was determined that this, her youngest child, should be a Roman Catholic like herself, and she had her carefully instructed in religion. Père Cyprian Gamache relates how the queen herself used to bring the little girl to the Louvre chapel, and would listen while he catechised her with the other children. The little princess was also taught to proselytise, and her mother suggested she should try to convert Lady Morton.

This is the account she gives of her method. "Madam, I embrace my *gouvernante;* I hug her; I kiss her; I say to her, 'Madam Morton, be converted, be a Catholic; you must be a Catholic to be saved. Father Cyprian tells me so very often; you have heard him as well as I. Be a Catholic, good lady, and I will love you dearly.'"

The hugs and kisses did not avail much, for Lady Morton died a good Protestant, much to Father Cyprian's disgust.

But it was not to be all religion for the princess; her mother looked forward to a brilliant future for her, and she began to arrange for it betimes. The queen-mother of France had her two sons, and as she was on very friendly terms with her English sister-in-law, it was natural the two mothers should do a little matchmaking together. The young king, Louis XIV., was showing rather too much attention to one of the Cardinal Mazarin's pretty nieces, Madame de Mercœur; so his mother arranged a little ball at which the English princess should be present, and Louis was to lead the dance with her. But all did not go well. The king preferred his usual partner, Madame de Mercœur; he did not like "little girls." The English queen was apologetic, fearful of giving offence; her daughter "did not dance much; had hurt her foot," and so on; but the queen-mother insisted, and so the little eleven-year-old Henrietta had her dance, but did not enjoy it much, for the king was sulky, and did not care to hide it from "a little girl."

For a few years longer Henrietta Anne lived a quiet retired life, sometimes in Paris, sometimes at St. Germain, or in retreat in a convent. Perhaps it was at this time that she acquired her knowledge of history, which, Bossuet says, she knew so well; for her after life does not seem to have afforded much opportunity for so serious a study. But her mother was anxious she should marry, and thought no rank too high for her. But still Louis did not find her to his taste. "She is not formed enough;" "so thin;" and her family still in exile. One or two other matches were spoken of, but nothing came of them, as the gentlemen drew back from such a dubious alliance. But her brother's restoration to the English throne made a great change in her position. Monsieur the Duke of Orleans, and only brother of Louis, pressed his suit with great assiduity, and the marriage took place in the spring of 1661. Madame, as she was henceforth called, was then about seventeen years of age, and is described by Madame de Motteville as having a very delicate and fair complexion, in which the rose and jessamine mingled. Her eyes were small but brilliant, her nose "not bad," her lips scarlet, and her teeth as white as one could wish. Her face was rather too long and very thin, but her figure was good, though she was slightly lame.

Madame's life was now all gaiety and joyousness; she had missed being queen of France but she could at least be queen of hearts. There was one heart, however, in which she did not reign long; her husband loved her fifteen days, and then—no more. He was wrapped up in himself, and had very little capacity for business; and his young wife proved much too lively and brilliant for him. He was vain, and liked to play a first part; and he was jealous of her beauty, because it was greater than his; and of the admiration she attracted, because it threw him into the shade. The king's antipathy to Madame was soon overcome, and she soon became such a favourite that no party of pleasure was complete without her. The long evening walks of the king and Madame attracted the notice of more than Monsieur; and the queen-mother, who had hoped to find a docile little daughter-in-law in the English princess, was scandalised, and counselled more prudence; the queen was distressed, and even Henrietta Maria was implored to use her influence. The little storm soon blew over. Madame and the king laughed, and continued to enjoy themselves, and the royal attention to the pretty Mdlle. de Lavallière soon gave the Court a new subject of gossip. It was a Court of splendid pleasures and intrigues, and all the leaders were intent on enjoyment, and pursued it with all the ardour of youth and health. Madame must have her intrigue also, and we hear of escapades and rendezvous that lessen our wonder at the jealousy of Monsieur. There was a certain Comte de Guiche, who was banished from Court no less than three times on her account, though she avers it was only indiscretion—nothing more. The king paid little attention, but Monsieur could not be expected to keep silence at rumours of stolen interviews after supper, exchange of *billet doux*, and even a hint at a guest at Madame's receptions who was a woman in dress only. So the Count departed on a military expedition.

But Madame aspired to be something more than a mere Court butterfly—to play a part in politics was her ambition; and Louis soon found how helpful she could be in his negotiations with England. The Triple Alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden, was not acceptable to him, and he determined, that if he could not break it, he would at any rate neutralise its effect. He knew that Charles had an old grudge against the Dutch for their inhospitality towards him when in exile; he also knew that Charles was always in pecuniary difficulties; so he hoped that old prejudices, and the prospect of ready money, would effect his wishes. Charles was equally anxious for an alliance so favourable to himself; but neither king cared to come to the point, and state terms; and it was here that Madame was of use. Much political knowledge she had not, nor yet much political insight; her standpoint was purely personal. It was her interest in the contracting parties, her ready sympathy and receptivity, joined to her tact and unfailing good-humour, that made her such a valuable assistant. Each king knew the affection the other had for her, and worked on that to obtain better terms, and could also plead "for her sake" as a graceful mode of retreat from untenable demands.

Charles writes that he was well disposed to treat with France "for her sake," and that whatever be his terms, his love and affection for her will always be the same; and Louis avers that his affection for her leads him to grant much, and he sends a special letter of directions to his ambassador to smooth all difficulties when she visited England. Madame loved her brother, and would willingly have given him all he wanted; she also loved, and feared a little, her brother-in-law, and would do as much for him; and she was pleased and gratified to be a mediator between them. She also possessed the invaluable power of keeping a secret, so that not even her husband could find out why she was so

often in conference with the king, and why she received so many despatches.

She served both sides impartially, and with surprising success. Now she is indignant for Louis at Charles's exorbitant demands; and then, when those demands are reduced to less than half, she intercedes for just one million more for her impecunious brother. The religious clause was probably more important to her than to either of the contracting parties; for she was devout, and had not forgotten the early teaching of Père Gamache. But Louis cared more about his Dutch war than to see his neighbour of England a good son of the Church; and Charles was not unwilling to put off any declaration of Catholicism to a more convenient season.

But the matter dragged on slowly, and Charles held back from signing; so it was proposed that Madame should visit England, and exert a little personal influence. Then a domestic difficulty arose. Monsieur, poor fellow! was sore at heart because of this new *rôle* his wife had adopted; and he also would fain have meddled in imperial politics; but Louis had no opinion of his capacity for business, and so he had to be content with knowing that there was something to know, and that he was not to know it. When he was asked for permission for Madame to go to England, he felt his turn had come, and he stoutly refused his consent unless he went also. But Charles did not care much about his brother-in-law, and would not invite him, so two or three months were spent in negotiations. At last a grudging consent was given that Madame should go to Dover, but on no account was she to go to London, not even to Canterbury, and three days was to be the limit of her stay. The three days were lengthened to twelve; but Monsieur was inexorable about the place, so the treaty was signed at Dover. A little difficulty arose at the last, for Charles would sign as "King of France;" but Louis was so sure of the substance that he could afford to grant his rival the shadow. So at length all was concluded, and Madame returned gleefully to France. Monsieur was still sulky, and would not go to meet her, neither would he let her join the Court, but carried her off to St. Cloud, whither Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "the Mademoiselle" of Madame de Sévigné, saw her depart with tears in her eyes.

A fortnight later, on the morning of June 30, 1670, all was confusion and dismay at Court, for Madame had died in great agony after a few hours' illness. There were whispers of poison and foul play, countenanced by some words of the princess herself; but the doctors said cholera morbus. The king was grieved beyond his wont, for he had not only lost a pleasant, gay companion, but a willing assistant; and he feared complications in English affairs. Even Monsieur seemed overwhelmed, though his love had been so short, his jealousy and distrust so enduring, till he suddenly remembered his wife's political papers, and went hastily to read them before they should be seized by the officers of state.

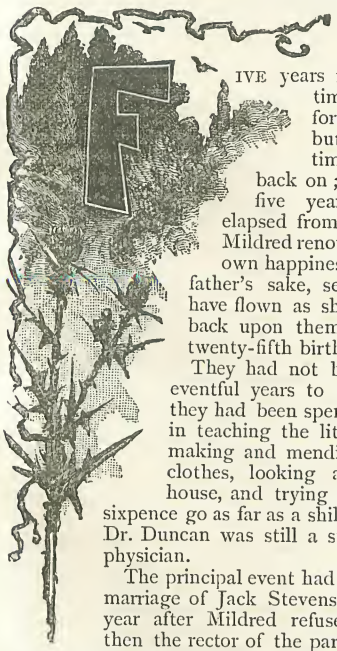
Poor Madame! she was wept and mourned a few days, a grand funeral oration was pronounced by Bossuet, a place was empty, a bright presence was missed for a little while, and then a new bride was found for Monsieur, and the Court danced on as merrily as before.

MILDRED'S MISSION.

By the Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc.

PART II.

"Grow old along with me:
The best is yet to be:
The last of life for which the first was made."
—*R. Browning.*



FIVE years is a long time to look forward to, but a short time to look back on; and the five years which elapsed from the day Mildred renounced her own happiness for her father's sake, seemed to have flown as she looked back upon them on her twenty-fifth birthday.

They had not been very eventful years to Mildred; they had been spent mainly in teaching the little ones, making and mending their clothes, looking after the house, and trying to make sixpence go as far as a shilling; for Dr. Duncan was still a struggling physician.

The principal event had been the marriage of Jack Stevens about a year after Mildred refused him; then the rector of the parish, with whom they were on intimate terms, and who was Mildred's ideal of an almost perfect man, married, and his wife became her most intimate friend.

Yet they had been very happy years; and if Mildred was sometimes inclined to envy her friend Mrs. Gilbert, she in her turn envied Mildred as she saw the children hang round her, and lean their soft cheeks against Mildred's blooming face, which looked as young and fresh as on the day she stood watching the ships and the gulls; for Mrs. Gilbert at the end of the five years had no children.

"Oh, Mildred, how I envy you!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilbert one day, as little Dorcas, now seven years old, came in and gave her sister a great hug before she went out for a walk.

"I am to be envied, I think. When I am inclined to be depressed I often think what a true prophetess Mrs. Browning was when she said, 'A child-kiss set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad; thus thy love shall chant itself its own beatitudes.' Children are a great joy; but don't envy me. I have no husband; you have no children. We can't have everything in this world, can we?"

So said Mildred; but at the end of another five years she was forced to confess happiness was not so equally distributed, for her friend Mrs. Gilbert now had three children, while Mildred's boys were at school, and only came home for the holidays, and Dorcas was grown almost too big a girl to be petted.

Dr. Duncan was better off now; they had moved into a larger house; and yet, perhaps, because she had not so much to do, Mildred was not any happier than in the old days when they were poorer. This second five years had brought more changes. Jack was engaged to be married, and Harry, the second boy, was already married; and perhaps, as Mildred felt her own youth was going, it was natural she sometimes felt lonely when Dorcas was in bed and her father called out to some patient.

But his cheery, "Where is Mildred?"—always his first question when he entered the house—dispelled all gloomy thoughts; and the knowledge that she made him happy was in itself happiness.

Uneventful lives pass the quickest, and age one the least; and when, one June day fifteen years after Mildred saw Mr. Gilbert with his bride-elect on his arm pass along the street, she again saw him pass alone, and with a deep hatband round his hat, she could scarcely believe it was fifteen years since that former day in June. There was not a grey hair in her fair locks yet; but she was thirty-five for all that; her youth was gone, though time had not left any lines on her face.

"How sad he looks," thought Mildred, looking after Mr. Gilbert, who had been a widower for nearly two years now, his wife having died, and left him with four little children.

"Mildred, my dear, I want you," exclaimed Dr. Duncan, opening the door and interrupting Mildred's reverie.

Mildred started up and followed her father into his consulting-room. He was standing with his back to the fire when she went in, and he seemed nervous.

"Shut the door, my dear; shut the door. I—I have something to tell you."

"Yes, father; what is it?" asked Mildred.

"I—I—in short, I think it is right you should know——" Here Dr. Duncan paused again.

"Is it bad news, father?" said Mildred, feeling alarmed.

"No, no, my dear; rather good news. The fact is, I am thinking of marrying."

If he had pointed a pistol at her and said he was thinking of shooting her, Mildred would not have been more taken aback. That Dorcas would some day marry and leave her Mildred had schooled herself to bear; but the very idea of her father marrying again had never entered her head; she was dumfounded; she could not speak.

She sank on to the nearest chair; the colour fled from her cheeks; she tried in vain to utter a word, to ask who the lady was, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

Fortunately, perhaps, a summons for Dr. Duncan interrupted them.

"I'll come directly. Dear, dear, I can hardly call my time my own! We never have long together, Mildred my darling. I must tell you all about it another time. Good-bye—I am off," and the doctor rushed off with a twinkle in his eye which escaped Mildred's notice.

When he was gone she got up and went upstairs to her own room as one in a dream: no greater blow, except the death of one near and dear to her, could have fallen on her. How should she bear to be ousted from her place at her age? How could she submit to a stepmother? How could she bear to see some stranger share all her father's confidence?

She never knew till now how much he was to her, how much she had to lose—we seldom do know the value of what we have; it is the lost we know the worth of.

She sat down on her bed stunned, unable to realise it at first; then came a reaction, and she decided promptly there was only one possible course open to her; she must leave home for her father's sake as much as for her

THE BUTTERFLY.

own; yes, she must go, and Dorcas must choose between her and her father.

Mildred had not much doubt as to which Dorcas would choose, in her heart of hearts, though she dared not be too sure, lest she should be disappointed.

How long she sat in her own room she never knew; she was interrupted at last by the visitors' bell, and, disinclined as she was to receive visitors, she was forced to go down to the drawing-room.

There she found Mr. Gilbert, the most welcome guest possible; for she was intimate enough with him to tell him her trouble, and was certain of meeting with sympathy, so she told herself; but "it is the unexpected which happens," and to her amazement, when she told her friend her father was about to be married, he exclaimed—

"I am delighted to hear it! The very best thing he can do."

This was destined to be a day of surprises to Mildred. Here was another surprise; here was the friend on whose sympathy she would have staked all she possessed, failing to see what a trial had befallen her. She had such respect for Mr. Gilbert's opinion, that she began to think she was very wrong to take the matter so much to heart.

"Am I very selfish to mind so much?" she said.

"Selfish—you selfish! it is I who am selfish. Don't you know why I am glad at this news?" said Mr. Gilbert, moving closer to Mildred.

"No, indeed I don't," said Mildred simply.

"I will tell you. Because it sets you free, and makes me hope perhaps you will listen to my proposal. Mildred, I know your worth, your unselfishness; I know no other woman I dare ask to be a mother to my children; I know none for whom I have such admiration as for you. Will you be my wife?"

Another surprise for Mildred. Happiness beyond anything she had ever dreamt of cast at her feet. What a day of surprises! And they were not over yet.

But meanwhile there was Mr. Gilbert waiting for his answer; and the answer, when it came, was what he wished it to be; and Mildred was too happy to talk of her happiness directly; she could only allude to it indirectly, as we must ever do to our greatest joys and greatest sorrows, if we can even allude at all to these last.

"There is no doubt what my mission in life is," said Mildred.

"What—'to soothe, to comfort, and to bless'?" said Mr. Gilbert.

"No; to bring up other people's children. I tried my 'prentice hand on my own brothers and sister; now I shall have yours to experimentalise on."

"I am not afraid of the result," said the rector.

That evening when Dr. Duncan came home he was somewhat surprised to find Mildred looking brighter and happier than he had ever seen her; but he soon learnt the cause.

"You will not miss me so very much now, will you, father?" said Mildred shyly.

"Oh, I don't know about that. I am delighted that you have found a husband worthy of you; but of course I shall miss you," said the doctor.

"I could not have lived at home after what you told me this afternoon, you know, father," said Mildred gently.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you told me you were going to be married——" began Mildred.

"No, my dear, I did not—excuse me. I said I was thinking of marrying. So I was; but it was you I was thinking of marrying, not myself."

"Me?" exclaimed Mildred.

"Yes. Mr. Gilbert had told me he was going to ask you to be his wife, and as I thought you would probably sacrifice your own happiness a second time for my sake, I played a little trick upon you."

"Oh, father, how could you do it? And how could I have been so silly as to believe it? Oh, you little know what a terrible quarter of an hour you gave me, sir! But, father"—seriously—"how will you get on without me?"

"Very badly, I fear; but Dorcas must do her best; and you will live close to me; and when I get too old for work, perhaps Gilbert will find a corner for his old friend by his fireside. You have been an excellent daughter, Mildred—God bless you!"

"I am the happiest woman on earth," said Mildred.

She was very happy; for she was one of those fortunate people who get their reward in this life. Many there are who need longer discipline, to whom the best which is yet to be does not come this side the grave; the comfort to all is the same. God planned the whole life; therefore, when things look darkest, "Trust Him, nor be afraid."

THE BUTTERFLY.

By SYDNEY GREY.

CELIA, through the cornfield straying,
Of the morn so fair a part,
Step and face alike betraying
Sunshine too within her heart,
Smiled to see a butterfly,
Softly on her outstretched finger,
Fold his wings of purple dye,
Quite content to linger.

How his royal raiment glistened
In the sweet September haze!
Celia felt assured he listened
With approval to her praise.
Borne away on pinions swift,
Thus he left the maiden musing—
"Best of all is beauty's gift,
If one had the choosing."

By-and-by, when evening shadows
With the sunbeams strove again,
Celia wandered through the meadows,
Cool and fragrant after rain.
What was that she chanced to spy,
Bruised and battered by the shower?
Just a gorgeous butterfly
Crushed beneath a flower.

Ah! fair Celia, life means trial,
Many a shock and rude alarm;
And in struggle and denial
Quickly lost is outward charm.
Then, since beauty flies so soon,
Ere delight has lost its savour,
Seek, dear maid, a nobler boon—
Heavenly grace and favour.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

I AM not as young as I was, and live at present in a picturesque cottage in a remote country village; but my brother is the rector of the parish, and his family is large, so I hear a good deal about the outside world, though I do not often get a peep at it now that I am not strong enough to travel.

My favourite nieces are Ethel and Flora. They are just eighteen, and twins. Ethel is fair as a lily, slender and graceful, with soft grey eyes, and a low, sweet voice. Flo has merry black eyes, a profusion of glossy dark curls, and more colour and animation than her sister; she is not quite so tall, and certainly less graceful. They are both good, conscientious girls, and very useful in the Sunday-school and parish. They have lately been to London on a long visit, that they might have some music and drawing lessons, and "see the sights." They knew I should miss them sadly, and promised to write me one long letter each. I told them not to do more, because I should see their home letters regularly, and I knew their time would be much occupied; besides, I should look forward to hearing about their adventures by word of mouth on their return. I think some of "our girls" may like to see the letters, and possibly find them suggestive.

ETHEL'S LETTER.

"MY DEAREST AUNT KATE,—I hope you have not been expecting to hear from me sooner. I had no idea how pressed for time I should be when I left the dear old home, or I should not have been so pleased at the

notion of coming to London. I never have a moment to myself; but I must not grumble. The journey here seems so long ago now that it is hardly worth while to tell you about it; but I know you like particulars, so I may as well say that we were ten in the carriage—five on each side—and Flo and I were not fortunate enough to get a window. It was very warm and disagreeable, and our fellow-travellers—mostly children—were very noisy and troublesome. We were truly thankful to reach London, and see Aunt Constance waiting for us on the platform. She lives, as you know, in an old-fashioned part of London; but I fancy the neighbourhood must have changed for the worse since you saw it. The house is in a square—at least, it is called so—but it is really no more than a wide street, with a strip of garden up the middle. It seems to lie in the direct route for one or two stations, for morning, noon, and night cabs piled with luggage are rattling through it. The garden is badly kept, and shabby-looking children haunt it, with dirty faces, pinafores to match, and voices that are anything but 'sweet.' I hear yells at the present moment; but they are half drowned by a noisy piano-organ which has established itself opposite, and drives me nearly distracted. The asphalted road outside the garden palings is the favourite playground of boys from the mews behind, with roller-skates, bicycles, and tricycles. The noise they make on summer evenings is really appalling. Aunt Constance is obliged sometimes to close the front windows and open the back; but squalling babies, whiffs from the stables, and expressions more forcible than polite from the ostlers, compel us to submit to suffocation or return to the amenities of the skaters!

"Aunt Constance says this is a very healthy neighbourhood. I daresay she is right, but the air feels very heavy and close to us after our dear moorland breezes. I assure you sometimes when the wind is in one particular quarter, we are quite nauseated with the cooking odours from an American boarding-house a door or two off. We always know what they have for breakfast—herrings and bacon alternate, but onions are a daily luxury!

"Aunt Constance is most kind. We have our lessons in the morning, and practise then; the afternoons we devote to sight-seeing. We have been to the Tower; but I was very much disappointed, because since the dynamite scare they have shut up the most interesting part of it. We went one Sunday to hear Canon —— at St. Paul's; but though we were very early, we had to put up with a place where we could only hear by standing; and as the sermon was an hour long, we were dreadfully tired when we got back. Of course we went to St. Paul's on a weekday too, and I shall never forget the fatigue of climbing the steps to the Golden Gallery. Still, I was rather vexed not to be able to go up to the ball and cross. They used to allow it when father was a boy, but it seems they don't now. We went to Westminster another day. Aunt Constance took us to see the wax effigies, but we could not go into the triforium, which was what we had set our heart on. The Abbey is truly fascinating, but they had no music the day we were there. We could not ascertain why.

"One objection to this neighbourhood is that it is so far from the Park. We have had one or two drives in it, and saw the Prince in the Row one day, and the Princess driving another afternoon. It was very provoking; we had settled to go the very day the Queen was there; but Aunt Constance thought it would rain, so we perforce stayed at home. It turned out perfectly fine, and we might have seen her Majesty! However, we did see her another time near Paddington Station.

I must not forget to tell you of the bazaar we saw opened by the Princess Beatrice and her husband. We stood quite close to them and heard their remarks; but though we helped to sell, we were not allowed in the tea-room, where Prince Henry handed the cups to the ladies, and the Princess made one of the party. It would have been rather a joke to have tea with the Royalties. Catherine Sinclair was one of those who did; but of course it did not really matter.

"I expect Flo will tell you about the Exhibitions. They say it is a good year at the Academy. Of course I am no judge, never having seen it before; but I thought there were a great many uninteresting pictures, portraits of ugly women and commonplace men, unknown to fame, or, at all events, anonymous in the catalogue. The rooms were dreadfully crowded on each occasion that we visited them; it was almost impossible to get a good view of the most popular pictures. I had no idea before, how trying looking at paintings is to the head; both Flo and I were quite prostrate when we got home. The German Exhibition is very dull; we thought nothing of it. I suppose the band is the great attraction, but we spent most of our time at the cheap jewellery stalls. Aunt Constance had a fancy for choosing a brooch there for a friend, though she found afterwards she might have got it just as well at the shop she usually patronises. We liked the Naval Exhibition better. We passed most of the day there. Uncle Edward took us, and we had a famous view of the fireworks. We went to the top of the Eddystone Lighthouse, and into the iceberg. We had to stand for the fireworks, and for nearly an hour before they began, which was a little tiring. The crowd was so great, however, that it was quite necessary to get a good place. The illuminations were very pretty, but I suppose they will not bear comparison with those in the Colonial or Health Exhibitions, which you used to talk about.

"We have not been to one dinner-party, though we are supposed to be 'out.' Aunt Constance has given one since we came, but she said she could not make room for us, and we were too young for it to matter. We had no reason to grumble, because the guests were all married people and rather old; and Aunt Constance arranged for us to spend that evening with the Simpsons, who had invited us *en famille*. Cousin Elma went too, and we enjoyed ourselves immensely.

"Flo and I have been helping at the temperance entertainments at the schools. The lady who generally plays has been ill, so they say we are useful. Flo says she quite enjoys them, except that she cannot get over the fear of breaking down. I am not troubled with nervousness, and of course I like to be of use; but the room is badly ventilated; the old ladies will have the windows shut, and you can guess the result! We have some distance to walk to our church (which, by the way, is a very ugly one). I should like to wander sometimes, for the choir sing flat, and the vicar is by no means eloquent; but Aunt Constance quite agrees with father about the duty of regularity at one's own church, if only for the sake of example, and I believe she likes Mr. Smith's sermons too. No doubt they are very good, even if a little heavy. I shall be very pleased to see our own beautiful old church again, with its arches, and windows, and brasses; to hear mother at the organ and listen to father in the pulpit! You must not imagine I am not enjoying myself in town. I am, very much, and everybody is most kind to us; but I own I am just a little disappointed. I suppose I expected too much. Fondest love, dearest Auntie,

"From your ever-loving

"ETHEL."

FLORA'S LETTER.

"MY DEAREST AUNT KATE,—I am ashamed not to have written sooner; but I waited at first on purpose that I might have more to say of interest; and then we had got into such a whirl of studies and amusements, that it really was difficult to find time for more than the regular home letters. We are having the most delightful visit you can possibly imagine. Nobody could be kinder or more unwearying in finding entertainment for us than dear Aunt Constance. She could not do more for Elma than she does for us. But the pleasure of our trip began before we saw her. We stopped in our journey at Canterbury for two hours, and saw the Cathedral. We were so fortunate; we got a most intelligent and amiable verger, and saw everything. It would have been worth coming away from home if only for that. I have got a model of St. Augustine's chair, which I bought for you at a little shop just outside the cathedral. It was so kind of father to arrange for us to have this treat on the way. Aunt Constance met us herself—was it not good of her? I need not describe her house because of course you will remember it. We have a delightful room looking towards the front, with two windows full of flowers in pots. The musk and sweet peas almost cheat us into the belief that we are still in the country; and, indeed, the air, in the evening especially, is often deliciously sweet. I suppose the hayfields at Hampstead have something to do with it. The square garden, when we first came up, was full of lilac, laburnum, and may trees in blossom; they are all over now, but the beds are still gay with annuals, and the grass green and refreshing to look at.

"Our masters come in the morning, and we do most of our preparation then, so as to have the afternoon free. I think we must have been almost everywhere now. The Tower was deeply interesting. We saw the very spot where Lady Jane Grey and so many others perished, and St. John's Chapel, with its massive pillars and arches, and the Crown Jewels—oh, how exquisite they are! and so many other curious and interesting things. I shall always be glad to remember that I have stood on Tower Hill; it makes history seem so much more real. We saw the Egyptian Hall another day, and the Post Office, and the Exchange; and last, not least, St. Paul's. We went twice there—on a week day to explore, and on Sunday afternoon to gratify our great desire to hear Canon ——. Aunt Constance was very kind to take us, for it is a long way, and she is not strong. We had to hurry rather over luncheon to be in time to secure a place where it was possible to hear. We were successful, for we did not miss a word. The sight of the vast crowd was most impressive. The Wellington monument and Gordon's tomb interested us very much when we went in the week. We went down to the Crypt, and up to the Whispering Gallery, as well as outside. We were greatly pleased with the view of London. Our guide told us we were singularly favoured in the weather, for it was an unusually clear day.

"But delightful as was St. Paul's, it must yield in attraction to the Abbey! Dearest Auntie, how I wish you could have accompanied us there! It was solemnising to see the place—

"'. . . Where the end of earthly things
Lays patriots, heroes, bards, and kings.'

We thought of you when we saw your favourite, Livingstone's, grave. But the part I think we cared for most was Edward the Confessor's Chapel, and Henry VII.'s. Aunt Constance told us that, when she was a girl, the coronation chair, with the stone of Scone (which tradition says is Jacob's pillow), was allowed to be fingered, and even sat upon. It is protected now. The service was plain that day, the lessons were beautifully and most

impressively read by the Canon in residence, and the Dean was present.

"It would make my letter too long if I tried to tell you about all the Exhibitions. I think we enjoyed the Royal Academy as much as anything. Aunt Constance tells us we could hardly have had a better year. Evidently the public are of her opinion, for it seems always full. I was very much amused at some of the remarks I overheard about the historical pictures. The landscapes are lovely—many of them, at least; and some of the portraits of celebrated men and famous beauties very interesting. I think Ethel and I like groups best—pictures that tell a story, I mean; and there were a large number of them. We were so engrossed the first time that we stayed too long, and paid the penalty of a slight headache; but it was entirely our own fault, for Aunt Constance warned us. It was a very thundery day, too, so perhaps after all the Academy was not altogether responsible.

"The German Exhibition was not quite so nice as the Academy: but of course it was so different that I ought not to compare the two. The sham scenery in the garden was very realistic. An avenue especially struck us as natural, when seen from a distance; but I think we admired the pictures, glass, and china more than anything. Aunt Constance gave us each a lovely little specimen of Bohemian glass to keep as a souvenir of our visit; and we enjoyed helping her choose a moonstone brooch for a birthday present to her cousin at the brilliant jewellery stalls.

"The Naval Exhibition was really enchanting. Uncle Edward took us with Elma because we wanted to stay for the fireworks, and Aunt Constance was afraid of being overtired. It was a delightful day. I am sure Ethel has told you about the wonderful Arctic lights exhibited inside the iceberg, and the explanations of the phenomena so clearly given. The view of Chelsea Hospital from the top of the Eddystone Lighthouse, too, was most interesting; so was the model of the *Victory*, with the death of Nelson, and that of the *Great Harry*, our first great warship. It looked very antique and cumbersome. The lifeboat was a great centre of attraction; the people would climb into it and over it, which of course is not allowed. But oh, Aunt Kate, the fireworks! If you had but seen them! Elma laughed at our ecstasy, and said she had seen as good and better at the Crystal Palace—so perhaps you have too. There was a *gigantic* sea serpent, as well as the most lovely designs with Catherine wheels and other exquisitely-coloured fireworks, and a naval encounter. The comic element was introduced by a bicycle race. Everything was reflected in the water, which of course doubled its beauty. We had such a good view, too, for Uncle Edward took us into the grand stand, where we escaped all crowding and squeezing, and chose the best place of all for seeing. One more pleasure that day included. We saw the Princess of Wales and her daughters, who were paying a private visit to the Exhibition. We stood quite near them, and happily Uncle Edward knew them; if he had not been with us we should have missed them, for Elma is too short-sighted to have recognised them even if she had happened to notice their faces. The Princess is very like her pictures. We have been very successful in seeing our Royal family. Even the Queen herself gave us an opportunity one day, near Paddington Station. She sat our side of the carriage, and we had a famous view. Then Mrs. Sinclair was so kind as to give us tickets for the opening of the bazaar at Kensington, where Catherine had a stall, so that we saw the Princess Beatrice and her husband quite close; and Aunt Constance took us to the Park twice that we might have a chance of meeting the Prince and Princess there. Again we were fortunate—the Prince was riding in the Row, and the Princess driving in her victoria.

"We have had some pleasant private entertainments too! Mrs. Simpson had a large garden-party, to which we were asked. It was quite fine—for once this summer; there was a good band, and we had strawberries and cream. Don't think me greedy to mention this, but I fear Ethel and I are still babyish enough to feel our enjoyment enhanced by the combination. Aunt Constance had a musical party, partly to please us, I think, which we greatly appreciated. Some really accomplished musicians played and sang. The violins were beyond praise! A great many people came, and we had a very pretty supper, with ices. On Elma's birthday we went up the river with a party of friends. You know how fond we are of rowing, so you can guess what a treat it was to us. We filled several boats, and everything went off to perfection. Another time we went with Professor —— and a party to the British Museum after dinner. It is lighted by electric light, and the effect is very pretty; besides, it was such a privilege to hear the Professor's explanations. He dined with Aunt Constance first, and was very kind to us, giving us all sorts of hints as to what to look at. We went by daylight afterwards over the same ground, and tried to recall all he had said. We met him once more at a promenade at the Botanical Gardens. He was very amusing that afternoon. He told us he did not know whether he hated the band or the thunderstorm more. That was the only one of our pleasures which threatened to be a failure, for just as we arrived at the Gardens in our smartest frocks and prettiest hats, down came a deluge of rain! Fortunately we found refuge in the conservatory before even our light sunshades were damaged. The band soon followed the rest of the people, but it was not quite so pleasant to hear as in the open air, though not really 'detestable' and 'deafening,' as the Professor would call it. If we had not met him I think we should have found it a little dull that day; but he made us laugh so that we were quite glad we had come, rain notwithstanding. He is a dear old man, and got us tea, and escorted us to our carriage—or, to be accurate, secured a cab for us—in the most gallant and attentive manner.

"I am afraid you will think we have been very dissipated, and thought of nothing but amusing ourselves, so I will just add, that we have gone with Elma regularly to the vicarage working party for foreign missions, and that we have undertaken the management of the music at the temperance entertainments at the school. This Elma could not do, as she is not musical; but she always goes with us, and helps to keep the children in order, as well as in many other ways. We like these evenings very much. It is so pleasant to see people evidently enjoying themselves, and to feel that we are allowed to be the means of bringing even a little brightness into lives shadowed by deprivation and poverty.

"The vicar is quite old; his eldest daughter, who manages the parish affairs, is older than mother, I should think. He is very kind and gentle, and his sermons are very nice, if one really listens to them. I am afraid when we first came I used to let my thoughts wander a great deal, being accustomed to father's bright striking manner; but now I am used to Mr. Smith I pay more attention, and he often says things that help me in the week afterwards. The church is a Georgian one, as no doubt you remember, and very good for seeing and hearing. Aunt Constance has a pew in the best part.

"And now I must really leave off. I hope I have not tired you, but you asked for 'details.' We are very, very happy here; no girls could be happier, I am sure. I am very glad we came, and it has all been far nicer than I expected; but still it will be delightful to come home again, and see you all. I can hardly believe that we shall have been four whole months away from the sweetest, dearest home in the world, and yet not have been miserable! You were quite right, Aunt Kate; you said I should be surprised to find how fast the weeks passed. We hope to bring Elma back with us. She sends her love to you, because she says she has heard so much about you from us that she feels quite fond of you already. I hope you are careful about draughts, dearest Auntie, and remain,

"Your most affectionate niece,
"FLORA."

VARIETIES.

ANGELS ON EARTH.

What though no more in human guise,
On radiant pinions borne,
Are angels seen of mortal eyes—
Earth is not left forlorn.
Some bird that sings in hopeless hours
God's messenger may be;
And I have seen in primrose flowers
God's angels smile on me.

SILVER PLATE.—The silver plate possessed by the Lord of Burghley in the days of Queen Elizabeth weighed from fourteen thousand to fifteen thousand pounds. And this was not considered extraordinary for a man of his position.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.

Customer (to photographer): "I don't think the photograph does me justice."

Photographer: "My dear sir, if photography did justice to everyone who had his picture taken, the art would soon grow unpopular."

THE DAY OF REST.—If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest, but the axe, the spade, the anvil, and the loom had been at work every day during the last three centuries, I have not the smallest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer people and a less civilised people than we are.—*Lord Macaulay.*

THE STRENGTH OF LOVE.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable which else
Would break the heart.

ANSWER TO TRAVELLERS' TALES (p. 459).

Solution. (The letter A.)

At dark Madagascar Sam saw palms fall,
Sharp catamarans flash past at Madras;
At Allahabad Mark sprang at a wall,
And at warm Salamanca sang bass at grand mass.
Balthazar at Agra saw Abdallah's hall;
At Malaga Kaspar was drawn at a ball.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

BREAKING UP THE HOUSEHOLD.

WHEN sitting as president of a council of war in India, as the colonel had often done, he made it a practice to listen patiently to the opinion of all present, however they might differ among themselves or with him.

But when a conclusion had been arrived at that he could and did accept, he would allow none of his officers to refer afterwards to their deliberations, his maxim being, as they well knew, and as he had once said to them, "To get all available facts germane to the matter in hand, and carefully study them before deciding; but when you have decided, let nothing keep you from strenuous and unswerving action."

This habitual rule had guided him after the death of his father to avoid the bureau, to which Owen had so significantly referred him when giving the key, the colonel knowing that till the burial was over he could be in no fit state to collect and rightly estimate the value of the documents he should find there illustrative of his own future position.

But the funeral over, he no longer delayed; that he had to economise was already clear.

His own income from the property belonging to his daughters amounted to about a thousand a year, and that sum he was determined nothing should tempt him to exceed.

Of course he knew the income of the castle estates (if not lessened in recent years) was large—at least ten thousand a year; but he feared Owen had burdened it heavily with debts, and that his dying words, his anguish, and his mysterious behaviour, might possibly be due to his consciousness of the magnitude of the burden he then imposed, and the promise he then exacted. Yes, his first duty was to economise.

And the first instinctive feeling of the man of action was, after writing the letter to his daughters given in a former chapter, to walk through the castle, and note carefully whatever might be thus suggested to him.

As he crossed the hall one of the trim parlour-maids stepped aside for him to pass. His first movement was then determined on. He took out his pocketbook and wrote, "What servants to be dismissed?"

The thought widened out to such an extent that Paul Stanard returned to his study, that he might the better consider how to proceed.

In a few minutes he rang, and desired the maid to request Mrs. Joyce, the housekeeper, to come to him.

Presently a low knock at the door was answered by the colonel's "Come in." A ladylike, pleasant-faced woman entered, bowed, and stood waiting his pleasure.

"Pray be seated, Mrs. Joyce, and excuse my interrupting your duties; but I want you to help me, if you can."

"I should be only too glad to do that, sir," she said, taking the chair he had placed, and looking towards him with kindly enquiring eyes as she added, "How can I help you, sir?"

"You have been here a long time, Mrs. Joyce."

"Twelve years next Christmas, and I only wish, sir, I could stay as many more. I presume you have heard why I am leaving next month?"

"I did hear you were about to leave us, and I was very sorry."

"I am going to be married in November. Nothing else would have induced me to leave a house where I have been so happy," and she looked away that he might not see how the thought of leaving affected her.

"Let me wish you every happiness. Your marriage makes my task a little less hard."

"Indeed, sir! How so, may I ask?"

"You have been faithful and warm-hearted in our service, as I have had reason to know from my father and from Mr. Benjamin Stanard. I will tell you then that I am troubled by the state in which I find the family is left."

Looking in his face with kindly sympathy, Mrs. Joyce said, "I thank you, sir, and fully appreciate the honour you do me in so speaking." There she stopped, feeling it was not for her to try to put into words what she had secretly long dreaded.

"If I am able to keep the estate," he presently said, speaking deliberately, "it will be only by using the utmost economy. I must dismiss all unnecessary servants, curtail every avoidable expense, and greatly reduce the entire cost of the household. In that I think you can help me."

"That I can and will do, sir. Oh, but I am so grieved!" In her excitement she rose, and stood by the table as she continued, "I will, if you please, myself dismiss the servants, and make them understand the necessity without saying more than I can help."

"Thank you. Tell each and all I am sorry to part with them. You will pay them, of course, their quarter's wages in advance in lieu of notice."

"That seems hard, sir. You will excuse my saying so under the circumstances."

"It is their due, Mrs. Joyce. Let there be no question about that. Should any of them care to see me before they leave, they will find me in this room, say between six and seven this evening."

"I will at once make out their accounts and bring to you, sir."

"So far as the household is concerned it appears to me I should need to begin with the butler and his wife; but perhaps you'll learn for me if they are willing to stay."

"I think I can answer for them in advance, sir. But I will make sure."

"Besides them, we should require a parlour-maid and a boy."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, if you will accompany me, we will go over the house. I think," he continued, as they entered the large dining-room, "that some of these rooms had better be closed."

"It would save you much trouble. You notice, sir, that the furniture is new, and the same in the drawing-room, all ordered for the marriage."

"It must all go back and be sold, Mrs. Joyce—I will see to that," said the colonel, making a memorandum in his book.

As they passed through the lower rooms, Mrs. Joyce made several suggestions for saving labour and expense, which Paul carefully noted.

They next went to the bedrooms, where he remarked that some of the rooms were quite empty, while a quantity of furniture was stowed away on the topmost landing.

"These rooms," said Mrs. Joyce, "were cleared and prepared for the new furniture which has been ordered, but was not to arrive till Mr. Owen was away on his honeymoon."

"And has not yet arrived?"

"No, sir."

"I shall countermand the order," said the colonel.

"I think, sir, there is nothing further I need trouble you with respecting the house."

"Let the old furniture be replaced in the respective rooms, and please have

all those in the west wing prepared for locking up."

"Yes, sir."

"I must now seek the steward, and see what I can arrange with him. As this may take some time, be so good as to come to me for the servants' money in about a couple of hours."

* * * *

Mr. Belcher, who fulfilled the double duties of steward and bailiff, the colonel found in the home fields, scolding some labourers for harvesting there, when his directions had been to cut wheat on the other side of the castle farm.

The colonel called him apart, and led the way across the wheatfield to a lane near by. Pausing by the stile between the lane and field, he told Mr. Belcher of the change of circumstances, and the necessity for dismissing most of the hands.

Silas Belcher, a hard-looking, hard-working, but justice-loving man, listened to his master's news with a face only a trifle more rigid than was its wont.

Removing his hands from where they had been, crossed behind his back, he asked, as he took off his large straw hat and wiped the perspiration from his head and face, "Who will do my work, sir?"

"Myself. It will not take me long to learn. I have always been fond of such duties, but have had few opportunities for performing them."

"I can't expect to get another place directly, sir."

"Perhaps not. But as you will have one quarter's salary in advance instead of three months' notice, I do not think you will lose much."

"You can't do all the work, sir."

"I shall keep one of the game-keepers or foresters to help me. Choose yourself the best after due consideration."

"When shall I go, sir?"

"As soon as you wish."

"I don't know what you wish, sir, or whether you're in a hurry to begin taking matters into your own hands, but I can't see my way to leave for a good month or more yet. I must see the harvesting over, and there's many things to settle. Can't you let me stay till then? You know, sir"—and he kicked the loose pebbles with his foot, as if to gain time for what he wanted to say—"I want no more salary, only to know things are right."

"Stay as long as it pleases you," said the colonel, laying his hand lightly on the man's shoulder. "Be sure I don't want to lose you, but as soon as you find a gentleman who seeks a good steward, refer him to me."

Mr. Belcher's face lighted up for a moment, but he only said, "We shall want most of the hands till harvest is over."

"Very well, keep those you must till then; but give notice to all except a few of those who have been longest in the service, who must stay on to work the farms. I shall let both the home farm and the castle farm as soon as possible."

"A gentleman was asking me about the castle farm only yesterday. Shall I send him to you, sir?"

"Yes, but first make all enquiries as quickly as you can, and report to me. Good day." He was moving away when a sudden impulse caused him to return.

"Mr. Belcher, how can I best dispose of my carriages and horses? I shall keep only a brougham and one horse for my daughters, and a groom and boy to attend to them, and my own charger for myself."

"Mr. Owen, sir, before the marriage sold the best of the carriages and horses because ——"

"Ah, yes," interrupted the colonel, to avoid possible comments on so painful a subject; "he knew his wife would bring fresh ones with her. Sell the rest for whatever they will fetch—privately, if you can; publicly, if you must."

"The one horse that would fetch a great price is the one you brought with you. He is a beauty—a grand piece of flesh and bone!"

"What would you consider 'a great price?'"

"Five hundred guineas at the least."

The colonel passed his hand over his brow, and turned away as if to reflect, but really to hide the emotion he felt to lose the steed that had borne him safely through so many battles, and had more than once received serious injuries intended for him. Incident after incident rose to his mind, each one seeming to ask reproachfully, "Can you do this thing?" His favourite, whom he had so often taken pleasure in grooming, seemed to stand before him, as on the morning of his last battle, proudly stamping on the ground, and proudly tossing his head in impatience while his master was momentarily hindered from mounting. The wonderful fire and beauty of the large eyes seemed once more to electrify him. And then the start as the bugle sounded for the advance, which made it impossible for the soldier-servant to hold him a moment longer than barely sufficed for the colonel's mount, and cry of "Let him go!"

"This is weakness," said the colonel to himself as he dashed a tear from his eye. "But I will not a second time say, 'Let him go.'" A moment or two later he turned to Belcher and said calmly, "I shall keep him."

Re-crossing the stile, the colonel returned to the castle, fairly satisfied with his morning's work, and relieved to feel the burden he was about to take up growing lighter.

* * * *

Presently Mrs. Joyce came to receive the money she needed for the servants, and went away to pay them. An hour later she reappeared to tell him the servants were then in their hall waiting to take leave of him.

"Shall I call them up to you, sir?" she asked.

"No, I will go to them."

As he entered the hall there was a great stir, all rising to their feet, sadness and deep interest on every face.

"My dear people," said the colonel, much affected, "it is kind of you to wish to see me before going away. I part from you with sincere regret; but you know I am no longer a rich man. Go, then, and seek new homes elsewhere. Mrs. Joyce will, I am sure, speak justly and kindly in my name for any of you who require recommendation. Be honest to yourselves and to your masters. Do your work, remembering always, 'Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart!' Good-bye, my friends. The blessing of God be on you all."

"Good-bye, sir!" "Good-bye, colonel!" "God bless *you*, sir!"

Such were the greetings as Paul went round, shaking each by the hand, and acknowledging, in a hearty way, any special acts of devotion that were recalled to his mind by particular faces that confronted him.

As he reascended to his study with Mrs. Joyce, she said, "I see, sir, that you are quite tired out. Let me beg of you to rest. Your dinner will be ready now—I have had it laid in the morning-room."

"Thank you," and he looked up gratefully. "Will you come with me, Mrs. Joyce? I fear I am selfish in asking you, but I want to banish thought for a little while, and I have yet several matters to talk over with you?"

She listened to the colonel with quiet, unaffected interest during the dinner, and answered him thoughtfully as he laid before her several difficulties that had arisen.

"Have you spoken to the butler and his wife?" he presently asked.

"They came into my room before I had time to speak to the other domestics. Both seemed very much upset, for they had heard a rumour that most of the servants would be dismissed, and told me that it would well-nigh break their hearts to leave the place where they had lived over forty years. They were delighted to hear they were to stay."

"Ah," said Paul, "the Culvers are a faithful old couple! I should have found it hard to part with them. They nursed me, and played with me when I was an infant. I will see them to-morrow."

"There is one thing I have omitted to tell you."

"What is that?" asked the colonel.

"Do you remember, sir, the boy who is rather lame, and who, report says, you saved from a thrashing, and brought to work here, before you went to India the last time?"

"I think I can recall something of it. What about the boy?"

"While I was in a state of indecision as to which of the lads to retain in your service, this boy Peter came to me, put a packet into my hand, and begged me to give it to you."

"What is it?" asked the colonel, taking the packet.

Mrs. Joyce only smiled, waiting till the paper was opened, when two sovereigns, three shillings, and a few coppers were disclosed to view.

"His wages. I paid him that amount this morning," she remarked.

"Why is the money sent to me?"

"He believes you to be very poor, sir,

and this is his way of showing gratitude to you."

The colonel looked at Mrs. Joyce, looked at the money in his hand, and, moved by some secret and overpowering impulse, burst out with a prolonged laugh, the first Mrs. Joyce had heard from him since his arrival, and which she was pained to hear.

"This indeed brings home to me my poverty, to find myself thus helped!" And again he was moved to what seemed unnatural mirth.

Of course it was not the boy's action that really originated the colonel's burst, but the pent-up emotion that had been gathering, unconsciously to him, and waited but for an opportunity to explode and be dispersed; and that the boy gave him. And this he managed briefly to make Mrs. Joyce understand, to her great relief.

"But now to business. Tell me more about him."

"He asked," said Mrs. Joyce, "my permission to sleep in one of the stable-rooms, and to clean the boots and knives as before, saying he wanted no wage, only 'that he couldn't nohow leave the master.' He implored me, with tears in his eyes, not to turn him away."

"Can he do the work?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then you will keep him, I suppose?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Give back the silver and copper, and say that for every sovereign or half-sovereign he can add to the two sovereigns I keep for him I shall add as much more. He may consider me as his savings bank."

"You are very good, sir."

"You and my domestics set me the example." Then he added, "Financially I may be considered a poor man; but, judging by my own experiences of to-day, I feel infinitely rich in possessing the affection and respect of so many friends. I know not what may be yet in store for me, Mrs. Joyce; but never shall the kindness I have met with to-day, or the lessons I have learned from it, be forgotten."

(*To be continued.*)

PRIZES AND BLANKS IN THE GIRL WORLD.

As far back as the reign of George II. an essay was written to account for the seemingly strange fact, that exceptionally handsome women were for the most part content to accept very plain-looking husbands. We suppose this has often happened, and will often happen again. Writers who regard mere beauty as the chief good might be disposed to think that such a fact tended to prove that our personal affairs were governed by eccentric laws which we sometimes hear spoken of as the rule of contrary. There is not, however, an elderly person of sense and discernment now living who would not admit that the world has been pretty much what she herself has made it. It is to little purpose that you think or speak about the possibilities of the future unless the fact that youth is the sowing-time of life be borne well in mind, and you act accordingly. There is nothing so fruitful in lifelong disaster as the mistakes of youth, and these are more often than otherwise made when young persons follow their own wisdom instead of seeking others' guidance, especially that of God. Not that there is to be none of that self-reliance which ought to be a sterling trait of character; but there must be dependence on a higher power, and an earnest seeking after the right way.

Every girl who reads these lines should be desirous of succeeding in the world—otherwise of securing a prize—for this quite falls in with the benevolent designs of the Creator. Depend upon it that the prizes of life, or otherwise its best things in the highest sense, are the direct gifts of God, while the blanks are all of your own drawing. The question arises, however, In what does a prize consist, and what is a blank? You have to understand the nature of the chief good, or you are not likely to enjoy it: while there can be no doubt that what many esteem to be such is nothing better than a counterfeit. When our first mother fell, her judgment fell with her; the power to discern between good and evil became defective. Hence, to the present day many of Eve's daughters are led astray through entertaining false notions of things. That which numbers esteem most highly is not what they suppose it to be, and in the nature of things cannot be so. The chief good is lasting; its counterfeit will perish in the using. The one never loses its sterling ring, it can never be affected by times and circumstances; the other loses even its power to gratify unless surroundings are favourable to its enjoyment.

Making the best of the world does not mean merely doing the best possible for oneself in a worldly sense; that would simply mean living a life of selfishness. Hannah More seems to have been a very good example of a woman who could live for others while working hard to leave her mark upon her age.

The world into which Hannah was born, close upon a century and a half ago, had characteristics very different from those with which we are acquainted. Among all denominations religion was at a low ebb; the rich were indifferent or openly sceptical; the poor were sunk in ignorance and misery. To a young woman of talent and education, the temptation was to go with the stream, and shine in society. When she first appeared in London, Hannah must soon have discovered that a splendid prize was within her reach. She was admired, admitted to the highest literary society, and was not long before she discovered that her gifts would secure her a handsome competence in the literary world. What could be more fascinating to a young girl in Hannah's situation? It seemed that she had but to put forth her hand to secure the most coveted prize the world could yield. How many in that position have made a fatal choice while thinking that they were seizing what was best!

When Hannah was between twenty and thirty years of age, she had an offer of marriage from a gentleman who was somewhat older than herself, but who occupied a high social position. Though preparations were made for the wedding, it never really came off, because the error which had been made on both sides was providentially discovered before it was too late. If in such a case there is no greater advantage in view than its being "a good thing" for a poor girl, what may seem to be a prize will certainly turn out to be only a blank. The inability to discern this has caused more unhappiness in the world than can be calculated.

Meanwhile, after this, what were the things which Hannah More came to see were the true prizes of life? and what were those which she discovered to be but blanks? Strongly tempted as she was to appropriate as her own the most glittering things of earth, she was at length led to see that nothing leaves the woman so poor at last as the selfishness which thinks only of doing the best it can for itself. She aimed at exercising a good influence on others rather than at merely acquiring fame for herself. She lived to benefit the poor, and won their gratitude. These were prizes which increased in value as life wore on. Not that there was any worth in them in a Pharisaical sense; their chief worth consisted in their being evidence of the faith which is the best prize of all.

In taking notice of such things, the mistake of decrying wealth must not be made, for the influence which, rightly used, money may command is certainly a prize not to be despised. Wealth and worldly advantage become a snare or a pitfall if regarded as the chief good; if used as a talent given to be rightly used, they prove a blessing. The people who are making the best of their opportunities in regard to their money on the one hand, and those who are allowing those opportunities to pass by unimproved on the other hand, are all around you; take notice of them, and judge for yourself who are enjoying most such things as even the world can give. Remember that the best things of life are in reality those which money cannot directly purchase. Even people's countenances speak, and to keen observers they tell whether the being behind them is really prospering or otherwise in life. Success in the conventional sense is not always what it seems to be. How many in the autumn of life, if they spoke truth, would have to make the sad confession that nothing is so disappointing as a blank which was thought to be a prize. Like the mirage, the enchanting prospect of youth has vanished, leaving nothing substantial behind.

In your way through life you will get many opportunities of noting how happily some women manage to turn even disadvantages to good account. This may be called a divine art, and those who have most succeeded in it have been taught of God. To be enabled to rise above the ills of life, and even to turn them into blessings, while preserving a cheerful countenance, is the greatest triumph of all. It is living to be a daily proof of how "God from evil still educes good."

In the middle of the reign of George II. there died at Bath a woman who was in some respects an exemplar in this art of turning disadvantages to account, or at least of not allowing them to become a fatal hindrance to enjoyment and usefulness. Mary Chandler was the sister of a London divine who is still remembered, and because she was deformed Mary early saw that such joys and conquests as might fall to the lot of others, who were more favoured in that respect, would not be likely to come in her way. She accordingly resolved that she would be content to live a

single life, at the same time determining, that if she could not be attractive in one way she would be so in another. As a livelihood had to be secured, a millinery business was established in Bath; but in leisure hours Mary improved her mind and cultivated her literary powers, until she became not only an attraction in the western city—she was known in the distance as one of the most accomplished women of her time. What she had been enabled to appropriate as her own—as a prize in life within her reach—became such a charm to all who came within the circle of her influence, that they forgot all about Mary's deformity while under the spell of more than counterbalancing attractions. Hence, it happened that at last even the hand of the deformed girl was sought in marriage by a gentleman who knew how to estimate her qualities at their proper worth. This was a prize, however, that Mary had relinquished as one which did not properly belong to her, and accordingly the suit was unsuccessful. She lived and died one of those successful old maids of whom the world would seem to hear too little.

Thus, things are not always what they seem to be. The weak may find that possibilities undreamed of come to be within their reach; while others, with all things seemingly in their favour, at times miss what is good through following a mere *ignis fatuus*, and mistaking it for a true light and guide. Girls who may seem to have all things against them, if they will but take care, may yet turn the threatening blanks into prizes. At all events, do not allow the notion to depress you that they who live in larger houses than you do, who have more expended on their education, who can dress more expensively, are necessarily the happy and the fortunate ones who are destined, in the natural order of things, to secure all the prizes of life. There can be little doubt that your case presents some compensating advantages if you will but look for them. Though it is never advisable to minimise the advantages of others in order to magnify our own, it is still not well to undervalue possessions which are often worth far more than their possessors imagine. With God on her side there is always something worth having within a young girl's reach. While great wealth and high social position are necessarily the heritage of only a few, there is a Providence which prevents the genuine prizes of life from becoming the privileges of only a class.

A good woman will sometimes win some of the best things this life can give through her power to stimulate, encourage, or influence others in their service of achieving greater things than she could ever have reached herself. What biographer is there who can tell how much certain subjects have owed to their wives? In many instances the women who have exercised this influence have not been remarkable for any extraordinary endowments of an intellectual kind, and yet, such has been their power, that those to whom they have been allied could never have been the men they were apart from their wives. Thus, the late Lord Shaftesbury will be remembered for many long generations to come as one of the greatest philanthropists of his age; but probably he would have been the first to admit that he could never have been what he was apart from Emily Cowper, whom he wooed at Panshanger, and who for more than forty years, like a good angel, seconded all of her husband's efforts in the cause of mercy and religion. In the case of such a pair, there was practically hardly any limit to their opportunities of turning their worldly position to their own advantage. At the same time, they might have used the most plausible excuses for doing so. They were not only not rich, the family estate was being encumbered with vast debts. Lord Ashley was willing to sacrifice the office and emolument he might easily have obtained for the sake of the work to which he had set his hand; but he rightly judged that in such a matter his wife ought to have a voice. The time therefore came when the most momentous issues seemed to depend on the casting vote of a young woman to whom luxuries had been the commonplaces of life. Was she willing to make vast social sacrifices, and to exercise lifelong self-denial, when the most coveted things of life were within her reach? The choice was made without hesitation; the philanthropist was encouraged to go on with his work, in which the wife would with him share all the toils and inconveniences. In making such a choice, did this high-born woman choose a blank or a prize? If the good she did lives after her, her devoted life had certainly no blanks. Her memory is still green among poor girls who trade in the streets of London. Money, free of interest, is lent to such to start them in business, and that fund is the fitting monument which her husband put up in memory of Emily Ashley-Cooper, Countess of Shaftesbury.

Some of the prizes of life may thus cost a good deal of self-sacrifice or self-denial; but there are things of the highest value which people too often heedlessly throw away. Thus, health is a priceless blessing, which, under ordinary circumstances, requires only the observance of a few simple rules for its preservation. By the ignoring of such rules some have actually thrown away that health, in comparison with which the best things of earth are of little account. Far preferable to this has been the lot of those lifelong invalids who have been enabled to rise above their disadvantages in order to accomplish something in the world. Nevertheless, good health is not only a prize in itself; its possession will enable you to secure other things which would otherwise be beyond your reach. You need health even to work at your best. Physical health and mental health are so far the two chief things in life, apart from religion, that without them no other good can be properly enjoyed.

Thus we come to the commonplace remark, that life will be very much what you make it. The error to be avoided consists in choosing amiss; and as that may be expected to come of inexperience, you will avoid taking blanks for prizes, as well as many unsuspected snares and pitfalls, by seeking the advice of earnest Christian people older than yourself.

G. H. P.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Rose C. Somerville.—These girls' clubs from which instruction and assistance can be obtained at a nominal fee frequently change their direction, secretaries, and addresses, for which changes we cannot always be responsible, as they make alterations or become defunct without giving us due information. We now give you the address of a new one—Miss G. M. Plummer, Oak Lodge, Chislehurst, Kent. This lady directs two societies, a "reading," and a "self-improvement" one.

Meta.—We have not a very full history of the events which took place at the time of the awful mental affliction which fell as a judgment on Nebuchadnezzar; but Sir Henry Rawlinson's researches amongst the tablet historical archives of Assyria has supplied us with information on points not related in the Biblical records. Daniel was made the third ruler in the kingdom by Belshazzar, who was grandson, and, apparently, the afflicted king's natural successor. But he reigned in conjunction with his stepfather, Nabodinus, who seized the kingdom when Nebuchadnezzar was driven out, and married his daughter, the mother of Belshazzar, who was, it would seem, a widow, so as to strengthen his own position in the government. Thus the kingdom was kept for Nebuchadnezzar through God's overruling Providence until the season of his humiliation was over, and restored to him on his recovery, repentance, and declaration of his faith.

One who Wishes to Know.—The marriage of aunt and nephew is within the "prohibited degrees" in the Tables of Affinity given at the end of the Prayer Book of the Church of England.

Photograph Frame.—We can only refer you to all the various answers and advice we have given to others in reference to self-consciousness.

Despondent One.—1. We advise you to join the Quotation Club, of which Miss R. Somerville (6, Napier Street, Stoke Damarel, Devonport, South Devon) is Secretary. The subscription is only one shilling and sixpence annually, and prizes are given. Write for the rules, and send stamp. Also join the useful Odd Minutes Society. Sec., Miss J. Powell, Luctons, Buckhurst Hill, Essex. It is a needlework society, and does an immense amount of good. Working members pay no subscription. The first society is for self-improvement; the second for the benefit of others. We might also draw your attention to the Deep Sea Mission on behalf of our North Sea fishermen, if you be able to knit.—2. You could scarcely do better than study *Longfellow's Poems*, and the works of Washington Irving. Both would afford healthful recreation to the mind, and the style of both is refined and elegant—the latter amusing also. We should direct you to look for true happiness in seeking to know and trust our Blessed Redeemer; and with a sense of His love and overruling care you will find peace. If this trial and training time of earthly life be often depressing, keep ever in your mind the joy of the hereafter.

Murilla (Scinde).—We have read your poems, and we think they are original in thought and fresh in feeling, but not very correct. For instance, "orison" and "chrism" do not rhyme. You have chosen a difficult metre in the longer poem, and may do better with one less so.

Emily.—You would do well to get, if you can, from a leading library, the poetical works of the French poet Lamartine, and *Mes Prisons*, by Silvio Pellico, translated from the Italian by Antoine de Latour. The majority of French novels are very objectionable; but the style of these works is very good, and the morals perfectly pure, and suitable for young people.

E. M., and Lathrope M.—It is a most serious thing for a young girl of sixteen to get married without her family's consent. Nor do we think an *honest* man would ask her to do so. It is far better, believe us, to bear the ills you know of than fly to others you know nothing about; and marriage would be an ill far worse than the small rubs at home, which may be got over by love and patience. Do not be persuaded to do wrong by any reasoning whatever.

M. R., and Constant Reader.—A thin woollen material would answer for your gown, such as woollen grenadine. Heliotrope and grey are the newest colours, and you might have a black hat if you wished to be very fashionable indeed. If not grey, you should wear grey and white with heliotrope.

Apex.—So many of our injuries arise from our own carelessness or accident. We must always help ourselves where it is possible, while praying for God's care and protection.

Peggy.—Asthma is relieved by mountain air such as that of Grindelwald and Burgenstock, in Switzerland; by sea baths, at Biarritz, Brighton, and Scarborough; sulphurous waters, at Cauterets and Eaux-Bonnes; alkaline waters, at Ems; or mixed and ferruginous, at Spa. It is quite impossible to know what would be good, for in asthma one man's meat is another man's poison. No one is said to suffer from asthma after they go to live at Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., or in the island of Sark; but Denver is a long way off, and many English people find Eastbourne a paradise in asthma.

F. P. W. and High Breeding.—What are called "mixed" marriages are as a rule better avoided. We are weak and erring creatures, and full of evil tempers; therefore, we are better out of temptation, and should not deliberately put ourselves in its way. If we owned that "perfect love" which "casteth out fear," all would go well, and we could maintain our principles.

E. M. B.—The 31st of July, 1873, was a Thursday.

VENICE.—We thank you for your kind letter, and are glad you like our illustrations, particularly the coloured ones.—Your verses are not very correct in measure, and you cannot make a concluding line of an incomplete sentence, *i.e.*, "Thine eyes shall see"—What?) Also, the fading of the flowers is designed to teach a great lesson, and serve as a reminder of the transitory character of all earthly life and beauty. It is not the truth that is expressed in the last verse :—

"Frail flower of earth, thou art passing
To a fadeless clime above."

FIFTEEN.—Your letter is a disgrace to you. The way in which you speak of your mother's care and watchfulness over you is little to your credit. It is not "chronic inquisitiveness," it is a part of her duty. She has a right to know what you do, where you go, and whom you meet. We hope that any mother who has two daughters, one of seventeen and one of fifteen, who read this paper, and who take walks in the country without a maid or a chaperon, will discover the danger incurred by her daughters in meeting and walking with strange men clandestinely. Have you no self-respect, any more than no dutiful feeling? The coarse slang you employ betrays the low order of men and boys with whom you associate.

NELLY ROBERTS, ANNIE GENT, and others ask about schools and information on gymnastics. Ling's Swedish System is taught by Madame Bergman Osterberg, at the Hampstead Physical Training College, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W., close to Finchley Road station. The course for teachers is two years.

H. A.—"Wild Kathleen" was in the first volume of the "G. O. P."

FLEURETTE.—A series of articles on the rearing of poultry for profit was in vol. x. of the "G. O. P."

MADGE.—The so-called "Owenites" were simply Socialists. Robert Owen published his most unorthodox views in 1816. The publication was entitled, "New Views of Society," in which religion was banished, together with the usually received motives for action, on the basis laid down by him, for social co-operation and usefulness.

"DOLLY VARDEN."—It has been stated that the festivals still held on May Day at Nutsford, Cheshire, and elsewhere in country villages, descended to us from our remote ancestors. An annual assembly used to be held on the 1st of May round a column or pole, signifying the standard of justice. The staff or mace of civil power, and the truncheon, are said to be derived from this ancient standard. The title "mayor" is also said to be derived from the May assemblies for meteing out justice. The garland on the top of the pole or standard represented the crown as a symbol of power and authority, and was the signal for calling the people together. Other countries observe the same festival consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, and more especially in Italy, it being in this month that the majority of the flowers appear; and the pink and the white hawthorn, which blossom so profusely in this country in May, are called after that month.

DRESDEN CHINA.—It would be quite an unusual thing for a clergyman or minister in a Bible Class to address the female members by their surnames. We should think him lacking in good taste to do it.

AVERIL.—The revival of learning in England dates from 1509 to 1520. The literary history you will find in Hallam's *Literature of Europe*. Its typical book was Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. Oxford was the seat of the revival, and the pioneers were Grocyn, Linacre, Colet, Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More. Henry VIII. had just come to the throne.

ONE IN A FIX.—We agree with your mother, and think the matter is too trivial to speak about. You must want something to do.

YOUNK.—Your thoughts are morbid and unwholesome. You may take your mother's opinion as your guide in such things; and remember, at seventeen you require an older person's experience. Think of God as a father, and try to enjoy His works in Nature; take plenty of exercise, and cast away dark thoughts, replacing them with kind, loving, and helpful ones for those about you.

TITANIA.—The translation of the Latin is—

"Regard not as alien to thyself whatever may fall to the lot of man."
"To-day the fate is mine; to-morrow may be thine."
"God helping, the evil blow will not hurt thee;
"Not helping, all thy labour will not serve thee."
"After the darkness I await the Light."

NAUSICA.—If better acquainted with your Bible, you would not require to be told to find the name of the man to whom Milton referred in *Paradise Regained*, Book III. See I. Samuel ix.

PRIMROSE.—Pronounce "Penelope" divided as Pen-el-o-pe.

PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.—We cannot find any mention of St. Peter's Rye as a village or the name of a town in Hertfordshire. There are several St. Peter's, and Rye is in Sussex. Perhaps you have made a mistake.

VIOLET.—Stand the white coral in a bowl of clean water, and let the dirt soak out. Brush it lightly to clean it.

NUNGUAM.—We imagine that you might order Tidman's sea salt from an oilshop or a chemist's. And if you want a rosemary wash for your hair you can get it likewise from a chemist, or procure the leaves fresh from a herbalist or a nursery garden.

HELEN.—You surely do not suppose that we could give you a lesson in lace-making in our correspondence columns? Besides that, the term "lace" includes so many different kinds. You might obtain instruction on application to some large fancy-work shop in town; or you might learn from a Honiton lace manufacturer in Exeter; or for a different style of lace in Buckinghamshire; or Limerick lace at Limerick.

FLORENCE WILSON (Paris).—You do not say what occupation your father followed, and whether he had any claim on a guild or company. You had better apply to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, Secretary, Mr. J. E. Hazelton, 83, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; also to the Aged Pilgrims' Asylums, Secretary, Mr. W. Jackson, 29, Marlborough Road, Upper Holloway, N. Mention your father's age and all particulars to both, and one of them may receive him.

DESTINY.—The man whose sentiments you quote speaks as a mere savage. The very different view taken by the commentators Henry and Scott (whom you also quote), is thoroughly borne out by Holy Scripture. Probably he belongs to the lowest class of Socialistic sceptics; and to cite the Fifth Commandment ("the first with promise"), would be worse than useless; nor Galatians iii. 28; nor I. St. Peter iii. 7. Did he ever read Judges, chaps. iv. and v.? And has he never remarked the mention of "honourable women" in the book of Acts? and the courteous and respectful style of address employed by St. John to the lady to whom he wrote his second Epistle? But "None are so blind as those who won't see," and you had better keep out of such a man's way, as he is so uncouth and unmanly; and it would lower you unnecessarily to expose yourself to such brutal remarks.

MAY QUEEN.—Should such a calamity happen as that Prince George of Wales were to follow his lamented brother, H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, would succeed to the throne by inalienable right of birth, just as Her Majesty the Queen took precedence of her uncles as sovereign.

IVY should show her eyes to an oculist in some eye and ear infirmary, or even in an ordinary hospital, if her family medical attendant cannot give an opinion and advice.

GILLIE CRAIG.—1. You may perhaps clean your white cockatoo by rubbing him with a little flour.—2. Simon Magus was a famous sorcerer, born at Samaria, a convert to Christianity baptised by Philip. St. Peter, however, denounced him as desiring the gifts and powers of the Holy Ghost for mercenary purposes. Surely you have been better taught than to do what you propose. Would your mother approve of your writing letters to "fellows" you do not know, and inviting their acquaintance?

CARRIE.—Yes, it appears that tea, which is included in "the cups that cheer, but not inebriate," can be rendered otherwise than as represented by good old Cowper. But the evil effects of intoxication from it, reported in a police court, arose from chewing the leaves. There are three or four grains of theine in less than half an ounce of good tea, which, when diluted with water and milk, do good rather than the contrary. But the bad symptoms that may be induced by doubling this quantity are various, and instead of causing wakefulness would produce deep sleep after a period, of a peculiar state of intoxication. Were you to chew the leaves of Abyssinian tea or Paraquay tea in excess, it would end in delirium tremens. China, Indian, and Ceylon teas are much milder and far preferable. But all foods and beverages may be rendered injurious, however wholesome and designed for our sustenance by God's good providence, if taken in excess or improperly employed, as in the case of chewing tea as if it were a quid of tobacco, as our sailors employ the leaves which other men smoke.

A. B.—Alcohol, in the form in which we are acquainted with it (as a drink), should only be taken as a medicine. We already have as much as healthy people require in both river and rain water, and even in the air we breathe, for the destruction in these, more or less, of organic matter, by various agents of fermentation. The earth also contains it when rich in organic matter. For this information we are indebted to a celebrated French chemist, M. Muntz, who made these discoveries by means of very delicate tests. The quantities are in very infinitesimal quantities.

RHEUMATIC INVALID.—The driest part of England, so far as the rainfall is in question, is a considerable district to the s.-s.-west of the Wash, for there the average annually is about twenty-one inches; and all that eastern coast down to Southend is so far drier than the rest of the country. But it is not merely the rainfall that has to be considered. The soil has, we think, far more to do with the suitability of a place for a person suffering as you do, or who has a delicate chest. Look for a dry, sandy, or gravel soil. Clay is destructive to delicate persons, and seriously so when the eyes are concerned.

A. H. A. had better gargle with a solution of alum and water, or vinegar, honey, and water; bathing the throat with the vinegar and water (cold, of course). This will help to strengthen the throat, if you suffer so much from relaxation. Perhaps you live on a clay soil, or a low-lying and shut-in locality, all bad for such a complaint. You need a bracing air. But it would be better to consult a medical man personally acquainted with you and your surroundings, as your relaxation of the throat appears to have become chronic.

CONSTANT READER.—All the clothes, as well as the rooms, should be thoroughly disinfected, whether there be "peeling" or not. You should consult your medical man as to how long infection will last.

DOROTHY.—We have just recommended "Gertrude M. P." a self-improvement society, to which answer we must refer you, as we must avoid repetitions for the sake of our general readers.

MYRTLE.—The colour you send is terra-cotta. Heliotrope, dark green, and dark red would suit you. Better to avoid too light colours always. There are also some beautiful shades of tan, or yellowish brown, this year.

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SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

SUSAN MEADE was a woman of prompt action. After the talk with her landlord, she was in doubt, for a little while, as to whether she should or should not accept his proposal and remove to Morton Place. She shrewdly guessed that in making it he was considering his own interests more than hers, and never doubted that the occupant of the other part of her present dwelling would be glad to take the additional room for business purposes. This mattered little to Susan, as she had fully decided to leave it and to turn her back entirely on Crowe's Entry and its surroundings. As to the landlord, why should he think of her interests? She was able to look after herself, and would only fall in with his views so far as they agreed with her own. She had neither lived in that miserable room and amid wretched surroundings, nor followed an occupation which none but the poorest would be likely to embrace, because there was any needs-be for her to do either. Home—if it could be called such—and daily work had been deliberately chosen as a means of self-mortification, the reason for which must be told later in the story. A revelation of Susan's communings with her own heart, has already shown that her self-imposed punishment had brought no peace, but had been the means of injuring rather than of doing her good or quieting her conscience. She had realised that she was gradually sinking to the level of those with whom she voluntarily associated; that words and ways, from which in happier times she would have shrunk with horror, no longer shocked her. Not profane words or vicious ways; of these she had a deeply-rooted hatred; but in speech and manners she was a changed girl.

Yes, a girl; for she was not yet twenty-five, though she looked thirty, and would willingly have been taken for thirty-five, in order that her lonely life might be the less noticeable. But as she often thought to herself, "I have been living three years in the time of each twelvemonth since I was twenty-one." She only said these things of herself to herself. She had no confidant and wished for none; the loneliness had been planned as part of her punishment. When Mr. Cutclose, in alluding to his new tenants at No. 11, Morton Place, told Susan Meade that the mother was a lady, and added, "They are poor, very, and they're timid, and shrink out of sight—you might be a comfort to them," he opened a way for

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"'YOU WILL NOT LOSE YOUR PLACE, JANE,' SAID SUSAN."

her to put her new plan into practice. He was not surprised when Susan called at his office directly after his arrival there on the Monday morning and said, "I've been to look at that cottage. It is a poor place, but it is near a good neighbourhood, and a good distance from Crowe's Entry."

"You'll take it, then——"

"I didn't say so. That will depend on the rent and one or two other things," replied Susan calmly.

"Oh, come now; that is good, when I'm offering you two rooms and a house to yourself for the old rent—three shillings a week. I only made the rent so low because you are a good tenant, that paid regular and gave no trouble. You don't expect me to offer it you for less."

"I do not ask you to offer anything, but I will tell you what I know. The real rent of the poor room I occupy was one and sixpence per week to the last tenant. You thought I was ignorant, and charged me double. I knew all about this; but at that time it suited me to live in such a place, and, as I could afford to pay the money, I allowed you to impose upon me, feeling that whatever you might think, you would be the real loser in the long run. Illgotten money never makes people happy, and they find it out at last."

Probably Mr. Cutclose had never felt so uncomfortable in his life before. He actually changed colour, and the hand with which he fingered his watch-chain —18-carat gold, and stamped on every link—trembled as Susan's calm, deliberate words fell on his ear. No doubt she saw the effect of her remarks and enjoyed it, but she made no outward sign that showed her satisfaction.

"Oh, come now, you're hard—very hard," replied Mr. Cutclose. "The rent might be a little high, but think how retired Crowe's Entry is; how quiet for anybody that wants to—to——"

"Do you mean, to keep out of the way of troublesome enquiries? If I had wished to be quiet in that sense, I should hardly have gone out to work day by day, passing on my way through the busiest streets in Millcaster."

"Dear me, no. Of course you wouldn't. I did not mean anything of *that* kind. Only, being a young——"

"Woman," said Susan.

"I was going to say, lady, living all alone, it was natural you would like to be quiet and retired."

"Do you think a lady would choose Crowe's Entry?"

"There have been ladies who have dressed like poor working girls and lived amongst them, just to find out what real work meant, and how much of it went to the earning of a shilling. I can't say that I ever heard of one that went in for rag-sorting, but in these days ladies do very strange things. One never knows what to expect next."

In his own mind, Mr. Cutclose fully believed at that moment that Susan Meade might be one of these eccentric young ladies who had made up her mind, as he put it, "to have a try at all sorts o' work, and to write a book about it after." But, after all, he realised a subtle difference between Susan Meade and his tenant at No. 11. Susan was a long way above the people she worked with—no doubt of that; but Mrs. Boothroyd had a something about her which was also a long way above Susan Meade. He had puzzled his head to solve the mystery which surrounded Susan many a time, but it was a mystery still.

"About the cottage. What do you say now?" he asked.

"I will take it, and pay you two and sixpence a week, which is the full rent, and more than enough, seeing that no one can live in such a dwelling without risk," said Susan.

"What do you mean by risk? The place is healthy. There hasn't been fever or anything in that part since I owned the property."

"I was not thinking of fever, but of the tumble-down condition of the cottages themselves. However, I am going to risk it, if you agree to my terms and will put No. 12 in decent order."

"It shall be ready by Wednesday night, and you can move in on Thursday, any time you like. I'll drop in at the place instead of the Entry for the week's rent; and if you say on Saturday that you're not satisfied, I'll not take a penny. Will that suit you?"

"Certainly it will. But if you do your part fairly, I will not ask you to abate anything of your rent."

This bargain concluded, Susan departed, and Mr. Cutclose, instead of appearing at all distressed by the very unusual terms to which he had agreed, walked up and down the office, rubbing his hands in a state of infinite satisfaction.

"Just what I wanted! Just what I wanted!" he exclaimed aloud, forgetting his ordinary caution. "They will have a friend beside them—somebody to call in, if need be, and Susan Meade is afraid of nobody. I couldn't help thinking what a very fine young person she is, as she stood there as cool as marble, just saying her say and not mincing matters. She is a sort of lady, disguising herself for a whim; but still she is not quite my sort—too independent altogether for my taste. I should like one that was well brought up and all that, but more soft-hearted and gentle than Susan, if even she was not quite so good-looking."

Business of various kinds occupied Mr. Cutclose's time and thoughts after this, but amid many calls on both, he did not forget to order his property repairer to give his instant attention to the preparation of No. 12, Morton Place. He even ordered a slightly greater expenditure upon it than he had done in the case of the adjoining cottage. "She has sharp eyes," he said, alluding to Susan; "she's a tenant now, and a good one, only changing from one of my houses to another; so put on an extra coat of whitewash, and mind the paper is not hanging in ribbons directly for want of being sized. Get the place cleaned too, as you did No. 11."

"About the chimneys, sir? I don't think they are over safe, and winter is coming."

"I can think for myself, Jarvis. Do what I *tell* you—no more. You might think I am made of money."

Mr. Cutclose turned away, and Jarvis retired without another word; but he could not help pondering on probable consequences, if the chimneys were to fall on the rotten timber that just held up the roofs, and of the terrible risk run by the tenants. "I'm a poor man," thought Jarvis, "but Mr. Cutclose gets a good shillingsworth for every shilling he pays me. Still, I wouldn't get my money at the cost of other people's health, through bad drains or the risk of their lives, if this should be a stormy winter. He goes on about Morton Place as if it were a bad bargain, and I know by what he gave for it, and what he gets, that it's paying him twenty per cent. on the price. I wish him joy of his gains."

After concluding her bargain with Mr. Cutclose, Susan Meade went to work as usual. She had, however, decided to give up what she now felt to be a degrading occupation, not in itself—for it was honest work—but on account of those with whom it brought her into contact and the consequent effect on herself.

Jane Lancaster, the only one amongst the sorters for whom she felt any special regard, was evidently in trouble, for she returned Susan's greeting with a trembling voice, and there were traces of tears on her cheeks. "What is the matter, Jane?" she asked.

"The master has been here, and he says two of us will have to leave at the week end. Kate Hulton is to be one, for she is so rough and rude, and often stays away without leave. He has not said who will be the other, but I know it will be me. I am not strong, and though I try to do my work well I am slower than some. You are all right. You can do better than anyone in the place, and are top of the skilled hands."

"You need not fret, Jane," began Susan, but her poor neighbour burst into tears.

"Oh, I know it does seem foolish to cry about losing a place here, but it means a great deal to a person fixed as I am. If my husband were strong and earning good money, I need not be here at all. But he is delicate, and cannot keep a regular situation; so he is half his time minding the children, and when he can get odds and ends of work, part of what he earns goes to pay a neighbour for looking after them whilst we are both out. My earnings here are little enough, but they come between the children and starvation."

"You will not lose your place, Jane," said Susan.

"But I shall. I know it. The work and the pay are poor; but I can do this sorting, and I'm not clever. I can't turn my hand to anything else, as many women can. I was wife and mother when I was only an ignorant girl of eighteen, and I had never thought what an awful thing it is to have to train children, and make or mar their lives by the way in which you do it. Talk about missionaries to the heathen! They are wanted, and more of them, both at home and abroad. But there's no class more in need of missionaries than young girls are. They want good

people to put before them the truth about marriage; that it doesn't just mean being your own mistress and having the spending of your husband's wages; of getting away from the moil of home and your mother's rule to have all made smooth for you where poor girls are concerned. It means, with boy and girl—such as my husband and I were at the start—the foolish spending of what you have worked hard for. It means being joined for life to one you perhaps knew very little about before you promised to take one another for better or for worse. It means a heart full of love for the helpless baby that is put into your arms, and that by-and-by will call you mother, and a mind as ignorant about the right way of caring either for its soul or body as it can be."

"But you learn by experience," said Susan gently.

"Aye, but very slowly. The death of my two first babies taught me some lessons; but think of the price of that experience! What did I know about preserving their health, or even my own? I shall never be a strong woman again, and the illness that left me what I am was caused by ignorance."

"Had you no mother?"

"I called my father's second wife 'mother,' and she was good to me in her way; but she had a big family, the house was small, and so my room was worth more to her than my company. It was natural she should think it was time for the eldest to make way for the young ones, and she couldn't teach me what she didn't know herself. She started much as I did—young and ignorant, though of course father was older, a great deal. A real good mother would fight hard to keep her daughters from marrying so young. They lose their best days by it, and learn hard lessons in the hardest way. After all, many a working girl has as good a mother as any grand lady can be; but daughters won't always listen."

"That is too true," replied Susan, and as she spoke her own voice, usually so full and clear, was low and tremulous. Jane thought she heard a sigh, and began to wonder whether this young woman, about whom no one knew anything, spoke from experience.

Susan rallied in a moment, and said, "Don't you imagine that the grand ladies, taking them all round, are better mothers than poor ones. I've seen something of both sorts in my time, and I'm afraid those that ought to know better, seeing the advantages they have, are often no wiser than those that have every excuse that ignorance and poverty can give them. There's too much thought about the money and fine clothes, the grand house, and the servants that a man can afford, instead of what the man is in himself. If the mothers get carried away with such things, and think them first and best, what wonder that the heads of the girls are turned, and they never look further than mere outsides."

"I daresay you're right; but I only know about poor folks," said Jane. "Just now I've plenty to think about without going far from home."

"You needn't trouble about your place, Jane. Can you keep a secret?"

"I can, though I'm not often trusted with one."

"Well, then, keep this, for I don't want any of the rest to know. I'm leaving here this week end. I shall tell the master when he comes in."

Jane turned quickly round, and looked searchingly in Susan's face.

"You're doing it for me, so as I may stay. It's very good of you; but it wouldn't be right for you to throw yourself out on my account. I'm nothing to you that you should."

"You're a great deal to me," interrupted Susan. "All the same, I had settled to leave before I came here this morning. Aye, look at me. I am telling the truth"—for Jane's wistful eyes were fixed on her face as if she could scarcely believe what she heard.

"I see you are. You say little always; but the little is the truth, Susan."

"Thank you, Jane. It's good to be believed. Now I may tell you that if I hadn't made up my mind before I heard that one beside Kate would have to go, I would have told the master all the same for your sake. I am young, strong, and I've only myself to work for—in one way. And I can turn my hand to many things."

"May God reward you, Susan! You've been kind to me, and I shall so miss you."

Susan murmured, "Better ask Him to forgive me." But Jane did not catch the words, and she repeated her thanks and regrets without regard to them. Her place was safe. The master was never worse than his word. Only two would have to leave at the week end, and the number was complete without her. She would still be able to carry home seven shillings for every full week's work, and only she knew all that meant to the little ones at home.

The master was in his office at the women's dinner-hour, and as they dispersed in different directions, Susan took the opportunity to tell him that she wished to leave.

He was not in a good humour, for he had missed an expected contract, and was discharging hands at his works as well as at the cellar. Still, he did not wish to part with Susan, and when she asked him not to tell the other workers of her intention, he enquired sharply, "Is your mind made up? Remember, the work is certain *for you*."

"Quite, sir. I must go; but I'm much obliged all the same. You'll please not mention about my going."

"I make no promise. Why should there be any secret or mystery about such a trifle? You may go now if you like, and then there will be no risk of your being found out."

"Thank you, sir. That will suit me better still. I have nothing worth naming to receive, but what there is please add to Jane Lancaster's."

Susan had on her outdoor garments, and turning away without another word, she left the scene of her year's labour for the last time.

This was not at all what her employer intended; but in his present humour he would say nothing to detain her.

"Work is not too plentiful. She will be coming back," he thought, as he resumed his pen.

Jane Lancaster was sitting alone in a quiet corner, taking her frugal meal.

"You are going out for something, Susan. I wish I had dinner enough and good enough to offer you."

"Yes, I am going out." This she said aloud. Then, dropping her voice, she added, "Take no notice, Jane. I am not coming back. The master has let me off, and it will be a convenience to me, for I'm moving."

"I shall lose you altogether now, Susan. I am sorry. You've been my friend, and the women are often rough, and say things hard to bear. They are afraid of vexing you."

"Never mind. Kate is going, and the rest can be borne with. I shall not lose sight of you. You shall hear from me by-and-by. When *they* begin to miss me and talk, say nothing, and they will think you know nothing."

Susan dropped a tiny packet into Jane's lap, and passed quickly out of the cellar.

The parcel felt like money; but Jane was afraid to open it with other eyes upon her, for the women were by this time returning from dinner. At home, when she examined the contents, she found half a sovereign and the same value in silver.

How rich she felt! how thankful to the giver, and yet fearful lest Susan might suffer through such reckless generosity!

"She's not like other people, but she can't be able to give by a sovereign at a time. If I could but thank her, or ask her to take part back! It would be no use, though. I can only pray that God will pay her back many-fold, and take away her trouble, whatever it is; for I'm sure she has one, and it makes her feel for other people, though she never pretends to do."

And then, quite carried beyond her own anxieties, Jane began to think how far the half of Susan's gift would go in filling gaps in the cupboard and in other household matters, and how precious a nest-egg the bit of gold would be to keep against an extra rainy day.

Susan's disappearance without any leave-taking caused considerable curiosity amongst the women, and some comment. It was judged that "she must have had words with the master. Anybody could see he was 'put out' about business that morning, and if he said a sharp word, Susan was just the one to give him as good back again, and to throw up her work."

Wonder died away and talk ceased. Susan's departure had made the employment of the rest more secure, and as one remarked, "It's everybody for herself in these days."

So except to Jane Lancaster, who waited and hoped for tidings of her friend, Susan was, if not absolutely forgotten, no longer an object of interest or curiosity to those with whom she had worked for a year past. She had been amongst them, but was not of them.

(To be continued.)

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, CANTERBURY.

THE FONT.

On the slope of a hill near the monastery of St. Augustine, at Canterbury, stands the little church of St. Martin, one of those ancient landmarks which recall to our mind the earliest teaching of the Christian faith in this country. Although at first appearance it looks like a quaint thirteenth century village church, with its ivy-mantled tower scarcely higher than the roof of the nave, just peeping above the thick black yew trees which surround and protect it; yet, on passing through the lich-gate, and wending your way between the numerous graves, the construction of the walls attracts attention; the layers of thin red bricks and salmon-coloured mortar proclaim it to be the very earliest church in this country built for Christian worship, and one of the oldest Christian churches existing.

The *Saxon Chronicle* tells us: "In the year 167, Lucius, King of Britain, sent letters to Elutherius praying that he might be made a Christian, and his request was fulfilled," and Christianity was preached, sometimes openly under the protection of the State, and at others persecuted, according to the feelings of the Roman governors.

During the occupation of Britain by Rome the church of St. Martin was built, and Christianity was preached within its walls, to blossom forth but a short time. Rome having to withdraw its troops, the hand of the law was weakened, and the country left a prey to the incursions of the Picts and Scots and internal warfare. Finally, the Saxons, who were introduced to protect the Britons, turned against them, driving them out of the greater part of the country. So the early Christian Church was blotted out, and England was handed over to the barbaric paganism of the Saxon race, save here and there where some true servant of the Cross gathered round him a few remnants of the ancient flock, who had remained true to Christ in spite of the oppressors.

St. Martin's, during this time, was turned into a temple for the worship of false gods, until the reign of Ethelbert. In the year 565, King Ethelbert, or, as he is described in a Saxon manuscript, "Ethelbert, grandson of Erick, son of Hengist, son of the Ash Tree," succeeded to the kingdom of Kentish Men; a wild and lawless country, where wars were of frequent occurrence, and the strongest held sway. Ethelbert, desiring a better state of things, thought that by uniting himself to a more civilised country he would be strengthened in ruling with a just and firmer hand; so he made proposals to Charibert, King of Paris, for the hand of his daughter Bertha.

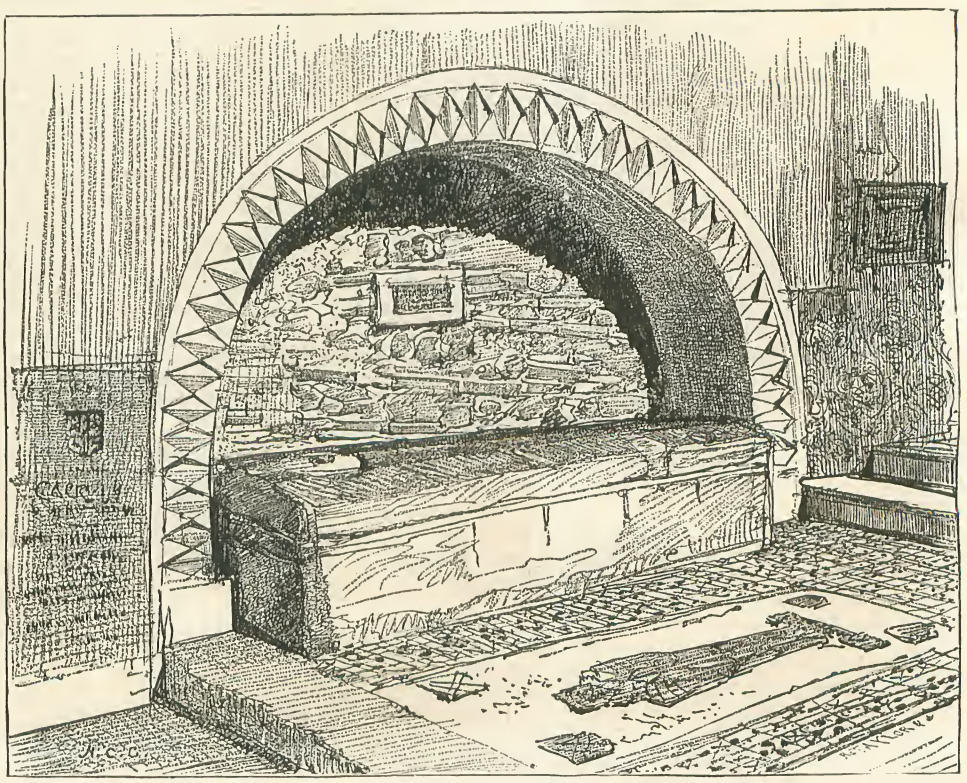
Now Bertha had already lived a romantic life; her father, Charibert, being a man of evil temper, behaved so badly to his queen, Ingoberga, and his daughter, that they fled from Paris, and sought protection of Gregory, Bishop of Tours. Here Bertha had been educated and brought up in the Christian faith. So having lived a life of exile, her fear of leaving France soon gave way to a noble desire of converting Ethelbert, whom she knew by report to be a man of noble instincts, and far in advance of the rest of the Saxons. She consulted her tutor, Luidhard, who had brought her up from a child; he asked her if she had strength enough to persevere in the true faith amongst infidels and idolaters.

Bertha answered, "Not only do I trust that I shall remain faithful to my God and Saviour, but I hope I may be the cause of bringing Ethelbert and his followers to give up idolatry, and worship the true God;" and, asking Luidhard if he would accompany her, and be her chaplain, she sent word to Ethelbert that she would marry him if he would allow her to practise the Christian religion.

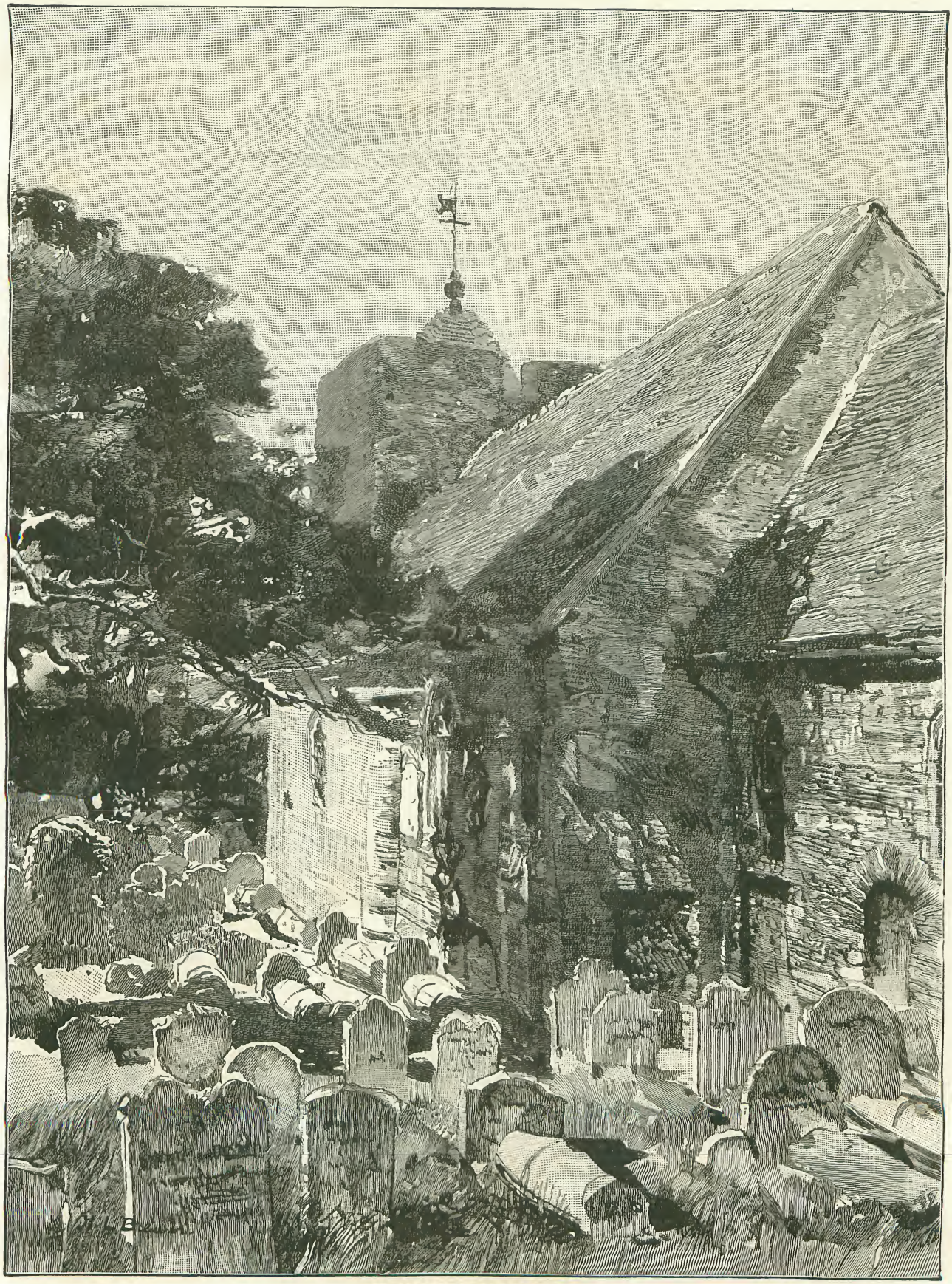
When Ethelbert received her answer he was much struck with her piety; and so Bertha came to England, and was married to Ethelbert; and he presented her with the little Roman church on the hill, in which she might worship according to her faith; which she dedicated to St. Martin, the patron saint of Tours, where she had lived in exile. And after so many years was the Christian faith for the second time enshrined within this building, and the gentle and romantic queen came daily to pray within its walls.

Ethelbert and his followers were so impressed by the piety of Bertha and her chaplain, that the seeds of Christianity were planted, and the way paved for the arrival of Augustine and his companions. So in the year 597, when Ethelbert received news that a number of pious men had arrived in the Isle of Thanet, he gave way to Queen Bertha's entreaties, and went out to receive them.

After having heard what their mission was, he returned them the gracious and characteristic answer: "Your words and promises are all very good and fair, and it may be your doctrine is much better than what we believe to be true here in England; yet I cannot agree rashly to believe those things you say, and to think untrue those things which I have so long



STONE SAXON COFFIN.



ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY.

believed, and which all my people believe with me. But as you came such a great way to teach us better things, as you think, and to make us wiser and happier, you shall have from me harbour and refuge and sufficient maintenance; and, moreover, I will grant you that you may preach freely all you know concerning God and His Son Jesus Christ, and convert as many as you can to your doctrine."

Augustine and his companions heard these words with joy, and they set out in procession to Canterbury, the chief city of Ethelbert, passing on their way the little church of St. Martin, where Queen Bertha was accustomed to pray; who was no doubt waiting to receive them, and hand over St. Martin's to their use, as King Ethelbert had given to them a house close by, on the site of what was afterwards the monastery of St. Augustine.

At St. Martin's, Augustine commenced to preach his mission to the people of England; and many of those who came to hear him were much struck with the doctrines of Christianity. Amongst these was Ethelbert, who, although at first very reluctant to give up idolatry, gave way to the entreaties of Bertha, and went to hear the Word of God preached by Augustine. Upon comparing the pure and noble religion of Christianity with the barbarous worship of his ancestors, he determined to forsake idolatry, and be baptised.

With how much joy must Queen Bertha have received this news; with how much fervour must she have offered up a thanksgiving to God, who had so signally answered her prayers; and what a day of rejoicing must have been the feast of Pentecost, June 2, 597, the day on which King Ethelbert, with many nobles, was baptised by Augustine in the little church of St. Martin. The font in which it is said he was baptised still exists, and is a very curious example of Saxon work. So the third great event of Christianity was enacted within the walls of this little church.

The baptism of Ethelbert was soon followed by that of many thousands of his subjects. Although Christianity was in no way forced upon the people, yet the pagan priests found themselves deserted, and eastern England became a Christian country. Naturally it had many enemies, who preferred living the barbarous lives of savages than lives of virtue and self-restraint. Yet Christianity never left the kingdom, and from that day the Primate of All England has sat in the seat of St. Augustine, as Archbishop over the same diocese—that of Canterbury.

During the reign of Ethelbert, Augustine commenced the monastery of St. Peter and St. Paul, afterwards known as St. Augustine's. From this time St. Martin's settled down to a quiet existence; and although it was renewed and enlarged in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it began to be, and is to this day, a monument of the early struggles and victories of Christianity.

On entering the church the general effect is rich and impressive, yet it shows less of the ancient work than the exterior. Here and there, where the plaster-work is chipped away, the old Roman masonry is brought to view, and a very interesting Roman doorway is left bare, greatly contrasting with the smoother work of modern times. In a dark corner, on the south side as you enter, is King Ethelbert's font, the stone having been so bleached by age that it looks almost like silver.

Passing on beyond the sharp-pointed thirteenth-century chancel arch, on the north side, one finds a large stone Saxon coffin, said to be that of Queen Bertha. The pavement here is very interesting, and is probably Roman mosaic. Let us leave the interior, and return to the churchyard, which with its carpet of verdure, rich colour, and scent of flowers, is a perfect Garden of Eden. All the beauties of nature here adorn this resting-place of the dead, and as it is on the slope of a hill, commands a fine view of the valley of the Stour.

Within a few yards of the cemetery is the old grey wall of St. Augustine's, but the monastery has long since gone. In the sixteenth century it became a palace, later on a farmhouse, and at the present time some of the buildings have been rebuilt for the purpose of educating missionaries. In the middle of the valley stands the cathedral, on the site of the one erected by St. Augustine, crowned by the grand central tower, breaking through the lines of the distant hills, with its pinnacles clearly defined against the western sky. This noble tower, one of the last great efforts of the art of the Middle Ages, although pictured with romance and grey with age, is but a child compared with the little church we have just left, as Christianity had been preached more than eleven centuries in St. Martin's before the Bell Harry tower was built. While, however, we glory in the magnificent cathedrals and churches with which piety has adorned our land, let us not forget the humble little building within which Christianity was first preached to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers.

H. C. B.

THE BLESSING OF THE ROSE-LEAVES.

A LARGE pleasant room in an old-fashioned house on the outskirts of London. A young wife, looking very pale and worn, sits working, while her husband, still in early manhood, lies on a bed of sickness; his fine intelligent countenance has the wan weary look of prostration, as he lies very still, with closed eyes, and neither speaks nor moves.

There is one more occupant of the room, a blue-eyed boy of three years old, who has just run up to his mother with the cry, "Me so hungry."

A look of almost agonised pain passes over the young mother's face. But she says cheerfully, "Never mind, Archie dear, mother will get him something soon; come and look at mamma's pretty box."

Then going to a chest of drawers she brings forth an old-fashioned carved box, full of childish treasures, which somehow, through all their troubles, had been preserved; and lifting her boy into a high chair, places it before him, hoping it will take his attention from his hunger till she can get him some food. Then she applies herself again to her weary task, which she knows will bring her in very little, yet which she must strive to finish, or her loved ones will perish.

A few moments of almost perfect stillness; the gentle breathing of the prostrate man can just be heard, and the click of his wife's needle, when a baby voice is heard, "'Ook, mamma, 'ook!—p'etty, p'etty!"

And the young wife looks up to see a bright sovereign held between the baby fingers. She glances at it again to see if it can really be true, and then from the revulsion of feeling would have fallen, had not the door at that moment opened, and a man of about fifty, with a kind, expressive countenance and a quick intelligent eye, entered.

In a moment he took in the situation, and with a few rapid strides was quick enough noiselessly to lift her drooping form and lay her on the sofa; then taking a glass of wine that was put ready for her husband, he held it to her lips, saying, "Drink, my child." She obeyed at once, for this young wife, though possessing great force of intellect and powers of endurance, was very simple and childlike in character, and at once yielded to lawful authority.

As soon as he saw she had a little revived, the doctor—for he it was—left the room, and calling "Mrs. Dundas!" was immediately answered by, "Yes, sir!" For the landlady was never very far distant while the doctor was visiting his patient.

"Please send round to my house at once," he said, "and ask Miss Jessie to put up the cold chicken, and anything else she can find, and bring it round to me here directly."

Then he returned to the kind of bed-sitting room where he had left his patients, and stood at the window watching and thinking sorrowfully of all that these young people had endured. He himself was rich and very kind-hearted, and had suspected they were poor, though he had never dreamed there was real want till he had quietly laid his finger on her wrist, and felt how feeble and fluttering was the pulse. He had been trying to think of ways of helping them, but it was not easy to do so; the great reserve and quiet dignity of the young wife made it very difficult to approach the subject; and besides, when she was talking of her husband, her interest and desire to know just what she was to do gave a temporary energy and appearance of strength which deceived even the practised eye of the skilful physician. Again, her husband never wanted for anything; grapes, wine, all that he could need, were always placed beside him or ready at hand; and, indeed, it was only within the last few days that the want had been so great, for the loving wife and mother had managed to save a little money in the days of comparative prosperity, and this, carefully eked out, together with the proceeds of her work, had sufficed to keep them from actual want. But now the heart of this truly good man and faithful follower of Christ bled to think of the suffering the emaciated form of the young mother indicated, and to behold the pinched, pale face of the little one. He had not often seen the child, who was generally at play in an adjoining room during his visits, and who had indeed learned "to endure hardness" at an early age.

But not for long did he muse thus; soon a bright girlish voice was heard asking in gentle tones—"May I come in, papa?" and as he rapidly crossed the room to welcome her, he was met by the loving, grateful glance of the girl who had heard so much of these patients of her father's, and was so longing to help them.

In a few moments a dainty meal was ready; but with true womanly instinct Jessie felt that her boy would be the mother's first care, so sitting him up to table, she placed before him a delicate milk pudding, which she herself had prepared—she always liked to have something ready at a moment's notice. She was accustomed to the sudden messages, "Send something at once."

But the little one, hungry though he was,

wouldn't begin; he resolutely turned his head aside, determined not to look at the tempting pudding, and glanced shyly, appealingly, at Jessie.

For a moment she was puzzled, then all at once an idea struck her. She bent her head reverently, and in a few simple words thanked God, and asked His blessing on the food. The blue eyes were raised with a look of trustful content, and the spoon eagerly seized; then, seeing her little charge was all right, the girl coaxed the mother to eat, while her father tended his patient, and watched all that was going on with a brow of content, and a look that Jessie well knew meant approval.

At first it seemed as if her efforts would be in vain; but by delicate tact, and talking of pleasant things, she succeeded in getting her patient to make something of a meal.

Dr. Mellior then came up and said—"Well, my child, you haven't done much, but I shall leave you in Jessie's care till tea-time. Keep quiet for a little while, and then you shall look in your treasure-box. I saw the gleam of several sovereigns among those sweet-scented rose-leaves. You shall have it soon; but try to rest a little while first, and after tea I will come and talk to you."

As he left the house he told the landlady to boil some new-laid eggs and carry up a tempting meal for early tea; and Mrs. Dundas, who was a just woman, and not really unkind—though far from self-sacrificing—now that she saw a prospect of being well paid, took up a meal of which even Jessie could not complain.

Meanwhile, Ursula Ferfeld had fallen into a gentle, trustful sleep. She was worn out with long nights of watching and anxiety as to the future; but now that the strain was removed, and she knew that her husband and child were both being carefully tended, nature asserted her power over the hitherto dominant will, and she sank into a calm, restful sleep, from which she did not awake for some hours.

At length she opened her eyes with the pleasant sense of something joyous having happened, and saw Jessie playing with Archie, who was laughing with childish glee at something she was saying. But her boy's laughter had not disturbed the mother, and when she glanced at her husband, she noted the brightened look, the more hopeful expression, as if unseen angels had whispered to him the prophecy of coming joy.

Tea was daintily laid out, only awaiting a signal from Jessie, and tea and eggs would speedily be ready. But the girl felt that her friend would want to look into the box first; so when she saw the grey eyes were open and smiling at her, she rose and softly put it beside her. Then she returned to her little playmate, leaving the mother with her treasures and memories of childhood.

Carefully, reverently, did the young wife feel among the rose-leaves, and sovereign after sovereign rewarded her search, till presently her fingers closed on an envelope laid carefully at the bottom. Gently she parted the rose-leaves, drew it up, and read the words—"Trusted to the Lord's keeping for my dear daughter in case of need." Tears welled into Ursula's eyes as she thought of the loving mother who had never uttered a harsh word, who had anticipated every want, and who had guided her with loving counsel to trust in the Good Shepherd's care, and to seek to honour Him in all her ways.

The box had always stood on the child's dressing-table in the pretty room of her quiet country home; and somehow she had a way, whenever she went into the garden, and the roses were in bloom, of bringing one in and laying it on her dressing-table; then, when it began to dry a little, she would scatter the leaves in this deep, old-fashioned box, which contained all her childish treasures of pretty ribbons, old lace, and simple jewellery. And her mother, coming in, ere she retired to rest, to give a good-night kiss to her darling, and bless her as she slept, would often drop a bright sovereign among these leaves—so often that she little thought how many there were there; and the child, though she knew it contained her treasures, was content to leave them as they were; she never opened the box except to scatter some fresh rose-leaves, and breathe for a moment their sweet perfume.

For it was a happy out-of-door life the child led. Lessons and rambles through the pleasant woods that surrounded her home, and "helping mother," took up all her time and thoughts. She had little need of ribbons and laces, and only cared for them for the dear mother's sake who had given her them.

But one night, just before Ursula's marriage, her mother had gone to her room, and carefully moving the rose-leaves, had laid this envelope at the bottom, praying the Lord Jesus to guard it for her child, and bring it to her knowledge if any time of need should in the unknown future arise. Then one of her last injunctions had been, "Ursula, my child, guard this box, and keep it always with you. I know it doesn't look in any way pretentious, but it is beautifully carved, and was my mother's gift. She valued it highly; it was her husband's gift before their marriage." And Ursula had replied, "Oh, mother dear, should I ever cease to care for it! So many things you have given me are in it, and the roses you have gathered. No, darling mother, do not fear. I shall never neglect your and my grandmother's gift." And she faithfully kept her word. It was always kept in her sleeping-room, though she little guessed the treasure it contained.

But now, when she opened the envelope, and bank-notes to the value of many hundred pounds were found to be its contents, she first looked up in adoring thankfulness to her Heavenly Father, thinking all the time of her loving mother's trustful thoughtfulness. Then she glanced at her husband, and was met by an answering smile.

Presently the doctor came in.

"Now, Mrs. Ferfeld," was his abrupt greeting, "don't you think I ought to scold you for keeping so secret all about your husband's book?"

She glanced up enquiringly, and asked, "How could you know anything about it?"

But he shook his head laughingly, and turning to Jessie said, "Take the child home, dearie. It is a lovely evening, and he needs some fresh air. We must bring back the roses to those pale cheeks. Let him have a good run in the garden." Then, returning to Mrs. Ferfeld, he said, "Now for a consultation. Get me the MS." She rose wonderingly and brought it him. He glanced through it, exclaiming now and again, "Very good! Capital! We shall soon have this in the press!" Then saying, "Now hand me the notes," he counted them over. "More than enough," was his muttered comment. "Sixty pounds will do for the book, and the rest see them safely home and settled." Then aloud, "I'm going to carry it off; but I shall let you correct the proof-sheets." She glanced up at him gratefully. He knew the pleasure it would give her. "Now, young lady," he added, "I'm going to order you out. You must get strong quickly, for you'll have a lot of packing to do shortly." But he'd give no explanation to her questioning glance; he only bid her put on her things.

"But, Dr. Mellior," she exclaimed, "I cannot leave my husband!"

"I'll see about that," was the cheery reply. "Mrs. Dundas is a capital nurse and a really good woman, though not over pleasant. I sha'n't tax your patience long. You shall only go across and fetch your boy and have one turn round my garden. You haven't even seen my roses yet, and they are coming out beautifully. By the way," he resumed, "where was your home before you came to London?"

She mentioned a remote village in Cornwall.

"A charming little place. My old friend Dr. Berbige lives there," was his only comment. He did not tell her that a flash of memory had recalled to mind all that he had heard of a talented young man from Oxford who had "buried" himself in a Cornish village to work out some theory of the laws of pulsation, when he might have been one of the leaders of thought, and held a splendid position among the scientists of London. "I often run down to see him," he added, after a moment's pause.

This was all he said; but his plans were rapidly taking form. He would write to his old friend, and soon have them back in their old home while he pushed the book through the press.

The truth was John Ferfeld had come to London to be able to read at the British Museum, and refer to some works which were out of print, and to try to get his book taken by some publisher. But he was unsuccessful. Many spoke of it highly, but said "it wouldn't pay." The disappointment was keenly felt, and this, added to anxiety as to the future, told on an already overtaxed brain, and prostration was the result. And now both feared that their beloved cottage home, left in the care of a faithful servant, would have to be given up.

But the doctor thought otherwise. He knew a publisher who could bring it forward if he chose; and when this latter saw his way to do so without danger of loss, backed up as he knew he should be by Dr. Mellior, he took it up heartily. For he knew that the theory of pulsation, once it gained a hearing, would throw light on many of the problems of the day.

Thus pushed forward by the energetic doctor, who had many friends among the learned both in Oxford and London, the book was a complete success, and many were the editors who wrote to the now celebrated author, asking for papers on scientific subjects, the application of his theory in different departments of learning.

Therefore it came to pass that many were the books that issued forth from that quiet Cornish village, strengthening the faith, fortifying the moral power, and illuminating the intellects of thousands.

But Ursula Ferfeld and her husband never forgot that time of deep need, or ceased to thank the Lord who had kept that treasure for them, and revealed through the instrumentality of one of His little ones its hiding-place, just when they would be most thankful for it. They felt it was indeed "the Lord's doing," and always spoke of it with reverence as the blessing of the rose-leaves.

M. S. HANDLEY.

VENUS AND CUPID.

A MYTH.

By the Rev WILLIAM COWAN, M.A.

I

'Mongst the roses sweet one day
Cupid was engaged in play;
Here and there, and in and out,
With a merry laugh and shout,
Thoughtlessly he ran about.
Bright the sun shines in the sky,
Bright the laughing stream flows by;
In the overhanging trees
Birds sing jocund melodies;
Bees boom in the shining air,
Butterflies in vesture fair
Flit among the odorous flowers,
Tireless through the happy hours;
And the Love-god, boisterous boy,
Clapped his hands for very joy.

II.

Venus called him, but the child,
Happy, only looked and smiled,
And still urged his noisy way
Round the garden in his play.
Presently a rose he spied
Fairer than all else beside,
And with wonder and delight
Gazed he at the glorious sight
Eagerly his hand did close
On the lovely blushing rose—
Ah! why screams the merry boy,
Looking fearful in his joy?
There beneath the flow'r there lay,
Like an enemy at bay,
A sharp thorn, which pierced his hand.
Presently o'er all the land
Fell, or seemed to fall, a gloom—
Birds grew mute, bees ceased to hum;
Every butterfly his wing
Folded like a troubled thing;
All the fragrance of the flower,
All its beauty in that hour,
Passed away like early dew—
And life's sunshine with them too.
Then young Cupid, in his grief,
Sought his mother for relief,
And upon her tender breast
Wept, and found a grateful rest.

III.

Ah! how true the myth appears,
Teaching men for all the years—
God may call, but call in vain,
Till the thorns of grief and pain,
Hid in worldly pleasures, tear
Souls which all too freely share
In the things to man denied;
Then we hasten to Thy side,
Blessed Saviour, whose kind call
We unthinking oft let fall
Heedless on the selfish ear—
Now when sad and full of fear,
For Thy help and sympathy,
Dearest Lord, we turn to Thee.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

BENDING TO THE BURDEN.

Completely tired out from want of sleep during the past few days, and from the conflicting emotions and duties he had just passed through, Paul Stanard had scarcely laid his head on the pillow before he fell into a deep and dreamless slumber.

When he awoke, greatly refreshed, he was surprised to find by his watch that he had slept little more than three hours. He had retired at eleven o'clock—it was now five minutes past two.

For awhile he tried vainly to resume so refreshing a slumber. It was useless. Thoughts he would fain have banished crowded with strange persistency into his mind, and filled it with disturbing recollections.

He determined to rise and take advantage of the quiet time, and the additional security against interruption, which the night hours would afford, to address himself to the more serious part of his task—the attainment of full knowledge respecting his father's financial position, and his own consequent liabilities.

An ominous dread of what might await him in the bureau possessed him as he remembered the circumstances attending the delivery of the key, and his belief that his father in his last hours had only given him a partial and deceptive confidence.

Had his father really committed himself to something so dishonourable that he could not tell him personally? and, knowing that, had wrung from him (Paul) a solemn promise that might involve him in the disgrace, and so affect not only his, but also his children's future?

Many indications of Owen's state of mind, which had not appeared to the watcher important when they occurred, now arose to his remembrance with startling vividness.

Half unconsciously he felt to be assuming the yoke his father had laid upon him.

Doubtless it would chafe the shoulders for which it had not originally been fitted! But what of that, if he could but wear it aright? wear it as in spirit he had sworn to his father he would wear it; so that, let the flesh wince and canker as it might, his conscience might be clear, his honour unsullied.

Suddenly he stops all such misgivings by an impatient exclamation, and by the words, "This is folly! I will go at once to his room and know the worst!"

* * * *

The key hung round his neck by the same string which he had broken so painfully in taking it from Owen, and since re-tied. It was not only the key of the bureau, but, as he had since discovered, of the room itself, which Owen could only enter by its means. It was easy to understand why. Its owner thus made sure that his sanctum, as he called it (with what propriety the colonel was soon to learn), could never be entered in his absence.

The colonel opened the door. The place was very dark, and he had to light the two lamps before he could well see how small the room was, and observe the corner where the bureau stood.

This was an exquisite specimen, in form, in the beauty of the polished wood,

IN TIME OF ROSES.

and in the profusion of marquetry work, of the Louis Quatorze era; bought in France by Owen, many years past, at so great a cost, that he never cared to tell it even to his most intimate associates.

Having carefully shut and locked the doors, Paul drew a chair to the bureau and seated himself, prepared for he knew not what.

It was observable that a certain order, most unusual in connection with Owen's personal belongings, had been maintained among the letters, bills, and papers in the bureau; and which, thought the colonel, was in glaring contrast to the moral disorder of his father's life.

The first document of any importance to Paul was Owen's balance sheet, which, having been used quite lately, had, as was most probable, been intentionally left where it was found—just within the sloping lid, ready for further reference.

Paul drew a deep breath, as, leaning back in his chair, he opened out the paper, which he believed would dissipate or confirm his worst fears. He scanned it hurriedly; then re-read more slowly, his brow knitted, his thoughts intent on mastering the conclusion to be drawn from the figures spread before him.

"Incredible!" he exclaimed. "Am I dreaming, or has my father made some egregious mistake?"

Mechanically he reached for a pen, took a sheet of paper, and item by item made and worked out a careful copy of his father's balance sheet.

No, there was no mistake. It was correct in every particular.

Paul Stanard felt that his father had indeed cause to repent, while doubting the possibility of forgiveness, as he had done, on his death-bed, since he could so wantonly run into debt while fully aware of his liabilities, as the paper proved him to be. Yet he could then coolly and deliberately proceed to set aside £5,000 a year from the income of the estates, partly for their necessary maintenance, but mainly for his own household expenditure and personal aggrandisement in the eyes of the world. Such reckless extravagance under such conditions awoke within the colonel a fierce and righteous indignation.

Slowly he realised what that deficiency of £48,000 meant for him and his children. Retrench as he might, could he ever hope to pay off such an alarming sum? Doubtless his father had intended to clear himself and the estates by marriage with a lady whose fortune was adequate for the purpose.

For one moment the dreadful thought occurred that the hand of God was visible in his death at the very hour of his seeming triumph; but he was so shocked by it that he rose in deep distress, and trod the small room from end to end for some minutes. Then he again seated himself before the bureau, while his eyes scanned the papers which he yet hesitated to open. One, bearing a more official aspect than the others, attracted his attention. He drew it from its receptacle and read with deep interest: "Last will and testament of Benjamin Stanard." Of its contents Paul knew only the fact that his father had inherited. He spread out the will on the slope before him, and resting his head on his hands and his elbows on the slope, read the document with a strange tumult of feeling. Vividly he realises the contrast between the characters of his father and grandfather. Again he bitterly laments the fact of his absence when the latter died; and is, in the sorrow thus reawakened, borne on to seek earnestly for any reference to himself. This he finds, and is inexpressibly moved by the loving thought and estimate of his own character which his grandfather shows in his reasons for passing over his (Paul's) right of heirship in favour of his cousin Rolfe Macfarren.

Ah, the sword! How dearly he shall treasure so precious a gift. Where is it? He rises, and in a cursory manner glances round the room to see if it is there. He perceives it is not, and returns to finish reading the will.

What is this, that in his thought of self has escaped his attention? The estates to be proved free of debt in three years, or pass utterly away from the Stanards to the Macfarrens! What does that imply? In three years to be free of debt!—could he hope to free it in thirty years? Then—let him grasp the truth—accept the worst. In three years' time he will resign the estates in favour of his cousin.

It must be so. Yes, the burden was ready. Let him take it up. Already he felt its weight. But it could be borne. He would not flinch. For three years, then, he would economise—stint himself—stint his children. No, *they* must not be made to suffer. He would work, if needs be, to reduce that dreadful debt, but only in the hope he might, thus more honourably, render up at last the castle and estates to their rightful owner. Had the bureau further revelations? He drew out, then tossed aside, heap after heap of tradesmen's bills, often accompanied by demands and threats to extort payment, together with other accounts he could scarcely understand, so exorbitant were the prices for costly knick-knacks and articles of jewellery.

Rising from his brief examination of the letters, he opened another important-looking document. This proved to be an investment in some water speculation; and he was about to put it aside unread, when the names of parts of the castle estates caught his eye, in relation to the plan. With difficulty he fixed his attention sufficiently to understand that an attempt to find water (which was sorely needed in and around the village) had been made, and had failed under Owen's chronic want of funds, but might promise favourably for the future should capital and knowledge be brought to bear upon the scheme. Wearily the colonel placed it in a drawer for future reference.

"Some day I will look into it, and see if money—which I so sorely need to wipe out part of this dishonour—may be realised. But not now—not now. I can do nothing more to-night."

He raised his throbbing head and looked around the room. Already the early morning radiance was making its way in through the closed shutters, and causing the lamps to assume a sickly light. He began to close the bureau, having replaced all the letters, bills, etc. A crumpled paper lay beneath his hand. He took it up preparatory to throwing it into the waste paper basket. Seeing his own name in his father's handwriting outside, he opened and smoothed out the paper. Then a cold dew of perspiration grew in beads on his forehead as he read a few sentences, stopped, and cried aloud in bitterness. His head fell forward on his arms, leaning against the bureau. For awhile he remained thus, apparently without life or movement; then, drawing the paper nearer, he tried to read the remainder. His bloodshot eyes, his fast-throbbing temples, where the veins stood forth like knotted cords, refused compliance, were beyond control. A mist only swam before eyes and brain.

"The estate mortgaged secretly for £21,000, and *he*, my father, has extorted from me on his death-bed an oath which means—What can it mean? What have I sworn to? To keep the estate, to hide the fact of the mortgage, to work like a galley-slave in paying off the debts. For what end? The public avowal of our dishonour!"

The paper was the note his father had written on his death-bed, when he had asked for the bureau. It called on Paul, by every sacred tie of affection and of honour, to remember and abide by the oath he had given when he should read this letter. Then through several sentences that told of the pangs of death amid which they were written, and which excited Paul's pity, even while he made out their object was to conjure him to keep the most absolute secrecy. The rest was utterly unintelligible with the exception of the last sentence, suggesting to Paul as a solution of all difficulties marriage with a wealthy woman.

"It is more than I can bear," groaned Paul; "the iron has entered my soul."

He, who before danger had never flinched, but rose stronger and grander to meet every emergency, quailed before dishonour. Up and down, without purpose, without hope that light might break on his weary existence, paced the unhappy man. Where were all his plans? His dreams of the future with his dear ones? Gone! for ever gone! Unable, in his suffering, to dwell any longer on the momentous questions involved, his eye turns, as if seeking for rest, upon the most trivial objects around—the patterns on the carpet, the carving of the oak walls, and the marquetry on the bureau. Once he stopped to pick up a small piece of cardboard lying by his foot. It was a pawn-ticket for £200 on a jewelled sword, bearing an inscription and date of the battle of Agincourt. A hollow mocking laugh breaks the stillness of the room, while Paul reopens the bureau and carefully deposits the ticket in a place of safety.

(To be continued.)

A CHARGE.

By IDA LEMON.

"FORGET me not," you said, and looked at me
With eyes which, when sight leaves me, I shall see,
So bright they were with love, though veiled in mist—
Those eyes I kissed.

"Forget me not." What wonder if, my sweet,
I had sunk down, and, kneeling at your feet,
Had given you solemn vow, and sacred oath,
And endless troth?

I might have done it, and been far less true,
Only, words fail us when they most are due;
Yet, child, what then my heart would not allow,
I tell you now.

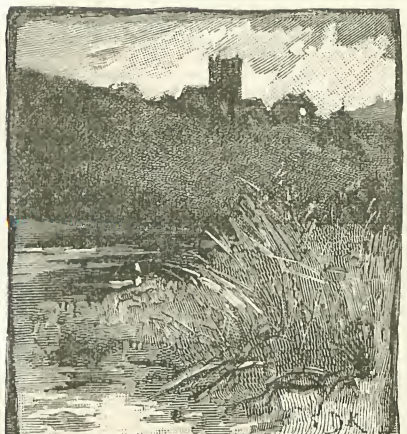
When I had looked upon your fair young face,
I knew that I was in a holy place;
For God, who dwelleth with the meek and pure,
Was there, be sure.

And straight I sent a prayer up unto Him—
A prayer of faith, although my eyes were dim
"Oh! keep us for each other, Lord," I said.
"Alive or dead."

And so, you see, there was not any need
For me to promise, or for you to plead;
Because *He* would remind me of you, pet,
Could I forget.

STORIES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

THE O'NEILLS OF TYRONE.



BEFORE Henry VIII. reduced Ireland to obedience to the English Crown, that island had been for centuries subject to a number of petty princes or "kings," each of whom ruled over a territory greater or smaller, and who were almost always engaged in warfare against each other, much like their cousins the "lairds" of the Scottish Highlands. Literally, "their hands were against every man, and every man's hand was against them." Among these petty princes none were of greater account, at all events in the north, than the Hy-Nialls, or O'Neills, princes and earls of Tyrone. One of them, Hugh O'Neill, the "great" Earl of Tyrone, as he is styled in history, spent nearly all his life in arms against Queen Elizabeth, and in the end he can hardly be said to have been subdued.

After his death, however, James I. took measures for enforcing the English rule over the "rebels" of the north, and especially of Donegal or Tyrconnell, of Tyrone, and of Fermanagh, over all of which districts Hugh had held sway. The broad acres of the O'Neills and of other chiefs were portioned out among English and Scottish settlers, to whom plots of 1000 or 2000 acres were granted on condition of the new owners building castles, each surrounded by a strong courtyard, or "bawn," and "planting" their land-grants with an English and Scottish tenantry, the old Irish inhabitants being at the same time reduced to poverty and to something like slavery.

Among the noble families of true Irish blood, as distinct from the Saxon settlers, two only had bestowed on them the honour of the peerage—the O'Briens of Inchiquin, in the far south-west, and the O'Neills in the far north—and it is only the last half century that has witnessed the death of the last male O'Neill of the genuine old stock.

Large inland lakes, or "loughs," are almost as striking features in Ireland as they are in North America, and not one of these loughs is more beautiful than Lough Neagh, that marvellous inland sea between the counties of Tyrone and Antrim, under whose waves the local legend says that a city lies submerged.

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the calm cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining."

On the banks of this lough stands Shane's Castle, the residence of the Lords O'Neill. The park, which surrounds it on three sides, is enchantingly beautiful, and has trees of venerable growth which cannot be matched in all Ireland. And though the modern mansion is not very interesting, yet nothing can be more picturesque than the ancient castle hard by, or rather its remains. They stand on the very edge of the lake, and they look grim and ghost-like. When the traveller comes within a quarter of a mile of these ruins, after winding his way through a forest of trees which make twilight in the summer noon, he begins to hear the sinister cawing of the rooks, to whom the old castle seems to have been abandoned; and if he has heard the talk of the tenants and neighbours, he will think of the "banshee" who had been attendant on the house of Hy-Niall from its cradle, and who burnt the castle in revenge for a slight put upon her by Saxon strangers and unbelievers. Presently he sees opening out before him the wide shimmering sea of Lough Neagh; and there, in a hollow, forlorn and desolate, rise before his eyes the roofless ruins of the stronghold, all charred by fire. The sward at the foot of these melancholy walls is sprinkled with wild flowers in the spring and early summer; the curving silver strand, strewn with gem-like pebbles and delicate pearly shells, washes the base of the battlements, and nibbles the edge of the grass plot; and the trees dip forward into the smooth waters, as if weeping and peering to catch a glimse of the buried city. The long line of the battlements, with the cannon still fixed and pointing across the blue waves; and the tall ivy-clad water-tower, with its winding stairs, make up a brave picture mirrored in the waters of the lough beneath. The castle itself looks as if it belonged to a blighted race or to fallen royalty; but in spite of its melancholy aspect, there is a fascination about the spot which it is hard to describe. These strong blackened walls, and the cannon frowning down from the front of the castle, seem to carry the visitor back to the days of "Con of the Hundred Battles"; and yet, apart from the cawing of the rooks, there never could be a scene of more perfect silence and repose. The opposite shores of the lough are rarely visible, so great is its breadth; and the immense sheet of water is usually so clear and motionless that it suggests the idea of being under a spell—no doubt that of the "banshee."

The original O'Neills, who stood out in arms against Henry and Elizabeth, it is needless to say here, clung firmly to the ancient

faith, and, accordingly, were driven out into exile; while another branch, conforming to the established religion, were put in their place as Lords of Shane's Castle, and raised to the dignity of the peerage, perhaps in order to bind them more firmly to the British Crown. But the story goes, that at the close of the last century, one of the older race, still bearing in France the shadowy title of Le Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone, came over to Ireland to see the abode of his forefathers. He spoke of his ancestor, Sir Thomas O'Neill, as having been deprived of his estates and possessions by the infamous penal laws, and having been reduced in consequence to the necessity of keeping a little huckster's shop in the village of Shane, where he died in poverty. All his sons became shopkeepers, and lived and died in humble circumstances, except one, who went to France, and distinguished himself in the wars under the Bourbon kings. To visit this shadowy Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone at the humble cabin which he occupied in Shane came his more fortunate kinsman of the younger and more fortunate branch, the new Lord of Shane's Castle. For some years the poor man had held the tenancy of a farm through the aid of a neighbour; but the neighbour in the end turned out treacherous, and getting the lease into his own hands, as if for renewal, ousted him for his little home, and evicted him. In his cabin at Shane, however, he kept two proofs of his descent—a small silver ewer and one silver tablespoon, each bearing the O'Neill crest, "a dexter hand couped at the wrist gules." These relics he showed to his kinsman, who recognised the signs of relationship, and to whom he spoke of the ancient glories of their common ancestors, and especially of the learned and gentle Niall, who was a prince of peace, and no warrior, like the great Earl Hugh.

Lord O'Neill went away home, much touched at the sight of his kinsman thus brought to poverty, and it is believed that he made a promise of doing something to help him towards retrieving his position. But he did not live to carry out his intentions, for he was killed soon after by the rebels in the outbreak of '98. It is to be hoped that his two sons, who successively inherited the title and estate of Shane's Castle, helped to save their kinsman from poverty; but on this subject there are various tales told. They died some forty or fifty years ago, when the Earldom and Viscountcy of O'Neill became extinct, the estates passing at the same time to a relative on the female side, one of the Chichesters, in whose favour the Barony of O'Neill has since been revived.

CAPS.

THERE is a fashion in caps just as variable as in other articles of feminine wear, and though we are constantly informed that cap wearing is dying out, there is very little diminution in their sale, and the shop windows are full of every conceivable variety in make, shape, and colour.

The fact of the matter is that the times and seasons for the wearing of caps have changed, and that this adornment is found more often upon a young head than upon a middle-aged one. Ladies, whatever their age and the colour of their hair, prefer to show that hair as long as it is abundant; but when that natural covering fails, they are only too glad to be able to hide the deficiency with some dainty concoction made of chiffon and lace, which, if well made and well arranged, enhances rather than detracts from personal beauty.

Caps worn upon young heads are extremely becoming, and one of the weapons of Cupid's armoury. Whoever makes a practice of attending bazaars will acknowledge that this is the case when they recall the many young and pretty stall-holders they have seen whose curly and luxuriant tresses have appeared beneath an old-fashioned mob-cap or one of the many peasant's caps that we are all familiar with. The varied and very becoming caps worn by the lady nurses of our London hospitals, and which we illustrate in Figs. 1, 2, and 3, are another argument in favour of cap wearing, they look so clean and dainty, and soften any harsh lines about a face, and detract from any tired or weary expression.

There is no difficulty in finding a cap that suits a face among the immense variety that are now seen; but we have illustrated some of the prettiest for our country readers, as, although they are coquettish as to shape, their making is not difficult, and will, we think, be easily managed with our explanations.

The foundation for Fig. 1 is a plain broad band of stiff muslin that is long enough to almost touch at the back of the head. This band is four inches wide in the centre, and gradually slopes away to a rounded point as shown. Cover this foundation with a fine Swiss muslin and edge it with a stiff pleating of muslin, which make thus. Take a strip of material three inches in width, double it and pleat it up as single inch-wide pleats, and sew it round the band. The whole beauty of this cap lies in these pleats being all of the same width. Sew a muslin crown (which do not make full or very high) round the top edge of the band, and the work is finished.

Fig. 2 is the ordinary old-fashioned mob-cap finished with a wide and full frill round the face, and with strings that tie in a bow under the chin. The foundation consists of a narrow piece of stiff muslin, forming a round that should fit the crown of the head and be strengthened by a fine wire. The mob-cap is cut as a round and pleated on to the wire. A broad piece of muslin forms the frilling. This, when hemmed on both edges, is four and a half inches in width. In length it should be more than double the circumference of the foundation; but all of it need not be used, as some girls' heads of hair, being fluffed out and raised, require a fuller frill to the cap than others. Run two draw-strings of fine cotton cord along the centre of the frill and draw it up. Pin it to the foundation before sewing it down, and arrange its fullness on the head, it being impossible to settle it becomingly in any other manner. Most frills require to be fuller on the forehead than at the sides, but as so much depends upon the manner of dressing the hair, no fixed rule can be given. This cap is easily washed and remade if the draw-strings are not cut.

In Fig. 3 the back part of the cap must be made very high. Its make resembles the caps worn at charity schools. The mob or crown is gathered on a round wire, the flat piece in front strengthened with a foundation of coarse muslin, and the curtain at the back made from a wide broad piece of muslin hemmed and pleated.

Figs. 4, 5, and 6 are suitable for morning wear or for servants' use. They are all washing caps, being made of book muslin and trimmed with embroidery or narrow lace. In Fig. 4 the crown is plain, and is shaped like a wide-based wedge, which is eight inches at the widest part and two and a half inches from base to point. Round the broad part of this wedge an inch-wide strip of muslin is sewn; this extends five inches beyond the broad part, and is therefore eighteen inches long. It comes down to below the ears in the illustration, where it meets the strings. Each string is eighteen inches long and is cut as a point at the end. The strings are hemmed and, where cut into a point, trimmed with half-inch wide embroidery matching that forming the cap frills. Four and a half yards of this narrow embroidery are used. Two narrow frills of it edge the back or pointed end of the foundation and three the front. One of these front frills stops where the first part of the foundation ends; the two others are sewn to the narrow plain strip and come down as far as it extends.

Fig. 5 has a foundation with a rounded front, straight sides, and a back as a cut inwards vandyke. It is five inches across the width of the head, and seven inches long, reckoning the side points. This foundation is strengthened with a wire, and it is covered with a piece of muslin finished with two tucks, each half an inch wide. This muslin is laid quite plain round the front of the cap, but gathered up high and full at the back. One yard of edging finishes this piece of muslin. The three high bows at the back are three inches in width, five inches in length, and are plainly hemmed. The strings are fifteen inches long and three inches wide.

Fig. 6 has a foundation that is broad at the front and comes to an oval at the back. It is nine inches long, and six inches wide at its broadest part. It is made of stiff muslin, and strengthened with a wire. The back of this foundation is pinched together so that its point is much raised, and in the cavity thus made three bows are inserted, and the ends of the strings. A double frill edged with very narrow lace surrounds the entire foundation; it is made on a draw-string, and is put on like a goffered frill. A bow of muslin without ends and edged with lace finishes the front of the cap; the three bows behind are not edged with lace. Width of all the bows, three inches; length of front bows, five inches; of back bows, eight inches. The strings are thirty-three inches in length, two and a half inches in width, and are plainly hemmed.

Fig. 7 is a Normandy cap, as worn by old ladies. The front piece is of black velvet; it is five inches broad, taken back to the ears, and there cut as shown in the illustration. It is trimmed with imitation Mechlin lace an inch and a half wide, put on fairly full. The back of the cap is of book muslin, and is made high, but not very full. A stiff foundation for the cap is necessary. To complete the effect of this cap, a frilled fichu of muslin worn over the shoulders is necessary. These fichus are now very fashionable, and cost about four shillings.

Fig. 8 is a fancy cap to be worn at bazaars. The front is made of a half-moon shaped piece of turquoise blue velvet, to which is attached a wide stand-up frill of blue tulle. This is wide on the top of the head and narrowed as to width at the sides. Long strings of blue tulle hang from the back of the frill over the back of the head and down for a yard in length.

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R. TAYLOR & C°
Sydney Cowell

Fig. 9 is a pretty cap intended for evening wear. The material it is made of is either a fine open lace or chiffon with an embroidered edge. A full edging of lace or chiffon is first attached to the foundation (which is shaped to the size of the head with a high centre point), and then the lace is laid on full round the sides and gathered at the top of the cap. To keep it flat, thirteen pieces of narrow ribbon velvet are brought from the top of the head and caught to the edges of the foundation. These pieces of velvet are finished off with a point, to which a pearl bead is sewn. Small bows of chiffon or lace fill in the crown of the cap. Yellow, mauve, or pale pink are good colours for making this cap in. The chiffon, when used, should match the velvet as to colour.

In Fig. 10 we give a widow's cap intended for an elderly lady. It is made of tarletan, with three crimped tucks in the front, a bag for the hair at the back, and two ends extending from the top of the head to the end of the bag as a trimming to the back. These ends are four inches wide, ten long, and are edged with a narrow frill of tarletan; they are caught together to keep them in place. The bows of tarletan that trim the cap are not hemmed, only turned in. The crimped tucks are made by running a tuck in the material and fitting a round piece of cane to the tuck; forcing the tuck on to the cane, and pressing the material up into a small space before taking it off the cane. While pushing the tarletan on to the cane, the fingers should draw it up into small pleats. The strings of this cap are twenty-four inches long, thirteen inches wide, and have a broad hem as an edging of an inch and a half in width.

B. C. SAWARD.

STRAWBERRIES.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

THE American philosopher, Emerson, once said, "The plum at its best is the fruit of Paradise." One wonders if, when he made this remark, Emerson remembered that there were such things as strawberries. He must have done, for he was a very enthusiastic gardener, and very much given to cultivating fruits. Indeed, his biographer tells us that he failed completely with pears; so much so that a certain Horticultural Society once sent a deputation to inspect his orchard in order that they might discover "what soil it was which produced such poor specimens of such fine varieties." Maybe the sage was as unsuccessful with his strawberries as with his pears, and this was the reason why he was not as enthusiastic about them as he was about plums.

Whether Emerson appreciated strawberries or not, there are few girls who do not approve of them. When the scarlet berries appear, peeping between the stalks for those who have gardens, or resting in their baskets at the greengrocer's for those who have none, girls find themselves longing to taste the same, and congratulate themselves that good things have their season. This is the time of year when the sight of strawberries may soon be expected to awaken this longing; and whether our prospects with regard to them are good or bad, of one thing we may be quite sure—that they will not be with us long. Very shortly after we have discovered that they are in full season, and reasonable in price, we shall discover also that they have begun to "go off," and then for twelve months they will be seen no more. The period during which we can enjoy them freely will have to be counted by days; therefore we shall show our wisdom by making the most of them while we have them.

A clever housekeeper once said: "I am often told that I must take things as they come; but I find it much more difficult to part with them when they go." If we wish to part with strawberries when they go with equanimity, we must prepare to use them reasonably, enjoy them to the extent of our possibilities, convert them into dainty dishes while we have the opportunity, preserve them carefully, and do our duty by them fully, and so "seize their day," as Horace says. To do this, however, we ought in plenty of time to get to know all about them, and collect together the recipes for dishes into which they will advantageously enter. By way of helping girls to do this, it is proposed to take up here the subject of strawberries, and to give as much information about them as possible. Thus, girls will be in a position to "take strawberries" when they come, and to benefit by them to the full.

The strawberry as we have it is a comparatively modern product. Until the early part of the seventeenth century the only strawberry grown in England was the wild strawberry of the woods, and this, though pretty to look at and sweet to taste, was too small to be of value. It is true that for some time before this the French had found out how to cultivate strawberries so as to increase their size, and there was a certain wood near Paris which was so noted for the fruit, that people used to come thither from all parts to buy them. The fruit thus purchased was, however, necessarily costly, and not until English gardeners gave attention to strawberries did they come within the reach of all classes. Now they are so well cared for, that every year sees them improved, while the number of varieties is very large.

Strawberries and Cream.—When strawberries are at their best, of a good sort, freshly gathered, fully ripe and not over ripe, they ought to be eaten as they are. Even cream and sugar are not worthy to be put with them, and the experienced epicure would prefer to eat them without any addition, while to cook them would be simple desecration. When a little short of being perfect, they should be mixed with cream and sugar; indeed, it is probable that under all circumstances the majority of strawberry lovers would say that strawberries and cream was an almost perfect combination of flavours.

There are two or three ways of serving a dish so well known as strawberries and cream. Some content themselves with piling the fruit on a dish covered with leaves, and sending sweet cream and sifted sugar with it to table separately. Then the guests prepare their own food. They pick off the hulls, bruise the berries with a fork, add sugar and cream to suit their individual taste, and proceed to enjoy themselves. The method is homely, but it is not elegant. The discarded hulls make the table look untidy, and those who are not accustomed to work of this kind get out of patience with it. Girls might at least hull the fruit before they place it before their friends, and doing this would give them an opportunity to pick out and lay aside berries that are not quite sound. Attention to this one detail would be a great improvement.

For a really superior dish of strawberries and cream, proceed as follows: Procure ripe, sound, freshly-gathered red strawberries, and do not touch them until a short time before they are wanted. They will spoil with keeping. Hull them and discard all imperfect berries, then bruise them lightly with a silver fork, and sweeten them to taste. The quantity of sugar needed will, of course, depend upon the quality of the fruit. Probably from three to four tablespoonfuls of sugar will be sufficient for a pint of berries. Now pour over them about a quarter of a pint of cream, and toss them lightly with two forks to incorporate them with the cream; then cover the surface with cream that has been whipped until it is firm and frothy. In laying on the cream, the aim should be to coat the fruit entirely, so that the preparation looks quite white. When the spoon is put into it to serve it, the red berries will show themselves, and the preparation will have a most inviting appearance. It will be the sort of dainty to which the gentleman referred who, when imploring the girl named Curly Locks to be his, told her that she—

> "Should not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
> But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
> And feast upon strawberries, sugar, and cream"—

a very inviting prospect, truly.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that cream which is to be whipped thus must be "double cream," that is, it must have stood twenty-four hours instead of twelve, and it must be whisked in a cool place until it thickens, and no longer. It will not take many minutes to thicken, but if worked too long it will curdle. The objection to preparing strawberries and cream in the way referred to is that so much cream is needed. Altogether (that is, including the cream in which the berries are tossed and the cream used for whipping), about three quarters of a pint would be required for each pound of strawberries. To whip cream, however, increases its bulk, and this increase may therefore be calculated upon.

Next to strawberries and cream the preparation which will most naturally occur to girls who want to make the most of the fruit while it is in season, is strawberry jam. Now, truth before all things; so I may as well confess that, to my mind, this simple jam is one of the most difficult jams to make satisfactorily, and one of the worst to keep. Probably, on reading this remark, individuals accustomed to make strawberry jam will say, "Difficult! not at all! We have made strawberry jam year after year, and it has been enjoyed, and has kept well enough." Doubtless this was the case, and we think we know exactly what this jam was like, and how it was made. The fruit was hulled, and boiled down alone for awhile, after which sugar was added in the proportion of three quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and it was boiled again until it set when a little was put upon a plate. Whilst it was being made the fragrance sent forth by this jam was most inviting; indeed, it was the best part about the business—it conveyed a promise which would never be fulfilled. When this jam was brought out after being kept for awhile, it would be pure, unadulterated, and wholesome. It would be enjoyed by the children, and by individuals who like sweets of any sort, and it would be excellent for puddings and tarts. Most probably, however, the majority of grown-up folks who tasted it once would say, "No, thank you," next time it came round, for it would only have a suggestion of the true flavour of the fruit; and should the season be unfavourable, so that any of the jam went mouldy, the strawberry jam would be the first to go. If, in order to make sure of the jam keeping, a

pound of sugar were put with a pound of fruit, the jam would be so luscious that it would be almost sickly. Jam of this sort can scarcely be called satisfactory.

What we wish to do, of course, is to make jam that will keep and will yet retain the refreshing flavour of the fruit. Here are two or three special recipes for strawberry jam, and it is hoped that girls who feel inclined to experiment in this direction, will choose the one which looks most inviting, try it, and see if they do not like the jam thus produced better than that made in former years.

Strawberry Jam No. 1.—Hull the fruit, and with a silver knife cut each berry into two. (When the berries are divided, the sugar penetrates more readily to the heart of the fruit, and this helps the jam to keep.) Allow equal weights of sugar and fruit. Boil the fruit gently for about half an hour, add the sugar, and boil again until the jam will set. Now add some red currant jelly—a pound pot of jelly for each three pounds of strawberries will be about right. Boil again until the jelly is melted and incorporated; it will lessen the lusciousness of the jam.

No. 2.—Choose red, ripe, fine strawberries. Allow equal weights of sugar and fruit, and crush the sugar to powder. Put fruit and sugar in layers, and leave it for twenty-four or even forty-eight hours to draw out the juice. Drain off the syrup, and boil it separately till it thickens; then put in the berries, and boil well for about twenty minutes. (Jam made according to this recipe is excellent, but too luscious. One feels that the red currant jelly would be an improvement. It looks pretty, however. The berries remain whole, and are suitable for garnishing, and the syrup is valuable for making creams and puddings.)

No. 3 (Francatelli's way).—Allow equal weights of fruit and sugar, and add a quart of red currant juice for each six lbs. of strawberries. Hull the strawberries and draw off the juice before beginning to boil. Put the sugar into the pan with a cupful of water for each pound, stir until dissolved but not after, and boil until large globules cover the surface of the syrup. Now put in the fruit and the juice and boil sharply, stirring gently for about twenty minutes. Take up a spoonful of the jam and pour it back quickly. If as it slides down into the pan the last portion hangs in drapes or wide drops on the edge of the spoon, the jam is ready. If it does not present this appearance, it must be boiled a little longer.

No. 4 (Miss Parloa's way).—There is at the present time in America a very clever lady named Miss Parloa, who, within the last few months, made public the fact that for years she had been experimenting trying to find out a way of making strawberry jam which satisfied her. At length she tasted some strawberry jam which she considered delicious. The summer before last she tried a good many ways, but jam made as this was she liked best of all. This is the method of procedure.

Sun-cooked Strawberry Jam.—Do not commence operations unless the weather is very fine and settled. Pick over the strawberries, and put them in the preserving kettle with their weight in granulated sugar. Stir them gently to keep from burning until the mixture begins to boil, and counting from this time boil ten minutes. Pour the jam into wide shallow platters so that it shall be two inches deep, and set these in the sun on a table before a sunny window or on a sunny lawn for ten hours. (The original recipe said twenty-four hours, but it was found that ten hours was enough.) Put into jars and tie down in the usual way. Jam thus made will be very rich, but it will retain the flavour of the fruit. It will have plenty of syrup, and if carefully stirred the berries will be whole.

So much for the strawberry jam.

We now come to the various ways of cooking strawberries. One of the simplest is—

Strawberry Tapioca Pudding.—Soak a cupful of crushed tapioca or of large sago in a pint of cold water for two or three hours, or, better still, set it to soak overnight. Put it into a porridge pan or double saucepan, and set it by the side of the stove until quite clear. Stir it occasionally to keep it from forming in lumps. When done stir into it a good pinch of salt, a squeeze of lemon juice, and a cupful of white sugar. Then add off the fire a pint of ripe strawberries which have been hulled. If too thick, a little strawberry or red currant juice, or even more water, will be needed. Serve quite cold with whipped cream or milk. A mixture of strawberries and raspberries, or strawberries and red currants, makes a very good pudding of this sort, and, indeed, of every sort. Sometimes cream alone is stirred last thing into the tapioca, and the pudding is garnished with strawberries.

Strawberry Cream.—Set an ounce of gelatine to soak in a gill of cold water. Hull a pound of strawberries, sprinkle over them three tablespoonfuls of castor sugar (it will help to draw out the juice), bruise them, and let them stand awhile; then rub them through a fine sieve. Put with the *purée* thus produced the juice of a lemon. Whip half a pint of cream till stiff, and mix it with the *purée*. Melt the gelatine in a saucepan. When cool add it to the other ingredients and turn into a damp mould when it is beginning to form. Of course the appearance of this cream would be improved if it were either garnished with berries or if a little clear jelly were employed to decorate the mould.

Strawberry Jelly.—Soak an ounce of gelatine in a quarter of a pint of cold water. Hull a pound of strawberries, sprinkle six ounces of white sugar over them, and bruise them well. Put them with the gelatine, the juice of a lemon, half a pint of water, and the crushed shells and whites of two eggs. Whisk the ingredients over the fire till they rise in the pan; draw the latter back, and let it stand for awhile; pour through a jelly bag or cloth, and mould. This jelly should not be put into a metal mould, or it may become discoloured. If an earthenware mould is not at hand, a cup or pudding basin will answer the purpose.

When time and trouble are to be considered, there is an easier way of making strawberry jelly. Hull and sugar the fruit, and steam it to draw out the juice. Strain it, put it with gelatine and water into a saucepan, and boil for about ten minutes. Mould when nearly firm.

In summer time an ounce of gelatine may be trusted to set a pint and a quarter of liquid.

Jellied Strawberries.—Hull some ripe, fresh, sound, dry strawberries. Make a little clear lemon jelly in the ordinary way, but rather stiff than otherwise. Pour a little when beginning to firm into a damp mould or moulds (a soup plate or even half a dozen cups will answer the purpose if there is nothing else at hand). Place the strawberries upon the jelly so that they do not touch each other, then carefully cover with more jelly, and repeat till the mould is full. Turn out when set, and garnish with whipped cream.

Strawberry Charlotte.—Take a cupful of any ordinary sweet jelly (a small quantity left from another dish would answer excellently for the purpose provided it is fairly firm when set). When it begins to thicken, dip into it one by one some fine ripe strawberries cut in halves, and arrange these, the cut side downwards, round the inside of a mould with straight sides which has been soaked in cold water, and left damp. If the mould is quite cold, the jelly will quickly set and the fruit will adhere. Make some strawberry cream according to the recipe already given, and when it is so far set that it retains the form of a spoon when a little is taken up and put back, place it gently in the lined mould. This sweet when turned out will look very pretty if the lining is tastefully arranged; and if the cream is well made it will taste delicious.

Strawberry Trifle.—This is a very delicious sweet, but it is to be avoided by teetotallers. Hull fresh strawberries (and if a few raspberries can be added all the better), bruise them slightly, sweeten them, and pour over brandy and sherry to moisten them well, in the proportion of four tablespoonfuls of sherry to one of brandy. Soak for an hour, then pile sponge fingers which have been dipped in a little hot syrup for a moment on the top, and cover with whipped cream, half of which may be made pink with a little cochineal and half left white. Authorities say that a trifle made with strawberries, oranges, and bananas, is specially delicious.

Strawberry Shortcake is an American preparation. If we were to visit the States during the hot weather, and were to be entertained by friends clever in cookery, or to go into a good restaurant, we should have an opportunity of partaking of a dish which looked like sublimated strawberries and cream—pink, white, and yellow. This would be shortcake; and when we became more intimately acquainted with it, we should discover that it consisted of layers of "biscuit dough" (which we should call Genoese pastry or the pastry used in making Swiss roll), with crushed and sweetened strawberries between the layers, and either whipped cream or creamy sauce poured over all. The shortcake is eaten both hot and cold, although most people prefer it cold. When served hot, the cake must be torn open with two forks, or cut while warm, not hot, with a very sharp knife which has been warmed and is held perpendicularly, to avoid making the cake heavy. It should also be buttered while hot. A peculiarity of this shortcake is, that almost every housekeeper who has been brought up to value it has a special recipe for it, and despises every other; just as English housekeepers think their own recipes for mince pies are superior to all others. Strawberry shortcake is particularly good for high tea.

Perhaps girls would like to try this celebrated dish. I therefore give a choice of recipes. Both come from America. No. 1 is Miss Parloa's recipe. No. 2 is the genuine old-fashioned shortened cake as made by a lady named Mrs. Keeler, who says that shortcake thus made is "dear to many hearts."

No. 1.—There will be required for this cake one quart of flour, three eggs, half a cupful of butter, three gills of milk, one cupful of granulated sugar, three heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, three heaping tablespoonfuls of baking-powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, and three pints of hulled strawberries. Mix the salt, baking-powder, and one tablespoonful of the granulated sugar, and rub the mixture through a sieve. Now rub the butter into the prepared flour, beat the yolks of the eggs well, and add the milk to them. Stir this mixture into the dry ingredients, and when a smooth dough is formed, divide it into four parts; spread these in four buttered jelly cake-tins (a dripping-tin will answer the purpose, and the dough should be about half an inch thick), and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. While the cake is baking, crush the hulled strawberries with the rest of the sugar, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff, dry froth, and beat into them the powdered sugar. When the cakes are done, place two on large plates, and spread one quarter of the crushed strawberries on each. Place the remaining cakes upon the first two, and cover them with the remainder of the fruit. Spread the white of egg and sugar over, and set the cakes in the oven for four or five minutes. Serve at once. If a richer cake is desired, mix half a cupful instead of a spoonful of sugar with the flour,

and butter the cakes before spreading the berries on them.

No. 2.—Make a dough with one quart of flour well sifted (to make it quite free from lumps), and three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Rub in three tablespoonfuls of butter or lard till it feels like coarse sand, and add milk, or milk and water, to make a dough as soft as can be rolled out. If lard is used, add a little salt, and in all cases be careful to handle as little as possible after adding the milk. Roll to about half an inch thick, and bake in a dripping-tin in one large cake. Bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes. When done the cake should have risen considerably. While warm cut into three-inch squares with a warmed knife, split each square in half, and butter the inside. Put the crust side down, and cover the top with berries which have been well crushed and sweetened. Cover with the other half, putting the crust side next the berries and the soft inside on the top. Cover this also with a liberal supply of crushed berries, allowing some to run over the sides. When ready to serve, moisten the cake with a little sweetened cream or milk, and heap over each portion either whipped cream, custard, or a sauce made as follows: Beat to a cream a cupful of powdered sugar and one tablespoonful of butter. Add one whole egg, which has been thoroughly whisked, white and yolk first separately, then together. Now add to the mixture, a little at a time, half a cupful of milk, and beat again between every addition.

It is to be noted that two cakes about the size of a pudding-plate could be made of the quantities given. Also that the milk which has gone sour (a mischance very likely to occur at the time of year when strawberries are ripe), is excellent for making shortcake. When it is employed a smaller quantity of baking-powder will be needed. When strawberries are not to be had the same sort of cake may be made of raspberries, red currants, tinned peaches, and other furits.

Milk Puddings with Strawberries.—When strawberries are abundant, a pleasant change from the ordinary milk puddings may be made by covering them with a *méringue* of strawberries. Rice pudding, sago pudding, tapioca pudding, corn-flour pudding, etc., may all be treated thus. Make the pudding in the usual way, using the yolks of eggs only, and bake. Have ready a good quantity of strawberries—that is, about a pound for a pudding made with a pint of milk. Hull the fruit, crush it, sweeten it, and spread it on the pudding. Beat the unused whites of eggs to a stiff froth, mix a tablespoonful or so of powdered sugar with them, and spread the *méringue* neatly over the fruit. Set in a cool oven to set the egg.

Strawberry Tarts not to be despised may be made by lining patty pans with good pastry, and filling them with ripe strawberries which have been hulled, sweetened, and tossed in beaten egg.

Strawberries and Orange Juice.—We think that strawberries and cream go well together, but it is an interesting fact that the Spaniards approve quite as much of another combination—strawberries and orange juice, maintaining that here art has improved nature. Girls who would like to pronounce an opinion upon the case might easily do so, for oranges remain with us in these days for a month or two after strawberries have appeared. To prepare them we need only to hull the strawberries, and pour over them strained orange juice to moisten them, then let them stand for an hour.

Strawberry Fool.—When strawberries are too much crushed to be fit to send to table, they may be converted into strawberry fool with advantage. Hull them, squeeze over them the juice of a lemon and sprinkle sugar over them. Let them stand for an hour, then rub them through a sieve and mix with the pulp a cupful of milk. Pile whipped cream on the top, and serve with sponge fingers.

Compôte of Strawberries is suited for individuals who desire something especially dainty. Here is a superlative recipe. Hull the berries and put them into a bowl, pour syrup over them to cover them (made by boiling a pound of loaf sugar with a cupful of water to a clear syrup) and let them stand for an hour. Drain off the syrup, and add a wineglassful of red currant juice to each pint thereof, and boil down to half the quantity. Put the strawberries in a glass dish, strain the syrup over them and serve with sponge fingers. If it is to be had, a small glassful of Maraschino will improve this *compôte*.

So much for the recipes. It is to be hoped now that girls will feel that they will be at no loss when strawberries appear for ways to deal with them. One word, however, yet remains to be said on the medicinal value of strawberries. With regard to most of the good things of this world, which come within our reach, we have to acknowledge, that though they may be pleasant to the sight they are not good for food; good, that is, in the sense of being wholesome; and, indeed, the more delicious they are the more probable is it that they will be indigestible. But with strawberries it is not so. At any rate, we have the authority of Dr. Abercrombie, the celebrated physician, for saying they are of value. Here are the great Scotchman's own words: "Physicians concur in placing strawberries in their small catalogue of pleasant remedies. They dissolve the tartarous incrustations of the teeth. They promote perspiration. Persons afflicted with the gout have found relief from using them; so have patients in cases of the stone; and Hoffmann states that he has known consumptive people cured by them." Dr. Abercrombie lived a hundred years ago. We do not know that modern physicians would endorse what he says here. But if one-half of this statement is correct, we see at once that it is our duty to eat strawberries. Not merely because we like them, but because they will do us good, must we resolve to make the most of them. When duty and inclination go hand in hand, what can we desire more?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Geranium.—"Let the remembrance of Thy sufferings and death on the Cross give me patience, hope, and faith in the last moments of my life." This would be the meaning of the line, "Hold Thou Thy Cross," in the hymn, "Abide with Me." See St. John xv. 4, 6, 7.

Gopite.—The name "Melita" was given because the princess was born in Malta. You will find it in Acts xxviii. 1, in the account of St. Paul's shipwreck. It is pronounced "Meleeta." It is often given as a Christian name.

Mary.—The locusts spoken of as the chief food of St. John the Baptist, during his sojourn in the wilderness, are believed to have been the edible pods of the tree so named. Here they are called by some St. John's bread—otherwise, locust beans, sold in our grain shops; and it is said that an effervescing beer has been produced from them and sold in London. Another kind of locust tree is a native of the West Indies; and there is an American false acacia likewise known by this name. In some parts of Australia there is a butterfly which is employed by the aborigines for food when fried in large quantities; but we do not think that locusts (the insects resembling the grasshoppers), are eaten in any part of the world.

S. Cross.—You had better apply to the Editor of *Notes and Queries*. We have no knowledge of the descendants, if any exist, of the individual you name.

Well-wisher.—1. Cork mats are the best for a bath-room.—2. Currant fritters are simply ordinary ones sprinkled with currants, and almonds are only dropped on ordinary toffee.

Little Primitive.—Certainly you should call at the vestry of your church and give in your name as a candidate. There will be a notice respecting the classes to be held, and you will be told what to prepare, and have to attend certain lectures.

M. A. B., Maggie, and A Maiden of Nineteen Summers.—The ages of probationers desiring to be trained for nursing are twenty-one years in a children's hospital and twenty-five in an ordinary one. Apply (if old enough) to one of the great hospitals.

Judy.—Pearls are strung on horse-hair or on strong waxed thread.

Schubert Rose.—If performed by a doctor, there would be no danger.

Nora Parker.—"How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix" was said by Browning to have no historical foundation whatever.

Stanlie Cameron.—Pitman's shorthand books can be purchased for a small sum at every stationer's, we believe. You could teach yourself with much perseverance, no doubt. Better to have a few lessons.

Edith Tyne.—1. The stories of the "G. O. P." begin with the volume in October of each year.—2. Paper patterns are obtained by writing to the address given in each monthly part, and following the directions.

Queen Mab.—March 2nd, 1871, was a Thursday. The other question was asked by "Photograph Frame." See our reply.

Little Bab.—The proverbial phrase about the pity it would be to "lose a ship for a hap'orth of tar" is not an allusion to a "ship" at all, though "tar" is much employed upon them. The real origin is to be traced to the peasantry, who pronounce incorrectly, and clip their words. It has reference to the marking of the owner's initials on their sheep with hot tar, the neglect of which plan would probably result in their loss, as they are too much alike in most cases to be recognised with any well-proved certainty, and could not be claimed from a thief.

Anxious One.—Were you to meet a friend walking with a gentleman, he would raise his hat first on such an occasion, and you should certainly acknowledge the courtesy on his part by a slight bow. But you need not bow afterwards unless he had been introduced to you.

K. Mavourneen No. 2.—Your quotation is not from Shakespeare; it is from Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, I., i.—

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak."

Rather a wild flight of fancy! But no doubt it may charm snakes, and prevent an attack from them. Your writing promises well, but is not yet formed.

Gipsy.—A man may not marry his wife's niece; she is his niece by marriage, and is within the prohibited degrees. The Jews have no law against it, but for Christians it is illegal. The man's wife being dead in no way alters the case.

Janie.—If the hen be of an inferior breed, it would be well to fatten her for the table, as the others may follow her example of eating the eggs; or you might burn the point of her bill with a red-hot poker to blunt it (it will give no pain), and prevent her making a hole in the shells. Of course it must be carefully done, and not so much as to preclude her picking up her food, grain, etc. Your laying-house is probably too light. Scatter scraps of old mortar and lime rubbish in some part of the yard.

Mona enquires for the origin of the universal superstition respecting the misfortunes attending the spilling of salt. Salt was considered, in ancient times, as incorruptible, and was therefore adopted as the symbol of friendship; and the eating of anyone's salt laid an obligation on the guest to act as a friend, and to do otherwise was thus rendered an act of treachery. Thus, if the salt were upset, it was supposed that a rupture of the friendly feeling and alliance was to be apprehended. In the celebrated fresco painting by Leonardo da Vinci, of the Passover, followed by the Last Supper of our Lord and His twelve Apostles, Judas, who sits at the spectator's left, with his face turned away, is represented as having upset the salt.

An Orphan.—We acknowledge your grateful letter with sincere thanks.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

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"'LEAP OUT, MISS JEANIE—YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE!'"

CHAPTER XIII.

HOMEWARDS.

WHEN Jeanie awoke on the morning following the receipt of her father's letter, instead of being depressed by the thought of their future difficulties, her spirit rose eager to do battle with them, and her heart swelled with grateful love and pride that her father should think her worthy of sharing with him in such a contest.

Dressing hastily, in order to have a quiet time with Beth before they were called to breakfast, she sought her sister, and gently told her their father's news.

Beth listened attentively, asked a few questions as to the house they should live in, and the supposed enjoyments they would have to give up; then, looking her sister full in the face, said, "Does father feel it very much?"

"He has done so. Now he says his greatest pain will be if it makes us unhappy."

"Do *you* mind it much?" queried Beth.

"No, dear, I don't think I do, if only I can make father and you happy," Jeanie answered.

"Then I'm sure I don't care," said Beth bravely, while dashing away some tear-drops, and many of her own castles in the air at the same time. "And there's one thing, Jeanie, to remember—I must really give up learning so much, for it costs a lot of money to teach me. But never mind, we'll manage without governesses, won't we?" and the child of little more than seven years of age managed for the moment to assume an old-wise air which greatly amused her sister, seeing how entirely Beth had worked the adverse circumstances to suit her own wishes.

Before they started on Friday, Madame called Sybil Capella into her private room, and thanking her for her services, in respect of which she declared herself prepared to report favourably should Miss Capella require such testimony, she proceeded to give her for guidance many admirable maxims.

Sybil listened respectfully, thanked Madame with much feeling for her kindly interest, and as that lady walked majestically from the room, Miss Capella, with an ironical smile lighting her face, made an elaborate curtsey to Madame's back. Then, turning to the mirror, she surveyed, with fresh enjoyment, the neat little figure in its dark-green costume, the lining of deep red just indicated at the throat, pockets, and cuffs; while a wing of the same rich hue showed to advantage in her close-fitting hat.

"I look not to fight my way with your cudgels, my dear Madame," she said to her own reflection. "They are time-worn, while those *I* choose to employ men weary of—never!"

With a silvery laugh and a toss of the head, Sybil walked out of the room to rejoin her friend.

* * * *

It was a relief to Jeanie when, having arrived at the station, she saw her little party safely deposited in a carriage that was occupied only by a lady and a gentleman.

Beth took some time before she could please herself with a seat, bothering both Jeanie and Miss Capella to let her try theirs before she finally ensconced herself by the window, in the corner opposite the male passenger. Then she opened the packet she had received from Madame Marchant. It was a book of fairy tales, profusely illustrated. Instead, however, of reading it, she seemed so much struck by the appearance of the gentleman opposite, that she gazed at him with all a child's disregard of conventionalities.

Yet there did not seem much to arrest the attention of one so young, unless it was his entire absorption in the papers he read. A well-shaped head, with heavy, dark hair, was almost hidden in the close-fitting travelling cap. His face was cleanly shaven, the mouth and chin firmly cast, the brows rather overhanging the eyes, which, lowered to his paper, were hidden from view. Withal there was a touch of delicacy, and perhaps of sadness, apparent, rather at variance with the other characteristics.

At a station farther on the lady passenger left them. Meanwhile, Jeanie had found, to her great delight, that her parting gift from Madame Marchant was an elegantly-bound volume of Longfellow's poems, with fine engravings.

"I wish I had been the happy giver—the book seems to please you so much," said Sybil with a sigh. "Now you will always think of Madame when you read your favourite poems."

"I shall do no such thing," answered Jeanie softly. "Your wish is more likely to come into my mind. Have you no book, dear?"

"Oh, yes. I brought the one you lent me. I had to leave off at a very interesting part yesterday"—she turned to find the page, and for awhile both friends seemed absorbed in their books. Jeanie presently looked up to see how Beth was engaged, she was so suspiciously quiet. The child was still interested in the reader of the newspaper, who had drawn out a large pocket-book, and was apparently making notes in it.

Sybil endeavoured unobserved to make a sign of warning to her; but the gentleman had begun to draw something, and Beth, in her eagerness, stood on tip-toe to see better what he was about.

Suddenly he raised his eyes, saw her position and earnest look of enquiry, and asked her with a smile, "Shall I show you what I am doing?—though I fear it will not interest you." And he held out to her view a page of intricate mechanical drawing.

"Beth," said her sister reprovingly, "how can you be so rude? Please to excuse her," she added, addressing the gentleman.

"I am fond of children," he responded, slightly raising his cap, and turning towards the speaker. "They"—here his eyes met Jeanie's; he stopped awkwardly, having forgotten what he had intended to say.

Sybil to herself: "Inflammable material. It would be entertaining should it ignite."

Beth, as if to help him out of his embarrassment, began, "You said you were fond of children; they——"

"So I am. Don't you believe me?" he asked, seeing once more how earnestly the child looked at him.

"Yes, I do. I thought so before you spoke."

"You did, did you? Come, I should like to know what else you thought of me," he asked, after noticing that Jeanie appeared deeply engaged with her book.

"I was wondering if you ever played or laughed," said Beth.

The young man's bright laugh in response settled the second question to Beth's entire content.

"What sort of play?" he questioned.

"Romps, you know. Ball, cricket, jumping—all that sort of thing."

"Yes; I like 'all that sort of thing.' But surely cricket is more in my line than in yours!"

"No, I'm very fond of cricket; but at school we're not allowed to play it, just because we're girls"—bringing the last word out in a tone of prolonged contempt.

"Don't you like being a girl?" he asked, while thinking how calm and sweet a face her sister's was.

"I wish I was a boy—oh, I do wish I was a boy. Boys get the best of everything!"

"Not quite that, my little girl!"

"Why do you say, 'My little girl?' Say Beth."

"Beth, then. Beth's a pretty name."

"Yes; prettier than Jeanie, isn't it?"—glancing at her sister. "What's yours?"

The young man saw the rising colour on her sister's face, and felt it reflected in his own, so forgot to reply.

Sybil to herself: "What! love at first sight! This may concern me—be useful."

"You haven't told me your name," persisted the insuppressible Beth.

"Oh, mine's John, or Rolfe, whichever you like. I am called by both."

"Rolfe 'll do," she answered graciously. "Sounds nice, and is quite a boy's name."

"Thank you," he said, making her a little bow. "It is the one I'm known best by;" and as she again took up her book, he commenced cutting open a fresh newspaper as if to read, while really thinking.

"Jeanie! the name just suits her. How quiet and reserved she is. She is reading poetry! I should like to know whose it is?"

Then, as if to repress his wandering fancies, he enclosed himself in his newspaper; and though Beth thought once or twice of calling his attention to some objects they were passing, she forbore as a fresh thought occurred to her, and she glanced for a moment out of the

window, then asked, "Where are we now?"

"I don't know," Jeanie answered, looking out, then returning to her book.

"We shall soon be at Plymouth," said Rolfe, answering the enquiry which Beth's eyes directed towards him.

"We have been passing such pretty places," she said.

"Have we?" he queried. "I did not notice. I have been too much taken up with my paper."

"Have you been reading?" asked Beth in a surprised tone. "I thought you were looking at Jeanie."

Sybil to herself: "Well done, little Hornet!"

"The little Mischief!" inwardly ejaculated Rolfe, not daring to observe if Jeanie had heard; so he said to Beth, "Let me see your book? I used to be very fond of fairy tales."

"You may see it all through if you like," she answered, jumping up on the seat beside him. "Was this book like yours? Look at the pictures!"

He looked at them with her. "Can you tell stories—tales, I mean?" Beth enquired.

"Perhaps," he replied, with a cautious smile.

"Tell me about these pictures, then, without reading what the book says. Will you?"—looking up at him eagerly. "And make it up your own way."

"Beth, Beth, you are really too troublesome!" her sister interposed, laying down her own book and coming opposite to Beth. "Do not let her worry you, sir. Please do not let us interrupt your reading."

"I will not let her worry me," he answered, with a laugh; "and I have finished reading the leader which so interested me."

He glanced again at his paper, preparatory to putting it away. Suddenly he broke out into an amused laugh. Both the girls looked up in surprise.

"What"—said Beth, "what is it?"

"Excuse me," said Rolfe, recovering his gravity and addressing Jeanie. "But really the idea struck me as too absurd! I was reading of a man who declares he can discover water at a certain depth below the surface of the ground in the most unlikely places, even on the slopes of hills, by simply carrying a hazel twig in his hand! Well, there is no disputing the possibilities of the future. The ancients had their magicians and sorcerers; Mediæval English had their wizards and necromancers; now it seems we are to have in our own times an Englishman who, envious of their fame, seeks to outvie them by some similarly occult method."

Sybil to herself: "He's not wanting in resources to interest her, nor she in perception of his quality. Who is he, I wonder? and on what business bent?"

"It does certainly appear to be a strange and an original idea," Jeanie said. To this Rolfe responded, "I wonder how many of those who read will give credence to this man? The marvellous is always attractive to some minds."

"Yet how interesting were such powers proved in the future to exist," remarked Jeanie. "I often think there must be many and great powers dormant in nature waiting to be discovered and proved."

"I am sure of it," answered Rolfe emphatically, and with pleased surprise. "Now, with regard to this man's astounding belief. Being myself a civil engineer, and sent down to this part of the country to fulfil an engagement for the discovery of water for the supply of a neighbouring town, how invaluable it would be for my purpose if I had but to go to a nut tree, cut a bough, 'take my walks abroad,' as the poet says, and behold! without further expense or labour the exact position is indicated. Why," he said, with a laugh breaking all over his face, which caused Jeanie to think it was one of the most winning she had ever seen—"Crœsus himself might envy my future if I could only buy up this man's secret, and start as the sole water discoverer on every man's land who needed me throughout the world."

Beth looked wearied; Jeanie radiant with enjoyment.

Sybil Capella to herself: "Poor soft things! Before you know what you are doing you'll become too interested, and think all the while nobody sees or knows."

Suddenly a flush overspread the young man's face as he thought of the display he had been making, and he hastened to apologise.

"I hope I have not wearied you. I fear I have been talking rather to my own amusement than to anyone else's interest"—glancing first at Jeanie, and then with a half bow to Sybil; moved, perhaps, by the thought he might need a friend of Jeanie's, and this silent personage might be that very friend.

"I assure you I have been much interested," said Jeanie.

Sybil Capella gave him one of her sweetest smiles, as she said, "I too have listened with the greatest interest."

A long breath as of pent-up patience quite exhausted came from the little figure beside Rolfe.

"Have you quite finished now, Jeanie? You just have been taking up his time and attention, haven't you?" queried Beth.

"I fear I have," her sister managed to say, as she saw the vivid colour Beth's random shot had brought into Rolfe's face. "My sister is truly *L'enfant terrible!*"—and therewith she turned as if to look out of the carriage window.

"How slowly we are moving," said Rolfe; then looking at his time-table, added, "Penzarton will be the next station, but we're a few miles distant yet. Really I cannot understand this," he exclaimed, as a moment later he put his head out of the window, and saw many other people were doing the same along the train. Then, begging the girls not to be alarmed, he opened the door and jumped out, alighting well on his feet. Then running beside the train to keep up with it, he saw in the far distance, just discernible through the mist, and coming, he thought, from Penzarton, a train crossing the line to a siding. Was a collision impending? He must save that girl. At all events there could be no harm in getting her and Beth safely out at once.

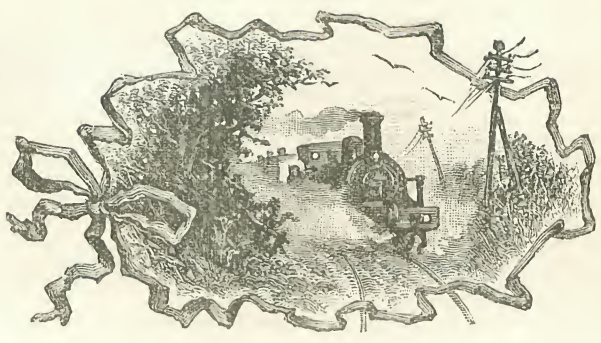
So he called hurriedly to Beth, who was standing just within the open door, "Jump out—I will catch you!" She obeyed instantly. He caught her, and pushed her safely back.

Then he called to her sister, "Leap out, Miss Jeanie—you will be quite safe!" Then putting his arm round her waist, she sprang, alighted, and was so instantly steadied by him that no mishap occurred. Sybil Capella was helped out in the same manner.

In breathless silence Rolfe took Beth's arm in his, and placing Jeanie and Miss Capella on the farther side, they all watched spell-bound and horrified the advance of the train towards the one that was trying to cross swiftly before the new-comer could reach.

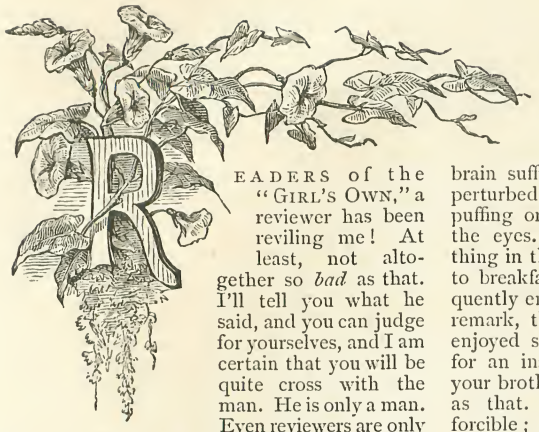
Meanwhile fog-signals were incessantly going, engines were screaming their warning—all too late! The one train ran into the after carriages of the other, and awful indeed was the crash and the cries of the passengers.

(*To be continued.*)



HOW TO LOOK WELL IN THE MORNING.

By "MEDICUS."



READERS of the "GIRL'S OWN," a reviewer has been reviling me! At least, not altogether so *bad* as that. I'll tell you what he said, and you can judge for yourselves, and I am certain that you will be quite cross with the man. He is only a man. Even reviewers are only men. Well, then, in expressing an opinion about a book I have recently written, and dedicated to you, but the name of which it is not my place to mention, this—a—this man, at the conclusion of what is otherwise a very handsome review, says, "After all, the doctor is a flatterer."

Did ever you hear of such a thing in your life? He says that I flatter "my fair readers" very much when I write that girls are more amenable to reason and to good advice than boys are, and less frivolous. And he says this to *me*, too! *Me*, who have been writing for girls for over a dozen years! *me*, who have at least half a million girl readers! *me*, who know girls by heart, as it were! And yet this man is alive! He lives on sufferance—and what little he can get to eat and drink. He is a living monument to my good-nature and forbearance. I confess, however, that my first impulse was to call him out, in the good old fashion, you know—pistols for two, coffee for one. But after mature reflection, after burning quarts of midnight oil over it, I concluded I would forgive him. I went and consulted an Irish friend of mine about the matter, and he was of the same opinion. "Forgive him, me bhoy," he said; "forgive him. Forgiveness is a foine thing—especially," he added, "when the other fellow is bigger than you."

So I returned home happy, and feeling good, I have slept soundly ever since.

And talking of sleep brings me face to face with the present article.

Did ever you, reader, or some of you, readers, notice the connection between want of sleep and the early appearance of crows' feet or wrinkles about the eyes? It is true, at all events, that there is such a connection. I am now addressing girls out of their teens. No girl *in* her teens has birds' claws about her eyes, except when she laughs, and then they are doves' feet, not crows'; and no girl out of her teens and under thirty ought to have wrinkles. If she sleeps well at night she will not have any. I do not mean to enter deeply into the subject of wrinkles in this paper; I prefer to leave it for future consideration, with an article all to itself. But a word or two will not be out of place here.

The want of sleep, then, in young folks is caused as often as not by some disturbance of the digestive organs, especially of the great accessory organ, the liver. There is a very intimate relation between the liver, the stomach, and the brain. The liver can never be in the slightest degree out of order without a sympathetic disarrangement of the functions of the stomach, nor *vice versâ*. Moreover, there generally is in such cases some degree of acidity of the blood. The heart is thereby irritated. We thus get not only an irritable, but a semi-congested state of the brain, which quite precludes the possibility of healthful sleep—and that is, dreamless sleep. Now, if there be congestion of the brain sufficient to cause a restless or dream-perturbed night, there will be more or less puffing or swelling of the eyelids and under the eyes. The expression of the face first thing in the morning, or when you come down to breakfast, in such a case as this, is frequently enough to cause sisters or brothers to remark, that you do not look as if you had enjoyed sufficient rest. Oh, I do not mean for an instant to imply that your sisters, or your brothers either, will put it half so politely as that. Family criticisms are frequently forcible; they are seldom over-flattering. As you sit down to breakfast, the remarks of the youngsters—Jeannie and Johnnie and Charlie and Annie and Tib—may be somewhat as follows:

Johnnie: "'Morning, Bert. Why, what *have* you been up to, old girl? Did you go to bed with a boot on?"

Jeannie: "Oh! look at Bertha's eyes, Charlie!"

Of course everybody looks.

Charlie: "Humph! Same with myself if *I* smoke much over night—eyes like cockles next morning. Pass the toast, Jack."

Tib (consolingly): "Poor Bertha! But you *do* look as if you'd slept on top of the bed-clothes."

John: "Or on top of the corn-bin. Better come for a drive with me, Bert—blow the cobwebs away."

Little Annie (sympathisingly): "Oh, *I* know what ails poor Bertie's eyes! Plaps she tlied herse'f to sleep."

The fact is, that your eyes are a little puffy. The physiology is, that the congested vessels have caused it; but the result may be—wrinkles. I don't say, mind you, that such would be the effects from one or two nights of restlessness; but if the skin is kept on the stretch for some time, night after night, for, say, a month or two, then, when the puffiness goes away at last, and sweet dreamless slumber returns like an angel to your pillow, the skin will have lost a deal of its resiliency, and, for a time, at any rate, it will appear round the eyes more or less like a collapsed "pretty-colour-airball."

Well, now, instead of rushing away and buying advertised quackeries in the shops, of applications that are only intended to fill the pockets of the vendors, suppose that, on the first appearance of wrinkles from the cause I have mentioned, you go to the root of the whole business, and endeavour to remove that cause—in other words, the restlessness at night. Ten to one there is something wrong with your digestion. You may not know it locally; all you may apparently suffer from may be an absence of a healthy appetite. That girl, or boy either, who does not begin to feel a little fidgetty half an hour before dinner, who does not pull out her or his watch once or twice and wonder what makes the time lag so, is not really in first-class health.

You may also suffer from slight irritability of brain and temper, necessitating you to bite your lip or count twenty before answering some people. Some people are so provoking and unreasonable at times, you know. Well, but this easily irritated condition of brain is often a rather serious symptom. I don't mean deadly or anything of that sort, but it may be the forerunner of ill-health. Anyhow, you are to strive to get rid of it. You *must* take more exercise; this is the first essential. Exercise, even to the boundary line of fatigue, draws the blood away from a congested liver or stomach or brain; the heart is supplied with purer blood, and you get sleep. Or, you shall have sleep if your skin is acting well, if your room is perfectly well ventilated, and if you are calm in mind before lying down. Should you be unable to sleep at once, either repeat verses to yourself—learn them by heart for the purpose—some poem of a non-exciting character that you really love, some poem with human nature in it, and, if possible, a description of scenery, so that its beauties seem to surround you as in imagination you recite the piece. If thoughts—and they do fly at random when one is sleepless—keep worrying you, *read*; this at all events keeps the mind for a time in the same groove, and soothes it. I am an advocate, and always have been, for reading in bed, and frequently prescribe the practice for those who are "bad sleepers," as it is called. Of course there is no occasion to set fire to the curtains. The fewer curtains you have about the bed the better, for the sake of ventilation.

If you can get hold of the end of a last night's dream and begin to think it over, you will very soon be fast asleep. That is my own private cure whenever I am sleepless, as all brain-weary men must be at times.

Never be prevailed to take a sleeping draught, unless it be a tablespoonful of cod liver oil. I am not joking; for sleeplessness may be produced by want of proper nutrition, and there is in such cases no better cure for it than a course of cod liver oil.

Perfumed cod liver oil may be rubbed well in around the eyes before lying down. This may not seem a very fascinating way of treating coming wrinkles, but it is often an effective one, for in this way the tissues under the skin are nourished to some extent, and kept full. Face massage may also be used. This is a treatment that few will try and few need. I will speak of it in another paper, for it can be carried on without assistance from anybody.

Worry causes not only thinness of the face and wrinkles, but gives a tired, wearied, aged look to many a girl that might otherwise be bright and happy.

By worry kindly remember that I do not mean cares that are forced upon one, but those produced by thinking and chafing over little matters long before there is any necessity for doing so. It would be foolish of me to say, "Don't do this," without telling you how to keep from doing it. The plan is to engage the mind at some occupation that needs all your extra brain power. Idleness is to blame for one-half the worry on earth. Write that on the tablets of your memory, please.

Now, worry loosens the skin of the face by depriving it to some extent of the supporting adipose tissue underneath. It is this tissue that contributes so much to the beauty of a youthful face. Take it away, and the skin, if not extra healthy and resilient, is bound to get into the folds called wrinkles. In a word, worry ages the face, and there is just as much difference in appearance between the face of a girl of nineteen and a girl of—ninety as there is between a grape and a raisin.

I wish our girls of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER to always remain like bunches of grapes with the bloom on them—not artificial—and never degenerate into the raisin stage. Therefore avoid worry.

Worry spoils beauty in three ways. 1. It gives it a peevish look, because the muscles of the face that come into play in expressing care are more often used by people who worry than the muscles that express joy. The look of worry becomes stereotyped after a time, and it is not pleasant to behold a person of this type of physiognomy. It gives one the "grues," like looking at a sick cat. 2. Worry from nervous action uses up the fat of the face. 3. Worry burns up the cushions of fat that, in youth and health, support the eyes, and render them bonnie, bright, and full.

* * * *

Now I'm off at a tangent—away on another tack. In my promise-book I see a note to the effect that I engaged myself to say something in this paper about comedons, or black-heads, and also about acid perspiration, red nose, and pimples—a pretty jumble, I must confess.

There was a paper of mine on "Comedons" in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER for December 11th, 1880—a long time ago. Little totties who are twelve now were wee babies then, and those who were little totties of twelve in 1880 are grown up, and, mayhap, married now. How the world runs on! But in that paper I gave good advice about those disfiguring black-heads. They are really most difficult to get rid of, and are often constitutional. The worst of it is, that even when you squeeze them out they fill up again, or leave a pit.

The peculiar diathesis that leads to the formation of these black-heads often leads also to the secretion of acid, or so-called sour perspiration; and people who suffer from either ought, in the first case, to regulate the diet. Drink warm milk instead of tea. Drink hot or warm milk with dinner and supper in preference to anything else. Take a glass of hot water some time before breakfast with a few drops of lemon-juice in it. The bath daily in some form is absolutely necessary.

Do not imagine, as many do, that these black-heads are worms in the skin. When squeezed out they certainly look like worms. They are composed, however, of sebaceous, or fatty matter, which, owing to constitutional dryness of the skin, perhaps connected with heart *weakness*—not necessarily disease of that organ—gets dried up in the skin instead of coming out in a healthful liquid form. The upper dark part is simply dust. Wash the face in pretty hot water, and afterwards dry with a rough—not *too* rough, towel—and damp with a little of the following twice or thrice daily: Carbonate of ammonia, a dram; boracic acid, thirty grains; rose water, four ounces. This is good also for pimpular eruptions. Californian borax soap is excellent.

Take plenty of exercise, and see that the food is not too stimulating. Avoid sauces, pastry, and cheese.

The black-head, if not carefully squeezed out, may degenerate into an unsightly pimple. A little benzoated oxide of zinc ointment may be rubbed in at night after you have squeezed out the blackheads.

Powdering the face does more harm than good.

Now as to acid perspiration. This also is to a very great extent constitutional, and therefore most difficult to cure.

It is not always the sweat glands, remember, that are to blame. The whole body is covered with minute hairs—even the arms, though they may be almost invisible. Well, at the root of each hair, by way of lubricating it, there are what are called sebaceous glands; it is these that offend, as a rule, and not the sudoriferous, or sweat, glands. But the person so plagued has, I have found, generally a tendency to the acid diathesis—not in temper, but in body. She is not, as a rule, a very hearty eater, and is troubled many times and oft with lowness of spirits.

She cannot be too careful in eating. She must not permit herself to become obese. She must change her underclothing frequently, and must take the daily bath till it becomes a habit she would not wish to give up—not a penance. The body should be rubbed quickly over with warm water and soap before taking the cold or tepid sponge bath of a morning.

The soap is important. It should be a disinfectant, but not too alkaline. Well, we have the Sanitas soap, the Calvert carbolic, and the Borax. The first two are disinfectant—gently, not roughly so, and should be well rubbed in under the arms.

The head should also be washed about once a week, and the feet taken very special care of. But pray remember that a person suffering from this complaint cannot live too much by rule.

The remaining items of my promise I must postpone. But they will *positively* come on next month. Meanwhile, if you take all the good advice I give in this paper, you are bound to look well in the morning.

THE TEAR-STAINED ROBE.

By LILY WATSON.

IT was a hot June afternoon. Out in the country the cattle were standing knee-deep in the shallow river, or resting under the shadow of the trees; the hay-makers were plying their fragrant task in the anticipation of coming rest; there was a cheerful murmur of insect life in the warm sunshine. In the hedges the dog-roses and honeysuckle flung out briar and tendril at their own sweet will; and the woods stood dense in foliage of fresh luxuriant greenness, untouched as yet by dust or heat. All was in the new lovely pride of summer.

How well Cora Maynard could see it all as she sat in the London work-room! Her father's farm! the hayfields, the woods, the men and women busy at their work, the freshness and beauty of the landscape in its June sweetness! There, a refreshing breeze from the adjacent Surrey moorland and pine forests never seemed to be lacking, however sultry the day. What would she be doing, could she fly back to the dear old life she had quitted about three months ago? It would be near milking time; she would be straying, in her print frock, to call the cows home to the byre. She remembered all their names—Daisy, Whitefoot, Snowdrop, Jennie, Cowslip. What had become of them now? Had *they* too memory? Were they sorry at parting from their little mistress? Her eyelids drooped; the room with its bevy of white-aproned "young ladies," each sewing away for dear life, vanished from her sight; the endless click-click of the sewing-machine became a drowsy hum.

"Miss Maynard, don't go to sleep!" whispered her next neighbour with a nudge of her elbow.

Cora started. Had she been dreaming? She looked forlornly round. It was no den of misery or oppression, but the second-floor front of a house in a narrow dingy street close to a fashionable London square. The door-plate bore the inscription—

"MADAME ROSE MÉLLICHAMP,
ROBES ET MODES."

The milliner had a high reputation, and would never have thought of overcrowding her premises, even had she been allowed by law to do so. The young ladies had to work hard in the season, of course; but what would you have?

It was considered a great thing for the country farmer's daughter, when her father failed, to obtain a post as apprentice in such a well-known establishment; and she had board and lodging in the house, so that there was no daily and nightly trudging backwards and forwards. No doubt Cora Maynard ought to have been very thankful. She was, on the other hand, profoundly homesick and miserable, pining for her parents and the country day and night, which shows her to have been a highly ill-regulated young person. Roused from her reverie of home, with her back aching, her head aching, every nerve throbbing, tired and wretched, she did a foolish thing, and fell to crying.

The forewoman was absent from the room

at the moment. Cora wept on, trying to hide it from her companions. She was engaged in some easy finishing touches to a bodice of a faintly delicate shade of lilac silk, with a tender bloom upon it, and as she sobbed, her tears came faster and faster. Before she knew what she was doing, one tear after another had fallen in quick succession on the exquisite fabric in her lap.

"Well, I never! Crying over your work, Miss Maynard!" There was an instant's suspension in the drive of needle and sewing-machine, and all eyes were turned towards the wretched culprit. Aroused to a sense of the enormity of her conduct, she seized her handkerchief and tried to rub off the tears. It was too late! The silk was of course easily dried; but alas! the tears had left their trace, plainly visible in a strong light.

"That colour's so delicate it spots with the least thing. I could have told you that!" cried her next neighbour, half sorry, half exultant. "Right in the very front of the bodice too, where it can't be hidden! And Miss Goldsworthy is coming directly to have the dress fitted before it goes home to-night. *Well*, Miss Maynard! I wouldn't be you."

There was a general rising to inspect the tear-spotted bodice.

"It's for a wedding to-morrow!"

"Will it have to have a new front in?"

"What *will* Madame say?"

"One of her best customers too!"

There was a general consensus of opinion that Cora had "done for herself" by so shocking a piece of carelessness.

"For my own part, I wonder Miss Reynolds trusted her with the bodice at all," said a young lady with a yellow fringe, tossing her head contemptuously.

"My! it was only to run frilling in the neck, dear," returned another. "You'd have thought that any simpleton could do that."

At this moment Miss Reynolds entered; a tall, stern lady, in trailing robes of black silk, only second in magnificence and importance to Madame herself. She was naturally startled at the disorder in the work-room, and half-a-dozen voices were ready to inform her of the cause.

"In all the course of my experience I never saw or heard of so shameful a piece of carelessness—*never!*" pronounced the forewoman after an angry inspection of the bodice. "If you must waste your time in crying, Miss Maynard—though what you have to cry for I really do not know—you could at least keep from shedding tears on the most expensive and delicate silk you could find! Miss Goldsworthy will be here at half-past four, and I positively *tremble* to think of what Madame will say when she hears of this mischief. What a reward, too, for her kindness in receiving you, and my trouble in teaching you."

Cora, with her homely face, shy country ways, and lack of London "smartness," was no favourite with Miss Reynolds, who never could understand why Madame Méllichamp would be bothered with so raw a recruit.

There was no mercy in the workroom for the unlucky offender. The poor girl, in the midst of her terror and anguish, could not help thinking that it was a great fuss about very little; she could not see the spots on the silk unless in a strong light. But the laws as to sending work home perfectly fresh were of course very stringent in the West-end establishment, and the immense white aprons worn by the workers were a testimony to the care employed. Miss Reynolds raged on as to the enormity of the offence, and Cora felt perfectly faint with terror when a carriage drove up to the door and a footman gave a thundering knock, startling the echoes of the quiet street. What would become of her? Would she be sent away in disgrace? What news for her broken-down father and mother, in the situation they had obtained as gardener and lodge-keeper to a great house near their old home! It was all the more terrible because Miss Goldsworthy was known by repute to every girl in the establishment as a very rich, eccentric, and benevolent lady, of some importance even in the great world of London, and a "client" of no second or insignificant rank in Madame's eyes.

About a quarter of an hour later the unhappy culprit was standing in the show-room on the first floor. The head of the establishment, Madame Méllichamp—who, it must be confessed, had nothing particularly foreign about her, and spoke English perfectly—was there, with Miss Reynolds, and braced up in the new lilac gown, stout and imposing, was the most dread and august figure of all, Miss Goldsworthy. To Cora it seemed as if the tear-stains shone palely out from the delicate silk. But the lady's face—a face no longer very young, and certainly not beautiful in feature, with cheeks of a hard red, twinkling grey eyes, and an expression of amusement lurking round the rather wide mouth—was cheerful, good-natured, and not so very terrible after all.

"So I hear you have been letting tears fall on my new dress, child?" was the remark that greeted her. "A very shocking thing to do."

"I am very sorry," was all the girl could falter in reply.

"It is not so much the damage done to my delicate silk," pursued Miss Goldsworthy, "as the ill omen. Do you know I am going to a wedding in this dress?—and what do you expect will happen to the bride in consequence? To wear a tear-stained gown under such circumstances! If it were known, I doubt whether I should be admitted as a guest."

Madame and Miss Reynolds, who were uncertain whether their customer were speaking in jest or earnest, uttered a sympathetic murmur, and darted indignant glances at Cora.

"I have been saying," observed Madame, "that I would have a new front put in; but there is no time. Miss Goldsworthy wishes to have the dress placed in her carriage at once."

"I am going down into the country to-morrow, quite early," said the lady, "and my packing cannot wait, especially as I have had to part suddenly with my maid. Tell me now, what had you to cry about?"

"Nothing, I am sure!" exclaimed Miss Reynolds indignantly.

"But I want to know," pursued the stranger, "and that is why I have had you sent for. Come—you must tell me, as a penance for injuring my dress."

Poor Cora, abashed and miserable, found three pair of eyes fixed upon her. Madame hoped that if her eccentric patroness were humoured she would not take lasting offence.

"I was homesick," faltered the girl at last, "and I was thinking of the country, and my father's farm, and wanting to see him and mother——" Tears came again, and choked her utterance.

Miss Goldsworthy put a few brisk, decided questions to Cora as to her parents, the whereabouts of her home, and so forth.

"But you are not fit to be a London milliner, my girl," she declared after a searching interrogatory, which showed her to be a "woman of business."

"Just what I say," murmured the forewoman.

"I shall *not* be able to keep this young person," said Madame acidly. "It is quite true that she has no aptitude whatever for her work."

"Run away, child!" commanded the lady; and Cora, feeling utterly disgraced and wretched, fled to her bare attic at the top of the house. What *would* become of her? Her parents believed her to be happily settled, on the way to success and even fortune; they could not support her, nor had they room for her in their new quarters. How should she find employment, penniless and alone in London? But the idea of returning on their hands was worse than anything. Her wild, despairing thoughts were interrupted by no less a person than Madame Méllichamp herself; doubtless, Cora thought, to turn her out there and then into the streets.

"A very unexpected and very undeserved piece of good fortune has befallen you, Miss Maynard, for which you may be grateful to me. If I had a different class of patrons, such a thing would not have happened," said Madame, sweeping into the wretched room. "Miss Goldsworthy's maid, it seems, has left her quite suddenly, and she is actually proposing to take you in her place!"

"*Me?*"

"You may well be surprised; for what you know of the duties of such a post I am sure I cannot tell. However, it is plainly useless to keep you as an apprentice, and I am willing to cancel all agreements and let you go to-night, for your own advantage. Yes," continued Madame, seeing Cora's look of bewilderment, "Miss Goldsworthy will take you with her into the country to this wedding, where I am sure I hope you won't suffer self-reproach at the sight of the dress you have spoiled! So pack up your clothes, and be grateful. You are to go round to Portman Square after tea, and Miss Goldsworthy says she need not see you again now."

This was indeed a wonderful turn of events; and Cora felt as though the deliverance that had come to her were too good to be true. She had, at first sight, conceived a strong admiration for Miss Goldsworthy, whose kindness in taking an unskilled girl into her personal service was no small proof of a lovable nature. Then her life in its monotonous round in the dingy house, the rigid confinement after the freedom of the country, the heat, and closeness, and ugliness, had come to be intolerable to her; yet the poor child toiled wearily on at her hated task, doing her best, save on this very day, when tears had surprised her beyond her powers of self-control.

What she said to Miss Goldsworthy that night in passionate gratitude, or what that merciful lady replied, need not be chronicled. Cora's zeal and diligence in packing were not to be despised, and the next day early, mistress and maid were on their way to the great house where the wedding was to take place. How delighted was the girl to find herself once again in the country she loved so dearly! And Holmbury Place, the house of Miss Goldsworthy's intimate friend, Mrs. Ferrars, stood in Surrey, not very far from the scenes of her happy life.

It was a little strange for the farmer's daughter to find herself among a number of servants, with other ladies' maids who had come with their mistresses, and who were somewhat disposed, in their "stylishness," to look down on the quiet country girl. But after all they were as pleasant associates as the "young ladies" at Madame Méllichamp's, and the flutter and excitement attendant on the marriage of the eldest daughter of the house put everyone into good humour for the time being.

Miss Goldsworthy did not fail to tell the story of the tear-stained silk among her friends, and showed the almost imperceptible circular traces on her delicate gown to many of the guests after the ceremony was over, and the married pair had departed. There was a large garden-party, and the scene, in fine June weather, was one of great brilliance to Cora's eyes.

"It has struck me," said Miss Goldsworthy to a gentleman who was walking by her side, to whom she had told the story of her new maid, "that if every tear or sigh that has gone to make up our own pleasures and luxuries were seen or heard by us, a good deal of the joy of life would be quenched. It is a horrible thing, isn't it, now—to think that you and I are living in ease on a social fabric with misery in its lowest foundations. What do we ever care about the toil and suffering that have gone to make our happiness? Which of us thinks, for instance, in basking over a coal fire, of the imprisoned miner, of the frightful colliery accident we may have read about yesterday? When I realised what that poor girl must have endured over work she hated, and remembered that her lot is one of luxury in comparison with that of most needlewomen, I felt a perfect monster of selfishness for using the fruits of such toil."

"*That* you would never be," replied a low voice, and the black eyes that looked into Miss Goldsworthy's were languishing and tender. Captain Fonblanque, the brother of the hostess, was considerably younger than his companion, but he seemed greatly to appreciate her society.

"It is like your generous nature," he continued, twirling his long silky moustache, "to —ah—take up this Socialistic view of looking at things; but it is dangerous, very. The lower classes are all very well in their place, and it does not do to fan discontent among them; does no end of mischief—French Revolution, you remember, and all that sort of thing."

The gossip of the servants' hall quickly informed Cora Maynard that Captain Fonblanque was supposed to be "looking after" her mistress.

"Or after her money, which is more likely," said Mrs. Ferrars' own maid. "She is very rich, isn't she? and I believe he's as poor as a church mouse, and over head and ears in debt. His "gentleman" told me so, quite as between ourselves. The odd part is, that she seems to be taken in by him. It's a pity, for she is a nice lady, and does a lot of good with her money; and she must be thirty-five if she's a day—too old for him. But he'll get his way, depend on it."

Cora declared that she could hardly believe it.

"Well, you watch them while the house-party stays," said the abigail, nodding.

During the weeks that followed Cora could not help observing that Captain Fonblanque lost no opportunity of paying court to Miss Goldsworthy, and that Mrs. Ferrars used every means in her power to throw the two together. The observation caused her the greatest uneasiness, because she feared that his attentions were not unwelcome. Her mistress was often preoccupied, and would smile to herself as Cora brushed her hair. The country maid's devotion to the woman who had rescued her was passionate; she could not bear to think of one so generous and impulsive at the mercy of an unprincipled adventurer. Servants know a great deal more than is usually supposed about their masters and mistresses. Captain Fonblanque's "gentleman" enlightened the inmates of the servants' hall about his master's character very speedily.

But what could Cora do? She dared not speak on so delicate a matter. She was never weary of wondering to herself how Miss Goldsworthy, with her generous heart and large brain, could be deceived; and yet the lady's impulsive nature, and the strong influence exerted in Captain Fonblanque's favour by her intimate and trusted friend, Mrs. Ferrars, his sister, might in a measure account for the infatuation.

The topic was freely discussed in the servants' hall, and an engagement between the two was looked upon as almost certain.

One evening as Cora was dressing her mistress for dinner, Mrs. Ferrars came into the room.

"You ought to have some Maréchal Niel roses to wear with that amber gown," exclaimed the lady of the house. "Maynard can run down to the houses and ask for some —there is ample time."

Cora, in obedience to orders, went with secret unwillingness; she had chanced to hear Captain Fonblanque declare his preference for this rose only on the preceding day. As she went along a path skirting the shrubbery the odour of cigars was wafted to her nostrils, and a familiar voice—the voice of the lover of Maréchal Niel roses—was heard behind the bushes.

"My dear fellow, that's all very well; but when a man is as hard up as I am he must have commercial advantages in a wife. Besides, what else would you have me do? My sister gives me no peace, and I am dunned by every post in the day."

Cora quickened her pace, but could not get out of hearing before she had caught the epithet "old woman" applied to her mistress by the other masculine voice, and realised that the Captain was not resenting it. A laugh struck disagreeably upon her ear. She hurried on towards the conservatories, not daring to look back; but she felt almost sure that the invisible pair on emerging from the shrubbery path would catch sight of her. This conjecture was confirmed by Captain Fonblanque's man seeking her out that evening and observing casually, that when the marriage, which everyone in the house looked on as certain, come off, his master intended to make her a handsome present, raise her salary, and retain her in Mrs. Fonblanque's service.

"Eavesdropping doesn't pay, does it, Miss Maynard?" said the valet significantly.

"I am not an eavesdropper," retorted Cora proudly.

"Well, mischief-making of *any* sort doesn't pay. The Captain would make things very unpleasant for anyone who gossiped about him in this house; and they would not be believed, so it would hardly be worth their while to try it on, would it?"

Cora gave no answer to the underhand warning, but walked away. She was full of trouble and anxiety. To lose her situation in sudden disgrace would be terrible; to stay, have a "handsome" present of money, and feel secure of remaining with her beloved mistress, would be very delightful. She thought of her poor father and mother; of the rage of the unscrupulous Captain—and yet the happiness of the woman who had rescued her lay in the balance. Mercy had been shown to *her;* she would show mercy in return, cost her what it might.

That evening, with a sudden desperate resolve, Cora went to her mistress's bedroom, and before she began her offices for the night she begged permission to speak to her. It was granted with surprise; and the maid, trembling and agitated, revealed what she had overheard.

"I have no business to speak, ma'am; but from what Captain Fonblanque's valet says this is only what one might expect from his master. And oh! I beg of you be warned in time——"

Sobs choked Cora's utterance. Miss Goldsworthy stared at her as one petrified, and then said haughtily—

"I want to hear no gossip from the servants' hall. You can go away, and do not come near me again till you are sent for."

The next morning early, Mrs. Ferrars, with indignation bristling in every glance, informed the hapless girl she was to leave at once. Her wages were liberally paid; but she was to go there and then. Miss Goldsworthy refused to see her. And well-nigh broken-hearted, but thankful that her parents were not far away, Cora went.

Even this comfort failed her; for her father and mother received her with surprise and consternation. Their daughter had been strangely unfortunate, leaving the grand London milliner only to be sent away in disgrace by her next employer after a few weeks. Cora vainly tried to make them understand.

"It's better to mind your own business, my lass, and let other folk mind theirs," said her father, shaking his grey head.

"But father—Miss Goldsworthy, who has been so good to me! Could I see her happiness ruined for life, and not feel it *was* my business?" expostulated Cora.

"She'll marry the Captain, anyway, and what good will you have done by stepping out of your place? People who interfere always get the worst of it," said the mother, ominously.

Things looked very bad. Cora hired a little bedroom in an adjacent cottage, and set about trying to find employment. But who would give her a recommendation? Not Madame Méllichamp—not Miss Goldsworthy! What was to become of her?

Her trial was not of long duration. One never-to-be-forgotten day Cora came in, weary and heart-sick after a tedious, hot, fruitless walk in search of a situation, to find her mother staring apprehensively at an orange envelope.

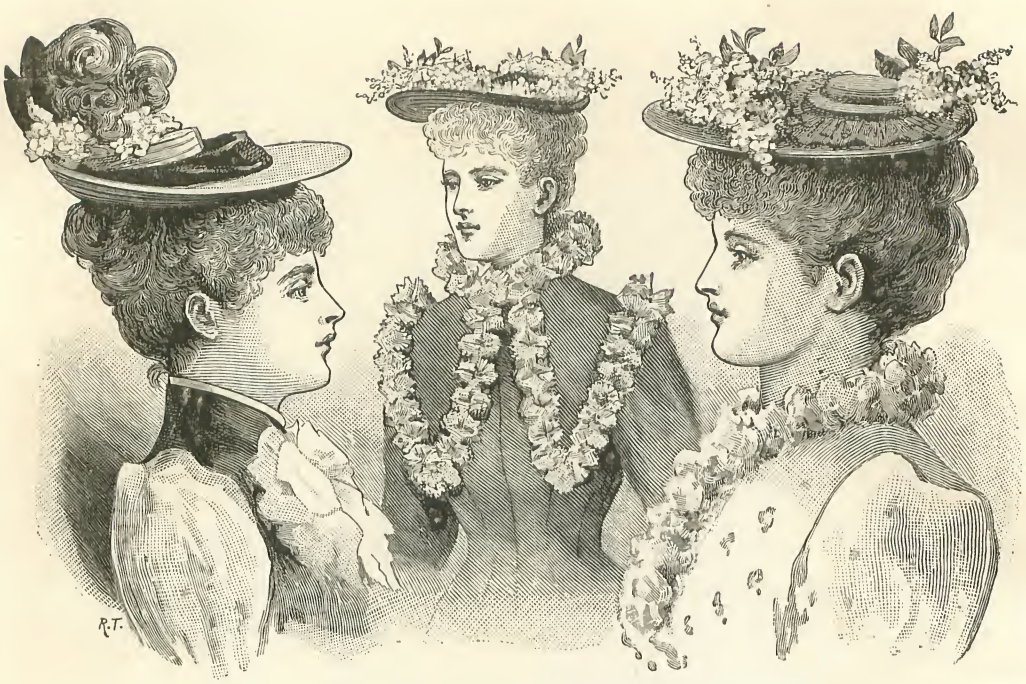
"A telegram for you, my girl. I hope it's no new misfortune," said Mrs. Maynard, who, rendered desponding by her own troubles, lived in terror lest the Ferrars-Fonblanque set should "have the law of" Cora, or punish her in some new and terrible way for her interference with their projects.

But the telegram was from Miss Goldsworthy, and only said, "Come to Portman Square directly."

Divided between hope and dread, Cora hastily prepared for her journey, bade her parents farewell, and departed. When she reached the house she was summoned at once to her mistress's presence. There was a look on Miss Goldsworthy's face which was new to the girl, which at once reassured her, yet made her heart throb with pity.

"Cora, child, you have saved me from making a great mistake. I was very much shocked at first, and did not believe you. But my suspicions were aroused, and I made enquiries through my London solicitor about—I need not name him. I found soon enough that he only wanted my fortune, and that the woman I trusted—my friend—cared nothing if I were sacrificed, if only her brother were enriched. One must expect these things, I suppose, if one has the misfortune to be weighted with a large amount of money," continued Miss Goldsworthy, hastily drying her eyes. "No, child; you need not look so pitiful. I am not unhappy, but I should have been but for you. I was just deliberating on my fate when you interposed. I am grateful to you for life, for you risked your own welfare to save me, and you must forgive me for misjudging you at first. No; don't remonstrate —I was mistaken—and now we will not refer to the subject any more."

Miss Goldsworthy's gratitude was no mere form of words. Cora—who was of innate refinement, and well, though plainly, educated —soon became much more than a servant to the woman she idolised, and the two were bound together by a lasting tie. No real harm had been done by the episode of the mistress's brief infatuation; she returned to her former healthy, happy life of benevolence, and though, perhaps, it never occurred to her mind, her experience was, throughout the rest of her days, an exemplification of the beatitude—"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL; FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY."



THREE HATS, AND CAPE WITH RUCHE TO MATCH THE GOWN.

GOWN OF BLACK SILK WITH WHITE LACE.

FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

I FULLY intended to have called the attention of the readers of the "G. O. P." to the account given by Mr. Waugh of the awful cruelties practised on birds, which, he says, are flayed alive, in order that the brightness of their plumage may be preserved. The amount of destruction which goes on can hardly be conceived. At one sale alone, in London, they disposed of 404,389 West Indian and Brazilian bird-skins, and 356,389 East Indian, besides thousands of pheasants and birds of paradise. One dealer in London, in one consignment, received 32,000 dead humming birds, 80,000 aquatic birds, and 800,000 pairs of wings. The awful thought is, that London is the market to which all the bird-skins are sent, and here they are all disposed of. I quite agree with Mr. Waugh in thinking that no one who claims to be a Christian can afford to overlook this matter, and that those who wear the skins are unworthy of belonging to that sex which should be ever tender towards the weak and helpless. The Duchess of Portland's Society for the Protection of Birds now numbers 960 members; but if our girls who read this paper were to bestir themselves they might make it to 200,000 or 300,000. The Secretary is Mrs. Feilden Taylor, Deneynock, St. Botolph's Road, West Worthing, who will gladly give all information about the society to those who write to her. We need not say a stamp for postage should be enclosed by everyone. There is no doubt that this is wholly a woman's question, as men do not wear birds in their hats, and each woman and girl must settle it for herself; for if she wear the skins of the birds she is partaking of the guilt of those who torture and slay them.

To turn to a pleasanter subject, a gentleman, who lives in the New Forest, has invented a skirt for ladies who play golf, or any who do not, for that matter, for its convenience will appeal to all who live in the country. The skirt consists of a short one of tweed, made in the newest fashion. When used for golf a wide band of leather is made to button on it, and when this becomes damp or muddy it can be replaced by a tucked band of the tweed, which buttons on in the same manner, and the dress is thus rendered dry and tidy again. The idea seems an excellent one, and might be applied to any walking gown, or one specially used for muddy roads even in London. One is sorry to see the advent of long trailing skirts again, and it seems as if they were very universally adopted. A recent writer on the subject says that they will ruin the walk of Englishwomen, who are noted for a good free stride; the effort of holding up the skirt will make this good walk into an ugly waddle.

The newest skirts are cut in two pieces only, with no join up the back or the front, the back being cut bias in the centre, and on the straight on each side. The bias joining down the back was very ugly, and it required a good dressmaker to make it sit well. There are several methods of trimming the edge of the skirt, and we illustrate two ways of making the ruching in the present number. In the one the edge is pinked out; in the other it is lightly ravelled. Another method is to put a little puffing over the edge, heading the top

with a tiny gimp. The material for the puffing is, of course, cut on the bias. The narrow pleated frill of double material that was in fashion some time ago, is also to be seen again at present, appearing from beneath the edge of the hem. Beside the cross-cut material, ruches are also made of one-inch-wide ribbons of velvet, silk, and satin.

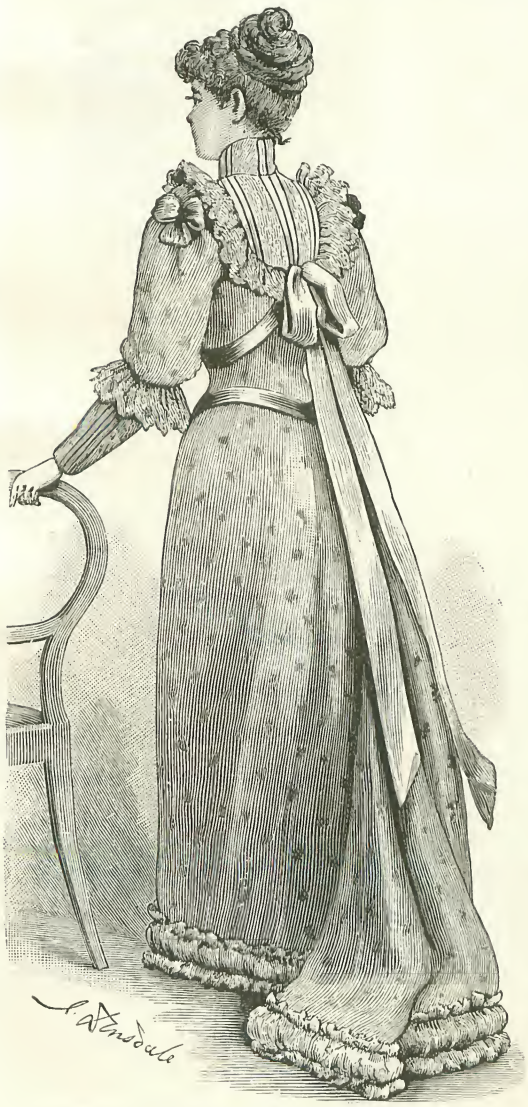
Petticoats are very handsome; and though the shot glacé silks have been much used this spring, satin is a more favourite material than silk, and white petticoats will be much seen as the summer advances. They are now very generally trimmed with lace, torchon of fine quality being preferred. The long skirts that have to be lifted up are decorated inside with a flounce gathered on a cord, the edges being pinked out. This flounce is of a bright hue even when the tone of the dress itself is quiet, and is used on all gowns, even for the heaviest tweed and serge.

Transparent materials are made up on a lining for the skirt, and their light texture is only shown in the full sleeves, or the light folds of the bodice on which frills are much used, being put on in fichu fashion, so as to give that appearance of width to the shoulders which is now thought to be the correct form. It is not improbable that fichus may be worn later on; and lace capes have already been seen in the Park; a well-dressed woman, in a black silk gown, wearing one which just came over the tops of the shoulders, in white lace, with small cuffs to match. Three or four gathered capes, one over the other, are rather fashionable, and so are small capes edged with ruching, made of the material of the gown. Capes are so very convenient, that it is no wonder that they are continually brought out amongst our fashions.

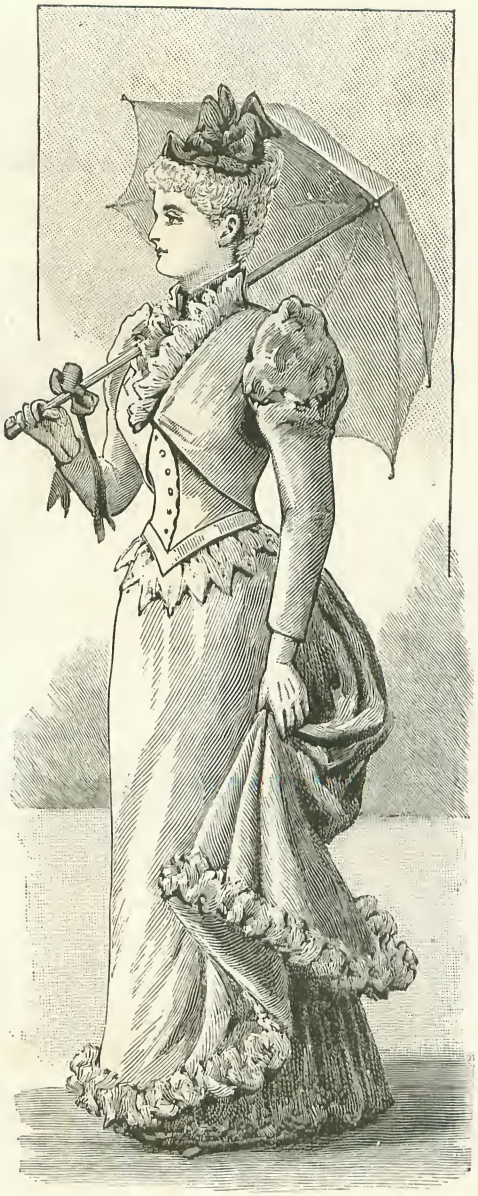
The most stylish form of bodice at present is the coat-tail bodice, which has been illustrated already in this paper. Next to that comes the Princess gown, cut after the corselet shape, and generally fastened at the back. This is worn with a blouse, or with a velvet under-bodice and sleeves. There is often a sash fastened on between the shoulders at the back, and flowing to the edge of the gown.

All kinds of neutral tints are seen in materials — shades of nut-colour, fawn, putty, drab, and grey. Grey-blues are very pretty, one of them being called opal, and another militaire. In browns we find leather, cinnamon, beaver, chestnut, and cockchafer. We have a wonderful new green called, very rightly, cucumber and salad; dock-red of a handsome dull hue, bright rose-colour and cherry, and a blue brighter than cornflower. There is no doubt but that the fancy now is for bright colours this season; and I see that at the best shops they are using the brightest of plaid silks for linings, and for sashes, and blouses to serge and cloth gowns.

The "Eton" jacket is a favourite, and is worn over bright-hued blouses with grey or black skirts. Washing blouses are not made with stiffly-starched fronts this year, though they nearly all have frills down the front and turnover collars, intended to be starched, which are worn with neck-ties of coloured cotton. The skirts are put on over the blouse this year, as they were the last, and there is a separate deep basque, put on a belt, worn over the gown, which takes off from the plain appearance of the skirt.



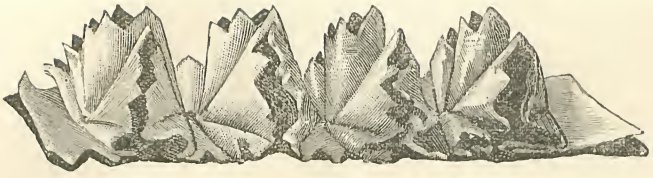
GOWN OF GRENADINE WITH WATTEAU SASH.



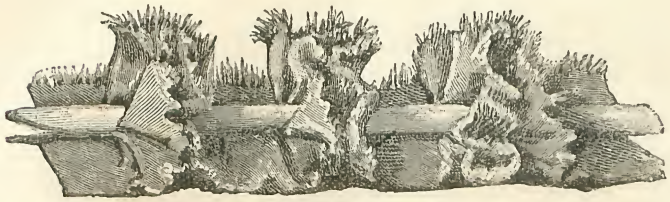
SHOT BENGALINE DRESS—PETTICOAT OF BLACK SATIN AND LACE.

The crowns of the new hats and bonnets present quite a novelty. They are very tiny and high, and go under various names, such as steeple, Welsh, Swiss, and strawberry; pottle, jam-pot, and pickle-jar are also names applied to them. The generality of them are worn with strings of velvet, which are about an inch wide, and are carelessly tied under the chin. The trimmings stand up on both bonnets and hats, and the general effect is not pretty. Even flowers are chosen for their upstanding growth; and tulips, daffodils, narcissus, and anemones are seen in upright positions on both hats and bonnets. Roses are in high favour for black hats, and so are green ivy leaves, which appear on both hats and bonnets. Lace is much used on the latter, and the straw hats of the summer are, some of them, of the most lively colours, bright greens, blues, and reds being frequently seen.

In our sketch of a gown of grenadine, with a Watteau sash, we have given a very pretty model for young people's dresses; and this figure also shows the newest method of dressing the hair at present. The recent Court mourning has completely revived the taste for black silks, which are now constantly seen in the Park; and silk, satin, and velvet have once more taken their places amongst our materials for visiting and day toilettes, after a long eclipse in favour of wool. This is quite a silk and velvet season; and moiré, brocaded silk, Pekin silks, shot satins, surah, bengalines, and twilled pongees, will be more seen than woollens; while lace it profusely used on all materials—even serge. Mantles are covered with it—beautiful imitations, which are far from being cheap or common, though they are machine, and not hand-made. Ribbons, too, appear everywhere, and baby-ribbon is seen on caps and bonnets, hats and gowns. Moiré ribbon, with a satin back, is newer than either velvet or satin. Shot glacé and shot moiré are both seen; and some charming old-fashioned revivals in the shape of gauze ribbons, with Watteau and pompadour designs on them, are very pretty for light summer hats.



RUCHE.



RUCHE.

We have chosen one of the new lace mantles for our paper pattern this month: it has a fitted habit shirt lining, and is a design easily made up at home;—a yard and a half of silk for this foundation, and about two and a half yards of deep—and the same of narrower—lace, with four yards of ribbon, will be required for it. The two ruches we illustrate can also be supplied, one shilling being charged for the two patterns made up in material. This will be a help to our girls in making up their gowns at home.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear, bodice with panier, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, long-basqued jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess dress with umbrella back, cape mantle of lace, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

CAPE MANTLE OF LACE.
(*Paper pattern.*)

ALL ABOUT GLOVES.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER I.

THE history of the glove! why, it is the history of the world!—*Uzaine.*

NO symbol, except the Cross, has so entered into the feelings and affections of men, or so ruled and bound the transactions of life in integrity and right, as *the glove.*—*S. W. Beck.*

IT is possible to grasp anything in the world if only we have on the right gloves.—*H. Heine.*

IT is a wholesome curiosity to desire information as to the origin and primitive purpose of articles of daily use, whether of dress, food, or toilette; and it is a matter of interest to learn if they have progressed or changed in any way during their travels through the centuries; and further, if they have played any important part in the history of nations, to find out in what way this has been done.

Few of us are aware of how many incidents of interest and excitement, or of how many tales of love and adventure, of heroism and chivalry, are bound up in those things we see and use every day of our lives—articles, maybe, of little worth in this present age, but which are illustrative of incidents which have helped to make our history.

For example, what do most of us know about *gloves* except that they are very necessary articles of clothing, and that their purchase dips very largely into our pocket-money? And yet the glove is not only rich in past history, but, as a friend of mine * was wont to say, "If *soap* is the criterion of a nation's civilisation, still more is the *glove* a criterion of its elegance"; and it was this saying of his often repeated that first roused in me the desire to learn all I could concerning it.

One of the advantages of this sort of study is, that it makes one acquainted with times, histories, and customs of which but for it we should very likely have remained in ignorance.

How or when the glove had its origin it is difficult to say, for it dates so far back as to be lost in the grey mist of distance. A great deal of labour and learning have, however, been spent in the research, and not wholly in vain.

It is said that Venus, being in love with Adonis, followed him to the hunt, and tore her hand on a thorn bush. In order to protect herself in the future from a like accident, she commanded the Graces to take the model of her hand, and make a covering for it.

"But Venus, vexed with pain,
Lest any hurt should touch her hand again,
Bade all at once her unclad Graces sew
A leathern shelter for her hand of snow.
The lovely Graces, draped in floating hair,
No longer left their own hands free and bare;
But bound and covered them as Venus did.
And now the glove's true origin is hid
No longer. This is it—Fair girls alone
Wore on their hands what now is common grown.
Then came the emperor, and then his court,
And then at last the folk of every sort."
—*A legend.*

Laertes, the father of Ulysses, wore garden gloves to protect his hands from the thorns, when engaged in his favourite pursuit, says Homer.

Again, in Scandinavian mythology we are reminded of the iron glove worn by Jupiter to enable him to swing the hammer of Minerva with effect.

Tradition tells us that St. Anna busied her-

* Baron Liebig of Munich.

self with knitting gloves, and thus it is that she is regarded as the patron saint of the French glove-maker.

It is considered by many translators and commentators of the Bible, as well as by those learned in the Talmud, that gloves were in use among the Hebrews, Babylonians, Sidonians, Persians, Greeks,* and Romans in very early times; but who of all these were the first to use them there is no record; the opinion, however, obtains that Persia was the land wherein gloves were first worn as a protection against the icy winds of their mountains and steppes.

Even before the time of Darius, the Persians adorned themselves with gloves, and it was written of them by Zenophon that they had, since the time of Cyrus, become so effeminate, that not content with covering their bodies, heads, arms, and feet to shield them from the cold, they protected their hands also by wearing costly fur gloves.

In Bible history we all remember how Rebecca made gloves of skins for Jacob in order to deceive Isaac as to his identity.

Much dispute has arisen about the passage in the book of Ruth iv. 7, many learned men asserting that for *shoe* we should read *glove*. The great German translator Levy translated it *handschuh*, or shoe for the hand.

"Over Edom will I cast out my *shoe*," is also rendered *glove*, for "to throw a shoe would have no warlike tendency," says an authority.

On the old Egyptian monuments and portraits may be seen long gloves, supposed by the learned in such matters to have been tributes from Asiatic peoples to the Pharaohs.

The use of the glove was evidently introduced into Greece by means of their many campaigns, and it seems that they had them made with fingers, and wore them at their meals to take up the hot meats—forks not then being in use.

Subsequently they found their way into Rome, where at first only the most effeminate among the people used them; but as refinement spread, the wearing of gloves became the fashion.

It is quite possible that the Romans introduced the wearing of gloves into this country. We know that the Anglo-Saxons wore them, for we read that in the time of Ethelred the Unready certain German merchants paid a duty of five pairs of gloves to this prince for the protection of their trade in this country, a sign, says Strutt, of their rarity and limitation to persons of high rank.

Planché has engraved, in his history of British costumes, the figure of an Anglo-Saxon lady wearing a covering on the hand like a glove, but having only a separate division for the thumb.

It is interesting to note, in the account given by Pliny the Younger of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that the amanuensis who accompanied him wore gloves upon his hands in winter, lest the severity of the weather should make him lose any time.

Musonius, a moralist, who lived at the close of the first century of Christianity, speaking of the corruptions of the age, says, "It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings."

The primitive shape of the glove was evidently like that of the boxing glove, or that which our babies wear, viz., a sort of sack with a place for the thumb, and it was nearly always made of the skins of animals.

The gauntlet introduced by William the Conqueror was a stout glove made of sheep or deer skin, with jointed plates of metal affixed to the back and to the fingers, which in no way impeded the free use of the hand.

That of the Commonwealth was made of sheepskin, with a top coming half-way up the arm, made of stout handsome buffalo hide.

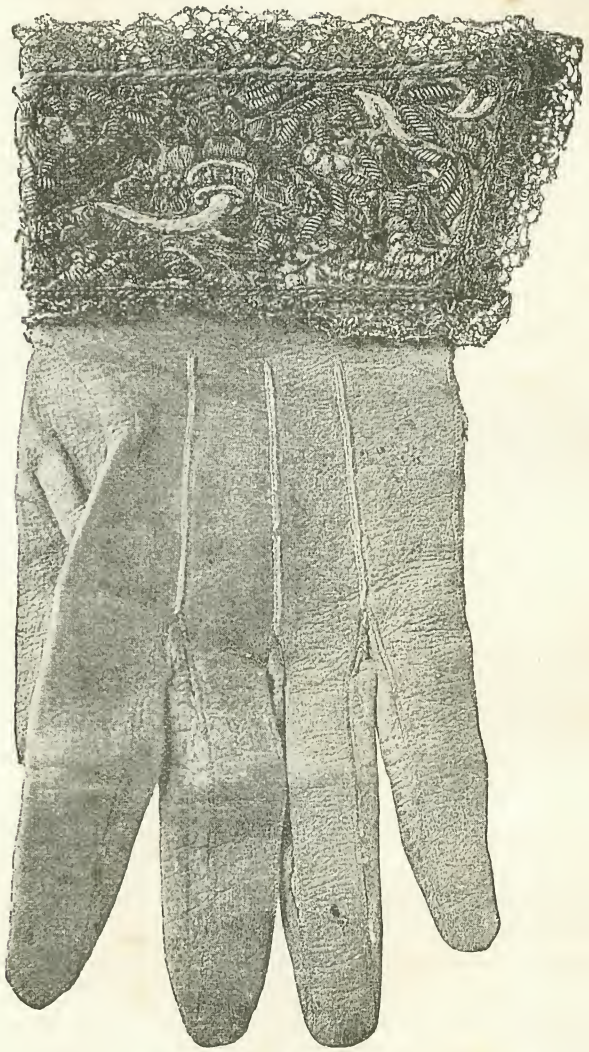
Ordericus Vitalis tells us that in the latter part of the eleventh century the young Normans covered their hands with gloves too long and wide for doing anything needful.

In Germany gloves were originally made in the cloisters by the monks, who at an early period made so many articles for their own use. In 790, Charlemagne granted a right of hunting to the abbot and monks of Sithin, for the purpose of procuring skins to make gloves and covers for their books also. The bishops, however, interfered, and claimed the exclusive privilege of wearing them; and so it happened that in 817 one of the laws issued by the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle was to the effect that the monks were to be permitted to wear gloves, but only such as were made of the skins of deer and sheep; on no account were they to put on those of costly material, which were articles of luxury rather than protection.

In the tombs of bishops and abbots who lived in the tenth century are found gloves having a cross worked on the back with gold thread, those of the bishops being almost invariably of silk worked in gold. The *colour* of the glove described the office of the wearer. If he were a pope, his gloves were *white;* if a bishop or abbé, *red;* if a prelate, *violet;* if a simple priest, *black*. It is interesting to note that Durandus, Bishop of Mende, in 1287, quotes authors to prove that the chirotheca were worn white, and remarks: "It was specified that by these gloves the hands would be preserved white, chaste, clean during work, and free from every stain."

Gloves are not only possessed of information upon many points of law and custom in our own and other countries, but are so intimately mixed up with the same that they have for the student a peculiar interest. Let us look at a few of them.

It is the custom in the East to confirm all sales or exchange of land by the gift of a glove, which is a sign of investiture or possession. It is a fact in history that the Earl of Flanders, by the delivery of a glove into the hands of Philip the Fair, gave him possession of Bruges, Ghent, and other towns of Flanders.



GLOVE OF THE CROWMER FAMILY, OF TUNSTALL, KENT—16TH CENTURY.
(*In the possession of Rev. W. C. Leeper.*)

Again, the Duke of Norfolk held the manor of Worksop on condition of paying certain small fees and of finding the king a right-hand glove at his coronation, with which glove the king held the sceptre, his right arm being supported by the Duke of Norfolk.

Another instance of this is, that at the coronation of the kings of France the king was presented by the bishop with a pair of gloves, previously blessed, as an emblem of sure possession. This was evidently borrowed from the Eastern practice of *investiture by a glove*.

It was the custom in early times for an English bishop, on his consecration, to give a pair of gloves to each of those who took part in the ceremony; no small tax this, as on

* "The ancients called the glove *chirotheca, vannus, gantus, guantus, wanto,* and *wantus*."—Glossary of Ducange.

such a day the church was filled with people. This lasted until 1678, when by command of the Government a sum of £50 towards the rebuilding of St. Paul's was substituted for the gloves, and was felt quite a relief, as the sum thus imposed fell far short of that previously required for the gloves.

Beside being the tenure by which estates have been held in many lands, the glove has also been the pledge of love, hate, security, and defiance; the symbol of honour, faith, degradation, and loyalty, beside being an ever-present witness on occasions of joy and sorrow, such as weddings, baptisms, and funerals.

Any one of these points, embroidered by a skilful hand with fancy and anecdote, would produce a fairy tale worthy of a place beside Cinderella and her slipper.

Until the end of the first quarter of this century a curious illustration of the glove being a sign of security existed in Portsmouth. During the annual fair, which went by the name of the "Free Mart," a golden or gilt glove was hung outside the door of the jail in the High-street, as a pledge that the persons of all those who attended the fair were secure from arrest for debt during the fortnight of its continuance.

To this day the glove is still hung out in some towns during fairs—a remnant of old customs.

I believe "hoisting the glove" is still practised at Exeter during the Lammas Fair. It is of immense size, stuffed, and carried through the city on a pole decked with flowers and ribbons, to the sound of music. It is then hung out of a window at the Guildhall, as a sign that the fair has begun, and on its removal that the fair is at an end.

At Barnstaple, a large glove decked with dahlias is hung out from the window of the Quay Hall during the fair, and at Chester the same is done.

As a symbol of honour, we may refer to the fact in history that George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, picked up a glove dropped by Queen Elizabeth, and on taking it to her she presented it to him as a mark of her favour and very high esteem. We read that the Earl adorned it with jewels, and wore it on his cap at tournaments.

As a sign of degradation we need only refer to the reign of Edward II., in which the Earl of Carlisle, being impeached and condemned to die as a traitor, his spurs were cut away with a hatchet and his *gloves taken off*.

We have a very good example of the glove as a pledge or a challenge in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*

"*King Henry:* Give me any gage of thine and I will wear it in my bonnet. Then if ever thou darest acknowledge it thine I will make it my quarrel.

"*Williams:* Here is my glove; give me another of thine.

"*King Henry:* There.

"*Williams:* This will I wear in my cap; if ever thou comest to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is *my glove*,' by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

"*King Henry:* If ever I live to see it I will challenge it."

Gloves as an emblem of defiance may be seen in Scott's *Ivanhoe*, between Rebecca and Beaumanoir: "'But 'tis enough that I challenge the trial by combat—here lies my gage.' She took her embroidered glove from her hand and flung it down before the Grand Master."

We have an equally good illustration in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, which in itself is a liberal education in glove-lore and glove-making: "'And by my honour it shall not miss for want of my asking the grace,' said the Earl of March, *pulling off his glove*. 'When I clasp Douglas it must be with a mailed hand.'"

Also in *Red Gauntlet*: "I have often heard that a female in disguise had taken up the champion's gauntlet at the present king's coronation and left in its place the gage of battle" (an iron glove).

And in *Quentin Durward:* "'There lies my gage, in evidence of what I have said.' So saying, he plucked the gauntlet off his right hand and flung it on the floor of the hall. . . . 'Silence! Lay not a hand on the man nor a finger on the gage.' 'After him! Take him! Take up the gauntlet, and after him!'"

All readers of history will recall the celebrated glove Charles V. sent to Westminster by a mere menial to announce to the Black Prince and to the sick king, Edward III., the confiscation of the Fiefs, the position of the messenger being an accentuation of the insult offered to our king and prince.

Once more, we find the following entry in *Pepys' Diary*: "*April* 23, 1661—*Coronation Day*.—The king's champion all in armour; a herald proclaims, 'That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a champion would fight with him,' and with these words the champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times."

We find in an old book the following statement: "1601. Lots in a lottery, presented before the Queene's Majesty, *a paire of gloves*.

"Fortune these gloves to you in challenge sends,
For that you love not fooles that are her friends."

Defiance by glove was made in the Court of King's Bench as late as 1819, after which the law permitting it was expunged.

The custom of dropping or sending a glove as the signal of a challenge seems to be derived from its being the cover of the hand, and therefore put for the hand itself—a substitute for the hand, in fact. Matthew Paris mentions the incitement to a duel by throwing the glove as early as 1245.

The gift of gloves at weddings and funerals is a very ancient custom. Few know anything of its institution or antiquity. In the former they were looked upon as fees to the bridesmaids and groomsmen for service rendered, and in the latter ceremony, fees for attendance.

The custom at weddings in Belgium is very peculiar, and the signification of the glove is to be noted. The priest asks the bridegroom for a ring and a pair of gloves—red ones, if possible—which, it is understood, must have three silver coins inside. Putting the gloves into the bridegroom's right hand, he joins this with the right hand of the bride, and then dexterously loosing them, he leaves the gloves in the bride's grasp as a symbol that she *is taken possession of*—bought and paid for.

This gives us an explanation of the clown's words in *A Winter's Tale*, viz., "The *bondage* of certain ribands and gloves."

The custom of bestowing gloves at weddings is noticed by Ben Jonson in his *Silent Woman*, where he makes Lady Haughty exclaim to Morose—

"We see no ensigns of a wedding here,
No character of a bridale.
Where be our scarves and gloves?"

As a confirmation of the custom of giving gloves at funerals, we find in *Pepys' Diary* the following entries: "*June*, 1661. We set about getting things, as ribands and gloves, for the burial." "*March* 18, 1664" (at his brother's funeral). "Those present had white gloves given them."

There are many curious customs in which gloves have taken part which invest them with peculiar interest.

Until quite lately in Dresden it was the fashion at a baptism for the godfather to present the godmother with a little basket containing a beautiful pair of kid gloves.

An ancient custom, observed in England, Scotland, and parts of Germany, was the dropping of a glove into the graves of maiden ladies as a mark of reverence and love.

In some country places it was an old practice for the young people of the village to assemble and watch for the new moon, and the one who saw it first gave his or her neighbour a kiss, and obtained a pair of gloves as a reward.

Another, which has reached even to our time, viz., that of kissing a person when asleep, is alluded to by Gray in the lines—

"For custom says whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves."

White gloves at a maiden* assize represent the minimum of crime, the exact opposite of the *black cap*.

We might go on multiplying examples, but enough has been brought forward to show that gloves used to be something more than the mere covering of the hands, which is the way we in this prosaic age regard them—they were an outward and visible sign of faith in woman and honour in man.

* A maiden assize is when no sentence of death is passed upon a malefactor.

(To be concluded.)

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE miserable furniture that had been made to suffice for the room in Crowe's Entry did not accompany Susan Meade to Morton Place, but was sold to a broker. Only the two boxes and their contents were removed thither; and Susan's departure in a cab with such an amount of luggage on the top gave the inhabitants of the Entry something to talk and wonder about for a considerable time afterwards.

The interest of the juvenile population was promptly and vigorously displayed. The youngsters assembled in full force, down to the latest baby in charge of a youthful nurse; and those who were able to assert their rights squabbled for the best places near the door.

They watched the taking down of the old bedstead, and when this operation revealed the existence of two substantial-looking boxes, the excitement became intense. Even the desire to keep an

enviable post did not prevent one child belonging to each household from making a rush homeward to call the attention of mothers who were furtively watching the flitting from the windows. Having never crossed that doorstep during Susan's abode amongst them, their curiosity might be deemed excusable.

Neither mothers nor children had much to excite them within the narrow bounds of the Entry. An incoming tenant, a departing one, whose going was often heralded by the appearance of bailiffs, and a funeral, were the chief incidents that varied the sameness of their lives. A birth caused a little talk, of course, but no excitement to speak of amongst the population as a whole.

As each of Susan's boxes was carried to the vehicle on the sturdy shoulders of its driver, the children formed a procession and accompanied it. Then, when Susan followed her property, the elder folk gave her a kindly good-day, and wished her luck—one even going the length of throwing a shoe after her to insure the same.

A few of the youngsters, realising that they were losing a friend, began to think the excitement of such a departure might be too dearly bought.

One little creature, a weakly thing, made a clutch at her shawl, and said, "Don't oo go!" and then the "pet-lip" became visible, and tears began to trickle down her cheeks and make furrows in their dinginess.

The child was one that Susan had noticed more than the rest, because she looked so miserable, and a thrill of mingled pain and pleasure crossed her mind as she thought, "After all, it is good to feel that somebody will miss one."

She lifted the little creature in her arms and kissed her, then solaced her with an orange and a penny. Such unwonted wealth consoled the child, whose immediate anxiety was to exchange her coin for further dainties as quickly as possible, and after returning the donor's kiss, she left her, and ran to show her treasures to her mother.

Susan had provided herself with a few sweets, oranges, and halfpence, which she distributed impartially amongst the other children. These hurrahed at the top of their shrill voices until the cab was out of sight, then made a rush for the nearest shop, to spend their coppers and arrange for a feast on a scale of unwonted magnitude.

"The childer 'll miss her, poor things!" said Biddy Regan, otherwise "Irish Biddy," as she saw the little folks at their feast. "She was a quiet cratur to live by. Mostly those that have no childer give 'em more kicks than ha'pence; but she was the wan that gave 'em the ha'pence now an' agin, and niver a kick at all, at all."

This statement was received with a murmur of assent, and then every neighbour, to a woman, paid a visit of inspection to the vacated room to see what could be seen. This proved to be nothing beyond the litter inseparable from a removal on however small a scale, and furnished no further food for gossip. So Crowe's Entry subsided into its usual condition, and as the vacated room was quickly filled from the overflowings of the rest of the tenement it formed part of, there was not even a new comer's appearance and belongings to stir up interest a second time.

Before Susan Meade left her old abode the new one had been made ready for her, both in the matter of cleaning and furnishing. The two rooms at 12, Morton Place, contained all that was needful for comfort and use, and Susan took possession with considerable satisfaction.

Whilst making her preparations she had passed No. 11 many times, but rarely without hearing the whirr of the sewing-machine. The sound penetrated the thin wall which divided the dwellings, but it was not loud enough to be disturbing.

"Those ladies, as Mr. Cutclose calls them, are hard workers. They never seem to stop," thought Susan. "They must take turn about at the machine, for even a young strong worker could not keep at it all the time."

Susan had used a sewing-machine

"'DON'T OO GO!'"

often enough, but never as a means of gaining her bread. Since she had lived in a large city, and amid some of its humblest toilers, she had heard much about the scanty pay, and of the almost ceaseless labour that was needed to secure a bare subsistence by its aid. At present she was hesitating as to what work she must turn her capable hands to, and she thought, "If I can get employed at the same kind as my neighbours are doing, it may be the means of bringing us together, and enabling me to help them. I will try, at any rate." She had rightly guessed that Mrs. Boothroyd and her daughter used the machine in turns, only Janet's turn was at least three times the length of her mother's. Indeed, Mrs. Boothroyd's failing strength made her daily less fit for the machining, and sometimes she could only do the finishing. Of fixing, none was needed. A shirt maker who was not expert enough to fix as she went on would have been badly off indeed. It was a comfort that Mrs. Boothroyd could finish the work by tying or cutting off ends of cotton, sewing on buttons, and making button-holes; but even at this she felt that her trembling fingers were less capable than they had been a little while before.

There had been some talk of giving the machining to one set of hands and the finishing to another, and the mother dreaded the change, lest she might be deemed inefficient. If they could no longer earn their present scanty income, what would become of them? They had tried so many ways of earning bread, and found it so hard to succeed.

Janet Boothroyd had not yet lost interest in what was passing round her. The coming of a new neighbour who brought decent furniture to No. 12, a young woman too, filled the girl with curiosity and some pleasant anticipations.

"She is young, tall, fine-looking, and neatly dressed," she reported to her mother. "How nice it will be if she should turn out to be a person we can talk to sometimes."

"Janet dear, we shall be late with the work if you spend time in looking out of the window. I am so sorry to say a word; but you know——"

The girl turned reluctantly away.

"I know, mother darling," she said. "I feel quite wicked for having wasted a few precious moments in looking out of the window. I sometimes wish I could forget that I am young; for oh, mother, it is terribly hard to be a mere machine, and to have no hope of a different kind of life! I try sometimes not to be even a thinking machine, and to give up memory as well as hope. If I had been used to this life from a child it would be different. But try as I will, I cannot forget—I cannot forget!"

The girl dropped down on a chair, bowed her head on her hands, and broke into a very passion of weeping.

It was pitiful to see her—more pitiful still to note the working of the mother's wan face at this unexpected breakdown. Janet was usually so much the stronger of the two—the one to try to whisper cheery words to the fainting heart of her weary mother.

To Mrs. Boothroyd it seemed at this moment as if the staff on which she leaned had broken—as if the very ground on which she stood had given way beneath her. She was perfectly aghast at the sight of Janet's emotion.

"My darling, my darling, try to bear up!" she pleaded. "It is terrible! Do not I know it? For you to look back on all that surrounded you in your early days, and to call to mind what were your prospects then! To you, who are so young"—she was going to add, "and so fair," but she checked herself, and said—"and with such capacity for enjoying the bright side of life, it is doubly bitter! I am like you, Janet, in often wishing I could forget. But who can shut the past out of mind, whether it has been fraught with joy or sorrow? In your case and mine, all the brightness of our lives is in the past. If memory's book were closed, all would be dark both with regard to past and present."

"Better so," moaned the girl. "Friends, home, comforts, brightness, all the realities one cherished, and which made up that blissful past, are gone for ever. What is the use of trying to grasp the shadows when the substance is gone? I feel as though it would be better to forget all but the cruelly hard trials of to-day, since the contrast presented by that happy past intensifies present suffering."

"No, my darling, no. I would not forget. If I could not go over some of those happy times again by means of memory, I know not how I should live. I have day-dreams about your father and his tender care of his wife and child. I see our beautiful home; I hear your childish footsteps and merry prattle through the monotonous whirr of the machine. I am so used to its sound that I do not hear it, or I discern those other sounds above and in spite of it, until I am almost unconscious of what is going on around me. Fancy, Janet, how precious a dream must be, whether a sleeping or a waking one, which carries me away, for ever so little a while, from the grinding toil of to-day! I cannot part with the past, dear—apart from it, I have nothing but you left."

"Forgive me, dear," sobbed the girl. "I have been hatefully selfish to give way like this. I ought to have thought of you first of all; for you are weak and I am strong. It is terrible to be young in years and yet to have no youth—never to know again the feeling one had as a child—that of joy and gladness at the mere thought of living in such a fair world. But you have known, mother darling, what a blessed relief it is to cry when your heart is just too full to bear any more."

"I have indeed, dear; and sometimes I wish I could do it now, only for the time it takes for such indulgence, and the fear that sight and touch may be less clear and firm for work afterwards. I have been schooling myself against tears until I have lost the power to weep, I think. Yet I am glad your eyes can shed them still; for a good cry is a luxury now and then."

Mrs. Boothroyd laid down her work and drew the girl towards her. The touch of her mother's loving arms seemed to comfort Janet, and she lay weeping, though more quietly, with her head resting where it had rested in her baby days, when all was sunshine above and around her. In a little while the girl's sobs became less frequent, and, with a poor attempt at a smile, she lifted her face to be kissed.

"I'm going to be good again now," she said. "I have tried you sorely, mother; but I really think I shall work all the better for this little breakdown. It has been so sweet to rest in your dear arms, and be petted like a weary spoiled child. I shall not mind working a little later to pay for it."

The girl clasped her arms round her mother's neck, kissed her again and again, then, wiping the tears from her eyes, sat down resolutely to work.

Janet Boothroyd could not, however, forget the new neighbour, and her own girlish longing to feel that there was someone, also young, to whom she might speak, or even go in any little emergency, grew upon her. Later in the day she again spoke of the new tenant at No. 12, and remarked on her quiet, respectable appearance.

"She looks like a person from the country, mother. She puts me in mind of what the nice farmers' daughters were near our old home. Do notice her. I am sure you will be struck with her appearance. She is really very handsome, and quite young."

Janet's description of Susan Meade was rather calculated to arouse suspicion in Mrs. Boothroyd's mind than to suggest neighbourly intercourse with her. Young, handsome, looking as if from a country home, what was she doing alone in a great city like Millcaster? If she had friends in it, surely she would be safer under older guardianship than living in a solitary independent fashion in Morton Place. That she was no penniless waif of society was evident. Decent new furniture and good clothing did not suggest a daily battle for bread or an empty pocket.

"What country girl would leave her home to lead a lonely life at Millcaster?" thought Mrs. Boothroyd. "She might have come to a situation in the first instance. But if she had left it, and failed to get another, surely a right-minded girl would have returned to her own people, unless there were something in connection with her city life that she did not wish them to know."

These and other thoughts and judgments respecting Susan Meade which need not be told, made Mrs. Boothroyd determine that there should be no intercourse between her daughter and the tenant at No. 12, until she was convinced that the latter would be a desirable person to know.

When Mr. Cutclose called for his rent on the Saturday after, he asked leave to step inside instead of receiving it from Mrs. Boothroyd at the door. He had heard the sound of the machine as he knocked; but on entering it was silent, and the worker had left it and probably gone upstairs.

"I asked to come in for a moment," he said, "because I wanted to say a quiet word about her at No. 12;" and he accompanied the remark with a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the next house. "She's a decent party that—hard-working, steady, quiet. You'll never hear a wrong word out of her lips, and seeing you two ladies might some time want a neighbourly turn doing, I thought I would just say this much. You are not the sort to take up with anybody, and I don't mean that she has been brought up in your way, ma'am. But in a big town when ladies are living by themselves, and no man about the place, it really is a comfort to have a neighbour that's as good as one and better than a many. *She* can stand up for herself and other people too."

Mr. Cutclose used the pronoun to indicate the new tenant, assisted by the movement of the thumb already alluded to. He did this advisedly. He thought it would sound familiar to say Susan Meade, and not having the remotest idea whether *she* was unmarried, wife, or widow, he did not like to commit himself either to Mrs. or Miss, lest he should make a mistake and be found out afterwards.

"What does your new tenant work at?" asked Mrs. Boothroyd.

"She's not a new tenant by any means. She has lived under me for years, and never been an hour behind in her rent."

"Alone?" asked Mrs. Boothroyd.

"Well, yes. The quietest creature, too. Neighbours all liked her, though she kept 'em at a distance in a way. No going in and out, or drinking—tea—together, or anything of that sort. But she was good to the children—and there were swarms of 'em in the Entry—and they were ready to cry their eyes out when she left, poor things!"

Mrs. Boothroyd noticed the pause after the word drinking, and the moment's hesitation before "tea" followed it, and was shrewd enough to understand that it was the result of a second thought.

"You did not say what kind of work this person does. Is she a seamstress?"

Mr. Cutclose was nonplussed, for he knew nothing about Susan's way of bread-winning.

"I can't say for certain," he replied; "only as she paid her rent regular, lived quiet and steady, and kept herself to herself; going and coming always at the same hours, she must have stuck to her work, whatever it was."

"That ought to satisfy the old lady," thought Mr. Cutclose; but it did not.

"Is your tenant married?" was the next enquiry.

"That's more than I can tell you. Her name is Susan Meade, but whether she's Mrs., or Miss, or a widow woman, is more than I can tell. You see, ma'am, it wouldn't do for a landlord to be over-inquisitive when letting property of this class. We don't expect dukes and duchesses, or even gentlefolks, to take such houses, though we do happen on ladies that have known better days now and again. And," with a significant look at Mrs. Boothroyd, "there's no mistaking that sort when we do come across them; but as a rule we have to be content without knowing too much. If tenants pay their way, are sober, industrious, and make no mischief or disturbance, and don't destroy the property, a landlord has good reason to be satisfied. I put it to you, ma'am, if I was over-inquisitive when you came after this very No. 11 we're standing in now?"

Mrs. Boothroyd could not but own that Mr. Cutclose had behaved very well on that occasion, but she added, "The very fact of our being two women, with no friends near us, makes us the more particular about forming any acquaintance with strangers."

"And natural, too. If I'd been lucky enough to have a daughter of my own, I should have been particular about those she took up with, I can tell you. As to Susan Meade, I have my own ideas, and I see a great many different characters every day of my life. She's a young woman that has been used to decent things and people about her, and she's one that would never take up with any other sort. That she has taken some crotchet or other into her head, I fully believe, but not a wicked one. That she's honest and true I'd venture my life on; also that she would be a real friend to anybody who wanted her help and would trust her. I dare say she will live beside you, as she did beside other people, and not speak unless she's spoken to. But it seems to me she and you would be all the happier and more comfortable if you exchanged words and calls, and felt that in case of anything going wrong you'd a friend at hand. I've really thought a good deal about you, ma'am, and I'm bound to say I don't generally concern myself about tenants in such small houses, that is, beyond what I've told you—rent and decent behaviour. It has crossed my mind that if ever you were ailing and "miss" was by herself, or she was ill and you were by yourself, you might find it awkward. I contrived a bit to bring her next door, because, whilst for your sakes I wish I knew more, I do know enough to trust her for doing a good turn if you want one. Now I've said my say I'll go. I'm afraid I've hindered work. Tell miss she's no call to run away when I come, and that I mean well to you both."

What could Mrs. Boothroyd do but thank her talkative landlord, whose good intentions she could not doubt. All the same she was not satisfied about Susan Meade. Janet had heard every word the landlord said; indeed, he had spoken loudly that she might do so, judging that out of sight might not mean out of hearing.

"Are you not glad to know so much about our neighbour, mother?" she asked. "Mr. Cutclose is really very kind to trouble on our account, and what he said was so true. What would become of either of us if the other were ill?"

"If such a time came, we should have no choice but to seek help; in the meanwhile we must observe for ourselves. Mr. Cutclose's testimony is of very little value. He knows absolutely nothing except that the woman is of quiet habits and pays her rent. Of her family, previous character, present employment, and as to her being married or otherwise, he is as ignorant as ourselves. I fear, my darling, you will have yet to wait awhile before we venture on much intimacy with this young woman."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

An Original Headdress.

Miss Mitford, the authoress, had a pleasant, good-humoured face, but of the art of dress she knew nothing. On her way once to an evening party she purchased a most unbecoming yellow turban, which caused her to be for some time an object of merriment to the whole room, owing to the fact that the shopkeeper had forgotten to remove from behind it a large ticket, bearing the inscription: "Very charming, only 5s. 6d."

A Curiosity.—All the twenty-six letters of the alphabet are contained in the following sentence: "John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size."

A Knowing Young Bride.

Waiter (to bridegroom): "Will you have French bread, sir?"

Young Bride (to husband): "Take ordinary household bread, John. French bread must be stale before it gets here."

A Perfect Gentleman.—"What is a gentleman?" asks Thackeray, the novelist. "It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessed of all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful manner."

When Trouble Comes.—Never meet trouble halfway. Let it do all the walking.

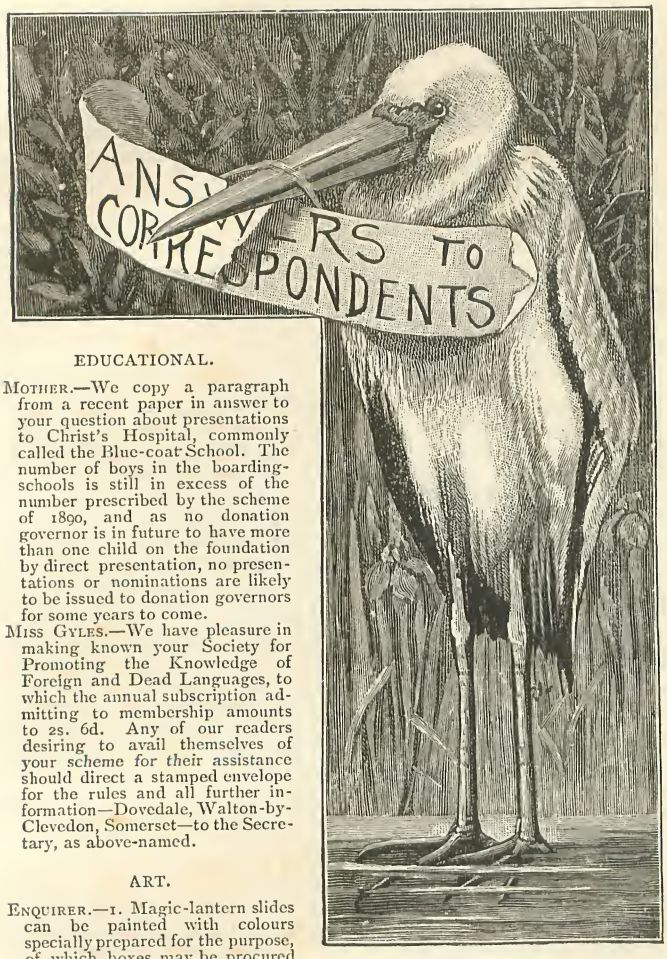
A Charming Prospect.

"I am afraid," said a lady, who was looking for apartments, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant."

"It is a little noisy," assented the landlady; and then she added, with an air of triumph, "but from the front windows you have such a fine view of people who miss the trains."

A Pitiable Weakness.—The desire for social supremacy is one of the most pitiable weaknesses of human nature.

Precept and Practice.—"Know thyself" is good advice, but "know about your neighbours" is the general practice.



EDUCATIONAL.

MOTHER.—We copy a paragraph from a recent paper in answer to your question about presentations to Christ's Hospital, commonly called the Blue-coat School. The number of boys in the boarding-schools is still in excess of the number prescribed by the scheme of 1890, and as no donation governor is in future to have more than one child on the foundation by direct presentation, no presentations or nominations are likely to be issued to donation governors for some years to come.

MISS GYLES.—We have pleasure in making known your Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Foreign and Dead Languages, to which the annual subscription admitting to membership amounts to 2s. 6d. Any of our readers desiring to avail themselves of your scheme for their assistance should direct a stamped envelope for the rules and all further information—Dovedale, Walton-by-Clevedon, Somerset—to the Secretary, as above-named.

ART.

ENQUIRER.—1. Magic-lantern slides can be painted with colours specially prepared for the purpose, of which boxes may be procured at from 5s. to 10s. 6d. You can also obtain a book of instructions, having coloured illustrations, at the small price of 2s.—2. Do not believe all the odious stories of cruelty which you hear. Use your common-sense, and you will see that the statement which you retail to us could not be true.

M. S.—To make tracing paper, dissolve one part of castor oil in three parts of spirits of wine, stretch the tissue paper, apply the mixture with a flat camel's-hair brush, and keep the paper stretched until dry, when it will be ready for use.

ISA.—If you wish to varnish a coloured print, first give it two coats of liquid gelatine, letting one coat dry before applying the second. Dissolve six ounces of Canada balsam and six ounces of white resin in a quart of clear turpentine. Brush the mixture over the print, keeping the picture stretched until quite dry.

PARTRIDGE.—1. To take the glaze off a photograph, soak it in hot water.—2. You can obtain harp strings at any musical instrument shop.

SEMPER FIDELIS should use carbonic red paper for tracing on china. It should be placed underneath the pattern, and with a fine knitting-needle the most important lines should be drawn. The pattern and tracing paper being removed, the outlines can be fixed by going over them with water-colour paint, of which sepia is the best for the purpose. The advantage of using water-colour for the outline is that it will be fired out when the china is sent to the furnace.

VERMILION.—The course you are pursuing is the best. Should you wish to become a teacher of your art, your certificates will prove of great advantage to you. Salaries as a painting or drawing mistress vary much in the several schools, and according to the amount of work done and the talent exhibited. You had better seek engagements at private houses as well as at schools, and be satisfied with a moderate amount of remuneration at first, until you have gained some reputation. Remember how young you are to be engaged as a teacher—only seventeen.

RUBY.—1. To set crayon drawings, the following is the recipe of the Society of Arts:—"Add two ounces of methylated spirits to half a drachm of gum mastic, and apply it with an odorator."—2. Dip pencil drawings in and out of a milk and water bath in a flat dish.

AMELIA.—Satin requires no preparation for oil paints, but the colours should all be mixed with Florentine medium to dry them, to prevent the oil from running beyond the edges of the design.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUNTRY MOUSE had better read our recent series of articles on "Employments for Women." She may find something that may suit her circumstances and capabilities there. We have given four articles on the subject.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—It is usual to allow a servant a quarter of a pound of tea, half a pound of sugar, and half a pound of butter weekly.

HANNAH J. E.—1. The 13th of January, 1864, was a Wednesday.—2. We should advise you to send the flannel, if a large quantity, to a dyer.

AMORETTE.—The guinea piece (of which there were three issues), *temp.* George III., is now valued at £1 10s. and £1 5s., running up to £2. The first issue was in 1761 to 1786—a square garnished shield; second issue was called the spade guinea—obverse, laureated bust, to right; reverse, arms on a pointed shield; dates 1787 to 1799; third issue, obverse, laureated bust, to right; reverse, arms on a plain shield within the garter; date, 1813. All these issues are mill-edged, and this last may fetch as much as £2. But in estimating the market value of any coins out of date, the rarity and the state of preservation are to be considered.

S. O. P.—We regret that we cannot give shop addresses. This we have often told our readers, and wish they would spare us the unpleasantness of declining so to do so very often.

WOULD-BE VOCALIST.—The address of Madame Bodda, *née* Louisa Pyne, is Bonally, 85, Cambridge Gardens, North Kensington, W. She is by no means the "old lady" you picture. Her early retirement from public life, and an erroneous date published a few years ago with regard to the time of her birth, have probably misled you. You could not do better than consult her as to the training of your voice. She receives pupils, both resident and otherwise.

E. G. GARDNER.—We have not before heard any complaint against type-writing as an occupation for women. Much must depend on the chair occupied in the prosecution of the work. The back of the writer can be supported; and, if of a suitable height to preclude the necessity of stooping, we do not see that type-writing could strain the back more than any other kind of writing or employment at a table. To use by insufficient daylight, or much by any artificial light—gas more especially—is always injurious.

NAN.—The old verses about the cuckoo run thus:—

"In March | he sits upon his parch,
In April | a tunes his bill;
In May | a sings all day,
In June | a change his tune;
In July | away 'a fly;
In August | away a must,
In September | you'll ollers remember,
In October | ull never get over."

They are of East Anglia and of South Devon, with trifling differences, and are of very early date.

INVALID.—There are many hydrophathic establishments, as well as those for mineral water treatment, at Bath—the General Mineral Water Hospital (145 beds), for poor persons, free, but £3 deposit required, with certificate; at Buxton, Devonshire Hospital and Buxton Bath Charity (300 beds), in and out-patients; at Horncastle, Woodhall Spa, especially for rheumatism—nomination, subscription, and 10s. a week; Ilkley Hospital, patients admitted on subscriber's recommendation; subscription, one guinea. There are hydropathic establishments at Matlock, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, in the neighbourhood of Bath, and indeed they exist all over the country. Write for terms.

DUM SPIRO SPERO should be pronounced as written.—2. January 16th, 1874, was a Friday; and July 27th, 1849, was a Friday.

NELLY W.—We do not think it desirable that you should encourage anyone to presume on your hospitality in so extraordinary and most indelicate a way. As you are a married woman, you should consider him, and his interests and comfort, as well as your own. The presence in your home of so objectionable a person must be most trying to him. Certainly decline to let her take food out of the house after having given her a good meal: say you are very sorry, but you require it for the next day. Hold the privacy of your home sacred from the ill-bred intrusion that annoys your husband. Tell this person quietly but firmly that you will be happy to see her at supper once in the week, and fix the day, but that you must let your husband have his home to himself the rest of the week. Be firm.

ALL SORTS.—Look over our publisher's list of books, and you will find plenty that are both interesting and instructive. Natural history would be suitable, and should form a part of your educational course of studies. The zither is a difficult instrument to learn.

ACONITE.—1. The initials "A. E. T." engraved on a locket or ring mean "For ever."—2. You write a good hand, but it would be improved if reduced in size.

NONSENSE.—1. You are right in thinking that the only way of obtaining rest and peace is at the foot of the Cross. Our anxieties, sins, sorrows, and every cause of unhappiness, should be confided to Him "who careth for us"; and those who do so will "find grace to help in time of need."—2. We regret that your verses are not correct in measure, and show no originality of thought.

ALLANDALE (British Columbia).—Both the books you name are by Florence Montgomery, and the quotation beginning, "The night shall be filled with music," is from a poem by Longfellow. We hope you will soon recover from the effects of influenza—so called.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—The phrase or proverb, "Charity begins at home," is a proverb to be found in Clarke's *Parœmiologia*, 1639.

HELEN P.—1. There is an excellent life of Savonarola in Italian; and in any biographical work, as well as an encyclopædia, you will obtain a good deal of information about him.—2. The use of the "o" in lieu of "e" in the word "show" is more modern and usual than that of the "e."

JELLY.—You evidently do not assimilate your food, and you need medical care. We cannot enter further into the question, nor are we medically "licensed to kill"! Besides which, we have no desire to distinguish ourselves as quacks.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—"Chicago" is pronounced in the country (U. S. A.) as "She-kaw-go"; and "Buenos Ayres"—"Bo-nus-i-riz."

CHARLOTTE S. enquires about the pattern of an article of dress mentioned a long time ago in our paper. In any case you can always obtain these old paper patterns in the usual way indicated at the end of all our monthly dress articles. Full and clear directions are given.

A. T. N.—We cannot further the sale of any work of yours excepting by the ordinary means, *i.e.*, of applying to a work repository to the trade in that special line, nor to procure a sale amongst friends.

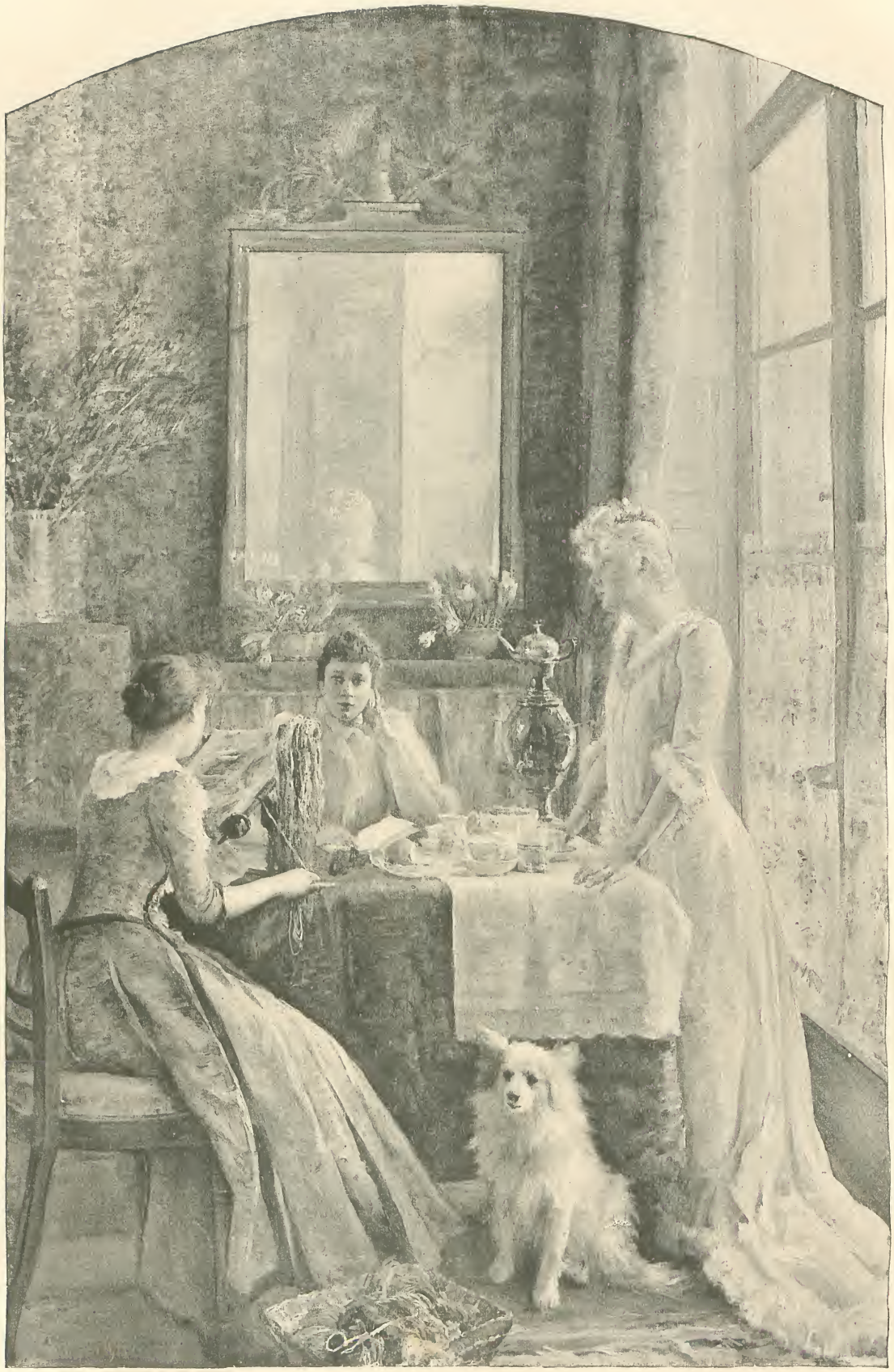
A "G. F. S." MEMBER.—The oculist who gave an opinion of your eyes should have prescribed for them. Inflammation of the lids should not be neglected. Do not read by artificial light. Do some coarse knitting at night. Your letter does you credit, and we thank you for it.

GERMANY.—Freckles are generally constitutional. Wear a veil, and use a parasol in summer. If you look for "Freckles" in our indexes you will find suggestions for their removal, but we feel no confidence in them; for articles on the care of the complexion, teeth, hair, hands, and feet, see papers by "Medicus."

JINNY'S JANE.—It is pleasant to hear that in Nova Scotia our magazine has so warm a friend. You should practise sloping your letters from right to left, not on the contrary, as you do now. We return all your good wishes cordially.

MR. EDWARD RAWLINGS.—We thank you for sending us the report and other papers connected with the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses after the fourth annual general meeting. It will be interesting to very many of our readers to know that "the outlook seems very brilliant for the future," and that "should the present rate of increase go on (which is about an average of one new nurse a day) before twenty years are over it is calculated that our invested fund, which is now nearly £100,000, will reach the neighbourhood of a million of money." Out of 15,000 nurses in the United Kingdom, we see that as yet you have only 1,500 on your books; that you also have a benevolent fund to provide immediate pecuniary relief—by loan or gift—to matrons, sisters, and nurses in distress, and to assist them in keeping up the payment of premiums on any policies they may have taken out in this society; also, to grant annuities to those who, through no fault of their own, are unable to provide for themselves after sixty years of age. It must be understood that all who may claim such benefits must be members of the Pension Fund.

THEODOSIA, R. W., C. E., HAWTHORN, and CISSY P.—The poems sent in by all the above have merit, and show some little talent, but we do not think that any of them would be "worth paying for."



Painted by Louise Breslau.

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Afternoon Tea

VOL. XIII.—No. 649.] JUNE 4, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

A SERIOUS CONFERENCE.

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CHAPTER IX.

THOUGH Mrs. Boothroyd's wishes were law to her daughter, Janet could not conquer her feeling of curiosity about the goings out and comings in of the new neighbour. The mother was no less observant, and both came to the conclusion that, whatever might have been Susan Meade's former employment, she had no regular occupation at present. Susan was, indeed, enquiring and planning with a view to adding another to the list of toiling, ill-paid seamstresses in Millcaster. She had been drawn to Morton Place through the persuasions of her landlord, whose account of the ladies at No. 11 had interested her deeply. She was longing to be of use to her kind, to be helpful, if not necessary, to other human beings —why not to these? Susan's natural shrewdness enabled her to guess that Mrs. Boothroyd would be dubious about the character and doings of one so young as herself, who was living absolutely alone. She noticed that when either mother or daughter came out of No. 11 no glance was cast towards her dwelling, and as she passed to and fro no face was to be seen at their window. She was not surprised at this. "Poor souls!" thought Susan; "if your bread depends on this slaving from early morning till late at night with that machine, you can have no time to spend in watching your neighbours' movements. But we shall be better acquainted some day, or I'm much mistaken."

Susan had already found out for what firm the Boothroyds worked. She had also obtained information as to the work done and the wages paid for it. In fulfilment of her promise, she had called to see Jane Lancaster, and had confided to her the wish to have reliable particulars on the subject. Jane's face lighted up with pleasure as Susan spoke about the work of a machinist.

"I am glad to be able to do anything for you, Susan," she said. "I can bring a person to you who can tell you everything you want to know. She had an awful time at machining shirts after she lost her husband, and was left with four children in a nearly empty house, nothing to take to, and only one girl big enough to be of any help if she could get the work to do. She's quite comfortable now, living with her brother, who has lost his wife. Having no children of his own, he took wonderfully to his sister's youngsters, and has acted like a father to them. Being a business man, he got the boys into good places, where they have fair wages. That eldest girl is married and doing well. Mrs. Wilkins rather likes to tell about what she went through when she made shirts for a warehouse. She's like a many more. They keep close, and bear hard work and starvation almost, and feel as much ashamed to tell as if poverty was a sin whilst they are bearing it. But after, it's different with some of the thankful sort. If they get into a comfortable home again, and haven't to be looking at every penny twice before they spend it, their hearts seem to be just brimming over with thankfulness, and they are forced to tell somebody how good God has been to them."

"Aye, and the proud ones try to forget, and make everybody else forget, that they ever knew what poverty and hard work mean," said Susan.

"That's true enough; but Mrs. Wilkins will tell you anything. I'll fetch her in, and you will have little to do except listen."

This was exactly what Susan wanted, and Jane accordingly brought in Mrs. Wilkins. She was a comely, cheery little woman, whose spirits had not been so far broken during her years of toil as to be permanently impaired.

"You want to know about the shirt-making trade," said Mrs. Wilkins, after Jane Lancaster had duly introduced Susan to her neighbour. "I had seven years at it, so I've not much to learn in that line. It was an awful time. I dream about it yet, but I am thankful that I cannot wake up and find myself at shirt-making again. I am out of it for good and all, so I will tell you whatever you want to know. If I were in it, you would have to ask somebody else."

Susan thanked her and said, "I shall be very much obliged to you just to let me know how I am to set about getting work. I know the prices are poor, but I'm young and strong, and I can stand a great deal."

"If you want my advice as to whether you should go into the shirt-making or no, I shall ask one question before I answer. Can you get a bare living at anything else, by working reasonable hours? If you can, or even half a loaf in a regular way and without hurting yourself, keep to what you are doing. There are far too many in the shirt business now, and the pay is *shocking*. Jane Lancaster's work is not just what a person would choose. Rag and paper sorting has not a genteel sound with it, and it is poorly paid, but it is better than the shirt-making. You know when you've done."

"Perhaps Jane has not told you that she and I worked together for a long time, but I left on account of a slack time."

"You left, Susan, because the master was going to discharge two hands, and you knew that I, being one of the weakest, would have to go at the week end; so you gave up your place, which was safe to you, to keep me at work. She's been a good friend to me and the children," added Jane, with a burst of emotion very unusual to the quiet woman. "She saved the children's bread. May God bless her for it!"

"More's the pity she should have to take up with my old trade," said Mrs. Wilkins. "I only hope if she does start, she'll soon find a good way to turn her back upon it, as I did. Do you know how to work a machine?" she asked, turning to Susan.

"Yes. I am a pretty quick machinist."

"Have you a machine of your own? If you have, that mends matters, to begin with."

"I have not; but of course I must get one. What will it cost?"

"A good, strong, new machine, on the hire system, costs about eight guineas. The time it will be your own, depends on what you arrange to pay a week. If you work it hard and constant, it will last from three to four years, and then you will be allowed about twenty-five shillings for it towards the buying of another new one."

"And if I were to miss a week's payment, should I lose all I had paid and the machine too?" asked Susan.

"I should not like to say that," replied Mrs. Wilkins. "There is sharp practice in the trade sometimes, but I never was used so badly as that. I have been behindhand with my payments in the slack season, and the man I dealt with let me miss a week or two, or took half payments for longer still. He knew how hard I worked, and he felt for me; but I've heard tales of what some poor women have suffered and lost, that would make your heart ache. It's bad enough to have to slave as shirtmakers do, but to have paid half the price of a machine and then to have it taken right away is too awful. You see, it's not only the lost money, but what is before you. Your tools are gone, and work is of no use without them. Fancy a mother of little children seeing that machine carried off, and knowing that with it goes even the chance of bare bread that she has slaved early and late to earn for them! Still, it's only fair to say that those who hire out machines have a great deal to put up with. Their customers are not all sober, honest, and industrious. They have to risk their property, and they have to look very sharp after it, or they would often be losers. They cannot spend their time in watching the houses where the hired machines are, and sometimes these are made away with in spite of all their care. Why, I knew one woman who hired a machine and never earned a shilling by it, though she paid on it for three weeks. Then she managed to make a person believe that it was her own, and got her to advance money on it. She gave her a paper securing the machine to her till the loan was paid, all as straight as you please, and then she actually sold it to someone else, who took it away. Then she disappeared herself, and nobody knew where she went, though there were several looking after her. She was a very clever young woman, that," said Mrs. Wilkins. "She had the sweetest smile and the most ladylike way of speaking. She could wheedle even a hirer of sewing-machines."

"More's the pity that she didn't turn her cleverness and pretty ways to better account," said Jane. "Whenever I hear or read of wicked clever people, I always feel specially sorry, for I think to myself that it was such a pity they did not put their talents to a good use instead of a bad one. The same pains which made that woman succeed in cheating, would have made her prosper in some right calling."

"That's true. Well, I shouldn't be wasting time on these *off stories*, as I may call them, only I like to be fair all round, and show this lady," indicating

Susan, "that there are two sides even about sewing-machine hiring. My experience is, that if you do what's fair and right, you'll mostly get fairly dealt with; but there's no doubt that honest people pay more all round, because of the risk in dealing with those that are not honest; and customers are of all sorts." Mrs. Wilkins then gave Susan the name of the machine she had found the most useful, the address of the agent from whom she had hired and eventually bought her own, and the terms on which she could purchase "out and out," if she were lucky enough to possess so much ready money.

"You are very good to tell me so much," said Susan; "and I'm very much obliged to you."

"I should like to frighten you away from the shirt business if I could," said Mrs. Wilkins, very frankly. "I like the look of you well enough to want to keep you from going through what I did. But I shall not make things out worse than they really are; so if the truth doesn't frighten you, I'll say no more. Now about earnings. I worked the last years of the time for one of the best houses in Millcaster. They gave as much as any employers did, and I dare say they would have done better for us if they could. But there's such competition and cutting under one another, if it's in ever such little things. This underselling on one side, and there being too many workers wanting work on the other, is the ruin of us all. You see, there are workers, like I was, who do the shirt-making because if it only brings bread it is better than starvation. It is the only way they have of earning money. These must work, or go to the poor-house with their children, and she's a poor sort of mother who will not do her best so as to keep a home where they can all be together. Beside these, there are young people at home, and young married women, who don't work for a living but for pocket-money, and who like to earn a bit on their own account, so as they may dress better or save a little. These help to keep prices down and make too many workers. You can't blame them, but it's bad for such as I was then. I used to get one and fourpence a dozen for making and finishing, all complete, full-sized strong shirts. These had back-linings, straight bands, five buttonholes, and seven buttons. If there were two gussets or vents put in, I had an extra penny a dozen. Buttons were found, but not needles or thread. A real clever hand does not often break a needle, but the cotton cost about fivepence halfpenny for four dozens of shirts. We didn't leave long ends, I can tell you. Oil for machine cost a penny a week, and in winter time, working early and late in a dull city like Millcaster, you couldn't reckon less than sixpence for light."

"How many dozens could you make a week?" asked Susan.

"Working alone, about nine; and I was at it from six in the morning till ten at night to do it. Twelve shillings a week does not sound such poor wages, does it?"

"No," replied Susan; "but it is not all clear money, though you have taken sixteen hours a day to earn it. There will be machine hire to pay, or you must reckon the wear and tear of your own."

"Of course. Say two and sixpence a week for hire; for cotton and oil one and a penny, and sixpence for lights. You have seven and elevenpence left, or call it eight shillings at the very best. Out of this balance come rent and firing before you can count on anything for food, clothes, and all beside. You will understand I have reckoned what a single woman, working by and for herself, can do, supposing she has the best of health and plenty of work to do. But you lose a great deal of time in fetching and carrying, and when your work is given in, you may have hours to wait. I used to take the buttons with me, and sew them on while I stood at the counter; but that was not always allowed, and one had to be very careful not to get into trouble by breaking rules in any way. Often you may take work in and bring none back, because there are no fresh orders in and stock is growing. But you must risk that; for if you were not there when work was given out your turn would be lost—you would get none. It is first come, first served."

"Is the work regular the year round?" asked Susan.

"Eh, dear! no. There are holiday times and slack times. Before Whitsuntide you cannot get through enough; in Whit-week you have to play, whether you want or not. Then in the depth of winter, when you need more food, and light, and fire—say from November to the latter part of January—there's very little doing. At Christmas there's hardly anything. I have put in some awful times, when those who could afford it were having all the feasting and good things that could brighten the dark days."

"Why, from what you say, there must be nearly three months when you cannot be sure of a moderate quantity of work, even at such pay as you have mentioned," remarked Susan.

"That's true enough. If anybody wants to know what poverty means, she should go amongst the shirt machiners in slack times. The women are round the warehouse door before it is open, and it is weary waiting on a winter morning in Millcaster, on the chance of getting a share of what's going. I remember one morning there were twenty-four of us, and when the forewoman came she looked ready to cry, for she was a kind-hearted creature.

"'I have only three bundles to give out,' she said. 'Who came first?'

"I was one, and I wanted the bundle badly enough; but I had bread for a day or two, so I gave up my place to a woman that was worse off. Another did the same thing; but, after all, twenty-one went from the door disappointed, and most of them did not know where the next meal was to come from."

"But don't the busy times make up a little?"

"When there's work to do, you always keep at it as long as you well can. Sixteen hours a day is about as much as you can keep up in a regular way, though, when work comes that must be got in at a fixed time, you have to sit up all night now and again. I have gone on night and day for a week through, with just snatches of sleep in my chair, when I was so worn out I could hold my head up no longer. It is awful waking up after a short sleep, and feeling that you must go on again. A night in bed after a spell of this sort was like heaven to me, I can tell you. I knew one woman that never lay down in bed for three months, but took what rest she had sitting in a chair. She thought she should never muster courage to get up if she were once comfortably under the clothes. She had four children to keep somehow."

Susan Meade almost shuddered at the matter-of-fact way in which Mrs. Wilkins gave her these details, and Jane Lancaster, noticing the expression of her friend's face, remarked, "I told you that she knew all about it. You'll not think of starting in the machining line if you hear the rest. Some of them work both Sundays and weekdays so as not to miss a chance."

"Surely not!" exclaimed Susan.

"Not in the regular way, of course. But orders come in at awkward times, no doubt, and often enough in the busy season parcels of work are given out on Saturday morning with word that it must be in on Monday morning early. If a woman said, 'I can't do it without working all Sunday,' the answer would be, 'That's your look out. Take the work or leave it; but if you do take it, you know the conditions.'"

"Supposing she refused, what then?" asked Susan.

"She would have to find another shop. There would be no more work for her at that one."

"It seems terribly hard."

"You may well say that, and I'd have you think well before you put your shoulder to that wheel. I have a thing or two more to tell you yet. Once, in winter, our master took a contract for a lot of shirts at tenpence a dozen. He didn't like it; but there was nothing doing, and he knew the hands would jump at anything. The man that offered such a shameful price knew it too, and made good money out of us by the trick, when the season began. That is how such men play upon the poor. Well, I took some, but, I thought to myself, I'll slum these. (Slumming means putting less and worse work in.) They cannot expect the same work for such a price. My boy took those shirts in. The forewoman looked them over, and said, 'Your mother never made those buttonholes.' 'Yes, ma'am, she did, every stitch,' said Tom. 'Then take them back and tell her to finish them properly, the same as usual.' I felt vexed when I saw the bundle come back and no money, for it was provoking to do sixteenpenn'orth of work for tenpence. But I never tried slumming after that, you may be sure. I've a few things more to tell you yet. If you oil a shirt you must buy it at the price the material cost. The work in it is your own, you know. The stuff is poor, though it is sized to look strong, and I fancy many of these shirts

are bought by people who have but one at a time, and just wear it whilst it will hang together. I sold one that I was forced to take through having soiled it. I got a shilling for it from a decent neighbour, and when it was washed she showed me how thin it had gone. I felt properly shamed, and I made up my mind to bide by the loss if I had a misfortune of the sort again, for I would never take money for such another. There's a better article made of flannelette, or cotton-flannel, that wears well. These have duck, or shaped collars, with long points. For machining only, these are a shilling a dozen; for finishing out and out, sixteenpence, or, with two vents or gussets, one and five. This is at a tip-top warehouse. For handkerchief hemming a penny farthing a dozen, or fifteen pence a gross, is paid. A girl I know does handkerchiefs, and gets ten shillings a week or so without expenses off. One week she'd been at it nearly night and day. She was saving for a new gown. She carried in fifteen shillings'-worth of work, and the master said she was earning too much, and knocked off a shilling!"

"Why, that was not honest," said Susan. "Surely she would not submit to that!"

"She had to do, or no more work from that place. She cried bitterly when she told about it."

"But out of the sixteen hours you must have taken time for meals," said Susan.

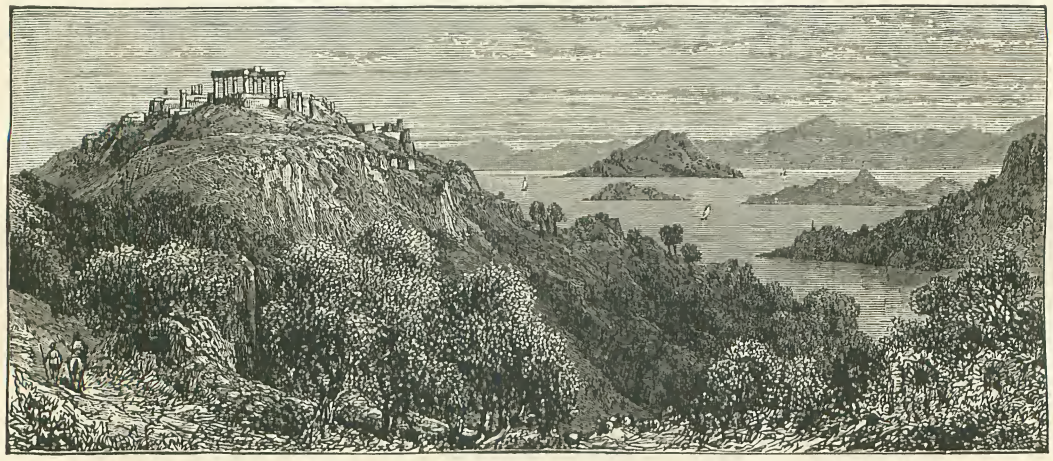
"Not me. The teapot was always on the hob, or a jug of coffee and the bread on the table; but we did not leave off. We lost too much time in fetching and carrying work for that. We snatched a bite and a drink as we could. I told you that a woman needed the best of health for shirt machining, which was my work. Of course you only want to look in the shop windows to know what beautiful garments and costly materials pass through first-class machinists' hands, but I never had to do with such. Even shirt-makers do better as indoor workers. They are first served, no orders being given out till they are supplied, and the machines belong to the employers. Take my advice and get work as an indoor hand if you can, seeing you have only yourself to consider."

Susan thanked Mrs. Wilkins very heartily for her information and advice, but said, "I suppose only real good workers get indoor employment. I must try at home first, I think."

"Perhaps it will be best," said Mrs. Wilkins, "if you must have a try at it; but you know what I think of the trade."

After a kindly leave-taking, Susan returned to Morton Place, more than ever concerned for and anxious to help her neighbours, and more full of womanly sympathy for them as she realised how wearing and ceaseless must be the toil by which they gained their bread.

(*To be continued.*)



GREEK PEASANT GIRLS, AND HOW THEY LIVE.

It is a warm day in May, warm as it would rarely be in an English July or August; down from the cloudless brilliant blue of the heavens the sun sends his burning beams; already the freshness of spring has passed, and the earth looks parched and dry. Away in the distance the dark shadows are strongly defined on the hills, which lift their graceful outlines into the sky, their sides hardly clothed by a single tree or shrub. The azure and gold of the island-studded sea extends away to the verge of the horizon. A drowsy heat is in the clear fine air; great grasshoppers, a couple of inches long, flit from one of the tall amaranth plants to another; green lizards flash here and there amidst the lower vegetation, or cross the path with a speed that defies capture, hastening to their little white nests, which hang like fleecy balls from the branches of the few stunted bushes or are hidden amongst the stones; meek-looking goats with pendant ears, and thin dingy-coloured sheep, patiently crop the dusty grass from which an English-bred animal would turn in disgust. Nothing preserves its green hue but the young vine shoots, destined to fade too into a dirty grey and yellow as the summer goes on and the heat increases.

This is a Greek landscape; a landscape such as one may see almost anywhere in that wonderful old-young land of Hellas, which awoke some seventy years ago from a sleep of twenty centuries.

In the midst of a field a peasant girl sits on a stone, resting, as people rest in tropical or semi-tropical countries, for the mere pleasure of being still, only her black eyes seem on the alert, glancing here and there, taking in all around her, and appearing to seek for the least thing new or strange in the familiar scene. It is these eyes which chiefly distinguish her from the Oriental, the Turkish, or Syrian woman, who could continue to gaze at vacancy for hours together, her large full orbs showing no consciousness of any external object. These same restless eyes light up a face certainly not pretty, but distinctly refined in type. Over her head she has twisted a kerchief of coloured cotton stuff—she probably has an embroidered one for Sundays and feast days—and from its material and the arrangements of its folds the initiated could tell with accuracy what is her native province, and even her native district. Below her long bed-gown-like white garment her bare brown ankles appear, while on her feet she wears heelless leather shoes. Around her waist a sash is fastened; she has a long apron, and over all a jacket of white woollen stuff bordered with black.

What sort of life does this girl lead? Well, it differs widely enough from that of our country lasses in England; she lacks a good many of their advantages, but also several of their troubles and cares; for she lives in a land where the wants of man are few and easily supplied, where warm clothes or comfortable dwellings are little needed during at least nine months of the year.

Probably when little Maria, or Photiné, or Sophia (it matters little what name we give her), was born, her parents did not receive her with as much joy as they would have done had she been a boy; at least unless they were well-off people already provided with sons enough. Daughters are expensive articles in a Greek peasant family; they cannot earn much, and they must be *provided* with a dowry; for without it, however attractive they may be, they will scarcely be likely to find a husband; and an old maid is deemed a disgrace to the family to which she belongs, or at least a burden on its resources.

So Photiné's father, while she was still swathed up in the bands and bandages which gave her no power of moving her limbs, made

her look like a juvenile mummy, and generally rendered her infant life a misery to her, began to think of laying by something for her *preeka*, and her mother considered what collars and waist-buckles and bracelets she would take out of her store to give to her daughter on her wedding-day.

But Photiné as yet was serenely indifferent to such matters, and lay peacefully in her little wooden cradle, formed of a block of wood hollowed out in the centre, while her mother or an elder sister soothed her to sleep with quaint old cradle songs.

When four or five months old, Photiné was baptised, and received an official name, having been until then only the *paidaki* (the baby). Her godmother carried her to the church, and the *papas* (the village priest), having anointed her with oil, plunged her into a great caldron of water, immersing her whole body; then she was dressed in fresh garments as a symbol of her new position as a member of the Christian Church, and carried back to her mother, who was waiting at home; for it is not customary in Greece for a mother to attend the baptism of her child.

The years passed by, and Photiné grew; by-and-by she was able to toddle about, and when her mother went to the fields to work, she would carry her on her back and set her down to play the livelong day in the sun, or to sleep in the shade of the grey-green olive trees. In the winter things were not so pleasant, for then Photiné, and her mother too very often, stayed at home; and home was only a one-roomed cottage, with probably nothing in it that we should call furniture; no table, nor chair, nor bed—only a few water and wine jars of baked clay and a couple of big boxes to contain clothes and ornaments. On a raised platform at one end the entire family slept, wrapped in rugs and sheep-skins, and always fully dressed. Sitting on the floor, they ate their simple food of coarse unleavened bread, cheese made from the milk of goats or sheep, olives and various vegetables prepared with oil, and now and then a little salt fish. Yes, it was very dreary in winter, and cold too, for the fire in one corner yielded more smoke than heat; and when in severe weather the goats and sheep were brought in to sleep in the house with their masters, Photiné was often glad to lie down beside them for the sake of the warmth they afforded.

Photiné rejoiced when the warmer air of February enabled her again to play out of doors; and then too Easter was near—Easter, the greatest festival of all the year. Lent came and dragged itself along, from "Clean Monday," when all traces of grease or oil were to be removed from cooking vessels in preparation for the great fast, to "Great Saturday" (Easter Saturday), when the festal lamb was slaughtered by each family. On Saturday evening all the inhabitants of the village flocked to the church for the Resurrection service, each carrying a candle. Photiné is very pleased to go, and stands holding her mother's dress, and looking with awe-struck eyes on the gilded pictures of the saints and the *Panagia*, the All Holy One, the Virgin, in the centre, with her Child on her knee, His hand raised in an attitude of benediction. These pictures are stiff and conventional generally; there is a traditional attitude and a traditional type for every figure; and the same Saint Michael, Saint George, and Saint Demetrius that Photiné saw in her church may be seen in almost every village church throughout the length and breadth of Greece.

Just before midnight the priest, followed by the congregation, went out into the open air and finished the service, standing before the church door. When he reached the part of the Gospel narrative which tells of Christ's resurrection, he paused, and waited till the sound of a bell told him that it was midnight; then raising his voice he cried, "Christ hath risen!" and all the people, raising their candles above their heads, answered, "He hath risen!" Photiné does not attend much to the rest of the prayers; she is generally rather tired, and glad to return home to taste a very little of the soup which has been prepared from portions of the slaughtered lamb, and to go to sleep, while her parents finish their supper with hard-boiled eggs stained red, milk, and *koulouro*, or twisted cakes.

The next day is a great holiday. The father wears his clean white kilt, his embroidered jacket, and red cap; the mother dons her finest ornaments, her silk apron, and embroidered veil.

Photiné and her brothers and sisters have plenty of red-stained eggs given them, and with these they play a game very similar to what English boys call "hacking," before they finally eat them. The lamb is roasted whole over a wood fire, a long stake being run through its entire body, and kept perpetually turning till the meat is ready, and in the evening there is a great feast. There are other festivals too, which bring their own pleasures to Photiné—the feast of the patron saint of the church, when the village matrons and maidens dance hand in hand on the grass, their black hair hanging in long braids to their waist, and decorated with red tassels and ribbons and silver coins.

The New Year, when the King's Cake, in which the lucky coin is hidden, is divided and eaten; the Day of the Three Kings (our Twelfth Day), *Ta Phota* as it is called in Greek, which is the special feast of our little heroine; the May Feast of Flowers, when the young people go out to collect the purple and scarlet anemones, the golden wild chrysanthemums, and the big dog daisies, and form them into garlands for their own heads, and for the decoration of the doors of their cottages; the Feast of the Panagia in August, that of the Cross in September, besides saints' days too numerous to mention.

Photiné's life was not all play, however, even in her childhood. If the village boasted of a school for girls, she probably attended it more or less regularly. The law of Greece requires all children to attend school between the ages of five and twelve; but this provision is not very strictly carried out, and it may be that Photiné received no education at all, or that she was removed from school when but nine or ten, and sent to herd her father's sheep and goats.

Possibly, though, that eager desire of knowledge, which is a marked characteristic of most Greek children, induced the little girl to endeavour, even though employed during the day, to learn something, and that she attended an evening school, trudging along the road in the warm spring or summer nights, while the beautiful Greek moon, larger and brighter far than the moon we know at home in England, swam in the dark blue of the sky, and she sang to it softly—

"Pretty moon, that shines so brightly,
Shine on me, that I may go
To the school and foot it lightly,
That my lessons I may know.
Learn to stitch and learn to sew,
And the things of God to know,
Who walked on earth long years ago.
Pretty, pretty Moon."

Photiné's religion is rather a vague thing, made up of many outward observances strictly executed, but lacking in inward life. She has quite a fund of superstitions. When March comes, she binds round her left wrist a piece of red thread, to avert the danger of sunstroke, and to protect her complexion from injury during the approaching summer. When a passer-by regards her with too curious a glance, she stretches out her finger towards him to defend herself from the evil power of his eye. When the dark clouds are driven in long procession over the mountains, she crosses herself with awe, for Charon, she thinks, is leading the sorrowful band of the dead across the earth away to the other world.

In the house Photiné, as she grows older, helps in the household duties, which, as may be supposed, are simple enough.

With her mother and sisters she prepares the stuff and makes the clothes of the family, embroidering the jackets and veils in the traditional patterns which are handed down in peasant families for generations. Then she spins and weaves the cotton and silk stuffs, which are afterwards sold in the neighbouring town, and perhaps helps in the manufacture of the carpets and rugs so well known in the West, but under the name of *Turkey* carpets.

Out of doors she takes her share in the lighter agricultural labours, gathering the small black grapes which are known in England in their dried form as currants, or the larger ones, which are to be made into wine, or the olive berries from which the clear colourless oil is pressed, which is the substitute for butter in all culinary operations in Greece. Or, if her home is in the Morea, she will probably be much engaged in the rearing of the silk-worms and the care of preparing the raw silk.

But Photiné is growing up apace; she is nearly sixteen, and her parents must begin to bestir themselves about her marriage; they must let it be known that their daughter is to marry, and that she has a dowry.

They have not long to wait for a suitable son-in-law. A young *Pallikar*, resplendent in white *fustanella*, embroidered jacket, and red cap, has seen and admired Photiné as she danced with her companions on the occasion of the last *Panegyris*, or village festival, and he now hastens to make his proposals, which are accepted. In a few weeks' time, Photiné, dressed in her best array, is led by her parents to the church, and takes her place before the altar with the youth who is to be her husband. The *papas* places two candles in their hands, and their crown-bearers (equivalent both to our best man and our bridesmaids) put on their heads garlands of white flowers joined by long ribbons; prayers are recited, and the wedding-rings interchanged thrice between them. Then the *papas* pronounces, "I join in marriage the servant of God, Demetrius (or George, or Michael), and the servant of God, Photiné." A glass of red wine is given to them, from which first the man and then the woman drinks, and the ceremony is over.

So Photiné is married, and most likely she goes home to the cottage of her parents-in-law to help the women folk there, and to wait respectfully on her husband and the other men of the household.

There her children are born and brought up. Probably she loses one or more of them from the terrible ague fever which is so fatal to the young in most parts of Greece, and then she weeps over them as she lays them, dressed in white and crowned with flowers, in their little coffins. So amidst joys and sorrows her life goes on for a greater or less number of years, until her hour comes too, and she is laid away in the cemetery close by the little round-domed church, in which, as an infant, she was baptised, and, as a girl, married, in the shelter of those eternal hills which have seen so many generations bloom and fade in that old Hellenic land. Such is, in its chief features, the simple life of a Greek peasant girl. Perhaps in another paper we may consider how her richer sisters of the middle and upper classes fare in the Greece of to-day.

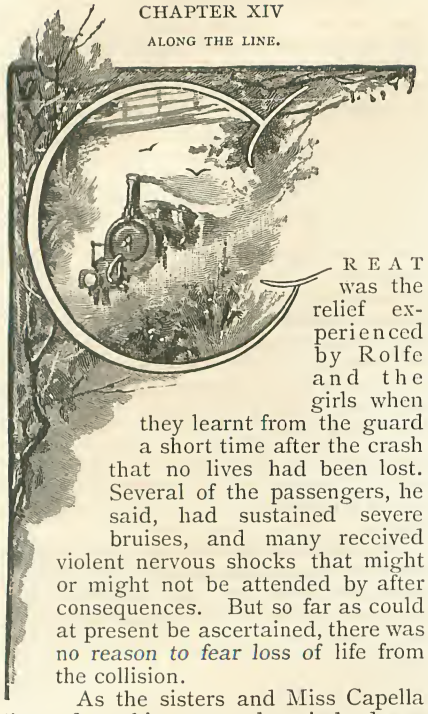
MARY HAYDEN, M.A.
LILIAN GREENE.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XIV

ALONG THE LINE.



GREAT was the relief experienced by Rolfe and the girls when they learnt from the guard a short time after the crash that no lives had been lost. Several of the passengers, he said, had sustained severe bruises, and many received violent nervous shocks that might or might not be attended by after consequences. But so far as could at present be ascertained, there was no reason to fear loss of life from the collision.

As the sisters and Miss Capella listened to this report, deep indeed was their gratitude to the young engineer, who had, by his presence of mind and courage, kept them in absolute safety.

Following the advice of the guard, who knew it would take some hours before the way could be made clear for the train to Penzarton, the passengers who could walk ascended the sloping bank to a rough and narrow path at the top, and there moved along in single file.

Waiting for the rest to pass on, Rolfe said to Jeanie, "Do you think you will be able to walk to the station? It cannot be far distant."

"Easily," answered Jeanie. "We consider ourselves rather good walkers—do we not, Sybil?" turning towards her friend.

"Certainly," replied that lady, with a peculiar smile. "More especially under present circumstances, where it seems to me the difficulty is—not how far we can walk, but for how long we shall have sufficient safe ground to walk upon."

"Oh, we shall manage!" responded Jeanie hopefully. "Father will meet us at the station. I am very anxious to hurry on, in case he should hear of the accident, or should be troubled that we are so late. Will our luggage be safe?"

"I will speak to the guard about it, and be back directly," said Rolfe.

He found the luggage was uninjured, and would be delivered at Penzarton that night. He forgot his own bag, with its very important papers relating to his business in this neighbourhood, in his desire to learn something about Jeanie's father. Again and again had he been asking himself what would he be like?

"Do you know," he said to the guard, "the name of that young lady, and the child her sister—my fellow-passengers in the carriage—who are now looking this way towards us?"

"Don't know," answered the guard, as he walked along by the train; then, calling to a porter who was passing, "Nutley, do you know the lady and the little one up there?"

"Them," said the porter addressed, staring in the direction indicated, "why, they are the daughters of Colonel Stanard, of Stanard Castle—home, I suppose, for the holidays."

Rolfe put no further question, rejoined his party, and they all set off in single file.

Alternately passing from the front to the rear, examining the ground and helping his companions over its difficulties, the engineer noticed that Jeanie's face was very pale, and that as she extended her hand to assist Beth, she was trembling.

Their progress also became increasingly difficult, and Jeanie stopped suddenly before a mound of loose earth, stones, and broken bricks, thrown there from the higher parts of the mound by men engaged in repairing the line. In an instant Rolfe was at her side.

"Allow me, Miss Jeanie. You must not attempt to cross alone. Trust me—I will take you safely over," and he took both her hands in a firm grasp.

She did trust him; but he, intent on finding safe footing for his charge, while moving backwards, and turning from time to time to glance at the nature of the next stepping-place, suddenly found the soil give way under him, and he would have fallen over the steep incline, but Jeanie, who saw his danger, and was herself on safe ground, exerted her utmost strength to save him, and thus enabled Rolfe to regain his balance.

Neither spoke, but their eyes met in one deeply grateful and prolonged look; and his pressure of her hands before he released them was scarcely needed to deepen Jeanie's tender sympathy towards him.

Sybil saw, and said to herself, "They have passed the Rubicon. I will take care there is no going back. They shall now be as wax in my hands, for the furtherance of my interests."

"What about the others?" enquired Rolfe, as he anxiously surveyed the broken ground.

"You cannot safely help them over," said Jeanie, in a low voice.

Discovering two workmen engaged on the railway track beneath, Rolfe whistled to them. They scrambled up, and soon enabled Miss Capella and Beth to regain their friends.

As they continued their "Indian file," as Rolfe laughingly termed their mode of proceeding, he suddenly exclaimed—"See! there is a gentleman in the distance, walking towards us!"

"I believe it is father!" cried Jeanie excitedly.

"Yes, yes! It is!" said Beth. "Let us run to meet him, Jeanie," and the child started off.

* * * *

Meanwhile, up and down the platform of Penzarton Station, Colonel Stanard had been striding impatiently, waiting for the train which should bring his daughters.

Knowing it was considerably overdue, he had sought the station-master, who informed him he had just telegraphed in respect to its non-arrival, and that he was also dispatching men along the line.

Colonel Stanard had followed these men, sorely troubled. Had an accident happened, and injury befallen his children?

"Oh, God," was his voiceless prayer, as his rapid strides outstripped the railway men, "spare me that! Spare my girls! Give me at least their solace in my darkened life!"

In the distance he saw figures approaching. Doubtless the passengers from the train. Were his children among them? Then appeared four figures, one a child. The colonel strained his eyes to see through the mist. That child might be Beth, the ladies, Jeanie and the governess; but who was the man with them?

They were stopping—speaking together, and presently the child came running towards him. Believing it was she, yet dreading any mistake, the colonel's military step quickened almost to a run. A moment later his youngest born was folded to his breast.

A strange thing then occurred. The moment the girls recognised their father, Rolfe had stopped abruptly.

"I must leave you now," he said to Jeanie. "I forgot my bag, which has in it papers of importance."

"You will first meet my father?" Jeanie said diffidently. "I beg you will, sir. He will think it strange if you do not give him an opportunity to thank you."

"I cannot just now, I assure you," Rolfe answered, gazing lingeringly at the earnest face as if to take one last look. "Excuse me, please. It has been a very happy journey to me. Good-bye." And he raised his cap.

"I am sorry that you cannot wait to see my father. He is just here; but if you must leave us, good-bye!"

She hesitated a moment, as though struggling against her natural reserve, then held out her hand.

Rolfe took it, and was unable to prevent some of the warmth of his feelings towards her being expressed in the clasp with which he held it, murmuring in a low tone, which yet reached the girl's ear, "It is a privilege, a great privilege, to have met you."

A deep blush suffused the girl's face, as she turned from him, and taking Sybil's arm, walked rapidly forward to meet her father.

Rolfe, after bowing to Miss Capella, turned in a contrary direction, and his long strides soon brought him back to

the train, now moving slowly towards the station.

Ever since the porter had uttered the words "Stanard, of Stanard Castle," they had been echoing in his brain, and throbbing tumultuously through his whole being.

"Is it possible!" he said to himself. "*He*, Paul Stanard, *she*, his daughter —my blood relation, my own cousin!"

CHAPTER XV.

A DILEMMA.

"YES, it is well I did not meet him, though I was nearly yielding to her entreaty. How extraordinary that her father should be the man whose proceedings brought me here to learn all I could about them—possibly for still more serious reasons than I can now bear to think of. Anyhow, I must quickly decide whether I dare—whether I ought—to go to him to-morrow, for what may be, I fear must be, a momentous meeting."

Thus mused the young engineer, as he strode rapidly away in a direction opposite to that taken by the colonel, and tried to calm and guide his perturbed thoughts.

What had happened to him, he wondered, that the very thought of Jeanie, *his* daughter, obscured all other thoughts, and filled him with an insane desire to see her again? Why must he perpetually recall every incident of the journey, however slight?

He remembered, again with a tinge of rising colour in his cheek, how he had preserved the *Graphic* he had lent her to read; how he had mentally marked the pages she appeared to take most interest in, and how carefully afterwards he had read once more those pages with new insight.

Was he in love? "Absurd!" And the calm, practical, philosophical young man, as he liked to consider himself, laughed derisively.

Then the thought came to him, that he was forgetting he had his own future to shape out, and to make a home for his mother and himself, with the assistance only of his own hands and brains.

"Let me at once dismiss all such nonsense, fit only for independent idlers!"

And yet he could not but remind himself that Jeanie was his cousin, allied in blood. What, then, could be more natural than an attachment beginning under such favourable circumstances?

What a calm, sweet, modest face she had! Just the kind of face that he, with even his slight knowledge of physiognomy, would attribute to one who, although an Idealist, would yet be capable, as the incidents of life might demand, to work out her ideals in practical action.

"Surely," he mused, "that face belongs not to a person who can be satisfied with the light triumphs and frivolous routine of fashionable life. Humanity and its suffering side would assuredly rouse her sympathies, and tend to deepen her own character."

Certainly she appeared to be reserved; yet he was sure there would lie behind that very reserve a rich fountain of love, and a lifelong devotion for the man who had the happiness to draw it forth.

Still, he must be practical, which meant—should he, or should he not, visit Colonel Stanard? He certainly ought to do so. The business of his employers demanded it. But how could he possibly go in his own name and character? Might he visit him as a stranger? The colonel had not seen him since he was a child. Were he now to meet him under his usual but assumed name, "Mr. John Rolfe, Civil Engineer," he could not possibly recognise him. That was the name he had worked under, when, in his eager, independent youth, and comparative poverty, he had left Ireland, and his mother's home, to fight his way in London till he had achieved a position to justify him in resuming his true name, preparatory to more serious efforts to uphold the honour and dignity of the family.

But then, going as a stranger, what hope was possible for him in connection with Jeanie? There could but be one way to approach her. That was, with her father's consent, and in her father's home—the one way utterly impracticable for him.

Suddenly he reminded himself that he had come to do certain things at his mother's request, apart from his employers' business. Might not both be greatly facilitated by some personal acquaintance with the colonel?

The thought was seductive, even though accompanied by the acknowledgment that he could not honourably use such an opportunity for any purpose but the one he avowed.

A still more seductive thought followed. What if the colonel did not confine himself to the mere business in hand? If he made friendly advances? Rolfe's heart throbbed as he thought of Jeanie under such circumstances.

But how should he—how could he—meet such advances? "I cannot," he mused, "play the hypocrite. God knows I would give and do much to win that girl, if she be what my heart and my judgment picture her. Yet how can I receive from her and her father hospitality, friendly relations, trust, and meanwhile be exposed to discovery, and the charge of being a spy on the colonel's actions?"

"What an undecided fellow I am!" he muttered. "I must, I suppose, be content with the reflection—Duty is mine; results are in higher hands."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

GIRLS, IT ISN'T ALWAYS WISE—

To be extremely familiar with those in your service at one time and arrogant at another.

To come to the conclusion that stubbornness is strength of will when it is usually strength of temper.

To say a cruel word and then suppose that a kiss hastily brushed over a tear-stained face will make everything as it was before.

To "perfectly hate" and "perfectly adore" people without any special reason.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—"Often," says Thomas Fuller, "have I thought with myself, I will sin but this one sin more, and then I will repent of it, and of all the rest of my sins together. 'So foolish was I and ignorant.' As if I should be more able to pay my debts when I owe more; or as if I should say, I will wound my friend once again, and then I will lovingly shake hands with him. But what if my friend will not shake hands with me? Besides, can one commit one sin more, and but one sin more?"

A COMMON ERROR.—Many of the disappointments of life come from mistaking acquaintances for friends.

HE NEVER USED A LANTERN.

An old country gentleman belonging to Lancashire, returning home rather late one night, discovered a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated that he had only come a-courting.

"Come a-what?" cried the irate gentleman.

"A-courting, sir. I'se courting Mary."

"If that be true, what do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man."

"No, sir," was the yokel's reply, "I don't think ye did, judging by the missis."

LOVE BIRDS.—Love birds is a name somewhat indefinitely bestowed on some of the smaller short-tailed parrots from the remarkable affection which examples of opposite sexes exhibit towards each other, an affection popularly believed to be so great that of a pair that have been kept together in captivity neither can long survive the loss of its partner.

COUNTRY LIFE.—The girl who refuses to live in the country because there is "so little going on" there, has inside her own head a place where there is still less going on.

NOT TO BE FOOLED.

Proprietor of menagerie: "That's our last importation—a fine Austrian eagle."

Visitor (indignantly): "Do you think I am a fool? *That* an Austrian eagle! Why, it has only got one head!"

A ROYAL DOG FANCIER.—The unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots during her captivity in England devoted a good deal of her attention to household pets. We find her writing in 1574 from Sheffield Lodge to the Archbishop of Glasgow and the Cardinal of Guise for some pretty little dogs, to be sent her in baskets very warmly lined, "for, besides reading and working," she says, "I take pleasure only in all the little animals that I can get."

MOST URGENT BUSINESS.

Lawyer: "If anybody asks for me this afternoon say I am called away on most urgent business."

Office-boy: "Yes, sir."

Half an hour later. *Stranger:* "Is Mr. Quill in?"

Office-boy: "No, sir; he's been called away to a football match on most urgent business."

By CONSTANCE JACOB.

JULY has nearly all the same flowers as June, with some additions, generally of more florid colouring and robust growth, while the spring survivals have quite disappeared.

Gardens now show lilies, carnations, jasmin, nasturtiums, poppies, stocks, marigolds, geraniums, calceolarias, cornflowers, the rose of Sharon, nicotiana, fuchsias, and some early dahlias.

In the greenhouse, oleanders, gloxinias, alamanders, and cacti are plentiful.

Wild flowers include poppies, cornflowers, marigolds, clematis, honeysuckle, woody nightshade, flowering rushes and grasses, yellow iris, water lilies, teazles, forget-me-nots, meadow-sweet (spiræa).

Lilies are the most conspicuous flowers at the beginning of the month; indeed, in an early season they may be ascribed to June; and from the old-fashioned white or St. Joseph's lily to the gorgeous auratum species now sent to us from Japan, they are all decorative in a high degree. Unless a tall centre epergne is used they are not suitable for dinner-tables, as their full beauty is only enjoyed when the blossoms and buds are allowed to remain on the parent stem, not when single flowers are picked for small vases. This is one reason why only people with gardens can use them satisfactorily; another is, that in most florists' shops the flowers which are open have been robbed of all their golden pollen before travelling; probably from a mistaken idea of tidiness, but to the utter ruin of their appearance. I have often wondered why cotton-wool could not be wrapped round the stamen and pistils to prevent the pollen soiling the purity of the petals, but I suppose the majority of buyers do not notice or care for the difference. But if one can gather from a garden at one's pleasure, no more beautiful ornament for a room can be imagined than a fine head of any kind of lily in a tall jar, whose neck is narrow enough to keep the stalk in upright position. Foliage is not at all requisite, but if any is used it should be of a large kind of leaf or small branches of some shrub, only just appearing above the neck of the jar.

For the quaint Turk's cap variety, a vase with a long, narrow neck and wide base is necessary, to preserve a good semblance of balance.

The old-fashioned flowers, Solomon's seal and crown imperial, require the same treatment.

Carnations are growing every year more popular, and in variety of tint resemble and almost rival roses; with which they have, indeed, much in common, when we consider them decoratively. They are mostly cut with very short stems, and then must be placed in low dishes, or globes, being too top-heavy for tall vases. Their own grey-green leafage is the best surrounding for all shades, although gardeners generally object to much of it being cut; and fitting company to all varieties, and especially to the clove, the king of the race, is found in the small white clematis, white jasmin, mignonette, and sweet peas of contrasting shades. They can also be mixed with roses, but must be quite opposed to them in tone; for instance, cloves with tea-roses, malmaison pink, or yellow carnations with dark red roses, red and white cloves with pale pink roses.

I have dressed many dinner-tables and refreshment-counters for suppers with some of these mixtures, using silver decanter-stands, silver, china, or wicker baskets, soup plates or china saucers, with the two latter alternating tall specimen glasses holding two or three long-stalked flowers of either kind, and sprays of clematis and jasmin, which also drooped on to the table, and trailed in and out among the lower dishes. I have also put red and white cloves and jasmin into the lower parts of one of those terrible silver epergnes which were so fashionable some years ago, and which their possessors still like to use, and filled the upper vase with a light bouquet of pink Canterbury bells, jasmin, and clematis, the latter falling down like a cloud over the ugly silver and glass stem.

On another occasion purple clematis jackmanni took the place of the Canterbury bells, and the carnations were all white and yellow; and then I put six little globes containing each a carnation or jackmanni and a spray of jasmin down the sides of the table. These last schemes demand a good number of flowers, but they are generally cheap now in shops and plentiful in gardens; while if smaller receptacles are used, an equally pretty effect can be obtained at much less cost. I need hardly here allude to the hideous dyed carnations which we have heard so much about lately, as by no stretch of imagination can they be considered artistic or economical.

Garden poppies are quite a modern fashion, and very beautiful most of the species are, both in form and colour; the smaller kinds, such as the Shirley, mikado, and Victoria Cross, may be arranged in loose posies, and, with advantage, mixed with the flowers of the Marguèrite daisies, the white cornflower, or white sweet sultan, whose sturdy growth and opaque purity contrast with and enhance the bright fragility of the poppy.

To such groups grass is a most suitable addition. Of the larger kinds, such as the oriental, the perennials, the tree poppies, and a very fine white, called the Bride, one flower is enough for an ordinary-sized vase, and should be accompanied only by one of its own large and handsome leaves, and, if possible, a seed-vessel. Any vases for these flowers should be at least six inches high, and of fairly substantial form; in colour whatever best exhibits the brilliancy of the poppy.

Blue cornflowers are great favourites with many people, but somewhat difficult to treat artistically. A popular way, of course, is to mix them with red poppies, with, I think, a certain crudity of effect; and another, no more successful, is to put them with marigolds. All these flowers are so intimately associated with cornfields, that probably people naturally think of them as suitable companions, but, as a matter of fact, they are very seldom found growing in close proximity; and the very pronounced colours require a great deal of atmosphere and natural environment to bring them into harmony. After many experiments, I have found the happiest results gained by mixing blue and white cornflowers with a good quantity of green oats, in white or in celadon and white china vases. A very graceful arrangement I have seen too on a country house table, consisting of blue cornflowers, yellow and white Marguèrites, large blossoms of the white malope, deep orange coreopsis, and plenty of asparagus tops in white glasses.

Carpet bedding has made calceolarias plentiful in most gardens, but they are difficult to manage as room ornaments, the easiest way being to mix the brown and yellow sorts together, with plenty of dark and light green foliage, such as box and southernwood, or copper and silver beech.

I have never seen the handsome Aaron's beard, or rose of Sharon, for sale in shops; but ladies who have plants in their gardens may make an original table decoration with sprays of these golden flowers and dark glossy leaves in low vessels, while a few interspersed specimen glasses hold some loose sprays of calceolaria. These suggestions are given because, when one has a small garden to cut from, it is often a case of Hobson's choice; but, for my own part, I consider most bedding-out plants to be unsuitable altogether for providing cut flowers. The only exception is the tuberous begonia, which has lately been so popular in the London parks, and which really does look decorative in specimen glasses with its own leaves only, and no other flowers in its neighbourhood; the white and yellow can be mixed; scarlet and pink look best alone.

Geraniums can be used in loose bunches of fine heads in corners where bright colouring is desirable; and the scarlet repay putting into white china with some large leaves of the deeply serrated scented, or oak-leaf, variety. Of course if people like to transfer the carpet bedding on to their dinner-tables, they can use heads of this class of flower in low troughs following geometrical designs, and interlace them with other lines and curves of coloured leaves such as are used in the beds; but, for all artistic result, the flowers might as well be left in the garden, and a piece of bright embroidery placed on the table. I have seen yellow and white Marguèrites sacrificed to this fashion, to the entire destruction of their grace, for that can only be displayed by retaining a good part of the stalks and foliage; either sort alone or both mixed however makes a charming arrangement in blue-and-white narrow-necked vases, and flowering grass is a pretty accessory. Most stocks of good colours —and these become better every year—mixed with spikes of *Nicotiana affinis* (or white tobacco plant) look well and smell sweetly as groups for high places.

The last-named flower, although in the garden it is closed most of the day, will continue open in rooms where the sun does not shine directly on it, and hence is particularly useful for corners where other flowers would languish.

Aquatic flowers are very beautiful this month, and picturesque effects may be got by water-lilies and their leaves floating in soup-plates or shallow dishes full of water, and sprays of forget-me-not and water crowfoot round. Any common plate will do if the edges are well concealed by drooping fern leaves. As these arrangements require to be looked down upon, they are especially suited for placing on open tiled hearths, and may be backed by tall jars or jugs holding bunches of flowering rushes, spiræa, flags, and other tall aquatic flowers.

A somewhat elaborate scheme of decoration for a dinner, but by no means difficult to those who can obtain the flowers, can be carried out by making a bank down the centre of the table of silvery and brown foliage, such as tradescantia and coleus, starred with the large yellow blossoms of the alamander, and fringed with sprays of smilax, alamander, and purple jackmanni, single flowers of both kinds being placed in specimen glasses down the sides of the table.

Oleanders are among the most decorative of exotics, and the pink or white flowers and willow-like leaves may be prettily mixed with pale tea roses, clove carnations, jasmin, or myrtle.

Gloxinias, another very favourite flower with greenhouse gardeners, like cacti, are much more to be admired on their own roots than anywhere else; but if cut at all, their velvety richness is best shown up by sprays of maidenhair, or other delicate ferns, which is equally true of the gorgeous fancy pelargoniums, less fashionable now than some years ago.

An old-fashioned flower rapidly returning to favour, with improvements, is the fuchsia; but like many which begin to bloom this month, it is in its greatest profusion in August, and will be best treated of then.

FLIRTATIONS.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHILDREN of two families
Play together;
Healthful limbs and mirthful eyes,
This June weather.

Flirtful Gwenny, three-year-old,
Blue-eyed, bonny;
Makes advances over-bold
To two-year Johnny.

He, the heartless bachelor,
Woman-hater,
Hides his frowning face from her
Like a traitor.

Gallant Hugh, a four-year knight,
Sighs for Gwenny;
Thinks her brightest of the bright,
Fair as any.

Snatches she her hand away—
Worst of misses!
Gives her lover kicks for play,
Cuffs for kisses!

Black-eyed Maggie sighs for Hugh,
Him caresses;
He'll have nought but eyes of blue,
Golden tresses.

Thus the youthful belles and beaux
Pull and scuffle;
Colours rise and passion glows;
Tempers ruffle.

So to older beaux and belles
Oft it chances,
Love with spells and counter spells
Leads strange dances.

Tender maid for fickle youth
Sighs—is slighted:
Smitten swain finds lifelong truth
Unrequited.

So they struggle, pine, and fret,
Cruel-fated!
For the loves they fail to get—
Die unmated.

SOME CELEBRATED FEMALE MUSICIANS.

JENNY LIND.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of "The History of Music."

THE greatest singer within living memory was Jenny Lind. Probably throughout the whole history of music there has never been her equal, and her life, for that reason, is more than usually interesting to all those who love the art. She was born just seventy-one years ago at Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, the Venice of the North, her father being an accountant and notary in the city. Business was never very flourishing with Herr Lind—at least, it certainly was not at the time of Jenny's birth; and his wife, in order to help the finances of the house, started a school for young girls, in which occupation she proved more successful than her husband in his writs and deeds.

Like all great musical geniuses, Jenny Lind showed her capacity for the art at a very early age, and in so extraordinary a manner that the tale deserves to be put on record. She was only three years old when the event happened; and if we examine our own experiences of children at that age, we shall have no option but to confess that the story would seem incredible unless amply attested. The baby—for she was little more—had been taken through streets in the town where bands of soldiers were in the habit of passing, and her infant ears must have been marvellously impressed by the tunes which they played, far more than those of the nurse-girl who carried her. This practice of carrying her through the streets continued until she was three. One day, soon after her third birthday, she happened to be in the parlour, as she thought alone; but in reality her grandmother was sitting in another part of the room unobserved. The child stole up to the pianoforte, and began to play with one hand the bugle calls with which the tunes of the military bands were greatly interlarded. Her grandmother, hearing the music, imagined it was her elder sister who was at the piano, and accordingly called the former by name. Jenny, believing that she had done something wrong in touching the instrument, darted out of the room and tried to make her escape; but in vain. The old lady confronted her with a face wherein astonishment was so vividly depicted, that the young girl mistook it for anger, and gave vent to her emotion in a scream. But the old lady consoled the youthful musical prodigy as best she could, and calling in her mother, declared that one of these days the child's talents would retrieve the fortunes of the family—a prophetic utterance which undoubtedly came true.

Jenny Lind was, however, suffered to grow up with no definite musical instruction for some years to come, and if her genius for music had not been an exceptionally strong one, she might have relinquished her attention to an art which she was not encouraged to cultivate. She was accustomed to amuse herself during this period of her life with playing in her own artless way on the pianoforte, and was best pleased when she could practise these musical exercises alone. Her singing first came into notice in the following strange way, when she was nine years old. The street where her parents' house was situated was that lively bustling thoroughfare in Stockholm which leads to the church of St. Jacob's. At one of the windows it was Jenny's habit to sit with her cat, and gaze in a dreamy manner upon the hum of busy life beneath. Puss had a piece of blue ribbon round its neck, and being one of the most quiet and docile of its race, was quite willing to pass hours at a time in its young mistress's arms, listening very gravely while she was singing. All the while that the little girl sat with her cat she never failed to keep up a constant and spontaneous warble, which, without her knowing, soared to the height and beauty of a nightingale's trill. The people in the street used to turn round and listen to the flood of heavenly melody which the girl's throat was pouring forth, and were amused to observe pussy's grave countenance, the most intent listener to the music of her mistress. Among others who used to pass the window and hear the singing was the maid of a celebrated Swedish singer—Mademoiselle Lundberg. The maid told her mistress of the phenomenon; Mademoiselle Lundberg herself determined to walk past the window and see if the accounts she received were true. To her astonishment she heard the finest voice which her ear had until then listened to. She called on Jenny's mother forthwith, and told her

that it was her duty to have Jenny properly educated, with a view to her becoming a public singer. Madame Lind had a horror of any such path in life for her dear daughter, but at Mademoiselle Lundberg's earnest representation she consented to have the necessary instruction given to the child. A master named Herr Berg was obtained, who devoted a great deal of his time to her training. He educated her taste in singing by instructing her carefully and completely in the practice of one or two instruments; he made her study harmony and the theory of music, while at the same time he was never weary of giving her the best possible instruction and advice in the art of vocal delivery.

At the age of twelve her voice broke, and for a while at least all vocal exercises were perforce suspended. Such was her enthusiasm, however, that she devoted herself to harmony and composition with great ardour, determining not to waste these precious years of her life in enforced idleness. It was shortly after this that the Swedish composer, Lindblad, undertook her instruction. He had conceived such an interest in the child through hearing her sing his songs, that he offered, in return for the pleasure which she gave him, to give her the most thorough instruction in music which his knowledge could afford her. She took up her abode in his house, and under this admirable musician's tuition she learnt most of the best melodies of Gluck, Spontini, Cherubini, Delayrac, Mozart, and other great composers. Not only was she entirely acquainted with the music of these masters, she learnt thoroughly to sympathise with and understand their style, to recognise their inner meaning and characteristics, and embody these features in her singing. The influence of Lindblad was very evident in her style. "When she sang at Stockholm," says a contemporary of hers, "the people were unbounded in their enthusiasm, for they seemed not only to hear the notes, but to feel the very emotions which the singer portrayed." Often did she sing in Stockholm, and on every occasion to a more enthusiastic, a more demonstrative, audience.

But the limited world of Sweden was not considered sufficient either by herself or by her truest well-wishers for the development of her remarkable powers. She was to be the singer of Europe and of the world, and at the age of twenty-one she set out for Paris in order to receive instruction from the celebrated singer, Signor Garcia, fortified with the secrets of whose art she was in aftertime to fascinate the world. Garcia found in her a most apt pupil, and taught her the true Italian style of song. From him she learnt how to render her voice amazingly flexible and agile. She acquired, by unceasing practice, the most perfect shake that ear had ever heard; she gained the power to blend the different registers of her voice so skilfully as to conceal effectually any break; the learnt to execute passages and runs with a full, rich tone, instead of the thin, wiry quality which generally belongs to *bravura* singers; and finally, she acquired the art of being perfectly infallible in her intonation. All this practice under the greatest master of the age, all these marvellous powers which she had acquired over and above her own natural qualifications and endowments, combined to make her without doubt the greatest singer in the world. The great composer, Meyerbeer, heard her sing, and recommended her most strongly to the director of the Académie de Musique in Paris. A meeting of great French musicians was summoned in order to listen to her singing, and the director of the Académie was expected to accept their verdict on the matter, and offer Jenny Lind some lucrative engagement which would bring her prominently before the people of Paris. Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, Rossini, and many other great composers, were present at the meeting, but the director of the Académie did not make his appearance. The select conclave of judges waited half an hour, an hour—in vain. Jenny Lind therefore began her singing, and delivered her songs to the rapture of all present. Too late it was discovered that the director's absence was due to the intrigues of Mdlle. Rosina Stolz, the most popular singer of the day at that time in Paris, although in comparison with Jenny Lind she was quite an inferior vocalist. This lady, jealous of the Swedish nightingale's renown, persuaded the director at the last moment to stay away from the meeting, as a consequence of which Jenny Lind got no engagement in Paris, despite her utmost efforts to obtain one, and the long time she had spent in that capital under the tuition of Garcia. This unfair treatment made such an impression upon Jenny Lind, that she formed a resolution, which she adhered to all her life, never to sing under any consideration in Paris. In after years, while all other cities were echoing with the praises of the Swedish nightingale, in Paris alone were those echoes silent, for despite the most tempting offers afterwards made her, and the strong influence brought to bear on her to alter her resolution, the tones of the Swedish nightingale were never heard in that capital of pleasure.

At the great Rhenish festival at Coblentz in 1845, she sang for the first time before Queen Victoria. It was on the occasion of our Queen's visit to the King of Prussia, and we have ample testimony as to the delight with which the English sovereign listened to the wonderful singer—a delight and an appreciation which she ever afterwards retained. During all her career of singing in England the Queen stood her unfailing friend and patroness, which was of the greatest value to her amid the numerous jealousies and heartburnings of which she was the unconscious and unwilling cause. Another great admirer whom she secured at this period of her career was the composer Mendelssohn. He paid her a tribute of his admiration which is destined to be imperishable, inasmuch as he wrote the soprano part in the oratorio of *Elijah* for her special behalf. All those who have listened to this sublime oratorio—and few have not heard it—will remember the noble soprano solos which adorn the work. To have heard Jenny Lind sing these must have been a realisation of musical beauty only vouchsafed to men once a century. Mendelssohn knew this full well. He appreciated to the full her marvellous voice, her consummate style, her deep and genuine religious feeling, her fervent belief in the syllables she was singing, her reverence for the sacred subject which was the theme of the work; he appreciated all this, and threw himself with enthusiasm into the part of the oratorio assigned to her. The solos written for the soprano are a triumph of art. How entirely triumphant must have been their interpretation when Jenny Lind sang them!

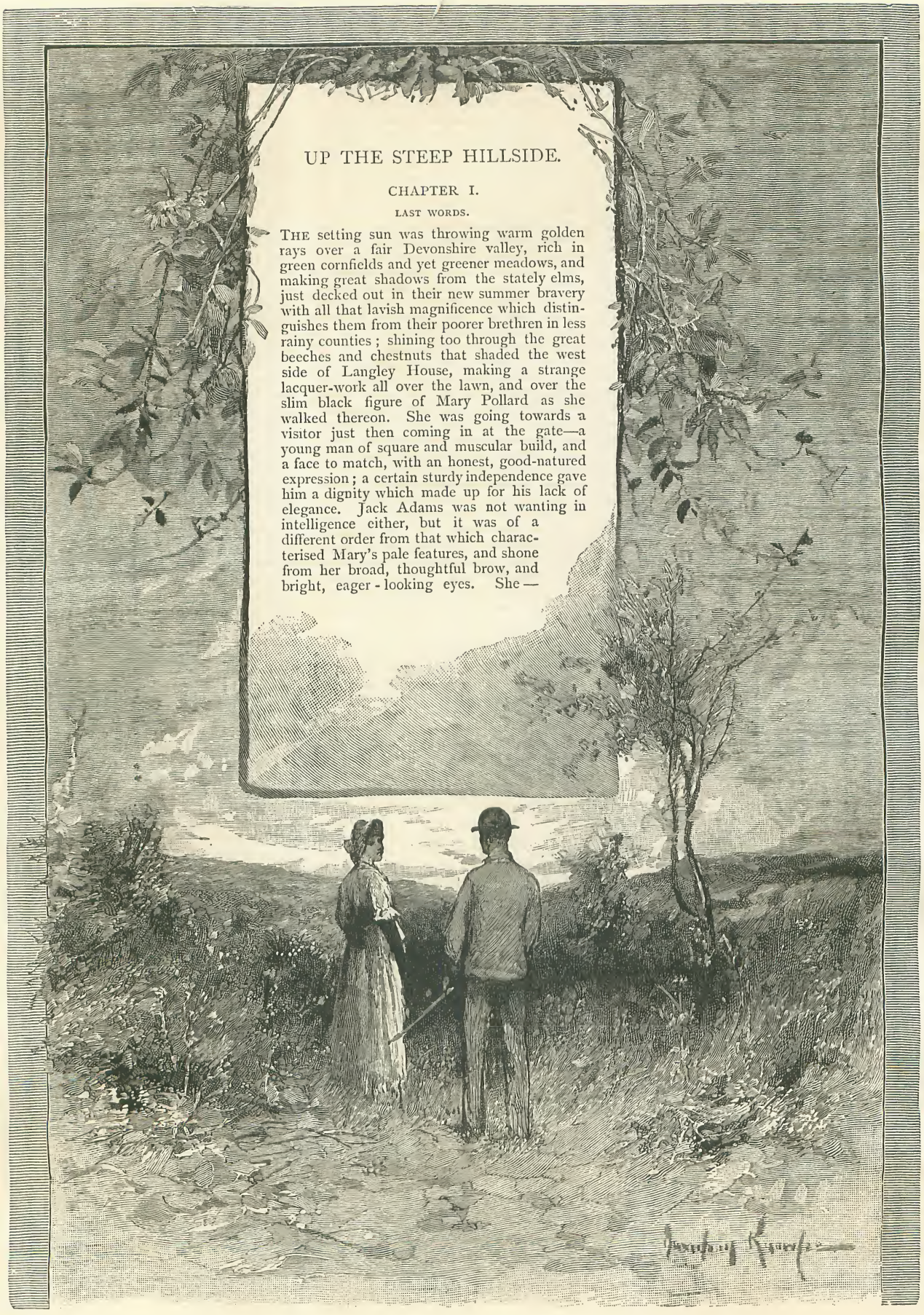
In 1848 she sang at Exeter Hall for the purpose of founding a Mendelssohn memorial. By that year Mendelssohn was dead, and a number of his friends were trying to gather together sufficient money to found a fitting memorial of the great musician in the shape of a scholarship for music. Jenny Lind promised her services towards that good end. Her singing, as described by writers of that day, reached a point of magnificence beyond which fancy cannot go. *Elijah* was the work performed. Her delivery of the soprano airs melted hundreds to tears, threw hundreds more into heavenly joy, and aroused all to enthusiasm. Such a performance of this great sacred work never was given before and never will be given again. The sum gained for the scholarship by this means was close on £2,000, and the first scholar who availed himself of the munificent privilege thus accorded to talent was, it may be mentioned, Sir Arthur Sullivan, then a boy.

Her singing in the *Messiah*, the *Creation*, *St. Paul*, and other oratorios, is spoken of with united admiration by her contemporaries. She eclipsed all singers of the past, and very probably all of a far-distant future.

In personal appearance Jenny Lind was by no means handsome. She was plain and commonplace in feature, and her mien and deportment were no less homely and ordinary; but when she opened her lips to sing, all was forgotten in the joy of hearing such music. A kind and genial expression in her face made amends, to some extent, for the want of personal beauty.

Her tour in America was one of her greatest triumphs, or rather series of triumphs. Her first appearance in that tour was at New York, where a strange incident occurred. She stepped on the platform, and after a hearty welcome on the part of the audience, opened her lips to sing. Her song began with the words, "Seditious voices, voices of war." Scarcely had she uttered these words when a roar of artillery crashed through the building, to the dismay of the audience and the alarm of the vocalist. She faltered and stopped. At length it was explained to her that on this identical morning a new State, viz., California, was added to the Union, and the accession of the fresh member of the Confederacy was thus proclaimed by a salute of guns. The only place where she was not well received in America was at Havana, where, probably owing to the Spanish style of music being much in vogue, her own efforts seemed strange and unimpressive to the audience. She determined not to be conquered; and being, as it were, put upon her mettle, sang her very best, and ultimately roused the torpid and hostile audience into the wildest enthusiasm. This, she was accustomed to say, was one of the hardest feats in her life.

She married Mr. Otto Goldschmidt in 1852, and retired some years afterwards into private life, reserving her marvellous gifts to enchant and give pleasure to a select circle of friends. Since her death there has never been a singer to equal her, in the opinion of those whose life has been sufficiently long to enable them to form a fair judgment and comparison between her and other singers who have arisen after her.



UP THE STEEP HILLSIDE.

CHAPTER I.

LAST WORDS.

THE setting sun was throwing warm golden rays over a fair Devonshire valley, rich in green cornfields and yet greener meadows, and making great shadows from the stately elms, just decked out in their new summer bravery with all that lavish magnificence which distinguishes them from their poorer brethren in less rainy counties; shining too through the great beeches and chestnuts that shaded the west side of Langley House, making a strange lacquer-work all over the lawn, and over the slim black figure of Mary Pollard as she walked thereon. She was going towards a visitor just then coming in at the gate—a young man of square and muscular build, and a face to match, with an honest, good-natured expression; a certain sturdy independence gave him a dignity which made up for his lack of elegance. Jack Adams was not wanting in intelligence either, but it was of a different order from that which characterised Mary's pale features, and shone from her broad, thoughtful brow, and bright, eager-looking eyes. She—

refined and studious-looking; he—shrewd, practical, and commonplace. Could there be any common ground of feeling between these two?

No such doubt troubled him, apparently; he spoke to her freely and familiarly, and joined her in her walk round the lawn.

"I am come to say good-bye to you," he said. "I may not see you again before you leave. When do you go?"

"The day after to-morrow, if I can get everything settled," Mary answered. "I believe I am going to let the house furnished for a year, so I need be bothered with no sale just now."

"What do you mean to do for the year, then?" Jack enquired, a trifle anxiously.

"I have no plans," Mary said simply. "You know I am going to the Daveys, at Norwood, for a visit, but what will happen after that I have not the least idea. My guardians are so considerate as to wish me to choose for myself; and I shall not hurry myself to make a choice. I've all the world before me where to choose, so I must take time about it."

"You're a lucky girl, Mary," he said briefly, and added, "and I am an unlucky man. It's rather long odds—a man against the world."

"No more than many men have to battle with," Mary said, not choosing to enquire into the meaning of this enigmatical sentence at the risk of appearing unsympathetic.

Jack looked at her askance for a little light whereby to frame his next speech; but not finding any, he proceeded cautiously, "Do you think a man would have any chance in such a case, Mary?"

"It would depend on himself a good deal," said Mary, with mischief rising in her face, "and a good deal on circumstances, doubtless. But men who are persevering and determined generally carry the day, don't they?"

"I wish they did," said Jack fervently. "Mary, you know what I am talking about. You must have known that I could not let you go off to London without asking you if you could ever return my love—if you could ever think of me as a husband. I daresay I seem more like a brother to you than anything else, as I have known you so long; but I have loved you all the time, Mary, and sometimes I hoped that you loved me. I had been wanting to say this for a long time before your father died; but then he got ill before I had an opportunity, and afterwards I did not like to bother you about it. And now you are free to make a choice, as you say, and—Mary, can you give me a little hope?" he said, pleading with his voice and eyes; "just a little, and I am sure I will win you in spite of everything." No answer; so he went on, still more urgently, "You will see a lot of fellows a great deal cleverer and handsomer and all that, than I am, I've no doubt; but I'm quite sure nobody can love you half as well as I do, Mary. All these years I've loved you, and every year I loved you better; and I'm sure I could make you love me."

"Oh, Jack, I'm so sorry," Mary said at last in real grief; "I don't love you like that, though I have always liked you immensely. But I've no love for you, Jack; I'm afraid it's quite out of the question, though it seems horribly cruel to say so."

Jack's hopes immediately rose. Mary said it so gently and sorrowfully, that he felt confident of persuading her that she would soon love him—liking was such a little way from loving in his estimation.

Accordingly, he used every art of persuasion at his command to bring her over to his way of thinking—and failed. She was more gentle than he, but with a persistence equal to his, maintained that she never could love him, however much she liked and respected him.

Jack Adams's ideas of human nature were somewhat limited, and he couldn't for the life of him understand why a girl's liking shouldn't turn into love; the process seemed to him as easy and natural a growth as that of a turnip-seed into a turnip—given a good soil, sun, and moisture, one couldn't fail to grow a respectable turnip. He felt confident he could prove himself to be a generous and devoted lover—and what more could a girl want? But the only concession he could get out of Mary was, that he might write to her now and then, and that she would tell him when she engaged herself to another man. With that he was obliged to be content.

He would have gone away quite confident if he had known what a struggle Mary's victory had cost her. It is not in the nature of a girl to listen to a tale of love without a stirring of the heart-strings, especially if the man is in deadly earnest, and an old friend into the bargain. Two instincts were warring in Mary's bosom as she listened to Jack; one loudly calling for recognition, the other keeping up a persistent monotone, which finally triumphed. One made her long to take this love to her heart, to satisfy its vague aspirations towards a fuller life, to dispel the sense of void and isolation which oppressed it; the other sternly told her that she would find no rest here, no content, no sympathy for the higher part of her nature, which would henceforth have to walk alone amid peril and uncertainty, or probably be crushed and annihilated by superior opposing forces.

The latter triumphed, but Mary felt no sense of triumph as Jack Adams walked out of the gate and out of sight. A feeling of utter loneliness and isolation overpowered her, and she upbraided herself bitterly for estranging, perhaps, the only heart that had any affection for her. She had had so little affection hitherto in her young life, that the slightest token of it touched her deeply. Her childhood had been strangely solitary; it had never known a mother's love, never had brother or sister playmates—only a father, who had loved her very well in his way, a way which left her to herself and the housekeeper before she went to school, and, since school was over, to herself, and her books, and music.

To these she turned for consolation and employment in the absence of all human interest, and they opened up to her eager aspiring nature such a boundless vista of interest and activity, that she toiled at them patiently and unwearyingly for nearly two years, and bid to become an unhealthy recluse and bookworm, when she was suddenly interrupted by her father's illness and death.

Though there had been no close bond between them, it was the only human tie she had ever had, and the severing of it could not but shake her nature from its foundations. She felt absolutely alone in the world. Her only relative was a brother of her father's, who had lately settled in a small village on the north coast of Devon as rector thereof, and who seemed to her an utter stranger. Jack Adams she had known from her childhood; but now she had estranged him too, for no reason whatever, she told herself bitterly, as she still paced up and down the lawn. In fact, she could give no reason for what she had done. It was the first time the problem of life, shared with another, had been presented to her in an actual form, and, as usual, she had no solution ready worked. But instincts are a safe guide, *if* one has learnt to distinguish between the baser and the nobler; and after some thought Mary quite absolved her conduct to Jack that evening.

"It is no use," she said at last. "I should have been unhappy for life for the sake of a temporary happiness. He could never have satisfied me. He merely wants a goods-and-chattels wife, a sort of household fixture, both useful and necessary; a part of his property like his horses and dogs, all ministering to and depending on him, radiating round him, the centre and head. It never seems to occur to him that there is another existence beyond all this—a world of thought and feeling which we should be able to share together." Then her thoughts turned to the friends she was going to visit at Norwood the next day; but we will just see for ourselves what they are like.

(To be continued.)

SUN-DIALS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART I.

SUN-DIALS are associated in my mind with the sunny old terraced gardens of some ancient manor-house, gorgeous with flowers, which blossomed in wild profusion in the quaintly-formed plots enclosed in box borderings, and peeped through the successive balustrades, draped here and there with ivy, and beautified with gold, red, and silver-hued lichens. I think I can see the lizards peering out of the crevices and amongst the tufts of hart's-tongue fern, or darting along the top and down the central steps—for sport, and not for fear; for the quiet step of its fellow occupant of those sunny terraces would not alarm it; and it would stop on its happy way to listen if attracted by the gentle whistling of a tune. On one of these same terraces stood the old sombre-looking dial. How wondrously hot the grey pillar felt, baking under the cloudless sunshine of those genial old-time days, when I laid my ungloved hand upon it! I certainly had to shade my eyes to inspect its upturned face. We rarely see such summers nowadays. Afflicted with some kind of plague-spot, our cool and clouded suns smile on us in a dubious, fitful way, sad as the smiles of age, long dimmed with the glazing films of many years.

Not far from the mossy walls of the ancient manor garden stood the massive and venerable village church, a raised footway to which ran past the carriage gateway, and was paved with flat, irregular stones. I entered the old lich-gate, and there, in the midst of the moundy

churchyard, a sister dial, sunk in the long rank grass and hemlocks, met my eye. It was a standard, like its fellow—useless now, tilted on one side in the changing level of that silent city. High on the square church tower a trustier monitor still cast its solemn shadow with a grim persistency upon its cold stern face. How many, young and old, looked up to note the hour, whose very names have been worn away on the recording stones below! As the glowing colours, bright on shrub and tree, that gladden awhile the dying year, so the lichens, red or golden, touched up, as by an artist's hand, these sad memorials of the dead and gone.

The use of clocks and watches has long superseded that of these old dials; but amongst the latter we sometimes find those that still have a lesson to teach and a tale to tell, although not of the nature for which they were primarily designed. I refer to the quaint and pious mottoes inscribed upon them, in the religious faith of which they resemble those which belong, with appropriate charges, to our ancient family escutcheons. What remarkable lessons of Christian faith and of moral obligations they often read to the sceptical and degenerate successors of these noble and chivalrous knights of the olden times!

"He being dead, yet speaketh." It were well that, in the never-ending making of "many books" and writing of articles, this statement of the inspired writer of so many centuries ago were laid more deeply to heart. How much less that is frivolous, misleading, and profane would be left as a testimony against them!

On the subject in question it is more than probable that some of "our girls" know quite as much as I propose to tell them. Of course if they wish for an exhaustive treatise, they could procure certain works devoted to the subject; but the majority of those who read this magazine have neither money to purchase nor leisure to read them; and some of them, likewise, are written in French. Thus, for the sake of these latter amongst our readers, I have gathered together some historical notes, so as to give a sketch, as condensed as might be, of a subject hitherto quite new in these pages.

The science of dialing was undoubtedly known at a very remote period, and was, furthermore, handed down from the East. It is otherwise designated that of gnomonics; and the first of all astronomical instruments was a gnomon, or vertical pillar. The earliest example of which we have any historical mention is that of Ahaz, about B.C. 742 (2 Chron. xxii.), which is likewise named by the prince-martyr Isaiah in his prophecies. According to Homer, there was a sun-dial in the island of Syra on which the annual course of that luminary was indicated. Those of my readers who are acquainted with the Odyssey may remember the allusion; and Homer is believed to have been a contemporary of Hezekiah (see 2 Kings xx. and Isaiah xxxviii.) I will not interrupt the course of my history of this ancient appliance in reference to a mysterious event which has presented a great difficulty to many minds, but I shall add a note on the question of the phenomenon (recorded in reference to the shadow on the sun-dial of Ahaz) at the end of my second, and concluding, part of this article.

It seems probable that, although our first record of such dials was that concerning the Hebrew king, he derived the knowledge of them from the Chaldeans or Babylonians, as they appear to have been the first who had any scientific system for the computation of time. Of the use of dials we next read historical records at a period of some 200 years after the Biblical reference before-named. The earliest produced was due to their astronomer Berosus, about the year 540 B.C. It was a very simple one, though huge in size, consisting of a concave hemicycle (or hemisphere), and it was placed on the top of an observatory (for the Chaldeans were great star-gazers, and had early ascertained the principal circles of the sphere, the position of the poles, etc.); and from this observatory the hemicycle cast great shadows on the wall beneath it.

Doubtless the early Egyptians, with all their wonderful learning, discovered astronomical methods for recording the division of time; but no representation of a dial has been shown on their sculptures, so far as hitherto examined. At the same time it is reasonably supposed that the many obelisks erected in that country were employed for that purpose, and may be regarded as gnomons.

Of course if these pillars and obelisks served, in any measure, as dials for the correct measurement of time, it could only have been in a very limited degree—marking the time of sunrise and sunset only. At the present time the natives of Upper Egypt who do not possess watches have some knowledge of the principle of the dial, for, planting a palm-rod in an open space—a circle of stones being placed round it—the shadow of the palm falling on these stones successively notifies to these little-tutored peasants the several hours or divisions of the day.

I said that the very early Egyptians, dating back, according to Professors Rawlinson and Dawson, to no less than 2760 years B.C. (that is, about 700 years and upwards before Abraham migrated from Mesopotamia to Canaan), the Egyptians left no representations of such instruments for the measurement of time. But at a later period, Ptolemy, in his *Sintaxis*, discusses their manufacture by means of his "analemma," an instrument by which they were enabled to solve problems in astronomy.

It seems that the form of dial originated by Berosus was that of a semicircular excavation made in a square flat stone, the inclination given to which, when completed as a dial, was such as to suit the climate and situation in which it was employed. Such as these are the great examples to be seen in India, which were constructed after the Chaldean design.

Those amongst my readers who, from time to time, enjoy an enchanting hunting-ground in the British Museum, may remember to have seen the Græco-Egyptian dial which Mr. Scott Tucker discovered in Alexandria at the foot of Cleopatra's Needle in 1852. If not, I direct their attention to it; while, for those who are unable to pay a visit there, I will describe it. The form is that of a square stone, with a half-circle scooped out of it. It would seem as if the sculptor had commenced to hollow out a circular bowl, but left one half untouched, the solid stone making a straight division across the circle, cutting it sharply across, just as the bow-string cuts across the half-circle formed by the bow when it is fully drawn. This dial represents the form of that introduced into Greece by the above-named Chaldean astronomer Berosus.

I believe that Hindoo astronomy claims to have made observations at a far more remote period than any of the other nations of antiquity, dating, as it is said, to some 3000 years B.C. But whether any mementos still exist of appliances for the measurement of time I have not so far made investigations.

Herodotus declared that the Greeks derived the use of the pole and gnomon from the Babylonians, who date back to a period of 2300 years B.C., and the division of the day into twelve parts, the pole showing the hour. Being acquainted with the science of geometry, they understood the construction of sun-dials.

But others say that it was Berosus, who went to Athens in the time of Alexander the Great, who instructed the Greeks in the science of gnomonics. The question of what kind of dials of an inferior kind they possessed prior to the visit of the great Chaldean astronomer is one of minor importance.

In the Tower of the Winds at Athens there are eight vertical declining dials, and the tower itself is one of the most interesting of all the monuments existing as representing ancient gnomonics. The structure is octagonal; on the several sides the principal winds are respectively represented, and are surmounted by as many dials, turned severally to the four quarters (north, south, east, and west), and the remaining sides of the octagon to the intermediate quarters. Although said to have been erected by Cyrresthes (Andronicus), it is believed that they were of subsequent construction; possibly later than the time of Vitruvius, by whom it was described; perhaps of Pericles, or Hipparchus. Judging from the advance in scientific knowledge, so obviously demonstrated in their construction (so affirm the learned in these matters), even a still later period may be assigned to them. I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but I understand that these show much the same idea of the ancient gnomonics as that derived from the dial found at Delos, and described by Delambre. Four more dials are still extant at Athens, *i.e.*, those of Phœdras, one of very unusual shape and characteristics, the date of which is not known. It was discovered at Portici in 1755, and bears the form of a ham of bacon.

And now the allusion to Portici reminds me that I must lead you further west, and take a view of some of the ancient dials in Italy. Probably a greater number of the travelled amongst my readers are better acquainted with the antiquities of this historic land than of Greece; nevertheless, its ancient dials may not have been presented to their special notice. The most interesting shall be enumerated according to their several dates, which are as follow:—One found at Tivoli A.D. 1746, is believed to be that of Cicero, as he refers to a dial which he sent to his own house near Tusculum, and of which relic a memoir was published at Venice by P. Zuzzeri, a Jesuit. Two dials were discovered in 1751 at Castel-Nuovo, Naples, and Rignano; at Pompeii another was found in 1862. Of the whole number, the last named is believed to be the most ancient by G. H. Martine, the author of a dissertation on the dials of the ancients. He says, that it was originally constructed for the latitude of Memphis, and thus may possibly be Egyptian, and very likely have been manufactured in the school at Alexandria. Another, and which was the first erected in Rome, was imported by Papirius Cursor, who had taken it from the Samnites and set it up on the Temple of Quirinus, when time was divided into hours. In the year 261 B.C. another was introduced, and placed on a pillar in the Forum by Valerius Messala, having been taken by him from Catania, Sicily. The first of Roman origin was constructed by order of Marcius Philippus, A.D. 164; but this after all appears to have been of foreign workmanship, and due to a stranger rather than to a native Roman artist.

If you read any history of horology you will find that the first apparatus invented for the marking and due measurement of time, after that of the sun-dial, was that of the clepsydra, which measured the hours by the pouring of water from a graduated vessel. This water-clock was devised by Scipio Nunsica, and introduced into Rome in the year B.C. 158, or thereabouts. The apparatus underwent much improvement by the addition of an index and a wheel with teeth; and after this, a descending weight enabled the inventors to dispense

with the use of water to turn the wheel, and to this weight a regulator had to be added. But as I propose to speak of clocks and watches in a second part of my history of the primitive indicators of time, I must say no more at present of the devices of subsequent invention.

Men must have suffered extreme inconvenience in the Western world before dials were introduced from the East, and it is only wonderful that some satisfactory methods for marking the days and hours, and so being able to arrange for combined business transactions and social meetings and engagements, were not devised at a far earlier date. At Rome, the citizens were reduced to the poor expedient of noting the shining of the sun upon a duly selected spot—before the advent of sun-dials—and causing the event of its reaching the meridian to be notified by a watchman appointed for that purpose, who cried aloud for the benefit of all within hearing. But as there are dark and rainy days in Rome, as elsewhere, he must not unfrequently have had to make a rough guess to make up for the lack of the appointed indication. But even on sunny days allowance had to be made for the natural changes of aspect from one season to another.

Those persons who travelled in Holland and in Switzerland, some twenty or thirty years ago, may remember how a watchman used to go his nightly rounds with lantern and heavy staff, with which he pounded on the hard ground at every step. He seemed thus to beat time, in a rough sort of way, to his cry of the hours, as they successively passed, reported on the state of the weather, and chanted an old time-honoured ditty of a pious character, combining precept and prayer. I used to delight in hearing him stumping along the silent, quaint old streets, and rejoiced that he was keeping a watch against fire in the village of Hospenthal.

But Switzerland has her ancient dials, though not wherever needed; and, in any case, at night they could have served no purpose in the absence of clocks or criers.

From a work edited by Edmund Fillingham King (*Ten Thousand Wonderful Things*), I quote an example of the old watchmen's ditties. In lieu of a striking clock in the church tower or some public building, and perhaps as often to supplement one, they called the hours during the night. The one I quote was employed at Herrnhuth, Germany.

"Past *eight* o'clock! O, Herrnhuth, do thou ponder;
Eight souls in Noah's Ark were living yonder.

'Tis *nine* o'clock! Ye brethren, hear it striking;
Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Saviour's liking.

Now, brethren, hear! The clock is *ten*, and passing;
None rest but such as wait for Christ's embracing.

Eleven is past! Still, at this hour, eleven,
The Lord is calling us from earth to heaven.

Ye brethren, hear! The *midnight* clock is humming;
At midnight our great Bridegroom will be coming.

Past *one* o'clock! The day breaks out of darkness;
Great Morning Star, appear! and break our hardness.

'Tis *two!* On Jesus wait, this silent season,
Ye two, so near related—Will and Reason.

The clock is *three!* The Blessed Three doth merit
The best of praise from body, soul, and spirit.

'Tis *four* o'clock! When three make supplication,
The Lord will be the fourth on that occasion.

Five is the clock! Five virgins were discarded,
When five with wedding garments were rewarded.

The clock is *six!* and I go off my station;
Now, brethren, watch yourselves, for your salvation!"

Two lines only were sung out at each hour in every street, seven o'clock being, strangely enough, omitted; for in winter the darkness of night has closed in all over Germany, as in most parts of Europe, before that hour.

And now, before finding our way homewards, we must retrace our steps a little to Arabia, and then take ship to the far East—to China and Japan. Had I been able to give any information coming down to us from very remote times, I should have placed these countries in a more prominent position in reference to the subject of this interesting research. But such information as I can give is all summed up as follows.

What knowledge was possessed by the Arabians of either astronomy or gnomonics they appear to have derived from the Greeks, and they studied the "analemma" of Ptolemy. At about the beginning of the thirteenth century, one of the Arabian writers and scientists, Abul-Hassan, introduced the reckoning of time by equal hours, and likewise taught the tracing of them on dials. He invented, amongst others, a new description of dial, called "khaphir," or the hoof of a horse.

Any reader of this article who has visited the Celestial Empire, will remember to have seen dials placed on the walls of houses, and on the door of the palanquins. How long the Chinese have been acquainted with the science I do not imagine to be known. Their neighbours of Japan carry about small bronze ones, as we do our watches; but they do not appear on gnomon pillars, nor on their houses, although an exception may be found on a watchmaker's shop in Yokohama.

Some effort to mark the course of time has left its traces or its traditions over most of the world, if not so constructed as to mark the several hours of the day, nor of sunrise and its setting, at least to note the time of the equinox. We read that the aboriginal natives of Peru were able to determine the latter named periods by means of dial-pillars, on which they lavished much costly decoration, but of which they were deprived by their ignorant, fanatical, and ruthless conquerors the Spaniards, who took it for granted that they were idols, and destroyed them!

The peasant population in all parts of the globe have devised ingenious methods by which they may tell the hour, or at least regulate their seasons of rest and labour. For example, approaching nearer home, the natives of the Pyrenees employ a small boxwood cylinder, which on the removal of the top reveals a blade that turns on a pin, and thus acts the part of a gnomon. This instrument they adjust to the figures and letters engraved on the wood.

Travellers on the continent of Europe might easily make a collection of sketches of foreign and most interesting dials, the mottoes on which would be worth recording; but were I even more travelled than I am, and my collection a large one, I could not give many examples in the brief limits of two articles.

In the Canton of Uri, near Altdorf, at a village named Erstfelden, in the valley of the Reuss, you may see a dial on the wall of the church. Those who travel in Switzerland cannot fail to observe that scene-paintings on the walls both of churches and houses are very common; and these are representations of sacred figures and subjects, legends, armorial bearings, and historical events. In the case under present description the painting is somewhat remarkable. The dial seems to have heraldic supporters, for two skeletons, one on each side, hold it up. It is circular in form, and the gnomon proceeds out of the face of the sun, which surmounts it. The motto is inscribed above it, and beneath are the crossbones, and an inscription too much defaced to be deciphered, but the following is perfectly preserved:—"Wachet; denn ihr wisset nicht, um welche Stunde euer Herr kommen wird" (St. Matt. xxiv. 42).

At Aynho another good motto appears, *i.e.*, "Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light;" and the warning is an apt one, whether regarded as having reference to the waning of the daylight on the dial, or to the brief season of life and the light of life in the soul. "Yet a little while am I with you," said the Light of the World, "to guide your steps by My Gospel of Peace to that far-off land where your sun shall no more go down."

Had I sufficient space, I could give you a brief notice of certain interesting examples of sun-dials in France, Germany, Austria, the Tyrol, Switzerland, and Italy; but as I wish to describe a few in our own land, which is very rich in them, I will only mention one, bearing a very beautiful motto, before we make our way to our island home. I refer to a dial belonging to a suppressed monastery near Florence; and I must take chance for its having escaped the notice of a good many visitors, like myself, to that charming city and its lovely neighbourhood, for the motto on the wall of this old convent is worth recording, of which the translation runs thus—

"My life is in the sun; God is the life of man;
Man without Him is as I am without the sun."

Before laying all our own archæological treasures in this department of combined science and art before you, I should note the fact that they are of many different kinds. You must yourselves have observed certain of the varieties, as that some are horizontal, others vertical, vertical-declining (which do not face any of the cardinal points), the inclining, or oblique (making oblique angles with the horizon), an equinoctial dial (parallel to the equator), and a polar dial, or one traced on a plane, perpendicular to the meridian, and passing through the poles. There are also ring dials, and universal dials on a cross. Here I may observe that, besides the hours by which we reckon time, there are three other modes of computing it, *i.e.*, the Babylonian, Jewish, and Italian. The latter begins at sunset and runs on to sunset, thus counting twenty-four hours consecutively. The Babylonian hours, on the contrary, commenced at sunrise, and ran on to twenty-four; while the Jewish mode reckons from sunrise and counts to sunset, making twelve equal parts.

After giving descriptive sketches of dials in England, as I hope to do (merely a few representative examples), I propose to complete our researches into the ways and means of reckoning time by a reference to hour-glasses, water-clocks, and others, together with the earliest forms of watches. But these must all be referred to my second, and concluding, article.

(*To be continued.*)

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

Nessa.—The University of Oxford had its origin in the cloister schools of St. Frideswide and Osney. It was in the reign of Edward (or Eadward) the Confessor that it first became a place for study. In the 12th century, Robert Palein, a Frenchman, lectured on Divinity, Lombard Vicarius founded a school of Civil Law, and Giraldus Cambrensis propounded his *Topography*. It is not known at how early a date Cambridge became the residence of students, who lived at first in hired apartments; but about the middle of the 13th century they congregated in Hostels under a principal. In the fifteenth year of the reign of Henry III. (1231), the first charter was granted to them, recognising a Chancellor, Masters, etc., and permitting the appointment of taxors to regulate the rent of the students' lodgings. Trinity Hostel was the last, which existed before the institution of endowed colleges; and the first college, founded in 1257 and endowed in 1282, was Peterhouse. Trinity Hostel was in existence till 1540. Some important privileges were granted to the University by Edward III. in 1333.

Lottie.—If "not strong" you would not be taken as a nurse in any hospital. Good health is essential, amongst many other requirements. Your desire to nurse would not avail you.

ART.

G. C. C.—Unbleached brown Holland is the best material for covering the framework of a picture screen. Damp it, and while wet stretch it on the frame and tack it to the woodwork. When dry, size it with two coatings of ordinary glue-size, and then paste a lining paper over it. Size this also when dry before putting on the pictures. Then take a sheet of paper, of the size of the panel you mean to decorate, lay it on a table, and arrange all your pictures, as you wish them to remain, upon it, and taking the most important, attach them one by one in the same pattern on the screen, filling in the smaller spaces afterwards. You may find a few delicate pins useful in placing the pictures on the screen in their exact position before their permanent attachment.

Mayblossom.—You had better mix your own greens rather than buy the several shades and tints ready prepared. For poppy leaves, use French blue and Indian yellow for the deep tones, gamboge and cobalt for the light parts, French blue, emerald green, and white for medium shades, and Indian yellow, gamboge, and Prussian blue, variously compounded, for warm tones. White, yellow, or crimson flowers would look well upon a carboy.

J. E. Browett, Reynolds, M. S. W., and others.—Materials for employment in *cloisonné* work can be obtained in many places. Amongst others, they would be supplied at a large establishment in Westbourne Grove.

A. E. Turner.—You can obtain instruction in glass and mirror painting at the Artists' Guild, 1, Berkeley Gardens, Campden Hill. Were you to purchase a little book called *Hints on Painting with Various Mediums*, by Miss Turck (7, St. George's Square, Regent's Park), you might be able to dispense with a teacher.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bézique (S. Wales).—The temperature of the air and quality of the atmosphere have great influence over the transmission of sound. The greatest distance at which thunder can be heard (as you enquire), seems to average between fourteen and eighteen miles. At the Hague it has thundered heavily, and at Leyden, which is only twelve miles off, no sound of it has been heard; yet the noise of the artillery at Waterloo was heard as far off as Creil, which was 115 miles from the scene of action; so also when the English landed in Egypt, the firing was distinctly heard. Probably the most extraordinary distance at which the sound of cannon has been heard was 370 miles. This occurred in 1832 (Dec. 4th), when the artillery at Antwerp was heard in the Erzgebirge mountains.

Queenie A.—Needlework is badly paid. You might, however, obtain orders from friends. You had better leave a card notice of finishing fancy work in some local shop, or of instructing in the various stitches employed in embroidery; also your ability to re-make or repair articles of clothing.

Ignoramus.—"That you may be happy is my desire," is the translation of the Spanish phrase. "Sea" is the first and third person sing. pres. subj. of the verb "ser," to be, in Spanish.

Odd Fellow.—Yes, there is such a place as the so-called "Debatable Land." It lies between the Esk and the Sark, and was claimed both by England and Scotland. It was a refuge for vagabonds and thieves until purchased from James I. by Sir Richard Graham, who had it united to the county of Cumberland. The king did not care to which part of his united kingdom it was attached; and it formed naturally a part of England. The boundary line between the latter country and Scotland is formed—for a length of about 100 miles (from sea to sea) by the Tweed; for sixteen miles the Cheviot Hills; for twenty-five miles Kershope Water (a tributary of the Esk); and the Debatable Land and the Sark to the Solway Firth. The interesting remains of many old castles, massive and picturesque, mark the line of demarcation between the once antagonistic parts of the one island of Great Britain.

Twenty.—As the Scriptures declare that our Divine Creator "willeth not that any should perish," you may clearly see that, of whatever interpretation any texts (which appear written in a contrary sense) may be understood, it cannot be one contradictory to this oft-repeated declaration. For the word "that" we should understand rather the word "whereby," the prophecy concerning him (Judas) was fulfilled. Whatever that evil man's previous inclinations may have been, he suffered himself to be the slave of Satan. He had already given himself up to his influence, inasmuch as we are told "he was a thief"; and the love of money outweighed his every feeling of honour and love for Him whom he treacherously kissed as a friend, and greeted with the words, "Hail! Master," when he betrayed Him. That conscience, which he had downtrodden, rose up and rebuked him in spite of his cruel, wicked will, and that it showed him when too late the hideous atrocity of which he had been guilty, was no sign of true repentance, nor of being a good man, *au font*. The despair he manifested was only a part of the curse which justly fell on him, from Him who said, "It had been better for that man if he had never been born."

Harmony.—How can you expect to explain the deepest mysteries of religion to a child which you do not, and never could, understand yourself? Do not attempt such explanations. They are quite unnecessary. Tell him simply that "God was in Christ."

M. Gibson.—1. We are indeed glad to hear that our advice given to others, and also our magazine, have helped and encouraged you in your upward course. May it continue so to do, and may yours be "the path of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day."—2. We have no doubt but that, with a few exceptions, our transatlantic cousins imported our old English games to the new land, and superadded, perhaps, some of their new notions on some of them. Your handwriting is fairly good.

Nesta.—*Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid* is the name of a book by Piazzi Smyth.

Janet enquires what kind of coin a "bawbee" was, and the origin of the droll name. It was a halfpenny, dated 1514. The reason of its being so called was that it bore the effigy of the infant king, son of James IV. of Scotland, who was killed in the battle of Flodden Field, when the young heir-apparent was only a year old. "Bawbee" signified "baby."—2. The famous men of the Highland regiment called the Black Watch wore a dark if not a black tartan, and were originally employed for the purpose of watching the Highlands, and to ensure its safety from surprises of the enemy. They have always been reputed to be one of the best and finest of our British regiments, and have distinguished themselves in active service since they did so at the battle of Fontenoy, 1745.

Molly.—The Santals are a tribe of hill-men. Many of them are found among the people of Santal Perguunahs, a district of Bengal, bounded on the north and east by the Ganges. The capital is Naya Dunka. The greater part of the district is a jungle, and the resources are as yet quite undeveloped.

M. E. D.—It is not, as a rule, advisable to give presents to a married man. Far better give them to his wife or children.

Carmen Cita and Constantinople.—We are gratified by your kindly appreciative letter, and thank you for it.—The 8th of October, 1876, was a Sunday.

Western Flower.—Unless we could see the height of the desk and the stool in view of the length of your back, we could not tell you which would be the more trying to the latter—sitting or standing—for writing purposes. The pen with which you write your best hand the most freely is the pen to employ, equally for book-keeping and private correspondence.

Ada.—1. The story of the "willow pattern" is given in an early volume of this paper (vol. ii., p. 432).—2. We do not know the rhymes to which you refer. The story itself is not an instructive one for young people, as it is that of an undutiful daughter who eloped with a lover to a distant island, and when pursued by her father, to be beaten to death with her lover, was rescued by a fairy, and both lovers were transformed into a pair of doves or pigeons to elude him. It is a horrid story.

Mary.—Red hair is considerably coarser than any other, and that is why there appears so much of it. Blonde hair is the finest of all, black comes next in fineness, and then brown.

Mona.—In reply to your question as to the sun, it is neither solid nor fluid, but is a vast globe of glowing gas 865,000 miles in diameter. The surface is described as "a turbulent ocean of lambent flame; and great masses of fiery cloud roll about, while the 'granulations' drift at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour." The visible surface is "a sheet of self-luminous cloud." The spots that appear upon it are caused by an outburst of hydrogen gas, which tears open the solar atmosphere. The largest spot on record (1858) measured 143,000 miles across. These spots act in a most prejudicial way on the health of man and beast, and on all vegetation. We have quoted from Professor Parkes.

Suranoe.—*Semper fidelis* is the Latin for the motto "Always faithful." Probably it was placed under the arms of the gentleman to whom the tombstone memorial was set up, being his family motto. It is that of several, as, for instance, of the Broadmeads, Formbys, Houltons, Lynches, and Onslows. Your letter is most gratifying, and we thank you for the expression of such unqualified approval of our paper. We thank you with our best wishes.

In Doubt.—Your difficulty in regard to our Divine Lord's statement (St. Matt. xxiv. 34) is without foundation in either way in which it may be regarded. The Jews were called by Him a "stiff-necked generation," the term being employed to signify the nation. Have the Jews been exterminated, though subjected, for nearly nineteen centuries, to the most cruel persecutions, even to the death of thousands? Are they not still going through the dreadful calamities predicted for them? The God-Man, "by whom all things were made," the all-knowing omniscient One, made no statement that was not absolutely correct. Because the "children" of Israel were so styled, could you suppose that the term "children" had reference to their tender years? Had the word but that one signification? But take another point of view. That discourse of our Lord's dealt with two great events, one having exclusive reference to the Jews and the destruction of Jerusalem, the other to the Second Advent. In applying the words to the former event you may interpret the word "generation" in the ordinary sense, and still maintain the truth of the statement, for many of His hearers lived to witness that catastrophy.

Irish Girl.—Perhaps your general health needs strengthening, or the roots of the hair itself need more nourishment. Consult your doctor if not strong. Of course we cannot tell whether you have any specialist in the treatment of the hair amongst the hairdressers in your neighbourhood. "Medicus," one of our contributors, has written articles in this magazine on the care of the hair. You had better study these. See "Practical Hints," vol. vi., pp. 6, 31.

Hygeia.—1. The 4th of October, 1838, was a Thursday.—2. We are not surprised to hear that "old-world" girls have long been acquainted with "Out-door Games from over the Sea."

VOL. XIII.—No. 650.] JUNE 11, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FIVE GIRLS AND A CAMERA.

YES; there are just five of us—Clara, tall and stately; Jennie, bright and active; Olive, dark and dignified; Kitty—that's me—so I can't say much about myself; and, last of all, Bab, our youngest. "Bab" is short for baby, though "our baby" is now a well-grown girl of seventeen, and the sharpest and cleverest of any of us. We live in the Isle of Wight, in a dear old-fashioned house, covered over with roses and ivy. It has a wide staircase, and the walls, as you go up, are covered with curious old engravings. I think they must have given us a taste for the picturesque, as we are always imagining fancy scenes, and figuring in them ourselves. Three of us paint, and the other two make models of our pigs, our poultry, our donkeys, and our doves.

Last Christmas our uncle sent us a present, but we were not to know what it was till we saw it. It might be a tricycle, or it might be a tambourine, for all we knew. At last, one cold, snowy morning, the carrier from Newport stopped at the door, and dragged in a large box addressed to us—to the five Miss Huntingdons. It had come by train, and only fancy! it had been four days at the station, while we were dying to know what this mysterious present could be! And what was it?

We all tried to guess as we undid the cords that fastened it. Olive guessed a punch-and-judy show, Clara a barrel-organ, Jennie a type-writer; Bab was the only one that guessed right, and she said it was a camera. And so it turned out to be—a very good camera, with all the necessary chemicals and appliances. From that day we began to photograph, and I was the principal operator. At first our attempts were wretched; our sitters had either two noses, or no nose at all; they grinned ghastly smiles; and our dogs had generally two or three tails, for they would wag them just at the wrong time. However, with practice, we improved, and soon had no scarcity of subjects. All our acquaintances wanted to be taken, though they generally grumbled that they did not come out well. And sometimes we got out of heart when we saw the stiff, stony faces of our sitters reproduced by the relentless sun. They looked thoroughly uncomfortable; there seemed to be no life about them.

"I tell you what it is, girls," said I one day; "we really must make pictures and dress up. I'm tired of taking people in cold blood. Let's have scenes, just as they have in tableaux."

"The very thing!" cried Bab. "It would be capital. We've lots of old dresses that we used to have for charades."

"We've plenty of Normandy caps and handkerchiefs," said Jennie, "that we had for the bazaar last summer; they would come in well."

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"SELLING BASKETS AND BROOMS."

"And anything that we want we can easily run up in the sewing-machine," suggested Olive.

"And we can get the L'Estrange girls to help us," said Clara, "if we want any other figures."

"Let's begin at once!" cried Bab, clapping her hands; "I am full of ideas. We can have woodland scenes, gipsy encampments, and all sorts of things." She has a taste for posing, the little witch, and she knows it; it comes quite naturally to her; she can tell by instinct how to look surprised or terrified; and the others take the cue from her.

All that afternoon (it happened to be a wet one, so we could do nothing with the camera), we spent overhauling our stores of costumes and making preparations. We arranged that our first scene should be at the lodge—we have a very pretty rustic lodge—and that we would call it, "Selling baskets and brooms." Our aunt, who lives with us, has a great fancy for collecting baskets, so we have a large variety of them, in all shapes and sizes.

We had great fun next day settling our positions and arranging our baskets and brooms to the best advantage.

Here we are (Fig. 1). Clara is standing at the door of the lodge in her apron—she is mistress *pro tem.*, and Jennie is the basket-woman, kneeling on the ground to show her wares; Olive, standing up, is to look like her daughter; and Bab, just behind, with a handkerchief tied round her head, has another load of baskets.

I was the operator, so I don't count, but I enjoyed it as much as any of them. Just as I had the attitudes all beautifully settled, old Amos White, the owner of the lodge, who works in our garden, peeped at us from behind, and quite shook with laughter. There he went on: He! he! he! Ha! ha! ha! as if he couldn't stop.

"What are you doing, Amos?" I cried; "you'll spoil everything. Be quiet, can't you!"

"I'm *forced* to laugh, miss," was all he could say. The idea of ladies wanting to pose as basket-women and lodge-keepers was too much for his gravity—and we certainly did look rather funny. But that was what we wished to do. I succeeded in getting a tolerably good negative, and, encouraged by success, we proceeded to still more ambitious attempts.

In our second scene, "Carrying water up hill," only Clara and Olive take part. We had immense trouble with the pitchers. At last, a travelling hawker brought round two earthenware pitchers, that seemed the very thing. They look almost classical; and mother's striped satin skirt makes quite a picturesque costume for Clara, along with a discarded muslin jacket which had lain by for years. (See next page.)

I love out-of-door scenes. They seem so much freer than when one is poked up in a drawing-room, with tables and chairs and sofas. We are only half an hour's walk from Carisbrooke Castle, and one day our father said, "Girls, why don't you take your camera and do some photos of the old castle?"

"Oh, it has been done so often before."

"Well, but you can avoid taking it in a hackneyed way. There is the old Roman window which was bricked up for centuries—it has been opened lately. Why don't you take that? I don't think it has been done often."

No sooner was this suggestion thrown out than we proceeded to act upon it. We loaded the donkey, and set off. Everyone knows Carisbrooke Castle, I suppose, so I need not attempt to describe it. Of course we know every inch of it—the moat, the battlements, the keep, the bowling-green, and the draw-well. But the lately-opened window was quite a treasure-trove. We dressed up Olive as a Puritan maiden, in a muslin pelerine of our grandmother's, with a long muslin apron to match, and a red hood about her head. I think she looks very well standing on the step of the window—(Fig. 3). She looks rather thoughtful and sad, as I think every girl must look when she thinks of the gloomy days that poor imprisoned King Charles I. must have spent in that old castle, chafing to get away, and to see his subjects and children again. As he looked out, he could see, spread out like a map before him, the pretty village of Carisbrooke, with its old grey church, and the town of Newport, with Cowes and Osborne, and the blue Solent stretching beyond. But there he was, in prison pent, and could not get out. And poor Princess Elizabeth, too, after her father was beheaded—she died at Carisbrooke, in her sixteenth year. We have often seen the monument put up to her by our good Queen in Newport Church. She is lying—a white marble figure—with her cheek resting on her Bible—the Bible her father gave her during their last interview. We have many more photographs, both of Carisbrooke and of ourselves in a variety of groups and attitudes; but there is not room for more. Perhaps our kind Editor will give us a nook some other time. I think there is no pleasure so great as photographing, especially when one makes up fancy scenes. It becomes then more interesting and amusing, and the trouble of posing and re-posing is well repaid. We always make great fun out of our groups, and very often, like old Amos White at the lodge, we are "forced to laugh."

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. WILKINS had told Susan Meade the simple truth about what she called the "shirt trade," but neither the picture presented nor the advice given deterred her from carrying out her plan.

She resolved to buy a suitable machine and to seek work at the warehouse whence her next-door neighbours obtained theirs. It was too late to make her purchase that evening, but on the following morning she went to town, made her choice, and paid down the money.

The machine was to be adjusted and sent to Morton Place that same afternoon. Previous to applying for work, she determined to make up some materials she had in hand, so as to get into practice before beginning on what belonged to others.

"I've not touched a machine for years," she said to herself, "and must get my hand well in. It is well for me that I can afford to work or wait, as the slack time is coming on. I had forgotten that, until I had paid the money down."

Having nothing to call her homeward until the time came for her to receive her purchase, Susan decided to spend a little while amongst brighter surroundings than Morton Place could boast of.

A precious gift had lately been bestowed on the dwellers in dingy Millcaster. A large house, with twenty acres of ground about it, had been purchased and made over to the town. Many noble trees already adorned the grounds, and all that skill and money could effect had been done to turn the place into a delightful resort for young and old.

The mansion was used as a receptacle for works of art, and its permanent contents were supplemented by loans of pictures and objects of interest.

During the summer months the place had proved a delightful resort. Weary wayfarers turned off the hot road—for this park lay close to a great main thoroughfare—and rested on seats beneath the older trees, whilst those more recently planted gave present adornment and promise of future usefulness.

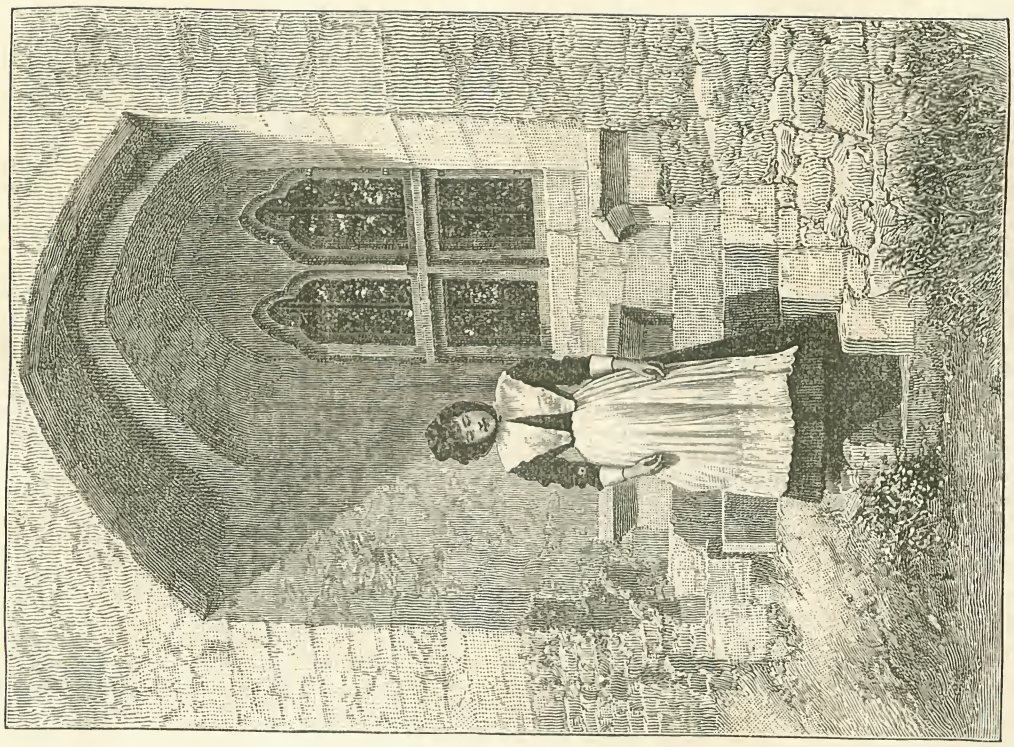
There was a large building which secured a pleasant shelter in case of rain, and beneath its roof the youngsters might play also within reasonable limits. There was a space covered with softest greensward, the use of which was limited to little nurses and their baby charges, and a wider playground for the elder children.

Well-dressed ladies sat and worked or read in the open air, enjoying the while a sight of the small people whose perfect bliss was a sight to stir the sympathy of the coldest and least motherly-hearted amongst them.

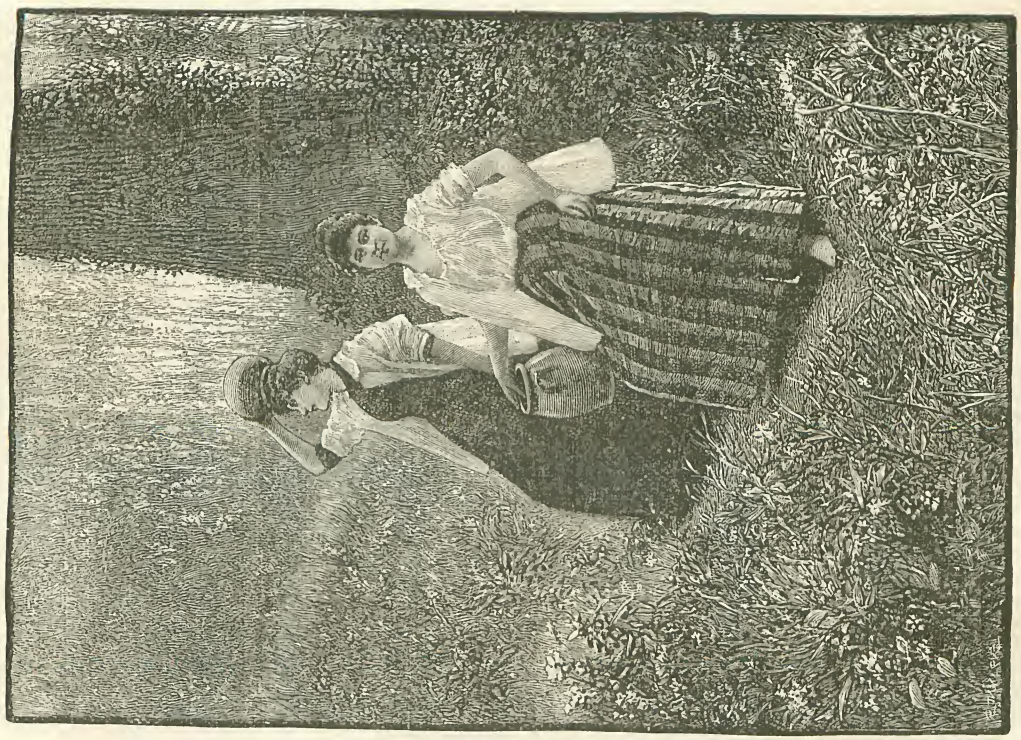
Summer was over now, but the sun was shining overhead; and though the leaves lay on the paths, and there had been a "snap of frost" that morning, the New Park was well peopled.

When Mr. Cutclose praised the many attractions of Morton Place as a home for Susan Meade, he did not forget to tell her that a good walker could do the distance between No. 11 and New Park in a quarter of an hour. Thither she now directed her steps, and having reached the park, she sat down in a place whence she could command a view of the children's playground.

There were many groups of youngsters



"THE PURITAN MAIDEN."



"CARRYING WATER."

whose doings attracted her attention. Some worn, weary, and sickly-looking, to whom it was happiness enough just to be at peace and to feel the sunshine. Others were playing, many in such an awkward fashion as to suggest that their games had hitherto been confined within such narrow limits that the space at their disposal was quite bewildering.

After a little while she saw a man going towards the playground, followed by a group of children. There was no lack of spirit in the games which followed. The leader was the life and soul of everything. He produced balls, and seemed to know every way in which these could amuse children. He had marbles for the lads; he set a kite flying when its small owners were giving up the attempt in despair. He had simple, wholesome sweets, and coaxed shy little outsiders by the gift of one or two to join his merry party. In one way or other he set all the youngsters in motion, and then sat down to enjoy the sight of their pleasure, always keeping in view and ready to settle any disputes or to start a fresh game, if there were signs of flagging amongst the players.

The man placed himself on the seat already partly occupied by Susan Meade, and, having wiped his moist brow, he turned towards her and remarked, "Good exercise for warming anybody on a cold day, isn't it, now?"

Susan recognised the voice at once. It was that of Matthew Millington, or "Uncle Mat." She had been too much absorbed in watching the children to notice more than the mere fact of the man's presence, and now the memory of that meeting in the tramcar confused her not a little. She, however, replied in the affirmative, and added that it was pleasant to see the little ones enjoying their game.

"It is so, poor things. This park is a heaven on earth to them now they know about it. There were hundreds and hundreds that were within easy reach of it, whose mothers would never think of bringing them here. They would let them go on playing with the very mud in the Entries, or quarrelling in imitation of those who ought to teach them better, doing anything or nothing, rather than take a bit of trouble to gladden their little hearts with a romp on the grass. Children do love the grass—town children, I mean. I saw a little dumpling of a fellow who had crept under some railings and trespassed, in order to steal some sooty dandelions. He was paddling further into the enclosure, when the guardian of it warned him to come out—very gently, for he was a father of little ones himself. 'Go, play in Hatton Green,' said he. 'It's nicer than this place for little boys.' ''Tisn't a field,' sobbed the mite, clutching his dandelions tighter. 'But you can't stop here, my man. Go to the Green like a good little chap—as you are.' ''Tisn't a field,' sobbed the child again, and he went on his way feeling aggrieved that he might not wander at will over the rank, dingy grass that was a field in his eyes. Hatton Green had pretty flower beds and nice walks and green plots on which even a little foot like his must not be planted. He'd have none of it. He wanted a field."

"I can understand," replied Susan.

"Aye, and so can I. I've spent what time I could spare, ever since this park was opened, in hunting up children from courts and alleys, and teaching them the way to it. Some of these are new-comers to-day. You see their garments are things of shreds and patches—or holes without patches, as the case may be. But plenty of them will learn to want and to work for better things through seeing the children who are so differently clothed and cared for in this place. They need to be taught to want by the sight of those who have what they are strangers to. They could not learn in the slums, you know. One thing I insist on, though, if I bring them here—they must wash their hands and faces."

Susan could not restrain a smile, which broadened into a laugh as she heard this. Evidently Uncle Mat had not recognised her. He was thinking too much of his little friends from the slums to notice her closely, and out of the fullness of his heart he had spoken thus far.

"You like clean hands and faces, as I have reason to remember," she said at last, as she turned her own face fully towards Uncle Mat.

"Why, it can't be, surely! You are not—but you are like, only you are so altered," he stammered out, surprise having robbed him of his fluency.

"Yes; it can be, and is. I am the young woman you spoke to in a tramcar some while ago."

"I couldn't have believed it. I have thought of that time often enough since, and felt ashamed of myself. I took a great liberty; and I'm afraid I often forget my manners, for I'm one of the rough-and-ready sort; but I meant well, and I'm not ashamed to say, 'Forgive me, and think no more of it.'"

"I have reason to thank and bless you for your words," replied Susan warmly. "As to forgiving, you mustn't speak of such a thing; and as to forgetting, I hope I never shall forget that talk and what followed it."

Uncle Mat's homely face shone with a beautiful light as Susan spoke; and though she heard no words of thanksgiving, he was thanking God from his heart that good had resulted from his plain speaking.

"Miss," he said, "I'm very glad." He had glanced at Susan's shapely hand lying uncovered on her lap, and noticed that there was no wedding ring upon it.

"My name is Susan," she remarked. "I think it suits me best as a working woman without the 'Miss.'"

"All right. I'll remember. Hallo! There's one of my friends in trouble," he exclaimed, as a cry came from a group of children. "I must see to him."

There was no great harm done. A youngster—a size too small for the rest of the players—had been hustled about a little, but was more frightened than hurt. His tears were soon dried; and in order to set his elder brother and guardian at liberty, Uncle Mat took charge of the child, and brought him back to the seat in his arms. The little man was abundantly content to remain in such keeping. He nestled within the encircling arm, rested his flaxen head on Uncle Mat's waistcoat, and fell asleep.

"Now, Miss—Susan, I mean—you'll excuse my going back for a minute to that time when I saw you in the car. It was plain to me you'd got into a wrong rut somehow. The path of life is a wide one, and we're apt to get off the track that suits us best, and on which we can best use such gifts as God has bestowed on us. I said to myself, 'That young woman is off hers. She has not been used to go about like that.'"

Susan's face flushed as she recalled the picture her glass had presented, and the revulsion of feeling the sight caused her. For an instant she did not reply, but the pause was not owing to want of inclination to answer.

"There now," said Uncle Mat, "I doubt I've put my foot in it again, and without meaning it. I'd no business to meddle with bygones."

"I'm not vexed. Don't think it for a minute; but your words brought things to mind that I wanted to turn my back on."

"That's right! Forgetting the things that are behind. A grand thing to do when the past will help to drag one backward or downward," said the man. "Dear me, I'm always saying something I wish I hadn't!"

"You've no need to be sorry. You did me nothing but good by your plain speaking that first time. I think you must be very happy, because you seem to live for other people. I'm a lonely woman now, and I'm wanting very much to do some good in the world according to the chance I have, which isn't great. But there must be some way even for such as I am to use a part of one's time, and health, and strength for those that want them."

The words, "Such as I am," humbly spoken, struck rather a doubting chord in Uncle Mat's mind, and set him wondering about Susan Meade's mode of life at the time of their first meeting. He thought of her defiant, reckless manner; her speech, which was suggestive of rude associates; her appearance, that told only of unwomanly habits and want of self-respect. She was wondrously changed, and for the better; but what had her life been? His reply came slowly. "Of course there must be work for every willing mind and hand. And if you really want it, you've only to keep your eyes open, as I try to do."

Perhaps she guessed that Uncle Mat was not quite sure about her, for she said, "I should like to tell you a bit respecting myself, if you care to listen. It seems strange to speak to a man, and a stranger; but remembering that other time, and seeing you amongst these children, makes me feel I shall not do wrong. A man who cares for 'these little ones,' after your fashion, must have his heart in the right place."

"You may trust me," said Uncle Mat.

"I'm sure you must have wondered at seeing a young woman like me as—as—I was *that* day, you know."

"I did. I did not believe such ways were natural to you."

"'DON'T THINK WORSE OF ME THAN I DESERVE,' SAID SUSAN."

"They weren't. I was brought up in a pretty country home, and as a girl I worked at millinery and dressmaking just for country folks, and was reckoned a good hand at my business. I had plenty to do, and I even had some work from the ladies at the great house. They had known me from a baby, and as a child I was a pet amongst them. My parents were cottage farmers, well respected by everybody. We were not to call poor by any means. I was the only child left out of five, and my father and mother just worshipped me. Beside, I was made much of by people in a far higher station than my own. My father died, but mother and I stayed on in the old home, and might have been happy there now only I did not know when I was well off, and—and—I left home unknown to mother."

There was a pause, broken only by a sound, half sigh, half sob; for Susan Meade could not speak of the act which had severed her from all the blessed associations of her early days without intense suffering, though she was little given to showing her deeper feelings to others.

Uncle Mat's face showed sorrow, sympathy, and, at the same time, had a hopeful gleam shining through all. This young woman's was a case for someone to interfere in—not in a meddlesome way. That was not Mat's way of working; but he lived for others, and lost no chance of rendering a helping hand. Surely it would be possible for him to do something for Susan.

"Won't you go back?" he asked. "Don't say it's too late. Ask every mother you know, who deserves to be called mother, what you should do. They'll all tell you that yours has been waiting, watching, hoping for her child's return. I dare say she has kept a light in the window when the nights were dark, and the door on the latch to the last minute before bedtime, so that Susan would have no need to knock. That knocking and waiting would send anybody back, you see, if conscience said they didn't deserve a welcome. But I'll be bound a touch on the latch would have been enough to throw the door open for you."

"I could never go back," said Susan.

"Why not? I tell you it's never too late for a penitent child to go to a Heavenly Father's footstool, or to the heart and arms of a loving earthly mother."

"You mean well. Don't think pride has anything to do with my saying I cannot go back. There are some mistakes that cannot be put right, and sins that are repented of too late for earthly parents to forgive. Mine was of that sort."

"Don't say it, now," pleaded Uncle Mat once more. "There must be a way. Can I help you to look for it?"

"Thank you a hundred times, but nobody can help me. My mother died a few days after I left her. Nobody told me what killed her, but I know—I know. It was the child she would have died to serve and save."

"I'm sorry for you, very sorry," said Uncle Mat, and that was all, for at the moment words suggestive of comfort would not come.

"Don't think worse of me than I deserve," said Susan, looking straight at her listener and raising her head from the drooping position into which it had fallen. "Mind you, my sin was in deceiving and leaving mother—killing her, you may say, and truly. But through nearly five years that have come and gone since then, I have done nothing, lived in no way that would not bear daylight on it. I've never eaten bread that was not honestly and rightly come by. I have earned it by work of a coarse, unpleasant sort, but I did that of choice, not of need. I don't know what stirs me to speak to you in this way, but seeing I have told you so much, I'll make a clean breast of it so far."

"I don't pretend to much, Susan, but you may trust me," said Uncle Mat. "I've heard many a queer tale in the slums and out of them, but I never broke faith with the poorest or the worst that thought it would bring a bit of comfort just to tell their tale to Mat Millington. Sometimes it has been one of sin, at

others of sorrow, or again of both together; but anyway, it has been held sacred, as yours will be, every word."

"I believe you; and the sight of you with these children has made me feel that I may trust you. It is a comfort to speak after years of silence, though I have got used to loneliness now. You must know that I had no need to do dirty, unpleasant work, or to mix myself up with rag sorters, who were most of them very different from any people I had ever associated with before. I did it just to punish myself, and I wore clothes that were not fit to be seen, and neglected myself in every way, so as to look ugly in other people's eyes. You remember what I looked like in the tram-car that day."

"Yes. Go on."

"I had not seen my face in a glass for years. I knew I was a wretched, sluttish creature to look upon. The miserable clothes, the straggling hair, the unwashed face and hands, the work I was doing, the people I was mixed up with, were all parts of a whole. You may say, if you like, that I was sitting in sackcloth and ashes."

"You got no comfort or help out of that sort of thing, I'll be bound," said Uncle Mat. "Who ever did?"

"You are right. I had money, honestly got and mine entirely, which I never touched. I have nearly all of it yet. But I chose to live on the poor wages I earned, in a wretched court, alone, unknown, making no neighbours, and shutting myself out from everything except a word with the children now and then. I did it for years, when cleanliness, comfort, good food, and a decent home were within my grasp. I chose the sackcloth and ashes. It was your homely words, your present, that set me thinking after I got home, though I was angry at first, and the memory of other words, spoken by our old parson years before, that showed me my folly. I gave up sackcloth and ashes. I put on decent clothing, and changed my home to another, poor enough, but clean and comfortable—and I made up my mind to try to do something for other people, instead of brooding over what could not be mended. Is not that better than sackcloth and ashes?"

"Better, but not the best thing yet by a long way."

The child on Uncle Mat's knee awoke at the moment, and there were indications that his own presence amongst the children on the playground might be desirable.

"I must go now," he said. "Some of my young friends can take care of themselves; others must be collected and guided homeward. I shall be due elsewhere in half an hour. We have not had our talk out, but if Saturday afternoon is fine, I shall bring another batch of my friends and introduce them to the park. Think, in the meanwhile, if I can help you in any way, and don't be afraid of telling me."

He did not ask Susan where she lived, for under a homely exterior he hid true delicacy of feeling.

Susan thanked him and said, "I must go home, for I have been buying a sewing-machine, and it is to be sent in soon."

Uncle Mat nodded and turned away to the children, thinking to himself, "She has told me a little, but there is more behind, no doubt. I'll bide my time, and when she wants help I'll give it if I can. She must have money, or she'd hire, not buy. And she knows very little about machining to think of starting at this time of the year."

(*To be continued.*)

CHARCOAL DRAWING.

THIS is a French art, probably familiar to those English girls who have been educated in France, but not generally known or practised in England. Indeed, to see it to perfection you must go to Paris, either to the Salon, or to an exhibition of the works of Allongé, Lalanne, Karl Robert, and Appian, who are the best masters of "Le Fusaing," as the French call it. Their drawings are on a much larger scale than is usually attempted by amateurs; but to see them is to be convinced at once of the all but magical power lying dormant in a stick of charcoal. Few probably of those who have never employed charcoal except to sketch in their first designs on canvas or paper, are aware of the artistic work, the varied and beautiful effects, the manifold tints, which can be produced with charcoal by those who know how to use it. After painting, it is at once the most effective and the most artistic kind of drawing, for neither chalk, crayon, nor pencil can give such exquisite gradations of greys, such varieties of blacks, such brilliant lights as can be produced with a piece of charcoal on a sheet of white drawing-paper. It has the power—and in this consists its chief virtue—of giving the exact value of the different tones on which the harmony of a picture depends, and without which a drawing is valueless from an artist's point of view, in a way that nothing else, except, of course, colour, can give it. It is well to bear this in mind, for in one of his books on the subject, M. Allongé has devoted an entire chapter to tones, or *valeurs*, as he expresses it; and it is impossible either to appreciate or practise the art unless we bear in mind that one of its great uses is, to express the respective value of the various tones of the picture. And the quickness with which it can be applied renders it easy to seize a passing effect of light and shade before it has vanished. Needless to say, whoever attempts charcoal-drawing from nature—and in this, as in everything else, "a bad original is better than a good copy"—must possess a true artist's eye, and be able to seize at once the brightest light in his picture, and bring all the rest of the drawing into harmony with it, making the high light the centre of attraction, to which all else must be subordinate. For clouds and misty atmospheric effects charcoal is incomparable, for it is so plastic that the smoothest, softest tones of every variety and gradation can be laid on with it, and made to melt into each other, as clouds and mist, and mountains and sky, melt away in nature.

But it is not all softness—that would be weakness: and the strength of charcoal consists in its equal capacity for vigorous, severe, black strokes, for stern, dark shadows, for sharp, firm touches as for soft, tender tints. In this it resembles those men whose great, powerful, strong natures are at the same time equally capable of sternness and tenderness, who combine all that is admirable in man with all that is soft and lovable in woman; *raræ aves*, perhaps, but they do exist. As in a school a wise schoolmaster will deal differently with different boys, so in drawing, different objects require different treatment;—trees, buildings, clouds, mountains, rocks, water, sea, and sky cannot all be represented with similar strokes; they each require separate execution; and charcoal, by its suppleness as well as by its firmness, is capable of almost an endless variety of touches.

It is more particularly adapted to landscapes, though it is often effectively used for heads and figures. But it is of its application to landscape-drawing we are more particularly treating here, though the mode of using it is precisely the same in all cases. And, first of all, let us say there is no royal road to charcoal-drawing any more than to anything else: nothing of any value can be produced in this world without labour: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," applies alike to art and literature, and science and agriculture; it is a law of nature from which there is no appeal. And so the first thing a would-be artist in charcoal must learn, if he does not already know it, is to draw: let him once know how to draw correctly and all the rest will be comparatively easy. But, unfortunately, one of the last things most young ladies who copy Christmas cards on to china plates, and call that painting, think it necessary to learn is drawing; they appear to labour under the sweet delusion that drawing comes by nature, like our wisdom-teeth, only without the pain. It does not do anything of the kind: it must be learnt, painfully perhaps, thoroughly and conscientiously certainly. But to all who can draw we would whisper a word of comfort which they must not reveal to those who are too lazy to learn, namely, charcoal-drawing is very easy. Perhaps there is no other art in which you can with so little trouble and labour produce such effective results in so little time—for it is very quick work also. In this way it is valuable to those lovers of nature *who can draw*—for we have nothing to do just now with those who cannot; who from the pressure of household cares or other duties have but little leisure for drawing. They will find a very few hours will suffice to produce a large and finished charcoal-drawing. And in sketching from nature too its quickness gives it a very great advantage, though unless you carry your work home very carefully you must set it in the open air. But to this business of setting we will return presently—it is the last but not the least important part of it.

But before we proceed to explain the process, it may be well to enumerate the necessary articles required, all of which can be

easily obtained, though those who like the best tools possible for their work had better apply to Georges Meusnier, 27, Rue-Neuve-Saint-Augustin, Paris, for the materials recommended by M. Allongé. He has a paper prepared on purpose for charcoal-drawing, called "Papier-Allongé," at two francs a roll of ten sheets; but a good grained drawing-paper will do almost equally well; it must be thin to take the fixing, and with rather a rough surface to take the tint. Ordinary charcoal will answer the purpose, but as it is important to have the best that can be procured—for a greasy stick will spoil the drawing—we recommend sending direct to Meusnier's for his "Fusain des artistes," which is a franc and a half the box. A knife for taking out the lights and sharpening the charcoal is indispensable; and add to this a piece of bread, and you have all that is absolutely necessary, though Meusnier sells also stumps of elder-pith (*moëlle du sureau*), for softening some parts when the fingers cannot be used. But an ordinary leather stump will do; and, after all, fingers are the best stumps.

We have forgotten one thing—the fixing, which must on no account be forgotten, for without it a strong flip of your handkerchief would destroy your drawing, and a rub obliterate it entirely. The best fixing is, in the writer's opinion, undoubtedly "Fixatif Meusnier," to be had from Meusnier in bottles of various sizes from half a franc to four francs. A very good substitute can be made with a mixture of turpentine and white varnish—two-thirds turpentine and one-third white varnish. Another good fixture is shellac dissolved in spirits of wine.

The paper should be stretched on a drawing board in preference to using a stretching block, as the former is more supple, and, for beginners, easier to avoid hardness and dryness, according to M. Allongé, who is the best authority on the subject. Having first sketched your subject in, and being sure that your outline is correct, go over it in chalk, making the darkest lines firmly; indeed, the whole outline must be firmly marked, or in the after process it will be lost, and you will have part of your work to do over again. At the same time be very careful to have no chalk lines in the lightest parts of your picture; for remember, the brightest lights are to be represented by the white paper itself. The outline finished, you proceed to cover the whole surface of the paper with charcoal, applied horizontally in straight lines from left to right of the paper, laying the charcoal flat on the paper, not holding it as you would a pen or pencil. Do not be afraid of the results, but boldly black your whole paper over, lightly where the light parts of your picture are to come, more heavily where the shadows fall. Then, either with a cloth, or merely the palm of your hand—the latter is better—rub the whole tint well in. In working in circles from left to right, if your outline has been firmly put in, it will still be visible in this first tint. Now work up your sky, taking out the lightest parts with bread, and rubbing in the clouds with more charcoal if necessary, in the same way as you laid on your first tint, only of course only covering the part you want to darken. You may require to repeat this process several times, but the quicker your sky is put in the better.

You have of course fixed your high light, and if you have accidentally covered it with charcoal, take it out with the knife at once, and then soften down the lighter parts of your picture if necessary with bread. Having established your lights, the next thing is to get in your deepest shadows, so find out what are the blackest parts of your subject, and then with a pointed piece of charcoal strike them boldly in; for they will be far more effective done in this way than by reiterated strokes, though they may have to be gone over more than once perhaps. Still, if struck in sharply at first, they will withstand all subsequent rubbing in; for you will have to go over them, rubbing in your other shadows first with charcoal, and then with your hand or fingers, if the space is too limited, perhaps several times. But having got in your depths as well as your lights, then lay on any flat tones required, lightening them afterwards with bread where necessary, and deepening those parts that require deepening with charcoal.

Bread, by the way, deserves a paragraph to itself, for it is a very important factor in this art; as one charcoal-artist used to put it, "You must draw with bread as much as with charcoal." Manipulate the bread well into little pellets before using it, pointing them if you want to make any fine strokes; and when working with the bread, look upon that as your pencil, and the tint of charcoal you are working upon as your paper, so that you are now working with white on black instead of black on white.

Your lights, shades, and middle tints being now laid on, we will hope you have from time to time recalled your fading outline, if it was inclined to play truant, and perhaps run away altogether. You may now begin to draw with the charcoal in the ordinary way, except that you must keep rubbing in with your fingers as you draw; or more distant objects leave the drawing undefined—that is, after drawing a distant tree, for instance, rub it in and leave it; it will look misty, as a very distant tree would in nature, but for a nearer tree draw it and rub it in again and again, while for one in the foreground you must draw and rub, draw and rub, and then finally pick out the lights on the leaves with bread, and leave your last finishing touches of charcoal. At first you will regret rubbing—or smudging, as you will probably call it—your tree you thought looked so well; but as you go on you will see the form of the tree remains, and comes out more distinctly after each process; and meanwhile the charcoal will have worked some magical effects for you that you would never have thought of yourself, and could not have accomplished had you tried.

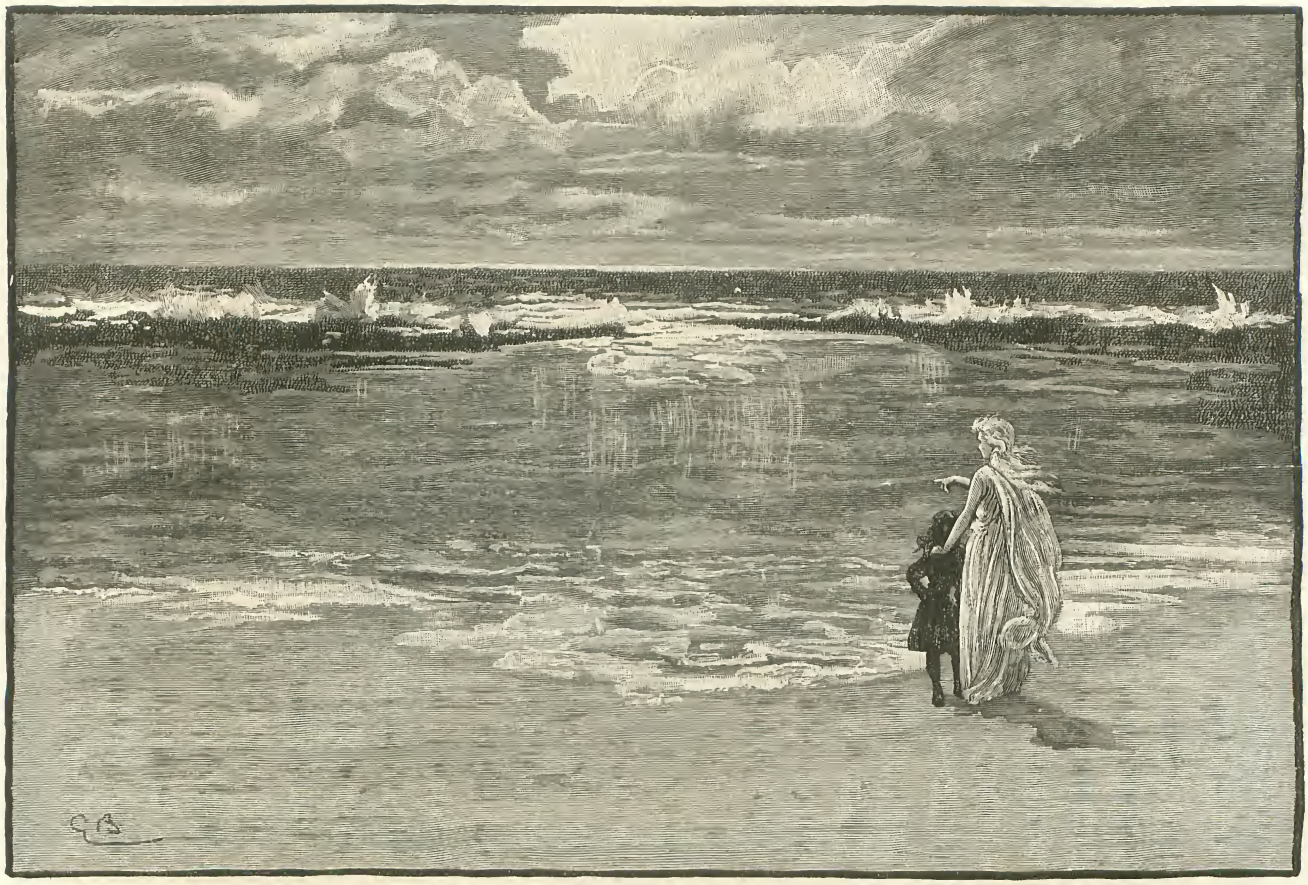
You must treat the whole drawing in this way, drawing and rubbing in, whether it be buildings, trees, water, rocks, or sea, though of course buildings, for instance, will require more actual lines to be left than trees or water. Indeed, you can hardly rub in too much; hard and fast lines are a vice in charcoal; you must make them, but you must soften them down afterwards, though in foregrounds and on the most accentuated parts of the picture, when it is nearly finished, you may leave some bright brilliant finishing touches in all their pristine beauty.

Do not use white chalk for your lights—it is a vicious habit; and by making your drawing to consist in violent contrasts of black and white, you will make it vulgar: the artistic value and beauty of charcoal-drawing, as we said before, consists in its various, almost infinite, gradations of tone, and its power of giving to each its proper value.

The last process is to set the drawing, which is done as follows:—Take it off the drawing-board and get two people to hold it at each of the corners for you; then with a good-sized camel's hair-brush wash the back of it well over with "Fixatif Meusnier," or one of the other fixtures mentioned, and pin it to some piece of furniture to dry. If properly set, it will now stand as well as an ordinary chalk-drawing. It can be used very effectively for panels to doors or wainscoting, and will last for years; or for folding-screens; and for sketching from nature it is most useful, as it can be done so quickly, and requires so much less paraphernalia than oil or water-colours.

But those who are not sufficiently advanced to sketch from nature need be at no loss for subjects to copy, as engravings, especially wood engravings, are easily obtained, and can be copied with ease in charcoal. Those of *Harper's Magazine* are singularly adapted to it, for they give all the misty charcoal effects which English engravers at present fail in. There is a magazine called *Le Fusain*, edited by Karl Robert, published every month in Paris at two francs a number, or twenty francs the year, which gives in each number one or two examples of drawings from the best masters in the art; and these suit all tastes. Some are panels, some sea-pieces, some landscapes, some buildings, and occasionally figures are given. But we strongly advise our readers, as soon as they have mastered the art of drawing itself, to try sketching from nature in charcoal, and we are sure, with attention to the above instructions, they will succeed beyond even their own expectations. It is a modern art, and no one has contributed so much to its development as Maxime Lalanne, with whose name it was for many years inseparable. In the beginning of his career this artist was divided between historic painting and landscape, but having decided on landscape as his *forte*, he adopted charcoal as the means of representing it, and he it is who has brought the art to that pitch of perfection which, as his drawings testify, it has now reached.

But a paper on charcoal-drawing would be incomplete indeed if we omitted to mention another of its great masters, M. Allongé, who has done his best to make it known and appreciated by his pen as well as by his pencil, and whose pupil, Karl Robert, is now the editor of *Le Fusain*; for, as we mentioned before, charcoal-drawing boasts a magazine entirely devoted to it.



ON THE COAST.

DAISY'S DREAM; A STORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS SCULPTORS.

By JESSIE M. BARKER.

CHAPTER IX.

"Now we must say good-bye to the lakes, and go and see what building is being carried on in the sea. First let us find out what the waves do with the materials stolen from the cliffs along the coast."

In a few moments they found themselves on a shore covered with great boulders, and the Queen began to make her way along it, stepping lightly from boulder to boulder, and soon leaving her little companion behind.

"It is so hard to get along over these great bits of rock," complained poor Daisy breathlessly, as she scrambled after her.

The Queen stopped at once.

"Which way must we go, then, to find easier walking?"

"Ah! now I know why you were so cruel to me," laughed Daisy. "We must go towards the sea, of course."

With the help of her guide she soon passed the boulders, and reached a bed of coarse gravel.

"This isn't nice to walk on, either," she remarked. "May we go down till we get to the sand?"

The Queen assented, and they came to a band of small pebbles, where Daisy lingered to look for carnelian, and then ran after her guide across the furrowed sand.

"It doesn't seem as if we should come to the mud," she said, when they had nearly reached the water's edge.

"No," returned the Queen. "To get to mud you would have to take a long journey under the sea, for the currents carry the sand ever so far out. Then you would find mud—green mud in some places, if you were deep enough, and dark blue mud deeper still."

"Why would it be green and blue?"

"It would be coloured by minerals that go down to the bottom in deep water."

"And after that what would there be?"

"After that you would find yourself in a vast cemetery. When you had travelled a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, you would leave all the sand and mud stolen from the land behind, and come to a bed of soft chalky stuff——"

"Like the chalk cliffs?" interrupted Daisy.

"The chalk cliffs were formed in much the same way, but at the bottom of a shallow sea. In this case you might be standing a mile or more below the waves, and near the surface, far above your head, myriads of creatures, too small to be seen, would be gathering in their store of lime to build up the little specks of shells which drop down to the bottom of the sea when they die. What countless multitudes must have lived and died you can imagine, when I tell you that it takes more than a million of these shells to make one square inch of this globigerina ooze, as it is called."

"Why is it called that?"

"Ooze means soft mud of any kind, and globigerina is the name of the tiny creature whose shells are most abundant in it. There are other kinds of ooze at the bottom of the sea, chiefly composed of the hard parts of other minute creatures, who, instead of using lime, make their skeletons of a mineral called silica."

"Silica!" repeated Daisy. "I never heard of that before."

"I dare say not; but you know something that is made of it, for you remember the flints that we saw in the chalk cliffs?"

"Yes. How did they get there?"

"The sponges that grew on the sea floor had a great deal to do with it; for while the shells, big and little, were covering the bed of the ocean with lime, the sponges and some other creatures were taking silica out of the water."

"And did they turn into flints?"

"Not exactly. The sponges died and were buried; and then a very funny thing took place; for the tiny particles of silica felt very dull scattered about in such a crowd of lime-particles, so wherever there was a little colony of them (where there was a dead sponge, perhaps), they sent an invitation to all the stray ones in the neighbourhood to come and join them."

"How could they?"

"Ah! I don't mean to let you into all the secrets of our kingdom," replied the Queen. "But what I have told you is quite true; and when next you see a flint you must think of the sponges growing on the sea floor."

"Is there a great deal of seaweed down there?"

"There is no seaweed at all in such deep water. The sponge is an animal, not a plant, though it often grows on a stalk."

"Then are there any other things living at the bottom of the sea?"

"Oh, yes! Fish and sea-urchins, and shrimps and starfish, and many other creatures. But when you get to the deepest parts, where the globigerina ooze turns into red clay,

you find very few living things except sea-worms.

"Very ugly, I daresay."

"It matters little what they are like down there, for the whole of this ocean cemetery lies in midnight darkness."

"Can the fish see?"

"Not without light; and many of them are quite blind—but some carry lanterns."

"Now you're in fun," said Daisy.

"It is quite true," was the reply. "Like glowworms, they contain patches of a light-giving substance. But to return to the building. You would also find sharks' teeth, and the ear-bones and other bones of whales, who swim high up in the water. And besides all these remains of dead animals, there would be a contribution of another kind. Do you remember the cloud of dust that hung over the volcano?"

"Indeed I do," replied Daisy, "for it made my hands quite black."

"I told you dust was often carried by the wind for hundreds of miles, so you can understand that a good deal must fall into the sea, especially as we generally find volcanoes near the sea. And not only dust, but also a great deal of pumice finds its way to the bottom of the sea."

"Like the pumice-stone we use?"

"The very same thing. It is lava, so full of holes made by gas bubbles that it floats. Ships constantly come across quantities of floating pumice. After a time, however, the water may work its way into the holes, and then the pumice will sink.

"The volcano we saw was close to the sea, wasn't it?"

"Yes. The lava stream flowed right into the bay. And we find volcanoes not only near the sea, but also in it; and very often islands are thrown up during eruptions. At once the waves begin to attack these islands, and in many cases wash away all that appeared above the water. But even then there remain these mountains of lava rising from the bed of the sea, and they serve as a foundation for some busy little builders. We will now go and see them."

"What lovely white sand! And doesn't it look pretty against the green water?" exclaimed Daisy, finding herself on a narrow beach, apparently the shore of a calm lake. "But how odd!" she cried, looking round her. "That must be the sea over there, for there are the breakers."

"You are on a coral island. The beautiful white rock of which it is formed is the home of countless coral animals, who take lime out of the water to build them with."

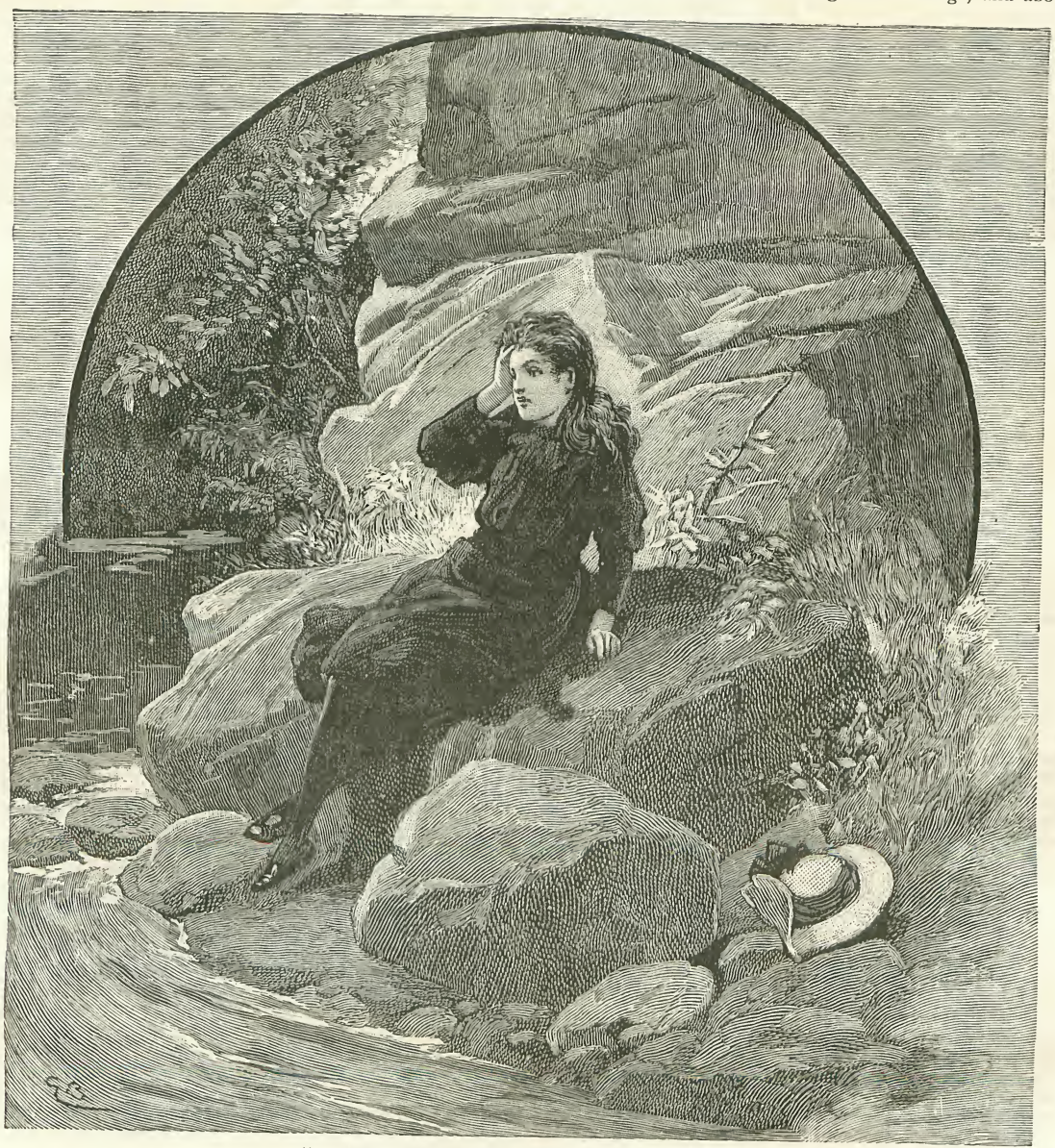
"Shall I see them at work?" cried Daisy eagerly, turning round to look for the rock."

"Not there," replied the Queen. "They don't live beyond reach of the water. This ring of land, or atoll as it is called, is the work of the waves, which have broken pieces off the coral rock below and thrown them up into a ridge, where they soon become cemented together. Then sand is washed up, chiefly composed of crumbled coral and broken shells; and this, together with the pumice brought by the sea, forms a soil on which the seeds washed on shore or dropped by birds take root."

"The ring isn't perfect, for the waves are coming in over there," said Daisy.

"Yes; there is a gap which lets the sea wash into this lagoon, and on that side the ring is very thin. But behind us there is a much broader strip of land; for this is the side against which the great ocean billows dash most fiercely, and the more the corals are buffeted by the waves, the harder they work."

The ground behind, which lay but a few feet above the water, was clothed with a mass of the greenest foliage, and above the low-



"'I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING,' SHE SAID."

growing trees and shrubs rose the tall grey stems of coconut palms. They pushed their way through the bushes, and a short walk brought them to another beach, beyond which stretched a flat rocky shore—for it was low tide. The rocks were more or less covered with mud, and very rough to walk on, for the corals of the reef were jutting up here and there. Daisy peered about with little success for living corals, though she saw plenty of crabs and starfish and other things.

"Go down and look at the reef where the waves are still washing it," said the Queen, and Daisy hastened to obey.

"It is simply crowded with creatures!" she cried, as she stooped down to examine the wet rock. "And such tiny creatures too!"

"They are tiny indeed; but their work is great, for they are building up enormous masses of limestone out here in the ocean. This is not a mere crust, it is the top of a thick bed—a great rampart, that rises up to the surface of the water from far below."

They went down towards the waves and stood on the large rounded masses of coral that rose above the water.

"Look down there," said the Queen, "and you will see another kind of coral."

"Isn't it just like deers' antlers?" said Daisy, espying the branching madrepore jutting out from the reef. "And it's such a lovely colour too, with its violet tips."

Before the Queen could reply, Daisy had skipped on to the furthest point she could reach, and was bending forward to watch the pretty striped and banded fishes that were playing in the water.

"Do you want to go on a voyage of discovery into the depths?" said her guide.

"No, thank you," returned Daisy, drawing back. "If I were one of those fishes, I should like to go. Should I find corals living down at the bottom?"

"No; they live, comparatively speaking, near the surface, though at a sufficient depth to build up a mass of limestone thick enough to form a fine cliff. You would find dead coral rock, however, at much greater depths; for the waves tear blocks off the reef, and these blocks roll down the slopes of the land which served as a foundation for our little builders. Often, too, the solid wall of coral is carried gradually down on the sinking sea-bed. Very likely this atoll began as a fringe of coral rock round an island which has now sunk below the water, while the coral has gone on building up and up on the top of it."

"Will it ever be pushed up again?"

"I daresay. That is what is going on in many places, and has often happened in the past; for if you keep your eyes open, you will constantly find pieces of rock that were once bits of a coral reef. Now that you have seen so many builders at work, the rocks will all have a story to tell you. The limestones will tell you about the sea creatures who gathered in their store of lime either out in the deep ocean, like the corals, or in shallower water wherever it was clear and out of reach of the mud brought down from the land—such creatures as the sea-lilies, of whose stems we find thick beds of limestone almost entirely made up."

"Seaweed?" enquired Daisy.

"No; they were of the same family as the starfish, though they grew on long stems, and looked so like plants that their fossils go by the name of 'stone-lilies.' At present, however, the most important builders in the shallow seas are the oysters, who crowd together in millions on the oyster-banks."

"Then there was another kind of limestone, wasn't there?"

"Yes; built up in the lake with no outlet. Why, little maiden, you will never be dull or lonely again! What stories the sandstones too will have to tell you about the bed of the sea, where the little grains became pressed together and cemented by a cement water carries about with it. Then there are the shales—soft rocks that split up into fine leaves—once nothing but mud."

"And what about the gravel?"

"You must ask the conglomerates, or "pudding-stones," as they are often called. Often in a sandstone cliff you will find a line of pebbles, which, you know, will mean that the current had become more rapid, and could bring pebbles where it could only carry sand before."

"I should like to see."

"Then, my child, you must keep your eyes open in your everyday rambles. For now, my dear little companion, I must leave you. I am sure, though, that you have learnt too many of the secrets of Wonderland to be satisfied until you have discovered the rest."

"Oh, don't go away!" cried Daisy, stretching out her hand to catch hold of the Queen.

But she only grasped the air—her guide had vanished!

Daisy gazed round her in astonishment, and stared quite rudely at the little wagtail, who nodded to her as an old acquaintance. Instead of white coral reefs she saw strangely familiar cliffs, and the dashing of the waves had turned to the murmur of a rippling stream.

"I must have been dreaming," she said, rubbing her eyes very hard, for not far off were the stepping-stones by which she had crossed times without number, and on the other side was the wood, every tree a well-known object.

But for all that it was a new world! For there in the stream lay the blocks thrown down by the frost from the cliffs above, and the water was rounding off their edges, and carrying off as much of them as it possibly could; and there—yes, just down there, in the bend of the stream, was a little bank of the stones it had been obliged to drop when it slackened its pace.

"To think," cried Daisy, as she made these discoveries with eager delight, "that all this time I have been living in Wonderland, and I never knew it!"

[THE END.]

UP THE STEEP HILLSIDE.

CHAPTER II.

FRESH FIELDS.

THE Daveys, with whom Mary was going to stay, were as good a specimen of a pleasant English home circle as it was possible to find. The father was a man of cultivation and refinement, who knew how to attract to his table men of like metal; the mother a pleasant, warm-hearted woman, whose influence was best felt in the well-ordered house and in the air of cheerfulness and good-humour that prevailed; which always does prevail when a woman understands the science of housekeeping in its higher branches—the branches of controlling, distributing, arranging, dispensing her resources like a good housewife. There were but two sons and a daughter; one of the sons was in Germany studying music for his Mus. Bac. degree, and the other was now at home for the "Long," having just taken his Classics tripos at Cambridge. The girl, Anna, had been Mr. Davey's especial charge; he had never let her go off to any boarding-school of genteel pretensions—she had gone to a school in the neighbourhood every day, and he had himself directed the development of her mind, guiding her through the dangerous world of books until her own critical perceptions were trained and sharpened. She had been so much the companion of her father and mother, that she had escaped the worst follies of the society they moved in. She was now a bright, gay young woman of nineteen, very partial to fun and merriment, and physical exercise of all sorts, from tennis in the broiling sun to riding in any weather whatever. She knew very little of Mary, having seen her only for a few days last summer when they were spending their holidays in Devon; but the two girls were much attracted by each other, and their respective parents having been great friends in their youth, they were pleased that the friendship should be perpetuated in the children. Mr. Davey found his old friend Pollard much altered, soured, and weakened in mind and body by the infirmities of age, and living in the grim shadow of death, which he even then felt approaching. All their pity and interest were awakened for the young girl, on whom alone fell the difficult task of cheering and soothing his last short journey to the grave. How bravely she did it they saw enough to guess; and when all was over they begged her to come to them as soon as possible. And so, after a few weeks, we saw her in the last chapter on the eve of departure.

The first evening she spent with her friends, fresh as she was from a lonely, cheerless house, and hitherto ignorant of what love and sympathy meant in a home circle, was bright as fairyland to her. Certainly she saw everything through the rose-colour of novelty and enthusiasm; and as it is difficult to provide a medium of that sort, the details may prove barren enough. Anna wanted to put her through a course of questions as to her tastes, habits, and interests, hoping to find them agree with her own; Mr. Davey wanted to know what she had read; Mrs. Davey begged for specimens of the Devonshire dialect; and Tom wanted to know the general state of the poor.

In answer to the last, Mary said, "The state of our intellect is very rusty, I assure you, in all classes. The average intelligence of the farm labourer is only just a degree above the cattle that they feed."

"Oh, come; isn't that a little hard on them?" said Tom.

"No, really," Mary answered; "they resemble them in all respects. Good, harmless sort of creatures, with very few and very misty ideas beyond their day's work. When the bishop gave Uncle Pollard his living at Branscombe, the old factotum of the late rector remarked, 'I year tell as how the bishop hath been up to Lunnon, an' pieck up our nu passun in the zlums, an' bring 'un down yur for to be gude to us pore vokes.' I think the old man saw in his 'mind's eye' the bishop walking along a very dirty and muddy street until he came across a gentleman of the cloth, and saying to him, 'Follow me,' brought him right down to his parish, and there fixed him."

"Well, at any rate," said Tom, "the old man had heard of London slums, which can't be said of everybody. We are only just beginning to hear about them here."

"No more slums," said Nan emphatically. "Tom will talk you to death on slums if you don't stop him in time, Mary. Let's have some tennis."

"Miss Pollard is too tired for tennis, I'm sure," Tom said, by way of contradiction. "Let's have some music."

"Oh, shall we?" said Nan, ready for anything but slums. "We can have some string quartets to-night. What fun! Four of us will be able to make a nice row."

"That's not a becoming and reverential way for a young girl to speak of such a sacred subject as music. The quartets of Haydn or Beethoven should not be spoken of lightly," said Tom to his sister, in a half-serious way.

"I was not speaking of their works, but of our performance of them," said Nan saucily. "I am aware that your performance on the 'cello is not to be spoken of lightly, because it's a very heavy one. Perhaps it's because you're too reverent and solemn to think about your touch;" and she made her escape from the room to avoid any punishment that might have fallen upon her. "Can you take one of the violins?" she said to Mary, when they were all in the drawing-room, and she was busily selecting trios and quartets to be tried over.

"I'm afraid I can't read much," said Mary diffidently.

"Oh, well, it will be good practice for you," Tom said. "I can't read much either, and Nan isn't much better, though she thinks herself a great swell." This remark Nan was too busy to hear. "We must all kneel to the shades of Beethoven and Mozart and Haydn, ask their pardon, and beseech them to take a tour to the North Pole while we are desecrating their works, and then we can proceed with a light heart. Mother, I shall request you to follow their august example. We are going to let the evil spirits of our instruments loose and make a little pandemonium, and it might not be pleasant for you, you know. Allow me to assist you out of the room," and he led her from her seat towards the door.

"Don't be in a hurry," she said, laughing and holding back. "I shall go fast enough, bless you; only I want my writing materials, and then I shall shut myself in the remotest corner of the house and write my letters, only be sure you don't let your demons loose as far as that, else they may give me a bad quarter of an hour."

"Here's your viola, father," said Nan, handing it to him; "I'm going to be first violin to-night."

"Indeed, madam," said he, "with a low bow. "So I must put up with the viola, must I?"

"A very good arrangement," Tom broke in, seeing another opportunity for "chaffing" Nan; "it will reduce us all to the same dead level of incapacity, which is absolutely necessary for everybody's enjoyment. Father doesn't know the viola part any more than Nan knows the first violin; Miss Pollard doesn't know hers any more than I know mine, so we shall be all perfectly happy."

A listener would have said they were most successful in producing the demoniacal effect Tom was anxious for, although they began with Haydn as being the easiest; and he, dear, good, cheerful man, was far from having any dealings with such spirits or from introducing them into his compositions. But as they laid aside Haydn for the loftier efforts of Beethoven and Schubert, the deep charm of the music laid hold of their spirits, and they strove to realise to the best of their power the true effect. They went on and on with untiring zeal, and that insatiable enjoyment of their united performance which is a common characteristic of the average amateur. The love of music pure and simple, without a mixture of egotism and vanity, is rare enough—only possible, perhaps, in a great mind; which is doubtless the reason that with all the music we flatter ourselves we have amongst us in our homes the general tendency is to degrade it to the level of an accomplishment, which is, properly interpreted, a means of personal display.

One could hardly say whether it was vanity or enjoyment of the music which lent a sparkle to Mary's eye and a flush to her cheek, or rather, one can safely say it was a mixture of both. It was the first time she had ever played with other instruments, and almost the first time she had ever heard a quartet rendered with any degree of intelligence, and the beauty of this form of musical composition was a revelation to her. She seemed to see life pass before her, with its infinite joy and sadness and pathos; but when she expressed some of her pleasure to Nan, she only made a comical face, and said, "My dear girl, wait until you've been to the Saturday and Monday 'Pops'; you will despise our poor efforts ever afterwards."

"But the season closed last month," said Tom.

"Oh, well then, there are other concerts. I suppose you've never heard an orchestra, either?" said Nan to Mary.

"Not a full one," she answered, "nor any that satisfied my ear. There is never any unity about them; each instrument seems to go on its own independent course, without reference to the others."

"Ah! you shall hear Hallé's orchestra," Nan said enthusiastically. "It's the finest orchestra in the world, and Hallé is the finest conductor. All the instruments go like one gigantic thing, just at the wave of Herr Hallé's wand. I can tell you it's grand. Oh, here's mother. Now she must sing to us."

"Yes, do, mother," said Tom; "something of Orphean sweetness, by way of banishing the dismal sounds we have been calling up from Tartarus."

"Sing us, 'Der Tod und das Mädchen,'" said Mr. Davey, "as we've had it in Schubert's quartet, and then give us some of Rubenstein's songs."

She had a fine contralto, that showed as yet no signs of wear, and she sang them Schubert's weird, thrilling song, and two or three of Rubenstein's exquisite lyrics, with such grace and expression that Mary was fairly enchanted, and begged for more, until they were sated with sweet sounds, and so went to bed.

(To be continued.)

ALL ABOUT GLOVES.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER II.

"G stands for gloves of exquisite kid,
H stands for hands they so daintily hid."
—*Old Alphabet.*

VERY varied is the interest bound up in the history of the glove; look at it in whatever light you may, it has something instructive or amusing to tell.

It has passed through so many stages of existence, has been bound up in the concerns of all sorts and conditions of men, and has been present at such extraordinary ceremonies, that it would be strange indeed if it did not possess the power of interesting us; indeed, so much is to be learned from it that it makes one half afraid to attack the subject.

If it be asked, "What has the glove to tell?" why, everything. It can tell stories of sweethearts and lovemaking, of betrothals and weddings, of consecrations and coronations, of honourable deeds and fits of passion, of bereavements, of glory, of despair, and of treachery.

It is true that in this age the glory of gloves is departed, and equally true that gloves will never again occupy the position they held in former times. This being so, it is almost incumbent upon us to collect and preserve any of the sayings, doings, and surroundings which have come down to us in connection with them before they pass away into forgetfulness.

Gloves were so thoroughly recognised as emblems of trust and honour in former times that they were sent as pledges of safe conduct in times of truce; the one stain on this custom was that the Queen-Dowager of Navarre was persuaded to go to Paris, to attend the marriage of the King of Navarre, by the embassage of a pair of gloves, and unhappily, on the morning of the ceremony, met her death by means of poisoned gloves.

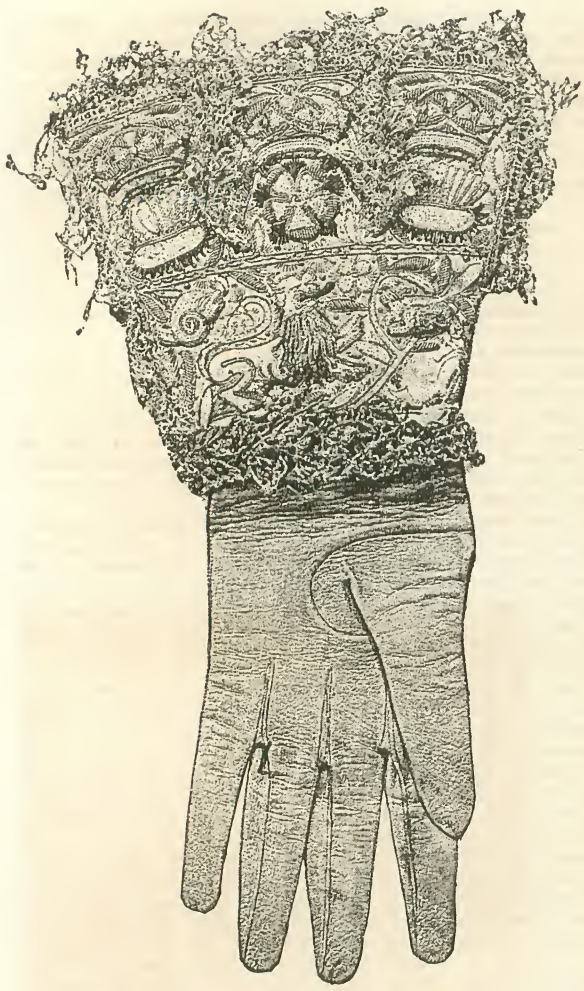
As a proof of the power of the glove, we would relate how, when Franz Joseph I. was travelling through the southern provinces of his kingdom, he met an old superannuated soldier, who complained that for some years he had not been paid his pension. The Emperor bade him call upon him the following day, when he would listen to all he had to say. The old man explained that he would not be allowed to pass the guard. Then the Emperor drew off one of his gloves and gave it to the man, saying, "Show this, and you will certainly be admitted into my presence." The directions were followed, and the sight of the glove was all-powerful. He was shown into the room where the Emperor sat, and received with kindness, and never again had he cause to complain of want of punctuality in the payment of his pension.

Another instance of the power of the glove is shown in the following historical fact.

When Conradin was deprived of his crown and life by the usurper Mainfroy, he flung his glove among the crowd as he stood on the scaffold, beseeching someone to take it up and carry it to his relatives, who would avenge his death. A knight who heard this appeal took up the glove and carried it to Peter King of Arragon, who, in virtue of this glove, was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

Everyone knows the story of the lady who threw her glove into the arena where the lion stood, in order to test the worth of her lover's vows, and who received as her reward the glove flung scornfully back in her face, with the applause of King and Court for the daring and disenchanted lover.

Almost equally well known is the story of how Richard Cœur de Lion was discovered



LEATHER, EMBROIDERED WITH SILK, GOLD, AND SEED PEARLS. *(Temp. Henry VIII.)*

on his fateful journey by the jewelled gloves which hung from his page's girdle.

An amusing anecdote is recorded of a Mr. Page, who sent a lady a glove with this distich pinned on to it:—

"If from Glove you take the letter G,
Then Glove is Love, which I do send to thee."

And she, answering in the same strain, wrote—

"And if from Page you take the letter P,
Then Page is Age, and that won't do for me."

It is said that Charles IV. of Spain was so much under the influence of any lady who wore white kid gloves that the use of them at Court was strictly prohibited.

Again, an ancient King of France was in love all his life with an unknown woman, only from having seen her glove in the midst of a masked ball given at his Court.

An amusing story is told about the glove which has the merit of belonging to our time. A famous actor, taking the part of "Othello," thought to save colouring his hands by wearing black gloves. At the end of the first act, on going to his dressing-room, he took off his gloves and threw them on the table; unfortunately, he forgot to put them on in the second act, and the laughter of the public on seeing the Moor with pinky-red hands nearly sent him wild. On going off the stage for a moment he caught hold of a person hanging about behind the scenes, and said, "I will give you ten pounds if you will run out and buy me a pair of flesh-coloured silk gloves before the next act." On appearing before the public again, in the third act, in flesh-coloured gloves, the laughter knew no bounds; quietly he drew off his gloves, showing hands of black to match his face. This clever trick met with the appreciation it deserved.

An anecdote in connection with the glove shows how fashions are started. A young and beautiful duchess, having promised to be present at an entertainment given for a charitable object in Trouville, found herself late in preparing. She hurriedly took up her gloves and put them on in the carriage. As she entered the brilliantly-lighted room she found, to her dismay, that she had put on one black and one white. The mistake had arisen from the maid having laid out two pairs, not knowing which her lady would prefer—black or white.

Imagine the surprise of the duchess on perceiving that in all subsequent entertainments of the season the ladies wore odd gloves, corresponding with the colours of the dress.

In trying to discover of what materials the glove has hitherto been formed, I came upon the following riddles, which will not be out of place here. The first is by Cotin, and runs thus:—

"With mortal flesh our five soft mouths we fill,
And in the winter to repletion feed;
If one of us be lost, the world's agreed
To treat the rest of us exceeding ill;
But if we five remain together, then
We do mostly all things done by men."

The second is by Francis Colletet:—

"We're two or ten, and to a body wed;
We once a thing of breathing life were over.
Like it we lived, and now, although we're dead,
Another life more excellent we cover."

This evidently means to show that the glove originally was the natural covering of some animal, while now it is the artificial covering of an animal more refined.

The skins of sheep and deer were those mostly used in former times for the manufacture of gloves. Those known as the English dogskin glove are really made from Cape sheepskin, which has a warm tan-colour.

Many materials have been tried in the manufacture of gloves. For example, they have been made of asbestos fibre, so that they might be cleansed by merely casting them into the fire; they have also been made of the beard of the molluscus *Pinna*, the silkworm of the sea, which is eagerly sought for by the Sicilian fishermen, and made up by them into various articles of great fineness and delicacy, which command a high price in the market.

As a last curiosity in glove-making, they have been produced from spider silk by Mons. Bon, a French naturalist, who, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, created a sensation in the scientific world by putting forward the homely and easily-propagated spider as a certain rival to the delicate silkworm.

He practically proved that silk could be produced from spiders, and in sufficient quantity to make small articles, and spider gloves were presented by him both to the Royal Academy of Paris and the Royal Society of London. But it was soon seen that a great success could not possibly be realised so long as the fact remained that nearly seven hundred thousand spiders were necessary to produce a pound of silk, and that each individual spider would eat as many other spiders as it could vanquish; naturally, therefore, fabrics of spider silk fell into disuse.

In the seventeenth century it is related that ladies of fashion used gloves made of chicken skin. These were really made of the outer lambskin, notwithstanding the following, which I have found in old books:—

"Some of chicken skin for night,
To keep her hands plump, soft, and white."

CRIMSON VELVET, EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD AND SILVER. *(Temp. Elizabeth.)*

SHAKESPEARE'S GLOVES.
(In the possession of Mr. Horace Furness, Philadelphia.)

Again:—

"Come; but don't forget the gloves,
Which, with all the smiling loves,
Venus caught young Cupid picking
From the tender breast of chicken."

Not so very long ago gloves of the giraffe skin were fashionable; and it is related of Paganini, the great violin player, that he went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves. The girl behind the counter showed him some of the then fashionable giraffe gloves. "No, no," said he, fretfully, "I would rather have them of some other animal." "Certainly, sir," said the girl, to whom he was a stranger; "perhaps you would prefer the *Paganini glove*."

It was at one time firmly believed that the best Paris kid gloves were made of rat skins, but this seems impossible.

The whole world was startled some short time since by the celebrated case of glove-poisoning, the account of which was given in a Petersburg journal. A young lady of high position, going to an evening party, put on a new pair of kid gloves of the cut and length known as the "Sarah Bernhardt."

After being half an hour at this party she was compelled to return home, owing to the intense pains in her hands and arms. The next morning they were covered with large boils, and after two days' acute suffering she died.

The physician examined the leather of the gloves, and declared that in his opinion the animal of whose skin the glove was made had had the pest.

This, and one or two other cases of like character, brought a very indignant protest from a firm of glovers, which has proved very comforting to us who wear them. This firm declared that the skin of a diseased animal would be utterly useless in making gloves, especially long ones—that they would, in fact, fall into holes. As I wanted to be quite sure of this and other facts concerning glove-making, I went to Dents, Allcroft and Co., where their London superintendent, Mr. Davy, took immense pains to give me correct information concerning the whole process.

First of all, the kid is the animal from which the largest proportion of gloves are made, and the best of these skins are obtained from Poitou, Dauphiné, Clermont, and all mountainous districts. Sweden, Norway, Saxony, Ireland, Austria, the German States and Black Forest also supply kid-skins, but not of the best quality.

Lamb-skins, which take a second place, are obtained from Spain and Corsica, from the Swiss and Italian Alps, and still further south, and a very large number come from the Russian fair of Nijni Novgorod. Those that come from South America, Turkey, Servia, and Arabia, are mostly used for linings. Squirrels' skins are also used for linings, and those of the reindeer for like purpose. The Argentine Republic supplies skins the best suited for Suéde gloves, being more elastic. 500,000 of kid and lamb-skins are annually absorbed by this one firm. Calf-skins from Kurland were at one time used a good deal, but not so much now.

And now let me say that no infection could possibly remain in a glove after all the processes to which the skins are subjected, so the notion that people can be poisoned by the disease of which the animal died is out of the question.

For example: every skin is first placed in lime and water for three weeks; this alone would kill any infection. Some of the skins, especially those of the reindeer, are full of holes, where tiny creatures have infested them. After this bath the hair can be rubbed off with your fingers, and then the skin is put in what is technically termed "pures," made of a variety of ingredients, among others bran, for light skins, and chemicals. In these pures all bad matter or grease is discharged.

After being taken from the pures the skin goes into a mixture of egg, alum, and salt, which brings it into a state of leather.

The egg bill of this one firm alone is immense. Formerly, as many as three million used to be bought by them in a year from Ireland and stored up, while boys were kept egg-breaking continually; but now they buy them in the yolk, ready preserved, by the ton.

The "pelts" having been leathered, they are dried, slaked, and damped in sawdust, and put by as white leather; the longer it lies the better it is; six months at least is necessary.

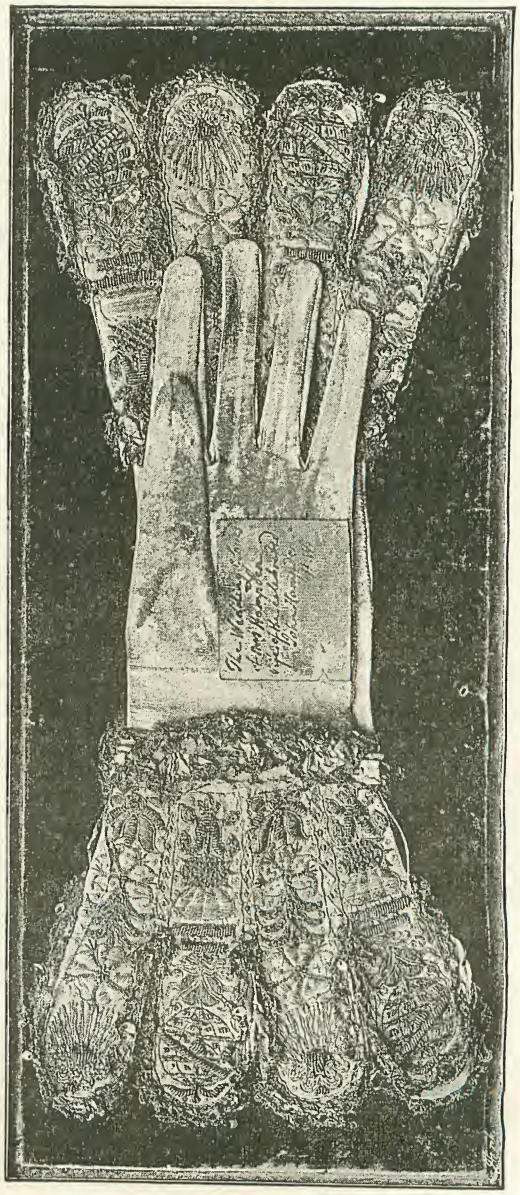
After the skins have been made white leather they are washed in warm water of from eighty to one hundred degrees, and put into the egg-bath, after which they are "slicked," or strained on to a board, when a mordaunt is put on, and they are ready to be dyed. Such dyes as they use they make themselves from Brazil-wood, logwood, and old and young fustick-wood. From the first they get red shades, which require a strong "striker;" from the second, black and dark colours are obtained—navy blue and black are really identical; and from the fustick light shades are obtained, which require a light "striker." Shades of slates and greys are derived from various berries, among others those of the privet.

It is curious to note that they cannot get the same colour on every skin; one skin will take one colour and not another, and it is remarkable that skins of one man's dressing will take a colour which those of another man's will not, and so the staining is one long series of experiments. Dent and Allcroft's old stainer is seventy-five years old, and any new colour or shade of colour he gets by experimenting, but keeps no record; if it be wanted again, he will go through the whole process once more.

No other industry has so little book knowledge to guide it, and no article of dress passes through so many hands. At every process in glove-making there is a special examiner, beginning with the leather-sorter.

More chemicals are used in the Worcester works than ever before, but they are all harmless; indeed, this is absolutely necessary, for the men stand about in the tubs all day, and their feet get so tender that any bad chemicals would greatly injure them; this again is a safeguard to the wearer.

You should see a skin after being "staked;" it looks so stiff, shrivelled, and worthless, that we inexperienced ones should certainly throw



THE WEDDING GLOVES OF THE WIFE OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

it away. But we should be wrong; the skin is pared, doled, or equalised with a chisel-shaped knife, mentioned by Shakespeare as "the glover's paring-knife."

This being done, it is now ready for the cutter, who pulls it out to its extreme width and length, and lays his pattern on it so that it exactly fits; and if you observe, he never cuts a good glove *across* the skin, but always, as it is called, from "stem to stern."

He cuts it into "tranks," and gives it to the "puncher," who punches it with a lever machine; then the "trimmer" takes it in hand, and the girls "point" the gloves either in a tambour frame or by machine, so many stitches ordered to the inch, therefore the workers know exactly how many to put in. The work-girls have also a flat sewing-machine by which they can close the glove, and this they call "prick-seaming."

The buttons, which are made at Grenoble and Birmingham, and the tapes, are put on by hand, and the button-holes are made in the same way. Thus we have seen how the skin of an animal becomes, under skilful hands, a dainty kid glove.

The history of the Worcester factory is interesting; it dates back to the period of the Civil Wars, when it was in the possession of Lord Windsor, who fought with Charles I. at Naseby. The mansion—for such it was then—passed into the hands of the Warmstray family. In 1700 it became the property of William Evets, a glover, and for nearly a century a portion of the premises was occupied by the well-known porcelain works. In 1840 they passed into the hands of the present occupiers, who employ 1000 hands in the factory and 2000 outside. Glove-making here is a house and factory industry combined, the making or sewing being done by girls in their own homes.

The introduction of machinery has made a difference in the sewing, as fewer girls are employed at high wages. The girls do not earn so much for hand-made gloves as for those made by machine; therefore they prefer that which pays best.

The sorting, staining, washing, cutting, preparing, pointing, and punching of the skins are all done in the factory, so that girls are as lightly worked in this business as in any trade.

The girls, or gloveresses, as they are locally termed, are very well paid; therefore they do not work as hard as they might; they could make four dozen easily in the week, but they rarely complete more than three. On learning this I could not help thinking of Mrs. Henry Wood's description of these girls in *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles*:—"They play one day and work the next. It's only a few of the steady ones that will work regularly all the week through." Again—"They be the unprovidentest things in the world, mum, these gloveress girls!"

The firm of Dent and Allcroft has been so good as to give me a card which explains the whole process of glove-making. First a piece of skin with the hair on; then a piece of white leather; next the leather after it has been stained; the leather ready for cutting, and paper patterns of a glove cut and punched, of a thumb gusset, of a "quirk" to go between the fingers, of the thumb itself, and the "fourchettes," or pieces between the fingers.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST DAY AT HOME.

WHEN Jeanie awoke, the first morning after her return, it was with the confused consciousness of something pleasant having happened. It was scarcely the thought of her dear father's kindness on the previous evening, nor yet the knowledge that she was again at home with him.

With a rush came the events of yesterday to her remembrance, and conspicuous among them were the image and behaviour of the young engineer. Thence came the happy consciousness, and she blamed herself that it could be so. Could the acquaintance of a few hours so monopolise her mind at such a time?

The bright light of the August morning shone through her blind, and revealed the dainty whiteness of her comfortable bedroom. It was next to the one allotted to Sybil, and opened also into another smaller room occupied by Beth; and these rooms possessed—as they had observed over-night—many touching tokens of their father's loving care and thought for them.

"Dear, dear father!" How plainly had every circumstance since they entered the house revealed his anxiety to make them as happy as he could! He need not have feared that the fact of their being less rich—perhaps even poor—would seriously trouble either of them. No, indeed!

She hastened to rise and dress herself, that she might carry out her good intentions by ministering to him.

When she drew up the blind a thrill of delight passed through her. Bathed in a flood of golden sunshine lay the garden, with its wide lawn, and the broad park stretching beyond. They, at least, all belonged to her father, and were undoubtedly their own. Poverty could not deprive them either of their grand, old home, or its delightful surroundings! The smooth green of the lawn, the flower-beds around the house, bright with blossom, and the freshly-gravelled adjacent walks, were all that her heart could desire.

Beyond these, however, the charming character of the scene underwent a melancholy change. The grass on the lawn there was unmowed, and rank, forlorn, and untidy, was bowed down with the rain of the previous evening; while, in the more distant part of the garden, weeds and decaying summer inflorescence equally held their own.

She turned with a sigh from the window, and, after seeing to what little attentions Beth might require from her, hastened down to the breakfast-room.

In the hall she met Sybil, and together they entered the room into which they had just seen the colonel pass.

"Good morning, my dear child! Good morning, Miss Capella! I hope you slept well," was the colonel's greeting as he came forward to meet them.

"Admirably, I thank you," replied Sybil.

"How are you, father dear?" Jeanie enquired tenderly, kissing him and stroking his grey hair, which she noticed, with a little pang, was even more white than she had thought the previous night. "I am so sorry you are down first. I meant to see breakfast was all ready, and be waiting for you."

"Hardly that, my daughter. I am an early riser. Generally downstairs by seven o'clock."

"Father!" Jeanie exclaimed in a tone of surprise, almost of reproach. "Where do you sit, then? Is this room ready so early?"

"No, dear. No—I go to my den till breakfast."

"Which is your *den!* Is it comfortable, and is there a good fire there for you when it is chilly?"

"Humph!" exclaimed the colonel, with an amused lifting of his eyebrows. "Where's little Beth? Ah, here comes the sleepy mouse!"—and the child bounded across the room, and threw her arms around her father's neck. "Mercy—mercy!" he implored, appearing to be strangled by her demonstrations, while his whole face showed the delight he experienced in the treatment.

Glancing over the table, Jeanie was struck with the difference in the preparations for the meal from those she had been formerly accustomed to. There was enough, and to spare; but what a contrast was presented to the superabundance and luxury which marked the breakfast-table during her grandfather's life!

But she was thinking how easy it would be with a few deftly-arranged flowers, and the judicious use of some of the many elegant adornments which the castle must be rich in, to beautify and refine the meals, gratify her father's artistic tastes, and add to his comfort.

Phœbe, the old servant, now entered, bringing in the coffee. She regarded the girls—particularly Sybil—with a look which it would have been difficult to interpret as expressing pleasure, disdain, or suspicion, the three were so oddly blended in her countenance and actions.

"Good morning!" said her master. "I hope you have made full allowance

for the hungry appetites of my daughters —at least, I trust they are hungry."

"Ay, I've made allowance, master," answered Phœbe, in her rapid way of speaking, "if they're only hungry; but if they've brought back fine lady appetites, ye'll have to allow a rare lot more yourself, ye'll find." While she spoke her hands were arranging the different articles on the breakfast-table, setting the chairs, and drawing the blinds of the window to an exact level with one another. As she concluded she took up her tray, gave a scrutinising look round the table, and another at the governess, then disappeared.

"What a queer servant," said Beth, who had stared at her unmercifully. "She doesn't look pretty at all, nor wear pretty caps and aprons."

The colonel saw his daughter's surprise at the domestic's manner of speaking, and said with a smile, "There you see a diamond in the rough, my dear. An excellent and admirable person!" There was perceptible just a touch of satirical undertone as he uttered the last sentence, thinking the while how much of her value consisted in her hardness and tendency to save in the stingiest ways.

"Do you mean it, father?" asked Jeanie, with a questioning smile.

"I mean she is a person to be thoroughly trusted. Her interests are all for us and our family, therefore I put up with her brusqueness and her inclination to be stingy. The latter failing proceeds, I might say, from an undue desire to spare me expense. Both her husband and herself are aware of the pecuniary trouble now burdening me. Can my brave little daughter also bear with her, and teach Beth not to be rude to her?"

"Yes, father, gladly for your sake. And when we know Phœbe better, I am sure we shall like and value her for herself."

"Where's Lucy, the parlour-maid?" asked Beth.

"Lucy has gone home for a short holiday. So you remember her? Rather a favourite of yours, was she not? Gave you sweets when she shouldn't, let you play with the knives, and pretend to lay the table." As he spoke thus lightly he watched Jeanie, anxious to divine her thoughts.

"We must need very few servants now," she remarked.

"You are right, my Jeanie," he said in a relieved tone of voice. Then as he helped Sybil to some bacon, he said with a smile, "You will excuse our reference to these domestic matters. We are already treating you as one of the home flock."

"It is a privilege that I greatly esteem," she answered, raising her eyes to the colonel's. "I have so long felt the want of quiet home life, and I love it so dearly, that I am very grateful to be thus admitted."

"Why, Miss Capella," interjected Beth suddenly, "didn't you once tell me and a lot of other girls that you thought a quiet home life tame and slow, and that if you had your choice you would lead as gay a life as possible—go to dinners and parties every night?"

Sybil bit her lip, shot one rapid look at the colonel beneath her eyelids, saw that he was absorbed in breaking an egg, and answered Beth sweetly, "I fear I cannot recall the time or words, dear. Perhaps it was someone else who expressed the opinion, and which I repeated for a motive I did not sufficiently explain. Shall I pass your cup for more coffee?"

"No more coffee, but some sugar and milk, please, Jean."

"I fear I don't make the coffee nicely," said Jeanie. "Haven't I spoiled yours, father?"

The colonel, with a laugh, said, "Oh, it will come right in time."

Jeanie also laughed as she retorted, "I can't get much comfort out of that." Then turning to Sybil, she said, "Please change places with me and deal with the coffee."

"Perhaps the colonel would rather you should do that," responded Sybil.

"You don't mind, father, do you?" asked Jeanie.

"Not in the least, my love," answered her father. But he appreciated the difference in the next cup which Sybil poured out and passed to him—for she had carefully noted his addition of sugar and milk to the cup supplied by Jeanie.

Sybil then took her seat at the foot of the table facing the colonel, while his daughters sat one on each side of him.

A great step was thus achieved. Sybil sat in the place of the mistress of the household, and fulfilled to everyone's satisfaction the duties of the position.

When breakfast was over it was proposed by Jeanie and Beth that they should take Sybil for a tour of inspection over the house, but Beth declared that she must first have a little run in the garden and a peep at the dog Wolf. To this the girls agreed, and promised to wait till Beth should return.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Hub's Darling."—We are glad you appreciate our paper so much, and were able to copy the patterns sent, and found them satisfactory. Probably you would not obtain as much as a mother's-help as you would in your present capacity as nursery governess, at least in this country. In the colonies we think the case would be otherwise. Your English is very creditable to you. Perhaps you would like to be told that in writing the word "nice" at the end of the page, it should not be divided as "ni-ce," nor the word "have" in the same way; write the whole word, being of one syllable. Also, you would not "advertise for a lady's help," but "for a situation as lady's help."

Electra.—1. Canute died at Shaftesbury, November 12, 1035, after a reign of twenty years, distinguished by wisdom, justice, and mercy, and by his making no difference between the English and the Danes.—2. Macaulay refers to Athens as "the violet-crowned city," in imitation of Aristophanes. The origin of the name is this, that Ion (a name signifying a violet), was a representative king, and Greece was named after him "Ionia," and Athens was called the "Ion-crowned," or King Ion's city. The "violet-crowned city" is the English translation from the Greek. We are glad our answers interest you.

Alice Lee.—It is a very usual thing for people to read their letters at breakfast. If you are in doubt, always ask the permission of the mistress of the house.

Darkey.—We never heard that taking Turkish baths would turn the hair grey. It is generally the effect of some nervous suffering, we believe—headaches or nervous shock.

Ralph.—The only way to find lost friends is to advertise in any paper which you imagine, from what you know of their habits, they are likely to see and read.

Mary Clegg.—Your story has great merits, but is very sad and a little morbid, a natural fault in very young writers. Persevere; you have plenty of time to improve yourself, and experience and practice are what you need. Only one side of the paper should be written upon.

Claribel.—1. The duties of a mother's-help are to assist in the care and teaching of the children, in the mending and general sewing for the family, and in the housework and cooking, to some small extent most likely, as the mother has often to do so herself.—2. The 15th of January, 1873, was a Wednesday.

Penelope.—1. We do not think that "gentlemen" do try to make the acquaintance of young ladies without an introduction of some kind.—2. The fact of your having been engaged to a man does not make you heiress to any property he may leave.

Dorothy.—1. A "hammer-cloth" was so called from the words "hamper" and "cloth." Under the coachman's seat (called the "box," following out the same idea) there used to be a hamper employed for market purposes, or to hold a valise or trunk, and over this was a handsome cloth suitable for a carriage, and was called the "hamper-cloth." The present term "hammer-cloth" grew very naturally as an abridgment out of the original designation.—2. The origin of the word Bible is to be found in the Greek *biblos*, signifying a book.

Damaris.—The phrase, *Après moi le déluge*, is generally attributed to Prince Metternich, the Austrian statesman (1773-1859), but the late Douglas Jerrold assigns it to Madame de Pompadour. In any case, we believe that the sentiment is traced back to Suetonius, the Roman historian and miscellaneous writer, A.D. 75.

Moonshine.—Neuralgia is best relieved and cured by improving the general health. It is said to be "the cry of the nerves for pure blood." Tonics, change of air, and a better dietary, are generally prescribed.

Dodo enquires the origin of the French phrase, often used in English society, *Revenons à nos moutons*. It is found in the appeal of a farmer client of a tiresome advocate in a law court. It seems that the latter was so discursive in his statement of the case that the client, who had lost some sheep, lost all patience, and endeavoured to recall him to the question in dispute, and exclaimed, "*Revenons à nos moutons!*" This tickled the sense of the ludicrous amongst the other lawyers and audience in court, and was adopted thenceforth to bring back to the subject under discussion those who wasted time in wandering away from it to discourse on other questions.

B. S. S.—1. Quite correct. How is the visitor to know the way to the drawing-room?—2. The maid who answers the door precedes the visitor and announces her name on opening the door, when she should stand aside to permit her to pass.

Sallie.—You should consult a surgeon, and he would perhaps touch it with caustic; but it must be done by a skilled operator.

A Red-Headed Girl need have no cause for fear, we think, as the gentleman will be as anxious as herself to prevent the fact of his rejected proposal being suspected. Of course she must behave as usual, both for his sake and that of his family.

Mab enquires whether *pâté de foie gras* is wholesome. We should say certainly not. The livers are those of geese, confined and forcibly overfed —as a pork-butcher would stuff a sausage; and it is *said* they are placed before a fire and made to drink, and so the liver swells.

"Love."—We have just published a series of articles (four in number) on "Occupations for Women and Girls," both at home and away from it. We refer you to these. They are appearing in our new volume. Why do you write backwards?

Canariensis.—We should think that the hen bird was too old for sitting at nine years old. In any case get a young bird.

QUESTIONING.

By LILY WATSON.

WHAT does it mean?—the beauty and sweetness
  Breathing from Nature when life is new,
Filling the heart with a blest completeness
    Of ecstacy deep and true!

What does it mean?—the mystical sadness
  Coming with spring when the heart is young,
Nearly akin to a wistful gladness
    Too strange to be said or sung!

What does it mean?—the passionate pleasure
  Tinged by a yearning no lot fulfils,
That wanderers know, without stint or measure,
    Afar on the great lone hills!

"We have felt, we have felt it!" young hearts assure us.
  "It comes like a voice from the hidden years,
A light from the glory that lies before us,
    A whisper to ravished ears.

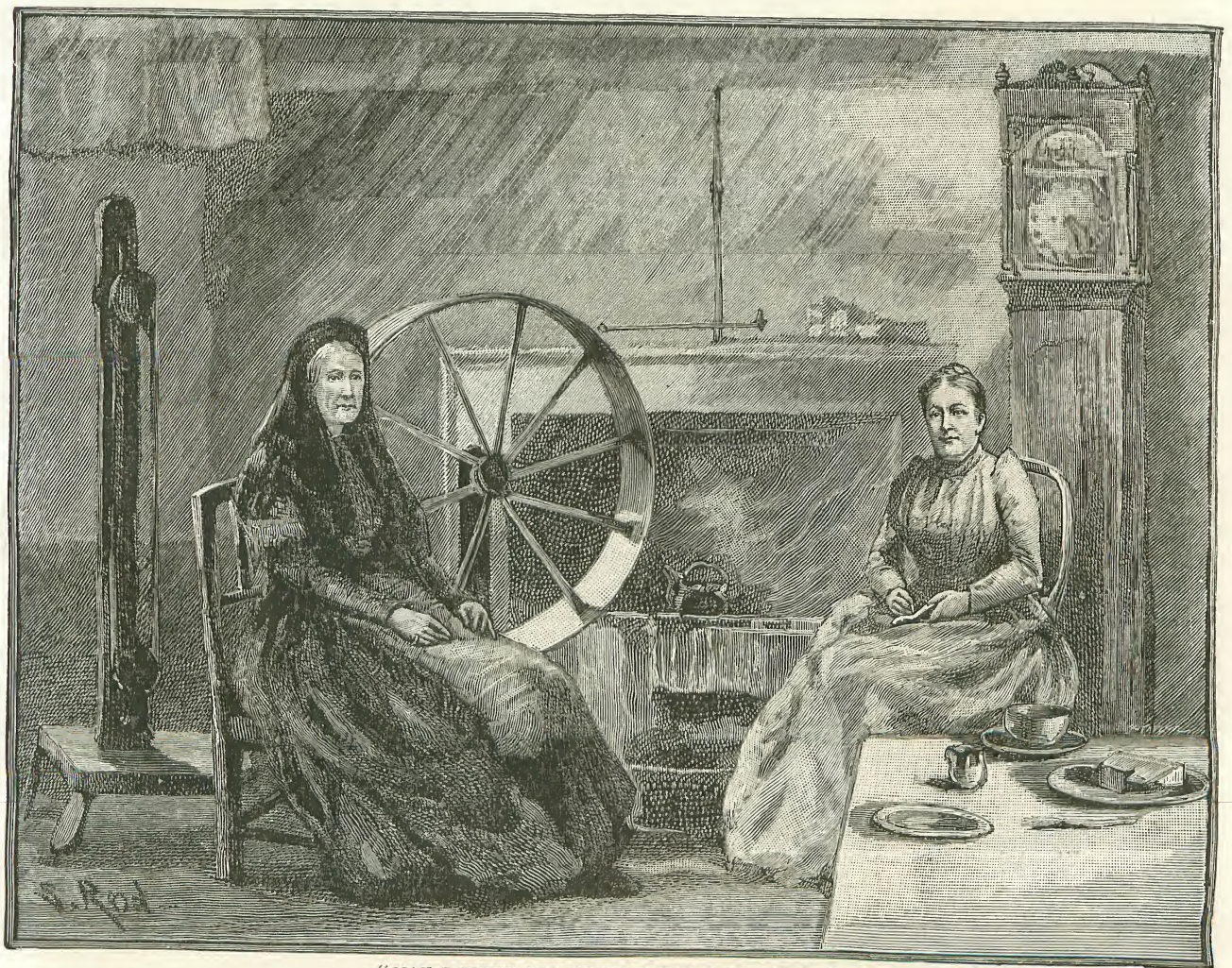
"Oh, surely our life *will* be bright and golden,
  Surely our lot will be fair to see,
Though yet from our vision it lie withholden
    In exquisite mystery!"

Alas! for such answer, so blithely spoken;
  Alas! for the waking, when youth is o'er;
But we know that *one* day, when the Veil is broken,
    We shall wonder and ask no more.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 651.] JUNE 18, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE TRUE STORY OF BETTIE WILLCOX AND HER CLOCK.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," "West Dene Manor," etc.



"MAY I DRINK TEA AGAIN UNDER ITS SHADOW."

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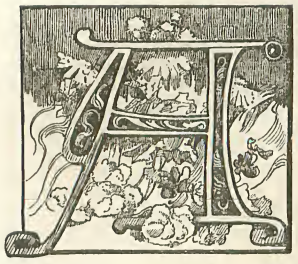
CHAPTER I.



AMONG many little curios and mementos of travel, I have a small hank of yarn, half silk, half thread, such as the finest harness shawls that our great grandmothers wore were made of in Paisley. Beside it is a bit of wood from an old pear tree—the very tree Lady Nairne wrote of in her charming ballad, called "The Auld House." The auld house is that of Gask, where Lady Nairne * was born about the year 1773. Up the tree I allude to one of the Laird's (Oliphant of Gask's) men-servants climbed to give to his master, through the window of his bedchamber, the news of the defeat at Culloden; and of it Lady Nairne, a daughter of the Laird, wrote:—

"Still flourishing the auld pear tree
The bairnies liked to see,
And oh, how aften did they speer
When ripe they a' wad be?"

At the auld house o' Gask, Prince Charlie once found refuge. The song says:—

"The leddy too, sae genty
There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand,
Frae his lang yellow hair."

At the house of Gask, too, was the mountain ash that Lady Nairne has written of in *The Rowan Tree*, and up a lane in the parish of Gask the "Laird o' Cockpen," as she relates so wittily, came to woo Mistress Jean when she was "making the elderflower wine."

My old friend Mrs. Duncan, who gave me the yarn and the bit of wood, is a great granddaughter of the land steward of the auld Laird o' Gask, and one of his daughters, her great aunt, was christened Carlina, in honour of Prince Charles Edward and his visit.

This Mrs. Duncan it is who sits by her wheel—at which she earns her daily bread—in our picture. She too it was who told me the story of the high clock, and her own story I have given in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The skein of yarn I prize was part of some left over after the knitting of three pairs of stockings, that may, like the clock, be called historical.

* * * *

In the gloaming, after an eventful day in the month of April, 1746, a little girl about four years old was playing alone beside a burn that ran noisily through the small ancient town of St. Ninians, near to Stirling. She did not feel lonely; in fact, it was delightful to her just to be quiet, and to linger beside the merry stream, playing with bits of wood and pebbles, and throwing them into the running water. The whole community of the township—it was not much more than a straggling village, with a long main street that ran down the hill to the stream, and up a steep ascent again, with substantial stone houses and cottages on either side—was moved to its very core by the passing through of a portion of the English army on its way south after the battle of Culloden.

A party of soldiers were drinking in a hostelry near-by the burn, and amongst them was the father of the little girl who was playing beside the water. He was a paymaster-sergeant, who, as long as his wife lived, had been a respectably-conducted man, and a good father to his two children. Their mother had, however, lately died, and the man, partly through trouble, and partly because it was a common failing with men of his calling, had during the march been drinking freely. Now and again the playing child glanced towards the hostelry, but the noise there and the excitement frightened her a good deal. Though the mother had followed her husband into Scotland, so as to be near in order to influence him, as she had always done, for good, she had kept her children in as quiet a lodging as she could procure in the town of Perth, and little Bettie shrank from the jokes and the rough talk of the soldiers as from something she was unused to. The shades of evening were closing in, Bettie had wandered a little further away; the men were hastily ordered to march on; and in the bustle and haste, probably still more in the confusion of mind induced by strong drink, the paymaster-sergeant forgot his little daughter, and later on the poor child was found crying bitterly beside the burn. Happily for her, it was good Antony Dunning, the ruling elder in the parish church, who heard her cries and took the deserted bairn to his own home near. She could just tell him that her mother was dead, that her own name was Bettie Willcox, and that her father had left her to go and drink with the soldiers, and that was about all. So long as her kind friend lived Bettie was well cared for in his home; she received as good an education as the little town afforded, but always understood that, when she was old enough, she would go out into the world and earn her own living. Bettie never heard of her father again, and soon, in the regularity and comfort of her new life, he seemed to be forgotten. I mentioned another child—a boy that was—but he also was dropped and forsaken at some other point in the march south. It was many years before brother and sister met again, and then Bettie had walked many a weary mile to see him, after hearing from a stray pedlar that he knew of one of the same name as herself—and having a similar story—in a distant town.

The girl was sent to service, when she was considered old enough, up into the moorlands a few miles away, to a farm, and there she met the man who was father to her son John Duncan, with whose story our clock is more intimately connected. Whether this man died soon afterwards, or whether he simply ceased to care for Bettie and her boy, I do not know; but when John was a lad of about fourteen, full of spirit, and having a desire to see the world, he and his mother, under her maiden name, were living in the same village where she had been forsaken by her own father in her childhood, and were dependent on her exertions for their means of subsistence. To sea the boy was determined to go; so, although it pained the mother sorely to part with her only son, she went with him to Alloa, on the Forth, and there apprenticed him to Robert Spittal, master of a sailing-vessel called the *Ann Spittal*, of Alloa. Then she returned to her lonely little home, to work hard and to pray for the boy. Now and again he came to see her when his vessel was in port, but at last he left for a longer voyage than usual, bidding his mother keep up a good heart until they should meet again.

CHAPTER II.

"Wha wad ha'e thoucht it,
Stockings wad ha'e boucht it?"

THAT time, which Bettie was always looking forward to, was very much further distant than John or she ever could have dreamed of. Those were times of suspense and uncertainty to parted friends. War after war broke out in Europe, and Bettie did not hear much of her son for several years; and then the news was brought her that he, like many another youth, the hope of his parents, had been kidnapped by a press-gang, and forced to enter the navy; and that he had been taken prisoner later in the Baltic, and was then detained in St. Petersburg, whence he would probably soon be sent to the awful wilds of Siberia.

To many women there would have appeared no possibility of help or comfort in such a case. A poor, friendless sailor in a far-off land, cut off, apparently, from all communication with his country, nothing could be done for him. So Bettie's neighbours all told her; but the Englishwoman came of a good stock, and she was a determined woman, with plenty of spirit, and dauntless where her son was concerned.

Some of you who read this may have heard a charming story called "The Czar." It is a faithful history of Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, and it tells how noble and generous a heart he had, and how faithfully he served his God, and how true he was to the interests of his people. In some way his fame had reached even the little town of St. Ninians, and one evening, as the troubled mother sat cogitating in her chair as to how she could reach the heart of the great emperor, the happy idea occurred to her that she would send him the present of some extra fine stockings of her own knitting, and a letter with them begging him to set her only son at liberty.

Had she been a weaker-minded woman, the neighbours would have laughed at and deterred her from this homely project. But Bettie's soul was firm, and her instincts were sure. She thought only how she could procure yarn that was worthy of the emperor, and that she said she could only get in Paisley, some thirty miles distant.

One can imagine the brave woman closing her little house and walking away over roads harder to travel on than we know of nowadays, taking perhaps all the money she had to buy the beautiful yarn, which was a mixture of silk and thread, and in colour a pale indigo blue. And when she arrived at home again how quickly she would set to work on the long stockings, knitting in thoughts of love and yearnings for her boy.

"Eh, but she was a braw knitter!" said my friend, as she told me the story, and showed me the very chair, now almost in pieces, in which Bettie sat as she knitted. "An' they were in a bonnie pattern, what used to be called 'the sea wave' an' 'the walls o' Troy.'" She thought of her sailor and the cruel war when she chose those.

And when at last the three great pairs of stockings were finished, Bettie went quietly to an odd character who wrote all the letters for the working folk of the town. "Just pit in 't what I'll say to ye," said she; and he, being a wag, and not believing for a moment that the letter would ever reach the august Czar, obeyed her literally. The following is an exact copy of that letter; the man who wrote it gave also a copy of it to a well-known inhabitant of Stirling, with whose son I have talked this story all over.

"St. Ninians by Stirling,
"April 2nd, 1804.

"Unto the Most Excellent Alexander Emperor of that Great Dominion of Russia and the Territorys there Unto belonging Etc.

"Your Most Humble Servant Most Humbly begges your Most Gracious Pardon for my

* After writing the above, I found in last November's number of *Blackwood's Magazine* there is a beautiful account of the Auld House o' Gask and Lady Nairne, *née* Caroline Oliphant, by Professor Blackie. I advise those of our readers who have access to a library to read it, and they might also read, "An Historical Clock," for the sake of fuller details of the later history of Bettie's clock, in the same magazine for October, 1890.

boldness in approtching Your Most Dread Sovering for Your Clemency at this time. My Sovering the conclusion of this Freedome is on account of My Son whose name is John Duncan aged 26 years who was Prentiss with Robert Spittle his Master Captain of the *Ann Spittle* of Alloa at the time of the British Embargo in Your Soverings dominion in Russia and is the only support of me his Mother and Besaide I have no other freene for My Support to accept of this small Present from Your Ever Wellwisher whilst I have Breath. The said Present is three pair of Stockens for Going on when your Sovering goes out a hunting. If your Sovering will be pleased to Accept of this and favour me with an answer of this by the Bearer and lett me Kno what Family of Children Your Sovering has I will send some Stockens for them for the Winter before the Winter comes on also what Sons and Dochters you might have.

"Most Dread Sovering I am Your Most Obedient Servant Till Death.

"(Signed) ELIZABETH WILLCOX.

"N.B.—Please to Direct to me to the care of Robert Rennie, Baker in St. Ninians by Stirling."

I should have said that just about the time the stockings were finished Bettie heard that a vessel was sailing from the port of Kincardine on Forth, some twenty miles or more away, for St. Petersburg.

With her parcel and the letter she started away, on foot, as when she went for the yarn. How full her heart must have been, and how many prayers she would send up to Him who is ever the friend of lonely, trusting women as she journeyed alone to the waterside. With a good-natured laugh the skipper took charge of her package, but without giving her much hope of its ever reaching its destination.

Fortune favoured the brave woman, however, for very soon after the vessel reached St. Petersburg, a young Scotsman, Dr. James Wyllie, who himself hailed from Kincardine on Forth, came down to have a crack with the captain, and to hear all the news of his native town. He had lately been appointed physician to the Emperor Alexander, and no one could better carry out the poor mother's commission than he could. No one better understood the simple goodness of the Czar, and at once he took charge of both packet and letter.

So moved by the mother's love and sorrow was the great Alexander, touched, too, by her confidence in his kindness, that he not only gave orders for the immediate release of John Duncan, but he also ordered a hundred pounds to be paid through the Russian Embassy to the baker at St. Ninians for Mistress Bettie Willcox!

A happy mother was Bettie. One pictures the joyous meeting when due time had elapsed; and how rich she would feel with that hundred pounds. The neighbours were all filled with amazement, and many with envy; and John, the hero of the little town, would be telling his story over and over again to the untravelled companions of his boyhood.

Soon he had to go again, for he still belonged to the navy; and then Bettie, who had always longed to possess "a high clock" such as all other women who were at all "house-proud" secured for themselves in those days, went quietly to a certain Mr. David Somerville, who was a noted clockmaker of that time, and gave him an order for one of the very best that could be made. John hoped to marry shortly, and the clock would always be a valuable heirloom. The face of it was sent away to Glasgow to be painted, as Bettie desired that no expense should be spared in the matter. "The case is mahogany, made in the Chippendale style, inlaid with boxwood. It is an eight-day clock, and the dial-plate is of finely wrought brass. On the door is that shell of inlaid work so familiar to us in furniture of the same period; lower down there is a bird, whilst a running pattern of fine scroll-work ornaments the sides and the top. On each side above the face is the badge of the Prince of Wales's feathers, finely inlaid.

"There are coloured pictures outside the dial at the four corners. On the right hand stands the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the father of Nicholas. He is represented as a fine, stately personage, in a long flowing crimson cloak lined with ermine; on his head is the imperial crown, and in his hand a sceptre or wand, with which he is pointing to a fleet of ships 'on a painted ocean' above the dial-plate. These are not all 'idle,' however, for one of them moves to and fro on a wave with each swing of the pendulum. Opposite to the emperor, in the left-hand corner, a comely-looking woman stands knitting a long and capacious stocking. She is dressed in the straight, short gown without a waist, belted high up under the bust, that was worn about ninety years ago. In the corner below her, on a sea-beach in front of some men-of-war, is a well-dressed gentleman of the same period; opposite to whom, underneath the emperor, a pretty young woman stands at a cottage door with a plump babe in her arms, the very picture of 'smiling content.'

"'Over all yon there used to be a piece of wood,' said the owner of the clock, as she showed it to me, 'and it had this inscription on it—

"'Wha wad ha'e thoucht it,
Stockings would ha'e boucht it?'"

Unfortunately, the inscription, which was on a separate bit of wood put across the top, has been removed, and got mislaid in the various movings the clock had to undergo. This is a pity, as the lines were, I believe, specially made, or possibly adapted, to suit their present purpose.

John, after this date, was taking part in some of the great historical events of our country. He was on board the *Shannon* when a great sea duel was fought between that vessel belonging to the Royal Navy, and the American frigate the *Chesapeake*, on the first of June, 1813. Before that, too, he had been in his ship off Corunna, in Spain, at the time of the battle there in 1809—that celebrated one, when the gallant Sir John Moore was mortally wounded. You have nearly all of you learned those famous lines beginning—

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried."

Corunna has another tragic association for myself, the writer of this little paper; for in that town I landed alone from a little rowing-boat full of Portuguese sailors who could not understand a word I said, after being shipwrecked in the mail steamer *Douro*, in March, 1882. A forlorn-looking figure I was, without stockings or hat, my hair flying in the wind and rain; but, fortunately, with a good Harris tweed ulster over my night-clothes. I call it a tragical association, because, although I was mercifully preserved alive, great numbers lost their lives in that disaster.

John Duncan brought many pretty curios home with him from abroad, which my Mrs. Duncan—the one in our picture, telling me this story—still treasures. They were brought mostly as part of his young bride's flittin'—the old Scotch term for the wedding outfit.

The mother of Dr. Wyllie, the Czar's physician, was then living in Kincardine on Forth. She invited Mistress Bettie Willcox to come and see her; and away Bettie "traivelled" again. A proud woman, indeed, was the sailor's mother, as she and the mother of the emperor's own doctor drank tea together out of beautiful tea-things—a present from Alexander of Russia to Mrs. Wyllie.

The kindly nature of the great Czar prompted him to honour the old Englishwoman further. Some time later a grand personage called at Bettie's house. Unfortunately, she was from home at the time, which was a great sorrow to her, although she always spoke with much pride of that visit. The gentleman told the neighbours he was connected with the Russian Embassy, and that he was the bearer of a message of goodwill from the Emperor Alexander to Mistress Bettie Willcox.

And so the historical part of our clock's story ends. The sailor, John Duncan, left it to his son John, who was the husband of my friend the present possessor of it. It always goes by the name of "the Emperor," and it ticks as gallantly and as faithfully as it ever did. May it long do so. And may I drink tea again under its shadow, as the great old-fashioned wheel at which my friend earns her living, drones and booms under her busy hand; she turning to me from time to time as some quaint bit of old Scottish life occurs to her which she thinks would take my fancy.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

EXPLORING.

As Beth rejoined Jeanie and Sybil, she asked, "Where shall we go first?"

"We'll visit all the rooms opening from the hall," said Jeanie. "Come, Sybil"—putting an arm round her waist—"come and look at the remnants of departed grandeur. Here's the drawing-room. Why, it's locked!" They opened the door. The room was in darkness, and when lighted by the raising of the blinds, appeared clothed in dust sheets. It was a noble apartment, and bore evidences of recent restoration. The cream and gold of its walls and the lofty ceiling, added to its ghostly drapery, made the room appear to the girls even larger than its real extent.

"It's been painted and done up," said Beth, almost in a whisper, as though awed by the huge, cold, white room.

"Yes," answered her sister, as they passed out, "grandfather had several of the rooms repainted;" but she did not remind Beth for what purpose they had been done in connection with the sad events of that time.

The next door was *likewise locked*. It was that of the small or inner drawing-room. This also had been painted, gilded, and re-decorated. The girls passed on in succession to the library,

billiard-room, the large study, and the smoking-room. Each were alike locked, unused, and shrouded.

Beth laid her hand on the dining-room door and peeped in, but refrained from entering.

"How cold and dreary it looks," said the child. "I thought they were all warm, pretty rooms when we lived in them. Let's go upstairs. But stop, Jean—we haven't been to that door at the far end."

"Sure to be locked," said her sister, as she and Sybil followed. And so it proved; but with this difference, the key was turned on the inside, whereas the other doors were all locked from the outside.

Beth rattled the handle.

"Who is there?" asked a man's voice from within.

"It's father, Jeanie," she said excitedly to her sister. "Father, father, let us in!" she called, with her head close to the door. "Jean and I are here."

"Not now, my dears," answered the colonel. "I am busy, so run away, and I will come to you as soon as I can."

"I want to come in," said Beth pettishly, and pushing away Sybil's restraining hand; but enticed by Jeanie, she desisted, and followed them upstairs to continue their researches.

With the exception of their own bedrooms, her father's, one spare room, and the servants', all were shut up; some, as they looked in, bearing marks of neglect, and sadly needing repair, others partly renovated.

The principal bedroom was the one they visited last, and the contrast it presented to the unused and desolate rooms they had been exploring struck them very forcibly. They stood for a few seconds on the threshold in mute astonishment at the spectral beauty of the place, as seen through the half darkness; then Jeanie went forward, and drawing aside the curtains, let in the light.

"How lovely!" cried Beth. "What a room for fairies to live in! And we to know they were always about us unseen."

There was reason for the child's admiration. The walls were a marvel of pale sea-green Japanese paper, tinted with just a reflection of delicate salmon-pink. The costly brass bedstead had a silken coverlet and drapery of the same delicately-combined colours, while full curtains of like material swept in graceful folds from the windows. Bevelled plate-glass mirrors and carved oak panels gleamed and gave depth and mysterious glimpses amid the furniture. It was the bridal chamber, and the only room completely finished and furnished before Owen Stanard's fatal illness.

"Come away, Beth," said Jeanie, reclosing the curtains.

"Why?" asked Beth, noticing for the first time Jeanie's sad look of preoccupation. "It's the only pretty room. Will it be ours?"

"Certainly not," replied Jeanie. "This was to be grandfather's bridal chamber."

"Oh, Jeanie, I didn't think of that! Let us go."

"I have never seen such magnificent rooms or such superb furniture," Sybil said to Jeanie. "How rich you must have been; and what a trial to so suddenly lose your wealth. Perhaps your father may soon recover some of his losses."

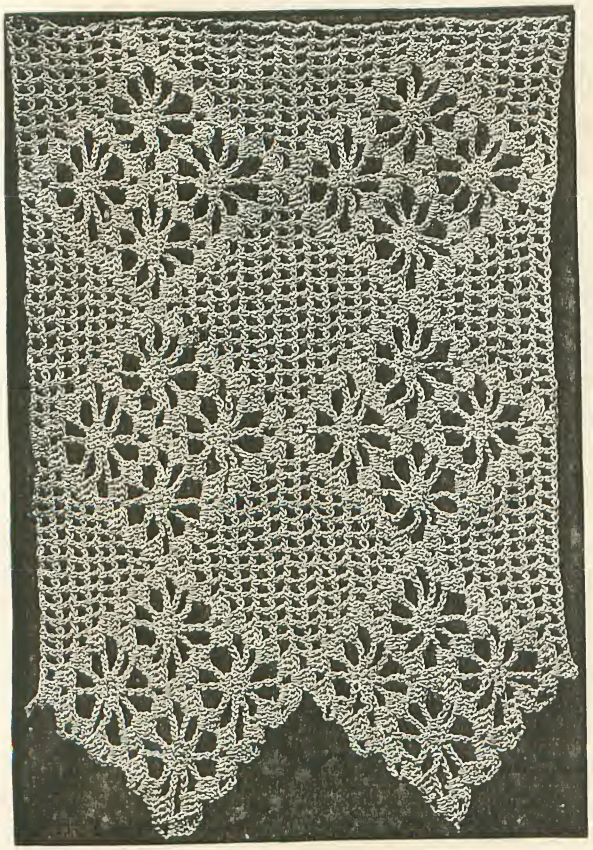
"I think there is no chance," answered Jeanie. "Why, even the furniture you so much admire is to be sent back and replaced by the old."

"Indeed!" and Sybil's hopes, which had risen somewhat at the sight of the handsome surroundings, fell to zero.

(To be continued.)

CROCHET.

LACE MANTEL-BORDER.



CROCHET LACE MANTEL-BORDER.

If the width of the border is required to be ten inches and a half use écru-coloured crochet cotton D. M. C. No. 15; but if a fine lace border six inches and a half wide is desired use D. M. C. No. 22.

Cast on 91 stitches.

1st Row.—Work a double into the first stitch, 1 chain, miss 1 and work a double into the third stitch, repeat until there are 10 doubles, counting the first one, 1 chain, miss 1, 4 doubles into the next four stitches, * 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double fourteen times, 1 chain, miss 1, 4 doubles into the next four stitches, repeat from * once, work 8 chain.

2nd Row.—In this and all succeeding rows, when 1 chain, miss 1, and 1 double are mentioned, the chain is always placed above the chain on the preceding row, and the double worked into and above the double in preceding row. The increase and decrease necessary to form the pointed border that edges the lace are made on the even numbered rows, the straight edge on the uneven rows. Where 4 doubles are worked together, the first and last are worked into the stitches below them; in order to keep the outer edges of the open diamonds these stitches enclose straight and solid. Before commencing the second row see that there are 14 single doubles and 15 single chains between each set of 4 doubles, as the whole pattern is thrown out if there is any mistake in the first row. Second row.—Upon the first, second, and third made chains in last row work 3 doubles, and a fourth double on the last double of the first row, miss over 2 chain and work 4 more doubles, putting the first into the fourth double of first row, the two next into the open space made by the one chain, and the last into the first single double of the first row (8 doubles are thus made without any chain between them), 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double twelve times, repeat from the commencement of the row, working the first set of doubles into an open space, finish with 1 chain and 1 double repeated nine times.

3rd Row.—1 double, miss 1, 1 chain eight times, * 4 doubles into an open space, 4 chain, 1 long treble, which work in the middle of the 8 doubles on second row, 4 chain, 4 double into the first space, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double ten times, 1 chain, repeat from * twice, omitting the last set of 10 chains and doubles, finish with 8 chain.

4th Row.—Work 4 doubles upon the 8 chain as in the second row, * 5 chain, and 3 singles, putting the middle single above the long treble and a single on each side, 5 chain, 4 doubles into the first space, 1 chain, miss 1, and 1 double eight times, 1 chain, repeat from * twice, but end with 7, not 8, single chains and doubles.

5th Row.—1 double, miss 1, 1 chain six times, * 4 doubles into the last space, 5 chain, 5 singles over the 3 singles on last row and on each side, 5 chain, 4 doubles into the first open space, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double six times, 1 chain, repeat from * twice omitting the last set of 6 chains and 6 doubles, finish with 8 chain.

6*th Row*.—Work 4 doubles on the 8 chain as in the second row, 4 doubles upon the first stitches of the 5 chain on fifth row (8 doubles in all), 5 chain, 3 singles above the 5 singles of last row, 5 chain, 4 doubles on the last stitches of the next 5 chain, 4 doubles in the first open space (8 doubles again together), 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double four times, 1 chain, repeat twice from the commencement of row, and finish with 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double five times.

7*th Row*.—1 double, miss 1, 1 chain four times, * 4 double into the last open space, 4 chain, 1 long treble placed in the centre of the 8 doubles on the sixth row, 4 chain, 4 doubles into the first stitches of the 5 chain on last row, 4 chain, 1 long treble above the 3 singles on sixth row, 4 chain, 4 doubles into the last stitches of the second set of 5 chain of last row, 4 chain, 1 long treble in between the 8 doubles, 4 chain, 4 doubles in the first space, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double twice, 1 chain, repeat from * twice, omitting the last set of 1 chain, 1 double, finish with 8 chain.

8*th Row*.—4 doubles on the eighth chain as in second row, * 4 chain, 3 singles above the long treble, 4 chain, 4 doubles worked on the 4 chain in last row next the second long treble, 4 doubles over the next set of chains (8 doubles together), 4 chain and 3 single over the long treble in the seventh row, 4 chain, 4 doubles into the first open space, miss the second and work 4 doubles into the third open space, repeat from * twice, but omit the last four doubles and work 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double three times.

9*th Row*.—1 double, miss 1, 1 chain twice, 4 doubles into the remaining open space, * 5 chain, 5 singles over the 3 singles of eighth row, 5 chain, 4 doubles worked between the 8 doubles of last row, repeat from * to the end of the row.

10*th Row*.—4 chain, * 4 doubles over the first 5 chain of last row, 4 chain, 3 singles over the 5 singles on ninth row, 4 chain, 4 doubles over the second 5 chain, repeat from * to the end of the row, but finish with 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double three times (in this row 8 doubles are again worked together).

11*th Row*.—1 double, miss 1, 1 chain, four times, 1 chain, * 4 doubles over the first 4 chain of tenth row, 4 chain, 1 long treble over the 3 singles of tenth row, 4 chain, 4 doubles over the second set of chains in last row, 4 chain, 1 long treble into the centre of the 8 doubles on tenth row, 4 chain, 4 doubles into the next set of chains, 4 chain, 1 long treble over the 3 singles of last row, 4 chain, 4 doubles into the last set of chains, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double, twice, 1 chain, repeat from * twice, omitting the single chains and doubles the second time.

12*th Row*.—4 chain, * 4 doubles into the last 4 chain on eleventh row, 4 doubles into the next set of chains (8 doubles are together), 5 chain, 3 singles over the long treble, 5 chain, 4 doubles into the next set of chains, 4 doubles into the next set (8 doubles together), 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double four times, repeat from * twice and finish with a fifth, 1 chain, miss 1, and 1 double.

13*th Row*.—1 double, miss 1, 1 chain six times, 1 chain, 4 doubles between the 8 doubles of last row, 5 chain, 5 singles on the 3 singles of twelfth row, 5 chain, 4 doubles between the 8 doubles on last row, 1 chain, repeat from the commencement twice.

14*th Row*.—4 chain, * 4 doubles on the last 5 chain of thirteenth row, 4 chain, 3 singles on the 5 singles of last row, 4 chain, 4 doubles on the second set of 5 chains, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double eight times, 1 chain, repeat from * twice, but finish with 7 chains and doubles instead of 8.

15*th Row*.—1 double, 1 chain, miss 1, eight times, 1 chain, * 4 doubles on the 4 chain of fourteenth row, 4 chain, 1 long treble over the 3 singles of last row, 4 chain, 4 doubles on the second set of chains, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double ten times, 1 chain, repeat from * once, and end with 4 doubles, 4 chain, 1 long treble, 4 chain, 4 doubles.

16*th Row*.—4 chain, * 4 doubles into the first 4 chain of fifteenth row, 4 doubles into the second set of chains, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 double twelve times, 1 chain, repeat from * twice, but finish with 9, instead of 12, 1 chain, 1 double.

Repeat from first row. Each open diamond takes 16 rows to complete.

UP THE STEEP HILLSIDE.

CHAPTER III.

PLEASANT PLACES.

THE next morning, Mary, accustomed to early hours in the country, was up and dressed before any of the others were stirring apparently, and not knowing what to do with herself, she went cautiously downstairs and through the open door into the lawn, which lay invitingly before her in the morning sun. The gardeners were already at work, laying out the conventional flower-beds, to be hereafter a blaze of purple and scarlet, and getting the tennis-ground ready for use; and as Mary rambled about the grounds (if one can be said to ramble in a well-kept London garden, where the very trees have a sleek society air about them, and seem to repel, by their own stately gravity, any approach to careless ease), she could have fancied herself in the heart of the country, instead of on the outskirts of the great city. She was apparently standing in her own lawn at her old home; the birds were singing, not in these ornamental trees, but in her dear, rugged old chestnuts and elms at Langley. She was not even startled at a figure coming in at the gate, for Jack Adams was inseparably associated with the lawn since they had that memorable talk in it only two days ago, and it seemed natural enough that he should walk in at the gate and that she should go forward to meet him. She stopped abruptly, however, when she had walked a few steps, for the real scene forced itself upon her eyes, and she found she was going to meet, not Jack Adams, but Tom Davey. She flushed hotly at her foolish dreaming as he saluted her with a pleasant "Good-morning! So you have brought your early country habits into the town, I see," and was trying to compose herself to frame an intelligible answer, when he considerately went on, "Our family is not at all renowned for early rising, except myself, you see; and as breakfast won't be ready just yet, I will show you through the greenhouses if you like."

"Thank you," Mary said, and pleased at the chance of regaining her self-possession, followed him to the gardens.

"Of course you feel interested in gardening," he went on. "Being a country girl, I expect you are a pretty good amateur gardener."

"Oh, pray don't credit us in the country with all the virtues," Mary said laughing. "I am afraid my gardening is very amateurish indeed. It is in towns that gardening is brought to perfection. We fall into a drowsy, slothful ease in the country, and let nature do the gardening in a great measure."

"And a fine old gardener she is too," he answered. "But you shouldn't depreciate

country life as you do. It is just the place where virtue has room to grow, and is in no danger of being stifled by the vices which life in a big metropolis like this develops so frightfully."

"Does it?" said Mary. "I don't know anything about that, but I do know that everybody takes life very easily at Langley, and nothing is brought to such perfection as it is here in any branch of production, either mental or physical. We have plenty of time for everything, if we did but use it; but we just lounge along and waste it."

"I am afraid that you are anything but a model rural community, then," he said, smiling. "Don't you know what Goethe says? That he always found better inns in the country than in towns, and better in smaller towns than in large ones, and gave as a reason, that man is only fitted for a narrow sphere, which has scope enough for his limited capacity, and aims not beyond his compassing; whereas in towns he is so distracted by the multitude of objects and aims and ideas, that he fails to grasp anything clearly and firmly, and by reason of trying to do too much, ends in really accomplishing nothing."

"I think," Mary answered, "what he says of country life may be truer of Germany than England. The women are generally said to be better housekeepers than we English are, and they are certainly more industrious and methodical than we are. And as for town life, surely it is possible to choose an aim, and achieve something in it, in spite of all distractions."

"Yes, of course it is possible if one is calm and strong," Tom said; "but who is? In the heat and press of town life our vanities and ambitions and cupidities are brought into immense activity; each particle we cherish in our own breast acts on and excites whatever our fellows may happen to possess of the like qualities, and ours are in turn acted on and strengthened by those of our fellows. And so there is great danger for the man who has no special tendency for anything but a sympathetic leaning to many things; for his vanity and ambition will be excited first in one direction and then in another by the achievements of others, and he will squander his forces in a multiplicity of occupations without achieving an appreciable result in any; while the same forces, concentrated on one object, would have accomplished something approaching perfection. And it is more than likely that, in trying to do a great many things, he lays on his own nature a burthen greater than it can bear, and some part of his delicate organisation snaps; and behold! the fair temple is a ruin—perhaps the mind thereof, or the body, or maybe the soul, which is worst of all; if one may speak of three things as separate when they are in reality only one," he added as if to himself.

Mary made no answer; she was busy testing the truth of his remarks as far as she could by her own experience. It was small indeed, but she only looked back to the previous evening, when she had rapidly come to the conclusion that it would be the most delightful thing in the world to go to the Guildhall School, and be a student of music for a year or two. How much had vanity and ambition to do with that conclusion, and how much a genuine love of music? Heart-searching questions, these, which each, who has tried to look into the depths of his own heart, will know how to answer.

Tom was apparently busy with thoughts of his own, and they both walked silently through the greenhouses and silently back to the house.

At the door they met Nan, who greeted them with a "Good morning! Dreadful creatures that you are, already conspiring to put me to the blush for my lazy habits! I've got the best of it, though. You are both looking as grave as tombs, and I feel as lively as a cricket. How does your class get on, dear boy?" she said familiarly to her brother. "Weren't your men too sleepy to take in much Greek?"

Mary stared, and Tom looked annoyed; but Nan went on heedlessly, "Don't you think he's mad, Mary, to get up at six in the morning to teach a set of mechanics Greek and mathematics? What good are such things to them I should like to know?" she asked with some contempt.

"Nan has not arrived at the stage of universal brotherhood yet," Tom said to Mary as if he were sure of a sympathetic listener. "She thinks anything will do for 'that sort of people.' I have tried to impress upon her that their work, like every kind of work, requires a certain amount of brain-power to do it intelligently, and the more their brain is exercised and properly developed, the more intelligently they will do their work."

"How can you expect a foolish young thing like me to understand that?" Nan said, with a sly twinkle, however, which showed she was not so dull as she wished to be thought; and affectionately hugging her brother's arm, she led him off to the tennis-ground, which she wanted to show Mary, she said.

"Don't let Nan make a martyr of you at tennis, Miss Pollard," Tom said. "It's necessary to warn you against that young person. She will play the whole day long if she can get anyone to play with her."

"I don't suppose she will care to play much with me," Mary said. "I do not play well enough. I shall stand out and watch you two."

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Nan decidedly. "I should like to see you playing me a trick of that sort. Know, my dear young friend, that Tom never condescends to play with me after his professional experiences in tennis at Cambridge. And if he does, it's not the least fun, because he always beats me."

"Oh, base ingratitude!" said Tom in a melodramatic tone. "After good-naturedly consenting to your repeated requests to play with you, giving you no end of experience and instruction, and improving your form in every way, this is my only return."

"Breakfast is ready," said Nan, finding no answer to Tom's charge. "Come along, Mary! Let's hurry up for breakfast. I'm longing to instruct you in the noble game. So we'll come out before it gets too hot."

The next few weeks were the happiest that Mary had ever spent. They were a bright gleam of sunshine across a path that had been colourless and rather sombre until then, and she enjoyed them to the full. A little practice at tennis soon made her a fair match for Nan, and the two had many an exciting game. Tom played too, pretty often, and after a while they enjoyed the glorious triumph of beating him by their combined efforts.

The three often went into the city together, and while Nan had her lessons at the Guildhall School, Tom took Mary about and showed her some of the phases of life in the mighty city, and some of the products of the thoughts of that great mass of humanity in art and commerce. He was a most able guide, knowing how to suggest to Mary the historical and philosophical aspect of things, so that her own powers of observation and inference and criticism were kept actively in play by following the line of thought he indicated to her. He interested her most of all in the human beings who filled the streets—so constantly and inexplicably to Mary—from the fashionable throngs of Piccadilly and Hyde Park, and the busy commercial crowds of the city, to the squalid and miserable inhabitants of Whitechapel and Shoreditch, and all the other haunts of the poor of London. Whether from a natural shyness that shrank away from the sight of people so much more fashionable and luxurious than herself, or from the influence of her instructor, she felt more drawn towards the poor and wretched than to the rich and fortunate occupants of the carriages in the parks and the West End. Tom was very glad to encourage such a tendency at any rate, and willingly showed her the ragged schools and orphanages, hospitals, and all the philanthropic efforts that he knew anything of. Two days a week these lessons were carried out, and at the end of a few weeks Mary knew a good deal about the various aspects of humanity crowded together about the banks of Father Thames, even if the streets still confused her, and the locality of the Tower or of the Museum was still a mystery to her as she stood in the Strand.

Whether Mr. and Mrs. Davey saw the danger of such continual and naturally familiar companionship as must of necessity exist between two young people who are living in the same house, they were content to let things take their course. They would not have been alarmed if they had seen any open flirtation, since they liked Mary; but as they didn't, they concluded that Tom's heart was already occupied by a certain Miss Ayre—a girl who had been much associated with him in benevolent work, and with whom he was popularly supposed to be in love. What restored the balance on Mary's side was the fact that she occasionally received letters from the irrepressible Jack Adams, who would not be denied the privilege of writing to her, although he got no answers. So these previous *affaires de cœur* on both sides would fully explain the brotherly and sisterly tone which prevailed in their intercourse with each other.

But we who know something about Mary's real feeling for Jack Adams, may make a pretty correct guess at the state of her feelings towards Tom Davey. Her poor starved heart, which had not hitherto found many congenial and sympathetic objects on which to lavish its riches, opened up freely to the new life which the affection of the whole family made possible for it; and what wonder if the deepest and strongest current of all flowed towards Tom? All the Miss Ayres in the world could not check it, though it doubled and trebled her self-abasement and humiliation that it should be so. To give away her heart to a man who would have none of it, and who was himself another's, became, after she had fairly faced the truth, an unbearable thought, and the fear that he should discover it still more unbearable. That she, untrained and inexperienced as she was, should have self-control enough to hide her feelings from him, speaks volumes for her force of character; but she felt that it was a struggle that she could not long endure, so she sought some means of ending it.

The whole family were going to Bournemouth for a few weeks, and insisted on Mary's accompanying them. She consented simply because it was on the way to Devonshire, and determined when she had been there for a day or two to leave them on a pretext of visiting her Uncle Pollard at Branscombe. Two things combined to make this project easy. At the last moment Tom decided to stay in London for a few days longer, which would relieve her from the much-dreaded ordeal of saying good-bye to him in a formal way, and also from the temptation his presence would be to her to stay. And when she had been at Bournemouth a day or two, she received a letter from her Aunt Pollard, saying scarlet-fever was raging in their village, and they wanted help badly. This decided her to leave at once, and in spite of all expostulations she was soon on her way to Branscombe.

(To be concluded.)

A NOVEL GARDEN-PARTY.

ONE of the many methods by which society entertains its friends and acquaintances during the season is garden parties, and there are very few people of rank and fashion, and even those standing on the fringes of society, who have not been present at many such. One of the conditions of accepting invitations is the possibility of appearing in elegant and suitable costumes, and of being able to afford a carriage if the distance be too long to walk.

Between these fashionable garden-parties, and the one I hope to interest you in, there is nothing in common save two small details, viz., invitations are issued both in one and the other, and, being an outdoor amusement, this form of entertainment must be given in the summer months. Among the upper classes money is often spent very lavishly on their garden-parties in order to make them a success. Not so in the one I am speaking of, where everything shows the absence of money; and yet nowhere in the world has a garden-party proved such a success as the novel one which is the subject of this article.

Down in the East End of London there are swarms of children in the streets, courts, and alleys, whose condition would make hearts sore indeed if they could realise it. The pinched faces, crippled limbs, ragged clothing of the majority of these little ones, together with the absence of everything that makes the happiness of the young, form a picture which appeals strongly to the kindly feeling of all classes of both sexes, but especially to women who are mothers and sisters, and who, one and all, would long to help and brighten these lives so shorn of all that makes life happy. But strong as the wish may be to do this, obstacles rise up, like giants, to bar the way; for these little ones may be counted by thousands even in one district, and what could one person, or even twenty, do to stem the torrent? And so the whole question is put on one side, while the endurance and the sufferings of the children, alas! still go on.

While we have been hoping and really meaning to do something for these little ones as soon as we could think out a plan, a friend has come forward to their aid; not with silver and gold, but with a heart filled to repletion with love to little children, and a determination, with God's help and blessing, to brighten their existence. This is not the place to speak of his work, which is full of interest and pathos; but we will merely say that his face and figure are well known in Whitechapel and Bow, and that at sight of him little tear-stained faces grow pretty with smiles; and no matter how dirty or miserable they are, they run towards him, feeling sure of his sympathy and love. He is at once their friend, adviser, teacher, and playmate; he lives among them, and knows their lives intimately. I have never in my life seen anyone who loved little children as he does. He reckons among his friends some three or four thousand children, few or none over ten and most of them under eight years of age, and of these some two hundred and fifty are terribly crippled, who, until he sought them out, were hidden away from sight and absolutely neglected. Now they are learning what the love of a good man can do towards rendering their condition bearable; and as they are growing in intelligence, they are about to be led into the mysteries of shorthand and book-keeping, so that in time they may become useful members of society. Thinking of what he could do to take these masses of little ones out of the hot streets, courts, and alleys, and give them a day of fresh air and freedom in the country, he bethought him of the garden parties of the rich, and puzzled his brain night and day as to the possibility of copying them in one or two points at least. It must be a comprehensive scheme, for he must take all or none; it would spoil all his pleasure to know that one little sorrowful child among his friends was left behind. It would take too long to tell how he got everything in order for the carrying out of his plan; but he was successful, and therefore very happy.

Like the great people, he keeps a book with the name and address of every friend, and in his case of every little child who is called his friend, and between four and five thousand names are written down. He could not take all at once, so they were divided into companies, and to every child he sent or took an invitation written on a card, stating the day and hour at which he hoped to find them at a certain street. Here at ten o'clock they were to fall into line, give up their cards of invitation, and receive a cheap bright sash in exchange. If you had seen these hundreds of children how your hearts would have gone out to them; and had they assembled there at your invitation, you would not have exchanged your guests for the highest ladies and gentlemen in the land. Many of them were shoeless, coatless, capless, their faces pinched by want and suffering, but all lighted up with happiness as they stood there waiting for their sashes—for were they not Mr. Boyer's guests, and going to his garden-party? Some thirty of the older ones were entrusted with banners made of sateen, with mottoes, such as "Live for your children, and not for the publican." And now came the pleasure of being helped on and into the trams which were waiting to take them out of London, and would remain and bring them home in the evening. I think some hundred were conveyed by one tram. When all the precious freight was settled, off they moved amid the tears and laughter of the older people who had assembled to see them start. After about six miles' drive they arrived in Epping Forest, where preparations had been made, and where they were evidently expected. A large tent had been erected with the permission of the Forest authorities; sheds had been put up, in one of which a baker had been working up to a late hour the night before making scones. He was a man out of work, and was glad to be engaged for this garden-party.

At length the little ones were all safely lifted down and counted as they marched into the tent. Here a very short service was held and a few loving words addressed to them, and then each had two fresh-made scones and a little water; then some tickets were given to enable them to enjoy the games provided for them, and before they are let loose the host says, "You mustn't go far from the tent, because there's a pond, and it's deep; so keep to the path. Anyone who forgets to obey will lose his scarf and his cake for tea; but I know I may trust my little friends." And he was right; they would not have vexed him for the world.

There were a number of bright mail-carts for their use which the host had had made at ten shillings each, and thus all were happy till early teatime arrived. And now came the milkman with cans of fresh new milk, enough for all to have a cup full with their large piece of cake; and this being finished, they all accompanied Mr. Boyer, and amused themselves in gathering flowers and picking berries and running races. Some of the little ones, who had never been into the country, seeing blackberries, grabbed at them stems and all, and then came with their little fingers all scratched to show them and be comforted. One little girl with her pinafore held very tight went up to the host and pulled him by the coat, saying, "See, Mr. Boyer, what a lot of gooseberries I have picked up!" Poor little dear! they were young horse-chestnuts!

At length the time came for them to assemble in the tent before returning home. Here a few loving words were again addressed to them, and then they joined in singing a hymn —which was not well pronounced—"I'm a follerin' to the Promised Land," was what they said. But what did it matter? They were happy, and before dark they were once again in Whitechapel, and safely given over to their parents without any accident save a few scratched fingers.

This was the first of a series which only came to an end when every little child, cripples as well, had had the same enjoyment. Who will say it was not a novel garden-party? And surely no guests ever returned home with hearts so brimful of love and gratitude to their host as did these.

In speaking to this man about the children, he said, "It means a lot to them to have someone to go to and tell out all their little troubles when their hearts are full."

A day or two ago a little girl who has a stall of pigs' feet in Whitechapel, called to him as he was passing, "Please, Mr. Boyer, come 'ere; I wants to know if you are goin' to take me to the country again this summer?" "Yes, I hope so."

"'Cause," she continued, "there's a little girl in our 'ouse, her mother do pay her so—will you take her too?"

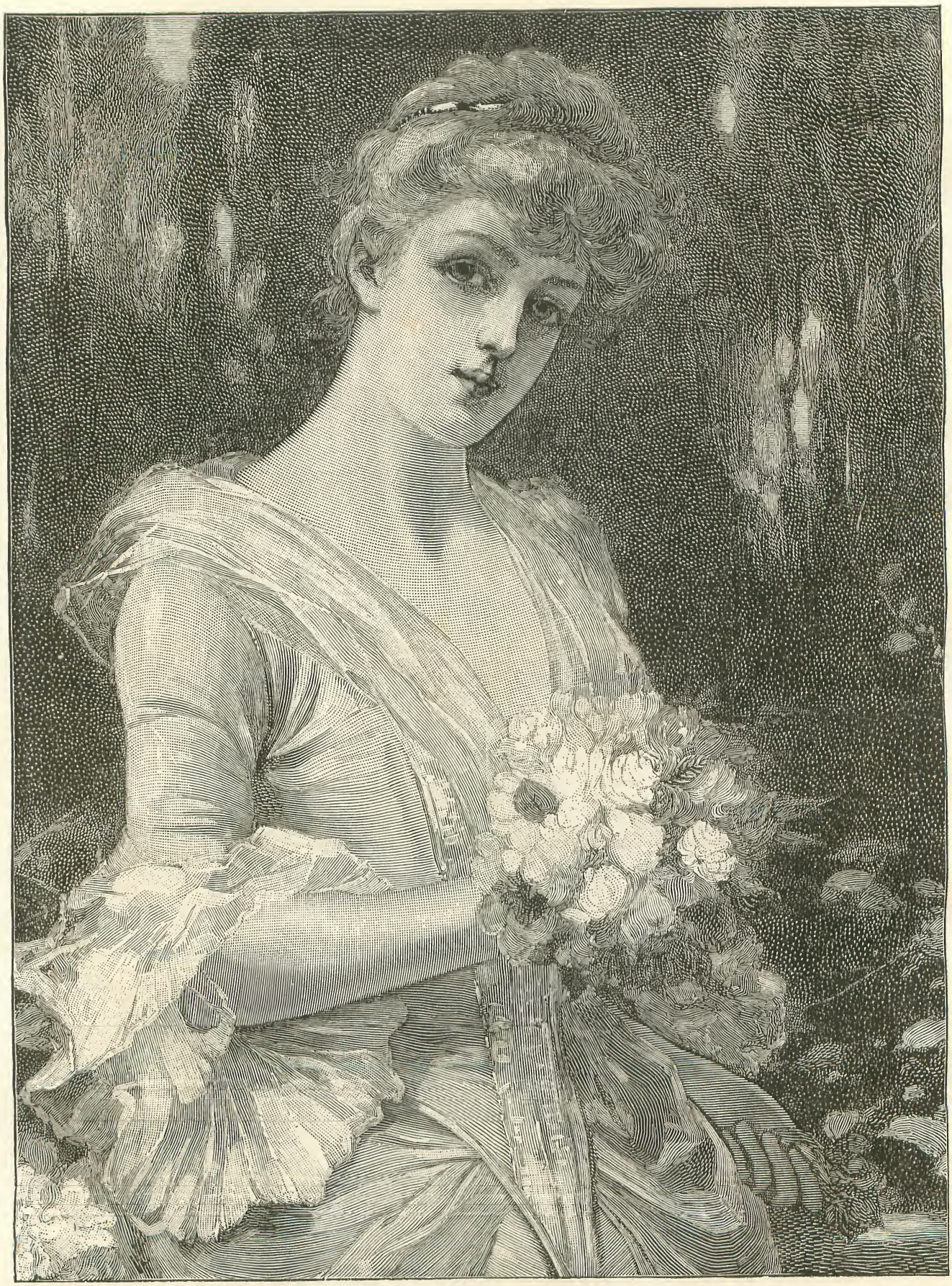
"Of course I will," was the answer, and he proceeded to take down her name and address.

It seems a good deal of trouble and expense for a few days' outing, but think what these garden-parties are to the thousands of little ones who have no joys, no comforts, scarcely enough to cover them, and certainly not enough to eat.

These novel garden-parties took place last summer, and were made possible by the generous gifts of one or two friends. Is it too much to ask that all with little children of their own should spare something to enable this good man to give another series of garden-parties this summer?

Mr. Kirk, of the Ragged School Union, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C., would thankfully receive any contributions towards Mr. Boyer's novel garden-parties.

I should like to say that the mail-carts which gave so much amusement in the country, have done good service all the winter in Whitechapel and Bow, taking the cripples for little drives. The tent is the property of Mr. Boyer's little friends now, so that expense will be spared this year.



ROSES.

SUMMER DAYS.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

THE roses weave a fragrant wreath,
The ripening fields are tinged with gold,
The bees are humming o'er the heath,
The breeze is whispering o'er the wold,
Whilst on the stones the streamlet plays
Its sweetest tunes these summer days.

The morning clouds are pearly grey,
The evening skies are ruby red,
And all along the flower-strewn way
Bewitching lights and shades are shed;
As seen through such a golden haze,
Earth seems like heaven on summer days

When whirling snows of winter-time
Are falling on the fallow lea—
When, like a cerement, the rime
Is clothing every bush and tree—
And only noontide's struggling rays
Recall the sun of summer days—

If thou art but beside me, sweet,
No storm nor tempest shall I fear;
As welcome as the cloudless heat
To me will be the closing year;
And I will sing my song of praise
As clearly as on summer days.

'Tis thou, my dearest, who dost bring
The bliss of summer-tide to me;
And therefore thou canst steal the sting
From winter's coldest cruelty:
When close by mine thy footstep stays,
The years are full of summer days.

And when the wintry storms and snows
Have vanished with the summer showers—
When past are all the joys and woes
That make this mortal life of ours—
Together may we go our ways
To realms of endless summer days!

THE "GIRL'S OWN" SHORTHAND CLASS.

FEW subjects for study have come more rapidly to the front than shorthand, which is now taking so prominent a place in the education of both boys and girls. A little while ago, the only people who learned it were young men who wanted to become newspaper reporters, like poor David Copperfield, and therefore set about comparatively late in life "taming the savage stenographic mystery," which they would have found a pleasant docile creature if they had begun a little earlier, and gone to work in the right way. Something mysterious there is, no doubt, in the strange characters of phonography, and in an art which can follow and make permanent the rapid oratory of speaker or preacher, so that not only his hearers, but hundreds of thousands of persons throughout the land, may have his eloquent words to read and ponder over; but it is a mystery full of fascination. I do not know, indeed, that there is an art more fascinating, as step by step leads on to conquest; and the student must be cold and dull, or impatient of all discipline of hand and brain, if an eager excitement does not urge him to his work more and more earnestly as he surmounts one difficulty after another, and feels the growing power of his nimble fingers and obedient pen.

That there are difficulties I am not going to deny; nothing that is worth learning is without them; and no girl worth her salt would wish that there should be, for in the mastering of them lies the delight of work. But they come gradually; they are all interesting; and a moderate amount of attention and perseverance will overcome them all. As to the practical usefulness of the art of shorthand, little need be said here. It is now widely recognised as a well-nigh essential qualification for clerks, secretaries, and amanuenses. In many other occupations it is extremely helpful; and if pursued simply for its own sake, will be found an accomplishment that amply repays the time and trouble spent upon it, while the study itself trains the ear, eye, and hand in quickness, carefulness, and accuracy.

Some people have an idea that shorthand cannot be learned without a teacher to teach by word of mouth. As it is by its very name the science of sound (phonography, from the two Greek words—*phone*, sound, and *graphe*, writing), it is supposed that only by sound can it be properly explained. But every girl cannot find a teacher or join a class; and though oral instruction has its advantages, I hope to prove to any reader of these papers that it is quite possible to get along very well without it, by the help of lessons in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER, which one may take any hour she pleases, and of a teacher who will be at hand to help her whenever the GIRL'S OWN PAPER lies on her table. The only requisites are Pitman's sixpenny *Phonographic Teacher*, which can be got through any bookseller, a fine-pointed pen or pencil—not too hard to run easily over the paper, or too soft to make a delicate yet firm stroke—some ruled paper (say an old copy-book), and a little patience.

Although shorthand has only of late years become popular, it is a very venerable art, the gift of oratory having naturally given rise in all ages to a desire to seize and preserve the burning words as they poured from the speaker's

lips. It is believed that it was practised in the days of the great orators of ancient Greece and Rome. One system is said to have been invented by Cicero, and is known by his name. It is the oldest system of which any record remains; and though it may more probably have been evolved by Cicero's freedman, Tiro, it is certain that the "father of his country" took much interest in the art. It became quite a fashionable accomplishment, which the Cæsars themselves did not disdain, and a fourth-century poet celebrated the skill of a contemporary reporter in verse: "I dictate volumes," said he, "and my pronunciation is like the hail for swiftness; yet your ear misses nought, and your pages are not filled. The scarcely-seen movement of your hand causes it to fly over the waxen surface; though my mouth utters long sentences, my thoughts are on your tablets before they are spoken in words. Would that I could think with the swiftness with which you write!" Something must be discounted for poetic exaggeration from this panegyric, for the best parliamentary reporter of to-day would scarcely claim to take down the thoughts of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Balfour before they were uttered; and possibly some speakers would not care for notes to be made of their opinions before they had been wrapped up in carefully-chosen language. But it proves the antiquity of the shorthand writer's profession, and shows how little new there is under the sun, even among us clever nineteenth-century people.

Since the introduction of the art into our own country, an immense number of systems have been invented; but comparatively few have obtained any real popularity, or survived for any length of time. Some consisted chiefly of arbitrary signs—that is, of certain marks and figures representing different words and phrases without any particular reason or method in their selection, a system which evidently requires study as close and a memory as great as do the complicated characters of the Chinese language. Others were simply ways of abbreviating the ordinary longhand, by taking only the leading letters of a word, or leaving out the vowels, or by using a variety of contractions, such as the reporter, in writing for the printers, ordinarily resorts to, *e.g.*, a "t" for "that," "h" for "have," etc. In the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, is the only copy known to exist of the first work on shorthand published in England—"Characterie: an Arte of Shorte, Swift, and Secret Writing by Character, invented by Timothe Bright, Doctor of Phisike," dated 1588. It was followed by many others, more or less complicated and ingenious, some of them commended to public attention by title-pages and prefaces of a kind that we know to be absurdly extravagant when the awkward and cumbrous nature of the several systems is examined, and some lauded by verses as highflown as those composed by the Latin poet twelve hundred years earlier. One—

"With the preacher's mouth holds equal pace,
And swiftly glides along until the race
Of his discourse be run, so that I think
His words breath'd from his mouth are turn'd to ink."

Of another, it is said that—

"Either sex or age may, old or young,
With nimbler pen outfoot the nimble tongue."

And of a third method, that—

"Great Mason's nimbler quill outstrips ye winde,
And leaves ye voyce, almost ye thoughts, behind."

Mason was a celebrated teacher in the seventeenth century, and his system formed the basis of one published a century later, known as Gurney's, which is still used by the "Hansard" reporters in Parliament. He announced it as "A Pen plucked from an Eagle's Wing; or, the more swift, compendious, and speedy method of short writing." Other inventors apparently taxed their brains to provide new names for shorthand, as well as new ways of writing it, and introduced such terrible words into the English language as "Brachygraphy," "Sinography," "Zylographia," "Radio-Stenography," "Okygrafie," "Tachygraphy," and "Tachybrachygraphy"—words more likely to frighten than to attract learners, and not suggestive of a very facile pen! The most notable systems were those of Byrom, Mavor, and Taylor; the last-named being the forerunner of the popular and all but universal Pitman of the present day, which made its first appearance as "Stenographic Sound-hand" in 1837, altered to "Phonography, or Writing by Sound," in 1840. Since then numerous modifications and improvements have been introduced, and still continue to be introduced; but it was evident that the true key to the art had been found, and Pitman's system has long distanced all rivals. Two-thirds of the "Gallery" reporters use it—some dozen other methods being also represented—and for commercial and general use it practically has the field to itself. We are not told, unfortunately, at what rate the Roman shorthand-writers could take their notes, but we may be tolerably sure that the stylus did not "fly over the waxen surface" at the rate of two hundred words a minute—a speed achieved recently by a writer of Pitman's phonography.

Happily, that is a speed not often required: both speaker and hearers would be soon worn out if it was kept up for more than a minute or two; and for anything but the verbatim note-taking of reporters who have to follow speakers and preachers word for word, half that rate would probably suffice. It is said to be possible to write three hundred words a minute, but he would be a terrible jabberer who would talk at that pace. Eighty words a minute may be taken as the most deliberate rate a speaker ever reaches, and a hundred and eighty as the flight of his words when he has worked himself up to a pitch of fiery eloquence; while a hundred and twenty is a good ordinary speed for the practised speaker; and a hundred and thirty words a minute is about the average with such men as Mr. Gladstone and Archdeacon Farrar.

It seems a pity that Mr. Pitman did not keep to his first name of "Sound-hand," as at once distinguishing his system from other shorthands, and avoiding the Greek compound, on the principle that it is always better to use an English word when you can find one which expresses your meaning. But Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand, is the name by which it is now known. Its essential principle is that the *sound*, and not the *spelling*, of words is observed, and therefore characters are provided for different sounds of our language, instead of, as in what are called the *a b c* shorthands, for the letters of the alphabet.

If anyone thinks for a moment, it will be seen that to write a word according to its sound must be a very different thing from writing it according to its ordinary spelling. The admixture of other languages and the changes in pronunciation have made an extraordinary confusion of English in this respect; and although much of present-day spelling is extremely interesting to students of language, as indicating the origin and derivation of words, as a guide to pronunciation it is simply ridiculous. When Mr. Monckton Milnes was raised to the peerage as Lord Houghton, Mr. J. R. Planché wrote an amusing piece of poetry describing the contentions of the alphabet as to how the new name should be spelt; whether it was to be "Hooton," according to the precedent furnished by "through," or "Hawton"—ought, or "Hofton"—cough, or "Hufton"—rough, or "Hoton"—though, or "Howton"—plough; and the Phonetic Society has published a clever "Lebtor" written more than fifty years ago by Dr. Gregory, setting forth some of the peculiarities of spelling and pronunciation.

"The weather we've had in few words to expleign—
For a very long time we've had nothing but rane;
Since August began, it has poured down in fluds,
So we seldom get out to the fields or the woulds.
The river runs by with astonishing foarse,
And carries the haycocks away in its corce."

And so on, a precedent being furnished for the manner in which the last word of each line is spelt. Now, in phonetic shorthand, all words pronounced alike are spelt alike, and letters in them which are not sounded are left out. Instead of vernal being spelt as Dr. Gregory suggests, "vournal," and eternal "etolonel," we should spell journal *jernal*, and colonel *kernel*.

This is really the sum and substance of phonography; it is extremely simple, and it might be supposed natural; but it is surprising how long it often takes a pupil to get the ordinary spelling out of his or her head, and discover what are the sounds that actually compose a word.

I have known a girl ponder over "do" for long enough before she comprehended that *d* and *o* put together make not "doo" but "doh," while the *e* at the end of "toe," the *gh* in "though," and the *k* at the beginning and *w* at the end of "know," are quite irresistible in the early stages of study. Words have to be thought out very carefully at first, before they can be written phonetically—that is, according to their sound; but after a while the solution flashes upon the mind like a brilliant discovery, and a little practice enables the pupil to recognise *ne* as "knee," and *throo* as "through," as instinctively as she knows *b e* to spell be, and *t oo*, too.

It follows from this that the characters of shorthand represent most of the letters of the alphabet, but not quite all of them, for one or two consonants have no independent sound of their own, while the vowels require more signs than five on account of the immense variety of work we impose upon our *a, e, i, o,* and *u*. If those of my readers who wish to form the G.O.P. Shorthand Class will provide themselves with Pitman's *Teacher*, I will explain the principal characters of the shorthand alphabet in my next paper.

LINDA GARDINER.

(*To be continued.*)

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE man whose business it was to deliver Susan Meade's machine, went, by mistake, to the door of No. 12. Had he examined the figures, it is probable he would not have been able to distinguish what they indicated, for so worn was the paint that the bare wood was visible on doors and windows.

Mr. Cutclose's scheme of preparation for incoming tenants embraced no external renovation. In fact, it was part of his plan for the ultimate disposal of the property, that it should look as uninviting as possible. The class of people who would choose to live in Morton Place for the sake of cheapness would not be particular as to the quantity of paint left on their street doors.

So it happened that the new sewing-machine was landed on the step of No. 12, the man who brought it being further confirmed in the idea that it was the right place from hearing the sound of another machine at work within. The noise continued when, in answer to his knock, the door was opened by a frail-looking woman—Mrs. Boothroyd.

"This is No. 12," she said, in reply to the man's question. "No. 11 is the door to the right."

The man thanked her and turned away thinking to himself, "There's another poor soul that has seen better days, killing herself to keep herself. I shall have to get another shop, for it goes to my heart to see the half starvation these poor folks have to put up with, in spite of their endless toil. I suppose this machine is for another beginner in the same line, only she cannot be so poor, for she has bought it, and paid good money down."

Susan Meade was at home and ready for her purchase. Later in the evening Mrs. Boothroyd and Janet could hear through the thin partition that divided the houses the sound of the new machine. They could tell that the worker understood its use, but she worked slowly and tentatively, as if she had been long out of practice.

"I wonder if the young woman next door is going to try for work at this season," said Janet. "It will be a pity for her own sake if she is, for work is getting scarce already."

"And for ours," replied her mother; "for every new recruit makes it harder for older workers to live. What will become of us if this miserable employment should fail I hardly dare to think."

The girl looked bravely back at her mother, and answered, "We must not think, darling. Our motto must be 'Just for to-day.' We will not forget the words that have often brought us comfort. You taught me to repeat them when our troubles began, years ago. If we wanted such words then, how much more we need them now. It will not be wasted time to stop the machine whilst I bring them to mind once more, mother dear," and she began—

"'Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.'

When you first taught me the words, I was very little more than a child. I hardly understood the need of the prayer when I had everything to make me happy. Afterwards, I began to really ask for what they expressed. Now I say them every day, and find comfort in doing so."

"They are beautiful words, Janet," said Mrs. Boothroyd; "but I have gone through so much that I think I am growing dead to every suggestion of comfort and hope. I suppose this is because I am so weak, for the mind suffers with the body, you know. One vision is always before me by day, and when I do sleep I dream the same thing—you are alone. I know nothing else but that. I see you motherless, friendless, desolate. My child, the very thought of you left solitary in this cold, hard world, comes like a wall of partition, and seems to shut out the prospect of the 'Better Land' beyond, which faith would otherwise make real to me."

Alas! for the poor mother. Worn and wasted with toil and privation, feeling that her little remaining strength was ebbing slowly but surely, she thought not of herself but of her child. It seemed as if Janet's wondrous gift of beauty had increased, and become even more remarkable than before. The colour had not left her cheeks, but its increased delicacy added to the girl's loveliness. If death were to deprive her of her present frail guardian, it would be impossible for Janet to remain in such seclusion. And then—Mrs. Boothroyd trembled as she thought of the temptations which might beset Janet's path in a great city like Millcaster.

"Have I been right in keeping her and myself so entirely apart from all human companionship?" she asked herself. "It is true I have had no chance of making friends of persons in anything like the position I once occupied. We have gone down, down in the social scale ever since we were robbed of our all, after husband and father were taken. At first we thought more of hiding ourselves from those who had known us in our better days, than of retaining our few friends. And so-called friends seldom care to accompany those who are already poor, and with nothing to hope for but a continual struggle for bare existence in the future. Links once broken can hardly be joined again after the lapse of many years."

Then Mrs. Boothroyd thought of the groups of shirt-makers whom she was accustomed to see at the warehouse door, waiting, like herself, for a share of the work to be given out. She had heard much of the kindness of the poor to each other; possibly amongst her own fellow-toilers there might be some good motherly soul to whom she could open her heart about her failing strength and her anxieties respecting Janet's future.

In her own mind Mrs. Boothroyd reviewed all the faces she was accustomed to see as she stood silent and lonely waiting for a new bundle of work. She almost wished she and Janet had not kept quite so much aloof from them all. What were they, that they should hedge themselves round with pride, because they could look back on more prosperous days than these had ever known?

The humble group of toilers, who met at the warehouse and endured hours of weary waiting together, were wont to beguile the time by kindly enquiries and homely confidences. She had noted acts of goodwill, which must have cost no little self-denial, amongst these poor women one towards another. Only she and Janet had neither part nor lot in giving or receiving.

As mother or daughter stood there, one of the group, yet apart from it, the rest, after vain attempts at conversation, had ceased even to give them a "good-day." Whispered remarks, of which they were the objects, and glances of an unfriendly sort, were levelled at the "stuck-up old woman and the girl who looked on folks as good as themselves as if they were dirt."

Such words had reached Janet's ears from time to time, and made her sorry. She had submitted to her mother's will, and borne the life of lonely seclusion without murmuring; but all the same, the young creature yearned for companionship.

Many a time she longed to take a baby from the arms of a mother who had

toiled to the warehouse with the double burden of her finished work and the little one whom she could not leave behind. But Mrs. Boothroyd's oft-repeated request, "Speak to nobody, Janet. Do your own business and then come away," had restrained her. Now she would have been afraid to make any advance lest her doing so might be misunderstood; and her mother could call to mind no face amongst them all that was in the habit of casting a friendly glance on herself.

When Janet's heart failed her, Mrs. Boothroyd always strove to comfort her child. When the mother broke down, and uttered her wail of apprehension on the girl's account, it was Janet's time to be brave, and she strove to turn Mrs. Boothroyd's thoughts from that haunting vision which robbed her of daily peace and nightly rest.

"You must not dwell upon such things, mother," said Janet, after Mrs. Boothroyd spoke. "You are always picturing me alone and motherless. Yet you are with me. I can clasp my arms round your neck, and, alas! I can feel your tears on my cheek. But the reality is far better than the vision, for, thank God, we are still together. I have my mother; and though there are enough of present trial and endless toil, and forebodings about the future will creep in, I will not imagine myself alone when my mother's presence is still a blessed reality. We must try to make a friend to whom we may speak from time to time. I cannot help thinking that the young woman next door is a person to be trusted."

"If we could be sure of it, I should be very glad; but how are we to know? If anything happened you could call her in. She is strong, and, like ourselves, she makes no neighbours. Two young women might do better at the work than one and a feeble old mother. We must watch and wait," said Mrs. Boothroyd, as if talking to herself.

On the Saturday morning when Janet took the finished work to the warehouse she and several others were met by news which caused their hearts to sink within them. They received payment, and then the forewoman said, "I'm afraid the slack time is beginning earlier than usual this year. We've only orders enough to keep the indoor hands going—hardly that, indeed. It will be no use for any of you to call before Tuesday at the soonest, and then I think there will be a chance, though certainly not bundles enough to go round."

"That means being here in good time," said one of the women. "I wish I could do the white felled work. I heard a young person say that Castor and Willockson are wanting hands; but the rough shirt work is all I am fit for. Beside, with a little place and children about, you run such risks with fine white material, and they are awfully particular people to deal with. It's bad enough if you have to buy a shirt you've no use for if you happen to soil it, but if you get a spot on a trimmed bodice or nightdress it's ruination. I daren't risk it. No wonder they don't care to give out work of that sort if they can help it. It is mostly done inside."

"Yes. It's mostly done inside; but there's not so much lost time at that work. Castor and Willockson are not bad payers, but if you are ever late in taking in you need not expect another hand's turn from them. They tell you their rules, and they keep to them."

A gleam of hope shone into Janet Boothroyd's heart as she listened to the woman. At one time she and her mother had been employed at the finer work mentioned, but the failure of the firm who gave it them drove them into the ranks of the shirt makers. Before returning home with the bad news that the slack time had begun she resolved to go to Castor and Willockson's and ask for employment.

The warehouse was at no great distance; but fearing it might be closed unless she hurried, she made haste to reach it.

Her disappointment was great when she read the words, "White work hands wanted. Apply at 8.30 a.m."

She must put off her application till Monday; but on the way home she decided that if she could not take good news to her mother, she would keep the bad to herself. It was usual for one of them to fetch fresh work on the Monday morning, and she could go straight to Castor and Willockson's instead of to the old place, and it might be her errand would prove successful. Hope would sustain her in the meanwhile, and she repeated her favourite motto, "Just for to-day," as she handed the money to Mrs. Boothroyd on her return.

"You have brought no more work back, dear," said the mother.

"No; there was nothing ready. I must go early on Monday morning. As we must be idle, it would be nice to go as far as the New Park there is so much talk about. Could you walk so far?"

The girl looked wistfully at her mother, yet felt half afraid to ask the question.

"I should like it, Janet, especially for your sake. You get no change, and even so late in the year it would be pleasant. I'll try, dear."

Janet hastened to complete their simple domestic arrangements for the morrow; but the place was kept in such a perfect state of order and cleanliness that there was not much to be done. The scanty meals needed little preparation, and the saving of every ounce of coal had to be considered.

Janet and her mother were not, however, to visit New Park on that Saturday afternoon, and Susan Meade was not to have a further talk with Uncle Mat. These elder people, as well as the detachment of youngsters whom he was to have conducted, were doomed to disappointment.

Millcaster is a proverbially rainy place, and at just the time when city toilers were preparing to enjoy an hour or two in the nearest park, down came the rain in torrents, and imprisoned most of them.

The children made the best of the situation. They sailed bits of wood in the gutters which flowed through their native courts and alleys, or paddled and splashed each other in the muddy pools the rain was making, heedless of results. They had no garments worthy of consideration; and as to their own health, who ever troubled about that?

The purer pleasures to which Uncle Mat intended to introduce them were as yet unknown, so they were unconscious of any loss.

Susan Meade, however, felt the disappointment, and so did her young neighbour, Janet Boothroyd.

It was such an unusual thing for the girl to take ever so short a holiday; and now that she was to be perforce driven from the sewing-machine, it was terrible to lose her opportunity.

The mother was only sorry for Janet's sake. To her, rest was the blessing to be desired above all others, and she had been wondering how she should drag her weary limbs over the ground between the New Park and Morton Place. The rain solved the question by keeping her indoors. Perhaps Janet guessed the state of the case from her mother's face. At any rate, she resolved to show no sign of disappointment.

"Perhaps the rest will be even better for you than a sight of the park," she said. "You must lie down and make the most of the opportunity. If you go upstairs you are sure not to be disturbed."

Mrs. Boothroyd consented, and Janet, having done all she could for her comfort, went down and busied herself in further repairing an oft-mended garment. This done, she stood at the window watching the rain as it fell, and thinking, sadly enough, of their darkening prospects.

She did not move away when Susan Meade came out and stood for a minute hesitating on the threshold of No. 11.

Hitherto Susan had noticed that her appearance was always the signal for her younger neighbour's withdrawal from the window. Now, seeing her remain, and observing that she looked in her own direction, she took a sudden resolution, and went towards No. 12. She was about to rap gently; but Janet, fearing that a knock at the door would disturb her mother, opened it quickly, and waited for her visitor to speak. But the rain was pouring on Susan's bare head, so Janet drew her just within the doorway, and whispered, "Speak low, please. My mother is resting, I hope, but the least noise would wake her."

"Please excuse my intruding," said Susan. "I thought you could tell me whether you know of any place where I can get work at machining. I can hear you at it all the time, and I thought you would be so kind as to tell me."

Janet's face fell at the question.

"I am so sorry," she said. "It is bad to have to work as we do—harder still to have nothing to do. I wish I could help you, but the slack time is coming on, and there are scores of women who will have no bundle of shirts to carry home next Monday. At the warehouse I work for there will be none till Tuesday at best, and then but little; and poor mothers will be in sore trouble because of their children's bread."

The girl's voice trembled. She, the daughter, had to think of her mother; but she was full of generous impulses, and she told Susan of her new hope, and advised her to try Castor and Willockson's.

"You are very good to name it, Miss," said Susan, "but you must take the first turn. I am not in any immediate need, only I don't want to be idle."

"And please excuse my saying this. The lady, your mother, does not look very strong. If there is anything I can do for you, night or day, I'll be glad and thankful to do it. It's awful to be all alone in the world, and have no one to help. Let me do something for you?"

"Thank you very much. You are very kind," replied Janet; "but, you see, we have not work for ourselves at present."

"I don't mean in that way," said Susan. "All I want is, to be of use to somebody, and to turn my health and strength to account for a neighbour who needs what I can do. Please remember this, Miss. Night or day Susan Meade will come if you need her."

Having said this, the speaker passed out into the rain, and thence to No. 11, and closed the door behind her and her loneliness. Nevertheless, she felt the happier for having placed herself at the disposal of her neighbours, and hoped they would make use of her if occasion required.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

Cantatas, etc.

The Fairies' Spring is the title of a cantata for female voices, by F. H. Cowen (R. Cocks and Co.), and is founded upon an elfin legend of Whyte-Melville's. It is needless to say that Mr. Cowen has set every number of Mr. Clifton Bingham's clever libretto with his accustomed grace and delicacy of touch. The work is also published in Tonic Sol-fa notation.

Meadowsweet, by Arthur Page, and *Maymorn*, by J. Maude Crament (Forsyth), are two cantatas for female voices, of a very commonplace type; but *Pearl* (words by Herbert Harraden, and music by Ethel Harraden), a cantata for the same voices, is of much higher calibre, and shows the same evidences of musical taste and artistic judgment which we have already observed in many of this talented lady's smaller compositions.

Another very scholarly and withal melodious cantata is *Prince Sprite*, by Florence A. Marshall (Novello), a work which should win its way into all ladies' singing classes.

There are but few sacred cantatas for ladies' voices, and it is therefore pleasant to recommend *The Day of Rest*, by Josiah Booth.

Amongst the more recent of Messrs. Novello and Co.'s admirable primers we find *Analysis of Form* (dealing in detail with all Beethoven's thirty-two sonatas), a most valuable "autopsy."

Fugue Subjects (500 subjects), with their answers; and *Hand Gymnastics*, a safe, because it is a scientific, method of developing those muscles which pianoforte players make most use of.

Pianoforte.

Home Thoughts, by Gustave Lange, is rather better than the usual teaching piece, branded with the odious title, "Morceau de Salon," under cover of which much of our most trashy music has been foisted upon a trusting but ignorant public.

In his *Fifth Tarantella*, Walter Macfarren shows no sign of failing energy, although he has lived long enough to witness the successful career of many of his pupils.

His *Pianoforte Method* (R. Cocks) has the merit of being so laid out that it is absolutely progressive, and is in many ways quite "abreast of the time," not the least noticeable feature being photographs showing correct positions at the instrument, and of the two hands in both *legato* and *staccato* playing. It is an admirable work.

Six Melodious Studies, by G. Augustus Holmes, have the great advantage of combining interest and exercise, intellect and technique. They are none of them dry.—*Hungarian Dance*, and *Polish Dance*, by G. F. West, and *Six Morceaux*, by P. Lassalle, are all useful pieces for teaching purposes.

Six Schneeflocken, *Three Clavierstücke*, and *Twelve Kleine Tonstücke* (Forsyth), are collections of short pieces by Nicolai von Wilm, displaying some versatility on the part of the young composer, and forming quite a library for teachers.

Three melodious pieces, *In the Twilight*, by Gurlitt, are rather more difficult, but are melodious, and show the hand of an experienced teacher. In No. 1 ("Impromptu"), three F's at the foot of page 3 ought to be G's.

Monothemes, by Tobias A. Matthay, are intended for advanced pupils—advanced not only in executive skill, but in intellectual receptivity. An artist is required to play these true works of art.

Nos. 26 and 27 of the *Academic Edition of Music* (Hammond) contain the three favourite sketches of Sterndale Bennett—"The Lake," "Fountain," and "Mill-stream"—and the equally well-known fantasias of Mendelssohn.

Chant sans Paroles, and *Simple Pensée*, both by Neustedt; *O Schöner Wald*, by Lange; and *La Tendresse*, by Gordon Saunders, are all good teaching pieces.

Devotional Music (London Music Publishing Company).—These five books supply a want; any of the selections contained in them are suitable for Sunday playing—more really sacred than many hymns that we know of.

Overture to Richard III. (Novello).—An effective transcription of Edward German's fine overture to Shakespeare's play of that name.

The Silvery Moon, serenade, by Frances M. Taylor (Alfred Phillips), is a graceful and effective piece.

Slumber Song (Reid Bros.), by Alex. Thomson, A.R.C.M., is a dainty composition, full of nice artistic feeling, and we warmly recommend it.

Songs.

Amongst many songs of the day we notice, as interesting and well written—*The Gate of Dreams* (Ashdown), and *On Silver Waters* (R. Cocks), both by Roeckel.—*Love to the Last* (R. Cocks), by J. M. Capel; a fine song with violin or 'cello accompaniment *ad lib.*—*Little Lovers*, by Edward German.—*My Love and Delight*, a setting by Ernest Lake of beautiful words by May Gillington.—*The Light of Thy Love*, by Georges Pfeiffer, with words by the same lady.—The *Silent Chimes*, by F. H. Cowen.—*Go not, Sweet Day*, a quaint song by Frank L. Moir; and *Don't Cry*, by R. B. Addison, a sad life lesson, sympathetically illustrated.—*Whatever They May Say*, a good song, by F. H. Cowen (Enoch).—*Serenade*, words by Hood, music by Stephen Kemp (Forsyth).

Albums of English Song (Novello).—No. V. of these interesting collections is devoted to the works of E. J. Loder.

Following the edition of songs from the *Elijah*, Signor Randegger has edited and phrased twelve well-known *Soprano Songs from Handel's Works*.

O Rushing Wind, by R. B. Addison, and *As the Moon's Soft Splendour*, by Gilbert Betjmann, are both good songs.

Two songs (Paterson) by Sv. Sveinbjornsson, entitled, *The Hour of Evening*, and *On Rippling Waters*, deserve notice.

Two sacred songs (Reid Bros.), by Alex. Thomson, show decided merit—*Love is Strong as Death*, and *Maybe the Lord will Look Upon My Tears*. They are well worth singing.

Love's Mirror (Stanley Lucas) is a charming arrangement by "A. L." of the German folk-song, "Kein Feuer Keine Kohle."

Violin.

Otto Peiniger's *Violin Method* (R. Cocks) is as well and carefully carried out as Macfarren's Piano School, and contains all its advantages.

Romance in Re, by Johannes Wolff, is an effective solo dedicated to Her Majesty the Queen.

Quatre Morceaux de Salon are excellent compositions by the Royal Academy Professor, Emile Sauret.

Forty Melodious Exercises, by W. R. Cave, graduate from semibreves to semiquavers in various rhythms and keys, and will prove excellent practice to a beginner.

Eight Pieces, by Ethel M. Boyce (Novello), add considerably to that clever lady's reputation. They are all well written for the instrument, and are full of charm and variety.

Nine Transcriptions from the "Golden Legend" of Sullivan are interestingly arranged by Berthold Tours.

Six Morceaux, for the violoncello, by J. Hollman, will be found acceptable to the many players on that beautiful instrument.

For the more advanced violinist, we recommend for study *Two Pieces* and a *Highland Ballad*, by the esteemed Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Dr. Mackenzie.

Part Songs, etc.

The Sky, and *The Great Book*, by Ethel Harraden (Forsyth), are two capital two-part school songs, melodious and not too difficult. We think they appeared as solos in "Summer Showers."

Very admirable are the three-part songs (J. Williams) in the collection named *St. Cecilia*, more especially those by A. E. Horrocks and Stewart Macpherson.

Two-part Songs for Schools (Novello), by Herbert W. Schartau, are excellent. In the three before us, named *Spring*, *The Fairy Queen*, and *O Western Wind*, we find all the qualities which recommend these little works to schools and ladies' classes.

THE "DAISY" PAINTING COMPETITION.

THAT this competition would prove a favourite one was expected from the time the announcement was made in last November; but we hardly expected that so many as eight hundred girls from all parts of the world would compete. The quality of the work also was better than we anticipated. For, here and there, there turned up from amongst the great heap of paintings one that instantly caught the eye by reason of its unusual excellence. Then, again, some had finished their work off in a dainty manner, which, though it did not affect the judgment, certainly helped to lighten the judges' labours.

There were paintings on deal, on oak, on mahogany, on plain glass, on coloured, on opal, and on looking-glass; some were on leather, some on satin or silk, or even on American glazed cloth; many were on paper and pasteboard. But while some of the competitors made use of slates and tambourines, not to mention the score or more of metal, pasteboard, wooden, glass, or earthenware plaques, the greater number had kept to the homely but useful canvas.

We mentioned just now that some of the paintings were done upon glass: we regret to say that the majority of these reached us in a more or less pulverised condition. These, as far as possible, we pieced together so as to judge them. Another regrettable circumstance was that many were so firmly stuck to their coverings that the only choice lay between leaving them unexamined altogether, or forcibly detaching them, to the considerable injury of the paintings. Added to these distressing accidents, a number could not be judged at all, because the painting was either without a certificate, the age of the competitor, or, in some cases, any indication to whom the work belonged. A number of quite presentable paintings were for this reason thrown aside.

Among the many competitors who sent in their work framed ready for hanging we are glad to mention one especially, who wrote to the effect that, as she hardly hoped for a prize or a certificate, she had had the picture framed that it might be more worth while hanging on the hospital wall. We hope our fair young friend is a certificate winner at least.

The painting which has gained the first prize of £10 10s. was executed in water colours. And after this in point of excellence came two others in oils, and in consequence of their undoubted superiority over the rest, we decided to award an additional prize of £3 3s.—making three in all—instead of only two, as at first announced. Cheques have been sent to the prize winners with our heartiest congratulations.

Will all those who sent stamps to have their work returned, kindly send again their names and addresses?

LIST OF PRIZE AND CERTIFICATE WINNERS.

First Prize (£10 10s.).

Bessie Gough, 12, Woodwell Crescent, Bristol.

Second Prize (£5 5s.).

Louisa Heath, 47, Southernhay, Exeter.

Third Prize (additional) (£3 3s.).

Helen Louisa Gifford, 36, St. John's Road, Clifton, Bristol.

First Class Certificates.

Ambrose, E. M., Cambridge.
Badois, Alexander, Egham.
Beyer, Mabel, Upper Holloway.
Bridge, Annie, Southwold.
Challands, Beatrice M., The Park, Notts.
Coates, Ethel M., Harlesden.
De Jersey, Ethel, Brunswick Square.
Fischer, Hedwig, Withington.
Fry, Lilian, Snaresbrook.
Garratt, Eleanor C., Brockley.
Hall, M. Fairfax, Brixham.
Higginson, Carrie J., Brondesbury.
Hobson, Edith M., Bath.
Hopkins, Ethel N., Copstall Vicarage.
Jackson, C. Jane, Spalding,
Jenkinson, Agnes M., Broomhill.
Livingston, Alice M., Blackheath.
Lucas, Lucy W., Newbury.
Luck, Lizzie E., Lewisham Road.
Meal, Edith A., King's Lynn.
Niven, Kate, Garnethill.
Perry, Ella J. M., Southport.
Poste, Lilian M. K., Poulton-le-Fylde.
Rous, Matilda, Bromyard.
Saunders, Marion L., Emscote.
Smith, —, Waterloo.
Theobald, Jessie M., Chelmsford.
Thwaites, Minnie, Wimbledon.
Wakefield, Nellie, Maidstone.
Winterbottom, Beatrice H., Upper Walkley.

Second Class Certificates.

Asbury, Louisa A., Enfield.
Baker, Ida B., Southsea.
Ballard, May H., Flixton.
Barber, Hannah, Newington.
Barnes, Edith, Ashbourne.
Bell, Louisa, Dublin.
Beytonsmith, Helen E., Weymouth.
Bishop, Harriett M., Coventry.
Brailsford, Agnes M., near Derby.
Broome, Ida E., Croydon.
Bryan, Alice, Llanbister Road.
Burgoisse, Alice E., St. Albans.
Burn, Nellie, Wilmslow.
Chilcott, Mabel M., Sandown.
Clarke, Marian E., Whitchurch.
Cousens, Ethel M. A., Newcastle.
Craighead, Nellie M., Inverarie.
Crawford, Elleanor, Belfast.
Cubitt, Edith A., St. John's.
De Boulogne, Susanne, Barnes.
Dennis, Mary, Newington, Hull.
Derring, Florence, Tipton.
Dowse, Margaret, Gordon Square.
Edwards, Clarissa W., Tudhoe.
Findlay, Margaret, Hamburgh.
Flint, Elizabeth J., Brixton.
Fowell, Ada, St. Ives, Hunts.
Geller, Angelina, Scarborough.
Gillman, Edith J., Canterbury.
Hammond, Francis, Moseley.
Harold, Janie B., Brixton Hill.
Haydon, Florence E., Birmingham.
Heath, J. A., Lower Edmonton.
Hughes, Florence C., Oxford.
James, Margaret, Workington.
James, May, Notts.
Jamieson, Clara C., Clifton, Bristol.
Japp, Elizabeth, Cardiff.
Keddie, Agnes B., Newton Stewart.
Lascelles, Georgina P., Petworth.
Mackay, Ellen, Gloucester.
Mackintosh, R. Chatten, Fairfield Road.
Martin, Lilly, South Norwood.
Maycock, Cecilia, South Kensington.
Maylam, Frances E., Tenham.
Miles, Mabel B., King's Lynn.
Morton, Margaret R., Ballymena.
Murray, Margaret, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Oldrey, Agnes N., Hameln, Germany.
Park, Jessie D., Wandsworth.
Patoareb, Amy, Guernsey.
Peacock, Ethel M., Blackheath.
Pearce, Mary R., Chulmleigh.
Philps, Margaret, Coggeshall.
Ponzetta, Helen A., Alexandria.
Pope, Lilly, Ringwood.
Pratt, Ellen F., Tiverton.
Richford, Ethel M., Broadstairs.
Rickcord, Blanche, Stoke.
Robotham, Mary, Radcliffe-on-Trent.
Saunders, Carrie, Maida Vale.
Schofield, Mary, Wigan.
Scriven, Nellie, Walworth Road.
Sellors, Clara, Coventry.
Shoesmith, M. H., Halifax.
Smith, Bertha, Stoke Newington.
Stayner, Florence, Beeston.
Stephen, Lucy, Wigan.
Suttill, Ada P., Bridport.
Waddon, Florence A., Bridgwater.
Ward, Bessie, Ongar.
Warlow, Amy, Ormskirk.
Watson, Edith L., Ealing.
Webster, Constance A., Guildford.
Wells, Maud, Swaffham.
Whitehouse, Flora, Smethwick.
Wigley, Edith, Birmingham.
Wilson, Annie, Chesterfield.

Third Class Certificates.

Alden, Marianne E., Oxford.
Alexander, Catherine L., near Harrogate.
Angell, Julia, Sedbergh.
Anson, Minnie W., Peckham.
Arres-Mather, Jannie S., Nairn.
Aukland, Marian, Stamford Hill.
Bagg, Edith A., Crediton.
Bagg, Rosita B., Crediton.
Barbor, Dottie D., Torquay.
Barrett, Ellen, Watton.
Barrett, M., Leytonstone.
Beanlands, Kate, Glasgow.
Beaumont, Alice M., Ipswich.
Boddington, Edith M., Edgbaston.
Boothroyd, Ruth, Lytham.
Bramall, Emily, Stoke Newington.
Braddon, Gertrude, Manchester.
Brown, Fannie E., Finsbury Park.
Broome, Kate A., Croydon.
Burton, Emily, Acton, Cheshire.
Burrow, Florence L., Underhill Road.
Butterwick, Florence A., Victoria Park Road.
Cartersmith, Maud S., Hastings.
Cartlidge, Maggie H., Hanley.
Chadwick, Ethel G., near Wakefield.
Chamberlain, Elizabeth, Fairham.
Chapman, Ellen M., Wisbech.
Coleman, Amelia, Liverpool.
Cowley, Sarah, Brighton.
Crawford, Annie, Boston.
Crawford, Jeanie, Bradford.
Dally, G. F., Ardagh, Ireland.
Davidson, Constance S., Maida Vale.
Davies, Elsie, St. James's Square.
Davis, Beatrice E., South Lambeth Road.
Davis, Gertrude, Stoke Newington.
Day, Mary A. P., Highbury.
Dickson, Emily F., Southampton.
Downing, Kate, Folkestone.
Drayson, Edith M., Boxley.
Dyke, Beatrice L., Forest Gate.
Eldred, Elizabeth A., Clapham Common.
Elliott, Leonora, North Great George Street.
Fiddes, Marion, Bristol.
Finch, Annie A., Hounslow.
Fisher, Florence M. D., Grantham.
French, Mary M., Royston.
Freeman, Annie S., St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Gandin, Louisa, St. Martin's, Jersey.

Garratt, Ethel J., Brockley.
Gaul, Clara E., Doncaster.
German, Lelia C., Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
Goyder, Adella M., Brighton.
Goodgames, Agnes M., St. Neots, Hunts.
Grant, Anna, Glasgow.
Greenham, Eugenie C., Brixton.
Griffith, Eva H., near Bicester.
Gurney, Euphemia, Bristol.
Haller, Edith, Hull.
Hemmings, Elizabeth, Seacombe.
Hennings, Helen, Swansea.
Herr-Eckford, Adrienne, Earl's Court.
Hewitt, Alice, Harlington.
Howell, Emilie, Brixton.
Humphery, Eva C., Princes Gate.
Irons, Elizabeth, Waterloo.
Jackson, Lily, Levenshulme, Manchester.
Jenkins, Ethel M., West Kensington.
Johnes, Violet G. O., Garthmyl.
Jones, Hannah J., Sale.
King, Alice M., Wolverton, Bucks.
Kingwell, Catherine M., South Brent, Devon.
Lawrence, Sarah, Kirkoswald.
Limbert, Louisa M., Auburn, Australia.
Lingwood, Bessie E., near Ipswich.
Mackay, Janet M., Glasgow.
Mackenzie, Mary C., Inverness.
Macnee, Margaret, Inverness.
Mascall, Esther, Woolwich.
Mason, Ethel, Leamington Spa.
May, Edith (never learnt), Chadwell Heath.
Maycock, Marjorie M., Edgbaston.
McDonald, Madeline M., Bayswater.
Mead, Fanny V., Chadwell.
Medlicott, Kate J., Devizes.
Meigh, Florence A., Stoke-on-Trent.
Meyricke, Evelyn, Cheltenham.
Mottram, Clara, Hull.
Moxey, Florence, Bristol.
Moore, A. M., Alverstoke.
Muir, Alice, Greenock.
Norris, Josephine, Old Trafford.
Olsson, Britta E. A., Croydon.
Page, Ella M., Henley-on-Thames.
Porteus, Florence, Cöpenick, *viâ* Berlin.
Prusinowska, Angela M., Wenlock Road.
Pullin, Adeline B., Clifton, Bristol.
Puplett, Beatrice, Croydon.
Ravaison, Amy C., Kilburn.
Read, Helen, Lightcliffe.
Roberts, Maude, Yeovil.
Robertson, Beatrice R. C., Macduff.
Robinson, Ann L., Withington.
Rose, Edith M., Brixton Hill.
Ryvers, Nettie C. Please send address.
Sanders, Mary E. Harold. Send address.
Scott, Mary E., Tickhill.
Shakespeare, Mary, Ashbourne.
Sharott, Adeline M., Atherstone.
Shaw, Katherine, Headingley.
Shepheard, Florence C., Launceston.
Smith, Celia G., Southsea.
Smith, Rose A., Eastbourne.
Smith, Rose M., Coventry.
Smith, Winifred, Montpelier, Bristol.
Snell, Kitty, Birmingham.
Spurgin, Maud M., North Kensington.
Stead, Edith M., St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Stewart, Lizzie, Menstone.
Strotton, Margaret A., Hexham.
Suthers, Edith M., Capel Curig.
Sweet-Escott, Kathleen L., West Norwood.
Tarling, Marianne E., Walworth Road.
Taylor, Netta W., Barnet.
Tennant, Camila D., Sale.
Thompson, Mabel, Malvern, Australia.
Thompson, Verena, Bowness.
Topping, Thyrza A., Stroud Green.
Townsend, Millie, Sheerness.
Townsend, Rose, Sheerness.
Turner, Alice, Exeter.
Tydd, Nellie M., Dublin.
Vivian, Eveline B., Camborne.
Ward, Clara, Sheffield.
Warner, Rosa K., Kentish Town.
Webb, Mary E. F., Trowbridge.
Wettern, Julie, Stoke Newington.
Wheawill, Ethel K., Huddersfield.
Wilson, Elizabeth A., Llanfairfechan.
Wilson, Mary J., Kirkcaldy.
Williams, Florence I., York.
Woolley, Emma M. E., Twickenham.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

Little May.—1. A contralto is the deepest female voice between the tenor and the soprano, and has a full mellow tone. The name is derived from two Italian words—*contra*, "against," and *alto*, "high." —2. The alto clef, the counter-tenor clef, and the C clef, are the same thing, and mean that the C clef is so placed that the two strokes include the middle line of the staff.—3. Salt and water, when employed as a gargle, is generally used in the morning before breakfast; it is an excellent old-fashioned remedy for strengthening the throat.

Beatrice.—There is nothing to prevent your offering to help in the choir if your mother approves of it.

Muriel E. D.—Some time ago we informed you that you might copy any music for your private use, though not for printing or sale; since then, however, we discover that it is illegal to multiply copies of copyright work without the consent of the owners.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Georgie.—We do not know the origin of the Banbury cakes, but they are of ancient date. They are mentioned in Camden's *Britannia*, 1608; in a *Treatise on Melancholie*, 1586; and in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, where he says: "They used to be served in Bridales, Maypoles, and Morrises, and such profane feasts and meetings." The "fine lady" who "rode a white horse to Banbury Cross" was a real person, *i.e.*, Matilda, of Banbury Castle, young and good, and married to Edward, son of Lord Herbert, of Herbert's Tower, Broughton Castle, referred to in the words of the song—

"By the side of the noble lady
Rode one of noble mien and air."

A Troubled One.—We think that you and your fellow servant should have agreed together to ask your mistress to hear both sides of the question in dispute, each giving her own account in the presence of the other, and without any interruption. This would be the fairest way to settle the dispute, neither going behind the other to give a private one-sided view of the case. But when you submit any matter to the judgment of a third and disinterested party, you must abide by the decision, and be good-tempered about it.

Boadicea.—1. Write to the Secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, and obtain the prospectuses you require.—2. A child of fifteen has no business to think about marriage; she should devote all her thoughts and energies to her work in the schoolroom. As to her receiving letters from a man with whom she is not even acquainted, and unknown and unsanctioned by her mother, it is utterly disgraceful, not to say undutiful. The man who could dare to compromise a girl in such a way, unknown to her parents, deserves the horse-whip.

Josephine.—We could not prescribe for you. Go to a medical man, who can see you and decide for himself as to the cause and treatment of your unhealthy condition.

Heliotrope.—Your quotation is from *Marmion*, canto vi., stanza 30—

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please," etc.

Queenie.—You have our very sincere sympathy. You are right in engaging in active employment for the benefit and comfort of others. Take up some interesting study, and pray for Divine grace and peace. Look to Him who bore our sorrows, and who says, "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth." "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." It is while in prayer at the foot of the Cross that you will find the strength you need, and the truest consolation.

Juliet.—We regret that we have left your query respecting the ancient castle of Manorbeer so long unanswered. The manor of the lords was founded by the de Barri family—Giraldus Sylvester, surnamed "Cambrensis," was one of them, born there 1146. He preached a crusade, and died at St. David's in his 74th year, where, in the cathedral, his effigy may be seen. The manor and castle passed from the de Barris, *temp.* Henry IV., and were bestowed on John de Windsor, from whom they reverted to the Crown. They were subsequently purchased by Thomas Owan of Trellwyn, and from his family to that of Lord Milford. Manorbeer Castle is considered the most perfect residence of an ancient Norman baron, and we are not surprised that you were struck by its grandeur. It has been tenantless since the feudal times. We were much interested in it ourselves when we visited it many years ago.

Duckling.—How to avoid sea-sickness has never been satisfactorily discovered, for the same mode of treatment will not suit all alike. We should say, remain on deck as near to the middle of the boat as possible, take a light meal before going on board. Keep yourself warm, and shut your eyes and ears if possible, and never move till you reach your destination. Some people find it essential to lie down. One of our standard poets declares that:—

"The best of remedies is a beef-steak,
Against sea-sickness.
For I have found it answer—so may you."

Apprentice.—We should think that if you signed an agreement with your employer to work as an apprentice for a certain length of time, having a sixpenny stamp on it, you are bound by it. But we advise you to consult a lawyer, as we have not referred to any legal authority on the question.

L. T. Smith.—There is a society which grants annuities to the widows and orphans of medical men. It is called the British Medical Benevolent Fund. Address the Hon. Secretary, Edward East, Esq., 18, Clifton Gardens, W.

A Domestic.—We think you would be very unwise in giving up your situation in the minister's family, where you enjoy a respectable home and all religious privileges, to marry a man so many years younger than yourself, and who appears to have no sympathy with you in your Christian life and pursuits. If you see the matter in this light (as you appear to do), and take our advice, you will cease to do anything to encourage the man to think that you favour his attentions. It would be most dishonourable.

A. L. O. D.—We thank you for your most gratifying letter. The article for which you enquire, "How to wait at table," having four illustrations for the assistance of the parlour-maid, appeared in vol. viii., p. 483, in the weekly number for April 30th, 1887.

Aileen.—We think you are mistaken in your date; and by "the blessed Parliament" of 1357 you mean "the good Parliament" of 1376. This Parliament was a very remarkable one, and was the one in which the first speaker was elected—Peter de la Mere, 1377. The knights of the shire united in a joint attack on the royal council; and, trusting in God, and standing with his followers before the nobles, the chief of whom was John Duke of Lancaster, the Speaker of the House denounced the mismanagement of the war and the oppressive taxation, and demanded an account of the expenditure. Although sick unto death, the Black Prince —then Prince of Wales—gave his hearty support to the cause of the Commons, and Lancaster was forced to withdraw from the council, and Parliament proceeded to its task of investigation. The death of the Prince suddenly interrupted the work of reform, and was the end of "the good Parliament." There is no period of history so interesting as the reign of Edward III., especially as regards the rise of Parliamentary institutions in England.

Netty and Nancy.—The 29th of March, 1873, was a Saturday. We are much obliged for your enquiries, but fear there is nothing more to be said.

Nelson.—1. A blind boy might learn knitting, the netting of tennis and fruit-tree nets, basket-making, and the Braille system of reading and writing by means of pricking holes in parchment, as well as many other employments.—2. By gumming pressed flowers and ferns to the glass you can easily decorate window blinds and fire screens.

X. Y. Z.—It is impossible for us to tell you where any papers "on science" would find acceptance. You ought to try to improve your writing, as it is quite unformed.

Dora.—A crown piece of George III., dated 1818, 1819, and 1820, may fetch from 7s. 6d. to 15s. On the obverse there is the laureated bust, and St. George and the Dragon on the reverse. A crown piece of George IV., 1821 and 1822, fetch from 8s. to 15s. We cannot give addresses. You had better consult a gold and silversmith, who will give one.

Elizabethe Prisonner

OH, Fortune! how thy reſtleſſe wavering ſtate
Hath frought with cares my troubled will!
Witnes this preſent priſſonn, whither fate
Could beare me, & the joys I quit.
Thou cauſedeſt the guiltie to be loſed
From bandes, wher'in are innocents incloſed:
Cavſing the guiltleſs to be ſtraite reſerved,
And freeing thoſe that death had well deſerved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God ſend to my foes all they have thovghte.

ELIZABETHE,
PRISONNER,
writ upon a ſhutter
in my priſon of
Woodſtock.

VOL. XIII.—No. 652.] JUNE 25, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

All rights reserved.] "'PLEASE BE SEATED,' SAID SYBIL, IN HER MOST GRACIOUS MANNER."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"IF YOUR FATHER COULD TRUST ME."

JEANIE, having made so successful a first move in Sybil's favour at the recent breakfast, determined, a day or two later, on another still more important, for her own relief, for her father's satisfaction, and her friend's advancement. So she said to Sybil, "You know how clever you are at housekeeping. Madame told me so. Would you mind taking the management of household affairs off my hands—ordering dinners, seeing to the servants, keeping the money and accounts? Would you mind, dear? Father and I have just been talking about it. I am as yet too inexperienced to be of use. I would then watch all you do, and learn from you the while."

"I should be delighted," said Sybil, "if it would really help you, and if your father could trust me with such responsibilities."

"Let us go to him at once, and learn what he thinks best," responded Jeanie. "He is in the next room."

Then Jeanie submitted to him Sybil's scruple about taking so serious a responsibility.

"That's not the question," said the colonel, turning with a smile to her friend. "The difficulty is, could, and would, Miss Capella undertake to manage all on the economical scale by which I have to regulate my household expenses? Let me show you Phœbe's account-book for the last week."

He took it from the mantelpiece and gave it to Sybil to examine. He watched her as she stood by the table, studying the different items, Jeanie looking over her shoulder.

The colonel's attention thus fixed on Sybil, he could not but admire the piquant foreign look of the dark slight woman in her bright dress, and the shrewd common-sense depicted on her face.

"I think, sir," observed Sybil, as she turned over the last page of accounts, "I shall not find any difficulty in managing with the weekly amount you have here allowed. It has always been my experience to economise. Shall I try for a short time?"

"By all means, if you will be so good. Remember, please, that I have no wish to restrict the housekeeping to the exact amount set down by Phœbe. I should wish you to use your own discretion in that matter."

"Thank you. I will balance and bring you my accounts once a week."

"If you find the present allowance sufficient, a monthly settlement will do quite as well."

"If you have no objection I should prefer your going over the books with me once a week, for the present at all events," answered Sybil, thinking that the settlement times with the colonel would not be the least pleasant of those she hoped to spend at the castle.

"You are very good. Oh, by-the-bye!" continued the colonel, "I had almost forgotten to warn you of a shoal ahead. You will, I fear, find Phœbe Calvert a difficult person to deal with. Be so good as to conciliate her as far as possible. She is an awkward person truly, but, as I told Jeanie, a diamond in the rough."

"Your wishes shall be carefully remembered," answered Sybil, smiling brightly at the colonel. "I feel sure I shall be able to propitiate her. Her jealousy will be appeased when she knows my reign will soon be over. So rarely does one find a domestic truly devoted that it will be a pleasure for me to work with her. I will see her as soon as possible, and make all necessary explanations."

CHAPTER XIX.

"A THORN IN THE FLESH."

SYBIL CAPELLA sat in the library next day waiting for the appearance of Phœbe Calvert to settle amicably the question of the household expenditure and superintendence.

The account books lay open before her, with a small morocco handbag containing the money she had just received from the colonel.

"Come in!" she called in answer to a sharp little knock at the door.

Phœbe entered, made an almost imperceptible bob, and stood just inside, stiffly erect and forbidding.

"Good morning, Mrs. Calvert! Please be seated," said Sybil in her most gracious manner.

"I'll sit in the master's room when the master or one of his bids me. I don't hurt standing as I knows of."

"I've sent for you, Mrs. Calvert, at Colonel Stanard's wish, to explain a little arrangement respecting the housekeeping."

"And couldn't the master have told me himself without bringing in a third party as, there's no need for me to say, knows nothing about it?"

"He is too busy—too deeply engaged and harassed just now. He has therefore deputed to me the management of the household expenditure. You see, Mrs. Calvert, it is part of my work, for which I am here, and for which I have to be paid."

"I'm sorry to hear it."

Still ignoring Phœbe's defiant attitude, Sybil, smiling gently, continued, "Let me explain—then, I am sure, such a sensible woman, and one so attached to the family, will understand *why* I am here, and why Colonel Stanard seeks to relieve the very heavy duties he says he has been obliged to impose upon you for a short time."

"Seeing as one's time ain't their own, I'll just take out my knitting. An' if the master says I work hard, he says no more nor the truth. Not that I ever complain, miss; for don't the Bible say, 'In the sweat of his brow' shall man work? Not but what one feels it when another is put over their head. But I ain't the sort of person who don't know how to take trouble when it comes, seeing how I've put myself under its training all my life long, and striven not to kick against the pricks. Nor am I one to talk—so that's all I've got to say."

Sybil watched the self-possessed woman as she jerked out her words, and the stitches on her needle, in the same feverish haste. Her small features, tightly-compressed lips, and thin, dark hair, nearly hidden under her spotless mob cap, gave her an appearance of extreme neatness, which was further carried out by her sad-coloured, narrow print gown, and large white apron.

Her restless little eyes roamed everywhere, and her hands had moved uneasily, as though seeking for something to grasp and work at, until they occupied themselves with the knitting.

"Ah!" said Sybil, with a prolonged sigh; "so you have known trouble! I might have guessed it though, since from the very first it was evident to me that you were quite different from ordinary women. I, too, have seen much trouble. To work for one's living, to be as a stranger in the home of others, to be slighted, and misunderstood, is not an easy thing to bear by one who has been brought up to expect to live an independent life."

Mrs. Calvert's keen eyes detected what she took for a tear glistening on Sybil's long lashes. That symptom, together with the adroit hint of her difference from ordinary women—which Phœbe did not fail to render as superiority to other women—told home.

"Well, miss, I don't say as it's easy to bear; but I do say as the Bible words is true—'It's good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth;' and if the Lord sees fit to recognise you as worthy to bear the chastening of them He loves, well, He ain't forgot you—depend upon that!"

"Ah! Mrs. Calvert, if I could but take trouble as you do! I fear I rebel. It is so hard for me to tell you that my work is to take and keep the accounts that you have managed so well. Wouldn't you rebel against that if you were me? Just when I wanted to help you, and to ask you to advise me in the many ways you are so well able to do."

Phœbe knitted faster than ever.

"Seems to me," she said presently, opening and shutting her mouth in a sharp, rapid manner, that reminded Sybil of some metallic automatic figure—"seems to me you may be another thorn in the flesh sent to buffet me; and in that way you may be a blessing in disguise, and so I'll say to myself when I smarts at your taking the very work out of my hands. And I'll give you all the advice I can, though you'll excuse me saying, miss, I should have took you to be one of them as look for their pleasure in the vanity of vanities the preacher has so often warned us against."

"I do not wonder that you should have such thoughts," Sybil responded, hiding her annoyance at the unflattering similitude of herself; "and it shows me how nearly we think alike. You've just hit on another thing which causes me pain. I've been often told that if I would earn my bread I must do as the world does—appear to love what it

loves, be always bright, always ready for gaiety, however my heart and conscience desire otherwise. Remember this, Mrs. Calvert, in judging of me hereafter. I have spoken to you as a friend. After all, my position here is but for three short months."

Phœbe Calvert's face visibly brightened as she heard Sybil's last sentence; but, quickly resuming her habitual melancholy expression, she rejoined, "It would ill become me to rejoice at the removal of any affliction the Lord sees fit to visit me with; so, miss, if you understands all the accounts, I'll go to my regular work. I'll be always ready and willing to help you as best I can."

"Thank you, very much, Mrs. Calvert! Good morning!"

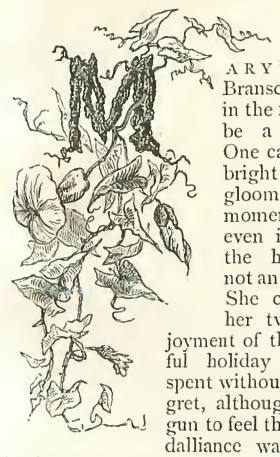
As Sybil watched her departure, she said to herself, "What a funereal, canting hypocrite! She's not a bad judge of what will happen! She *shall* have a thorn in the flesh in good earnest, and realise she has been harbouring it in her breast when she thought it a rose! Now to see if the girls will go for a walk in the Park. I shouldn't be surprised if *he*—Rolfe—were waiting somewhere about. I must add fuel, or my little fire, which might prove so important, may die out."

(*To be continued.*)

UP THE STEEP HILLSIDE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.



MARY'S journey to Branscombe could not, in the nature of things, be a pleasant one. One cannot pass from bright sunshine into gloom without a momentary shiver, even if you feel that the hot sunlight is not an unalloyed good. She could not leave her two months' enjoyment of the most delightful holiday she had ever spent without a pang of regret, although she had begun to feel that such pleasant dalliance was not the real business of life; it was rather an interlude, which was most beautiful in its way, but which, if unduly prolonged, would lose its charm, and exhaust her energies for *the* work—*some* work which as yet she knew not of, but which she felt sure would be ready for her when she was ready for it. Therefore she did not hesitate when her aunt wrote to her of the distress in the village and of their want of help. And yet now that she was on her way to her work, and had escaped from the danger she was in, she would have given worlds to go back to it. That very afternoon Tom was on his way to Bournemouth and would find her gone, and she wearied herself with wondering whether he would be disappointed, and what he would say and how he would look. If she only could have seen him once more!

And so this poor lovelorn girl sped on, leaving her heart further and further behind, as many a lovelorn youth and maid have sped on before and after her, the heart for ever seeking a resting-place, and finding none. It would have been no consolation to her then if she could have looked forward and seen that her heart would find a resting-place in Branscombe and not in Bournemouth—not in the satisfaction of its own selfish longings, but by losing itself in the sorrows of others. She would not hear of it then; she wanted love herself, and love from the man that she loved; everything else faded away in importance as this one great need urged itself upon her. She was too young yet to have learnt the great lesson that all personal and selfish love falls away from the touch, and leaves the heart empty and unsatisfied. It must be linked with that divine love which embraces all mankind, and accepts the meanest and lowest into its affections; it must be informed with that divine light which takes us above and out of ourselves into the pure atmosphere in which Jesus Christ walked, of self-sacrifice and love of the Father of all, if it has any sustaining and ennobling power.

When Mary got to Branscombe she soon found that she would have to put away her own private sorrows. Want, suffering, sin, disease, pain, and all the train of evils that follow them—these were what she and Mr. and Mrs. Pollard had to struggle with for the next few weeks. She would not do it in any half-hearted way; she knew that such work, like any other, must have the services of both head and heart if it were done successfully. Her own sorrow, though it seemed small indeed compared with the suffering she saw around her, opened her eyes to much that she would have been blind to two months before. The infinite pathos of the life of these poor people, the hardness and drudgery of their lot, without, as it seemed, any beauty or attractiveness to lighten the common daily load, except the heroism of bearing it with unwearied patience and cheerfulness, became gradually revealed to her. She learned by degrees to extend her pity to the vice and coarseness and pettiness which at first repelled and disgusted her, and managed, by unfailing courtesy and kindness, to establish her influence over those with whom she had to do. She had the immense advantage of having a living example of charity and benevolence in her uncle, whose life was sincerely and heartily devoted to the welfare of his people, while he also was much pleased with her efforts, and took some trouble to train her for her work. As long as he had any use for her she determined to stay; and so the winter and spring passed, and found her still at Branscombe. Nan made many urgent appeals to her to come back to London and study with her, as they had proposed doing; but Mary felt that until Tom had married Miss Ayre there was no safety for her in such a course, and resolutely declined to entertain the proposal. Tom was still a hero in her eyes, and she thought of him with nothing but admiration. But she had mastered her passion for him, after many defeats and reconquests; and the struggle was too recent and too bitter for her to risk the possibility of opening it again. She would keep that leaf closed with a firm hand, she thought, and guard against such weakness for the future.

In the meanwhile Jack Adams was hopeful at the change from London to Branscombe, and did not fail to embrace every opportunity of visiting the latter. He was careful not to endanger his cause by any more rash avowals, and was content if Mary looked kindly on him. More would come in time, he had no doubt, and waited patiently.

Autumn, winter, spring, summer—how soon the seasons roll round!—and we find ourselves again in August. Now it is Nan's turn to visit Mary, Mary says. Accordingly we find Nan, nothing loth, ensconced at the parsonage, and the two girls eagerly discussing various ways of enjoying their holiday. Nan had never been just at the Branscombe point of the North Devon coast before, and so everything was new to her. Many delightful rides they had over the wild moorland country, as much boating as their hearts desired on the fringe of the ancient Atlantic, and tennis at home and abroad—enough to make them the glory of a tournament if their progress corresponded to their practice!

Nan was ready to tell Mary all she knew about Tom, which was not much after all. He did not seem inclined to take up any profession, she said, as he was content with what his father would give him. He lived at home ostensibly, though he spent by far the greater part of his time in the "slums," as she vaguely put it. Mary was constrained to ask when he was going to be married; but Nan only shook her head, and said she did not know—did not even know if he were engaged to Miss Ayre; he never talked of it to them, though everybody else had settled that it must be so. "Let me see," Nan said; "you saw Miss Ayre, last year, didn't you?"

Mary answered, "No."

"Well, she does not come to our house much," Nan said; "but I believe Tom sees a good deal of her, as she spends all her time among the poor people, as he does. She is a very wise, kind, good woman, I believe, and I suppose that's why Tom likes her."

"If they are both so interested in mission work they ought to suit each other very well," Mary said calmly, and the matter dropped.

Nan said Tom intended to go over to Leipzig to meet their brother Fred, and spend a month or two on the continent with him. But for some reason the plan fell through, and she had a letter one morning saying Fred was at home, and he and Tom were going to do a walking tour through Devon and Cornwall, from the Land's End upwards. She at once ordered them to include Branscombe in their plan—by the time they reached there she would be ready to go home, and could do the rest of their tour with them. To which Tom replied that he intended to come to Branscombe, but, for the rest, she should never go where she might not be wanted.

In due time the two brothers arrived in veritable tourist style, and once there, seemed in no hurry to depart. It was a convenient centre for many places of interest, and they both declared they were tired of each other's company, and wanted new listeners and new ideas very badly. So they arranged many an expedition with the two girls to places within a reasonable distance, and gave themselves up generally to merriment and frivolity.

Sagacious young readers, if they have reached so far, will have no difficulty in guessing that Tom and Mary did not always find it convenient to walk four abreast in these excursions, nor that they had many conversations on things that interested them both deeply, nor how it happened that one day at Clovelly—dear little romantic, out-of-the-way Clovelly—Tom said to Mary at the bottom of the steep, winding, stony old street, not

exactly in the ordinary tone of conversation, "Shall we go up the steep hillside together?" nor how they went up hand-in-hand, and on through the gates into the wonderful Hobby Drive, where a very interesting conversation took place which must remain a dead secret to just those two, except this little fragment.

Tom is saying, "You do not expect me to explain why my feeling towards you is different from that towards Miss Ayre. It is only the old story over again, Mary—I like her, but I love you. I do not know how it is that your nature attracts me more strongly than hers, nor how it is that my nature is so perfectly satisfied in its intercourse with yours, especially in these last few days. You have altered, Mary, since I knew you first; you have developed, have grown more sympathetic. How is it?"

"Partly, I think," Mary said softly, "because my own feelings have been strengthened by suffering, and so I am more alive to the feelings of others; and partly because you have broken down the reserve that was between us," she went on more softly still, "and I can trust you now fully, Tom, and believe in your love."

They went on for some time in silence, and then Tom said, "There is no need to talk of this; we have both known it these few days, and have trusted in each other, and so the barriers fell down that had before divided our souls, and they mingled freely. I loved you from the first, Mary, but it was better not to let you know it then; you were young and unformed, and I wanted you to choose your part in this world's life without any bias from me. But when I heard of your life here, and that Mr. Adams did not apparently enter into any part of it, I came down with a glad heart, determined to win you if you would let me try."

"If you had only known, you might have saved yourself the trouble," Mary said archly; "for you won me without trying more than a year ago."

And so we leave this "happy pair," happy in the knowledge that is denied, alas! to many a so-called happy pair—happy in the happiness that comes only to a few in this uncertain world, in the union of soul with soul and mind with mind, without a shadow of doubt or fear, in the feeling that here on earth has been vouchsafed to them the highest of all earthly blessings—the walking together with mutual help and encouragement towards the Kingdom of Heaven.

[THE END.]

ON HELPING IN THE HOUSE.

THE ART OF WINDOW-CLEANING.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

I AM fully convinced, before I begin, that there are dozens of people who will be quite ready to inform me that there is only one way of cleaning windows, and that there is nothing new to be learnt on the subject. No doubt, therefore, they will listen with some incredulity to me when I inform them that, when I began to look about me, to add to my own knowledge on the question, I found half a dozen opinions for consideration, and as many different ways of "How to do it properly."

I have many ideas myself on "How *not* to do it;" and, for instance, I should advise my readers to eschew grease, and to see that greasy pails, tubs, towels, and water are carefully guarded against, and that there should be no lack of towels and cloths. A damp or rainy day should be avoided, and also a very sunny one, or at least a time for cleaning the windows should be selected when they are in the shade, as windows cleaned in the full sunlight are sure to become streaky, a fault which is caused by the fact that the sun dries the glass quicker than we can rub them dry, and the water dries just as it is put on by the cloth with which we have washed. A cloudy day is not a bad one for cleaning them, but I need not say that a frosty day should be carefully avoided.

If we could induce our housemaids to dust and wipe over the windows every morning when they dust the rooms, our windows would not require cleaning half so often as they do. The dust and dirt which they acquire *inside* are double the amount they contract on the outside; and this is especially the case where gas is burnt, as well as coal and coke. At any rate, before beginning to clean, the windows and the frames, both inside and out, should be thoroughly dusted, and a small paint-brush will be of much use in cleaning out the corners and crevices of the putty. When the dusting is finished, then proceed to clean the paint about the windows, the frames, and the ledges; for if this be not done at the beginning, you will not manage it afterwards without smearing the glass. The inside of the window is cleaned first, not the outside, and you had better finish cleansing the whole of the inside before you begin on the out.

No soap is used in washing windows, I need hardly remark; nor, indeed, is soap a good adjunct in washing any kind of glass. The only thing to make it look polished and bright is clean cold water. I find, however, that some people have a strong prejudice in favour of very hot water, and with a little lump of ammonia in it. Others like some Californian borax; while some put in a lump of washing soda to soften the water. The use of the ammonia is said to give the glass a polish. I am told that in America carbonate of soda is used to rub on the panes, applied with a damp cloth.

From that enterprising land also comes the idea of kerosine, or paraffin, oil, for the agent in cleaning windows; this being applied with a cloth wet with the oil, which is used very sparingly, and rubbed off again with a clean cloth. I hear also that newspaper is used beyond the seas, and that the printer's ink is a valuable polishing medium. This last idea is said to have originated in the northern parts of the country, where the intense cold prevents the windows from being washed with water.

Amongst my treasures I have a wonderful old manual of housekeeping, published in the days when the nineteenth century was quite in its teens, and therein I find, under the head of "Window-Cleaning," a recipe which shows that cleaning with newspaper and not wetting the glass is not a novelty. My ancient authority thinks "that the panes, if wetted, cannot be so thoroughly and immediately dried as not to catch the dust again, as soon almost as it has been cleared off."

"In large towns," my authority goes on to say, "it is usual to employ glaziers to clean the windows; for they, being in the business, do it most thoroughly and effectually. The mode is, first, to dust them with putty-powder (sold under that name at the oil-shops) enclosed in a linen bag, afterwards rubbing it off with two wash-leathers, the one very slightly damp and the other perfectly dry. Two men should be employed, one outside and the other in, to save the time; and the charge made by every professed glazier is sixpence each window."

I read this description of window-cleaning as performed more than half a century ago with much interest, and it explains what has always puzzled me, *i.e.*, the use of chamois leather in window-cleaning; and that the early ideas of polishing glass were founded on the plans adopted for polishing silver. We find the *raison d'être* of the polishing leather when we find out that putty-powder was the old name under which whiting was sold; putty, as made by glaziers, being composed of whiting rubbed into a stiff paste with boiled linseed oil, to which, I believe, white lead it added. So the use of the leathers has remained, while the reason for employing them has become obsolete.

In a modern book on the subject of cleaning in the house, I find the use of a wet and a dry leather recommended; and if the windows be very dirty, a little whiting may be used to clean them. Nothing is said about polishing, but it is evident that housekeepers of olden days thought a great deal about it, and expected their windows not only to admit light, but to reflect the clear sky and the bright sun, and to add the beauty of their polish and their bright reflecting surface to the appearance of the house. To-day we *clean* windows; in those days they *polished* them, to make them beauty-spots in the sun.

In cleaning stained-glass windows, nothing but pure tepid water and a sponge must be used, and special care must be taken not to lay any weight on them in the cleaning, as the lead in which they are set will not bear the least pressure. This is also the case with many of the modern doors which we find in our houses, and our servants should be particularly warned, or we may find ourselves with a somewhat serious bill to pay for repairs. I am told that no soda should be used to clean stained glass, and that a sunny dry day should be chosen for the purpose, so that the glass should not remain wet.

Looking at the condition of the stained-glass windows in many churches, as well as private houses, I am of opinion that people imagine that they require no cleaning, or else that they clean themselves, for they are much neglected, and the frames are left undusted and unwashed. Muffed and corrugated glass should also be attended to when other windows are washed.

Amongst the troubles of the window-cleaner in a newly-built house are the spots of paint which are sure to remain as window decorations. These are hardened, and will not

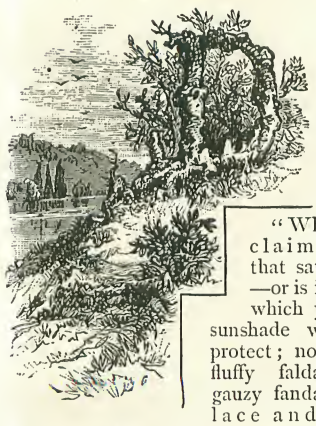
yield to washing, and will need to be otherwise dealt with. A little spirits of turpentine dropped on each spot from a pointed stick, a pen, or a pencil, and allowed to remain for some hours undisturbed, will generally take out the fresher stains. Perhaps several applications may be needed. Wet paint spots may be taken out at once with turpentine, and I may also add that sulphuric ether will also remove them.

The following, from the *Builder*, may be useful in connection with my subject; it is a recipe for taking out glass from window-sashes without trouble:—American potash three parts, unslacked lime one part. Mix, lay it on both sides with a stick, and let it remain for twenty-four hours; the putty will then be soft enough to cut out easily.

And as a last hint on the subject, I will say that the mistress may avoid many colds and coughs if she will see that, when the maids clean the windows, they keep the doors shut and put on a warm jacket themselves, and tie a muffler over their heads.

"I'VE GOT NOTHING ON THAT'LL SPOIL."

By "MEDICUS."



"DON'T you worry, Willie," said Nora; "I've got nothing on that'll spoil."

"What!" I exclaimed; "not that saucy bonnet—or is it a hat?—which your pretty sunshade will hardly protect; not all those fluffy faldarals and gauzy fandangos, yak lace and furbelows?" Nora laughed.

"A capital hand you are," she said, "at describing a lady's dress. Why don't you write for the *Journal des Modes?* Your contributions would at least possess the merit of originality."

"Nothing on to spoil!" I added. "Why, my dainty cousin, you'd spoil yourself if exposed to the violence of a Highland thunderstorm."

"If you worry I'll go back," she said with decision.

Well, that was putting her foot down on me with a vengeance. But it was a way that Nora had, and I knew better than to say another word.

The facts of the case, reader, are soon explained. A poor old woman in the glen beneath us, while lying ill, had dreamt she was eating cloudberries, and next morning was superstitiously impressed with the notion that if she could only get some of this delightful fruit she would soon be well, and, as she expressed it, "make an *omadhaun* (fool) of the doctor."

Well, my cousin Nora and I were then on our way to get some—that is all. The cloudberry is a kind of delicious Alpine strawberry, found growing high up on Scottish mountains where the clouds rest; hence the name. It is said the fairies hide them from all but good people; but Nora and I thought ourselves good enough to find a lot.

But if Nora had a fault, it was that she was a trifle self-willed. The morning had been still and sultry, and she would not be advised by me to "rig out," as sailors say, in cloth or serge.

"You are not going to a garden-party, you know, Nora," I had said.

"I know I'm not."

"And that mountain yonder is five miles to the top, and in height just half a mile above the sea-level, and if a storm should come on and the temperature rush down to thirty-two degrees, where will we be?"

"Why, on the mountain, of course!"

And yonder now the storm was coming, and we were barely half-way up. Shapeless masses of cloud were gathering and banking up in the horizon, though but dimly seen through a kind of sulphurous haze; thunder was muttering and growling in the distance, and every now and then a streak of lightning told me that the storm was making rapid strides towards us.

There wasn't a bit of shelter anywhere—only bare bluffs covered with stunted heath and Alpine flora, with here and there a plateau in which were pools of water as dark as porter.

But all at once we reached a splendid patch of the delicious fruit we had climbed to seek. I held my peace. I was wondering what Nora would do. She was looking nervous and uneasy. Nearer and nearer came the storm. Already all was gloom in the glen far beneath. Then a few drops of rain were blown in our faces by some mysterious wind or another.

"I say," said Nora, suddenly placing one hand on my arm, "Can't we mount above it?"

Why, as she spoke she positively looked inspired.

Next minute we were hurrying higher and higher towards the mountain's summit. Says Longfellow—

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As thro' an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner, with a strange device—
'Excelsior'"

But I do believe that had the bold youth been with Nora and me now, we should have taught him a lesson in hill-climbing.

In less than half an hour we had reached the summit, and stood high above the storm, which was now raging in all its fury along the glen—as solemn and impressive a scene as any I ever have beheld, to say nothing of the wild grandeur of the view all around us, hill piled on hill, with loch, and moor, and stream.

We stayed here until the storm had entirely cleared away, and the sun was once more mirrored in the lake below. Then we descended to the brow of the hill, and filled the basket with the tawny cloudberries.

The story stops here. But it furnishes me with two texts on which to found my little health-sermon.

"I've got nothing on that'll spoil." Nora and I were fortunate that day in escaping the storm. Had it come on half an hour before, we should have been in it shelterless and unprotected. For myself it would have mattered little or nothing, being inured to changes, but even many a strong girl has caught her death from exposure to weather not half so inclement as the drenching rain, the cold hail, and sleet, of a thunderstorm on a bare hillside.

Britain in general, but possibly England more than Scotland, possesses the most uncertain climate of any country in the world, and girls would consult their own safety, even in summer, and especially if at the seaside, by never going from home unprepared for consequences. Sauntering about the parade or sands, it does not signify; but near to all seaside resorts there are what are called places of interest; thither you will drive, usually in a brake or *char-a-banc*. It may be warm, and clear, and fine before you start, but towards mid-day, or afterwards, a summer storm may come on; and down rushes the temperature, and before you are aware what has happened you are chilled to the bone. Perhaps no amount of after care or attention will enable you to shake off the effects of that chill, till you have passed through a long dark cloud of sickness, and emerged a sadder and a wiser girl—but looking years older. You had "nothing on to spoil," had you? That is what you said before you started;—and it wouldn't be rain, and an umbrella looked ridiculous, and a cloak was cumbersome, and so on, and so forth. Besides, you had been in the habit of thinking yourself so strong and robust, and possessed of such a constitution. Believe me, girls, it is often people who boast thus who go down first, and have even more difficulty in getting up again than your thinner, more fragile, but "nerveful" girls. I coin the word "nerveful" in contradistinction to "nervous," which is generally understood to mean the possession of nerves that are weak and shaken.

A girl then should remember that, although she may have no dress on that will spoil, she has health, and she may spoil that.

Many people catch cold soon through the feet and legs. And it is a fact that, if these are well protected by warm, thick stockings—on a journey or pleasure trip, the wearer can weather almost anything. The reason is this: the feet and lower parts of the legs are but sparsely protected by muscle, yet all the blood in the body passes through these about once in every three minutes. If these portions of the body therefore are ice-cold, and you are sitting still in a *char-a-banc* or boat, the blood is bound to get chilled, and to pass upwards towards the heart in this cold condition. In a lesser degree the same holds good—or bad—as regards the hands.

If I can but succeed in getting my girl readers, or their mothers either, to remember and profit by these wholesome truths, this paper will not have been written in vain.

I should add, that there is often more danger of a chill while going out for a sail or row than in taking a drive. It may feel warm and balmy on shore, but your boat has no sooner made a bit of offing than the wind blows round your waist, and seems trying to cut you in two. In going, therefore, for either a sail or drive, do *not* forget your mackintosh; and should you expect to be out after sunset, take your feather boa also. You are even better provided thus than you would be with an umbrella. I myself have all a Scotchman's prejudice against an umbrella, much preferring a plaid in all weathers, and I am not going to recommend the umbrella to my readers. The girls of any other ladies' magazine may look like dowdies if they choose, but I should be sorry to have our girls look like that.

"I've got nothing on that will spoil." Yes, you have, miss. You have your complexion. Many a girl has had her complexion ruined by a chill. I don't refer to the effects of the wind or rain beating in the face—that may even do good; but to derangement of the functions of the liver, the stomach, and circulation. And from a derangement of this sort—neglected perhaps—oftentimes date very many ruined complexions.

As to the liver, a chill throws it out of gear by congesting it with blood; for the cold sends the blood away from the surface of the body, and it must go somewhere. No serious mischief may occur to the liver, but for a time, at all events, it is less able to perform its duties cheerfully, and a slight degree of biliousness is the result, with lowness of spirits, and probably dyspepsia. The bile is not properly eliminated from the blood. The eye is less clear—in some cases it is muddy—and the bile lies on the under skin of the face; sometimes, indeed, if you tighten the skin, say, of the cheek, with the fingers of both hands, before the glass, you will note that it is not so white as it was wont to be.

Some antibilious medicine would help to remedy this defect, if taken at once; then the morning cold or tepid tub, and plenty of fresh air, would carry off all the bad effects.

But the chill may produce disturbance in the circulation, with or without some degree of indigestion; and this in its turn may cause the disfiguring mischief commonly known as pimples. Why, even one or two of these is sufficient to spoil the fair face of beauty. But independent of this, some girls have a tendency to *acne*—the doctor's name for this trouble. It may be produced from a too watery condition of the blood, or from indigestion, worry, excitement, etc. In such cases the cure must consist in restoring the balance of the nervous system, and getting rid of the dyspepsia. Plenty of ripe fruit should be taken, especially in the morning, good tomatoes—English—and any not too ripe fruit that happens to be in season.

Sea-bathing, if it can be had, has an excellent action for good on the skin and blood, and therefore tends to cure *acne*. Great care must be taken with the diet while dyspepsia lasts. The same kind of food will not suit everyone, but it may be taken as a general rule that sloppy food is injurious to people with weak stomachs. Even soup itself had often better be avoided. A little good, tender, solid food is preferable, time of course being taken to eat it. But if you determine to regulate the diet, your living by rule must be boldly maintained day after day for many weeks, and strict attention given to the rules of hygiene which in these papers I have so often laid down.

Next comes cod liver oil. This sometimes has a magical effect in the cure of *acne*. If it really cannot be borne, however—after a week's trial—then you must substitute the Kepler Extract of Malt. Begin either the oil or the malt by taking a dessertspoonful twice or thrice daily after meals, and increasing to a tablespoonful. It should be kept up for a month or six weeks. If the appetite is not good, ten drops of dilute nitro-muriatic acid in an ounce of chiretta bitter taken two or three minutes before meals will improve it, and tone the nerves also. Pepsalia may be used instead of table-salt, or a pepsin pill taken.

The iodide of sulphur ointment may be used for the cure of the pimples; or if you ask your chemist for a bottle of almond emulsion containing half a grain of corrosive sublimate to the ounce, this may prove a very useful application. Remember, however, that corrosive sublimate is a highly dangerous poison. For the cure of *acne*, therefore, I would have you to trust more to hygienic means and constitutional remedies than to face applications.

Those little black specks or dots, called by some worms in the face, may sometimes be cured by rubbing in every night a little calomel.

When there is anything the matter with the face, I warn you to beware of face powders; for if you clog up the sweat glands, or sebaceous glands, a pimple is almost sure to come on. A cooling face lotion for ordinary purposes may be made as follows—Elderflower water eight ounces, glycerine water one ounce, Californian borax one quarter of an ounce, and a little oil of lavender to suit taste. Cold cream or rose cream are both equally cooling.

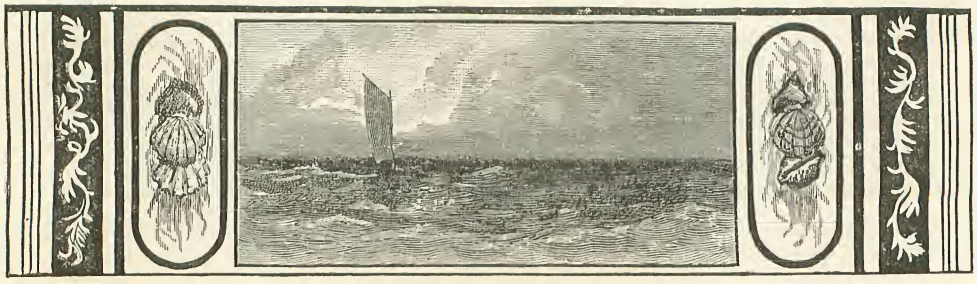
Now, there is a trouble called *Acne rosacea*, and this is really the technical term for red nose. All that I have said above concerning the constitutional treatment of pimples holds good in that of red nose. I am sorry to say it is often most obstinate, and is frequently caused by liver ailment. Those afflicted in this way may be much better in fine weather; but an east wind or exposure of any kind makes them bad again. So does any excess of diet. This should be restricted, and stimulating sauces, or stimulants of any kind, carefully avoided.

I am sorry I have no panacea for the trouble; but I may tell you that I have done good—especially in cases where there were pimples as well as the redness—with a lotion of eau de Cologne one ounce, corrosive sublimate one grain. The parts should be damped with this about three times a day. This is also *poison*, and probably your chemist will not let you have it. The redness from the nose sometimes extends over one side of the face. In all bad cases you ought to put yourself under the treatment of your family doctor, and the sooner the better.

To clear a complexion from "muddiness," an old-fashioned but good remedy is as follows:—To a pint of filtered rain-water add a wineglassful of lime juice and a few drops of attar of roses. Shake well. To use it you simply damp the face and hands with it, and let it stay on for a few minutes. This may be done three times a day. The lotion is a cooling one, easily made, and safe.

* * * *

"Can't we mount above it?" That was what Nora said to me on the mountain-side. A man would hardly have thought about such a plan. He would simply have sat down and—and smoked. But really I think the simple saying, "Can't we mount above it?" is worthy of being remembered. At any rate, in all our trials, and even sicknesses, it is always best to—*look up*.



THE IDYL OF A SEA-MOSS.

By ADA M. TROTTER.

On the horizon the dancing flames of light proclaimed the rising sun. The laughing waves splashed the crimson rays, scattering them in dazzling refulgence, to spread over the bay, in and out the eddies ebbing on the reef, downwards through the clear water stretching, until the paradise of mosses, swaying with the ebb and flow, caught the radiance, and glanced up, golden-tipped and tinted.

The blue and gold went drifting on from horizon to shore, as the sun, cloudless, sent forth its myriad rays, to play in and out the depths with rainbow hues, until recalled by the last flames of the sunset.

The sunbeams were great talkers. "Why not?" asked the mosses, laughing at the mirthful babble around. "Such travellers as they are, with the whole world lying at their feet! More—more!" was their genial cry.

Sea urchins awoke, and crawled along the ledges of the rocks; crabs put on their utmost speed, lest the ebbing tide should leave them stranded. The star-fishes, creeping over the opening mussels, made their morning meal, while the rose-tinted anemone swept the sunlit tide with its fragile tentacles, seeking some victim worth assimilating.

The sea-mosses grew from some coarse dulse, which clung to the rocks always in deep water. The sun was scarcely up, when overhead drifted a shadow. The beams thus pushed aside cried in warning chorus, "A boat—a boat!"

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried a young girl. A sonorous voice replied, "Let me reach it with my oar?"

"You cannot, professor. What a pity!"

The sea-moss, looking up, saw two eager faces gazing at her swaying, perfect form.

"*Can't* you get it?"

"Impossible!"

"What is it?"

"I do not know. My book does not mention it. It is evidently a *rara avis*. Well, we must give it up."

The shadows moved with the boat; the laughing sunbeams came back.

"We found you first, *rara avis*," said they.

"Were they admiring me?"

"Of course."

"What next?"

The sunbeams laughed.

"Yes, that is the way," they said. "Now you have tasted a new joy, you will always be asking 'What next'?"

"Will they come again?"

"Possibly. Probably, however, you are already forgotten."

"I might go after them. I am tired of this. Every day I do the same things. Look now at this large breaker! I might mount and flit shorewards. I too should travel. I should meet with incidents. More people might see me."

"You mean admire you, I suppose. After all, such expressions soon pall upon one," replied the sunbeams. "We think nothing of it. It is our daily bread. Poets rave about us; children chase us—live on us. We are courted by princes, loved by queens, sought by rich and poor alike. But what of it?"

"Ah! what a career!" cried the moss breathlessly. "No wonder you do not understand our limitations, obliged at the slightest breath of the ocean to float this way or that."

"Nevertheless, you are with your friends. It is better than drifting amongst strangers."

"Friends!" cried the moss, with a scornful recoil from the dulse, to whose good services she owed her freedom from care, having nothing to do but play, while the stronger moss clung to the rocks. "Coarse creatures! Give me good company or none."

The dulse laughed hoarsely, feeling inclined to be very good company. The family possessed a kind of beauty of their own, too, of which they were quite unconscious. When the tide was low and the reef was bare they covered the scarped rocks with mellow tints, golden brown deepening into black, even purple in the twilight.

The delicate moss grew languid as the day wore on, but the gay sunbeams never ceased their dancing. The tide ebbed lower and lower, then turned, and babbled back into the hollows of the reef. With it came a wind from shore, driving the wavelets briskly on, splashing the foam on the rocks, and scattering the sunbeams into millions of sparkling gleams. At length the wanderer was caught in a rocky cave, and roamed hither and thither with its monotone of story. "So much to do ere sunset—our time for rest, you know—so I must go on. No way out of this, you say, but the way I came! Absurd! Can't go backwards, you know. No, I don't want to stay. I'll search about; I daresay there is a crack I can squeeze through. No, I'm no story-teller, but it was interesting, very. A balloon, I think they call it, with a man-creature sitting, trying to sail. Oh, yes, but I'm good-natured enough—I don't mind being 'sat upon.' I gave him a lift—sent him out to sea. I believe he said, at the time, I was going the wrong way; but you can't believe that kind of creature. North wind came blustering up and turned him round; carried him up ever so high. I want to get out to see him drown. Of course he will as soon as north wind drops him. Ah! I thought I should find a crack. Dear me! I'm terribly squeezed—there won't be much left of me to roam over the reef before sundown." He gathered his drifting garments and drew them through the tiny cranny, sighing softly his "farewell."

The waves babbled into the cave, calm and peaceful in their ebb and flow, a low moan from the ebbing depths, prophetic of coming storm, occasionally breaking their monotone of rhythm.

While the sun set.

His triumphant course was run without the uprising of a single cloud. Nearing the horizon he cast forth flames of dazzling brilliance, caught the forests, shedding gold upon the boles of the stalwart pines, buried the scarped cliffs in a haze of glory, touched the ocean, leaving a trail of crimson from horizon to shore, and glowed amongst the rock pools, until the barren reef, purple amidst these gorgeous sunset flames, was crowned with diamonds and rubies, while the lapping waves, splashing against the rocky walls of the cave, for the moment builded there in amethyst and gold.

The sea-moss swayed beneath the crimson current. Torrents of gold rolled past and over her. The gay sea-creatures crept out of sight into the crevices of the rocks, awaiting night. The western wind sank softly with the sun. Then the after-glow touched the very zenith in its rapid, upward flight, and, fading as it fled, gave place to the evening star, serene and pale. Then did the dim sky darken into night, and the Eternal drew back the veil that hid the glories of the distant worlds from sight.

At midnight the storm arose. The reef was covered; its garments of dulse ruthlessly torn by the swirling waters, were swept far out to sea.

The delicate sea-moss set forth alone. Dashed now against some ship in distress, now against some hideous sea-monster, her career was no longer free of incident. Day dawned as she drifted shorewards on the heaving billows. The advantages of travel were hers. She saw how large the world might be. Perhaps it appeared a little dreary to her, all alone.

"Even those coarse creatures on the reef would be company," she said sadly.

It was a monotonous life, after all, thus drifting back and forth about the island.

"At last!"

She recognised the voice as she was lifted from the waters and laid carefully in a book.

"None but the rarest specimens are placed in this collection," cried the professor gaily.

"Your *rara avis* is in the best of company then," laughed the lady.

The *rara avis* was triumphant, admired of all, shown as a curiosity, her perfect form commented on.

"What next?" she asked after awhile. Life was still monotonous.

There was no answer.

"The best of company," chatted the livelong day. Here should have been a compensation for the loss of liberty. Our sea-moss listened, ready to admire, and, in return, give her own views of life, but, after all, remained ever silent.

Her compeers were dull, self-centred, self-absorbed.

Was she as dull as they?

She turned with a warm glow at her heart to her old life on the reef. "I prefer the dulse after all," said she; "they have their outside interests, the kindly folk."

Too late!

VARIETIES.

The Influence of Beauty.

When Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, first met "L. E. L." (Miss Landon), the pretty face of the poetess came upon him like a shock. He had been in the habit of abusing her terribly, and ridiculing her poetry whenever he had a chance; but now he exclaimed repentantly, "Oh, dear! I hae written and thocht mony a bitter thing about ye, but I'll do sae nae mair. I didna think ye'd been sae bonny!"

The Most Important First.—An old lady was giving advice to her daughter, who was about to commence housekeeping. "My dear," she said, "by not knowing how to make puddings and pies you may be occasionally annoyed; but if you are ignorant of roasting and boiling you may be annoyed every day."

A Test for Heart and Mind.—To be capable of steady friendship and lasting love are the two greatest proofs not only of goodness of heart but of strength of mind.

Primitive Marriage Ceremonies.

The early marriage ceremony among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers was of a very primitive character. It consisted merely of hand-fasting (*hand-fæstnung*), or taking each other by the hand, and pledging love and affection, in the presence of friends and relations. The bridegroom paid the father a sum of money, called a *foster-lean*, or payment for nourishing.

At a later period, the early custom of espousals was reduced to a regular system, and the lover was required to give a *wed*, or security, for the performance of his contract; hence our word *wedding*.

An Extraordinary Oversight.

Harry, aged five, had never happened to see the moon in the daytime. He came down the other morning shrieking with laughter.

"Why, Harry, what's the matter?" enquired his mother.

"Oh, mamma," said he, as soon as he could speak, "what a joke; they've forgotten to take the moon in!"

An Eccentric Lady.

One of the most eccentric of women, by whose example our girls may take warning, was Lady Margaret Jardine, sister of the first Duke of Queensberry. She carried love of money to a pitch scarcely credible. Though married to a wealthy baronet, she would for a halfpenny bear people on her shoulders across the river Annan, which flowed near the wall of her spouse's mansion; and when there was a fair or a field-preaching in the neighbourhood she would sit on the banks of the stream the whole day in the expectation of customers.

She generally wore rags; but when visiting carried articles of finery in a napkin, which she would slip on before she entered the house.

Misinterpretation.—In misinterpreting another's motives you sometimes reveal the bent of your own mind.

Longing for Leisure.

Leisure is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is a very bad one to wear.

FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE first Drawing-Room is usually considered to mark the advent of another London Season, and for eight weeks—or, as more generally stated, two months—all the social butterflies of fashion will flutter about in gay apparel, and try to imagine themselves in a seventh heaven of happiness. For trade the season is naturally all-important; and if it is a failure, from the weather, an epidemic, or a royal mourning, the amount of poverty and suffering is immensely increased, and extends to far-off circles, quite remote from this city of six millions. Those who are not butterflies, and care little for fashions, find also a very deep interest exists for them in the London Season; for at that time art and science, literature and politics, religion and philanthropy, throw wide open their portals, and place their best achievements on view; and for once in the year men of like interests in all of them may meet and exchange ideas and thoughts, and in this way, for two short months, London becomes a centre more and more each year where everyone "foregathers," as the Scotch say, and India and the Colonies, America and the East, as well as the Continent, yield their quota towards the success of the London Season.

I have begun with this little exposition because someone said in my hearing the other day, that it was "a time of great frivolity." Perhaps so to a few hundreds, but to those who see things in their true light it is a wonderful time in the ways I have stated; and as London becomes more and more of a centre of the world's progress, it will grow more wonderful still. People see, I think, what they wish to see. I always see in the thronged streets a constant stream of people, who look earnest and occupied; and each year the crowd is more interesting, larger, and more wonderful and less frivolous.

A LACE-TRIMMED BODICE.

TWO SUMMER DRESSES.

There is so much to say that one hardly knows how to begin; but the materials worn seem to be the best subject, as they form certainly the foundations of dress. Crépon is undoubtedly the most popular, and whether figured or plain, it is the one most generally selected by young and middle-aged for their afternoon frocks. Black and dark blues are the most worn; but there are so many other colours that there is plenty of choice for everybody. The figured surface woven roughness of the black crépon material is very becoming, especially out of doors, where it catches the light, and shades off in a most picturesque manner. It is generally relieved by a colour, those most selected being heliotrope, the new lettuce green, Rose de Dinard, a bright rose hue, and lemon yellow. Silver grey is often mixed with black lace for black crépons, and a shade of cornflower blue is much liked, also mixed with black lace. In fact, blue has

quite returned to favour, and we see it even in the old Royal blue shades, as well as in the dull blues seen in Oriental materials. There is quite a list of new shades in all colours—primrose-leaf green is a very pretty light green; and then we have water green, Nile green, and emerald. Blotting-paper pink, and a very bright rose-pink, are used for ribbons, gauzes, and stationery; and *pot pourri* pink and a faded hue found mostly in velvets, and used for bonnets. I think the colours are more vivid than we have seen them for some years; but they are toned down because they are always used with black, so they are in no-wise trying to the skin, even in millinery. Every shop has its own name for the new hues, so I try to select those names which are descriptive, and will best explain them to my readers. In shot materials, all kinds of mixtures are found, some of them very pretty; and they are used for everything, from under-petticoats to bonnets. The new surahs and pongees are many of them shot; and so are the velvets, especially for millinery. The delaines for the present season are still flowered, and so are all the thin silks of an expensive kind. But just at present the winds are too cold to wear anything thin, and everyone seems to rejoice in her comfortable tailor-made serges, home-spuns, and tweeds; and, after all, these materials are what we really wear all the year round in England.

The Watteau pleat, and the bow of ribbon with its long ends placed between the shoulders, are the two chief features of the dresses of the month. The Watteau pleat is more used for evening gowns, but the long ends float from the back of afternoon frocks, as well as from the front of the bodice. The last is perhaps a little newer, and so we have made it the subject of one of our illustrations for this month, the gown itself being made of a dark blue crépon, with a chevron-shaped design, the ribbon being of blue satin to match the blue of the crépon. The ruching at the edge of the skirt is partly silk and partly crépon, and the light-hued bands of trimmings seen on the bodice consist of one of the new gold galoons, with a pattern in coloured silks woven on it. These gold galoons are rather expensive, like all the trimmings of the present season, but they are very effective and handsome, and a very small quantity of them goes a long way.

I have mentioned moreen as a material for under-petticoats already. The old description of this material was thick and stiff; this season, however, a new make, soft and thin, and having no stiffness, has been brought out. It is still watered, and has also broché designs on some of it. The newest colours are to be found in it, and altogether it forms an ideal material for petticoats. White petticoats, with lace and muslin flouncings, are very much used, but are expensive in all ways. Silk ones are not so extravagant as might be supposed, for that material is so much cheaper, that plenty of shot silks are to be found at about three shillings a yard. At the best shops these silk under-petticoats are lined, the lining being made up with the silk, which will be found a saving in the wear and tear; but the cheaper petticoats are unlined. Each silk petticoat measures about two yards and a half round the edge; and allowing for two or three narrow pinked-out frills as a trimming, about five yards will be found amply sufficient.

The newest dress skirts are made with the back breadth ungored, and with no seam down the centre of the back. Of course a double-width material is required to cut this, and the material is generally folded bias-wise. Some materials, however, will not answer to be cut any way except on the straight, and this must be thought of in cutting out the gown. Most of the newest gowns are lined throughout, the lining and the outside being joined up together at the seams, as I have already explained is done for petticoats. The new linings should always be of silk if possible, and most good dressmakers now put an inner lining of stiff muslin, to give consistency. The hem is bound with braid by inexperienced dressmakers, but it should be hemmed on double—the two edges placed together, and strongly sewn on.

Amongst our most useful illustrations will be found that of a lace-trimmed bodice. This way of putting on lace is copied from a French model gown. All bodices are much trimmed with lace, usually wide; and for those who prefer a small covering for the shoulders, this way of trimming will be a boon. The lace cloak is also drawn from a French model. It is all lace—the wide flouncing which we all know. This is mounted on a habit-shirt-shaped silk underlining, which gives a little additional warmth. There is no trimming except a flat piece of jetted gimp. Long cloaks quite down to the edge of the train have made their appearance in some of the fashionable shops, to be used for out-of-door gatherings and as

LACE CLOAK FOR THE SUMMER.

SUMMER GOWN OF BLUE CRÉPON.

dust cloaks. Some of them are very pretty, and are made of shot silks in light hues, with white lace, and ribbons to match the silk. The newest capes are short, and reach the waist only. They are of velvet, trimmed with jet and lace, and are a most useful size for summer wear, when a slight additional wrap is needed for the cooler days, and for evenings out of doors.

The pattern selected for our paper pattern for this month is the now fashionable Eton jacket—a very useful little garment in every way. It is generally made of serge or cloth, but it is also to be seen manufactured of silk and velvet, and also with what is known as a coat-tail back, instead of the real Eton back, which has been chosen for our pattern. It must of course have a lining, and should be made as neatly and in as tailor-like a manner as possible. About a yard and a half of double-width material is needed, as well as three yards of silk or Italian cloth for the lining. There are seven pieces—two sleeves, front, side-pieces, back, collar, and revers—in the pattern. The edges are machine-stitched, and carefully finished.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear, bodice with panier, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, long-basqued jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess dress with umbrella back, cape mantle of lace, Eton jacket, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

ETON JACKET FOR SERGE, CLOTH, OR CHEVIOT. (*Paper pattern.*)

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE were no reservations between mother and daughter, so when Mrs. Boothroyd came downstairs, Janet told her of Susan Meade's call and neighbourly offer.

"I am sure if you had seen her face, mother, you would have felt that she was a kind and a true woman. She is quite young, but she has a staid manner that gives one confidence. Ever since she left me I have had a sense of comfort in thinking that we have one friend within call."

"Did you ask her in, Janet?"

"No, mother. She stood just in shelter—that was all. The door was behind us, and she could hardly even see into the house; but I could not let her stand in the pouring rain, you know. You are not vexed at my speaking to her, are you?"

"Certainly not, my child. After all, it is something to feel less alone in the world. I must try to find out a little more about our neighbour."

Then she added in a whisper, and as if talking to herself, "This may be God's way of answering. It has come like an answer, and a speedy one. I must not judge hastily, but seek and wait for guidance."

Mrs. Boothroyd had rested her tired limbs, but she had slept little. Her quiet time had been chiefly spent in prayer for her child, in pleading that a way might be opened for her to place Janet under the protection of someone who would at least stand between her and the temptations to which a beautiful motherless girl would otherwise be exposed. She pictured a very different person from Susan Meade; but after all the answer to our petitions often comes in an unexpected form, and she would not hastily turn her back upon this young woman's offered kindness.

Janet was rejoiced at the manner in which her mother received the news of Susan's call. She had been half afraid lest Mrs. Boothroyd should be annoyed at her having talked with a stranger. She now felt hopeful that her mother would unbend a little, and for herself, she was far less lonely than she had been but an hour ago.

However pressed by work in the busy season, Mrs. Boothroyd and Janet had striven to keep the Sunday somewhat after the fashion to which habit and inclination alike prompted them. They had toiled till close upon midnight on Saturday, and risen again as soon as it was past that time on Sunday; and once at least they had gone into a quiet corner of God's house and joined in its worship. Since Susan Meade came to No. 11 they had noticed that she went out morning and evening neatly dressed, when the church bells were ringing, evidently for the same purpose. All that they saw tended to give them confidence in their neighbour, and the gulf of suspicion was being rapidly bridged over.

Mrs. Boothroyd even said that she would try to have a talk with the young woman; so when Janet set out for Castor and Willockson's on the Monday morning, she half hoped to see her neighbour at the warehouse door.

"I shall not be afraid to speak to her," she thought. "It will be different from the old place; and if we both get white work to do, we might go backwards and forwards together with it."

Susan Meade did not, however, apply at Castor and Willockson's on Monday morning, and Janet was disappointed. She had told the truth in saying she was in no immediate need of work, and had resolved that Janet's application should be made a day before her own.

The manager at Castor and Willockson's had a harsh, curt manner, and wasted no words on the applicants, who were numerous enough to cause Janet's heart to sink within her. She had provided herself with a specimen of the kind of work required, and when the question came, "Are you used to our class of work?" she handed it to him as her answer.

"This is all right. But how do I know it is your own doing?"

"I assure you it is."

"Step in there and show what you can do."

Calling to an assistant, he said, "Give this woman a trial piece," then turned to meet the next applicant.

Janet felt how much depended on the result of her work; but she was confident in her powers, and putting aside her nervousness, she seated herself at the machine indicated, and began to use it. The material given as test work was of beautiful fineness, and she was positively happy to exchange the coarse shirting for what was so dainty in texture. She continued longer than was needful; and when the manager was ready, she handed him a specimen of work which might have satisfied anyone, however hard to please. He was surprised at its perfection, but most careful not to show this.

After a close examination he laid the sample down, saying, "I think you may suit us, but you are a stranger. Can you come to work inside? The materials are fine, and costly lace is used in trimming. We do not generally give out such things to unknown hands."

"I cannot work inside," replied Janet. "I must be with my mother. She is feeble and ailing."

"Then I'm afraid I cannot take you on."

Yet the man wanted the work. Nothing like it had been done by any other applicant that morning, and he was at his wits' end to get certain orders executed in time.

Tears sprang into Janet's eyes as she turned away. She had put forth all her skill, and felt sure that no fault could be found with her work. She could not speak, and she knew not what to do. The thought of returning to her mother empty-handed, and with no prospect of employment, was almost more than she could bear.

"Wait a moment."

The voice was the manager's; and hastily dashing the tears from her eyes, the girl retraced the steps she had taken from the door.

"I suppose you have worked for some good house, because only such do things of this kind. Can you give a satisfactory reference?"

"We worked—my mother and I—for Messrs. Daykin and Co., and they were well satisfied; but——"

"The firm failed two years since."

The manager spoke contemptuously, and as if he could see through an attempt to deceive by Janet's giving the names of Daykin and Co.

"After that we did not succeed in getting fine work to do, so we took to shirt-making."

"For whom?"

Janet named their employers, adding that she was an applicant at Castor and Willockson's because the slack season was coming on, and she had been told hands were wanted by them for fine white work. Having been accustomed to it, she was not afraid of failing to satisfy any employer.

"We are not without expectation of work," she added. "We shall have a share of whatever there is, but it will not be enough to keep us going even half-time."

"Humph! If you care to wait I'll send across there."

Janet assented, and drew aside to stand until the messenger returned. He was not long absent, and he went straight to the manager's office to report.

"Well!" said the latter.

"I saw the forewoman, sir. She gave the young woman and her mother excellent characters—said they were good workers, punctual, sober, honest as daylight; also, she was sure they were ladies born, and——"

"The worse for them. That will do"—and again the stern voice sounded in Janet's ears.

"I will give you some work, though I should prefer it done inside, to ensure punctuality. Mind this—if you take it, it must be in on Wednesday evening. We accept no excuses, as we make none. Remember, if you fail in what you undertake, it will be for the first and last time. You will have nothing more from us."

The words and tone were so harsh that Janet trembled as she listened. She bent her head, and turned homeward with her parcel of work, strengthened by the thought that she need not tell her mother what an ordeal she had passed through. She would go to their little home with a bright face and hopeful words, for, after all, she had good news to carry.

"Mother," she said, as she opened the door, "I have got some beautiful white work for us to do again. It will pay us better than the shirting, and be far nicer to do. Only, the new firm is a very particular one. We must never be behindhand in taking work in, or we shall get no more. I want to begin this very minute."

Janet told of the failure of orders at the old warehouse, and of the steps she had taken to secure the new work, but said not a word of the disagreeables attending her application. She was rewarded by noticing the smile and look of hope on Mrs. Boothroyd's face as she listened, and the pleasure with which she examined the delicate materials placed in her hands.

"May I tell our neighbour, mother?" she asked. "She wants work too, and she wants to be kind to us."

"Yes, dear. Or stay—I will tell her."

This was not quite what Janet wanted. She wished to give Susan Meade particulars of her own experience at Castor and Willockson's, in order that she might be prepared for a similar ordeal. Her mother could not do this; but as it happened, neither of them saw their neighbour during the day. She was out when Mrs. Boothroyd went to No. 11; and as the new work would require all their time and attention to complete, mother and daughter applied themselves to it without delay.

The opportunity came to Janet on the following morning. As she was returning from a trifling errand, she met Susan, and told of her success in obtaining work, and the attendant circumstances.

"You are very kind, miss," replied Susan; "but, from what you say, such work would be too fine for me. I must wait my time, and content myself with something plainer. I'm going to make up some calico and flannel for a gentleman that does a great deal to help poor folks, and he has set me on to this work. Please don't forget what I said on Saturday, if you can see your way to make use of me."

"I told my mother of your kind words, and I know she wishes to thank you for them. She went to your door yesterday, to let you know about our having got this work, but you were out." Susan's face brightened at this. Her quick perceptions had enabled her to realise Mrs. Boothroyd's doubts as to her acquaintance being a desirable one, and the thought in her mind was, "I'm beginning to live her suspicions down. If one really deserves to be trusted, the time will come when people will understand and believe in one's truth."

"I was seeing the gentleman that put the work into my hands," was what Susan said aloud. "I am going to town for my bundle now."

Need it be said that Uncle Mat was at the bottom of Susan's new occupation. She had gone to the New Park, hoping almost against hope to see him there, and had succeeded. For once he had no troop of merry youngsters in charge.

"They are mostly at school to-day," he said. "I was nearly going in another direction; but I was drawn here by a feeling I can hardly explain. I expect it was that I might see you again, though I did not look for you. I guessed you would be busy, like other folks, or have you got nothing to do yet?"

"I haven't really tried. I made enquiries. The work I can do is not to be had just now. The sort I might maybe get I shouldn't be equal to."

"Perhaps we may find you some yet. I was sorry on Saturday when the rain came, and yet, though the people that wanted to be out were kept in, Nature's face got a good wash, and looked all the brighter for it. In Millcaster it takes a deal of washing; for a clean green leaf is a rarity anywhere within reach of the mill smoke."

"I've been trying to get some of the tired mothers to this place as well as the children; but it's hard work," said Uncle Mat.

"Aren't they willing to come? I know people sometimes get so used to staying indoors that it's a trouble for them to turn out."

"That's not it. An afternoon out of doors is too expensive for them."

"Why? The parks are free.

"But the poor workers are not free to come. They cannot afford to lose half a day's work, and those that want it worst can only get the fresh air by going without a meal. Stop work and you stop bread. Go out, and you get a better appetite without anything to satisfy it. It's a grand thing to bestow a park like this, and those who have done it must have glad hearts every time they pass it and see the pleasure they have bought for their poor neighbours. But other folk need to come forward and do their part. Great gifts are not needed; but loving, pitying hearts, each of them prepared to do its part towards brightening the lives of toiling women especially. The park has to be given twice. It has been done well once. Now we want gentle, kindly ladies to go into these women's homes and buy them a day's freedom to enjoy a place like this. What enjoyment is there for the poor soul who has dragged her body here and left her heart behind at the wash-tub or the sewing-machine? who has her work along with her, calling to her all the while, because she has taken a pleasure she cannot rightly afford?"

"Then do you mean that the park would be given a second time by paying a day or half a day's wages to a woman who could take the time, but cannot spare the money she could earn in it?"

"Just so. The idea has got into some heads already, I'm glad to say, and it will spread in time."

Uncle Mat did not say from whom the idea first came, but Susan had a shrewd guess that it was his own. He turned the conversation quickly, and asked, "What are you going to do?"

"I may as well tell you the truth. I am not to call poor. I have about two pounds a week of my own. It comes from a little property left by a great-uncle. My mother was his favourite niece. He brought her up, after her parents left her an orphan at three years old. She was very pretty, and he thought she ought to marry somebody higher up in the world than father, then she would have come in for more property. But she married where she loved, and never rued doing it, and her uncle left his property to another niece. Only when I was fifteen he saw me, and because I was like what mother had been as a girl, he put a codicil to his will, and left me what brings in better than a hundred a year. I need not go into particulars, only when I left home, I was still able to draw my money without hindrance, and I had contrived that no one should find out where I was living through that. After mother died nobody would trouble about me."

"But are you sure your mother is dead?" asked Uncle Mat, on whom the sound of a bitter sob, and the sight of Susan's tears, produced a sorrowful impression.

"Quite sure," she answered. "Some day I will show you a proof of that. Father left a little too—enough for mother's simple wants; but though it was to come to me after her death, I've never claimed it, and I never shall. I have more than I deserve, and, as I told you, I worked for every penny I spent on myself, until I bought some decent things for my little home, and the sewing-machine that came last Thursday."

"But you want work all the same."

"Yes. Work, but not wages."

"You shall have both, and better wages than silver or gold would be."

"Why couldn't I buy the time for poor women to come here—same as you have been talking about?" asked Susan.

"Of course you can. Find out the right people and do it."

"But I don't know them as you do. There were some I worked with at the rag-sorting, and I have helped those that seemed the right folks for it, only they don't know where the money comes from. And there are two that live very near me. If I might do anything for them I should be so glad."

"Why don't you, then? But there—I'm asking a foolish question. Don't I know how hard it often is to get at those who most need help? The clamouring sort make themselves heard. The patient sufferers die and make no sign."

"The two I spoke of are that sort. They are mother and daughter—ladies born, as anyone can see."

Susan waxed eloquent in speaking of the Boothroyds, and told all that had passed between them and herself.

"That's a case for patience and delicate management. You'll succeed in time, never fear."

Finally, it was agreed that Uncle Mat should find the persons to whom the power of enjoying the parks should be given, and Susan also decided on a mode of using her sewing-machine without taking work from the hands of those who needed it in order to gain bread by doing it.

She would purchase good, useful materials, and make them up into garments for the old, the sick, and the half-naked little ones whose wants were only too well known to Uncle Mat.

"My trouble is that I want to give more than I have. You have more than you need for yourself, and want to be a help to others. You shall be well satisfied that whatever you trust me with is rightly used." And Susan was abundantly contented as she took her homeward way, full of plans for those whom she could easily help in the manner suggested.

(To be continued.)

"STAND AND WAIT."

AN INVALID'S STORY.

By MARY E. HULLAH.

My father was killed during a campaign against one of the hill tribes in the north of India, and my mother died a few months after the arrival of the news of his death.

Manor Garth is a comfortable, old-fashioned kind of house; it stands in a large garden, and has belonged to the Lindleys for many generations. Aunt Susan Lindley was born and brought up here, and she was glad to return to her old home when my mother begged her to come, and still more glad to do all that lay in her power for her little niece. I was a sickly child, and at one time it was thought that I could not live to grow up; but the air at Manor Garth is very good, and Aunt Susan nursed me untiringly, and gradually I became stronger, until by the time that I was seventeen I considered myself to be perfectly well, and only laughed at Aunt Susan's fears and warnings. I told myself (and her) that she was over anxious. You see, I always had a great many plans and schemes as to what I should do some day; and now that I was grown-up I wanted to give some of them a trial. I had a great deal more freedom than most girls of my age and station, for Aunt Susan was so very gentle and unselfish that she allowed me to do pretty much as I liked. Sometimes she would shake her head and say, "Darling Madeline, remember that it is not wise to be in too great a hurry. There is an old proverb that says, 'Make haste slowly.'" I am afraid that I was ungracious enough to declare that the proverb must have been invented by some exceedingly dull person who had not the sense to be energetic.

It seemed absurd to me that we two (Aunt Susan and I) should live alone at Manor Garth—the house was so much too big for us. One of my early plans was that we should move to the lodge, and turn the house into a school or an institution of some kind. When I mentioned this to Aunt Susan she explained to me that though Manor Garth was mine, I could not make a present of it in that wholesale fashion. When I was of age I might do as I liked about converting it into a school as long as I lived, but she did not consider that my dear father would have wished me to do so; and to my horror I discovered that she was crying at the bare thought.

Of course I flung my arms round her neck, and declared that I would *never* do anything that grieved her. Had she not been a second mother to me?

Well, the spring came, the birds were singing, and the woods were full of primroses; and lovely as it all was, I longed to go away, and try to help somebody in the working, bustling world of which I had read. I felt ashamed when I thought of the easy life I led in my beautiful home. I went to see the

"I GAVE A START."

people in our village; but that did not satisfy me. They had known "Miss Madeline" since she was a baby, and they only smiled at my advice, though they were glad enough to listen to Aunt Susan.

About this time I heard of a certain Mission House in the East-End of London, where ladies worked among the poor: they were tied by no vows, but gave their services, and lived a life of usefulness under the direction of the clergyman of the parish. And now my heart was set upon going there—for a time at least. Aunt Susan hesitated about giving her consent, but I begged so hard that she gave way to my wishes.

There was a great deal to arrange during the last few weeks. It was early in June, and Manor Garth was in the height of its beauty. I wandered in the garden and the wood, and sometimes I could hardly believe that I was about to exile myself voluntarily from my dear home. I don't like to think of the last few days; I busied myself with packing and writing letters, and I hardly dared to look at Aunt Susan. But she never complained at my decision; she listened to all my talk, and gave me the fullest sympathy.

The day of departure arrived; I was dressed and ready. At the last moment Aunt Susan said, "Are you *quite* sure that you have made up your mind, Madeline? I could write and explain matters if you would prefer to remain at home."

"I would rather go," I cried, with my head erect. "I shall be back again in six months."

She put her arms round my neck and kissed me. "I shall pray for my dear child constantly," she whispered. "Good-bye! Good-bye."

The recollection of the time I spent in London is perfectly clear before me, but I will not dwell upon it now. I was received with kindness on all sides, and I hastened to plunge myself headlong into my new duties. They were not all of the kind that I had anticipated: I was constantly being told that, owing to my youth and inexperience, I could not undertake this or the other task on which I had set my heart. Down here I was not "Miss Madeline of Manor Garth," but one insignificant member of a hard-working body of women, who did exactly what they were told, and never made plans and schemes. I did not mind hard fare, and I struggled on with all my power. The weeks passed by, and though I was spared in many ways, I began to feel utterly weary. However, pride prevented me from complaining, and in my letters to Aunt Susan I never said that I was ill.

One hot close morning in August I had been visiting in a very poor house (where I had seen patient endurance of suffering such as I had never dreamt of), and when I came down the dilapidated staircase I suddenly felt faint. Close by was an old churchyard which had lately been converted into a garden, and involuntarily I turned my steps in that direction. Just as I reached the middle of the road a cart came rattling along. The driver shouted, but in my bewilderment I did not understand him, and I should surely have been run over if a gentleman had not come to the rescue. He gave me his arm, and led me (I was just able to crawl along) to a bench amongst the tombstones and sunflowers.

"I am a medical man," he said shortly. "I was passing, and noticed that you were ill. Sit quite still and I will fetch you some water."

In a very few minutes he came back again with a glass of water, and then I had time to look at him. He was a middle-aged man, with dark eyes and white hair; he had an abrupt way of speaking, yet I felt that I could trust him. By-and-by, when he said that he had seen me in the neighbourhood before, I told him that I was working at the Mission. He glanced at me, not in surprise, but with a kind of pity that I inwardly resented.

"You look very young and unfit for such hard work," he said. "You will consider it perhaps an impertinent remark on my part, but do you not think that you have mistaken your vocation?"

I felt a pang of keen disappointment. I knew that this stranger was speaking the truth, and yet I would so willingly have worked if I could. It was very hard.

"Take my advice," he said kindly; "go home for a time at least. You will find work to do there, probably when you least expect it; and if not, remember, 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

In a few minutes he sent a boy to fetch a cab. I saw him take his place on the box by the cabman, but I felt too weak to remonstrate or apologise for giving so much trouble.

When the cab stopped at the Mission House he fairly carried me into the hall. The matron happened to be there, and in a few words he explained what had taken place.

After that I remember no more except that for many weeks I lay in my little room seriously ill, and ever and anon, amidst all kinds of sick fancies, I saw a beautiful garden full of golden sunflowers, and heard a voice say, "Stand and wait."

Aunt Susan was summoned to nurse me, and when at last I began to recover, preparations were made for our return to Manor Garth. Directly I was able to sit up I made enquiries concerning the gentleman who had so kindly befriended me; but no one knew anything about him except that he had called once or twice during my illness, but he had left no name or address. We were both very sorry—Aunt Susan and I—as we had wished to write and thank him, and I wanted to tell him that I was about to follow his advice.

"Stand and wait!" It sounds hard when one is longing to be very active; but I had Aunt Susan to help me, and I was now fully convinced that it had not pleased God to give me the strength to carry out my plans. I resolved to try and be content. After I got home to Manor Garth, I gradually found that there was a great deal to do close at hand. One of my new resolutions was that I would take better care of Aunt Susan, who never talked about herself, but went about quietly doing good. Through my friends at the Mission I was able to hear of many a sick girl or woman who was thankful to come and stay with us for a few weeks. Very often I was not allowed to leave the house for days; so after a while the village people came to see me; and instead of knowing less about them in consequence of my enforced idleness, I came to know them much better. Gradually the old longing to try first one scheme and then another left me, and I learnt to be content.

Time rolled on, and all at once a new happiness came in my path. One day I received a visit from Mrs. Baker, of the Railway Inn. The moment she entered the room I perceived that something was wrong. She told me that her husband had brought a little girl into the inn an hour ago—she was travelling quite alone to the North, and had got into the wrong train at the junction, so the guard had put her out at our station, and she was to be sent back by the six o'clock express. However, the poor child seemed so ill that Mrs. Baker was loath to send her away on a long journey, and she thought that perhaps Miss Madeline would be so good as to advise her what to do. In a very few minutes I was ready to walk with Mrs. Baker to the inn. I was shown into the best parlour, and there, huddled up in a blanket, was a little girl of about seven years old, with oh! such a sad, pale face, and a quantity of brown hair hanging over her shoulders. She smiled when I spoke to her, but she coughed a great deal, and I did not wonder that Mrs. Baker had been alarmed. The child wore a threadbare frock and patched boots, yet she looked like a thorough little lady. Her name, she said, was Nellie Fanshaw, and she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Smyth at Salisbury, because her papa and mamma were dead. Her head ached, and she wanted to go to sleep.

"Mrs. Baker," I said, "she must be taken up to Manor Garth at once, and we will telegraph to her people."

When we got her to the house we put her to bed, and did what we could for her till the old doctor arrived. He said at once that she must not be moved for some days, and that she ought never to have been sent on a journey in such a state of health. I felt very angry with Mr. and Mrs. Smyth. However, Aunt Susan sent the telegram, and worded it as carefully as she could.

The following morning Mr. Smyth arrived—a hard-featured man, who wore a coat buttoned up to his chin. He was inclined to make light of Nellie's illness, and told us that she had always been a burthen. His brother, who had adopted her, had died without making any provision for her. After much difficulty he had succeeded in getting the child into an excellent school, and there she must be educated. It was no kindness to bring her up any other way. Mr. Smyth wished to take Nellie away with him there and then, and when he heard what the doctor's orders were, he said that she must travel by herself as soon as possible.

After some more conversation, it was arranged that Nellie should remain our visitor until the end of the month. Before a week was over she was able to run about the house, and Aunt Susan and I had learnt to be very fond of her. We made enquiries concerning the school in the North, and ascertained that it was instituted for the education of penniless orphans. It was situated in a bleak country, and the training was likely to prove too rough for a nervous, weakly child. I had been cherishing another plan quite secretly, and when we received this report of the school I could keep silence no longer.

"Aunt Susan," I said, "don't let us send Nellie away. Let us keep her here. She shall not be any trouble to you. Let me keep her?"

Aunt Susan and I talked for a long time, and finally we wrote to Mr. Smyth. The answer came by return of post. If we wished to keep Ellen Fanshaw and educate her at Manor Garth, he had no objection, but it must be on condition that we were prepared to provide for her entirely. Aunt Susan folded up the letter slowly. "I know what your answer will be, Madeline darling," she said, with a smile.

Nellie stayed at Manor Garth. I cannot tell you what a pleasure it was to watch her improvement. For the present she was to be my pupil, and she was as dear to me after a while as if she had been my little sister. Indeed, I often wondered how we could have got on without her; she was like a sunbeam in the old house. There was only one point concerning which I felt anxious—suppose some relation, of whose existence Mr. Smyth was not aware, should come and claim her? However, the time passed on; she had been with us many months, and I had forgotten my fears, when one morning a letter arrived which caused me great unhappiness.

"Dear Madam,—I understand from Mr. Smyth, of Salisbury, that you have most kindly befriended a little girl of the name of Ellen Fanshaw. This child's father was my cousin, and at one time my intimate friend. I there-

fore hasten to write and ask your permission to call at Manor Garth and make her acquaintance. I have been a traveller for some years, and only learnt a few weeks ago, to my great grief, that my little kinswoman had been left totally unprovided for. I had considerable difficulty in tracing Mr. Smyth or I should have communicated with you earlier. I have now only to beg that you will allow me to pay you a visit on the first opportunity that is convenient to you. I remain, dear Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"OSWALD MORTON."

There was nothing to be done but to write a polite note and say that we should be pleased to receive Mr. Morton's visit. But how miserable I was! Supposing he should wish to take Nellie away from us, should we be obliged to give her up?

The dreaded day came at last. Mr. Morton was expected by the three o'clock train. Nellie had been in a state of excitement all the morning. She wanted naturally to see her new cousin. After luncheon I took her into my own sitting-room, and persuaded her to practise a little piece of music which she had been learning with me. It was snug and cozy in my room. It had a sunny aspect, and looked towards the carriage-drive. There were hot-house flowers in a china bowl on the table, and on the wall over the piano hung my father's sword and helmet. Nellie considered it a great honour to be allowed to practise here, and she did her best to play nicely; but we were both rather inattentive.

"There is a carriage!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Has my cousin come?"

I gave a start, and the knitting fell from my hand as I rose and looked out of the window. The sun fell straight into my eyes. I put my hand up to my head in bewilderment, for there just outside stood a bronzed man with white hair, whose face was strangely familiar. Where had I seen him before? With a flash of remembrance I knew that he was the doctor who had taken such good care of me when I fell ill near the old churchyard in London. Would *he* want to take the child away from me?

"I can't give her up," I said to myself. "It is too much to ask of me."

Bitter tears came into my eyes.

"Don't cry, Aunt Madeline," said Nellie, as she kissed me again and again. "What's the matter?"

I did not tell her, of course, but her childish sympathy comforted me. When Aunt Susan sent a message, about a quarter of an hour later, to beg that I would come into the drawing-room, I took Nellie with me, though she was half afraid to face the new cousin now that he was really there. As we entered the room Mr. Morton advanced to meet us. He bent down and kissed Nellie hurriedly, but it was easy to see how deeply moved he was. Then he turned to me and held out his hand. With a start of surprise he recognised me immediately.

"Miss Lindley," he said, "I had the honour of meeting you once before. I did not know that *you* were the lady who had done this good deed. I came prepared to express my gratitude, and now I am rejoiced to find that after all we are not strangers. I have no words to thank you for all that you have done for this poor child."

"No, no!" I said. "What has Aunt Susan been telling you? There is nothing to thank me for; and we love each other, don't we, Nellie?"

He did not want to take her away, though he was most anxious to be allowed to pay for her education later on. He had heard a sad account of the harshness with which she had been treated at the Smyths, and did not seem to know how to express his thankfulness that she had found "such good friends."

He stayed with us for a few days, till Nellie had completely got over her shyness, and we had many serious talks together. When he left us he held my hand for a few moments in his.

"Are you satisfied now?" he asked.

"Quite satisfied."

"I think," he said quietly, "that your work has come home to you."

And I think, please God, that it has, only I have done so very little I don't deserve any praise.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—1. The violin is called the king of instruments. It was introduced into England in 1577, and became at once popular; but Scarlatti was the master who gave it its proper place in the orchestra, and was the inventor of the string quartet. —2. Instrumental music, as we know it, is quite of modern date, and is little more than 200 years old. The organ has been used in English churches as far back as the tenth century. Its earliest form was, probably, a huge pan-pipe blown my manual pressure, and not by the mouth. The name of the inventor is not known.

AN ORPHAN.—1. Unless you had very stiff fingers, you could learn to play any instrument, commencing as late as at nineteen years old. But you should have a good ear for both time and tune.—2. Cut the ingrowing nail in a slight curve—down in the centre, and up at the sides. Also scrape the centre of the nail, from the quick to the point of the toe, so as to thin it a little, but not so thin that it shall crack through; and lastly, wear shoes longer than your foot. You might also keep the nail soft by either soaping your stocking just over the nail, or greasing the nail daily.

VIOLA.—The author of the present system of staff notation was Guido of Arezzo, who substituted dots for the letters (the first seven of the Latin alphabet), which Pope Gregory I. had placed between parallel lines. Guido named the notes *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la* (Italian), and *ut* (French), taken from a hymn by Paulus Piaconus, addressed to St. John. Lemaire added *si* in the seventh century, and Cranco of Cologne, Jean de Moeurs, and Jean Mouton made additional improvements. Jean Mouton invented "running" notes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CINDERELLA.—If anæmic, you are not in a fit state of health to contemplate such a question as marriage. The best age—when not only the constitution is formed, but the judgment has grown, experience has been more or less gained, and some time has been devoted to the service and comfort of your parents—is from twenty-four or twenty-five to thirty years of age. A dry bracing air, a sand or gravel soil, good living, early hours at night, and a daily walk, or outdoor air in a garden, are all promoters of a healthy condition. But as you are a stranger to us, and we are not a doctor, it might be desirable for you to consult a medical man, and to tell him of your mode of life, your place of residence, and hereditary complaints, as far as you may know them.

E. D. KOPEL.—1. If your friend were less than eighty-three years of age he might learn the various occupations which we suggested to "Nelson" for the blind boy, viz., knitting, netting, basket-making, and the Braille system of reading and writing. But at eighty-three daily walks, conversation, the hearing of music, and reading aloud, appear to include all the ways and means of recreation which could be made available.—2. "It passed the churchyard with a sigh," is from a poem by Longfellow, entitled, "Daybreak."

J. B. LAMB, Esq., Secretary of the Royal Medical Benevolent College (37, Soho Square, W.), may be applied to in behalf of would-be pensioners and foundation scholars in this valuable institution. The college is at Epsom, and it is permissible, for the medical men may either obtain a home in the almshouse or obtain a pension enabling them to remain in residence with their own families, a system which has been adopted by Her Majesty's Government at the Greenwich Hospital. There are fifty pensioners and as many foundation scholars, and as even with the present numbers more accommodation is needed, it is much to be desired that the public will assist so much-needed an institution. There is much distress amongst the widows and orphans of medical men.

F. L.—We thank you for informing us that Sandwell Hall, Birmingham, was closed last Christmas, and the daughters of gentlemen can no longer be placed there for their education.

D. FREE wishes us to inform our readers that she has instituted a "Shakespearian class," to be carried on by correspondence. The subscription amounts to 2s. 6d. for three months; and she adds, "all books are found," by which, as the subscription is a good one, we suppose, "found" for the members by the society. At all events, they can write to Miss Free, and make all necessary enquiries for themselves at 155, Broadhurst Gardens, South Hampstead.

TROUBLED ONE.—We do not see any cause for your distress. Unless you reverse the nature of things, Heaven, you admit, is a place of unalloyed happiness. How could it be such if torment for the sake of others not attaining to an entrance there, as you suppose, were to "wring your heart with grief?" In what way of infinite wisdom and mercy our Divine Father will deal with such cases it behoves us not to occupy our own finite judgments, who only "see through a glass darkly." Whether all memory of such persons will be obliterated, or whether, having our eyes opened and seeing, as the Divine Creator sees, we perceive that what we once beheld with affection was a monster of ingratitude and rebellion, masked, and a wolf, as it were, concealed in "sheep's clothing," filling the redeemed with horror; or whether there be some other plan in the Divine ordinance of things to exclude all sorrow, and "wipe the tears from off all faces," we cannot tell you. But "faith is the anchor of the soul." Believe in the infinite love of the Saviour, and beware of dishonouring that.

A. Z.—The description of the four seasons which you quote is by Brady, to be found in the *Clavis Calendria*:—

"Autumn—wheezy, sneezy, freezy;
Winter—slippy, drippy, nippy;
Spring—showery, flowery, bowery;
Summer—hoppy, croppy, poppy."

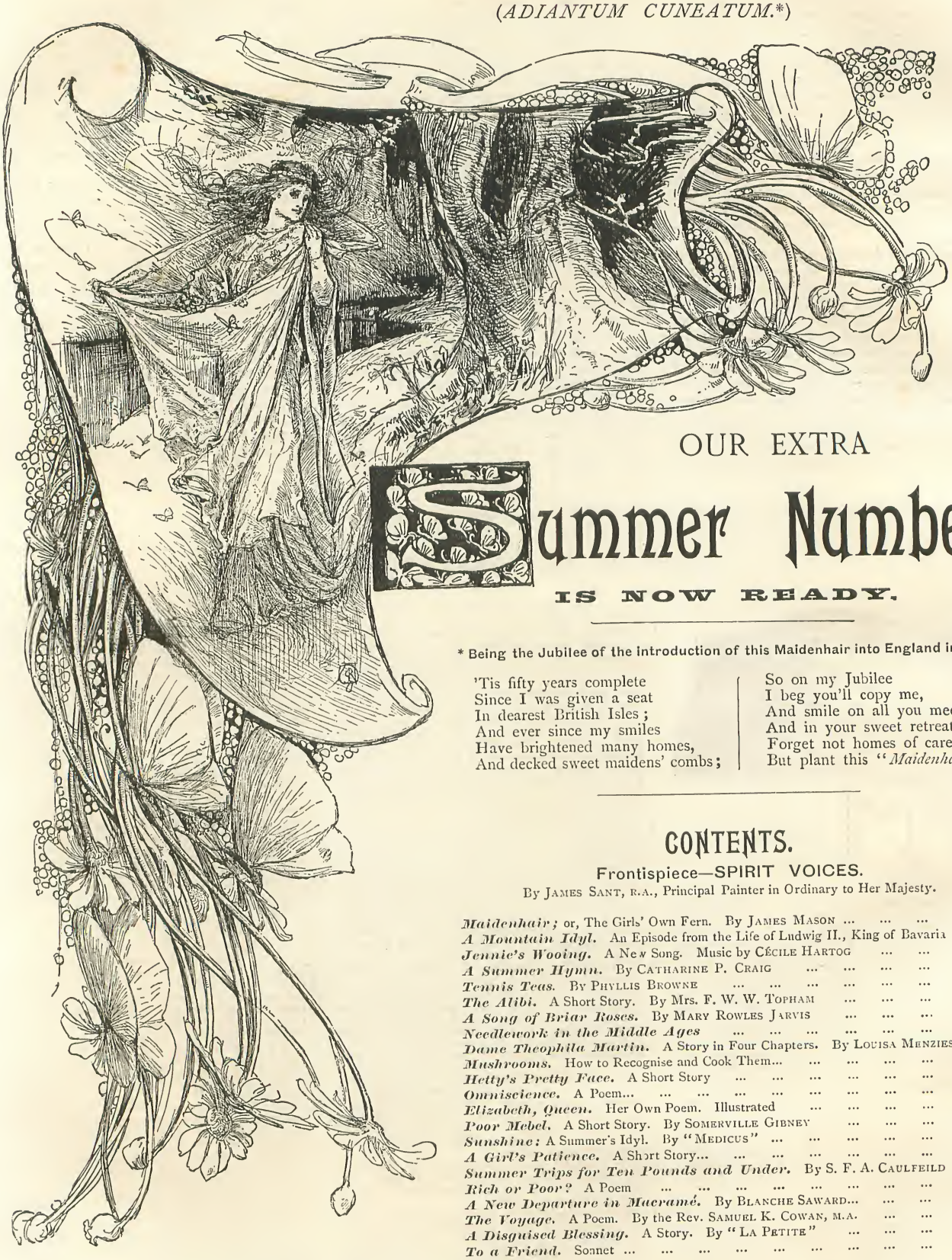
MARIE.—1. The sizars of Cambridge University are students who, through lack of means, cannot meet the expenses of board, lodging, or tuition. To these are granted all such necessaries free of cost; and after the Fellows have dined, they take whatever remains of the dinner. In early times they were required to wait at the table; but this rule was, very properly, abrogated.—2. When the clergymen of your parish acknowledge the respectful salutation of the boys in your charge by raising their hats, it would be polite on your part to bow.

THISBE.—The Colossus of Rhodes was a gigantic image of Apollo, in brass, seventy cubits in height, and set up by Chares Lindus (a disciple of Lysippus), B.C. 290 or 288, in honour of the sun. It was erected at the port of Rhodes, striding across the entrance, and under which all the ships passed in and out of harbour. It was thrown down by an earthquake, and remained in ruins for nearly nine centuries, when the Saracens, taking the island from the Knights Hospitalers, after one of the longest and most magnificent defences on record, pulled the remains to pieces, and sold the metal, some 720,000 lbs., about the year A.D. 653.

SNOWDROP.—How could we tell that you had talent to justify your idea of making money by writing? Your composition, even in so brief a note, needs revision; and this is quite apart from any claim to original thought. Read our series on "Employments for Women."

MAIDENHAIR:

(ADIANTUM CUNEATUM.)*



OUR EXTRA

Summer Number

IS NOW READY.

* Being the Jubilee of the introduction of this Maidenhair into England in 1841.

'Tis fifty years complete
Since I was given a seat
In dearest British Isles;
And ever since my smiles
Have brightened many homes,
And decked sweet maidens' combs;

So on my Jubilee
I beg you'll copy me,
And smile on all you meet,
And in your sweet retreat
Forget not homes of care,
But plant this "*Maidenhair.*"

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* "The plant most grown and used as Maidenhair is *Adiantum Cuneatum*, although our British *Adiantum Capillus Veneris* generally lays claim to that title. Although now so common, it was not introduced to this country until 1841, but the ease with which it is grown caused it to spread with great rapidity. It grows very readily from self-sown spores. The pinnules are smaller than those of *Adiantum Capillus Veneris*, and the fronds thus have a more slender and graceful appearance. It is a native of Brazil."—JAMES BRITTEN, F.L.S., in "Cassell's Popular Gardening."

"Girl's Own Paper"] [London.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART

VOL. XIII.—No. 653.] JULY 2, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COWAN, M.A.

"I HEAR THEE, BUT I CANNOT GUESS
THE SECRET OF THY HAPPINESS."

All rights reserved.]

O SWEET-TONGUED thrush above me,
Whose song enchains me here
Beneath the elm, while noontide's haze
Melts into evening's clear!
My heart, so oft in touch with woe,
The secret of thy joy would know.

Thou art untired, sweet singer,
And through the long warm day,
The rapture which I fain would sound
Trills in thy changing lay;
I hear thee, but I cannot guess
The secret of thy happiness.

"No care of the to-morrow
Finds lodgment in my breast;
No need have I to sow or reap,
I am my Maker's guest;
In Him I trust from day to day,
And thus my song is sweet and gay."

Sing on, O sweet-tongued warbler!
Thou singest, for thou must;
Now know I that thy glorious lay
Is born of love and trust.
Henceforth my life shall be what long
Like thine I wished it—one sweet song.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

BAKER'S is the shop of shops in Millcaster, so far as size and variety of wares is concerned. It is one of those huge establishments which are indeed many shops rolled into one; for each department is more extensive and better stocked than any medium-sized shop. You can never pass its doors without noting a string of carriages before them, and taking it from roof to cellar, Baker's is considered one of the sights of Millcaster. Country cousins are always guided thither, and are certain to go away with lighter purses, unless they are very strong-minded on the subject of bargains.

At certain seasons, Baker's lays itself out to supply what are called "charity goods." Then the windows on one side are packed with blankets, rugs, flannels, calicoes, cheap shawls, and stuffs which look as if they might be warm and durable, but which a judge of all-wool materials would promptly reject. All the same, the stuffs are as good as can be offered for the moderate price which purchasers for charity purposes are wont to expend.

Those who have large hearts and slender purses must look at the latter, and make inclination yield to necessity in the matter of quality.

"Baker's will have their charity goods in now," said Susan Meade to herself, as she set out on that Tuesday morning to make her purchases. An unusually fine warm October was just at an end, and nobody expects genial days or much sunshine in Millcaster after November has begun.

Susan knew Baker's well enough, though she had not been a frequent customer; but she now made her way to the department which would contain the class of goods she wanted. There were many intending purchasers beside herself; and as most of these seemed likely to be more profitable ones than a mere working girl, they received more prompt attention.

Susan was not sorry for this. For the country-bred young woman, such an establishment as Baker's had a great fascination; and though she had lived for four years in Millcaster, her experience of such places was limited indeed.

Often would she have enjoyed gazing at the beautiful fabrics and tasteful articles shown in the windows; but during that long season of voluntary self-mortification she had denied herself even the pleasures that cost nothing.

Once in the place, Susan was glad to wait quietly and to see later comers served before herself, whilst she noted what was passing in the little world of business around her.

The fact that the shop-walker did not trouble himself to offer her a seat caused Susan no annoyance. She was only too well satisfied to be left alone for a little while, and to note, without appearing to do so, the words and doings of two amongst the many customers.

In her own mind, Susan thought of them as the town and country mouse—it was so evident that one was on a visit to Millcaster, and the other her city friend and guide for the time being.

The dress of the country girl was in perfect taste, and admirably suited to its wearer, but would certainly have been called "dowdy" by one who lived to follow all the freaks and changes of fashion. At the moment she was carefully examining pieces of material, blankets, etc., suitable for winter distribution, and after deciding as to their fitness for her purpose, she gave such liberal orders as to make the face of the shopman who was serving her beam with satisfaction.

For one moment she turned to her friend with an enquiry. "Will you tell me, Ida, what you think of these quilts? They are very pretty, but will they wash and last?"

Miss Ewbank, thus appealed to, turned from a young lady to whom she had been speaking in a low voice, and replied, "My dear Aileen, you might as well ask the chair you sit on as myself. I am the most ignorant creature possible about everything in the way of charity goods. Even mamma never troubles to choose them. She just gives some money to a friend, who likes pottering for marvels of cheap rubbish, and revels in bargains, which she abhors. The people who want the blankets and things get them all the same. Our friend rides her hobby for weeks and weeks without tiring, and enjoys the importance which the acting as almoner to those who are willing to give money but not time naturally confers on herself both with tradespeople and recipients. We go on the principle of 'charity made easy,' you see, Aileen, and everybody is pleased."

"I am not sure that I should be," replied the other girl. "But tastes differ. Mine are very old-fashioned, I know, and perhaps there is a good deal of selfishness involved in them."

"You selfish! A likely story! Why, you are always thinking about other people. Now you are at Millcaster, or at least within a drive of its smoke and dinginess, you neglect your opportunities. Before choosing a thing in the way of dress, you are spending whole mornings in buying goods enough to clothe the inmates of half a dozen workhouses."

A shadow crossed the fair face of Aileen Clinton as she answered, "I fear I have been a little selfish in asking you to come with me on such an uninteresting errand. I might have come to town by train, instead of troubling you to wait whilst I did such prosaic business; but my mother thought it would save so much correspondence if I bought and sent these things direct, instead of her having to select from patterns. Ilford has no shops to speak of, you know."

Had a keen observer been noticing Susan Meade's face at this moment, he would have seen it turn first crimson, then pale, whilst the hand that held her shawl trembled violently. But no one was troubling about the homely young woman in the plainest of garments, or the ungloved hand which testified to some sudden emotion.

"Shops are the only things Ilford lacks. That is, 'comeatable' shops, for the village is quite too charming to be spoiled by their actual presence. Shops within a reasonable drive are necessaries of life to one who, like me, has——"

Miss Ewbank hesitated, and Aileen answered, though in a voice too low for anyone but her friend to hear, "Too much money to spend, and too much time on her hands. Never mind, Ida, dear. I shall have some shopping of your favourite kind to do, and then my ignorance must give way to your superior knowledge. I know you can advise a country mouse in the choice of her own

garments. When the dear mother's commissions are all executed, and her piles of goods on the way to Ilford, I can talk to you of furs and velvets with a clear conscience. I shall be rewarded for any trouble taken now by the sight of the pleasure these first purchases will give to my old Ilford friends by-and-by. If you could be with me then you would know whether I think of self or not when I wish to be present at the scattering of what you call the charity goods."

Miss Ewbank nodded, and expressed her readiness to help in the fur and velvet line; then added, "As I can do nothing just now, Aileen, you will spare me for a quarter of an hour whilst I call at the stationer's. I shall save time, as I have just remembered something that must go back with us, and for *my* mother."

There was a look of relief on Aileen Clinton's face, and she replied, "I am so glad! Go by all means, and I shall not feel that I am quite spoiling your morning by being so long here."

Susan Meade had noticed the care with which the young lady chose the various articles, and her disregard of mere cheapness. She thought to herself, "Those who get what is being bought to-day will have cause to bless the warm hearts and liberal hands of the family at Ilford Park. Miss Aileen Clinton little thinks how often I heard her name mentioned when I was in my old home."

By this time a shopman was free to supply Susan's wants, and when Miss Ewbank rejoined her friend, she passed out of Baker's and returned to Morton Place with a good-sized parcel, the contents of which would keep hands and machine busy for some time to come.

The memory of that sweet girl-face, however, came between her and her work often enough, and she felt convinced that it reflected a pure mind and unselfish nature. She caught herself saying aloud, "Thank God that these angels of love and mercy are still to be found on earth! Miss Aileen will carry happiness with her into many a poor home, and she will never know how many prayers will go up to God for a blessing on her head. What a contrast that Miss Ewbank was to her friend!"

Susan was right. Miss Ewbank prided herself on being the most stylishly-dressed girl in the neighbourhood of Millcaster. She made a study of every detail, and strove to be in advance of all her acquaintances where fashion was concerned.

When on a shopping expedition, she was certain to be followed by admiring eyes, and her dress was studied with a view to imitation. However flattering this might be, the sight of a garment which approached her own in style insured the disappearance of the latter from her wardrobe, and its transfer to the shoulders of her maid, if it were for outdoor wear. She deemed this a proper punishment for such presumption; and as money was of little importance to her, she spent it freely enough in order that she might stand alone as a model of a thoroughly well-dressed girl.

To Miss Ewbank, Aileen's comparative indifference on the score of dress was a perfect problem. How a girl of such a social position, and an heiress besides, could be happy in a last season's dress was more than she could comprehend. It was a subject of conversation between her and the cousin who left Baker's with her, and who was only less given to extravagance in dress than herself.

Ida almost apologised for her country friend. "She has not a bit of style, I know; but she is the dearest creature in spite of her dress. At Ilford Park she is like a young queen, and would be if she were to go out in a milkmaid's bonnet. The place is charming. Such woods, and drives for many a mile without ever touching ground that does not belong to the family! Ah, Nelly, I felt the difference between the owner of Ilford and a Millcaster millionnaire when I was staying with Aileen! We were driving one day along the most exquisite country road, and right overhead the giant branches of some oaks that had been growing for ages stretched and interlaced so as to form a continuous bower. Those oaks spoke to me of the helplessness of mere wealth."

"I should not feel as you do, Ida," replied the other.

"If anything, money is too powerful in many ways. You know that, taught by daily experience."

"In many ways, as you say. Of course I could hold forth on what it can buy, of the crowd of admirers it can bring, of the fashion in which it blinds people's eyes to the defects of its possessor, and to the greater, truer worth of him who has it not. Just now I am more inclined to think of the disadvantages of wealth. It makes one doubt the genuineness of those who profess love or friendship, and to say, 'Is it I or my father's wealth that attracts either? Is the professed love or friendship sterling metal, or only a sham? I am not so blind to my own faults as to suppose that, individually, I am to be preferred to, say, our parson's daughter, who will not have a penny of dowry, but who is worth a thousand of me. Yet who troubles her with professions of devotion, and whispers flattering words in her ear? Not one, although if ever a girl was worth winning, she is."

"What has put you into such a discontented, cynical mood, this morning, Ida?"

"To a great extent what I have already named—the helplessness of mere wealth, which Aileen Clinton brought vividly to mind. That dowdy-looking girl, who carries herself as if she were a mere nobody, and is happy in being up to the eyes in blankets and calico, makes me feel ill with envy. I tell you that she is a fair young queen at Ilford, and all my father's wealth could never place me on a level with her and her people. Those oaks I spoke of haunt me as I go about our place, with the stamp of wealth and newness on everything; and I say to myself, 'If my father would give a million of money he could not get in return a hundred yards in length of that lane with its overarching roof of greenery.'"

"He might have bought an old place, instead of creating Fairview Hall and its surroundings. In time they will be very beautiful."

"Not in my time or his, and as to those who come after, I care little. If he had bought an old place the evil would have been intensified. People do not forget those who have owned the lands, and whom they and their forefathers have served for ages. There were old places enough to be got for money, but neither my father nor I would have cared to have the praises and good deeds of our predecessors eternally dinned in our ears. But you must let me run away now, Nelly. My quarter of an hour's leave is more than past, and I must go back to Baker's."

Miss Ewbank was not in the happiest frame of mind when she rejoined her friend and guest, but her good humour was thoroughly restored when she was called upon to give her opinion on matters of dress. In regard to the choice of materials, and the fashions in which they were to be put together, she was an authority, and she gave Aileen information without her usual reserve.

"I am not sure, my dear, that I should be quite so ready to advise you as to the very latest and best styles in dress if you were spending a long time here. I know that I am selfish in such things, and I hate to meet a copy of my own choice garments at any street corner. But you are different, and the same designs can be modified to suit our varying complexions."

Aileen laughed merrily, and acknowledged Ida's disinterestedness towards herself. "Thank you, Ida!" she said. "I am deeply sensible of the honour you do me, and of the value of your help. If you like, I will promise only to display my new glories after my return to Ilford, so that they may not clash with yours."

"You will please to display them as soon as they can possibly be got ready for you. But I do not want you to confine your patronage to Baker's. I will take you to a smaller place for some of your very best things, and you shall acknowledge that they come as near perfection as anything this benighted city can be expected to produce."

"I am sure they will be good enough for me," replied Aileen; nevertheless, she yielded to her friend, and went to bestow part of her patronage in another quarter.

The shopping occupied much time, and was not soon completed. Two days later, by an unexpected chance, Susan Meade was again within sight and hearing of the two girl friends. In spite of Miss Ewbank's well-filled purse there was a vein of meanness in her disposition. She delighted in bargains, and even in a high-class shop did not disdain to cheapen an article if possible. A shopwoman was showing some exquisitely-made underclothing—such, indeed, as Mrs. Boothroyd and Janet were working upon at that moment. The finest of cambric was combined with costly lace and delicate ribbons; and the shopwoman, seeing the admiration depicted in Miss Clinton's face, extolled the goods more highly,

and called special attention to their cheapness. "They were never made for the money, and cannot be replaced at anything like the price," she said. "They were a special purchase. You would do well to lay in a stock, for such lovely things are always useful," etc.

"I shall buy some," said Ida, "though my wardrobe drawers are overflowing. They are so ridiculously cheap. It is certain they never were made for the money."

"That is just what I object to," said Aileen. "I like the articles very much, and I am sure my mother would. But I should be miserable every time I put them on, if I were to think that they were not properly paid for. Fancy all the stitches that have gone to each, the wearing effect on the workers' sight and health, and the miserable price paid in return for time and labour—for these are made by hand. They would be too cheap if the iron seamstress had shared in the production of them; how much too cheap under present circumstances?"

The saleswoman looked disappointed, and Ida remonstrated with her friend. "If you leave them, Aileen, nobody will be any better for your self-denial, and you cannot have more suitable and beautiful articles."

"I know that. I suppose people would think me foolish and fanciful; but I have heard so much about the weary toilers who work so unceasingly and earn so little, that I am resolved not to share the responsibility of the bargain-lovers, who never ask themselves at what cost to the poor luxuries are cheapened for the rich. I will purchase other things in your line," she added, turning to the saleswoman. The latter was glad to find that the young lady, whom she could not help admiring, was not of those who turn over large quantities of goods for mere amusement, and end by the most trifling expenditure possible. Ida was almost angry at Aileen, and mentally ridiculed her fastidiousness, but she said nothing; only she managed to tell the saleswoman to reserve the choicest of the rejected articles for herself, and to send them to Fairview Hall on the following day.

The girls passed Susan Meade closely as they came out of Baker's, and she heard Miss Clinton say, "Did I tell you there is just a chance that my cousin, Parry Clinton, will come this way, so as to be our escort to Ilford when my visit to Fairview is over? He will write definitely in reply to Mrs. Ewbank's invitation."

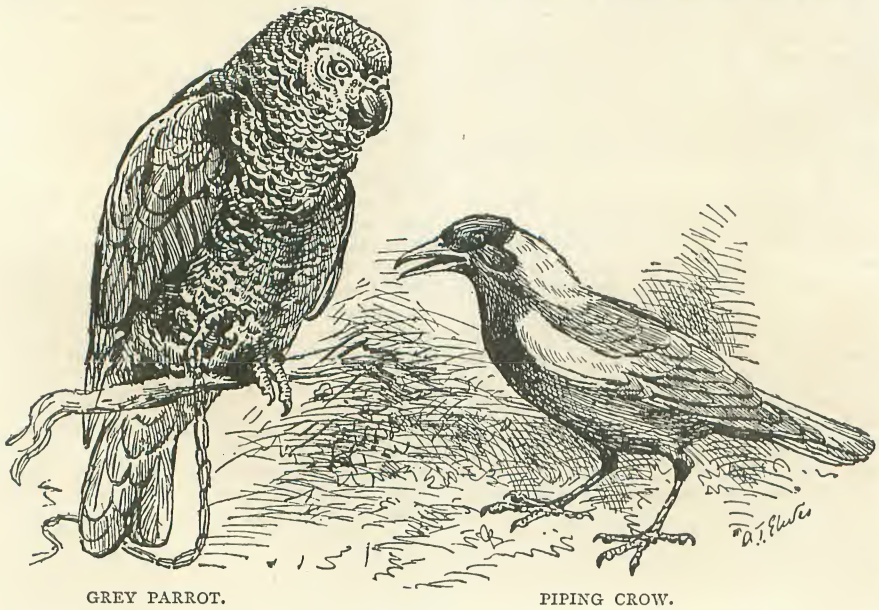
Susan did not hear the reply, but it was with difficulty she restrained an exclamation of terror as one name reached her ears. She hastened homeward, murmuring to herself, "The world is small indeed. In these days, no corner is quiet enough to hide one. There is not space enough to bury the past in."

(*To be continued.*)

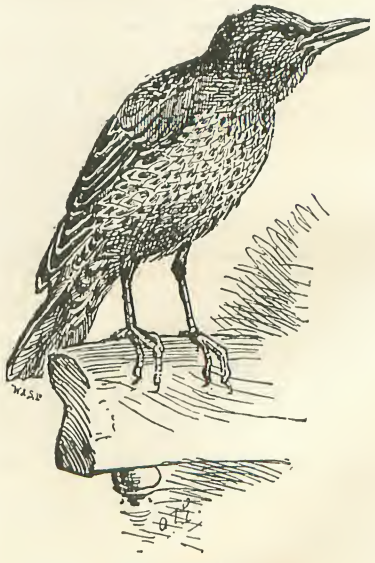
TALKING BIRDS.

"How many talking birds have we, then?" was the exclamation of a few friends one evening, our conversation having run upon singing birds and their powers of speaking. Well, I will tell you, having studied the subject a little. I should say about eight or nine possibly, who possess the ear and power of mimicry, and imitating the voice of other birds and sounds. But I have not known all these to have possessed the power of speech. I should say that gift was confined to about five, beginning of course with the parrot. Second to that bird is certainly the mynah, or mind-bird of India. I prefer his voice myself to the parrot. He is a pretty creature, his colour being a deep velvet black, with the exception of a white mark on the base of the quill feathers of the wing. The bill and legs are yellow, and from the eye to the back of the head are two wattles, of a bright yellow colour. Well, as I said before, I prefer his talking powers in preference to the well-known grey parrot. You may doubtless have noticed a certain hollowness about the voice of the parrot, which, to my mind, is not so perceptible in the mynah. Of course it always is so more or less with all birds, as that well-used instrument in the human body, the tongue, does not come into play with birds at all, so naturalists say. The voice and formation of words no doubt come straight from the larynx, so the tongue takes no part in uttering sounds. The vocal organs of birds are attached to the termination of the trachea, or windpipe. There are four pairs, or eight muscles, attached to the windpipe in singing and talking birds, whereas in the stork there are none, showing and accounting for the entire absence of voice in that bird. There is a membranous tongue at the opening of the larynx, which no doubt helps to modulate and articulate words.

THE JAY.



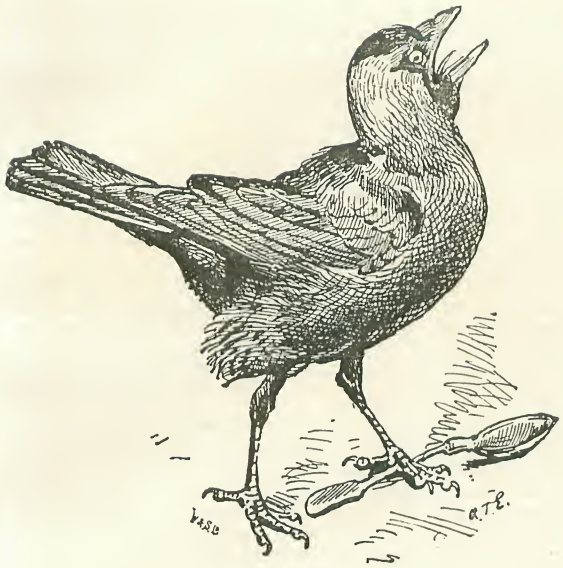
GREY PARROT. PIPING CROW.



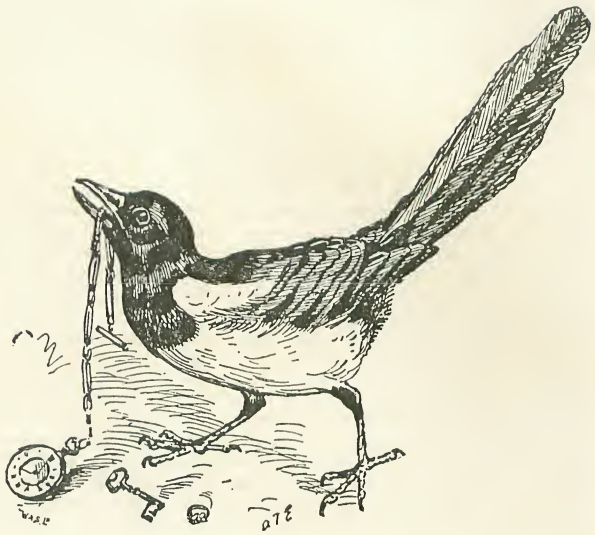
THE STARLING.

You may have read of ignorant people splitting the tongue of singing birds under the impression that it will give value to their notes; but I need scarcely say that it is a very cruel and useless practice, from which more often than not a bird dies. Carefully watch any talking birds, and you will then see that the voice comes from the throat,* although

* In fact, a ventriloquist cultivates his voice, and uses it in much the same way as a bird speaking straight from the larynx, using the tongue but little. What wonderful ventriloquists birds would make.



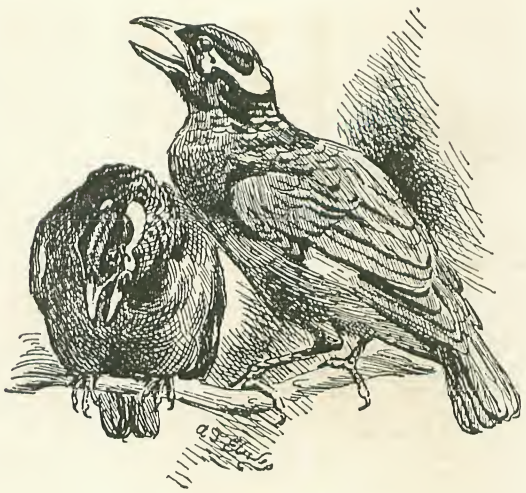
JACKDAW.



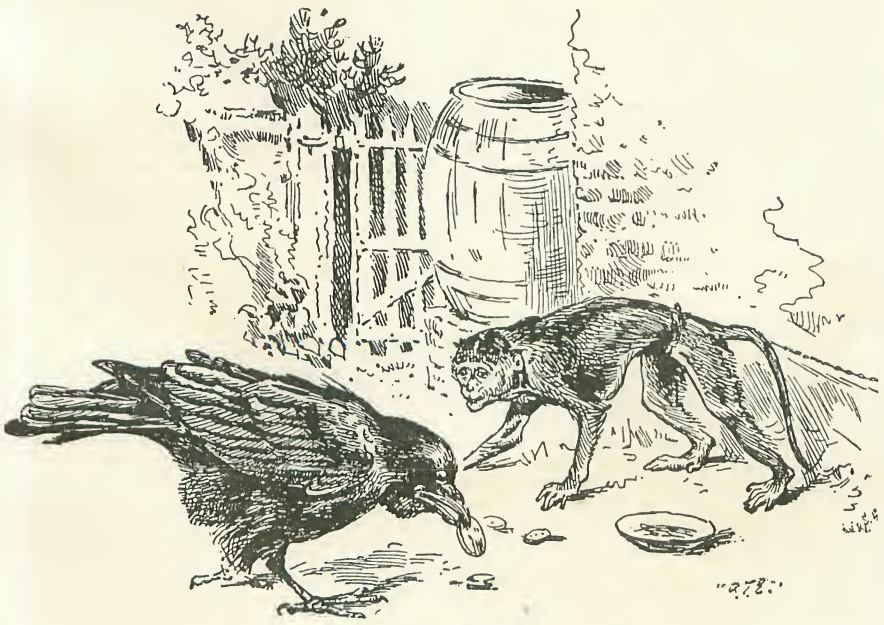
MAGPIE.

the Rev. J. G. Wood, in his *Feathered Friends*, says the construction of the bill and tongue and other corresponding organs of the parrot, is very curious, as it is that construction, together with its implanted imitative instinct, which enables it to give utterance to articulate sounds. The resonance of human sounds is produced by the hollow construction of the beak, and the thick fleshy tongue gives its aid in the formation of consonants. But naturalists say the tongue has nothing whatever to do with it, so at present we trust to their knowledge, as I think they have settled the question.

Many are the interesting anecdotes one naturally hears in conversation with those who take interest in our dear little feathered friends. But I should like to see our little birds better understood. People like them and pet them, but don't study them. I am often astonished at the ignorance of some folks with the advantages we have now in natural history literature. My esteemed friend Mr. Wolf, the well-known animal painter, tells me it is not so in Germany. He says people there are much more enlightened regarding ornithological study, and even at the smallest cottage door you will see little boys teaching their bullfinches to pipe. I often have a delightful evening with Mr. Wolf, and many are the pleasant stories he has to tell. He possessed one little jackdaw who could imitate any sound that was repeated a few times within his hearing. For instance, when he got up from his easel to see to his fire in his stove, he had a habit of tapping his pipe upon it, to clear it before charging it again, when the echo of the sound was sure to come from some corner of the studio, where Master Jack would sit watching his master. Of course, jackdaw-like, he got into all sorts of mischief; but when taught young they



MYNAH BIRDS.



RAVEN AND MONKEY.

will learn a great deal, although they are not the best talkers of the crow tribe.

It has often struck me as odd that the power of speech should be confined to a few small birds, when Sally, the ape that used to charm us at the Zoological Society's Gardens, had been taught to count as far as ten by picking a desired number of straws from the bed she sat on, and could distinguish the difference between a little piece of apple and a big piece. When told to take the smaller, she could do so without a moment's hesitation. Why, that is clearly understanding. Yet not a word could she utter or be taught, although she appeared to learn anything else readily enough.

Now the little jackdaw, with all his impudent cleverness, has no such great reasoning power. The late Rev. J. G. Wood gives an instance of this in his *Anecdotes of Birds*. A jackdaw he was watching was carrying a long stick to his nest in the hollow of an oak tree. Well, he held it by his bill in the middle, but could not get it through, and he had not the sense to take it at one end and try again, but, after a number of ineffectual efforts, gave it up, quite exhausted, and went for another, perhaps with the same result, except by accident he might have been successful. So

we must accept things as they are, as it is intended no doubt for the best.

I have given a few sketches of birds that I have known—the two mynahs, one of which is unfortunately dead; but the one still living can be seen in the insect house at the Zoo any day, and he will afford a great deal of amusement to all those who would like to hear him. He will probably address you by "Who are you?" "What do you want?" "How are you?" "Good morning, Polly!" "Be quiet!" "All right!" etc. His words are quite distinct, and uttered quite humorously. And then, perhaps, if you should be unfortunate enough to have a cough, he will mimic you. I recollect an old gentleman once came into the house while I was there sketching, and I was very much amused to see his face when he heard somebody addressing him, as he thought—"Hallo! Who are you?" He thought I was speaking to him, as I was apparently the only person in the house. So I pointed out to him from whence the voice came, and he approached the cage and began to laugh at the comic birds, and they mimicked him; so for a moment or two it was a laughing match. And he told me he had never seen or heard the like—never knew any bird could talk but a parrot. So it is with many, who appear to go through life with their eyes and ears closed.

The sketch of raven and monkey illustrates an amusing incident I heard of a raven belonging to the Rajah Duleep Sing. He had a beautiful place at Eldon, Suffolk, where he kept many animals and birds. Well, this raven would worry a monkey that used to be chained up in the yard all the summer-time in this way. Whenever he got anything he thought the monkey would like, he used to put it down within an inch or two of his reach, then say, "Get it!" when Master Jacko would make an ineffectual effort to get at it and then retire. Master Raven would then put it an inch nearer, and say "Try again!" This kind of thing went on until they fell out, and had a regular fight, the poor monkey almost invariably getting the worst of it.

Ravens are excellent talkers. I heard a very good story the other day about this intelligent bird. It appears he had the run of a large park, where a number of rooks and crows and daws used to assemble round him. When there was a sufficiently large crowd to suit his purpose, our friend the raven would suddenly bawl, "Hallo!" The sound of the human voice among them naturally terrified these wary birds, and sent them off in every direction, to the complete gratification of the raven, who then had the field to himself.

I have made a little sketch of a mythical story I read some years ago which is worth recording of Apollo and the raven. In the olden days, when Apollo had entered into the first state of his perpetual youth, he chose his favourite bird. Jupiter, his father, took the eagle; Minerva, his sister, took the owl; Juno, his stepmother, chose the peacock; Venus preferred the dove; he himself the raven. In those days the raven was one of the most beautiful of birds, for its plumage was as white as snow, its beak was rosy pink, its eyes were blue, and its voice surpassed the nightingale in melody.

There was on earth a grove sacred to Apollo. The trees were vines, and figs and roses stretched themselves up their trunks, and, bending over, formed an arbour, in the midst of which the fountain Helicon sparkled. It so fell out that Apollo thirsted for the waters of his own sacred fountain; so he called the raven to him, and, giving the bird his cup, bade him descend to the earth and bring him some of the cool water. The raven took the cup and sought the fountain.

Now, the raven was a very vain bird, and if he had been formerly proud of his looks and voice, he was ten times prouder since he had been the favourite of Apollo. So he stood at the edge of the fountain admiring his beauty, and then burst into song, extolling himself and his patron. Then he thought he would refresh himself with the fruit; but it was not quite ripe, and, after tasting several bunches of grapes and some figs, he determined to wait until the morning, when they might be ripened.

In fine, he idled away his time, until he remembered he had been absent for several days. So he filled the cup, and, seeing a brilliant serpent gliding in the grass, seized it in his beak and carried it with him. He came before Apollo, and made the excuse that he had found a serpent polluting the sacred waters, and that he had just vanquished it after a combat of seven days. But Apollo seized the lying bird and hurled him to the earth. He flew immediately to contemplate himself at the fountain; but the first glance revealed black plumage, and when he uttered an exclamation of horror, his voice had lost all its melody.

A very amusing bird in the aviary at the Zoological Gardens is the piping crow. The one I speak of has evidently been brought up in the poultry yard, for he imitates and mimics the fowls, and the crow of the old barn-door cock. But these birds do not appear to catch hold of the human voice so well, although they correctly imitate any sound.

Master Magpie, you see, is up to his usual tricks, always attracted by an irresistible desire to steal anything that looks bright and glittering. But he is also an excellent talker, and a very amusing bird. The title of the bird is a compound of "mag" and "pie," the latter being the primary name and the former added. I suppose we get the word "pie" from the word "pica," or from the ancient British name "piogen," and the syllable "mag" is as probably added on account of the chattering propensities of this individual; for the word "mag" is used in many parts of England to signify an amusing talk; so that the whole word simply means "chattering pie," which, it must be admitted, is quite appropriate. Some people fancy that the bird is called a pie on account of its pied colour; but that is a question, as magpies were known long before colours were mixed. Shakespeare calls the bird a "magot-pie," from which magpie may possibly be derived. *Magot* in French signifies "monkey;" and as he is a very monkey among birds, it is a very appropriate name.

Master Jackdaw is running away with a spoon, which he does not appear at all anxious to give up. He only ejaculates, "What for?" when remonstrated with.

In the sketch of the two mynah birds, one is saying "How are you?" the other coughing.

Now we come to the starling. I think there are very few of our readers who know what powers this very pretty little bird has. He belongs to the crow tribe, of which he is the smallest resident here. They are great favourites with fanciers, and, when taken young, can learn anything. If taken from the nest, you can bring them up well on a little bread and milk and a few mealworms; and as to their ills, why, they have scarcely any, as the crow tribe do not have any of the ailments that singing birds usually suffer with. But of course for all such matters there are plenty of excellent books to refer to upon the management and treatment of cage birds. Naturally, my only object in this little sketch is to open up a subject which I have not seen treated before, and which must be of interest to many of my girl readers.

Our sketch represents Master Starling sitting on the back of his mistress's chair, evidently very much interested in the tea-table talk going on, and putting in a word or two to keep up the conversation when it flags a little, as I have often seen him do at my friend's house.

The grey parrot we must say something about, although of course he is a well-known talker, and many are the quaint stories told about him. He is represented as laying down the law to the piping crow. Mr. Crow, in reply, is simply crowing.

I could give you many interesting anecdotes concerning these birds, but space will not allow. What I want you, my good readers, to do, is, study these birds for yourselves, and I am sure they will amply repay you for any trouble you may take; and there are plenty of bird-fanciers who will procure you any bird you may want. Of course the mynah is more expensive as it is a native of India, and especially as you naturally want young birds. Old birds are slower to learn, and never speak so well as when taught from the nest.

A. T. Elwes.

"THE CHILD-HEART WITHIN US."

I think it was George MacDonald who spoke of the child-heart that lives on, after the sunny roseate days of childhood, in the heart of everyone of us human beings, even amid dark surroundings and through times of trial and trouble that bring tears to our eyes and sadness to our voices. Still the sweet child-heart is there, although we forget it, it may be, for awhile, and only wake to the fact that it exists when we feel some throb of gladness, such as when we gather the first primrose, or catch the spring song of the blackbird in the wood. Then the child-heart beats fast with happiness, and we know that it is still there, true as ever! And when we see some pure tiny baby face, all fresh from the tender touch of the Great Creator, does not the child-heart go out in love to the wee wayfarer on life's path? Ah! we should thank God for the gift of youth—youth even in old age, hidden away in our hearts and yet smiling out whenever a responsive chord is touched. Look at the business man, grown old and weary in the ways of the world. He is no longer young, and his brow is furrowed with the indelible lines of care; but some day, as he passes by a stall in the city, his stern mouth relaxes, and his eyes grow soft for a moment as he sees golden and white crocuses and blue violets lying there in the spring sunshine. He thinks of *his* little flower, gathered by the angels many many years ago—his little lovely child, with her sweet voice and steadfast eyes!

And then his thoughts wander away to the heaven that she loved to talk and sing about, and he wonders if he will ever meet her there. "Please God!" he whispers to himself, as he crosses the street to his office. It is only the child-heart within him, under the rugged exterior and the toil of this work-a-day world, but it makes his life brighter and more hopeful all the same!

And there is the busy mother, surrounded by a crowd of eager, happy children, and with every spare moment taken up in planning and contriving and managing the affairs of the household. She has no time to think much, but yet all the bairns know that mother will sympathise with Elsie's headache, or help to mend baby's broken doll or Bobbie's cut finger. And the dear soul does it, too, greeting each little one with the cheeriest of smiles and a tender word! It is only the child-heart that impels her to it, and that smoothes away many a wrinkle from her life-work—that is all!

And the sweet-faced nurse in the great grey hospital yonder, the patient woman who has devoted her life to the succour of the poor and afflicted—hers is the child-heart that throbs with fellow feeling for the maimed body or the fractured limb, and who bends over the bedside of her patient with a world of tenderness and pity in her smile. Does she ever "get accustomed" to it all? Will the brightness fade from her face and the sweetness from her voice? Will the fount of sympathy fail? Never, never, while the child-heart beats within her bosom, with its tide of love and gentleness flowing straight from the amethystine fields of heaven!

Ah, yes! there *is* a child-heart in all of us if we only knew and remembered it! Even the drunken reprobate, the waif of the streets, has his softer moments, when, like the breath of long-faded flowerets, some sweet memory of bygone days drifts across his mind. God grant that by the remembrance and the wakening of the young hopeful heart within him he may be led to better and higher things. And may He help *us* to keep that most wonderful gift of His, the sweet, sympathetic heart of childhood, so that by its holy influence we may be guided aright, not only over the devious ways of life, but straight onward to the Land of Light, where those who are like unto "little children" shall enter into the Paradise of God.

AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

AGNES CHISHOLM; OR, COUNTRY LIFE.

STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY E. H. ASHWIN.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT can we do, Agnes? I cannot do without you. Fifty pounds a year will not suffice at our present rate of living, and I really don't think I could exist in a worse lodging than this."

The speaker was a delicate, fragile-looking lady dressed in simple but sadly new widow's weeds, and indeed she looked totally unfit for any of the rough places of the earth, as she lay on the hard horsehair sofa of a second-rate lodging-house parlour in Southampton, which even the efforts of her daughter, a dark-eyed girl of about three and twenty, had failed to render comfortable by the aid of all the pillows from their adjoining bedroom. It was a dark day in February; the clouds hung low, and the waves beat on the shore with a dull monotonous sound. Dreary without, it was equally so within, for only the day before that on which my story begins, the husband and father of the two occupants of the before-mentioned parlour had been laid in a lonely grave.

Ernest Chisholm was the only son of a gentleman of large fortune living in one of the midland counties. Devoted to sport, and an ardent lover of the chase and other outdoor amusements, it was a bitter disappointment that the son, whose companionship and sympathy he craved, cared only for books and poetry; and this difference of tastes and pursuits caused endless disagreements between father and son, and every day the breach widened. But matters reached a crisis when the younger man entered the study with the sudden announcement that he was engaged to be married to the orphan daughter of a neighbouring vicar, who, when the death of her parents had left her not only desolate but penniless, had sought and obtained a situation as governess in the rectory of the village of Chisholm. High words ensued; the father was furious and dictatorial, the son obstinate and determined; and despite the interference and mediation of the gentle mother, the quarrel ended by the expulsion of the son and heir from his old home, with the words ringing in his ears, "I forbid you ever to darken these doors again, or to expect a penny of my money, unless you vow never to see or have anything to do with that penniless pauper of a girl!"

As might be expected, the consequence of his father's harshness was but to drive the son to desperation, and within a week of his banishment he managed to overcome the scruples of his *fiancée*. A quiet wedding by special license took place in the neighbouring town; the young couple started immediately afterwards for the continent, and England and Blankshire knew Ernest Chisholm no more.

The loss of her son was as a death-blow to the elder Mrs. Chisholm, and she gradually sank into a melancholy state, from which she never roused, breathing her last within six months of the *fracas*. The squire after her death became morose and gloomy, taking an interest no longer in the sports which had once delighted him, and keeping no company, the only visitor at the old hall being a cousin, another Ernest Chisholm, to whom, on the old man's demise, some three years later, it was found he had left all he possessed. So, though the bare name still lingered on men's lips, the actual remembrance of the absent Ernest Chisholm had quickly dropped into oblivion.

Long years had passed since these events took place, and now we meet the widow and daughter of the exiled heir, who, after earning a precarious livelihood abroad by his pen, and thinking himself happy in being able, by diligent economy, to purchase an annuity of twenty-five pounds each for his wife and child, had returned to England in search of more skilled medical advice for Mrs. Chisholm, and immediately on landing had been seized with a sudden and violent illness, to which, after a few days' intense suffering, he had succumbed, leaving the two dearest to him desolate on what was to them almost a foreign shore. The blow was crushing, particularly to the delicate lady on whose special account the journey had been made. But Agnes Chisholm, young though she was, and grieving most sincerely for the father who had idolised her, braced herself up to support and comfort the widowed and invalid mother, who, as at the beginning of this chapter, we find raising the oft-asked question, "What shall we do?"

It was indeed a momentous problem, for beyond a small reserve fund, in which their removal and Mr. Chisholm's subsequent illness and funeral expenses had made a large hole, their sole available income was the aforesaid fifty pounds a year. Owing to the wandering life her parents had led, the education of Agnes had been somewhat desultory and peculiar, so that while thoroughly well-informed and an excellent linguist, she was unfitted to be a governess even had she been able to leave her mother, whose increasing weakness and suffering required constant care, with pure fresh air, and, above all, no worry.

Was it, then, a wonder that the answer to "What shall we do?" tarried, and that the young girl's brow was furrowed with anxious thought?

There was silence for some minutes, broken only by an occasional heavy sigh from the invalid; and then, with a sudden flash of inspiration, the girl exclaimed, "I have it, mother! We will take a little cottage, and live in the country just as the labourers do. The rent won't be half that of lodgings, and we shall have fresh air and a garden."

"But, my darling, the attendance and the work; and how to find a place. And, above all, you are a foreigner in England, and do not know its ways!" exclaimed the mother, jumbling her perplexities confusedly together.

"I have thought of that too, mother mine," responded the undaunted girl. "Do you recollect that clergyman, Mr. Durham, and his wife, whom we met last year at Vevey. Well, we often used to talk over England and English life, and I remember she said one day how she wondered that ladies with small incomes did not often take a cottage, and live a simple country life in the pure air and sunshine, in preference to a stuffy town lodging. She and I agreed that it would be quite possible, even wholesome and pleasant, to do one's own work (with maybe a very little assistance), and that the refinements of life might still be observed."

"But the rent, my dear—how do you know what that would be?" feebly objected the mother.

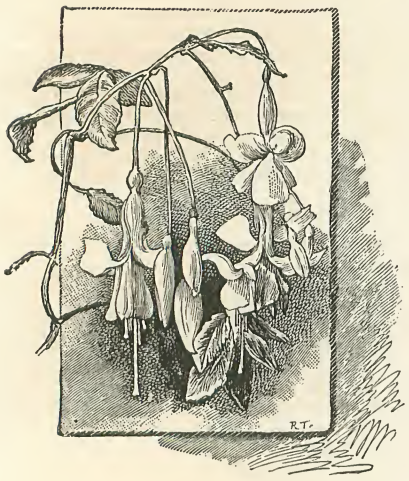
"Ah! She told me that also—that one might get a nice, very nice, little cottage, with a good-sized garden, in most villages for six pounds a year. Only fancy! Not half a crown the week; and for these two little rooms we pay eighteen shillings. Then we could have plenty of flowers and nice fresh vegetables; and I could garden, and wait on you, and we should have a comfortable home together—at least as comfortable as it could be without the dear father. Ah, now don't, mother dear!" as heartbroken sobs from the widow betrayed the freshness of the wound. "You must remember how happy he is, and how, just at last, he told you not to fret—that the parting at any rate would not be for long, and that you were to try to be happy, and live for me."

It was with a strong effort these last words were spoken, cheeks and lips growing white; but the cheery voice never faltered, and under her daughter's gentle ministrations Mrs. Chisholm became calmer, and on the renewal of the conversation, an hour or two later, gave her consent to Agnes writing to make all needful enquiries from the aforesaid Mrs. Durham, whose husband was the rector of a small inland village, and to whom, when travelling for his health, the Chisholm family had been able to show some attention.

The all-important letter was accordingly written and posted. For the reply we, as well as they, must wait a little.

(*To be continued.*)

By CONSTANCE JACOB.



ALTHOUGH, strictly speaking, a summer month, August foreshadows in its characteristics the near approach of autumn. There is still a profusion of bloom; but berries and fruits gradually take its place, while the dark green leaves of the preceding month slowly change into the first tints of their dying splendour.

Most of the July flowers last on in gardens; but the earlier lilies give place to those of the lancifolium species. Roses—especially those grown on bushes—enjoy now a second season of bloom; clematis, jasmine, nasturtiums, marigolds, stocks, fuchsias, geraniums, are at their best; while among the newer arrivals come hollyhocks, asters, the later kinds of gladioli, dahlias, and sunflowers.

In the fields, poppies, lychnis, cornflowers, fool's parsley, and marigolds are plentifully mingled with the ripening corn. The water plants remain much the same as in July. On the hedgerows the roses have mostly disappeared, while the honeysuckle is less often found than clematis and bryony, both of which, however, are approaching the seed-bearing stage. On the moors and commons, heather, bluebells, succory, and the brilliantly-tinted leaves and tiny pink flowers of the crane's-bill, or herb Robert, mix with large fronds of bracken, now changing into gold, or the smaller hard and parsley ferns. In the woods the crimson and white spikes of foxgloves, and large shrub-like plants of hemlock, stand up conspicuously from an undergrowth of many kinds of fern. Everywhere crimson, gold, and purple are the colours naturally predominant.

Comparatively so few people remain in towns during this holiday month that I may as well leave the florists out of the question for awhile, and assume that most ladies will find the materials of decoration for themselves in the gardens of their country quarters, on the Scotch or Yorkshire moors, on the Welsh and Cumbrian mountains, or, what is much more difficult, on the cliffs, or in the lanes near seaside resorts.

The more fashionable of these possess, of course, shops where flowers, particularly those suited for buttonholes, can be bought, more or less expensively; but as the stock of foliage consists chiefly of the ever-popular maiden-hair, people with sharp eyes and ready wit will do much better to trust to them in country walks for beautifying their apartments. My own latest experience of the shops of a healthy but unfashionable watering-place on the south coast was so discouraging that I preferred to glean from the cliff path, which, although wind-swept and barren at a first glance, ultimately yielded sufficient small red poppies and lace-like fool's parsley to keep filled the five small blue-and-white jars which always accompany me to furnished apartments, and which I have so often mentioned. Another day I found a few roots of dandelion and yellow hawk's-weed, which, mingled with the fool's parsley, made groups of such beauty as to surprise some of my visitors, who had hitherto passed these flowers over as vulgar weeds of no decorative value. Yet again I received æsthetic pleasure from the white flowers of the hornbeam, backed by brown shoots of hedge maple. On less frequented coasts one may gather bunches of the sea holly, which can only be placed by itself in glass vases; and wherever the salt air blows over it, the tamarisk, with its light green foliage and coral-red stems, will afford handsome pieces of ornamentation. If one is within reach of a moor, there need never lack variety or brilliancy in one's table decorations. Delicate posies of harebells, oak, beech, lady or parsley ferns, and the pale straw-tinted late woodbine, are thrown into relief by fronds of golden bracken, either laid on the table-cloth or put into larger vases in the centre. The same leaves should always be mixed with heather, although this is less suited for the table than for larger groups, as for the fire-place, hall, etc. However, a glass bowl filled with heather and bracken may well find an occasional place on the dinner-table.

White campions, or bachelors' buttons, look charming standing up from a low carpet of crane's-bill, which can easily be arranged by means of dishes full of moss. The little brown jugs in which some of the most important dairy companies sell their cream, hold such rustic nosegays with peculiar fitness, and contrast well with the white table-linen in farmhouse or cottage rooms—that is to say, they would be quite out of place in a mansion. Usually wild-flower arrangements are spoilt by a want of selection, and an enthusiast in one ramble will often gather enough for two or three days—far too many sorts of flowers, and not sufficient of one. On these occasions it is wiser to note the prettiest flower which grows in abundance; gather enough, and no more, of that; and then to select others which will best agree with it and with each other. Where a medley of a dozen different sorts will be quite meaningless and unpleasing, a

careful choice of two or three will produce a suggestive and poetic picture.

I have dressed a bamboo hanging in the hall of a country house very effectively, beginning at the bottom with harebells, oak ferns, and grass; higher up, harebells, rock rose, and woodbine; still higher, woodbine and brambles; and at the top of the cane a spray of very pale belated wild roses and some long trails of down-hanging clematis, backing each little tier with some pieces of bracken just turning golden, which brought the whole into harmony. But I should never have ventured on putting all these flowers into one or more vases on the same level.

There are numerous hedgerow timbers whose flowers, being small, and of neutral colouring, make them particularly suited to accompany others of more decided appearance; but as these differ in almost every county, it is useless to mention them in detail.

Foxgloves look well with large fern leaves in tall jugs or in jars (especially old ginger jars), and backed by some small branches of trees, by preference fir or larch, letting some of their own velvety leaves hang over the brim.

The blue succory is a quaint-looking flower, which looks well in the little brown jugs in company with moon-daisies, coarse grass, sprigs of woody nightshade, or any bright yellow flowers of light form, such as hawk's-weed.

It is hardly necessary to say that all such arrangements require changing every day, as summer wild-flowers fade more quickly than any.

Lancifolium lilies, like others, look best on their own stems; but the rose-pink ones admit of single blossoms being picked for specimen glasses, with one of their own leaves for each, and a spray of jasmine or white clematis. These two climbers are particularly valuable at this time of year for softening the often crude tones of larger flowers, and few arrangements should be without them. For the centre of a drawing-room table I have laid large elm leaves, just turning yellow, round the edge of a plate, filling up the centre with white jasmine, and the result was excellent.

The large pale clematis of the jackmanni species, single and double, are handsome and graceful flowers for dressing a dinner-table, but they require dark leaves of warm colouring in the background to atone for their somewhat cold greys. For this purpose also a bright piece of embroidery or dark red linen is useful as a table centre, or the flowers are well suited for surrounding plates of plums and other rich-coloured fruit.

Among fuchsias, few are so decorative as the old-fashioned hardy shrub, with its red and purple pendants; but there is a long range of brilliant hues among the species more recently introduced; and all alike may be used in bunches with plenty of stalk and foliage in tall vases, placed where they will be looked at from below; they also make graceful fringes to groups of larger flowers, such as stocks or dahlias, provided that their colours are harmonious.

Sunflowers have apparently quite gone out of fashion, yet they are really beautiful, and one of the large blossoms with two or three fine leaves in a good substantial-looking receptacle (here again the old ginger jar is useful) lights up a dull and uninteresting corner as nothing else can do so well.

The small-flowering kinds are better for mixed groups, and I have seen a few of them in a nicely-shaped celery glass, with a bunch of yellow broom in the centre, form a very pleasing arrangement in yellow. Single dahlias might take the place of the sunflowers with an equally good effect.

Marigolds, which overrun some gardens to the extent of becoming weeds, look very cheerful in a massive bunch, and, like sunflowers, give light in dark places; but they do not mix well with anything else.

Nasturtiums are profuse bloomers, whose rich colouring and graceful growth make them valuable for table decoration, and yet they are very seldom used for this purpose. They need plenty of their own foliage, but nothing else, except, perhaps, some jasmine; and the velvety dark red are easily mingled with the yellow and pale terra-cotta shades; the scarlet are best only with their own leaves, which are of a peculiarly bluish-green. Placed in a white china basket, which will allow the younger shoots to droop over, they form a very pretty centre ornament.

Single and cactus dahlias have quite superseded the old formal quilled favourites of the florists, and are valuable treasures when other flowers begin to fail. They must be very carefully selected in regard to colour for mixed bunches; but if the artist keeps to one shade, or to two shades of one colour, the chief consideration is the choice of appropriate foliage, which, to my thinking, lies between sprigs of small-leaved trees, such as oak, beech, or hedge maple, and sprays of asparagus, either of the plumosus variety or that of the vegetable garden, by this time going to seed. The leaves of the dahlia are rather unwieldy, so we may be excused for making them an exception to the rule of using flower and foliage from the same plant. As accessories to such large flowers, the small clematis, jasmine, and hardy fuchsia are particularly adapted.

Hollyhock blossoms are rather formal when cut—something like silk rosettes; but many people admire them, and they look quaint in flat dishes on some of their smaller leaves, and veiled by sprays of clematis. For fireplaces the heads are suitable when they are fully in bloom up to the top; so are sunflowers, dahlias, hemlock, teazles, or large dock leaves. These remind me of an artistic arrangement once made by a friend of mine, consisting of a large silvery-blue fan spread before the drawing-room grate, and in front an old "Toby" jug holding about half a dozen large graceful leaves, which, on enquiry, proved to be those of the common horseradish overrunning her back garden. The same lady, having friends arrive unexpectedly to supper one night, decked the table with a strip of crumpled-up pale-blue silk, and strewed on it the flowers and buds of the white cluster rose, and bunches of red and white cherries. The effect was charming, but resembled one of those rapid sketches only produced by artists of experience, and is by no means an example to be easily followed.

I adopted an easier plan in laying long trails

of an out-door vine on the table, winding in and out among five glass dishes of fruit, while two tall vases held each a few blossoms of Gloire de Dijon rose.

These roses are the most continuous bloomers of any, and were a conspicuous feature on the refreshment counter and small tables of a wedding reception which took place in August; and as this is rather a favourite time of year for marriages, I may as well describe it here.

The cake, plainly iced, stood on a large silver tray, which had a fringe of very palé roses and sprigs of myrtle in bloom round the edge, kept fresh by a little damp moss in waterproof paper, the latter protecting the cake from any moisture, and of course carefully hidden by the myrtle. Round the upper edge of the cake was a wreath of full-blown roses, white cloves, white jackmanni, and white cactus dahlias, thickly mixed with jasmine and small clematis, the latter hanging downwards, the whole skilfully mounted in moss and waterproof paper, and where the cake was to be cut, tied together with white satin ribbon. Within this stood a glass dish, quite hidden under roses, myrtle, and white sweet peas, while in the centre was a glass vase (silver would have been better), holding two or three white lilies in the midst of a bunch of orange blossoms. A row of specimen glasses at the back of the counter, and one on each of the small tables, contained sprays of one or two of the same flowers carefully suited to each other, and a line of glass troughs of semi-circular form contained roses, carnations, myrtle, and jasmine only. All the flowers on the counter were as nearly white as possible, but on the tables the roses and carnations were pale pinks or yellows, sometimes as deep as the William Allen Richardson. Leaving out the cake, a similar arrangement would be pretty for a garden-party, "at home," or ball supper; and while all but the orange blossoms would be found in many country gardens, they are none of them very expensive to buy at this time of the year, although of course the ultimate cost must depend entirely on the number of tables, and the length of counter to be provided for. A dinner-table for about twelve people could be lavishly dressed with specimen glasses and troughs in the manner suggested for three or four shillings, and if the flowers were all white, a red table-centre would be desirable; but I would rather leave out the jackmanni, let the roses be pink and yellow, and make the foliage droop straight on to the table-cloth.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

"RINGED TREES."

"WILL you come too, Miss Capella?" cried Beth, as Sybil hastily crossed the hall in search of the girls. "Jean and I are going to have a stroll round the park."

"Just what I should like of all things," answered Sybil.

They went toward the stables, where they found Jeanie loosing the dog, and endeavouring to curb his wild exuberance of spirits, which, when she had set him free, threatened the overthrow of Beth as he sprang upon her, resting his great paws on her shoulders as if to embrace her.

For awhile they meandered through the rose walk, where the flowers, untended and unpicked, hung in heavy clusters, dying, or spoiled by recent rain.

"Is it not sad," exclaimed Jeanie, "that those rose trees can't have a little attention! You have no idea, Sybil, what this walk is like when properly kept as I used to see it. It was simply lovely."

"I can quite understand that it would be so. To me it is beautiful even now," she answered. "I will tell you what I have been thinking. Could not we three—you, Beth, and myself—each undertake to do a little gardening daily. I see that you keep a boy—perhaps he would be allowed to help us. For instance, we might cut off dead flowers, syringe where there is blight, and do a little weeding. What do you say?"

"It is a capital thought!" exclaimed Jeanie. "We will begin at once."

"I'll fetch some scissors!" cried Beth.

"You dear, impulsive children!" retorted Sybil, who had other wishes for the moment than gardening. "Not now—don't begin now. I am longing to go over the grounds. You know we have had such wet days lately that I have seen scarcely anything out of doors. As we walk let us arrange the parts we will each undertake."

"Very well," said Jeanie. "It is your plan, so choose first."

"I am not at all particular," Sybil answered, having already made up her mind; "but if I must name some part, I will undertake the beds on the left side of the garden door, that I may be near should Mrs. Calvert need me."

"All right!" cried Beth; "you mean those in front of father's den. I'll have the other side, then—in front of the little drawing-room; and Jean, will you take the centre beds?"

Jean agreed, and thus the matter was settled. It may be well to observe that, though the others occasionally neglected their gardening, no fine morning passed without the colonel observing a picturesque and diligent worker employing the hour before breakfast in tidying and beautifying the flower-beds facing his window.

After Sybil and the girls had walked through the orchard and shrubbery, they turned into an avenue of fine lime trees leading to the park. As the morning was unusually cool for August, Jeanie joined Beth in running races with Wolf, who, in the highest state of glee, barked and tore along by their side, while the previously silent grounds echoed with the noise of his deep bay, and the ringing laugh of the girls.

The elder sister was the first to own herself tired for the moment; and, leaving the child and dog to continue their gambols, she walked along more sedately with Sybil. Occasionally they came across trees which were marked in a way she did not understand, but as to the nature of which Sybil made a shrewd guess, while some few were cut down, and lay, stripped and forlorn, across her path.

The sight grieved Jeanie. They were fine old trees, the growth of nearly a hundred years, and appeared to have been felled in their full strength.

"I can't think why grandfather cut down these noble trees. I am sure father would not have done so," she said sadly.

"The timber is worth a great deal," replied Sybil. "Gentlemen often cut down trees when they require money. Oh, what a perfect view!" she suddenly exclaimed, as, after entering the park and ascending for some few moments, they reached the brow of a slight hill.

She linked her arm in her companion's as they sat together on a seat beneath an aged oak-tree, admiring the broad stretch of undulating landscape. Beth quickly joined them, carrying a book under her arm.

"I shall sit here too," she said. "I want you to read one of the fairy tales out of my book."

"What is the book?" asked Jeanie.

"The one Madame Marchant gave me," answered the child. "But, oh, Jeanie!" she cried, jumping up from the seat, "I have such an idea! That would be delightful! Don't read at all, but tell me yourself a story from your own head—you know you can."

Jeanie smiled as she said, "I am afraid you rate my abilities much too highly." She opened the story-book to see if she could get inspiration from its pictures. Fortune favoured her.

"Look! What's that insect doing?" queried Beth, pointing to one of the pictures. "It looks as if it had boots on."

"Yes," said Jeanie, laughing merrily, "so it has. See!" she said to Sybil—"see the hero of my story"—showing her the book.

"Go on! go on!" demanded Beth.

"Well, that insect," Jeanie began, "walks and walks night and day, all over the world, seeking something he has never found."

"What?" asked Beth in wonder.

"Listen! Once he was like other proper insects, who lived a happy life, and died when they were tired; but that insect, however tired he may be, cannot die till he has found what he seeks."

"But what is it he seeks?" eagerly asks Beth.

"Listen! Once a lovely lady had a servant maid, who was so fond of talking that, just to hear her own voice, she would often tell stories about people which were not true, and which sometimes caused those poor people to be heavily punished.

"Often the lovely lady—who was like most of the ladies in fairy tales, a princess—talked to her little maid, and tried to cure her of the bad habit; but in vain. Again and again, just to be made much of, she would tell some marvellous story. At last she got into great trouble, and was ordered to be thrown into prison. When she was brought in chains to the princess she cried, and knelt to her, and begged her forgiveness. The princess thought awhile, then she said, 'I will give you one more trial. Someone shall watch you night and day. If you can keep three days and nights without uttering a single word, you shall be pardoned, and not cast into prison; for then, I think, you will have had time to see the necessity of learning to keep silence.' The poor little maid joyfully promised she would not speak or make a sound for three days and nights."

"I am sure this is dull for you, Sybil dear," Jeanie interrupted. "Shall we walk on?"

"By no means," replied Sybil. "I am deeply interested.

"Don't stop," said Beth. "The little maid must not speak, you know——"

"No—and for some time she didn't speak," continued Jeanie, a shy smile playing on her face as she thought of the lesson she was giving Beth regarding her own besetting sin. "The servant had very few duties to perform, and as she was fond of animals, she spent much time among those kept as pets in the castle. She was also kind to mice, and other things not generally liked. She even fed a big blackbeetle. Now this blackbeetle was a very bad-hearted blackbeetle. He was never happy unless he could make somebody unhappy; and as he knew all about the poor little maid, he thought he would like her to go to prison.

"On the last day when the little maid's time of silence was nearly up, he crept among her clothes up to her hair, when she was quite unprepared, and so frightened her that she screamed loudly, and called to the watcher, 'What is that thing? Oh, take it off!—take it off!'

"The watcher reported the breach of silence to the princess, but did not say why the little maid spoke. So she was again cast into prison for a week. While there, and very miserable, a fairy came to her and said, 'As I believe you have cured that bad habit of yours, and will in the future speak less and speak truly, I will make your week in prison a very happy one. Alone in your cell you shall have and do and see just what you like!' Then she waved her fairy wand over the maid, and left her very happy. Then she went to the beetle. 'Wicked insect,' said she, 'your evil nature desires to make unhappiness for everyone, and is ever restless. A meet punishment is yours. You shall walk incessantly over the earth until you find a child who has never spoken an unkind word. If you find her, she shall have power to release you from your punishment. Go! Here are boots which will never wear out so long as your journeys last!' And the fairy vanished."

"What a nice story! Is it true?" said Beth, drawing a long deep breath, after fixing her eyes on Jeanie for a few minutes as though waiting for more.

Jeanie laughed as she replied, "I won't answer for that."

"Thank you, Jean, very much! Now I shall go and have a romp with Wolf;" and the child gave her sister a hearty kiss and fled.

When Beth had left them they stood looking over the wide park.

"If possible," remarked Sybil, "I think the view from this side is even finer than that from the spot where we were sitting."

A large artificial lake—so skilfully arranged as to look perfectly natural, with overhanging willows and waving reeds reflecting themselves on its clear surface—lay some hundred yards to their right. Snowy swans dotted the brightness of its waters, while a few kine stood lazily browsing along its banks.

Mighty trees, whose shade fostered a prolific growth of ferns and bracken, were scattered on all sides of the fine undulating surface of the park. As far as the eye could trace coiled the blue smoke from the keeper's cottage, which was half hidden in a bower of climbing roses and honeysuckle. Occasionally a venturesome rabbit, leaving its burrow, would scud across their path, and more rarely a graceful deer was detected in the distance.

Presently an object other than the beauty of the scenery or the timidity of the animals attracted Jeanie, and held her spellbound. Near one of the entrances to the park, and by the side of a huge tree that, like other of its brethren, had fallen by the woodcutter's axe, and which he had apparently been examining, stood a man, note-book in hand.

Though a considerable distance from them, Jeanie had recognised the young engineer. With a sudden impulse she turned hastily away, saying to Sybil, "Let us go home now;" and her friend, who had not been unobservant, and of course thought the meeting had been arranged, but for a smaller assemblage, called Beth and the dog to her, and followed Jeanie's rapid steps.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Etiquette in China.

Etiquette is the most formidable feature of Chinese life. It applies to everything, and has a force and meaning unknown to us barbarians. Its ramifications at times are truly bewildering.

It is considered very ill-bred to ask after the health of a man's wife. It is likewise objectionable to remove your cap in the presence of a gentleman; to wear coat sleeves that do not cover your finger-nails; to betray a small appetite; or to wear less than three coats when making a formal visit. There are a thousand other points equally whimsical.

Her own Enemy.—The envious girl is an enemy to herself, for her mind is always occupied with her own unhappy thoughts.

Love at First Sight.—Is it possible that the reason some people "love at first sight" is because they don't know each other then?

A Heavy Breakfast.

"Jane, the biscuits were like lumps of lead this morning."

"Yes'm, I know that; but then I heard you say the master had to have a heavy breakfast before going to his business!"

Little Things.—Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

Useful Words.

Teacher: "What is a synonym?"

Bright Girl: "It is a word you can use in place of another one when you don't know how to spell the other one."

Without Pretence.—A mark of commonsense and good breeding is absence of pretence.

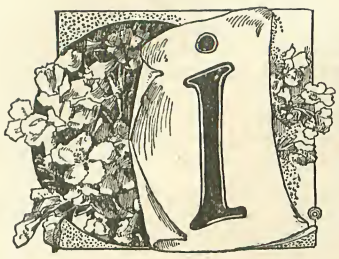
Charade II.

Two Gifts are used by every one,
  Although not always wisely;
Fully should One be ever done,
  The Other more concisely.
This regulates our inmost thought,
  The source whence springs our action
By which our future life is wrought
  For grief or satisfaction.
The Other needs our constant care
  That no excess be granted:
Else often we may feel aware,
  "'Twas more than wisdom wanted."
Unite the two, and you will see
  The mischievous confusion
Whence spite, or ignorance may be,
  Draws many a false conclusion.
A word of warning to the wise,
  Who may perchance receive it—
Let no rash guess or harsh surmise
  Beguile you to believe it!

Ximena.

THE VISION OF THE BLIND.

By LILY WATSON.



"I HATE religious people!" "That is very likely, Joan. Girls who are so naughty generally do hate all that is good." The scene was a large, bare schoolroom, in the upper floor of a house in the street of a provincial town. At the uncovered deal table, with eyes reddened and swollen, auburn curly hair pushed into wild disorder, elbows on table, pouting lips, and an expression of misery unspeakable, sat a girl of about sixteen years of age. In the uncurtained window, through which streamed the June sunshine, sat another girl, three or four years older, with neat, unruffled dress, smooth hair, composed mien, diligently sewing. No greater contrast could have been imagined than the contrast between these two; the one, a picture of rebellion and passion; the other, a picture of calm attention to duty. Yet, had Joan's features not been distorted by crying, hers was the face any impartial observer would have preferred; for the forehead was broad, the large grey eyes were candid, the mouth was frank and pleasant. The elder girl's brow was narrow, and her little steely eyes and pursed-up mouth were not attractive, nor was the self-righteous expression her face now wore any improvement to her appearance.

"I call it perfectly shocking," pursued Miriam Holden, "to behave in such a way, especially when you have the Bible open before you."

"Why does aunt make the Bible into a task-book then? I cannot possibly learn the whole twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew before dinner-time, and she knows I cannot."

"You should have thought of that before being so naughty," returned Miriam placidly. To her mind, this orphan cousin, who had come two years earlier to take up her abode with the Holdens, was the incarnation of all that was tiresome, disgraceful, and obstinate.

"Her mother spoilt her shamefully," was the verdict of aunt and cousins in the stern household.

It was a household of a type once common, but now, fortunately, rare. Pharisaism and bigotry were mistaken for religion; self-righteousness assumed the garb of humility; the confines of one narrow sect were falsely imagined to be the boundaries of the Kingdom of Heaven. The religion of the Holdens was of all others most disastrously adapted to impress an ardent, undeveloped girl, fresh from the tenderest of home love and care. It was at once decided by her aunt and cousins, when Joan Tempest arrived, that she was very far from "the Truth," which was a synonym for the views of the sect to which they belonged.

Mrs. Holden was strict in her ideas of what befitted young people under her care. She found Joan was passionately fond of music; this pursuit, being of a frivolous nature, and evidently likely to be made "an idol" by the girl, must be cut off. She added to the resentment stirred by this decree by condemning the pretty style of dress once beloved by Mrs. Tempest. All such things were vanity of vanities. Joan must be content with the severe plainness affected by the Holden girls. They had no good looks to spoil; but it was a trial to their cousin to see herself condemned to utter tastelessness. The reason of the disgrace in which Joan to-day found herself was this. Her curls had been originally cut off by Mrs. Holden's order; her hair was growing again in hyacinthine profusion, with pretty tendrils about her brow, ears, and neck. It looked quite "remarkable," in its reddish-gold colour, and the aunt had that morning mooted the question of having it cropped again into decent plainness. At this Joan had flown into a passion, declared it should not be touched, and on being sternly chidden for her naughtiness, had rejoined, "If *you* are good, Aunt Holden, I would rather be wicked."

This was very shocking, and the rebellious girl was ordered off to the schoolroom and to penance.

The dinner-bell rang at one o'clock; Miriam rose, folded her work, and primly observed, "Am I to tell mother you have not done your task?"

"Tell her what you like," retorted Joan.

A few minutes afterwards one slice of dry bread was brought up on a plate to the culprit. Hungry and forlorn, she broke out into a fresh access of sobs when she was left alone; but the rebellion in her heart was stronger than ever. She hastily dried her tears when her aunt entered the room; a tall, thin woman, with iron-grey hair, compressed lips, and a hard face.

"I have come to see, Joan, whether you have learnt your chapter, and are ready to beg my pardon for your wicked conduct."

"I have not learnt the chapter—I cannot—it is far too long; and I shall *not* beg your pardon, Aunt Holden."

The offender quivered with inward terror as she uttered these defiant words. What fresh decree of wrath would be pronounced against her?

"Then I have come to tell you that I am going to send you away to-morrow."

"Send me away!"

"You are going to your great-aunt Leycester, whom you have never seen. I shall see if *she* has more influence over you than I have; for I am quite wearied out with your perverse and wicked ways. Your example to my own children is so bad I do not think that I am bound to put up with it longer, even for the good of your own soul."

Mrs. Holden did not think it necessary to explain that the visit to Mrs. Leycester had been arranged for some time by that lady's wish, quite irrespective of Joan's behaviour. Had Joan been specially tractable, the visit might have been represented in the light of a great treat and reward.

"What sort of a lady is Aunt Leycester?" faltered Joan.

"She has the reputation of being a most pious and saintly woman, eminent for good works. I grieve to think of the impression you will make upon her."

"I am very sorry she is so good," thought Joan. Her cousins, that evening, did their best to increase her alarm at the prospect by depicting Mrs. Leycester as perfection in a mortal guise, very certain to be scandalised beyond description by her new young relative. They had not seen her! that was the only comfort to poor Joan's troubled mind.

For many hours next day the train bore the lonely child away from her wretched foster-home. She was suffering under the feeling of exile and reprobation, which is the most distressing condition a young nature can know. The probable duration of this visit was quite uncertain to her, and she looked forward to it with the terror inspired by that which is absolutely unknown.

It was late in the afternoon when the traveller found herself at the "sweet city with her dreaming spires" beloved of Matthew Arnold. She had not time to wonder at its loveliness, for her destination lay a little further away.

At the station of the quaint old country town of Abbotsdene she found a carriage to meet her, drawn by one placid, well-fed horse, with an ancient coachman fussing about, whose smiling attention to her comfort was both pleasant and surprising. Ensconced in great luxury, and feeling cheered, she knew not why, Joan was soon rolling along the country road to The Pleasaunce, Mrs. Leycester's home.

Through a light iron gate in an unfrequented lane the carriage entered an avenue of over-arching elms.

"Oh, how sweet!" cried Joan, as a delicious perfume was wafted to her nostrils. She would have liked to stop the carriage and walk, that she might search for the cause of the welcoming fragrance. It was not long before she discovered this in a sweet-briar hedge, forming the eastern boundary of the garden, and dividing the narrow shrubbery beyond the right-hand row of elms from the fields. And if this had not been sufficient to account for it, was not the turf on the left hand, beneath the orchard trees that thronged in shimmering vista away from the avenue, thickly starred with blue and white violets, which nestled here and there confidingly even in the month of December, and spread forth in winsome multitude to the caressing breeze in May and June?

The avenue soon merged into the flower-garden itself, at the further end of which appeared a grey two-storied country house. Formal edges of box guarded the lovely company of carnations, stocks, sweet-williams, mignonette, lavender, and larkspur, with other well-scented flowers too many to name. Ever and anon a group of lilies reared their pale and stately coronals, while above all, roses of every sort, excepting the scentless monster of the florist—moss roses, blush roses, cabbage roses, yellow roses—hung their heads, heavy with fragrance, in the sunshine. Two peacocks of yew displayed their clipped formality on either side of the path, and yonder, in the midst of the ordered disorder of shrub and flower-bed, the trickle of water betrayed a clear and shallow well, above which a mildewed stone image leant from his moss-grown pedestal to contemplate his reflection in the crystal mirror.

"Narcissus" he was always called. But nobody knew whether he really were Narcissus; and, indeed, Mrs. Leycester was the only person in the household who could tell you who Narcissus was. The old gardener William thought he was named out of compliment to the flowers that grew not far away, and smelt so sweet in the spring. An aged sundial, with its legend, *Tempus fugit*, rendered almost illegible by the hand of Time, still stood to remind one that all joys are fleeting—even those of summer days in a well-scented ancient garden.

Of course all these details were not grasped at once by the young stranger; she only instinctively felt that she had come to a haven of peace, beauty, and rest, where even on entrance there breathed a spirit of sacred calm, leisure from the rush and hurry of life, sunshiny peace, and innocent joy.

But the thought of the meeting with the

new aunt was agitating. The door flew open, a smiling maid admitted Joan, and she was folded in Mrs. Leycester's embrace.

"My child, I have so longed to have you! How tired and hungry you must be after your tedious journey! I can feel that you are tall. I wonder if you are like my dear niece, your mother. She was like a child of my own, you know."

This was bewildering; but Joan saw all at once that Mrs. Leycester was blind.

Yet no one could see her for the first time without a strong impulse of admiration. Hers was old age without decrepitude, without weakness, and with a beauty and grace of its own. Her silver hair shone beneath a high white lawny cap of delicate purity and freshness, a white China crape shawl, always spotless, was drawn across her shoulders, and her dress was invariably of lustrous black satin, hanging in soft folds around her. Her face, with all its wrinkles, wore a look of serene peace that was indescribably comforting to men and women bearing "the burden and heat of the day" who sought her society, and felt that if this were the evening of life, it were worth while to endure the noontide weariness. The young who associated with her felt the hopefulness that was insensibly added to their own outlook upon existence by the calm gladness which seemed to be ever saying—

"I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for best!"

Joan was so glad, so thankful, so surprised and touched by her welcome, that she was near bursting into tears. She was conducted up a flight of stairs, where ticked a quaint tall clock with a moon above the dial-plate, to a sweet little white-curtained room looking on the garden; and ere long she found herself installed at a delicious meal with Mrs. Leycester, whose blindness seemed to interfere wonderfully little with her deftness in waiting upon herself, and in divining the wants of her young guest.

The interior of the house, with its quaint spindle-legged furniture, scent of *pot-pourri*, old china, carved wooden mantelpieces, and harmonious dim hues, accorded well, Joan thought, with the character of the garden and the beautiful old age of the mistress. There was much grace and taste in every detail, and she found herself meditating, "Aunt Leycester cannot be so very 'good,' in my Aunt Holden's way at least, or she would consider it wrong to spend time and thought on these matters."

They sat together after tea in the garden-room, the name of which was justified by the French window, with the wealth of climbing roses and honeysuckle that set it in a bowery frame, and nodded against the glass as if beckoning the inmates to come forth and enjoy the sweet air.

Mrs. Leycester made the girl take a stool at her feet, and together they talked for an hour. Joan found herself wonderfully at her ease with the elder lady, whose gentle sympathy wooed forth her confidence. Mrs. Leycester was passing her hand caressingly over Joan's curls. "Your hair is like your mother's, my child. I am glad of that."

"Aunt Holden wanted to cut it off," burst out Joan.

"Indeed! And why?"

"She thought it was frivolous, and not right for a girl in a Christian family to—to—— Oh, Aunt Leycester, may I tell you *all* about my life there, and how wicked I have been? what dreadful feelings I have had?"

"Surely, my love." And Joan, in wild, incoherent fashion, poured forth such a record of unhappiness and misapprehension, that Mrs. Leycester's heart ached. She had no difficulty in filling up details.

"So," concluded the girl naïvely, "when they said you were so religious, I felt very much afraid of coming here, for I knew religious people would think me very wicked. But oh, Aunt Leycester, I cannot help it! How can I love God when I am always being told He is angry with me, and with all the things I used to like to do?

"I was very fond of music, but they would not let me go on with it; they said it was a foolish waste of time, and I made an idol of it. But why should He be displeased at my loving it so? They said He would be. And I cannot like learning very long chapters by heart. It is no use! So I suppose I am wicked not to love the Bible more."

When Mrs. Leycester spoke again it was with a great gentleness in her tone.

"Child, do you remember your mother, and the love she had to you?"

"Remember! Oh, shall I ever forget?" cried the orphan.

"Who gave her that love?" asked Mrs. Leycester. "Who was the Source and Fountain, not only of her love to you, but yours to her?"

This was a new idea to Joan; she knew there could be but one answer, yet she hesitated to frame it.

"It was the Creator and Father of our human spirits; and only by the love we bear to one another can we dimly guess what is His nature. He is the well-spring of love; and more, far more, is His love to us, than the love of the tenderest mother whom He teaches to cherish her children. Do you not know that hymn?—

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

Mrs. Leycester pronounced the words with a lingering emphasis. "That is true, Joan. For upwards of fifty years I have known it in my heart of hearts; that love which is "strong as the diamond, more tender than a mother.'"

Joan was silent, trying to reconcile this picture with what she had been taught for the last two years.

"But surely, Aunt Leycester, God is angry with me when I fly into a passion, and say such dreadful things to my aunt Holden? He cannot love me *then!*"

"Did your mother, when you were a little child, cease to love you when you did wrong? No, Joan. God hates sin; He must punish it for our own sakes; but He loves the sinner. Is not the life and death of His Son sufficient to show how He yearns after those who wander far astray from Him? Think of the beautiful tenderness of such parables as the Lost Sheep, the Prodigal Son. Do *they* show you a God hard and angry, hating the sinner? or a Father striving to woo back the wanderer with infinite love? When you think of the Bible, my child, do not think of it as a task-book, but as a letter from One who loves you, containing such messages as these—not to be learnt painfully by rote, but to be studied over and over till the heart appreciates their inmost meaning."

"The way you speak makes God seem very beautiful to me," said Joan at last; and, too much moved for further conversation, she bade her aunt good-night. Her ideas seemed to be undergoing a revulsion; she wanted to think quietly by herself.

The next day, waking to a world of sunshine and beauty, she was initiated into what her life was to be at The Pleasaunce. Mrs. Leycester did not intend to immure the bright young girl even within the charmed retirement of the old house and garden, and had already made arrangements for her to attend classes at the neighbouring university town with a few other girls of Abbotsdene, whom she thought would prove congenial companions. And, oh! joy of joys, Joan was to take up her music again—at once, with the best master in the neighbourhood.

"In my blindness, it is a great solace to me to hear sweet sounds; so it is no selfish occupation for you," said Mrs. Leycester, with exquisite tact. "Your mother had talent, Joan, and I can hear that you inherit it."

"I am going to be *too* happy here," thought Joan.

Her life soon began to flow in an even stream of duties and pleasures. Association with the mistress of the house was the greatest joy of all. Joan found that Mrs. Leycester was greatly beloved by all the neighbouring poor, and that no agency for good in Abbotsdene was without her sympathy and practical help. Into these schemes Joan was quickly initiated, and she entered into them with zest and pleasure. Here was no aggressive lecturing of the poor, as though to be needy were in itself a crime, but tact and kindness of the sweetest description ruled all; and yet there was no feebly indiscriminate almsgiving, doing more harm than good. Mrs. Leycester, in spite of her blind eyes, saw many things with a keenness that others could not emulate.

She certainly was a wonderful woman! Joan soon found that she had kept abreast of the literature of the day. Her confidential maid had been accustomed to read to her constantly, both from the best reviews and new books of note. Poetry she dearly loved, and as Joan delighted in it too, they had many a happy hour over Wordsworth, Tennyson, or Browning.

Joan ventured to ask her one day, timidly, how it was that she, being "so religious"—as the girl naïvely expressed it—was yet so ready to appreciate the pleasures of music, literature, and all the beauty of life.

"My child, I believe that God is the source, not only of love, as I said to you, but of *all* that is beautiful, and great, and noble in the world. He is the Creator; hence art, in its noblest forms, has its origin in His thought. We are, though perhaps unconsciously, dishonouring Him when we think lightly or scornfully of these pursuits He has given us to make life fair; which should lift our thoughts to Him if well and rightly followed."

This was not the Holden doctrine, but it found an echo in Joan's heart. One other thought haunted and troubled her; and at last, in the confidence which daily grew between elder and younger, she ventured to express it.

"I cannot understand how you can love God so intensely, Aunt Leycester, when He has taken away your sight?"

A beautiful smile came upon the sightless face.

"I lost my sight, Joan, through an unskilful operation thirty years ago. At first I was very wretched; but the distress of the man whose hand had failed him at a critical moment moved me to pity him, and in trying to comfort him I forgot my own trial a little. Then I began to find new and wonderful compensation. God often takes away one source of happiness to intensify another; and in the hour He took away my physical sight, He opened the eyes of my soul that He might reveal Himself to me. I think I have learnt to see Him more clearly each day, my child, communing with Him, shut in to Him by the outward darkness. And day by day His consolations have been increasing *in my soul* 'with the gentleness of a sea that caresses the shore it covers.'"

Joan heard the words in awe. She could only half comprehend them, yet they bore in upon her mind the certainty of their truth;

and she knew she dwelt in the company of one who, like Enoch of old, walked with God.

One terror haunted the girl—that she might have to return to the home of the Holden tribe. The summer flew by; she was busy in religious work, in study, in innocent pleasure, in companionship with her young friends and the sweetest friend of all, and no word was said about her departure.

One day, when the golden touch of autumn was on the foliage of the elms, Mrs. Leycester and Joan were wandering in the garden, the elder lady's tall form, in her spotless white shawl and lustrous black gown, contrasting with the bright youthful figure at her side, on whose shoulder she leaned lovingly.

"I have heard from your Aunt Holden this morning, Joan. She is expecting you to return to her before the winter."

Joan came to a sudden stop, and her heart beat painfully.

"What do you feel about it, dear child?"

Three months ago Joan would have cried out in rebellion that she would not, *could* not go; but the time spent under the influence of Mrs. Leycester had taught her much. There was a silence; then she answered in low tones, "It would be dreadful; but if it is my duty to go, I will try. I will try and serve God there as well as here; for I have learnt now, through you, to love and know Him, and I can never have that taken away from me; but——"

"I do not think that trial is required of you, dear," returned Mrs. Leycester. "I am glad to hear you speak so; but I am going to ask you if you will stay here to be eyes to a blind old woman—to stay, Joan, till she is taken to see 'the King in his beauty,' which cannot be very many years distant, my child."

What Joan answered need hardly be recorded.

And together old and young passed happy and beautiful days; days illumined by a light not of earth; for in the society of one who was blind, Joan Tempest had come to behold the vision of all others.

Blind! Nay, what was earthly blindness? For, with regard to Mrs. Leycester, the supreme Beatitude might with truth be uttered—

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART; FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

THE LEGEND OF THE GRAIL.*

THE legend of the Grail is as a common centre from whence radiate numerous myth-stories told by writers of various ages and in varied form. England, Spain, France, Germany, and America all claim a share in this literary treasure, the spirit of which is in each case the same, though the outward body differs widely. Spanish tradition tells of a mystic order of knights, the avowed champions of Christianity against Mohammedanism, who were secretly and spiritually sustained by the Holy Grail. Chrêtien de Troyes, in France, during the twelfth century, gave a spiritual force to the cycle of Arthurian romances, by interweaving among them the *Quest of the Holy Grail*. In England, poet after poet has echoed on that quest; while in Germany, the colossal intellect of Richard Wagner may be said to have immortalised the theme in the magnificent festival-drama *Parsifal*. Mr. Shorthouse, in his novel, *Sir Percival*, and James Russell Lowell, the late New England poet, have placed the Holy Grail in touch with nineteenth century life.

Prose and poetry, with its epic, lyric, and dramatic forms, have supplied the tools for creative genius to work with, and thus it comes about that we have Sir Galahad, Sir Percival, Lohengrin, Parsifal, and Sir Launfal, whose characters stand in the front rank of our literary portrait gallery.

In Mediæval romance we find a curious blending of chivalry and religion. Later on the baser elements in the Romance tales are cast into the background by the preponderance allowed to the didactic principle, and in modern times they pass away completely before the higher and more spiritual forces.

The legend of the Holy Grail is a subject which stands apart from mere romance, and lends itself easily to high moral uses.

Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, the grandest piece of English prose written in pre-Elizabethan times, finds its culminating episode in *The Noble Tale of the Sangraal*, books thirteen to seventeen being taken up with the quests of Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot, Sir Percivale, Sir Gawaine, Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Bors.

Without the incident of the Graal, the adventures of Malory's knights would be aimless. The first twelve books of his work teem with prophetic expectancy of, and the last seven set a seal on, the centre of interest, viz., the lesson of the Sangraal. Of all the knights who attempt the quest, Sir Galahad, Sir Bors, and Sir Percivale alone achieve it; and these, according to their different characters, must undergo individual tests of worthiness first. Sir Bors, who has sinned against purity, meets the severest trial. Sir Percivale has to persevere long and earnestly in the upward path of holiness; while Galahad, the inherently pure one, needs only to show his devotion to the Grail by leading the way in its quest.

At the castle of Carbonek the final meeting of these three successful knights takes place, and the consummation of their quest is thus described by Malory:—

"And when they were entered within the castle, King Pelles knew them. Then there was great joy, for they wist well by their coming that they had fulfilled the quest of the Sangraal."

Joseph of Arimathea appears to the knights while they are feasting, and performs the sacramental rite before them, in the midst of which the Saviour Himself appears, and gives Galahad the holy dish, saying:—

"'Go hence; bear with thee this holy vessel; . . . go ye three to-morrow unto the sea, where ye shall find your ship ready; . . . and two of you shall die in My service, and one of you shall come again and tell tidings.' Then He gave them His blessing, and vanished away . . . Right so departed Galahad, Percivale and Bors with him. And so they rode three days, and then they came to a rivage, and found the ship . . . And when they came to the board, they found in the midst the table of silver, and the Sangraal, which was covered with red samite."

Lord Tennyson's treatment of the legend stands out in marked contrast to that of Sir Thomas Malory, for it can hardly be said that the "lofty dignity" which characterises the *Idylls of the King* is in any sense the result of the exalted position given to the Holy Grail.

The legend is faithfully presented, but the spirit with which Malory imbues it is sought for in vain. Sir Launcelot is the knight *par excellence* in the Laureate's work, and Launcelot's faith in the Grail was a very doubtful one. This difference in treatment may in part be accounted for by the fact, that in the *Idylls of the King* Arthur is the *raison d'être* of the whole poem; the Holy Grail is presented as one of many side effects; whereas in the *Morte d'Arthur*, as has been said, the quest of the Grail is the central motive, and Arthur appears as an embodiment of the action throughout the otherwise disconnected work.

In Tennyson's *Holy Grail* Sir Percival, the pure, passes from the world into a life of meditation on account of having seen the Grail. His was a practical nature; he believed in the vision as a reality—

"The sweet vision of the Holy Grail
Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries,
And earthly heats, that spring and sparkle out
Among us in the jousts, while women watch
Who wins, who falls; and waste the spiritual strength
Within us, better offered up to heaven."

Tennyson taints his Percival with doubts, and he does not see the Grail at first, because he lacks humility:—

"This quest is not for thee . . .
Lo, if I find the Holy Grail itself
And touch it, it will crumble into dust."

To Galahad the vision of the Grail came through the medium of Percival's sister:—

". . . and as she spake
She sent the deathless passion in her eyes
Through him, and made him hers, and laid her mind
On him, and he believed in her belief."

Galahad walked with the Grail, rode with the Grail, ate, drank, slept and passed away with the Grail, and in passing bequeathed the vision to Sir Percival:—

"And first at once I saw him far on the great sea
In silver shining armour starry clear;
And o'er his head the Holy vessel hung
Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud.
* * * *
And o'er his head the Holy vessel hung
Redder than any rose, a joy to me,
For now I knew the veil had been withdrawn.
Then in a moment, when they blazed again,
Opening, I saw the least of little stars
Down on the waste; and straight beyond the star
I saw the spiritual city and all her spires

* "Grail," means a flat dish; from low Latin, *gradale, grasale*. Properly applied to the legendary dish used at the Last Supper, said to have been stolen by a servant of Pilate; used by him to wash his hands in before the multitude, afterwards given to Joseph of Arimathea as a memorial of Christ; and finally used by Joseph to collect the blood which flowed from our Lord while hanging on the Cross. Was afterwards applied to the cup used at the Last Supper.

And gateways in a glory like one pearl,
No larger—though the goal of all the saints—
Strike from the sea; and from the star there shot
A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there
Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail."

Sir Launcelot wanted to see the Grail because he viewed it in the light of a talisman. His faith was a superstitious one:—

"O King, my friend, if friend of thine I be,
Happier are those that welter in their sin,
Swine in the mud that cannot see for slime,
Slime of the ditch: but in me lived a sin
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
And poisonous grew together each as each,
Not to be plucked asunder; and when the knights
Sware, I sware with them, only in the hope
That could I touch or see the Holy Grail,
They might be plucked asunder. Then I spake
To one most holy saint, who wept and said
That save they could be plucked asunder, all
My quest were but in vain; to whom I vowed
That I would work according as he willed."

Launcelot had to content himself with an imaginary vision in the end:—

". . . I swooned away;
And yet methought I saw the Holy Grail."

Tennyson's Arthur did not believe in the Grail, therefore he made no attempt to see it:—

"Lo, now, said Arthur, have ye seen a cloud?
What go ye into the wilderness to see?"

Wagner's *Parsifal*, "the pure fool," triumphed over the enemies of the Grail by his successful resistance of temptation. In the remarkable drama which bears the name of *The Knight Parsifal*, the Holy Grail does not pass away into heaven, as it does in Malory's and Tennyson's version of the legend, but it stays with men: Parsifal becomes king of the Grail on earth. One more link in the legend's chain of progress is found in Mr. Lowell's beautiful poem, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. In this we are shown the castle of the Grail as opened to all; a universal kingship is depicted, as superseding that of the mere individual:—

"The Grail is here in my castle found!
Hang my idle armour up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail,
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.
The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall."

* * * *

The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command,
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."

Thus we have traced the legend down the stream of time until it reaches this latter nineteenth century age—the age of problems, social and political, in process of solution. Constant transitions of thought and act present themselves. We are bewildered, and wonder what will be the end of so much earnestness and struggle; so much anxiety, so little rest; such shameless impurity, such daring unbelief. What has the legend of the Grail to do with us? Has not chivalry died out of our land? Is not self-support, self-aggrandisement, ease, or luxury the "be all," and the goal of most of the lives of those around us? Where are *our* Knights of Grail?

The lesson of the Grail is for all time. The echo of its refrain still vibrates thus:—Only the pure shall attain to the vision, only the faithful be rewarded with success. The knights are those who go forth seeking others' good; who are content to give, not take; who bring in sunshine, light, and pure air "where all was darkness and cold before;" whose armour is not found on their bodies, but who "bear the sign of the Cross on their soul." Such are the champions of the suffering and poor; such are true Knights of the Holy Grail.

J. M. B.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

LIVERPOOL, PERPLEXED ONE, and ALICE BETTY.—How can we advise an utter stranger as to the special home-work by which she can make money in the outside world, not having an idea of her individual abilities as an artist or otherwise, of her versatility and accomplishments. Without knowing the work any of you most desire, we are also unable to tell you of the amount of demand for it at the present moment. We have just given a series of four articles on employments for the "stay-at-homes," as well as for those who leave them; as well for ladies as persons of the upper and lower middle class. Read these; they will answer at much greater length. Stocking and glove knitting with a machine (taking trade orders), and lace curtain and wall-paper designs, might find a sale in those trades.

NIP.—Your painting on terra-cotta should remain unvarnished for a month.

HILDA.—1. A design for a black enamelled milking-stool should be of red flowers. There is a red passion-flower which would look well—red roses, poppies, and anemones and striped tulips.—2. The 19th of July, 1877, fell on a Thursday.

NEW SUBSCRIBER and ARTIST.—In vol. iii. you will find a series of articles upon oil painting. For painting on satin in oils mix Turck's Florentine medium with them. For preparing satin for water-colour painting, size only the parts that are to receive the colours, but you need not mind carrying the size over small intermediate spaces.

MERICK.—To obtain pupils for instruction in painting you should advertise, leave your card giving your terms, and call on the principals of schools, taking specimens of your work and certificates which you have obtained. It would be unwise to waste time in seeking a situation as a governess if you have but little general knowledge. Better to make the most of your talent in art.

MAY MILLER.—The following societies are open to all comers, and their exhibitions take place during the summer months:—The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 191, Piccadilly, open from March to June; Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall—April to July and October to February. The Royal Academy opens in May and closes in July. Works should be sent in there a month before the galleries open, and a form of admission must be obtained and filled up. A limited number of water-colour paintings are received.

WALL-PAPER.—When artists design wall-papers they use a paper covered with fine lines that divide the space into squares, inches, etc., as all designs employed for this purpose are repeated, and perfect accuracy is essential in filling in the "repeats."

"WEREN'T I."—1. Cardboard is unsuitable for oil painting. Millboard is the right thing for the purpose; it needs no preparation, and costs little. Brown paper and sugar paper will take oil colours if a little Florentine medium be used to dry the paint.—2. Your writing is not unsightly, but indistinct. The "t," "f," "W," and "e" are not well formed.

BASHFUL SEVENTEEN must take her designs to suitable shops to obtain sales and orders. We cannot give addresses.

HELEN.—Apply to our publishing department.

A. C.—To obtain crystoleum glasses you must go to shops devoted to them; the addresses you might find in the *London Directory* or get from an artists' colourman.

DE VERE CLARIS.—You can paint upon porcelain with water-colours specially prepared for china-painting, but the porcelain must afterwards be fired to burn them in, if the article be taken into use. If you employ ordinary water-colours mixed with dissolved gelatine they will not last long.

MARCUS.—We have not space in our "Answers" columns to teach you to sketch and paint from nature in any style. Read our articles devoted to this subject, vol. xii., pages 501, 676, and 735.

AN IGNORANT ONE.—White must be used with every colour employed in painting with water colours upon satin, mixed with Turck's aquarelle. A certain solidity has to be maintained in the colouring, or it may sink into the material, and look poor and faded.

CURIOSITY.—Prussian blue and gamboge will not give you the proper tint. Try chrome No. 1, or Naples yellow and cobalt, or French blue. Your writing is good; do not spoil it by learning to make flourishes. The latter are only good, as the playing of scales, for practice to obtain a free use of the fingers.

WHITE VIOLET.—1. Water-colour megilp is more used in flower painting than in any other branch of the art. It is supposed to deepen and dry the colours, but we do not care to employ it ourselves.—2. The fault in your writing is that the several letters are detached from their next neighbours in so many words, which renders reading at first sight impossible.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARGARET.—Your writing is not sufficiently good for a Post Office clerkship. Perhaps with your capabilities in various ways you might obtain a situation as mother's-help, if you advertised for it.

MARY E. B.—Much depends on the cause of the mental depression. If a bereavement, remember that there is ever near at hand "One that sticketh closer than a brother," and that "as one whom His mother comforteth," so is He ready to comfort you. If grieving over past wrong-doing, or wasted life, having confessed all to Him, and prayed for pardon in His name, "forgetting the things that are behind," you should "press forward" in the heavenly race, and ask the aid of His Blessed Spirit to live more circumspectly, and to redeem the time in future. If anxious about the ways and means of living and paying your way, tell all your troubles to Him, and ask for guidance and His blessing on your work for food and clothing; "for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Feed as well as you can, go to bed early, be as much in the open air as you may be able, and when at home be always occupied in some way, and avoid being much alone. Try to enliven those around you; and do not look like a funeral. You have a duty to perform in this way to others. Do not forget their comfort in thinking of your own troubles. If in ill-health get medical advice.

WEST OF ENGLAND MAIDEN.—1. We have more than once given the story of the two rival knights, Roland and Oliver. Refer to our indexes.—2. With reference to the doctrine of the resurrection, of which mention is made in the Creed of St. Athanasius, and also declared in the Holy Scriptures—is anything too hard for the Lord? He who made our bodies out of the dust can form new bodies incapable of corruption, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and we shall be changed, for this mortal shall put on immortality." (Read 1 Cor. xv. 42-44.) Do not perplex your mind over difficulties, for doubtless His ways are past our finding out. Let it be enough that He consoled the sorrowing sister of Lazarus with the reassuring words, "Thy brother shall rise again." And that He did not merely refer to His intended miracle is clear, for when she said she knew that He would at the last day, her Divine teacher and comforter did not correct the statement. The sea, as well as the earth, shall give up her dead.

HOPEFUL.—For female servants there is a limited demand in Natal and Cape Colony, as well as for mechanics, and the local Governments offer reduced passages to them at the present time. In all our own colonies there is a certain demand for women servants, fruit growers, farmers, and small capitalists. Should you or your friends decide on emigration, it is well that you should know that Government labour bureaus have lately been opened in New South Wales, Queensland, and New Zealand, where emigrants should apply on arrival, at the head offices, Sydney, Brisbane, or Wellington, or to one of the numerous country branches. The harvest in New Zealand has been excellent, and the prospects improved.

DANE.—In the *Archæologia*, vol. iii., it is stated that the tomb and wonderfully preserved remains of Canute the Great were discovered in Winchester Cathedral in June, 1766, during the reparation of the church. There was a wreath round the head, and several ornaments in gold and silver. On a finger was a ring, in which a large and very fine stone was set, and in one hand there was a penny, the old pagan superstition of providing the dead with money to pay Charon having been carried out by those who attended to the monarch's sepulture. Being a Christian himself, it was not, assuredly, by his direction.

A. M. W.—We strongly advise you to send your dog to a veterinary surgeon to be treated for the mange, for you may catch the disease by touching him. We suppose you have been giving him meat and greasy food. When cured ask the veterinary surgeon what his diet should be, and how often he should be fed daily. Proper dog biscuits are to be had. You will find recipes for cakes already given in the "G. O. P."

LILIAN.—By laying a clean sheet of blotting paper on the page, and passing a warm flat-iron quickly over it a few times, the grease might be removed without injury.

FAIRY.—Some seventy or eighty years ago an instrument called a lyre was played by some few persons. The original instrument called a lyre was one of the most ancient, and nearly all the Greek music was written for it. Terpander, who flourished about the year 670 B.C., added three or four strings to it. It is not a fashionable instrument of modern days.

LAURA.—Perhaps you might render the writing charred by fire readable by pouring collodion over it. Any photographer would do so for you, as it is much used by them. Bank notes, and other written or printed matter, has, we believe, been thus treated very effectually. A weak solution of hydrochloric acid, very carefully applied to printed papers thus injured, is another method of treatment; and on writing, an application of tincture of gall will prove successful.

R. BREWINS.—We can scarcely believe that your letter is not a hoax; it seems so incredible that anyone brought up in a Christian land, and sufficiently educated as to read and write, could ask our opinion on our liberty to commit suicide! It is a sin which, precluding repentance (except in the insane) must preclude forgiveness, and destroy the soul as well as the body.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.—Show your father's signed presentation of the piano to you to his trustees and executors. It ought to hold good—at least, it would in equity.

PIPPA PASSES.—Certainly white shoes and stockings would be quite unsuitable. For the rest of your dress consult your clergyman, for all should dress as nearly alike as possible, and unostentatiously.

MOTHER.—The punishment you name we should certainly approve for a child whose fault was to delight in cruelty to animals. But never assign your own duties as a parent to a servant. In regard to other failings, if unable, by very discreet, judicious treatment—kindly, yet firm—to manage a child, you had better either have a governess, or send her to a school for a few hours daily. She may need the companionship of other children, and an example of willing or enforced submission. If she be naturally affectionate, though troubled with a bad temper, you might control her by love.

DOROTHY.—Get a little savings box and put your money into that, and ask you mother, or some reliable friend, to keep it for you; or still better, put your money (pence as well as silver) into a Post Office Savings Bank. The best time for music practising is when least annoying to your family, more especially scales, which should be done when they go out if any of them have headaches. The comfort of others is of more consequence than your practising.

MODESTY.—At fourteen your dresses should come to the top of your boots (if you wear ordinary ones), and you should go to bed at nine o'clock and get up at seven.

PICKLE and PEPPER.—1. See our articles on "Occupations for Women."—2. The best dress for a walking tour is a serge.

VIOLET PRIMULÆ.—1. Your writing does not slope, as it should, from right to left.—2. The effect of great beauty and sublimity on the sensitive nerves of a person gifted with strong feeling and power of appreciation would naturally find vent in tears (not loud weeping, of course). The first sight of the Alps, in Switzerland, or the Tyrol, has that effect. It is perfectly natural, and betokens anything but feebleness of mind. Men of strong taste and feeling for the sublime and beautiful are thus affected to tears; it is not limited to women only.

ENQUIRER does not say what kind of book she requires; so many are those that are thoroughly "suitable" for a girl to read. We imagine that she requires something specially interesting. We have ourselves published books on Astronomy, Natural History in various departments, Travels, Biographies, etc. Write for a catalogue, which our publisher will supply.

K. RICHARDSON.—The parents of bride and bridegroom should walk or drive home together, the father of the bridegroom taking the mother of the bride. The bridesmaids pair with the best man and the other young men.

A HAILSTONE.—Do not take any situation as a domestic servant for which you have not been properly trained, or you will prove an imposition, only too soon to be discovered by your employer. It can signify little how you wear your hair—whether coiled at the back or top of your head—as you have to wear a cap.

LITTLE UNEDUCATED GIRL (New South Wales).—Whatever dress you wear in New South Wales would be likely to suit you in the climate of the Southern States of the United States of America. There is no winter there such as we in the British Islands should call winter. We could not describe "what life is like" over there.

MAY BLOSSOM.—1. Black and cream colour could be worn in the last month of mourning.—2. Pink—or rather salmon-pink—could be used with the pattern you send, and some of the same tint would much improve the wedding gown.

PEGGY.—It would make no difference whether or not you called yourself "Lizzie" Smith—your name would be understood to be Elizabeth, "Lizzie" being the name you were generally known by.

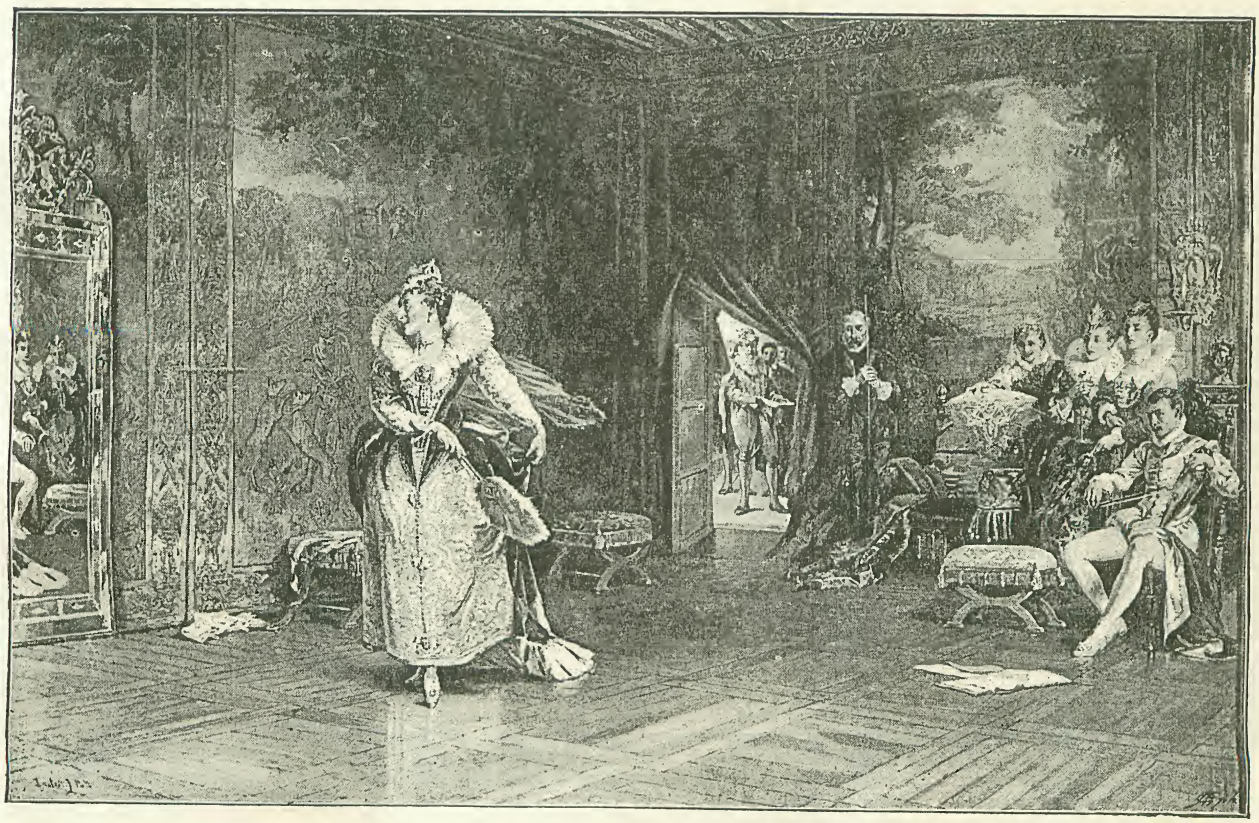
A DARKENED SOUL and ONE IN FEAR need occupation, we imagine—something to do that will fully employ their minds. They should read the articles by "Medicus," and try to live after his healthful advice. We think they should see a doctor also with regard to their general health. They have our warm sympathy, for we know these nervous troubles are very real and dreadful.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XIII.—NO. 654.] JULY 9, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY SARAH TYTLER.



"ALL IS VANITY."

(From the painting by Laslett J. Pott, exhibited in the Royal Academy.)

The above picture shows Queen Elizabeth, in her old age, dancing to the sound of a fiddle, in order to impress the Envoy of the Scottish King with her toughness.

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A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.

III.—The Old Queen.*

MR. FROUDE has given us a vigorous though somewhat startling description of Elizabeth as she approached middle life. She was hard of feature and harsh of voice. Her humours had not grown weak with age; but she was free of access, quick-witted, familiar, and frank with men of all degrees. She was familiar in act also. She collared her Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton; she boxed the ears of other offenders; she gave Gilbert Talbot, the Earl of Shrewsbury's son, "a fillip on the forehead" the first time she met him after he had walked early in the tilt-yard, and, looking up to the Queen's window, had seen her standing there *in her night*-cap. She stooped down and kissed her youthful suitor, the Duc d'Alençon, when walking with him, in the presence of the French ambassador and other witnesses in the gallery at Greenwich. "She rode, shot, jested, and drank beer,† spat, swore upon occasions—swore, not like 'a comfit-maker's wife,' but round, mouth-filling oaths . . . yet with the queenly dignity never so impaired that liberties could be ventured in return."

Rough and coarse as Elizabeth's manners were, the queen and woman was invested with a certain fantastical idealisation and glamour of stateliness and grace handed down from the days of chivalry. She loved to be addressed with the most high-flown compliments, to which she replied in the same strain. Her courtiers were perforce her humble adorers; and while in one light she laughed at them and their professions, in another, that of her inordinate vanity, she was still well pleased to view them as so many despairing heart-broken lovers—victims to her irresistible charms of person and mind. These she grew to regard as almost superhuman.

With Elizabeth's great statesmen she was no fool, though she was not unwilling that even they should flatter her. She was clear-headed and plain-spoken. Her highly successful policy might not be very creditable, for it was that of a trimmer and temporiser, who played off France against Spain, and Scotland and the Netherlands against both; but it was an exceedingly shrewd and consistent policy. The worst of it was that it was steeped in duplicity. It was "both dishonourable and dangerous." Walsingham, her secretary, complained, for she never kept a promise which was inconvenient to her, and in turn all who dealt with her distrusted her. Her vacillation is said to have been caused by her absolute personal impartiality to the actors and events which were her environment. Her parsimony was exhibited in her disposition to grudge every penny that was spent on the public expenses. All the same, never queen had better servants than she possessed, men so faithful in the discharge of their duties, so jealous of her honour, so attached to her individually. Burleigh wept to incur her displeasure; Walsingham ruined himself to spare her purse, and, according to Camden, was buried at night because he had died so poor that his family could not afford the expense of a public funeral. Her poets, philosophers, great sea-captains, in the foremost ranks of their fellows in all lands and ages, lavished on her their homage.

Even among those whom one of Elizabeth's later biographers has defined as her "human playthings," "lapdogs," and "tame cats"—Leicester, Hatton, Raleigh, Harington, Essex, Mountjoy—the two last young enough to be her sons; with whom she was foolish and reckless; whom she nicknamed by absurd pet names her "sweet Robin," her "sweet liddes," her "sheep;" on whom she squandered her favours and her revenue—there were men who loved her truly after their fashion—Hatton, her godson Harington, possibly the ill-fated Essex, in spite of his violence.

It is right to say here, that modern historians have sifted contemporaneous scandals, gross with the grossness of a coarse, unscrupulous generation, and have arrived at the conclusion that Elizabeth's deadliest enemies, the ambassadors and envoys of Philip of Spain, were compelled at last to relinquish the hope of finding in her heedless levity and high-handed wilfulness any trace of the vice and crime which were brought home to her brilliant rival Mary Queen of Scots, so that only the most strongly biassed or credulous of partisans can doubt their existence.

The last royal suitor whose suit Elizabeth entertained was the Duc d'Alençon, youngest son of Catherine de Medicis and Henri II.: she was forty-six; he was half her age. Time had not dealt kindly with her. It had accentuated her acquiline features, withered her fair skin, and rendered her yellow wigs out of keeping. But sharpened as her pointed nose and chin were, and spare and angular her once fine figure, she was still a woman majestic even in her increasing masculineness.

Here is the parallel picture by Froude of Alençon, or Anjou as he became afterwards: "A small brown creature, deeply pock-marked, with a large head, a knobbed nose, and a hoarse, croaking voice." She called him her "frog."

Alençon came to England, and was received by Elizabeth with the greatest attention and apparent satisfaction; in fact, she represented herself as enchanted with him. Her councillors and people, who had so often urged her to marry, were keenly opposed to the match. Not only was the fate of Mary Tudor in their minds; they wished no alliance with a Roman Catholic and a Valois. Nobody had forgotten the terrible livery "turned up with crimson," bestowed on the Huguenots when they went with the young King of Navarre to Paris that he might wed Margaret of Valois, and the wedding was signalised by the hideous massacre of St. Bartholomew. But Elizabeth was the soul of perversity, above all when she was not obliged to stand by her waywardness, but could display it as a passing freak, pardonable by way of variety in a charming woman and mighty queen. Besides, her heart was sore and bitter at the time. It was not long after she had made the royal progress to Kenilworth, which Sir Walter Scott has immortalised. She had honoured her Master of the Horse by becoming his guest for several days, and he had responded to her graciousness by the magnificent reception he had prepared for her, and the large sums of money he had spent on gorgeous masks and pageants for her entertainment. The days of her early excessive partiality for the earl, with the probability of her giving her hand to her subject, were past; so was the pathetic little tragedy connected with his first wife, Amy Robsart, who, whatever Sir Walter might say in future, had lain for years at rest in her grave before the altar in St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford. But the terms on which the Queen and her Master of the Horse were, still pointed to the most sentimental of friendships, which had lasted for more than twenty years. If time had touched her, it had not spared him. He was growing bald, white-bearded, and red-faced, though still stately in figure and imposing in presence, in the rich, picturesque dress of the day.

Elizabeth could not brook a rival in these sentimental friendships, which she cultivated extensively. She hated the mention of marriage among her ladies and gentlemen. Her example ought to be enough for them. The slightest mark of her regard should be worth more than family affection and domestic ties. Yet she was forced to listen presently to floating rumours—unfounded in the one case, but proved beyond doubt in the other—that Sir Christopher Hatton and Lord Leicester had both married without her permission. Hatton was found innocent of doing anything save dangling, moth-like, round the light of his eyes in the person of his royal mistress. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was shown to have married secretly a thoroughly unprincipled woman, Lettice Knollys, widow of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex. She was, through her grandmother, Mary Boleyn (sister to Queen Anne), Elizabeth's cousin once removed.

Nay, there was a suspicion that, in addition to his marriage with Amy Robsart, which was public, and his private marriage with Lettice Knollys, he had, in the interval between, entered into one of the miserable secret contracts, which he did not hesitate to break, with another cousin of Elizabeth's on the Howard instead of the Boleyn side of her house. Camden alludes warily, and not without a touch of humour, to this reported second marriage. After saying that the earl had in his youthful days been very complaisant to ladies, the old historian adds, that when Leicester grew almost past it, he "expressed a strange fondness for marriage."

Penetrated by what was to the Queen the base ingratitude still more than the treachery of the act, Elizabeth made a feint of compelling herself, with floods of tears, to sign the passport for Alençon's journey to England, which was understood to be the first step to their marriage. Yet when not only Hatton, with genuine tears in his eyes, but Leicester, with sarcasm on his lips, ventured to enter her presence-chamber and appeal to her as to the truth of her intentions, she simply laughed at the fright she had given them, and said she would never marry Alençon or any man.

A still stranger contradiction came to pass when the Alençon marriage was in question. Elizabeth acted in a manner quite opposed to the usual absence of vindictiveness in her character. For it could be said of her, that "she neither remembered an injury nor suspected a treason," so confident was she in her unshaken supremacy and unbounded self-esteem. She could fly into a passion like her father, King Henry; but as a rule she did not know the meaning of the word "vindictiveness." However, on the point of her marriage with Alençon—a piece of mockery which she never intended to turn into earnest—she was guilty of a deed of revengeful cruelty. The well-known Puritan, Stubbs, wrote a pamphlet against the marriage, and had it printed and circulated. In the pamphlet he not only attacked the whole house of Valois, and denounced Alençon as depraved; he referred in the most uncourtly terms to the delicate subject of Elizabeth's middle age. She had

* Agnes Strickland, Froude, Green, Beesley, Brewer (Essays), Camden.

† She was unwilling to drink wine unless it was largely mixed with water. She was still more temperate in age than in youth.

Stubbs, his bookseller, and printer arrested. It is believed she would have hanged them if she could. Failing that extreme measure, in which the law would not support her, she consented to the sentence by which Stubbs's right hand and that of his bookseller were struck off with a cleaver. One of the undaunted men cried, "There lies the hand of a true Englishman!" The other, Stubbs, waved his hat above his head with his left hand, and led the shout, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" till he fell fainting from loss of blood.

It is a relief to view Elizabeth in another light—that of the cordial admirer and liberal rewarder of her sailor Drake, who was to pay back her favours a hundred-fold. Drake, in his voyages to the West Indies, had already begun to "singe the King of Spain's beard." It must be admitted that even in holding the Queen's roving commission, which she gave him in 1572, his mode of warfare would now be considered decidedly buccaneering and piratical. England was not at war with Spain, yet Drake not only engaged every rich galleon he encountered; he landed, captured, and plundered many of the towns on the Spanish Main, both in the islands and on the coast of South America, returning in 1573 laden with spoil, and naturally pursued by the complaints and threats of King Philip. Cautious as Elizabeth was of giving provocation to her neighbours, she could not resist acknowledging the prodigies of valour performed by Drake and his little fleet. Later, she not only went so far as graciously to accept the offerings he made to her on his return from his voyage round the world in the *Pelican;* she went from her palace at Greenwich to Deptford in order to dine with him on board his ship, and confer on him the distinction of knighthood. One of her gifts to him was a sumptuous piece of goldsmith's work in the form of a silver ship.

Elizabeth was deeply concerned in the struggle going on in the Netherlands between the Dutch Protestants on the one side, and on the other Spain's representatives, the terrible Alva and the Prince of Parma. It was the prompting alike of her policy in seeking to preserve the balance of power between her natural enemies in other European states, and such sympathy as she had with the fairness of granting a certain amount of political and religious freedom to the people, to do what she could for foreign Protestants. She helped the Huguenots in France, and probably helped them more effectually by doing it diplomatically instead of by coming to an open rupture with the Catholics. In the same way she aided the Dutch by her treaties with France and Spain while still at peace with Philip, and when the gauntlet was thrown down, by both money and troops. But she was far too sagacious, too concerned for the welfare of England, to be tempted by the lure of the sovereignty of the revolted states in the Low Countries, which the Prince of Orange was empowered to offer her. Had she caught at the crown of the same wealthy trading states which had been settled on her sister Mary at her marriage with Philip, she would have entangled England in an endless contest; for the country which had been till then the greatest power in Europe would not have tamely yielded her richest possessions. Elizabeth would also have defeated her own purpose of so consolidating and developing the resources of her kingdom as to raise it to a high place among the nations. Vulgar personal ambition, the mere desire to add crown to crown, and to figure as the ruler of more countries than one, was beneath Elizabeth. When war was eventually declared between England and Spain by the expulsion rather than the withdrawal of the Spanish ambassador, the Queen was at liberty to pursue a more honourable course than that which had expressed itself in holding out fresh hopes to Alençon in order to secure an alliance with his brother, Henry III. of France, against Spain. The immediate result of the manœuvre was the speedy death from consumption of the cheated and mortified would-be bridegroom. At this catastrophe, Elizabeth shut herself up, put the court into mourning, and assumed the tone of an inconsolable widow.

When this phase passed, an English force was in Holland under the command of no less a personage than the Earl of Leicester. He was destitute of military skill, and he has been accused of cowardice; but he showed no want of patriotism on the occasion. He not only defrayed his own expenses, mortgaging his estates for the purpose, he laid out large sums on his army. According to Elizabeth's latest historian, Professor Beesley, Leicester was not so unsuitable a person for the office he held as has been supposed; neither was his appointment solely owing to one of the freaks of a woman's fancy. Leicester had become, by his Queen's favour, a great English nobleman. He was known to have her confidence. He was also understood to be trusted by Burleigh and Walsingham. In many respects he was acceptable as her representative—not only as lieutenant-general of her troops, but as governor-general of the provinces, the post which was immediately offered to him by the Dutch states. His acceptance of it, with the concurrence of Elizabeth's Council, it is supposed, but without consulting the Queen, seriously angered her, and his rule was neither wise nor successful.

In the course of the fighting in the Netherlands, a far nobler life than Leicester's was laid down. It was that of his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, who held a command under his uncle. Sir Philip, the flower of English knighthood, had not reached his thirty-second year, but he had already formed fast friendships with Languet, one of the learned leaders of the French reformers, and with William of Orange, the staunch champion of Protestantism. Sidney had loved and wooed in vain the "Stella" of his sonnets, Penelope Devereux, the daughter of Elizabeth's cousin, Lettice Lady Essex, whom Sidney's uncle had married. In this case it was "like mother, like daughter." "Stella" was more of a bane than a boon to the lover of her youth. She was reputed the most beautiful woman of her day. Her red blood was said to be like rich wine under her skin. Her eyes, like those of another beauty, Madame de Sévigné, were *bizarrés*—they did not match in hue. She married, while still very young, Sir Robert Rich. Sidney had been now smiled upon, now frowned upon, by Elizabeth, who was by turns charmed with his gifts and virtues, and offended by his strenuous efforts to get her to act more decidedly in favour of the foreign Protestants, and by his unqualified protest against the marriage with Alençon.

It was while under a cloud at court that Sidney withdrew to Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, the husband of Mary Sidney, Sir Philip's dearly-loved sister. She is immortalised in Ben Jonson's famous epitaph:—

> "Underneath this sable hearse,
> Lies the subject of all verse—
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death, ere thou hast slain another
> Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Camden writes of her quaintly as "a lady much addicted to poetry, and other pleasant studies."

In such congenial society Sir Philip wrote his prose romance *Arcadia*, and called it *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. He married Frances Walsingham, only child of Sir Francis, and the "Pastorella" of Edmund Spenser. The compliment may be explained by the fact that Sidney and Spenser were friends, and it was to Sidney that Spenser dedicated his *Shepherd's Calendar*.

When with his uncle in the Netherlands, Sir Philip was wounded at the capture of Zutphen, where he led the charge in three different attacks. As he was carried off the field the incident occurred which is recorded by his friend from boyhood, Fulke Greville. Being thirsty from excess of bleeding, the wounded man called for drink. As he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a soldier in extremity looking eagerly at it. Without drinking, he passed the draught to his comrade, saying with unselfish consideration, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

Sir Philip was taken to Arnheim, where he survived for five and twenty days, cared for by Leicester, who had never failed in affection for him, and devotedly nursed by his wife and his brother Robert. There, in Mr. Froude's eloquent words, "in musical discourses on the immortality of the soul, on poetry, Plato, and the Bible, and the vanity of the world, his spirit sang itself swan-like away." Elizabeth was so concerned to hear of Sidney's danger that she sent a messenger to the Low Countries for the express purpose of conveying her sympathy and ascertaining his state.

One of the great crises of Elizabeth's life was at hand. Her position with regard to her rival, Mary Queen of Scots, a prisoner in England, was getting absolutely untenable. It had lasted nearly eighteen years; but towards the end of the time it was viewed with utter distrust and growing alarm amounting to panic by Elizabeth's wisest and most faithful councillors, and by the mass of her Protestant subjects. Year by year, almost month by month, it was rendered clearer that the situation must end in the death of one of the Queens. Not only did Spain pronounce its opinion that it would be a saintly deed to take Elizabeth's life; the Pope directed a crusade against her. The plots of the English Catholics for the assassination of the Queen followed thick and fast on each other. Somerville, Throckmorton, Babington, were arrested not an hour too soon. The whole of Protestant England was wild with dismay. So convinced were the Council of the probable murder of Elizabeth while no successor to the throne was appointed, and of their being confronted with Mary and her claims as next in the order of succession, backed by the whole body of English and Scotch Catholics, and by the combined powers of France and Spain, that an extraordinary step was taken. The Council drew up a bond of association which became afterwards an Act of Parliament, authorising them to resist and pursue to death any conspirator aiming at Elizabeth's life, or any person in whose behalf the conspiracy was organised. The last clause was a bold attempt to secure the English statesmen from being compelled to submit to Mary and acknowledge a right bought by the most sinister bloodshed.

Elizabeth was the least disturbed of the Protestant subjects. In her overweening confidence she was careless of her personal safety. In spite of plot after plot brought home to the conspirators, with more or less proof of Mary's cognisance and support of them, the English Queen rather scouted the danger she ran. She could make her plaint to the French envoy, "her features working with passion," that the Queen of Scots had three times attempted her life, and that she—Elizabeth—was "a poor, lone woman, surrounded by enemies." But in another and much more characteristic mood she bandied grim jests with her ministers, and declared she would come back after she was dead and see the Queen of Scots "making their heads fly."

The archbishops and bishops of the English

Church sought an interview with Elizabeth, to lay before her their unanimous opinion that it would be no crime, but the reverse, to cause justice to be done on Mary Stewart. They instanced, as examples in point, the deaths of Jezebel and Athaliah, and the ruin brought on Saul by his refraining from taking vengeance on Agag.

The Queen put her advisers off with evasive answers. Parliament made their prayer in the same strain, and she begged, after three days' consideration, that they would find "another way." Her declaration afterwards was, that for fifteen years she, and she alone, at the peril of her life, had stood between the Queen of Scots and death; and the truth of the assertion is now generally admitted. There is no greater instance of irony in history than the popular delusion which long condemned Elizabeth—not as the crafty and double-tongued politician; not for the levity inherited from her mother; not for the sudden fierce blazes of passion which burst out on any check to her will, and were for the most part as short-lived as they were violent; not for the ill-judged thrift which grudged money for the maintenance of her government, and the equally ill-judged liberality which squandered it upon her idle and luxurious courtiers; but as the wanton slayer of the rival Queen, her kinswoman, who had come to her for aid. Whatever Elizabeth's faults may have been, she was innocent of any desire to compass Mary's death, and she struggled against the necessity to the last. She protested that she could not kill the bird which had flown to her for refuge from the hawks. It went against the grain with the woman who was described as having "no gall," who was personally, with hardly an exception, the least revengeful and bloodthirsty of human beings.* The women were rivals in every light, as they have continued to be in men's minds to this day. Elizabeth, in her transparent personal vanity and jealousy, was constantly exposing her feelings with regard to the royal cousin, who was so much younger, fairer, and more potent to steal men's hearts. But even the height of womanly jealousy is altogether different from the deliberate planning of murder, unless, indeed, in the nature of a woman at once so passionate and so callous as Mary Stewart had shown herself. Elizabeth was not passionate in that sense; she had gusts of temper, but they passed to a great extent innocuously; she had not even her sister Mary's dogged determination and fatalistic insistence. It was pain to Elizabeth to form a decision which implied war or death.

Elizabeth at last consented that a commission should be appointed to try Mary, not in connection with the murder of Darnley—which, although a much earlier commission had already sat on the question at York and at Hampton, was really out of the jurisdiction of Elizabeth and her Government—but for Mary's complicity in the plots to assassinate the Queen in England. The commission went down to Fotheringay, where Mary was then lodged, and sat two days there, examining evidence. Mary at first refused to appear before them, denying, as she had always denied, their right to arraign her; but when she saw opposition was useless, she not only faced her judges, she met them with a masterly defence. Elizabeth herself had never been more intrepid or quicker at catching at every advantage which presented itself, or bolder in dissipating the effect of prejudicial testimony. This meant a great deal more than such suspicious circumstances and confirmatory details as cropped up in Elizabeth's examination after Wyatt's insurrection. It had to do with what Mary must have strongly suspected was the clearest and most incontestable proof held against her by Burleigh. The forlorn woman, who had entered the hall in no robes of state, but "in the grey gown her usual wear," calmly seating herself, and glancing round with interest at her accusers, was a match in courage and shrewdness for the wisest there. It is supposed that even to the end she could not conceive that Elizabeth and her Government would dare to condemn her, and Elizabeth would fain have saved her kinswoman from paying the last penalty. The royal prerogative was dear to all the Tudors, and Mary was royal. Elizabeth dreaded, with reason, the obloquy which Mary's execution would draw upon her rival. She would not accede to Mary's well-nigh insolent demands under the circumstances. She could not send the next heir to the English crown to France, to let loose the French Catholics on both England and Scotland; she could not invade Scotland, and bring her allies the Protestant Scotch, and latterly their sovereign James, upon England. She could not set Mary at liberty in England, to become the centre and rallying-point of the English Catholics.

Elizabeth had done what she could all along. She had tried to get the Earl of Murray, while yet alive and Regent, to suppress the worst charges against his sister, and to suffer her to return to Scotland. She had sought to induce Mary to renounce her claim of succession to the English throne, which would have simplified matters. When James was old enough to be dealt with, Elizabeth had endeavoured to procure his consent to reigning jointly with his mother on the same conditions. She would have been only too glad if Mary would have submitted. But neither submission nor confession entered into Mary's thoughts, and she indignantly declined to relinquish the rights she had forfeited.

Murray's personal ambition had stood in the way of the reconciliation of the conflicting parties through him, and he had not had the slightest faith in Mary's becoming harmless. James I. of Scotland, "the old young man," as a French authority cleverly defined him, had been separated from his mother in his infancy, when he was crowned in her room and his standard was unfurled against her in the field. He had been brought up to detest her as presumably concerned in his father's murder, and certainly the woman who had married the murderer within three months of the crime. She was the skeleton in the cupboard, the blot on the escutcheon. She had threatened him with her curse; she was ready to disinherit him, so far as her word could do it. He was willing that she should remain in England, in solitary confinement, for the rest of her life. There is a still more repulsive indication of his utter revulsion from her. He let it be known by his envoys that though common feeling would prevent him from taking any active step in the business, he would not refuse to consent to the fulfilment of the long-delayed punishment, provided his position as the next heir to the English throne was more directly acknowledged and the income settled upon him as heir-presumptive was increased.

If Mary's own son was thus hostile, France and Spain, to which she trusted, were growing weary of the complications arising from her offences and injuries. Even the Pope, who had gone far in signifying that killing was no murder when it had to do with Elizabeth, began to be more wary in pleading the wrongs of the erring daughter of the Church.

Mary's bitter end caused a reaction in her favour, and stirred up her old kindred and allies to revenge her death; but while she was still alive, though France remonstrated and Spain threatened, no decisive action was taken to stay the inevitable result.

The commissioners, after sitting the two days at Fotheringay, returned to Westminster, and there delivered their verdict, which did not, however, become public at once. When it was announced as a verdict of guilty, with the sentence of death pronounced, nothing could exceed the public exultation. The bells of all the churches pealed forth their noisy congratulations, and the streets of London were alight with bonfires.

Elizabeth's signature was still needed for the execution of the death-warrant, and this no entreaties of her ministers could draw from her during two whole months—those of December, 1586, and January, 1587. At times she assumed an air of carelessness, and gaiety on other occasions. Camden describes her as sitting in solitude muttering the Latin phrases which find an equivalent in the English words, "Either bear or smite;" "Strike, lest thou be stricken." At last, unable to help herself, Elizabeth signed the warrant along with other state papers, throwing them on the ground, and forbidding her Council to trouble her again in the matter. It was not Walsingham, but his colleague Davison, who had the interview with her, and according to his account the Queen declined to give him the necessary authority to forward the warrant, while she hinted broadly she would prefer it should be put in force without her appearing further in the transaction. She even suggested that Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drew Drury, in whose custody Mary was, might see the warrant carried out on their own responsibility. This conversation rests solely on the word of Davison. Even if it were correct, the hypothesis that Elizabeth implied the assassination of her enemy is no longer held. The question is understood to have turned on the manner in which the warrant was to be executed. Indeed, the farther recommendation given by the Queen, which is also in Davison's statement, that the hall of Fotheringay was preferable to the courtyard or to the Green for the block, ought to be conclusive. But undoubtedly Elizabeth's conduct was marked by the wily craft which so often marred her nobler qualities. In this instance at least she overreached herself. She had yielded, and might be justified in yielding; but she would not, if she could help it, take the blame of her decision—she would throw it on other shoulders. She would reserve for herself the excuse which she could make to France and Scotland, that she had not despatched the warrant; that she had kept it back for the chance of being able to change her mind; that, in fact, its execution was a kind of disastrous accident over which she had not possessed any control.

Whatever Elizabeth's motives, she did her reputation great injury by giving them play. Her manifest lack of straightforwardness in the end drew down upon her the accusation of having played an odiously hypocritical part from the beginning. It is of comparatively little consequence that the rash conclusion is amply disproved to all careful students of history who examine the whole bearings of the case. The careless, prejudiced portion of the public, prone to leap at conclusions, will not stop to reason.

Neither Davison, nor Walsingham, nor Paulet, nor Drury would take the responsibility which belonged to their mistress, well aware, as they all were, that if the temptation presented itself, she would not hesitate to make one or other of them the scapegoat. She might not sacrifice her servant outright, but she would not scruple to cause him to suffer so far in her stead.

Burleigh put an end to the difficulty when the signed warrant was carried in a panic to him, though Elizabeth had forbidden Davison to make public what had taken place. Burleigh

* This was true of Elizabeth the woman. Elizabeth the Queen punished rebels and malcontents against the royal jurisdiction and government with a heavy, unsparing hand.

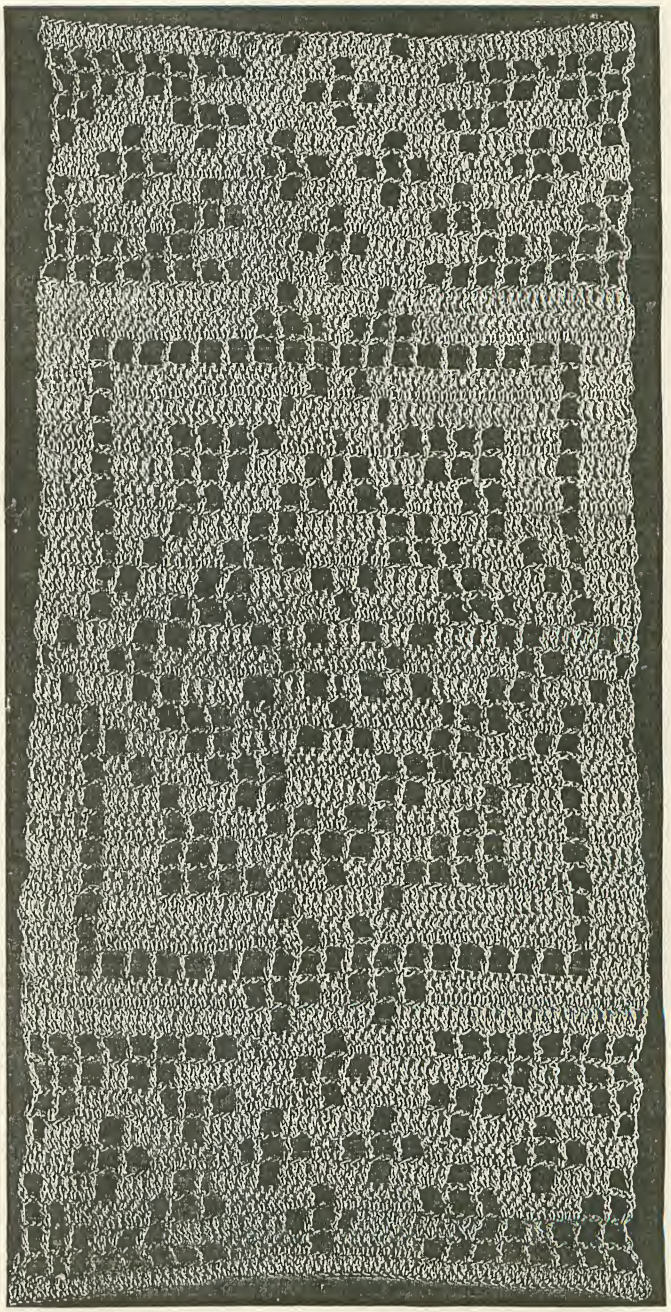
assembled such of the Council as he could gather together in his room in the palace at Greenwich, told them that the Queen had done all which could be expected from her, and that they ought not to trouble her further, but act at their own discretion. Thus the warrant, with instructions for its fulfilment, was forwarded to the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, members of the Council, who happened to be then in the neighbourhood of Fotheringay.

At last Mary's eyes were opened to her danger, and she met it with native courage and dignity. Mr. Froude's opinion is, that when she was sensible that her position was desperate, she set herself to die in the full odour of Roman Catholicism, posing, as it were, in the character of a martyr to her faith. In doing so, she took the surest means to draw down on Elizabeth the vengeance of every papist in Europe. With all deference to the historian, it is not necessary to endorse this opinion. Mary was a woman of lively imagination and strong sympathies. There is no real reason to doubt her devotion to the church of which she was a bigoted adherent. She had been brought up to look upon what was orthodoxy to her as a cardinal merit, which covered a multitude of sins, and to count as venial, by comparison, the stormy passions and fierce crimes which marked her career. When every other refuge failed her, she was certain to cling to her Church, and to deceive herself as well as her neighbours into the belief that she suffered not for her follies and unbridled self-indulgence, but for her fidelity to its teaching. She could in this mood rise into a state of exaltation of spirit.

Mary was beheaded in the hall at Fotheringay, with all the sad ceremonies usual on such an occasion, on the 7th of February, 1587, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her captivity. Confinement had told upon her. She was grey-headed beneath her wig, and her limbs were stiff with rheumatism.

(*To be continued.*)

CROCHET PILLOW-CASE INSERTION, DIAMOND PATTERN.



WORKED backwards and forwards the width of the insertion, which, with Royal machine thread No. 50 used, is about six inches.

Cast on 69 chains and work a row of trebles over them.

1*st Row.*—1 treble 2 chain eight times, 2 chain, 9 trebles, 2 chain, 9 trebles, 2 chain and 1 treble eight times.

2*nd Row.*—1 treble, 2 chain three times, 3 trebles, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, 12 trebles, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, repeat backwards, omitting the last 2 chain.

3*rd Row.*—1 treble, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, 9 trebles (2 chain, 1 treble, twice), 2 chain, 9 trebles * 2 chain, repeat backwards from *.

4*th Row.*—1 treble, 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, * 9 trebles, repeat backwards from *.

5*th Row.*—6 trebles, 2 chain (1 treble, 2 chain, twice), 9 trebles (2 chain 1 treble twice), 2 chain, * 3 trebles, repeat backwards from *.

6*th Row.*—As fourth row.

7*th Row.*—As third row.

8*th Row.*—As second row.

9*th Row.*—As first row.

10*th Row.* — 27 trebles, 2 chain, 9 trebles, 2 chain, 27 trebles.

11*th Row.*—24 trebles (2 chain, 1 treble, twice), 2 chain, * 3 trebles, repeat backwards from *.

12*th Row.*—6 trebles (2 chain, 1 treble, eighteen times), 2 chain, 6 trebles.

13*th Row.*—6 trebles, 2 chain, 21 trebles, 2 chain, * 3 trebles, repeat backwards from *.

14*th Row.*—6 trebles, 2 chain, 18 trebles, 2 chain, * 9 trebles, repeat backwards from *.

15*th Row.*—6 trebles, 2 chain, 6 trebles (2 chain, 1 treble, three times), 2 chain, 6 trebles, * 2 chain, repeat from * backwards.

16*th Row.*—6 trebles, 2 chain, 6 trebles (2 chain 1 treble twice), 2 chain, 6 trebles, * (2 chain, 1 treble, twice), 2 chain, repeat from * backwards.

17*th Row.*—6 trebles, 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, * 3 trebles, repeat backwards from *.

18*th Row.*—6 trebles, 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, * 9 trebles, repeat from * backwards.

19*th Row.*—6 trebles, 2 chain, 3 trebles, 2 chain, 6 trebles (2 chain and 1 treble twice), 2 chain, * 9 trebles, repeat from * backwards.

20*th Row.*—6 trebles, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, * 3 trebles, repeat backwards from *.

21*st Row.*—6 trebles, 2 chain, 6 trebles (2 chain, 1 treble, twice), 2 chain, 9 trebles, * 2 chain, repeat backwards from *.

22*nd Row.*—3 trebles, 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, 6 trebles (2 chain, 3 trebles, three times), 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, 6 trebles, 2 chain, 3 trebles.

23*rd Row.*—6 trebles, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, 12 trebles, 2 chain, * 9 trebles, repeat backwards from *.

24*th Row.*—As 22nd, the pattern being worked backwards until the ninth row is reached; from there recommence the design.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LOVER PUTS AN END TO HIS DILEMMA.

A FEW days later, as the colonel and Jeanie were in the morning-room planning arrangements for the day, there came suddenly a violent knocking at the window.

It was Beth they saw there, laughing and struggling with his magnificent mastiff, baying and clamouring to get in.

The colonel went to the window and admitted both child and dog.

"Down! Wolf! Down, I say!" he exclaimed, as the dog found another friend, and jumped wildly up at Jeanie, trying to lick her face and hands.

Beth's thoughts now wandering into another direction, she said, "Father, you will try to find my Rolfe, won't you? You said you would."

"Did I? I am not so sure of that; but if we see anything of the young man who has so charmed your wayward fancy, we'll certainly speak to him. We can't, you know, send the bell-man all round the village, shouting 'Lost, stolen, or strayed—A young man named Rolfe. Whoever will bring the same to Stanard Castle shall have——'" Further speech was stayed by Beth's hand over his mouth.

"Don't, father!" she said. "You know I didn't mean that; but I should like him to play with me, and tell me stories all out of his own head; for I am sure he can. Jeanie told you last night he really saved us, and helped us, and ——" Here she was interrupted by the entrance of the butler, who handed a card to the colonel, from which he read aloud, "Mr. John Rolfe, Civil Engineer."

"That's my Rolfe!" cried Beth, and she rushed out to meet him.

"Show him in," said the colonel, in answer to the butler.

Beth, in her haste to claim her friend, rushed out so excitedly that she ran headlong against Rolfe, who was coming towards the room. The next moment she was lifted high in the air, and he was laughingly asking her, "Is that the way to greet an old acquaintance? What shall I do with you—seat you on the shoulders of this statue?"

"Put me down—put me down this minute!"

"I obey your imperious orders—there!"

Then slipping her hand into his, Beth demanded, "Why did you not come before? We were going to seek you everywhere. Jeanie! Jeanie!" she called aloud, "here's Rolfe come at last!"

But Jeanie, who directly she heard the name read had been conscious of a glad but tumultuous feeling she could neither account for nor control, had gone to the piano at the further end of the room, and began to turn over her music in the hope thus to regain her composure before meeting with Rolfe.

As he entered hand-in-hand with Beth, she called to her father, "This is Rolfe, who was with us in the train! So we sha'n't have to employ the beadle to find him. Aren't you glad?"

"I am glad indeed to have this pleasure, sir," said the colonel, advancing, and shaking hands warmly. "Your opportune courage and kindness towards my daughters are more than I know sufficiently how to thank you for. Pray be seated. I am delighted to meet you."

Rolfe, overpowered for the moment with so kindly a reception, could only utter a few broken and depreciatory sentences, till the colonel, seeing his embarrassment, and that Beth had taken full possession of her friend by climbing on to his knee, said, "My little maiden, I am told, plagued you on your journey with her riotous spirits and irrepressible curiosity."

"Oh, no! Indeed, she amused me," said Rolfe with a smile, and recovering his equanimity, he ventured to look round for Jeanie, met her glance, bowed, and was similarly answered.

"Well," said Beth, "you say I amused you; then you ought to amuse me now. That's only fair, isn't it?"

"Quite so," Rolfe replied; "but I must first tell your father the object of my visit here, if he will kindly grant me a few minutes."

"With the greatest pleasure," responded the colonel. "Beth, don't be troublesome."

The child, finding she could neither gain Rolfe's attention nor edge in a word anywhere without being silenced by her father, asked Jeanie to go for a stroll in the garden. Her sister promised to follow her presently, and Beth ran upstairs to dress.

Jeanie then left the piano, and being much interested in the subject her father and Rolfe were discussing, took some work from her basket, and seated herself near the speakers.

At once pleased and inspired by Jeanie's attitude, the young engineer addressed himself earnestly to the business in hand.

"Messrs. Hawkins and Bennett, of London, my principals, have commissioned me to ask from you permission to make experimental borings on a part of your estate."

"Indeed! What for?"

"They hope to find water there."

The colonel smiled as he said, "It would be difficult to refuse so tempting an offer, for, if successful, it would add greatly to the value of the property. Still, I should like to know what evidences are forthcoming as to the feasibility of the project."

"My principals have been for many weeks past considering the matter, and collecting such materials as they could find to aid their judgments; and finally they resolved to originate a company, called the Penzarton Water Company, for the supply of water to that town."

"No doubt the town is badly off, but——" Some idea here caused the colonel to pause, as if trying to recall to mind some past incident. Then his face lightened, as he said, "Ah, I remember! Excuse me for one minute."

Away went the colonel to Owen's private room, compelled once more to visit the place where he had made such painful and unseemly discoveries immediately after his father's burial.

The sad recollections thus suddenly forced on him became for a short space so overwhelming, that he paused in doubt whether it were wise to go in just now. But with stern will he silenced the doubt, and entered the room.

His object was to regain what he had thought at the time to be a mere bundle of prospector's advertisements, collected by his father, and thrown into a dusty corner as of no worth; and which the colonel had taken at Owen's valuation, after a single glance at the heading of one of the papers—Penzarton Water Company—and so returned the whole to their former place.

Taking it up now, and freeing the packet as well as he could from the dust that enveloped it, he was about to examine its contents, but felt the moral atmosphere of the place so disturbing, that he immediately returned to the room where Rolfe and Jeanie were still wondering what had caused his sudden exit.

"I fancy, Mr. Rolfe," he said on his entrance, "that I have in this packet materials on the very subject you have just broached." He proceeded to open it, and found among the company's advertisements three letters, which so deeply interested him that, excusing himself, he left the table, went to the window, and there silently examined them.

The first was from Owen to the lady he was about to marry, Mrs. Bartlett, commending to her notice the new water company, saying he had gone into it carefully, but that he could not himself invest in his own name till his debts were paid without at once bringing his creditors down upon him. But he advised her to take shares to the extent of £10,000.

The second was the lady's reply. She had not lost a single post in writing for the shares, and quite agreed that it would not only be a profitable investment, but a great blessing to the town, and especially to the poor. She hoped the arrangement for the payment of Owen's debts, then in the hands of her solicitor, would be speedily settled; and then he also could invest a similar sum, which she thought desirable, pending his parliamentary candidature at the next general election.

But important as the business operations therein suggested were to the colonel, he was still more deeply impressed with the loving tone of the letters, and of the future happiness they implied, but which fate had so ruthlessly destroyed. Once more he could feel pity for his father, in spite of all his wrong-doings; and much more than pity for the noble-minded woman who had lost him for ever.

Putting the two letters into his pocket-

book, as sacred from all eyes but his own, he found the third was from one of the most eminent of consulting engineers, who had been employed and paid by Owen. Glancing rapidly through it, he turned, and going towards Rolfe, said, "I most sincerely apologise, Mr. Rolfe, for thus detaining you, but you will, perhaps, think the time has not been thrown away when I read you the following letter from one of the shining lights of your grand profession.

"'DEAR SIR,—Having carefully examined the neighbouring group of hills, in connection with the height of the valley they enclose, I came to the conclusion that beneath this valley there would lie a natural reservoir of water, forming, practically for the end desired, an inexhaustible supply.

"'Consequently I bored down some depth to the water, and brought up sufficient to taste its quality, which was deliciously pure and soft.

"'If, then, you feel satisfied to proceed, I advise you to select a spot where, from the inclination of the ground between it and the valley reservoir, some miles above, water coming from that source would be discovered on boring, and which might then be directed through a channel or pipes into the existing stream that runs through Penzarton to the sea, joining and greatly increasing the flow of water a little above Penzarton.

"'Such a spot would, I think, be found in some part of the Castle Stanard estate; possibly within a short distance from the old cedar, so well known for the popular sports and picnics that take place there at certain holiday seasons.'"

"A most encouraging letter," observed Rolfe. "I should like to add, that I found, on making enquiries among the townsfolk, there was a general opinion that Penzarton would be a very prosperous place but for the deficiency of water. The river, so-called, they tell me, is a mere sluggish stream, which in hot summers becomes nearly dry, and in winter often overflows its banks, carrying destruction and misery into the habitations of the poor people living close to them."

"But how are we to find that spot," asked the colonel, "where water will spring up at our call, even if such a spot exists? The mere attempt has its risks. If we once begin, there are sure to be found men who will insist on going on because we have begun. I must have something stronger than hope to rely on."

"May I ask, if water were found, without involving you in expense or responsibility, would you then be inclined to lend your aid, without which I think no progress could be possible?"

"Certainly, were such the case. But have you anything in your own mind that makes you, as I can see you are, sanguine of success?"

"I believe I have," said Rolfe with a smile, as he turned towards Jeanie. "Miss Stanard, I dare say, will remember in the train my laugh of derision as I read in a newspaper of a new scientific imposter, who proposed to find water by some occult influence?"

"I do, indeed," said Jeanie, breaking for the first time her long silence. "I was deeply interested, and I fear I had the audacity to think more favourably than you did of the possibility."

"What will you say now, when I own that I am half-converted to your opinion?" Then, turning to the colonel, he said, "I have lately been in correspondence with the head gardener on a duke's estate, who, I was informed, had tried an experiment with the 'water discoverer' in question." Taking a letter from his pocket, he read as follows:—

"'The account you have heard of the water experiment here is perfectly correct, but ought to have told more. The spot the man himself selected was not only on high ground, but midway on a slope, where success seemed impossible. If you should ever come this way, I shall have the pleasure of showing you what the discovery has done for us in saving labour, and in supplying water from such a position for our extensive gardens and flower-beds. Let me add, the man is not vain of his skill, never seeks the employment, and takes no pay if he fails.'"

As Rolfe finished he handed the letter to the colonel, who said with a laugh, "Come—this looks like business!"

"I hope, then, you will think I have done right in enlisting this water discoverer in your service for an experiment this day week, and trust he will prove worthy of being so called."

"Take my cordial thanks as your answer."

While her father and Rolfe were thus discussing the water question so animatedly, Jeanie, forgetful of her promise to Beth—forgetful, indeed, of everything in the world but their conversation, listened to it with profound interest. Naturally she was much pleased to see her father so well entertained, but a something far stronger held her heart captive. She had found a mechanical occupation that left her thoughts free. Her fingers moved deftly and softly, working at the embroidery she held in her hand; but it is to be feared that small progress was made, since she spent nearly as long in unpicking as in making the spray of leaves she was shading so artistically.

"What a full, deep voice he has. How clearly he expresses himself; and how well-cultured his mind must be," thought Jeanie. "I knew father would like him. He cannot help it; for although Mr. Rolfe knows so much about the subject, he is so deferential in his manner, so respectful to him."

Here the men rose to their feet, the colonel saying, "On Wednesday, then, after the close of the water experiment, will you return with us to stay till the following morning? We shall probably have much to talk over."

Noticing that Rolfe hesitated to reply, and glanced towards Jeanie as if doubtful whether she might not find the proposal inconvenient and troublesome, the colonel turned towards her and said, "My dear, I am asking Mr. Rolfe to spend the evening with us and stay the night. He thinks, perhaps, and rightly, that the young mistress of my household should have a voice in the matter. What say you?"

Jeanie tried to frame her lips to a few words that he might feel worthy of the occasion, but she could only say, with a tremulous voice, "We shall be glad to see you, sir."

It was quite enough for the young engineer. A feeling of measureless content possessed him.

"Where is Beth?" asked the colonel. "We must call her to say good-bye, or the omission will be considered unpardonable."

"She is in the garden," said Jeanie.

"Then I will fetch her. Excuse me, Mr. Rolfe, for a minute or two." And he went out.

The moment had come that Rolfe had so looked for, and as he feared, so vainly. He went towards Jeanie, who was trying to interest herself by looking through the window, and stood by her side, as if desirous to share with her the prospect.

"How fine, Miss Stanard, the view is from this window," he remarked. "Yours is a grand old park."

"Isn't it?" said Jeanie. "I am glad you like it. I think Stanard Castle and its surroundings are in many respects the most charming place I have ever seen. Perhaps I think too highly of the place because it is home."

"That is as it should be; and I am honoured and happy both in having seen, and in the privilege accorded me to come again to, your home," he added, in a low voice, while his eyes sought, with a depth of yearning he was hardly conscious of, to read some answer in hers. It was an exciting, expectant, and hopeful moment, but was suddenly brought to an end as they heard the approaching footsteps of the colonel and Beth. When they entered the room Beth, in a loud voice, demanded to know from Rolfe, "Now, haven't you been telling her a story while I was away?"

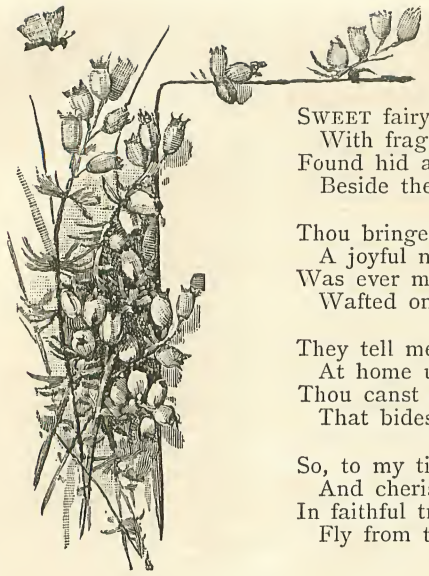
"No," answered the young man, thinking the while how nearly he had been telling his own story. "I have not told her any yet, but I am coming next Wednesday to spend the evening and night here. Then I'll see if I can think of one to please you. Good-bye, Beth."

"Good-bye, Rolfe. I'll kiss you if you'll bend down, because I really like you."

Rolfe lifted her up in his arms to receive the proffered salutation, next held Jeanie's hand in his for a second, and then joined the colonel, who was to walk part of the way home with him.

Again the colonel discussed the water question, and in a tone so familiar and confiding, that Rolfe could only say when they parted, and he was left to himself, "I am fortunate indeed in knowing this man, even were he not Jeanie's father. The consciousness that I have had other motives than merely business ones, while hoping again to meet *her*, is now hateful to me. I will pursue my enquiries no farther. He is an honourable man in all respects. I will, at the earliest possible moment, tell my mother of my determination. The confidence he places in me, who am apparently a stranger, shall not on my part be met by unworthy suspicions of him."

(*To be continued.*)



WHITE HEATHER.

SWEET fairy flower! thy pearly cups all teeming
With fragrant odour of the moorland air,
Found hid among thy rosier sisters, seeming
Beside their gayer beauty still more fair.

Thou bringest to a heart perplexed and weary,
A joyful message of unwavering love;
Was ever message sweeter or more cheery
Wafted on wings of gentle carrier-dove?

They tell me thou art rare and richly treasured
At home upon thy piney, sea-girt shore;
Thou canst not rarer be than love unmeasured,
That bides through chance and change 'twixt friends of yore.

So, to my tired heart, my dove, I'll take thee,
And cherish thee for ever and for aye;
In faithful trust nor chance nor change can make thee
Fly from that stormy resting-place away!

A. M. HARLEY.

AGNES CHISHOLM; OR, COUNTRY LIFE.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY E. H. ASHWIN.

CHAPTER II.

HAVE any of my readers ever watched for the postman when a letter was expected which was to decide some important question? If so, they will understand Agnes Chisholm's feelings two mornings later, when she thought she might reasonably look for a reply from Mrs. Durham. Her mother's breakfast was as carefully and daintily prepared as usual, but her own received only scant attention; and the moment the cloth was removed she seated herself at the window, too restless to settle to either book or work. The long-desired knock came at last, as all things do to those who wait, and in a few minutes a tap at the door was succeeded by the entrance of the scrubby little maid-of-all-work, bearing in her hand one solitary envelope.

"Please, miss, 'ere's a letter for you, but never a one for the lady," was the remark volunteered in a pleasant tone; for Agnes Chisholm's innate politeness and gracious foreign manners had come as a gleam of light on the life of the hard-worked little drudge, making her attendance on the "second parlour" quite a labour of love.

"Thank you very much, Emma," replied the young lady. "It was kind of you to bring it so quickly." Then, with a smile and nod of dismissal, she took the important missive with trembling fingers. She was alone in the room, for Mrs. Chisholm rarely left her bed before midday, so there was no witness of her emotion as she read the following lengthy epistle:—

"Winton Rectory, February 26, 18—.

"MY POOR DARLING AGNES,—Your letter, with its sad news, has shocked us dreadfully. We are indeed grieved for you and your dear mother; but we both feel sure that you know the only true source of comfort, and will not be overwhelmed. Words at such times seem an utter fallacy; so I will only say, that you have both our deep sympathy and our prayers, and you may rest assured that any assistance we can render in your future plans will be rather a pleasure than a trouble. And now, touching the scheme about which you write. You say your joint income for the year is fifty pounds, and you propose to establish yourself in a country cottage. I am happy to say there is one in Winton, which would, I think, with a little management, just suit you. It stands alone just at the end of our garden, and the rent is six pounds yearly. There are two rooms downstairs, both a good size; and above, one large and two small bedrooms. The outbuildings are—a small back kitchen, a shed, and pigstye; the front faces the south; there is a large well-stocked garden, and the cottage itself is prettily covered with climbing roses and fruit trees. It was vacated only last week by a very clean, respectable couple, and if you would like to take it for a year, or longer, you had better write at once, and we will secure it. If, also, at the same time you will mention what sum you can spare for furniture, etc., we shall be glad to spend it for you, that all may be ready for you and Mrs. Chisholm when you wish to come; only of course you must allow us a few days for preparation. An outbreak of measles at school has sent my little girls home for a time, and they are eager to help with the plenishing. Of course, dear, there are drawbacks to a country life; not the least for you, the distance (two miles) from station and doctor. But there is a vehicle for hire in the place, and our little carriage will be always at your service. My husband also charges me to say that you will be welcome to the reversion of our daily paper, and any books he has to lend. I feel sure you may manage very comfortably, and that in this way your income would be sufficient for your needs. Moreover, we should be delighted to get such neighbours.

"Give our united kind regards and sympathy to your dear mother, telling her what a welcome she shall have should she decide on coming to us; and with love to yourself,

"Believe me, dear child,

"Your affectionate friend,

"MARY DURHAM."

"Thank God for such friends!" was the ejaculation that burst from the girl's full heart as she concluded; and then she took the letter to her mother, and together they talked over the *pros* and *cons* of the scheme, the only drawback they could discover being the distance from the doctor. This difficulty was, however, met by Agnes, who suggested that an agreement should be made with him to visit them once a week, and so keep up a regular supervision of her mother's health.

After long cogitation the move was at last decided on; and then rose the question of means for the furniture.

"It must be simple, you see, mother dear," said Agnes; "anything elaborate would be out of place. What do you think we can spare?"

"Well, darling," replied the mother, her spirits reviving at the thought of change and action, "I have ninety pounds in the bank, and out of that amount I should like to keep fifty for any emergency, so that I think we could afford forty for furniture. And if Mrs. Durham is so kind, I shall be very grateful if she will spend the money for us, as she is accustomed to English shopping, and you are not. Of course we shall share the same bedroom, so we shall be quite grand with a spare room."

"Yes, mother; and about the pigstye. I might have some fowls there, just to lay eggs for you."

"That would be very nice, dear," responded Mrs. Chisholm, smiling at her child's pleasure. "But who is to do all the work?—we must settle that."

"Ah, I have planned faster than you, my mother! I can easily—very easily—do the every-day work—sweeping, dusting, and cooking—if I can have a woman one day in each week to do the rough cleaning and some of the washing. You know I have often done as much before, when we were in that dear little cottage in Normandy."

"But the English, dear, think not as the French; they may say you lose caste by such work."

Up went the dainty little head with a defiant toss at this remark, and the pale cheek flushed crimson, as Agnes replied, "If the English think it not *comme il faut* to work

MRS. DURHAM.

for and wait upon a mother, when there is not enough money to keep a *bonne*, then I care not for their opinion; and if the *curé* says I am right, I regard no one else but *le bon Dieu*."

In her excitement Agnes had lapsed into many foreign modes of expression, though generally her English was unusually fluent and pure.

Mrs. Chisholm smiled again, and softly stroked the flushed cheek, saying, "Smooth your ruffled plumes, my daughter. I but said it to try you. We will make the experiment for a year, and maybe then——. I shall be glad for you to be near friends; so write to Mrs. Durham, and give her *carte blanche* for the furniture up to forty pounds, thanking her most earnestly from me for her kindness to the fatherless and widow."

The decisive letter was accordingly written, and, on that day three weeks, mother and daughter alighted at the little country station of Ashley, the nearest to Winton, and were met on the platform by Mr. Durham and his wife, the former a tall delicate-looking man of forty-five, the latter at least ten years younger, and very pretty.

"As the weather is so uncertain, we have borrowed a closed carriage for you, dear Mrs. Chisholm," said the clergyman. "My wife will go with you; and if Miss Chisholm will help me to count and find the right number of packages, I will follow with them in the light cart."

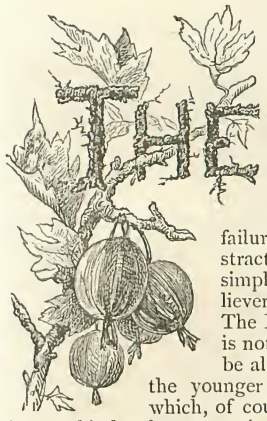
"But, indeed, I do not like that," began Agnes, when she was interrupted by Mrs. Durham. "No matter what you like, my dear; we settled it as we drove to the station in that selfsame cart, and I good-naturedly allow him to drive it back, the shaking being good for his liver, while I endure the self-denial of sitting in the lap of luxury—otherwise, our good squire's brougham. Now, no more nonsense; jump in, and don't keep your mother waiting."

So rattling on, and all the while tenderly watching over and helping the invalid, Mrs. Durham led the way to the luxurious carriage awaiting them, followed, after a momentary colloquy with the rector, by Agnes, who, entering into the spirit of her hosts *pro tem.*, responded gaily to the nonsensical stream of chatter as they rolled smoothly along, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the tired look on her mother's face relax; and before they reached Hope Cottage a merry laugh had issued from the lips to which any sounds but those of sorrow had long been strangers.

(*To be continued.*)

WHISPERS TO OUR WEDDED GIRLS.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.



The popular question of a recent season in the newspaper press was, "Is marriage a failure?" In the abstract the answer is simple enough, for believers in Revelation. The Bible tells us, "It is not good for man to be alone;" and, "Let the younger women marry," which, of course, implies that, for mankind at large, marriage is the best and happiest condition, though naturally there are exceptions to this as to every general rule. But there can be no manner of doubt that many individual marriages are failures, though on the face of things there seems no reason whatever why they should have turned out so. Two young people with good health, sufficient (if not abundant) means of maintenance, warmly attached to one another, equal in rank and position, surrounded by affectionate friends and well-wishers, start cheerfully and hopefully in their wedded course. There seems every reason to expect happiness; but a cloud soon comes over the sunny landscape, and husband and wife alike feel that they are disillusioned! They make no open stir about it; they scarcely admit the truth to themselves. They plod on, wearily enough, sometimes, in the dull routine of ordinary life. The husband gives his mind to his profession or business, the wife endeavours to occupy her heart with home duties and social pleasures; but the brightness and zest of existence have vanished. How does this come about? Why should it so often happen? I cannot but believe that it arises very often from mere want of consideration, on one side or both, at the outset. When the position is new and everything delightful, then is the time to begin to cultivate the little courtesies, the thoughtful attentions, the loving sympathies, which render married life, when it is truly "successful," one long honeymoon, and home a veritable paradise.

There is doubtless much that might with advantage be said to young husbands on these points; but as we are writing for "married girls," we shall devote the main part of our attention to their side of the question. Still, we may just observe, in passing, that men are often extremely inconsiderate, from ignorance as well as from selfishness. How often, in the lower classes, young men will let the girls with whom they are "keeping company," be on their feet almost the whole day when they take them out. The long walks, which are pleasant and healthy for the man, are most fatiguing, and often really injurious, to the health of the girl. Yet her pleasure in her lover's society, and the desire to make herself agreeable, prevent her from complaining, and even nerve her to keep up the appearance of enjoyment long after she would give worlds for a cup of tea and a quiet hour or two's rest. Young husbands, too, in higher circles, are often most blameworthy in their disregard of their wives' health and comfort. They will urge them to exertions above their strength, in the way of walking, or evening dissipations, and keep them waiting for meals till they are faint and exhausted, quite unnecessarily, while they are chatting with a friend, or looking over the reviews at the club. Even where the husband is forced to be irregular by business or other duties, a very little unselfish consideration would dictate the enactment of a rule that dinner or supper should be served if the master were not in by a quarter of an hour after the time fixed. The more unselfish and willing to sacrifice herself the wife may be, the more objectionable and heartless is the husband's want of thought for her.

But too often the wife fails to realise the fact that she should be a helpmeet and companion to her husband. She may love him truly, be a devoted mother to his children, and an excellent housekeeper, and yet disappoint him, and be disappointed herself, if she prove deficient in that intelligent sympathy which—whatever may be said to the contrary—men appreciate quite as much as do women. We all know how public men are helped or hindered by their wives. Who has not heard of Lady Beaconsfield's concealing the fact that her husband had crushed her finger in the carriage door till he had safely disappeared within the House of Commons, lest it should distract his mind on the eve of one of his great speeches? When the footman released her she fainted, so the pain must have been considerable. Not every woman would be physically capable of such self-control as this, but every woman might take as keen an interest in her husband's affairs.

Lady Palmerston is always said to have contributed very largely to the popularity and success of her husband, by the manner in which she laid herself out to assist him in her social life.

Lord Shaftesbury tells us that we owe his noble career of active benevolence in a great degree to his wife. He would not give himself up to the public, and break through the pleasant restraints of a happy home, without her consent. But while fully appreciating all the disagreeable consequences to herself, and all the obloquy, misconception, and ridicule which would undoubtedly be Lord Shaftesbury's portion, in days when "slumming" had not been added to the list of fashionable diversions, and philanthrophy was not in vogue, she heartily encouraged his aspirations, and backed him up by all means in her power.

At the other end of the social scale, it is universally acknowledged that a man's well-being and prosperity depend as much upon his wife as himself. If she does not consider his comfort, if she is short-tempered, or self-indulgent, or careless, the home and the man usually go down hill together as speedily as may be. Why, then, should a wife in the middle-class assume (as we fancy many do, tacitly, if not openly), that interest in her husband's professional or business pursuits is superfluous? We have often known most disastrous effects follow from the acting out of this theory. We remember a case of a well-to-do tradesman who married a pretty girl of much lower status than himself. He behaved with more prudence than men in his position usually do, for he had the girl educated very fairly for her future station before he married her. As a wife, however, she showed herself utterly indisposed to interest herself in the important question of ways and means. On the contrary, she spent the worthy man's money with a lavish hand, encouraged her children in ostentation and extravagance, set up a suburban establishment with extra servants when he was on the verge of bankruptcy, and at length brought about his complete and total ruin. If she had taken an interest in his business, curtailed her domestic expenses, and brought up her children to work and live as became their rank in life, so as to be a comfort and help to their harassed and too-indulgent father, he might not, in his old age, have had to exchange a master's for a servant's place.

In professional circles it is not necessary for a wife to be learned in the law or in medicine in order to help her husband with real and definite sympathy. She may remember the names of his clients or patients, take care to ask how a case ended in which he took a part,

listen with interest to any anecdotes or details he may repeat to her about his outdoor life, and take pains to understand as much as he may choose to explain to her of the state of his affairs.

It is a great mistake for a wife to be always full of her own little concerns, to the exclusion of her husband's; to make it evident to him that she thinks her new bonnet much more interesting than his new book; that she cares much more about Freddy's cold or Lily's chilblains, than his hoarseness or threatenings of gout. To check the stream of his confidences by a torrent of grumbling about impertinent servants, bad coals, baby's teething, and the hundred and one petty difficulties of domestic life, is injudicious as well as inconsiderate. It tends to make the husband weary of his wife's companionship, and always willing to exchange an evening at home for any reasonable alternative that may offer. Or it leads him to interfere in the household in a manner destructive in the end to the wife's comfort and due authority, however she may appreciate it at the beginning. In either case it is adding needlessly to the man's burden; he ought to have as few home cares to bear as possible. Of course, in emergencies his masculine strength of will, and presumably superior judgment, are always there for the wife to fall back upon; but in the ordinary routine of daily life we strongly advise our married girls to set themselves resolutely to manage their own maids, and overcome their own difficulties.

We must observe here, however, that the husband ought to do his part. He has no right to complain that his wife is not a model housekeeper if he is irregular in supplying her weekly allowance for expenses. We have heard of cases where the husband continually left his wife without money for a day or two, and yet was annoyed if she ran up bills, or failed to provide the ordinary comforts for which she had no means of paying. Nothing is more humiliating to a lady than to be compelled to ask the laundress to wait a week for her money; to be unable to pay the man who repairs the children's shoes when he brings them home; to have to borrow of the servants, or send away a hamper for want of the necessary shilling to pay the carrier, and all because her husband forgot to sign the cheque, or promised to get gold from the bank, and, being busy, put it off till the next day.

Some wives bring these troubles on themselves by their own want of consideration. They are, in fact, thoroughly untrustworthy where money is concerned. They have a private allowance and a housekeeping one, and instead of honourably keeping them apart, they indulge themselves at the expense of the house, so that they never have a penny in hand. A prudent wife will take care that housekeeping money is used for housekeeping, and will aim at always keeping a small sum in hand in case of any unexpected extra demand.

In how many cases—

> "The little rift within the lute
> That by and by will make the music mute,
> And ever widening, slowly silence all,"

begins about some trifle of this kind. The husband is full of his important affairs, and fails to *consider* his wife's feelings; the wife, young and foolish perhaps, and too conceited to learn from more experienced housekeepers, wastes her husband's substance unthinkingly, and feels herself aggrieved when he shows his natural vexation, perhaps not in the most conciliatory manner.

As years pass on domestic jars become more common; children hear and imitate the snappish tones and harsh words of their elders. Love withers and dies in so uncongenial an atmosphere. *Home* becomes a mere name, a place for eating and sleeping, and, in some cases, a sphere of work; but rest and comfort are no longer connected with the thought of home-coming. Sons have no sweet memories to help them to keep in the right path when they go out into the world. Daughters snatch eagerly at the first chance of escaping from the parental roof, and too often discover that they have but exchanged bad for worse as far as happiness is concerned. The old age of the lonely parents is dreary and forlorn. They have long ceased to find pleasure in one another's society; fault-finding on both sides is a confirmed habit, and the long evenings, which might be so peaceful and enjoyable in spite of the weakness and infirmities of advancing age, are spent in querulous complaints or irritating sarcasms.

Patience, forbearance, and unselfishness, exercised in little things in the early days of married life, when the future seemed so full of untasted joy, and sorrow a shadowy form hardly realised as a possible reality, might have prevented the disenchantment and sad disappointment of after times, and converted the bitter waters of unavailing regret into the sparkling wine of satisfied affection—the purest bliss, perhaps, that earth can afford.

But earth is not all. We write for Christian girls—for Christian wives. You have to face eternity; and how will you feel, when you draw near to "that bourne from which no traveller returns," if you are conscious that your carelessness, coldness, want of sympathy, or self-indulgence, has driven your husband further from God, or implanted in your children's minds a prejudice against religion? You may feel humbly confident that your shortcomings are forgiven, and, with all your other sins, mercifully hidden in the shadow of the Cross; but will it not embitter your last hours to feel that you leave behind you loved ones whom you have hindered rather than helped on the road to heaven? On the other hand, how sweet would it be to feel that you had striven persistently, if feebly, to resist the *little* temptations, to do the *little* duties, to overcome the *little* difficulties, to meet the *little* requirements of everyday life; striven, in short, to "show piety at home." Then might you hope to hear the welcome words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

VARIETIES.

Arithmetic and Dressmaking.

Teacher: "If your mother had twenty-five yards of stuff, and made a dress requiring but eighteen yards, how much would she have left?"

Little Girl: "Mamma can't make her own dresses. She has tried often, but they are always too——"

Teacher: "Suppose she sent it to a dressmaker, how much would the dressmaker send back?"

Little Girl: "Depends on which dressmaker she sent it to. Some wouldn't send back any."

Teacher: "Suppose she sent it to an honest one?"

Little Girl: "Some of the honestest ones cut things to waste, so that there is never anything left, no matter how much you send them."

How to be Happy.—Nothing contributes more to the animal spirits than benevolence. There are always people within reach whom you can very easily make happy, and the unselfish communication of happiness has the happy quality of reflecting itself.

Golden Silence.—It is a well-established truth that an ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is better than a pound of explanations after you have said it.

Lifelong Companions.

An elderly lady went to an English country market one day to buy a Christmas goose. At the stall where she called, two live geese were exposed for sale, both in custody of a cherry-faced country lass.

The little maid would not sell one goose without the other.

Remembering that a friend had expressed a wish for a Christmas bird, the customer was easily prevailed on to take both. But as she was concluding the bargain, it occurred to her to ask the maid why she had refused to sell the geese separately.

"If you please, ma'am," was the *naïve* reply, "mother said as how the geese had lived together fifteen years, and it would be cruel to part them!"

Falling Asleep.—Sir Thomas Moore was so struck by the analogies between sleep and death that he would never trust himself to the tender mercies of "Nature's soft nurse" till he had prayed to Heaven for protection.

Body and Mind.—There are people who dress their bodies in the height of fashion and let their minds go in rags.

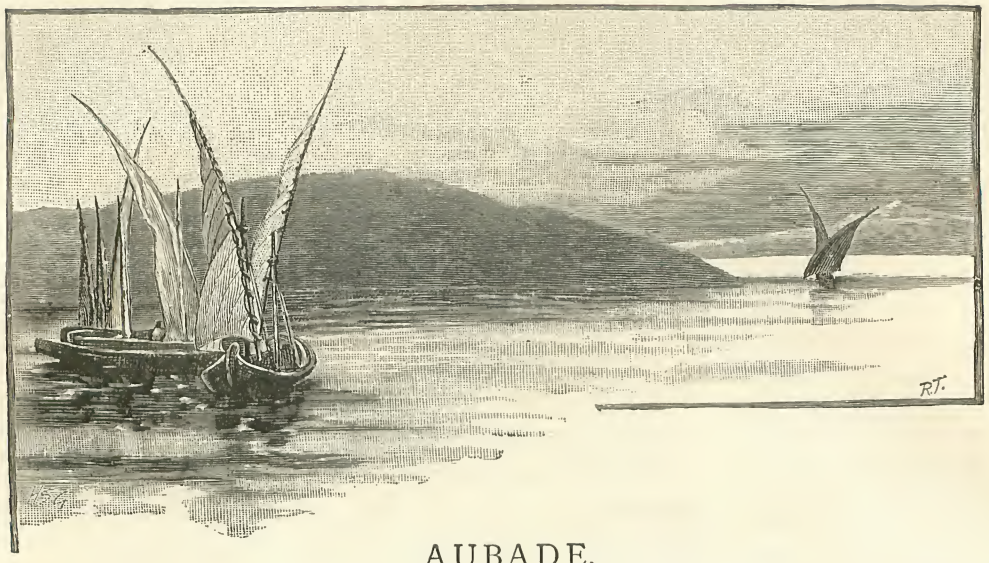
Where Praise is Due.—To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

Double Acrostic II.

The young aspirant, by good fortune led,
Has boldly followed wheresoe'er she beckon'd;
With judgment cool and clear, unbiased head,
He lets my first be tempered by my second.

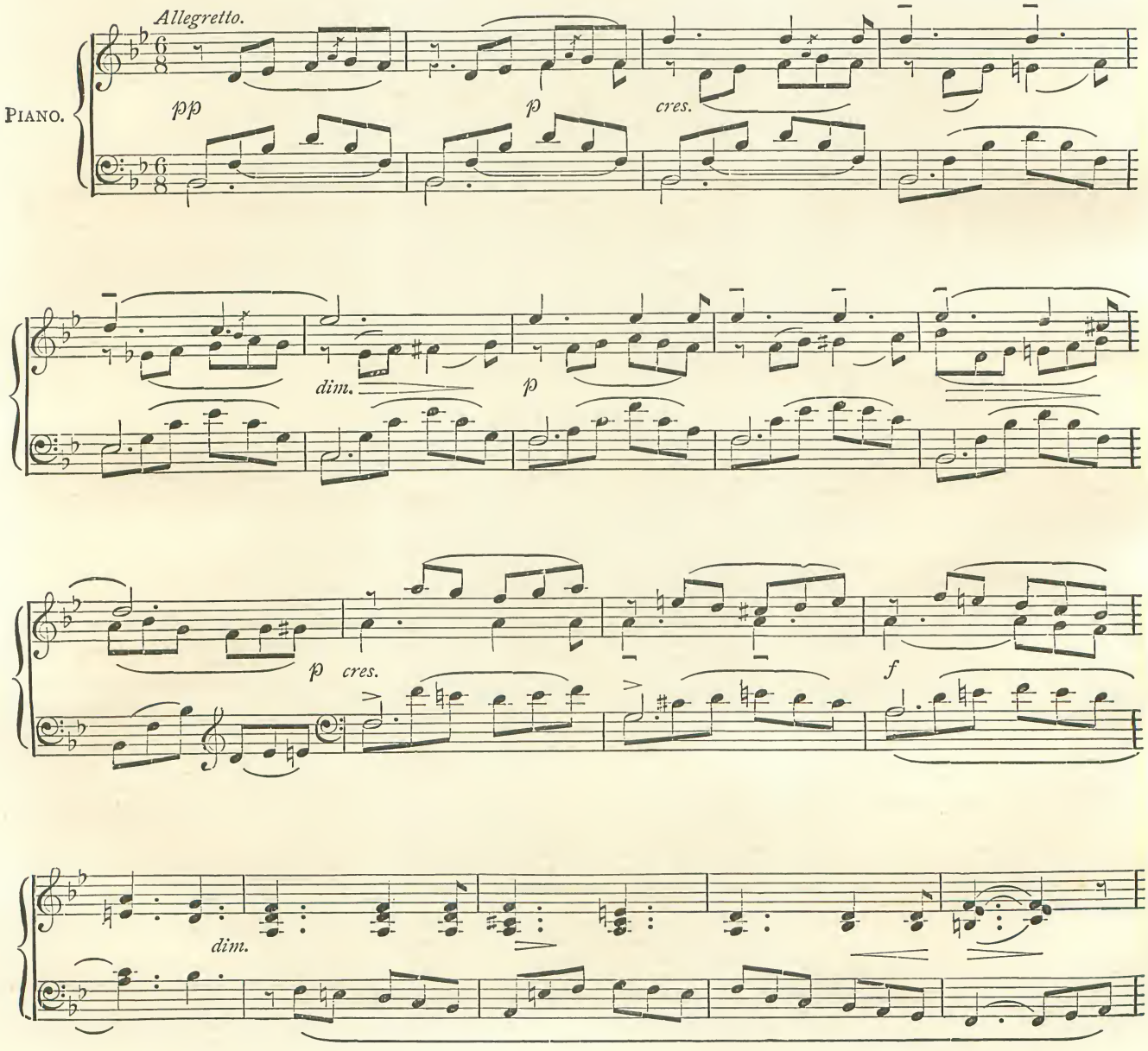
1. Nestling within a valley picturesque and grand,
A village offers tourists rest at little cost;
While near at hand those jagged Alpine summits stand,
In scaling which so many precious lives are lost.
2. The loving sister who preserved her brother's life
By aiding his escape when murder's hand was near;
In grateful memory he gave her to be wife
To his heroic cousin and companion dear.
3. A science that is hard at first to comprehend,
And oft will weary hours of drudgery entail;
Yet wonderful results its patient toil attend,
And, lacking it, no education can avail.
4. Where'er I set my foot, there firmly I remain,
Inflexible and pertinacious do I prove;
All efforts to disturb me you will find are vain,
Despite your ingenuity to make me move.

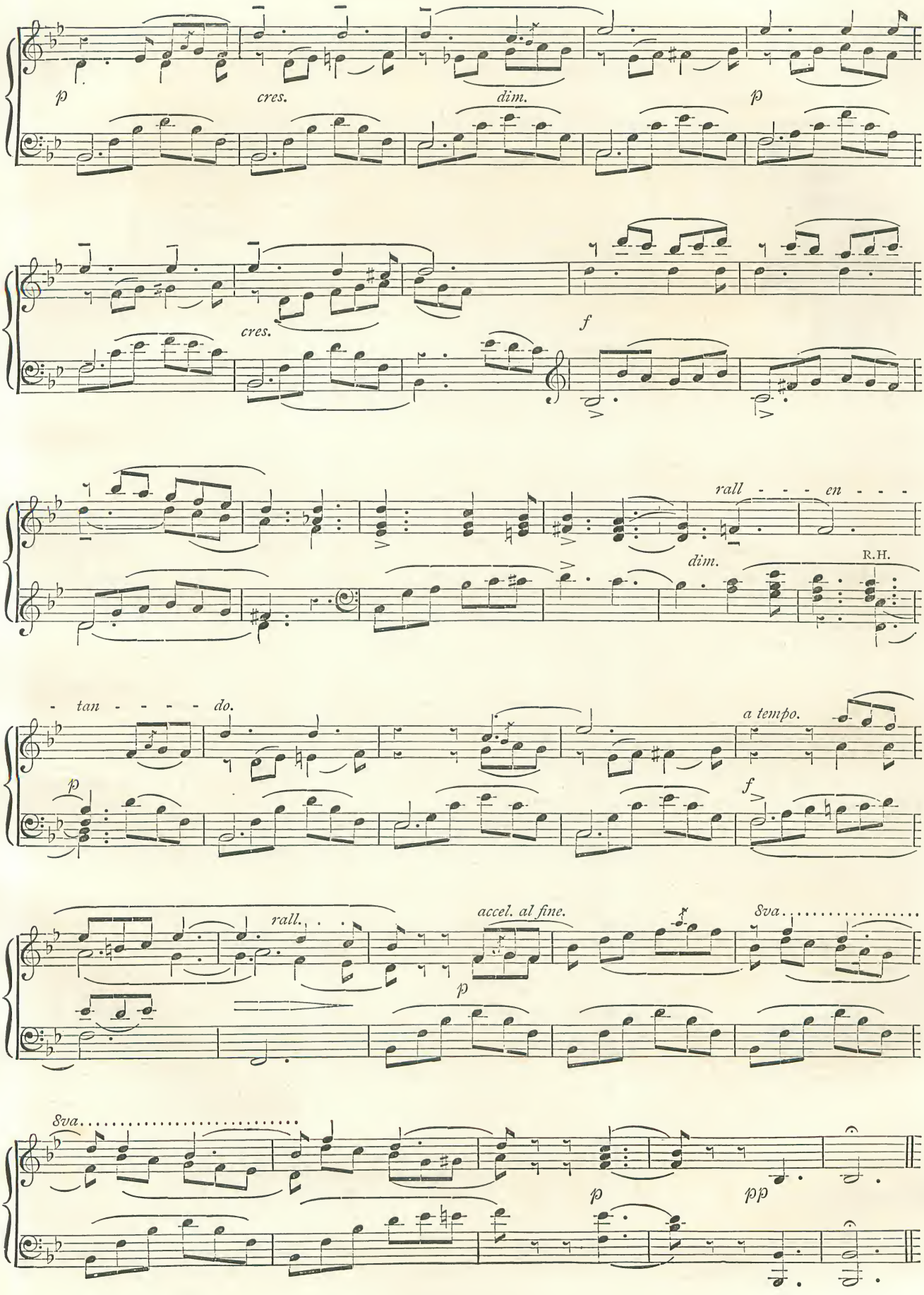
Ximena.



AUBADE.

H. A. J. CAMPBELL.

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SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOR some weeks after the Boothroyds began to work for Castor and Willockson they were kept incessantly employed, and as the pay was better, both mother and daughter felt more hopeful.

"If we can keep on with this work through the usual slack season, what a comfort it will be," said Janet.

"Yes, if only my strength keeps up," replied her mother. "But we have been obliged to work such long hours that the strain is terrible."

"Surely you are not feeling worse, mother?"

Janet looked enquiringly in Mrs. Boothroyd's face, and her voice told of the dread within at the very thought that she might have been unmindful of her mother's failing strength, and allowed her to do too much.

"I am always a poor, weakly creature, Janet. I cannot say that there has been much difference in me of late. Only increasing age means lessening powers."

"But you are not old. According to age, you are only in your prime now; but it is the wear and tear. I am growing old too, dear, and I am not yet twenty. Never mind, darling—we are doing better. We owe nothing, and we have a few shillings in hand. Think of that!"

The girl's smile and hopeful tone touched the mother's heart; and though she was conscious of increasing weakness, she would say nothing to dishearten Janet.

"It is a change for the better," she replied, "and we may be able to take things a little more easily soon. It is hardly likely orders will be so plentiful as to keep everybody working at high pressure, though I believe Castor and Willockson give more regular employment than any firm in Millcaster. How wonderfully things have worked together for our good! We thought work was going to be scarce, or stop altogether, and the trouble turned us in a different direction, to find more and better. We will be thankful for the present, and once more say—

"'Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I will not pray,
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord, just for to-day.'"

The familiar words once more suggested happy, trustful thoughts, and the work went cheerily on until the long day's task was finished.

The autumn had been unusually fine, and so long as the bright weather lasted the task of bending over the sewing-machine, or of finishing the fine work they were engaged on, had seemed to call for great self-denial on the part of mother and daughter. They had been terrified at the prospect of being without employment, yet they would have been thankful to take an occasional half-holiday. So far, there had been no chance of this. With every new parcel of work had come the words, "This must be finished by such a time," and the interval allotted was always so short, that there could be no relaxation of toil, no shortening of hours.

Sometimes Mrs. Boothroyd would ask, "Did they not praise the work, Janet? I am sure they must be conscious that it is beautifully done."

"Nobody ever praises workers of our sort, mother. We ought to be happy indeed to receive our wages, and hear no complaints. If there were anything wrong we should know soon enough."

"People are so ready to blame, so slow to praise; yet it would cheer us to hear a kind word now and then. I don't see why a singer, for instance, should be applauded by thousands of listeners, and such as ourselves get no sign of approval for all our efforts."

"I daresay there are many kind words said about our work, mother, only we do not hear them. Since I have been making these pretty things I have pictured beautiful young girls holding up the dainty garments and praising the work. I know, for I heard it at the warehouse whilst I waited, that we have done little else but work for wedding orders. It pleased me to think of this. It is a sort of praise to be trusted with such things, for only the very best hands do it. You can think, can you not, how the *trousseaux* of the brides will be looked at and praised, though the workers can never really know what is said? They can only imagine. But I quite enjoy picturing groups of girls turning over these *camisoles*, for instance, and whilst I think of them, I seem to hear what they say, and I know they must express satisfaction only."

Mrs. Boothroyd would say no word to check Janet's innocent pride in the work of her hands; but experience had taught her that, whilst admiring and using the results of such toil as hers, comparatively few thought about those by whom it had been produced.

Without telling Mrs. Boothroyd and Janet how she first met Matthew Millington, Susan Meade gave them some account of his efforts to bless and cheer the lives of toiling dwellers in the slums of Millcaster. She pictured him as she had seen him amongst the children, and spoke of the trouble he took to bring them into touch with whatever would tend to gladden their young hearts. She told them that she was making garments for the poor, and that if her neighbours' work should fail at a future time, she might obtain like employment for them, through Uncle Mat's instrumentality.

Mrs. Boothroyd thanked her gratefully, and said that if a dark day should come, she would not forget to remind her of her promise.

Susan of course said nothing of her own share in this work of charity, and not being told to the contrary, Mrs. Boothroyd imagined that the materials were supplied by Uncle Mat, and that Susan was paid for making them up. The inference was a natural one. Nobody could have imagined that a person living in Morton Place would possess the means to give both money and labour to the poor.

Susan told Matthew Millington what she had done, adding, "I shall feel easy about my neighbours now. If you will help me, I can take care that the wolf is kept from the door without their knowing how."

"I said that a way would be sure to open for you if you were bent on doing them a good turn. You have found the way. You have the will, and when the time comes you will be ready," said Uncle Mat. "Whatever help I can render, you may count on. I may want your services in a new direction; but not just yet. I shall call on you when I do."

By this Uncle Mat did not mean that he should visit Morton Place; but Susan had entrusted him with her address, and he could communicate with her by letter if needful.

"I'll give you your own words back again. I will be ready whenever you do call, though I shall not leave No. 11 so eagerly as I once should, because I believe it is a bit of comfort for my two neighbours to see me going in and out, and to have a talk with me now and then. But the greatest need will always be the strongest call for me," was Susan's answer.

As may be supposed, two payments were punctually made by the Boothroyds—the weekly amount due for the hire-purchasing of the machine, and the rent.

Mr. Cutclose called with his usual regularity, and was invariably received and paid by Mrs. Boothroyd. Once or twice he saw a tall, slender figure pass out of Morton Place as he entered it; but the face was so concealed by a dark veil that he could never clearly distinguish the features. He judged that this was the younger tenant of No. 12, and that she wished to attract as little notice as possible.

Mr. Cutclose was curious, but owned to himself that he had *no* right to intrude upon his tenants, or to ask questions about their private affairs. The women paid their rent, and, as a rule, he was well contented with such a state of things.

Winter was close at hand. The autumn had been fine, and had com-

pensated in some degree for a wet summer; but the winter promised to be a hard one. Frost and snow alternated with boisterous weather, and the cold began earlier in the year than usual.

One night, late in November, a cruel north-east wind was driving people indoors, and making those who were already there thankful for the shelter of home and a warm fireside.

Later on the wind increased to a fearful gale, which made Mr. Cutclose turn uneasily in his bed. He could not sleep for thinking of his badly-built property, and calling to mind the fact that he had no insurance policies to cover the cost of renewals if windows were blown in, or chimneys fell on roofs. Fire was a comfortable thing by comparison. It meant new houses rising in place of old ones.

Yet another thought disturbed the landlord's slumbers. If any of those old houses in Morton Place were to come down, life might be lost. Would he not be held responsible?

The condition of the property was notoriously bad. It had been made a subject of many a rude jest between the owner and men of similar class to himself, and of censure amongst those who care for the safe and healthy housing even of the poorest of their neighbours. Mr. Cutclose was alike unmoved by jest or blame. One consideration influenced him—the desire of gaining the utmost possible farthing, combined with the desire to shield himself from the consequences of wilful neglect, should harm befall his tenants. He could not tell why he should be more anxious about Mrs. Boothroyd than others; but, in spite of himself, the widow's pale, refined face haunted him.

"Most of my tenants are pretty well used to rough it," he thought. "A chimney down, or a smashed-in window, troubles them very little. If No. 1 was half in ruins the family would turn into No. 2, and make the best of it whilst their own place was made right again. They would be as neighbourly as possible, and rather enjoy the excitement of it, telling of their narrow escapes, and making the inconvenience an excuse for getting behind with their rents. This Mrs. Boothroyd is made of more delicate stuff, and could not stand a shock of any kind."

Mr. Cutclose was right. The subject of his thoughts was lying awake, listening to the howling of the wind, and feeling painfully anxious for the safety of her poor dwelling. She could hear a periodical thud overhead, which might be caused by the rocking of a loose chimney-pot. "If it should fall and crash through the roof, it might injure Janet," was the idea which haunted her, and drove away sleep. The girl was always first in her mother's thoughts; but she was sleeping profoundly, in happy unconsciousness of the storm that was raging around her.

The utter weariness which brings refreshing slumber to the young, has often a different effect on older but equally tired workers. It was so in this case. Mrs. Boothroyd was feeling too utterly worn out to sleep, and the aching of her limbs was sufficient to drive away all hope of rest.

Janet, on the contrary, was too tired to be kept awake even by her fears; but she was suddenly aroused later on.

The tottering chimney and pot gave way at last, and fell with a crash upon the crazy roof. This in turn yielded, and a shower of broken laths and plaster, followed by a mass of bricks and other *débris*, came through the aperture into the room.

Fortunately, Mrs. Boothroyd, assisted by Janet, had moved the bed from its usual position, or neither of them could have escaped personal injury. As it was, the terrified women gathered their garments together and fled downstairs, shutting the bedroom door behind them, and hardly knowing whether they could safely remain in the cottage at all.

There was a quantity of beautiful material in the lower room partially made up, but no single garment completed. This was, however, protected from harm; the work was always laid on clean calico, which was so folded over it that not a speck could mar its spotlessness. A sigh of relief came from both mother and daughter when they found that cambric and lace had suffered no damage, though everything else in the place was besprinkled with soot and dirt; for the chimney of the lower room ran into that of the upper; the one could not be destroyed without the other being at least shaken, and made to scatter its contents into the fireplace and beyond it.

Just at the time when Susan Meade's presence would have been invaluable to her neighbours she was absent. That stronger call had come unexpectedly. A case of terrible sickness and dire poverty had induced Matthew Millington to ask the aid of Susan's willing hands, and she had promptly responded to his summons. She had told Mrs. Boothroyd and Janet what had called her to leave home for a time, and had promised to send them her address as soon as possible. This was two days ago, but no intimation of Susan's whereabouts had come to her neighbours as yet. This, however, was not Susan's fault. She had written a note, and entrusted it to a messenger who had promised to deliver it safely, and who was old enough and steady enough to execute such a commission. The note was simply addressed to Mrs. Boothroyd, and, time being precious, contained only the words, "Address, Susan Meade, 4, Blossom-street, Eastwich, Millcaster." Eastwich was a poor suburb of Millcaster, and in one of its poorest streets Susan Meade was engaged in a mission of mercy at Uncle Mat's request. The woman who undertook to deliver the note was very confident as to the whereabouts of Morton Place—so confident that Susan never doubted that she was well informed. But the messenger could not read, and all the while she had confused Morton Street with Morton Place in her own mind. She had the first word right anyhow, and felt sure that she and Susan meant the same locality. A street was a place, of course, and Morton Street was a very nice place, and one that decent people lived in. Hadn't she washed for a family that weren't a stone's throw off it? She could find it blindfold and in the dark, let alone by daylight. So the messenger delivered the note correctly according to her lights, and Susan received satisfactory answers to her enquiries, for the woman misled her without having the slightest intention to deceive.

"Did you see Mrs. Boothroyd?" asked Susan.

"I did not. It was a tall young girl opened the door to me. I said, 'Is the mistress in?' and she told me, 'No; but she'd be back in an hour or so, and she'd give it to her.' That was just all, and I came away."

"That would be Janet, of course," thought Susan. "Mrs. Boothroyd would have gone to the warehouse with the work herself. What they are doing now is light enough for her to carry, and her going saves time, for Janet can get through so much more work than she can."

She felt perfectly satisfied; but had she known the truth she would have sent a second note by post. The one first sent was on a mere scrap of paper folded across—in fact, the blank piece of the sheet on which Uncle Mat's message to herself had been written. In the poor dwelling where she was now ministering to a sick mother and children there was no trace of writing materials, so the scrap of paper and her own pencil had sufficed. The truth was, that her message had been placed in the hand of a young waitress, servant in a good house in Morton Street. The girl had laid it on a little tray, ready to hand to her mistress when she returned, and had not even noticed the name on the outside. When the lady looked at it she at once said, "This cannot be for me. The person who left it has made a mistake. Is there anyone named Boothroyd hereabouts?"

The girl shook her head. "I have never heard that name," she replied. "I'm sorry I did not look at the address before the woman left the door. Perhaps she will find out, and call again."

"Keep it safely, at any rate. I hope the mistake will cause no inconvenience to anyone."

Of course the messenger did not call again, being unaware of her blunder, and the scrap of paper lay for days unclaimed, until it was consigned to the dustbin along with the sweepings of the hall.

Susan, meanwhile, pursued her work of mercy with a mind at rest about the neighbours whom she was so anxious to serve. On the night of the storm she too had her fears about the poor cottage in which she found herself. But it stood firmly, and as she heard nothing from the Boothroyds she concluded that no harm had befallen Morton Place or its tenants from wind or water. Uncle Mat called on the day after the storm, to bring little comforts for the sick people and ask Susan how they were progressing. He was delighted to see the reformation she had already wrought by those strong, capable hands of hers.

"You are the right woman in the right place," he said, whilst his face

expressed admiring confidence in Susan's powers. "She'll pull through," indicating the sick woman, who was sleeping peacefully. "She was dying of neglect rather than illness. She'll owe her life to you by God's blessing. Better than sackcloth and ashes," he added, seeing Susan's face light up with gladness at his words. "Better, but not best of all yet, though you'll come to it in time."

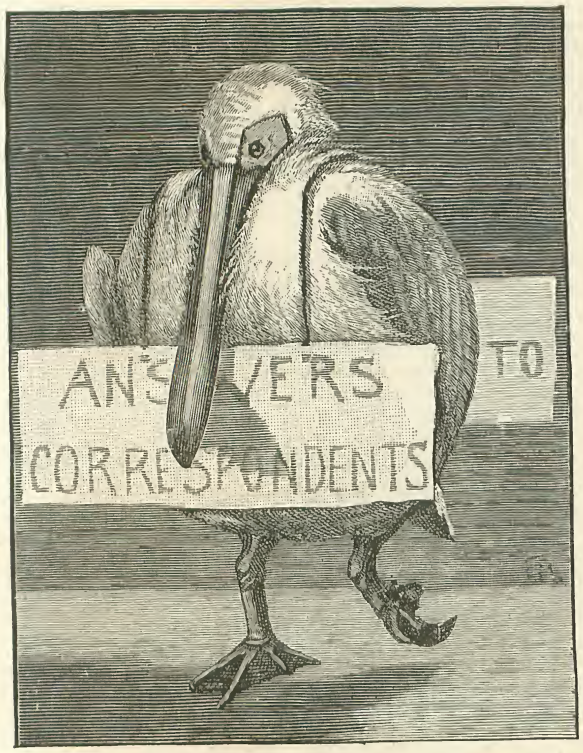
Susan smiled as she answered, "I don't know quite what you mean about the best of all, but if I am on the way to it I am content."

"Do your neighbours know where you are, in case they should want you?"

"Yes; I sent the address in writing directly after I came here. But they are in good work, and I am feeling pretty comfortable about them at present."

"That is good hearing. It is pleasant to know that the sunshine has got into a poor home at last." And Uncle Mat went his way, leaving Susan with an easy mind as regarded her neighbours at No. 12, and little guessing that they were at the moment in as great need of her help as were those to whom she was giving it.

(*To be continued.*)



EDUCATIONAL.

MISS MONDY.—We have pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to the National Home-Reading Union—office, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. Annual subscription, 1s. 6d. to reading members, and 1s. to members of circles. With reference to the Young People's Section, for which Miss Mondy is Secretary, it should be more generally known that about 500,000 children leave school annually in England, having passed the standards, or become old enough to leave, and begin to work full time; and of these latter, only 27,000 ever keep up their learning by attending night schools. Thus, such an institution as this, combining recreation with agreeably given instruction, is highly desirable.

J. A. L.—1. There are eight Moravian schools in England and Ireland; we do not know of any in Scotland. At Fulneck (Leeds) there is a boys' school likewise. The Principal is the Rev. M. O'Connor. —2. In reference to income-tax, if your income does not exceed £150 per annum, you are not liable for it, and if charged on any of your debentures or shares in any stock or other securities, this is what you should do—ask your rate and tax collector to give you a form, and state particulars on it of your income, and send it to Somerset House, requesting the return of the money deducted. If your income exceeds £150 per annum, deduct from the exact amount £80 (to be free of tax), and pay on the balance only.

Z. A. (Denmark).—There are many schools in the United Kingdom, as well as on the continent and in America, where the oral instruction of the deaf is carried on. There is a training college for teachers, as well as a school, at Castlebar Hill, Ealing, W., on the oral system. Apply for information to the Lady Principal, Mrs. Kinsey. There is another, on the same system, at 11, Fitzroy Square, W.; director, W. Van Praagh, Esq.; and there is a private school, for gentlemen's children only, conducted by Miss Hull, Woodvale, Parkhurst Road, Bexley, Kent.

ART.

M. F. FURLEY.—*Repoussé* work tools are sold by metal workers. As we do not give shop addresses, you had better enquire at one where such work is sold.

FLUE cannot employ any cheaper colours than those sold in tubes.

A DAUBER and JOEY.—Wash your brushes, after painting in oils, in turpentine, and then in soap and water to get rid of the oil. You may keep them in poppy oil after washing, or when they are not very dirty.

EGLANTINE. — Stumping-chalk is used for the backgrounds which you mention, but we prefer them worked out with the crayon.

BESSIE.—If you buy canvas prepared for painting, no further preparation on your part is necessary.

ANTINE.—Plaster casts such as are used in the Schools of Art can be purchased in many places. Enquire for a good shop at any artist's colourman's. They are rather expensive, but if you make arrangements with the firm, you will probably be able to hire instead of buying them.

OLD MAN.—In painting the edelweiss, use white, black, and chrome; for the poppy use scarlet, indigo, black, and vermilion; for blackberries — indigo, Prussian blue, crimson lake, and white; for strawberries — crimson lake, chrome No. 1, indigo, and vermilion.

LOTTIE.—You may use either powder-colours or water-colours for painting photographs. No special instructions are needed, for clear, bright tints only are laid on, as the photograph itself supplies all the shading.

EDITH.—We can only repeat our so often given advice, that you should take your Christmas, Easter, and birthday cards, and illustrated decorative menu cards, to a shop where such articles are sold, and endeavour to obtain orders, as well as sales for work already done.

A GREY DAWNING.—To mount water-colour paintings on cardboard, follow these directions. Cut the picture to the size desired, and do so very evenly. Take the exact size, and rule an upright and horizontal line upon the cardboard. Then paste the painting half an inch deep all round the ends and sides, the paste or gum being very stiff and not likely to wet the picture through to the painting side. Lay it accurately on the traced lines made on the cardboard, and place it on a table or marble slab with a smooth heavy weight upon it.

DAISY.—Have you tried to paint upon Pearline? There is also frosted and silvered glass and brown sugar paper, velvetine and dark workhouse sheetings, and burnished metals—in fact, an almost endless amount of backgrounds on which you may paint. Practise at first on some inexpensive material, and persevere.

AGNES.—The term *silhouette*—a small profile likeness in black slightly shaded in gold or bronze—derives its French name from a M. de Silhouette, a member of the French Ministry in 1757, and an author. He made strenuous efforts to minimise the expenses of the State, and thus the term *à la Silhouette* was employed to designate anything of a cheap character. The use of it was extended to the quick and inexpensive method of taking "black shade portraits," ever since entitled *silhouettes*.

BLUE CORNFLOWER.—When painting in oils on terra-cotta it is not necessary to varnish highly. The best plan is to leave the painting to dry thoroughly and then to use a little spirit varnish.

MYRTLE.—You can soften hardened water-colours by taking them out of their tubes, and grinding them up with a few drops of eau de Cologne and one of glycerine. This method is effective, but only temporary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARGARET.—A fully-organised home is now inaugurated at Montreal by the Women's Protective Immigration Society, where women and young girls of good character are received on their arrival in Canada. Board and lodging are free for the first twenty-four hours. Suitable employment is found for them in the first instance, and a home of rest and protection is there afforded to them in the future, if required. This society is supported by the Dominion and Provincial Governments. You would be met on the arrival of your steam vessel at Montreal by the Resident Secretary; and should you land at Quebec and continue by railroad to Montreal, you should send a notice of your proposed arrival, when you will be met at the station. For all information as to your travelling, rates of wages, etc., write to the Rev. J. Bridger, St. Nicholas Vestry, Liverpool.

POPPER JACK.—1. The Latin name for the honeysuckle is *Caprifolium*. There is a pretty plant known as French honeysuckle, the botanical name of which is *Hedysarum coronarium*, a biennial, and used as fodder for horses, but quite a different plant from the *Caprifolium*. Surely you must know that the blossoms of the honeysuckle, which grow in clusters, are coloured in irregular stripes of white, and various shades of pink or yellow, or altogether of one of these colours.—2. For neuralgia, good food, warm clothing, and a gravel or sandy soil, are all essential; and perhaps a tonic and some outward application. If in the face, perhaps the origin may be traced to a tooth needing a dentist's services.

C. A. R.—Why did you not read on further? The very next verse (St. Mark iii. 30) gives you the reason why our Lord used those words, and He carefully gives a full explanation. You should pray for your understanding to be enlightened, for picking out single texts, without any regard to the context to explain them, may lead people very far wrong in seeking for Divine Truth.

NANCY LEE.—We believe that telephonic communication and conversation are maintained in the United States between New York and Chicago, which is a distance of 1,000 miles and upwards. We are not aware whether more recent improvements have extended the distance for possible conversation.

MAY.—We think you too young to marry; at least wait until you are of age. When you have attained to full maturity, ten or eleven years of seniority in your husband will be of little consequence. At the same time, we think that it is not fair in any man to take advantage of the inexperience of a girl in her teens only, and her youthful fancy for him, in binding her to a hard and fast engagement. It should be conditional.

A. M.—Do not say that you are not a Christian because you have been living carelessly, and backsliding more or less. You believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, you have no hope of salvation but through Him, you have full conviction of sin, and you are troubled at your declensions, and desire to return to the Good Shepherd and live a more consistent life. This is sufficient evidence that you are trying to live as a Christian should live, and your lack of peace under this conviction of retrogression and partial estrangement from Him show that the Holy Spirit is influencing your heart for good, and drawing you nearer to Him. Take courage; "Him that cometh unto Me, I will *in no wise* cast out."—2. The quotation—

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all,"

is from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

TIT.—Some people have no colour in their faces, and others have. If you are quite well, why not be satisfied? If your Maker chose to give you a pale face, it is enough.

J. V.—We should advise you to tell your father and mother the responsibility is too great for you, and that her brain seems to be affected.

FORLORN.—If you were not engaged to the young gentleman we do not see what you can do, as he is of course free to discontinue his attentions to you. The only way to find out his reasons would be through the kind offices of some mutual friend.

CONSTANCE.—Your first cousin's child is your first cousin once removed; your children and his are second cousins.

VOL. XIII.—No. 655.] JULY 16, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

ON the morning after the storm Mr. Cutclose left One Ash Villa before his usual hour, and took the first train to Millcaster. Before going to his office he made his way to Morton Place and to Mrs. Boothroyd's door. A glance upwards told him what had happened, and for once Mr. Cutclose was honestly distressed on account of it. Conscience refused to acquit him of blame, and when he saw the state of affairs indoors he would have cheerfully paid a good round sum to be free from its upbraiding voice. The rain, which had poured in through the gap in the roof, had penetrated to the lower apartment. Every article in it was sprinkled with soot, and on account of the state of the chimney no fire could be made until the damage was repaired. The morning was bitterly cold, though the storm had abated, and the pinched faces of Mrs. Boothroyd and Janet told how they must have already suffered.

"I'm dreadfully sorry for what has happened, ma'am. I would have given

All rights reserved.] "SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF A SMELLING-BOTTLE ON THE CHIMNEY-PIECE."

a ten-pound note sooner than you should have been put about like this. Aye, if all the other houses had come down, I should not have been as much troubled as I am about you," said Mr. Cutclose.

He was evidently in earnest, and whilst Mrs. Boothroyd could not help thinking that the comfort and safety of his other tenants ought to be of equal consequence to him, she was touched by his anxiety on her own account.

"We must have you and your young —hem!—lady out of this at once, so as to put things to rights," he continued. "Susan Meade will take you in, I know, and make you welcome. I'll speak to her myself," and Mr. Cutclose made a movement towards the door.

"Our neighbour is from home, and the house is locked up for the present. She left money with me to pay the rent regularly for a month if needful."

"Then you *are* neighbourly. I'm glad of that. There will be no difficulty about your using her house till your own is straight. Where is she?"

"I cannot tell. She is away on some errand of kindness, I am sure. She promised to send her address, but she has not done so yet."

"Then there's a mistake, ma'am, for Susan Meade is a woman of her word. But we will get in, and take French leave all the same."

Mrs. Boothroyd protested against any intrusion on her neighbour's dwelling; but her landlord was deaf to her remonstrances, and speedily effected an entrance. The cottage was in as perfect order as possible, and the fire laid ready for lighting, so Mr. Cutclose at once applied a match, and a cheerful blaze began to ascend. "Now, ma'am, don't you be afraid," he said. "I've known Susan Meade longer than you have, and am certain nothing would delight her more than to see you here. We must fetch in whatever you are likely to want from the other house; and I'll have men at the roof, and somebody to clean after them as fast as possible, when all is right and tight again. I owe you some amends for the trouble and fright you have had, and I'll pay, ma'am—I'll pay."

Could this be Mr. Cutclose speaking? He could hardly believe it himself; but he was sincere, and he proved it by prompt action. All was done that could be done, and Mrs. Boothroyd and Janet found themselves in possession of No. 11, with their own sewing-machine and the still spotless materials belonging to Castor and Willockson ready to begin upon as soon as they had breakfasted. Mrs. Boothroyd was, however, quite unfit to resume work, and Janet was scarcely less so. A sleepless night in the one case, a rude awakening in the other, the sudden shock, the fright, and exposure, had done harm which could not be repaired at once. Janet made an attempt on a bit of spare material, but in vain. "It is of no use, mother," she said. "I should only spoil it. I must have some sleep before I can guide the machine. As to you, dear——"

The words died away on the girl's lips. Her mother had fainted as she sat. Janet hardly knew how she managed to lift her to a simple couch which stood below the window; but necessity gave her strength, and she succeeded. The sight of Mrs. Boothroyd's ashen face and colourless lips caused an awful thought to cross Janet's mind. Was the attack a fainting fit, or——? The girl could not bear to put the thought into words, but the inanimate form and pallid face were painfully suggestive of death. What was she to do? Whom could she call? How could she leave her mother in such a state? And if—if—the worst dread of all should prove a reality, what would become of her, alone in the world. If Susan Meade had but been at home, what strength her mere presence would have given! These thoughts flashed through Janet's mind in a moment, and whilst they harassed her she was looking round for something which might help to restore her mother to consciousness, if indeed that were possible. She caught sight of a smelling-bottle on the chimney-piece—it contained eau-de-Cologne, and had indeed lain hidden for years in Susan Meade's box; but after she took No. 11 her various treasures had been turned to account either for use or to give a more furnished appearance to her dwelling. Janet used the perfume without hesitation, and had the unspeakable comfort of seeing her mother's lips unclose, and of hearing a faint sigh escape from them. The greatest dread of all was passing from her mind. New signs of life manifested themselves, and forgetting alike the weariness under which she was ready to sink, and the work which was waiting until restored powers should enable her to begin it, Janet devoted herself wholly to her mother.

"You must lie quite still, mother darling," said the girl. "No wonder you should be faint and ill after such a terrible night. I will get something to strengthen you. I shall be able to leave you for a little while."

"It is not food I want, dear; it is rest. The night has been such a trying one. I feel quite myself again now. It is like heaven just to lie quiet. If I could only be free from the thought of that work, which is due the day after to-morrow, I should be really happy."

"Try to forget it, dear, for a while. I will see if I can get a fresh egg to beat up with some milk and a little sugar for you. It will be easy to take. Then I will stay beside you, and perhaps I may rest a little too."

The fresh egg was not easy to obtain at that season, but Janet succeeded in getting one at a "milk-house" near. She and her mother were among its few customers who never ran into debt, and were the better served on that account.

"You should have got something nice for yourself, dear," said Mrs. Boothroyd, reluctant to have the simplest dainty which Janet did not share.

"Any food tastes good to a hungry girl, mother," replied Janet cheerily, and only too thankful that her purchase had not been in vain.

"Castor and Willockson cannot be angry with us about the work. We must do what we can to-morrow and you must explain," said Mrs. Boothroyd.

"To be sure, mother. I will tell them all about it."

But Janet's heart was heavy, for their employers were notoriously hard in their dealings with their hands. She kept her weary eyes open until her mother was sleeping peacefully, and then she too became unconscious of what was passing around her.

The business of restoration was quickly effected at No. 12; the Boothroyds remained in their neighbour's house for the night, but on the following day were able to return to their own home. Mr. Cutclose performed his promise, personally superintended the repairs, and when all was straight again had a final communication for Mrs. Boothroyd.

"This has been an awkward job for you, ma'am," he said, "and no doubt you and Miss have been hindered by it. But there will be no call for rent this Saturday, nor yet next week. Only please don't say a word about this to any of my other tenants, for if they were to hear, they would be making all sorts of claims both in the way of repairs and rent."

Mrs. Boothroyd thanked her landlord, and said that she had no acquaintance with any of the other tenants, so would not be likely to speak to them on such a subject.

"I might have known that. You'll excuse my mentioning it, ma'am. I'll say good-day to you and Miss, and I hope we shall have no more accidents."

Mrs. Boothroyd and Janet were glad when the door closed behind their talkative landlord, for they were anxious to continue their work. The former could, however, do but little, and though Janet toiled on until midnight, and after a short interval of rest again took her place at the machine, she found it impossible to complete the articles in time. Whether the work was finished or not, the *employées* must be at the warehouse to give an account of it, and to produce the whole of the materials at the appointed hour.

When Janet presented herself the manager's face brightened, but his first words made her tremble.

"It is well you are punctual. This work is to complete a country order which is promised for to-day."

"I am very sorry," began Janet; but she was not allowed to finish.

"Do you mean to say the work is not done?" asked the manager.

"Most of it is, and I can complete it by to-morrow. But the storm blew our chimney down, and made the house in a dreadful state. It was impossible to do this delicate work, or even to be in the house. My mother fainted though the fright and the cold, and was very ill indeed. I was afraid she——"

Tears came, and stopped Janet's further utterance as effectually as the manager's harsh words had previously done. She raised her eyes imploringly, for she felt that her attempts at explanation were lost on this man, who regarded her severely as he answered, "You need not go on making excuses. We have nothing to do with your domestic arrangements. When we gave you work it was with the distinct understanding

that failure in quality and punctuality were faults that we never overlook. Our firm has a high character to maintain. It is our pride to be able to say that we never fail to keep our engagements. We trust our workpeople to enable us to do this."

"I can complete the work by to-morrow morning if you will let me take the part back."

The manager shook his head. "I have no power in the matter. The rules are made by the firm; I have only to carry them out. You cannot have any work from us again, even if you would do it for nothing."

A little later Janet stood outside, with the money she had received clasped in her hand. She felt stunned and bewildered by what had happened, and dreaded the thought of meeting her mother with the news she had to tell. As the girl made her way homeward through the fog, which made it almost dangerous to be out of doors, she could think of nothing but the stern face of the manager, and the pitiless words which sounded like a sentence of condemnation to her in her present position.

"What a cruel world this is!" thought the girl. "Yet it was on this earth that Christ walked and taught the lessons of divine love and mercy; lived to fulfil the law; to be kind, tender, pitiful to the vilest; then died for those who had merited death, that they might live for ever. He said no cruel words, but cheered the downhearted and gave strength to the weak. Yet I suppose the manager, whose words cut me to the heart, and sent me away almost despairing, would call himself a Christian. If he had only spoken kindly, and said he was sorry for me but he had to obey rules, I should not have felt it so hard to bear."

Poor Janet! She might well feel her burden too heavy for her young shoulders. Yet, after all, that stern-looking manager had another side to his character, but he did not show it during business hours. He was sorry for the girl, and when he reached home and was met by his bright young wife's smile of welcome and the patter of his children's feet, he could not forget the despairing look of Janet Boothroyd as she turned away after hearing his words of dismissal. Janet was younger, fairer, more refined than his own wife; yet what a lot was hers! She had no strong arm to lean on, no husband to work for her; and now, through the stern rule of the firm, the work she could do so admirably was snatched from her capable hands. He told his wife what had happened, and how the girl's look of despair would haunt him for days. He loved *her* the better because the story made her own eyes fill with tears of pity as she told him she was glad the laws of the firm were not of his making. It was bad enough that he should have to carry them out in such a hard and fast way. Then she strove, and not in vain, to beguile him into forgetfulness of the disagreeables connected with business, and to make him think of home comforts and joys.

To Mrs. Boothroyd the news that Castor and Willockson would give Janet no more work was a terrible blow. In spite of the girl's efforts to make light of the new misfortune, and to remind her mother of Susan Meade's promise to obtain employment for them of a similar kind to her own, she was quite overcome by it. Another attack of fainting left her weaker than before, and Janet felt almost thankful that there was no pressing work to take her attention from her mother.

Several trying days followed—days of gloom outside, and heavy hearts beneath the roof of No. 12. The gaslights in the shops struggled against the fog which hung over Millcaster most of the time.

There was no news of Susan Meade, no line to tell where she might be found, and hopes which had rested on her began to fade. Janet tried for work at the shirt warehouse once more, but was told there would be nothing until after the New Year—how long after could not be told as yet.

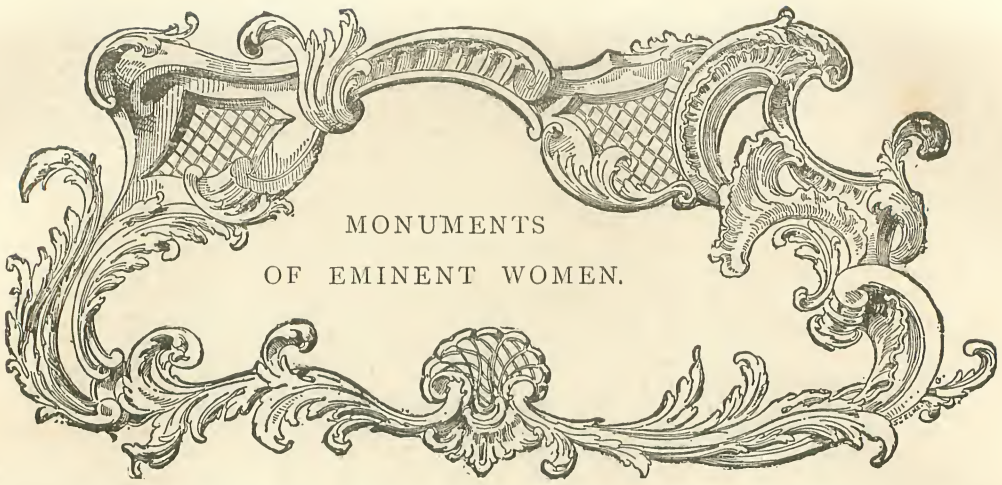
Mr. Cutclose kept his word and remitted two weeks' rent, but he called each Saturday for Susan Meade's. Keen-sighted as usual, he noticed that no work was going on, but he made no comment. "I shall bide the right time," he said to himself, "and then step in as friend in need. They'll want me before long, but it doesn't do to push oneself in before there's occasion. This sort would be likely to turn round on one, and ask what one meant by poking a finger into a tenant's pie. I'm getting nearer to what I've been looking out for this good while. Miss is the one to do credit to One Ash Villa, and look well in a phaeton. I never saw such a face in my life. She's a picture for a painter, and when the time comes I shall not grudge a handsome frame. Dear, dear! How she will set off the silk gowns I shall buy for her, seeing she looks the beauty she does in a threadbare old stuff. Thanks to my first, and my own good management, I can afford to spend real liberal on a second wife. What a change it will be for Miss from Morton Place to the Villa! Won't she be as happy as the day is long!"

These cogitations show the bent of the landlord's mind with regard to Janet Boothroyd. He had quite decided that she should be the second Mrs. Cutclose, and that her beauty and youth, together with the fact that she was "a born lady," were sufficient to outweigh her poverty and present circumstances. She was exactly the person he had long sought for. He could afford to marry a girl without a penny, and he was prepared to place this jewel in a proper setting—but not just yet. When the darkest hour came, he would be the messenger to bring light, hope, and plenty to mother and daughter—that is, if Mrs. Boothroyd lived through the trial.

Of course Mr. Cutclose would have preferred a beautiful young wife without the incumbrance of a mother-in-law. But Miss's mother was not one to be ashamed of. "See her in a nice black silk," he thought. "Why, all the neighbours will wonder how I got into such company. Nobody will know where either wife or mother came from, for people who live a few miles out of town are not likely to visit in Morton Place. There's another good thing to be remembered. Mrs. Boothroyd and Miss have made no neighbours, and the young one has kept that handsome face of hers hid pretty well all the time, so that those who have lived nearest to them would hardly know them again. I declare I feel as if somebody had left me a fortune—such as a whole row of new houses, well built, and beautified to suit tenants—when I consider how, even in little matters, all is so wonderfully ordered for my good. Why, if Miss were like any other girl in the world, she'd show that pretty face of hers as often as ever she could. She'd be saying to herself, 'My face is my fortune,' and right enough. But she's as modest as a violet hiding under the moss. It's wonderful—truly wonderful!"

(To be continued.)

MONUMENTS OF EMINENT WOMEN.



FRANCES DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE lady whose monument we illustrate held a very important position in English history. Although not a queen herself, yet she was daughter of one queen and mother of another, and was declared by an Act of Parliament to be the heiress to the English throne. The inscription upon her monument is as follows:—"Here lieth the Ladie Frances, Duches of Southfolke, daughter to Charles Brandon, Duke of Southfolke, and Marie, the French Quene; first wife to Henrie, Duke of Southfolke, and after to Adrian Stock, Esquier." This lady was, as we thus see, the daughter of Henry VIII.'s sister Mary, who became Queen of France upon her marriage with Louis XII. (and dying a few years afterwards, left her a widow). She then married Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. A terrible piece of work there was over this marriage, because, although it appears that Henry VIII. had given some kind of consent to Brandon's paying his addresses, yet the precipitancy with which Brandon acted in the matter gave great offence to Henry; and it was only by means of Wolsey's intercession, and a huge bribe administered to Henry himself, that the marriage was allowed to take place at all. Henry, with his usual rapacity, seized the whole of his sister's plate and jewels, the dowry which had been made her by Charles XII., and inflicted a fine of twenty-four thousand pounds, under the pretence that he was out of pocket to that amount for the expenses of her former marriage. If all accounts are true, Brandon had a lucky escape, even at this cost, for there is a very strong suspicion that he had another wife alive at the time! Under any circumstances, however, he is an example of the utter profligacy and worthlessness of the nobility of the Tudor times.

The Duchess of Suffolk, or, as she was called in her childhood, Lady Frances Brandon, was the eldest child of this marriage, and she was born in the old Bishop's Palace at Hatfield on the 17th of July, 1517, during a visit paid by Brandon and Mary to West, Bishop of Ely. Her first husband was Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset (who was created Duke of Suffolk by Edward VI.), by whom she had the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, whose short reign as Queen of England was so tragically terminated. During Mary's reign the Duchess lived in concealment and great distress, having outlived the horrors attending the deaths of her husband and daughter. Afterwards, however, brighter days were in store for her, and she married a wealthy country gentleman of the name of Adrian Stock, or Stokes.* She was taken into favour by Queen Elizabeth, but died in December, 1559; and the present extremely handsome monument in St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, was erected to her memory by her husband, who survived her. Poor Lady Jane Grey has left behind her an account of her bringing up by this mother, and I here give an extract from it, in order that any of our girls who think that their lives have not been cast in pleasant places, and that mammas at the close of the nineteenth century are at times a little exacting and "particular," may see what they would have had to submit to had they lived in the sixteenth century. The extract is taken from the *Essays on English History and Literature*, by the late J. S. Brewer, preacher at the Rolls, and Professor of Modern History at King's College:—

"Lady Frances, who made her *début* into the world in the hospitable precincts of Hatfield, was the very type of severe and appropriate English motherhood at a time when young gentlemen still 'carved before their fathers at the table,' and young ladies, in formal array, stood beside the cupboard, occasionally reminded of their good behaviour by a tap from one of those formidable fans which the ladies in Tudor times carried at their girdles. This is that mother whom Lady Jane Grey described to Roger Ascham, when he enquired how she came to take so much pleasure in reading Plato, instead of amusing herself in the park like other young ladies of her age. 'One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me,' she replied, 'is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silent, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be merry or sad; be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened—yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them)—so without measure disordered, that I think myself in hell till the time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer' (her schoolmaster)."

If, however, we look at the face of Lady Frances Grey, as portrayed upon her monument, we shall fail to find any expression of cruelty or harshness about it. On the contrary, it looks like that of a gentle and refined woman. Unfortunately, however, like so many other monuments in the Abbey, it has suffered from wilful mutilation, and the nose has been broken away. As we should have expected, Lady Frances was certainly a beautiful woman, inheriting the good looks of her father and mother. Brandon was undoubtedly the finest-looking man about the Court of Henry VIII.; and Mary, the French Queen, is said to have been the most beautiful woman of her time.

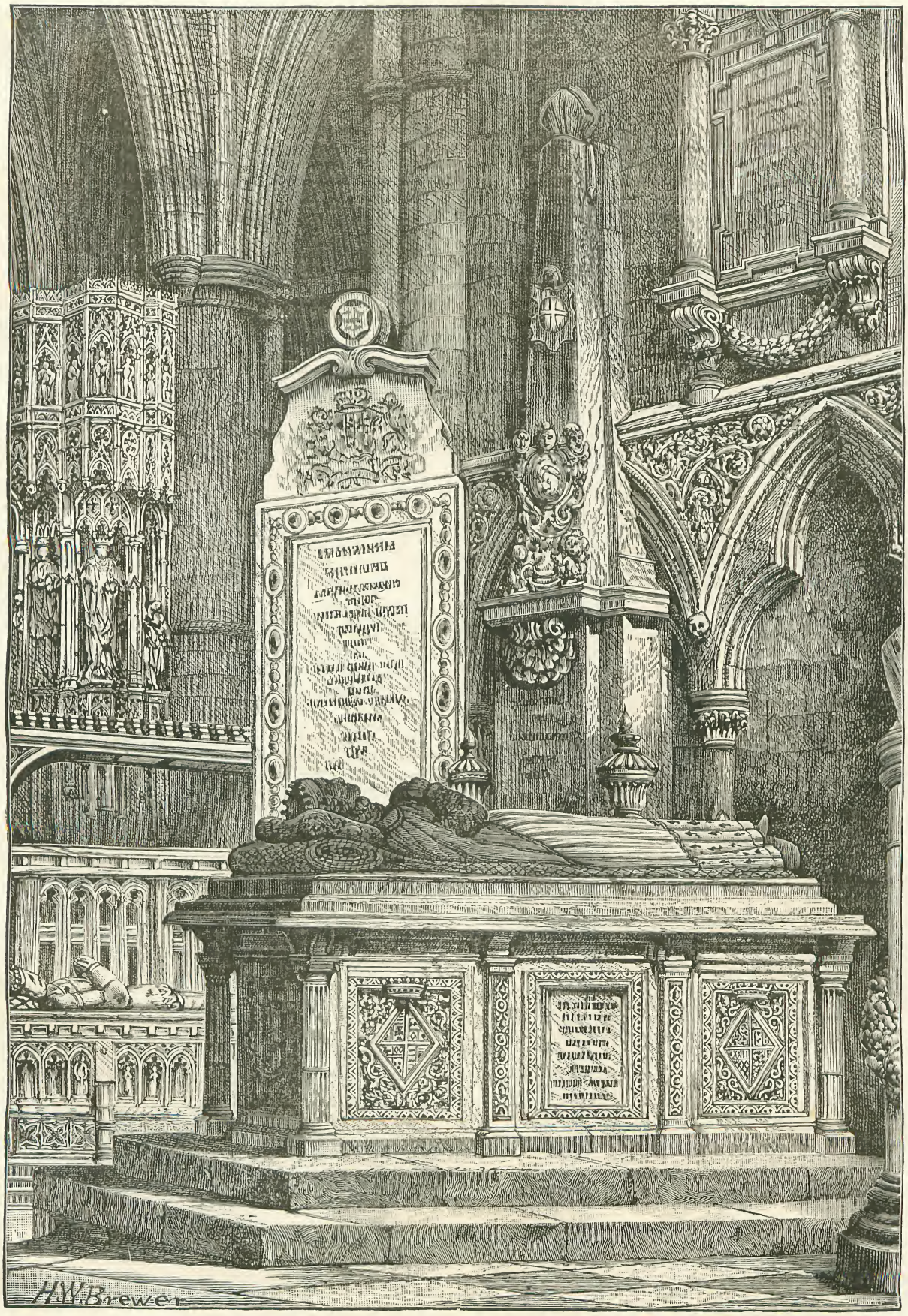
The costume in which the duchess is represented is interesting. She wears a dress gathered in at the waist, with a long and flowing skirt deeply trimmed with ermine, but otherwise plain, and falling from the waist to the feet in small folds. The sleeves, however, are tight to the arm, and are slashed and crossed with braiding set here and there with pearls. A short sleeveless cloak, very much cut away at the neck, covers the upper portion of the dress, passing through which, upon the throat, is a very tall Medici collar, enclosing a quilted ruff, which rises about two inches above the collar. The hair, with the exception of the parting over the forehead, is enclosed in a kind of cap, or net, set with pearls; and surrounding this is a ducal coronet, from which the ornaments are unfortunately broken away. The monument itself is of alabaster, and is adorned with escutcheons holding coats of arms, pilasters, and angle columns. There is a tradition that the Duchess of Suffolk's funeral was the first at which the English burial service was read in Westminster Abbey; but we have been unable to find a confirmation of this tradition.

The other monuments shown in our illustration are those of Mary Countess of Stafford, who died in 1719, and is seen in the right-hand top corner of the view, with a Corinthian column on each side of it. A tall obelisk, surmounted by a bishop's mitre, records the memory of Nicholas Monk, Bishop of Hereford (and brother to the celebrated General Monk), who died in 1661. The large white tablet attached to the column in the centre of the drawing recalls the memory of John Paul Howard, Earl of Stafford, *obit* 1762. The inscription on this monument is in better taste than those which we usually read upon tombs of that date, as will be seen from the following passage: "We therefore piously hope that at the last day his body will be received in glory into the eternal tabernacles. Being snatched away suddenly by death, which he had long meditated and expected with constancy, he went to a better life the 1st of April, 1762."

The elaborate canopied tower in the extreme left of the drawing is a portion of the splendid old Gothic monument of Henry V.; and the tomb immediately in front of it is that of John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, second son of Edward II., who died in the year 1334. This beautiful monument is a sad example of the somewhat recent mutilations at the Abbey, inasmuch as drawings made about a century ago represent it as surmounted by a magnificent Gothic canopy, every vestige of which has now disappeared.

H. W. B.

* Neal's *Westminster Abbey*, vol. ii., p. 162.



TOMB OF THE MOTHER OF LADY JANE GREY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

NATURE'S LIFE.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "Selina's Story," "Cædmon's Vision," etc.

"WHY am I always called upon to give?"
Said heiress Amy, with a weary sigh.
"So much is asked of me, I seem to live
To be besieged by a continual cry.
If I gave all I have, 'twould scarce help sorrow
To quiet hunger's pangs until the morrow.

"Were I but left in peace, I would not hoard,
Or hold myself aloof from sick and faint;
I'd give what I could reasonably afford,
And tend the Master in the suffering saint.
But I'm confused by rival claims, and bidden
Mount each one's hobby as the finest ridden."

Lest heiress Amy be misunderstood
For murmuring 'neath her richly-gilded yoke,
We must submit that she was kind and good—
That with unwonted bitterness she spoke.
Wide though her purse might be, her heart was wider;
Let none untried by wealth presume to chide her.

For had the gold of Crœsus been her store,
The world had laid it out for her in schemes;
And then, regretting that there was no more,
Turned to discover fresh Pactolian streams.
She might share crusts with Lazarus, acceding
To each day's importunity and pleading.

So, more than all the joy of sacrifice,
The truer the pain of having to resist;
To rise to what was asked of her was nice,
But not to find some great occasion missed.
For though her will was good, she was but human;
Both head and heart were such as fall to woman.

So sometimes she gave censors room to say,
"There—you let feeling run away with sense;
To cant and sham you've given good gold away—
To succour orphans was a vain pretence;
And yet last week you steeled your heart of pity
Against an innocent who died since in the city."

None knew the soreness of such sad mistakes,
The shame that haunted her, the secret fear,
Lest even against her, good God's judgment wakes.
"Can He spare folly in His children, dear?
Ah! could she miss the help, the hourly guiding,
If she were truly in His love abiding?"

Upon her envied gold a shadow fell,
Which was the shadow of the holy Cross;
And why it fell the thoughtful monk might tell,*
Who taught that heavenly gain must come through loss.
"Where'er thou art, the Cross is thine to carry;
It bringeth blessing, though the boon may tarry."

"Ay! tarry till the swift years have gone by,"
Said Amy, in a pain-perplexèd mood;
"My soul goes out to meet it with a cry,
But no hint reaches me of future good.
Only when I have seen life's story ended,
Shall I know where I pleased, where most offended.

"If 'neath the sunset trees the holy angels
Walked with us 'mid the silence and the dew,
What messages amid their glad evangels
They might bring straight from God to me and you!
Show us our duty, speak to us His favour;
Say if our service had of Life the savour."

That was a dream of Eden, and it passed
For a light wish that shapes a serious thought;
It touched with gold the shadow o'er her cast,
Deep intuitions in her musings brought;
Till many voices seemed to thrill around her,
And Nature in a mystic charm had wound her.

She heard the royal sun sing from his car,
"I go hence but to give myself anew;"
The lady moon said, as she climbed the stair,
"I, in his place, will give myself to you."
The stars came up to help her, "for, in giving,"
Each sang to each, "breathes all the joy of living."

Through Nature's hush, dove songs from groves of balm,
A still small voice spoke into Amy's soul,
Interpreting a universal psalm,
Showing the censer-swing of every bowl
That loosed some sweetness 'neath the raindrops' patter,
And freely gave it for the winds to scatter.

"We live to give—to give ourselves we live;
Who think to evade that law shall surely die;
Only can we receive that which we give;
No bounties sown that do not multiply;
Links of a golden chain, the taking and the giving,
Beaten the gold and tried, for giving and for living.

"No good withheld that shall not turn to rust;
No selfish grace but fades as does the leaf;
Losing their record amid worms and dust,
They perish who hold not by this belief.
Man may sell Service like a slave, and shame her,
But God for His own glory will reclaim her."

Hill-crest and cloud confessed that mutual need
Wrought mutual attraction; purple mist
Rose, but to fall again where grey flocks feed;
It was as if the earth wept, being kissed,
As to her grateful bosom came in showers,
The cool gift needed for her trees and flowers.

All sensate things joined in the psalm, and said,
"To spend and be spent makes our term of life.
Sorrow and love by holy ties are wed;
No rest is sweet that has not come through strife.
Streams furrow land; earth yields her banks to ocean;
Gain follows loss: in the perpetual motion

"Both small and great take part. The painted moth
Watching her young is faithful unto death;
The lark to miss her heaven is nothing loth,
While callow fledgelings draw a feeble breath.
Each creature builds for sacrifice an altar,
Lays life itself thereon, and does not falter."

Above these sweet earth-voices one came down
From the blue height, as soft as evening dew.
"I bore the Cross that you might wear the Crown;
I did not spare, but gave Myself for you.
My heart was yours. If yours is Mine, what giving
Count you as costly through these days of living?"

Then heiress Amy crossed her hands and spake.
"I am so worldly rich, so heavenly poor;
Unless my treasures to Thyself Thou take,
I may to darkness turn from heaven's wide door.
That I may live to give, and bless Thee in the giving,
I pray Thee stay with me—Thyself my joy of living."

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* Thomas à Kempis.

THE GLEE MAIDENS.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of "The History of Music."

TOWARDS the close of the eleventh century the First Crusade had come to an end, but the taste which it engendered for a wandering life was still fresh in the minds of the people of Europe. The high roads of France, Germany, and Austria, and, to some extent, of England, swarmed with itinerants of all sorts. There were travellers who roamed the country for the sake of sightseeing; craftsmen who wandered from town to town in search of employment; tramps, mendicants, mountebanks; merchants bent on business, yet ever willing to be on the move; wandering minstrels, with hat and feather, whose avocation was to sing at every hostelry for a chance dole of money or food; and last, not least, glee maidens, whose bright dress and slender figures among the homelier and more uncouth wayfarers rendered them easily conspicuous from afar. These were the days when ladies did not shrink, when occasion demanded, from wielding a sword or even a lance on horseback, and riding to the battle in defence of their lands and rights. In the Crusades there were many female warriors and female adventurers, and in a gentler sphere of life the same disposition to knight-errantry made itself felt. Young girls, in those days, who had a remarkable passion for music, had no means of gratifying their tastes unless they went to far-distant cities for instruction. A few of the chief towns in Europe boasted the possession of eminent players and singers, but the vast mass of the country was completely rude and uncultivated so far as music was concerned. An ambitious girl who desired to attain proficiency in music had no means of doing so by lingering in the purlieus of her native village. Her only course to adopt was to bid good-bye to her parents, and take a long journey, often consisting of hundreds of miles, to one of the great towns of Europe, there to study her art under some master of repute. The almost certain result of this long wandering to the place of her instruction, and of the efforts made to attain proficiency, was the desire to adopt music as a profession—a natural and a creditable design, but which, in the Middle Ages, could be achieved in no other way than by becoming a pilgrim of Europe. To settle down in a certain place and teach music for a livelihood, as is so often done at present, was impossible then, for nobody desired to learn. To find occupation in public performances, such as concerts, was equally out of the question, for these were rare. But one course was open for the maiden, who, having well considered the question, felt that she must follow music as her occupation in life: this was, to swing her lute round her shoulder and prepare to travel over all the roads of Europe on foot, giving exhibitions of her skill wherever there was likelihood of a crowd assembling, and receiving, in return for her performances, those donations from the listeners which were far more freely given in those days than at present. They were more liberally bestowed on itinerant minstrels, because such minstrels constituted, in the Middle Ages, the entire musical population. Nowadays we are apt to look down with contempt upon itinerant musicians as vagrants and mendicants, and perhaps by no class in the community is this feeling more heartily entertained than by musicians themselves. In the Middle Ages, the wandering minstrels, male and female—or, to give them their ordinary name, the jongleurs and the glee maidens—were often of gentle blood, sometimes of noble family; and even when of inferior extraction, invariably sound and cultivated musicians, and the best representatives of the art then existent in Europe.

It may seem a strange life, and it was indeed an extraordinary one, for a young maiden to lead—to wander about, as if in the days of romance, like the ladies in Spenser's poetry, hither and thither through the country, on a journey of knight-errantry for the cause of art. Yet the glee maidens remained safe in the midst of dangers, and were treated with respect by all classes of the community. As a rule, they did not travel in parties or in pairs, but individually. The reason of this is obvious, for, where public patronage of music was so slender, it was not advisable that more than one applicant for its bounty should appear at once. A glee maiden was easily known by her dress, which was unique and peculiar. She wore a blue jacket embroidered with silver, sitting close to her figure; sometimes this jacket was adorned with spangles, in addition to the silver embroidery, and often decorated at the shoulders with rosettes of ribbons. A striped skirt, which scarcely reached to her ankles, in order to facilitate walking, completed her costume, together with scarlet stockings, and buskins of Spanish leather. On her head she wore a broad hat adorned with gaudy ribbons, and round her neck a silver chain, which was often not of the genuine metal, in order not to excite the cupidity of robbers; for, assured as was the glee maiden of respect and courteous treatment from all honest people who came in contact with her, she was no more secure than anyone else against the avarice of desperadoes. Wandering in this way alone about the country, many a girl, in order to enliven her solitude, took a dumb companion with her, sometimes a dog, sometimes a goat, the former of which served as a valuable protector in case of need. The goat she would generally lead by a string, and, when she sang before a crowd of people, the animal was trained to go round from one to the other, holding a basket or bag suspended round its neck, and making motions to persuade them to drop money in the satchel.

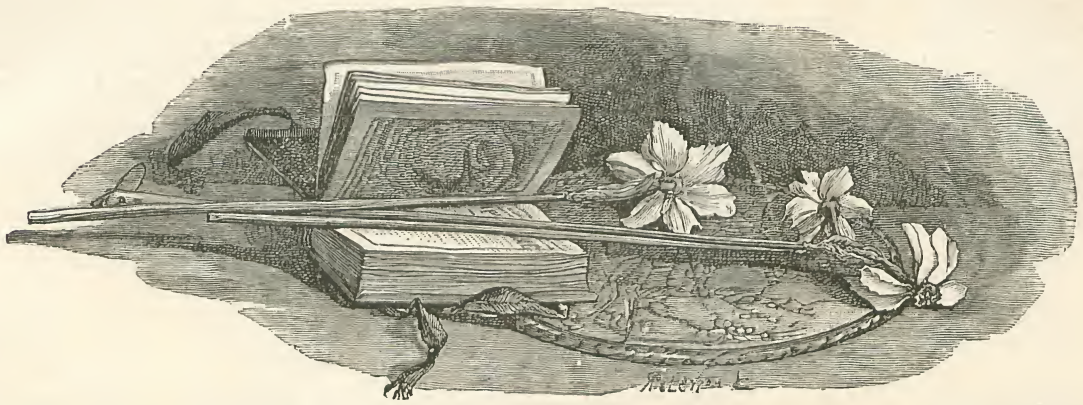
The instruments which the glee maidens played were various. The violin was their favourite instrument, but they likewise played the lute, the bells, the tabor, the flute, the rebeck, and the guitar. A glee maiden, as a rule, could play all these instruments named here, and one or two more beside, reserving one special instrument as her favourite, on which she cultivated her execution to the highest point of skill. If we follow her through a day of her strangely romantic life, we shall see her emerge from the hostelry in the early morning where she has passed the night, and ere the dew has left the glittering grass, trip joyfully along the road, brushing off the globules on the roadside, and attended by her dog or her goat, who looks gravely at her as she laughs and sings. She is up early and off early on her travels this morning, partly because the town whither she is wending is at a great distance, and partly in order to escape the crowds of masculine wayfarers who will begin to dot the road when day fairly sets in. By the time they make their appearance she will have commenced a tortuous career of by-paths and cross-roads, so as to avoid them, and pursue her journey in retirement to the town whither she is bound. Here, in due course, she arrives. It is midday; the townspeople are enjoying an hour's leisure in the interval of their work, and in goodly knots gather round the glee maiden, until a large circle is formed. She, in the middle, mounting an extemporised platform—perhaps a table borrowed from the inn, or the frame of an old cart—commences to play her violin, and sing, in her sweetest voice, a *chanson* which goes home to the hearts of all around her. There is as good behaviour in the motley crowd around as among the audience of a modern concert. As she sings song after song, the varying mood of the sentiment is reflected in the countenances and behaviour of the crowd. At times they are all smiles and hilarity; at other times there is not a dry eye among them. The entertainment is artistic, the appreciation of it is unbounded. After the townspeople have dispersed, the liberal donations which they have poured upon her suffice to provide a meal at the hostel, and to line her purse against any less successful day in her strange life. As she sits making her frugal repast at the hostel, perhaps a message may come from the seigneur of the neighbouring castle, who, hearing that a glee maiden is in the town, sends for her to make music for the knights and ladies on the ramparts after dinner. This is an occasion on which her talents find their most congenial scope, for she is sure of the warmest appreciation of her efforts. She can now display her most artistic style of song and playing, and need not stoop to those tricks of style which she is compelled to adopt when performing before a mixed audience. The testimony of the courtly poets of the time tells us explicitly how charming were those performances of the glee maidens, and how those romantic minstrels impressed the hearts of the knights and kindled the emulation of the ladies.

The glee maiden departs at length from the baronial castle. It is late in the afternoon as she pursues her solitary way along the high road, and ere she has proceeded many miles the shades of evening have fallen around her. Her lot would be an unenviable one, were it not for the twinkling lights of a monastery perched on a gentle acclivity near the roadside. She knows the place well, having heard it described by other glee maidens, and hither, in fact, she has been wending her way designedly. Besides being a monastery, like all buildings of the kind, it acts as a hostelry for weary wayfarers, who are supplied, without payment, with food and shelter. The glee maiden knocks at the colossal gate, and is admitted; she passes over the courtyard, and is soon seated at a cheerful fire, where other travellers, including some of her own sex, are accommodated already on wooden benches while supper is preparing. The monks, who occasionally enter the room, regard her, with looks askance, as an emblem of worldly profanity, because she represents the art of secular music, which in those days received the reprehension of the Church; yet they do not refuse

IN THE COTTAGE GARDEN.

to listen to her melodious songs, which, when the meal is over, she sings for the amusement of the company. Next morning, after a good night's rest at the hospitable convent, she starts on her journeys again. And such is a specimen of the life which she, and all glee maidens like her, led during the Middle Ages.

In winter time, what were they to do? The employments which we have described were those of summer; but in winter country people were not inclined to listen to music, and it was too cold for lords and ladies to promenade on the ramparts overlooking the moat, and loiter about while the glee girl sang. Most of the glee maidens contrived so to arrange their wanderings that by the approach of winter-time they should be near the houses of their parents or relatives, in which friendly domicile they spent the time till spring began again. But those who were not so fortunate as to have either parents or friends were forced to strange expedients to profitably pass the time, the favourite one being to take about dancing bears from village to village, and so earn a pittance until they could resume their proper employment when the winter passed into spring. An old Latin poem of the time describes very graphically the visit of a party of glee maidens to a village, accompanied by bears. After various remarks upon the singularity of the exhibition, it proceeds:—"Some of the glee maidens touched their instruments, and immediately the bears reared themselves up to dance. They marked the time with their feet, springing very high at times, often feigning to come to blows with one another, and doing other antics while the music lasted. Then the bears would dance with the glee maidens, who sang the song of the dance with most melodious voices. The bears danced most gravely with the girls, putting their great paws in their pretty hands, and footing step for step the measure of the dance, growling contentedly the while." To such shifts as these were the glee maidens at times reduced; but when the winter passed away, and bespangled spring came, they renewed that life of music and romance which we have recently described, which has had no parallel in any history of the past, and probably will have no repetition in the future.



AGNES CHISHOLM; OR, COUNTRY LIFE.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

By E. H. ASHWIN.

CHAPTER III.

WAS it true, or was it a dream? So thought Agnes Chisholm, as the next morning she opened her eyes in the pretty bedroom of Hope Cottage. Her mother, she saw with satisfaction, was still calmly sleeping, and the little clock on the mantelpiece only pointed to half-past five. What was it she had been told to remember? Ah! it came back to her now.

"You are to hang the door-key out of your window by six o'clock, and our servant shall come across and light the fire for you, as it is the first morning, and you will be tired after your journey." So had spoken the hospitable Mrs. Durham on saying good-bye the evening before, and Agnes smiled to herself as she recollected the scorn with which her mild suggestion of robbers if the key should hang out before its time had been received.

"Robbers, my dear! What do you mean? It is reported that some tramps once stole some ducks at Winton, and that a very poor woman used occasionally to help herself to a fire from her neighbours' wood-stacks; but that was years ago. *Now* we pride ourselves on being specially and peculiarly honest, if nothing else; so hang out your key without a fear."

Gently rising, therefore, and opening the little casement, Agnes obeyed orders, returning to her bed, however, it must be confessed, with ears very much on the alert. Soon she heard the gate swing back, and a footstep on the path; a minute after the key turned in the lock, and the subsequent clattering of fire-irons, etc., convincing her that all was right, she gave her mind to the contemplation of the room in which she found herself; for on the previous night she had been too tired and anxious, and too much occupied with her mother, to notice anything. This is what she saw. Walls distempered a deep terra-cotta, the floor stained round, the centre covered with a felt square to match the colour of the walls, pretty chintz curtains at the two windows, two small bedsteads, a chest of drawers, dressing-table, washstand, large cane arm-chair and two small ones, and across one corner a curtain, which puzzled her, till, on examination, she found it was intended to serve as a wardrobe, pegs for dresses being placed round the wall within, and a board across the lower part of the front making a convenient receptacle for bags, small boxes, etc.

Her curiosity roused by this inspection, she quickly dressed without disturbing her sleeping mother, and slipped out of her room into the next, which was furnished in a similar manner, but with one bedstead and no arm-chair; their luggage being placed in the third bedroom, which was very tiny, and otherwise unfurnished. Of course the ground floor next claimed her attention, and she ran lightly down the steep, narrow staircase, which seemed really the chief defect in the dwelling, to find the rectory servant had disappeared, leaving a cosy little fire, and the table covered with a dainty, simple breakfast.

The tiny kitchen, with its table, chairs, and dresser, above which hung a set of shelves for plates and dishes, and a corner cupboard filled with a little china and glass, looked charming; but when she opened the door of the parlour, she exclaimed with delight. The floor was covered with plain, brown linoleum, a bright rug here and there; warm coloured curtains shaded the two windows, beneath one of which stood a comfortable, chintz-covered couch, looking positively luxurious with its innumerable cushions; the walls were hung with a cheerful-looking paper, and further enlivened with several pictures and a few brackets; some inexpensive lounging and other chairs, a table or two, hanging book-shelves, and a wire flower-stand filled with blossoming plants completed the category. But the air of refinement and the unmistakable signs of kindly thought and work, gave a double charm to the simple room, and the girl's eyes filled with happy tears as she minutely examined every corner of her new abode, including the well-filled little larder, and the coal-hole under the stairs. Everything had been thought of and provided, and as she sat by the kitchen fire over her solitary breakfast, she decided that they should be very happy. A faint call from above startled her at last from her meditations, and she hastened back to her mother.

"It is charming, perfectly charming, mother dear!" she exclaimed as she re-entered the bedroom, and satisfied herself that the invalid was no worse; "but I shall tell you nothing till you have had your breakfast, which is ready for you, and only wants fetching." And while the said breakfast was being eaten with (so Agnes affirmed) far more appetite than when in a town, she chattered gaily, giving such delightful descriptions that Mrs. Chisholm declared she must get up to see how much was fact and how much fable.

So it happened that afternoon, when Mrs. Durham called, she found the elder lady comfortably established with book and knitting on the couch, the kitchen in perfect order, and the tea-kettle singing its cheery song on the

hob of the parlour grate. "Because, you see," explained the young housekeeper, "two fires are an unnecessary expense, and make unnecessary work; so we are going to light this one after dinner, which both mother and I have decided will be best eaten in the kitchen."

"Quite right, my child," replied the visitor. "And how, dear Mrs. Chisholm," continued she, "do you think you shall like your home?"

"It is beautiful!" heartily returned the invalid. "My married life has been always a poor and wandering, though a very happy, one. We never had much of this world's goods, and often lived very scantily, as my dear husband so earnestly wished to buy us both the little annuity we have. Our wants have been few, our pleasures simple, and Agnes has shared them all. This feels to me like a haven of rest. How can we thank you?"

"Never mention it, my dear friend," replied the kind little lady. "My husband says he has never seen me happier than during the last fortnight, and the children have been wild with delight. Conny says she would like to live here herself much better than in our great rambling house."

"I understand that," said Agnes. "But why have not the children come with you to-day?"

"Partly because I thought their chattering tongues might be too much for an invalid, and partly because I wanted to talk business," was the answer. "To begin with; on the subject of domestic help. There is a nice little girl of twelve in the village—the eldest of a large family. Her mother cannot spare her for regular service, and yet would thankfully have her taught something. Would you like her to come to you for about two hours every morning, and perhaps half a day on Saturday? Her wages would be eighteenpence weekly, and two meals on Saturday, when she would be glad of the scraps you had left during the week. What do you say?"

"Nothing could be nicer!" exclaimed Agnes; "only it would leave me nothing to do."

"No danger of that," replied her visitor. "Bessie would only do the rough cleaning, break coal, clean knives, etc. The cooking, dusting, and fine arts of gardening would devolve on you, and occupy you well. But I have another industry ready for you in a week or two, when you are settled. I know you speak French and German fluently—will you give an hour's conversation in these languages twice a week to a young lady living in Winton? She will gladly give six pounds from now until next summer, when she is going abroad, and is unwilling to be at a loss."

"Indeed, I shall be charmed to get a little money so easily," returned Agnes. "It will just do for the doctor, mother dear," continued she; for, through the kind offices of Mr. Durham, an arrangement had been entered into with the nearest doctor to make a weekly call on Mrs. Chisholm for that sum annually. "But how about leaving you?"

"My darling, I could do very well alone for a little while," said her mother; "and certainly you must not always be penned in with me."

"No, indeed!" chimed in Mrs. Durham; "and my husband and I will try to time our visits for the hours you fix. Moreover, you do walk a little, don't you?" she asked; and receiving a answer in the affirmative, she went on, "Then all is easy. Our gardens join; we will have a gate placed in the dividing hedge, and you can step across whenever you will; we shall always be pleased to see you. But now that is settled, I must say good-bye. I shall send down two or three hens and a cock, Agnes, to inhabit that pigstye," and with this she ran off, giving no time for a reply, and leaving mother and daughter alone with their tea and their content.

(*To be continued.*)

BASKET-MAKING.

THERE is a proverb which says, "The best way to learn is to teach;" and we have all heard the story of the Oxford don who, when asked his opinion on some subject, replied, "I know nothing about it. I have not even examined in it."

Well, there is an exception to every rule; and the best way to learn basket-making is to take lessons of a basket-maker, if you can get hold of one who will teach his trade. But there is the crux. Basket-makers do not care about teaching anyone but their own apprentices the secrets of their art. The writer of this paper took lessons of a Sussex basket-maker, and at the end of six lessons had finished two baskets, one a French "hotte," which was new to the teacher, and the other a garden basket. The round basket is a very good one to learn to make, because it includes the principal difficulties of basket-making; and we may say here that the crucial parts of basket-making are the Alpha and the Omega, "the tying the slart," the beginning, and the border, which is the final process. Most of the rest is plain sailing and easy enough, with the exception of one part, called the "upset," which is decidedly upsetting to the beginner's equanimity.

Though not really difficult to do when shown, some of the processes are puzzling to describe on paper; so if the beginner fails to master "tying the slart," "following the stroke," "the upset," and "the wail" from this paper, the best way to learn would be to induce a local basket-maker to explain the difficulty, assuring him you have no wish to spoil his trade.

An amateur basket-maker requires very few tools—a good knife to point and cut the osiers with, and a "bodkin," a kind of bradawl, to fix the handles with, are all that are really necessary. Basket-makers have two other little tools to cut the rods into "skeins;" but the amateur would do better to buy the skeins ready cut, as the cutting is a troublesome and very uninteresting process.

The osiers of which baskets are made are called rods, and can be bought by the bundle at most basket warehouses. The trade name for these rods is white or brown Belgium tacks, price 3s. 9d. a bundle, and a bundle will make a good many baskets.

A "skein" is a rod divided into three flat strips. The skeins are used for weaving the sides of the baskets, and are much easier to work with than the rods, which are used for the bottoms and uprights and borders. The skeins can be bought at any basket-makers.

It takes a boy apprenticed to the trade a year—if he is very quick at it—to learn it thoroughly, and two years is the usual time. This sounds discouraging to an amateur; but let her not despair. An educated girl with a head on her shoulders, and fingers which are not all thumbs, will learn to make a basket fairly well in a fortnight if she gives her mind and a few hours a day to it.

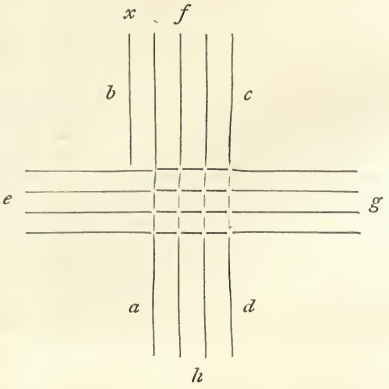
It hurts the fingers at first until the basket-maker learns how to hold the rods; but you can work almost as well in gloves; and as the osiers are slightly poisonous, it is better to wear them.

The rods and skeins must be well soaked for an hour before use, or they will crack and break, or "kink," as the basket-maker calls the ugly angular stroke a dry rod or skein makes. It is sometimes necessary to plunge your basket into water while working if you find the osiers too dry. This can scarcely be insisted on too much, for dry rods will spoil an expert basket-maker's work; so it is necessary to have a pail of water or a bath near while you are at work, to keep your material damp, for the osiers are quite unmanageable when dry.

The first process in making a basket is rather troublesome—it is called "tying the slart"; but as it is used for all baskets with round wicker bottoms, it must be mastered. It is also used for the tops of tables, the number of rods used varying from six and a half to twenty and a half, according to the size of the round required. There is always a half rod to make an odd number of spikes.

We will make our first basket with eight and a half rods. The length of the pieces is the diameter of the bottom. Ten inches is a good size to begin with; it is easier to work upon than a smaller size.

Cut eight pieces of osier ten inches long; then in the centre of each scrape to half the thickness about two inches of the rod; place four side by side close together in front of you, lay the other four pieces across them, making a cross thus—



then take a whole rod, place the thick end, which is called the butt, under the four horizontal rods at *a*, pulling it out till it is level with *x*; this makes the odd spike. Now at *a* bend it back over the horizontals, at *b* bend it under the parallels, at *c* over the horizontals, at *d* under the parallels. Repeat this process, and you will have your rods loosely fastened together. Now take a second rod, place the butt under the horizontals at *a*, pull the rod up at *b* and bend it over the parallels, bend it under at *c*, over at *d*. Repeat this and you will find your rods are now firmly fastened, and

both your tying rods are together at *a*. You have now "tied the slart."

The next process is easy enough, but looks puzzling on paper. You now keep one rod above and one below, alternately, until the bottom is finished. Pull the first rod up at *a* over the second, divide the four horizontals at *e*, pulling them well apart, pull the second rod up at *e*, cross the first rod over it and pull first rod well down, bring it up again at *b*, cross the second rod over it, and pull that well down at *b*; divide the five uprights at *f*, bring the second rod up at *f*, cross the first over it, and pull that well down at *f*, bringing it up again at *c*, cross the second rod over it, pull that well down at *c*; divide the horizontals at *g*, and bring the second rod up at *g*, cross the first rod over it, pull that down firmly at *g*, and bring it up again at *d*, cross the second rod over it, and pull that down at *d*; divide the rods at *h*, and bring the second rod up at *h*, cross the first over it, and pull that down at *h*, bring it up again at *a*, and cross the second rod over it. You have now been round the bottom once with both rods. You must go round again in the same way, but this time divide all the spikes, and go between each one instead of between each pair, always crossing the upper rod over the under one before you pull it down. Work on in this way round and round until you have reached the top of the spikes. When you have used up a rod take a fresh one and piece it on, that is, push it in and work it for a turn or two with the old end, as you would in knitting. Always put tip to tip and butt to butt to make the work even. You generally begin with the butts, and of course those rods end with the tips, so you begin the next rods with the tips, and cut off the very thin piece before using. When you begin with the butt, slice it off into a point first; this is called a "slipe," and you must cut a slipe to every butt before using it. When the spikes are all filled in the bottom of the basket is finished. You don't cut off the ends of the pieced rods till you have finished the whole basket.

Now comes the "upset" and the beginner is warned it is a very trying process; for probably as fast as you stick the rods in the wretched things will break off or topple out. Have the bottom and the rods for the "upset" thoroughly soaked before you attempt this part of the business, or your temper will be sorely tried. Have a bundle of rods all ready sliped, and poke one in to the bottom on each side of every spike, push every rod well down between the woven osiers for about two inches. Go all round the bottom till it looks like an enormous starfish with an abnormal number of rays. Then place the bottom flat on the floor and take your knife in your right hand and a spike in your left; put the point of the knife on the spike close to the bottom, give it a sharp turn, and at the same moment pull the spike with your left hand into an upright position—you must not cut it nor break it, you must only bend it. As a matter of fact, you will probably break a good many. But you must not despair; slipe them off and poke them in again. Continue this charming process till every rod is set up. You will probably be upset at the end of the first half hour, and we will hope the basket will be also, but that is less certain. Be patient; you may indulge in a "wail," to relieve your feelings as soon as you have finished the "upset," for you have only done half of that at present.

To keep the rods you have set up—now to be called stakes, or uprights—in place, twist two osiers into a ring rather larger than the bottom of your basket and slip over them; it will constantly fall off, but put it on again, for it is a help. Then take four new rods, slipe off the butts, place the basket on your knee, and take hold of the bottom of it close to the stakes with the thumb and two first fingers of your left hand; keep the fingers inside the stakes, the thumb outside. Place a rod between two of the stakes, putting the butt inside the basket about two inches; place another between the next two stakes, a third between the next, and the fourth between the next, working to your right. Keep these rods in a horizontal position as much as possible, the tips to your right. Now take the first rod (the one to the left which you put in first is meant), pull it over the two next rods and three stakes, and push it in between the third and fourth stakes, and bring it up again on the other side of the fourth. Do the same with the second rod, that is, pull that over two rods and three stakes, and push it inside the basket between the fourth and fifth stakes, bringing it up on the other side of the fifth.

This is the "stroke" of the "upset," and you go round the basket once in this way—in technical terms, "following the stroke," always going over two rods and three stakes and under one stake. The result is a sort of wicker cord round the bottom of the basket. It is rather troublesome at first, but you soon get into it, particularly if you work in the right way, which is, to throw the rod in between the stakes with your left thumb, bringing it back with the first finger of your right hand. You must press the rods down well when you throw them inside the basket, and pull them tightly back without "kinking."

The next stroke is the "wail," which is very like the "upset," only easier, because you work with three rods instead of four. Put three rods in, one in front of the other, between the stakes as you did before; bring the first rod—the one to the left—over the two others, and over two stakes, push it in between the second and third stake with your left thumb and bring up again between the third and fourth stakes; over two and under one is the "stroke of the wail," and you must "follow this stroke" all round the basket. Cut the ends of the rods off when you have finished, and poke them inside the basket.

In basket-making, as in knitting, when you join your rods you must work a stroke or two with the old and the new rod—a "stroke" in basket-making meaning what a stitch means in knitting or crochet. So when you finish a row take each rod one stroke over the beginning of the row, so as to have a firm ending. The "wail" finished, it is all plain sailing till you come to the "border," which is difficult. You now work with "skeins," which are not so stiff as the rods, but require soaking well before using.

Take a skein, place the end under a stake on the top of your wail, throw it inside the basket between two stakes with your left thumb, pull it out on the other side of the second stake with your right forefinger and thumb; work in this way in and out, round and round the basket till the sides are the required height. As you work keep your uprights at equal distances from each other, pulling them to either side as they require it. Always keep the smooth side of the skeins on the outside of your basket, and when you piece the skeins always make them overlap each other, so that you have double skeins for a stroke or two at each join.

For the garden basket we are describing, twenty rows of "skeining" will be sufficient, and the simplest border will be the best to describe for our first basket.

Borders are various; as the beginner advances she can puzzle out other patterns for herself from any baskets she may have. For this garden basket we will only use a plain border. Take three rods and work a "wail" once round the top of the skeins to secure them first, and in our next paper we will describe the border.

(To be concluded.)

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE WOODS.

"JEANIE, we're going blackberrying!" exclaimed Beth joyfully, as she burst into her sister's room.

"We? Who?" queried Jeanie, looking up from her sketch-book, pencil in hand.

"Father and I. He promised that he would take me this afternoon."

"Why not come with Sybil and me? We are going to start for Marsh's Wood directly."

"No, that won't do. Sybil told me at lesson-time that you were going there, but the Hollow is the best place for blackberries. Lucy, the parlour-maid, told me so, and showed me some fine big ones she had got there on Sunday. Besides, I want father and me to go alone to-day; then we'll see who gets the most berries—you and Sybil, or father and me."

"Ask Miss Capella to give you before starting a lesson you much need on personal pronouns," said Jeanie laughing.

"What are you drawing, Jean? Let me see?" Beth asked, ignoring her sister's remark.

"Nothing worth looking at," replied Jeanie quickly, while covering the page of the sketch-book with her hand.

"But I want to see it, Jeanie. I will see it!" cried Beth, playfully pulling away the offending hand.

"Oh!"—in a disappointed tone. "Only a bit of a head!" then, looking a second time, and scrutinising it with her head on one side—"Why, it reminds me of Rolfe—the eyes, I mean. I saw him once look just like that, when he was staring at you."

"Be quick, and get ready," said Jeanie shortly. "You'll keep father waiting."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! So I shall. I quite forgot. Just untie my pinafore—I can't reach the string."

In a short time both couples, duly supplied with baskets, were starting

in opposite directions along the high road.

It was one of those rare and beautiful days which late autumn sometimes gives us, as though, before introducing us to winter's reign, for which she has been so gradually preparing, she would fain bring before our memory in these Indian summer days an epitome, a masterpiece of her own and summer's former prodigality. Nor is the value of these days unappreciated. We muse upon their warmth, their sunny ripeness, during the time of cold and gloom, when faith might well-nigh fail us, had it not some such recent experience on which hope may anchor for future bountifulness.

Jeanie and Sybil walked on at a brisk pace. Leaving the high road, they soon struck across some fields of stubble leading to the long lane by which Marsh's Wood was approached. The genial warmth of the afternoon soon caused them to slacken their pace, and Jeanie to regard her jacket in the light of an unnecessary incumbrance. "I shall take it off and carry it," she said, as she rested on the stile leading from the last field.

"I, on the contrary, shall feel much less inconvenienced in wearing mine," responded Sybil, who would seldom allow that she found any degree of heat, however extreme, other than enjoyable.

The cool shade of the wood, when at length it was reached, was very grateful to Jeanie; and, as she owned to Sybil, she would greatly have preferred to sit there and read, or rest and simply enjoy the many delightful scenes and scents through which they were passing, than scramble about for blackberries. But were there no contest, Beth would be disappointed of her anticipated triumph, so she set to work in earnest. Sybil found the soft juicy berries so much to her taste that, having discovered a bush where the fruit hung in tempting clusters conveniently low, and being armed with an old thick pair of gloves, she spent a considerable time in transferring the fruit to her mouth in lieu of the basket. Jeanie, not so fortunate in her choice of place, or so well provided, tore her dress and scratched her hands in trying for berries beyond her reach; but the basket showed sure if slow signs of filling.

"Beth and father will get the most," she presently exclaimed.

"That's very likely," exclaimed Sybil. "But look! Aren't these colours beautiful?" and she held up for Jeanie's inspection a long spray of the night-shade, its scarlet berries gleaming in the sun.

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed Jeanie. "But you know that the berries are poisonous?"

"Of course I do," responded Sybil, taking off her low-crowned straw hat and winding the spray around it. "How does that look?" she asked, as she put on the hat again.

"Charming!" said her friend warmly. "Turn round. Let me see it on all sides. Quite captivating, especially where that vivid bunch rests against your dark hair. Sybil, you ought to be painted like that."

"Thanks!" and Sybil executed a fanciful curtsey; "but as you are the only person likely to have such a thought, I fear that honour will never be accorded me."

A quick step was now heard crashing through the undergrowth of briar and furze, and John Rolfe, looking hot and very happy, stood hat in hand before them.

Sybil's start of assumed surprise (for she had previously seen and recognised the advancing figure) equalled that of her friend's, but Rolfe saw only the deep flush that suffused Jeanie's face, and the sudden glad look that momentarily shone in her eyes as she saw him. Were these signs due to his presence? The thought was dangerously sweet; he dared not encourage it; so he turned to greet Miss Capella, assuming a lightness of manner hardly natural to him.

"How charming the day is! And how fortunate am I in thus meeting you! Blackberrying, I see! May I be allowed to help?"

"You may," Sybil answered. "In fact, we sadly need help, for Beth and Colonel Stanard are picking against us. They have chosen the Hollow, and are sure to get the larger quantity; for I have been desperately idle, spending my time in eating as fast as I picked, and in foolishly decking my hat."

"How wrong of you!" laughed Rolfe; then, turning towards Jeanie, he held down a high bough for her convenience, while he gently transferred the basket she was holding to his own hand.

"Thanks!" said Jeanie. "I tell Miss Capella that she ought to have her picture painted, just as she is now. Don't you think so?"

"Nonsense," remarked Sybil, giving Rolfe one of her rapid glances, and displaying as she smiled a row of beautifully even teeth, white as pearls, between the scarlet lips.

"I quite agree with Miss Stanard," Rolfe replied with emphasis. "Were I a painter it should be done, and the picture called 'Nightshade.'" He said nothing of the thought that had immediately struck him—a strange resemblance between the two—the plant and the face. Did it consist in the fact that both the vine and the woman were attractive and dangerous? The doubt prompted a kindly remark. "Is it not a dangerous plant to choose for adornment?"

"I fear danger has rather a charm for me. Just reach me that little bunch," Sybil replied, with a light silvery laugh, as she said to herself, "It might be useful to enforce his thought of danger by a practical illustration." Things had been so very tame lately. She was almost tired of playing at such extreme propriety. Should she try her power over this man? Test whether his allegiance to Jeanie would swerve, if only for the occasion?

Yet Sybil hesitated. The thought of the pale, stern face of the colonel, with his sad eyes, rose powerfully before her mental vision. She turned impatiently away, and said aloud, "We have nearly exhausted these bushes. I shall try that clump over there."

"Have I not a deeper game to play?" she mused. "The result of this meeting between these two must by no means be lost. Well, they can't pretend I haven't given them their opportunity. How would the colonel like it if he knew?" She sighed as she resumed her labours.

* * * *

"Where is Sybil?" asked Jeanie presently, having only then missed her.

"Yonder," said Rolfe, pointing with his stick in the direction. She was strolling along, humming softly, and apparently intent only on examining the bushes she was passing.

"Shall we follow?" asked Jeanie. "She may have found a better place."

"By no means," he answered. "There are plenty on these bushes. Look!"

"Ah, yes—I see!" said Jeanie, picking industriously at whatever came to hand.

"You are fond of country life?" Rolfe observed, after seeking in vain for some more profitable subject.

"I love it dearly," she replied.

"So do I. And how lovely is this wood! Do look at the colouring of those trees! How the sun glorifies the gold, russet, and red of their leaves; and that dark line of hills, making such a sombre background for them, is truly grand!"

"It is indeed," she answered softly. "I always find it beautiful here, but"—with a little sigh—"of all the seasons I think I like the autumn least, though it has the most influence over me, for it makes me sad."

"Strange!" responded Rolfe, looking tenderly at her. "Now, of all seasons I love the autumn most. But tell me—why does it make you sad?"

"Do you not think that it reminds us of death?—of the decay, and the inevitable change awaiting us?"

She stood leaning against the trunk of a tree, and there was an undertone of sadness in her voice, in harmony with her thought.

"I will tell you what I think," Rolfe answered, raising one foot on the gnarled root of the tree, while he bent towards her. "I do not believe in death. Nay, do not start. I am going to expound no new or strange doctrine. Death, as I regard it, is only another and sterner name for a state of transition—a renewal of life. This grub"—he indicated one with his stick—"these leaves, which in their falling cause you sadness—do they really die? Are they lost in the sense you mean? What does the grub become in due time but the butterfly! And as to the leaves, having lived out their beauty, having afforded their grateful shade, they only mix with the common mother earth, to become another form of nutriment whereby to aid, perchance, the very trees to which they belonged in furnishing the new foliage for the coming season."

"I never thought of autumn in that light," said Jeanie, evidently impressed.

"The season is to me," continued Rolfe, "a practical illustration of the words of the Evangelists—'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'"

"And of ourselves?" she questioned. "We must die."

"'The mortal shall put on immortality,'" he answered solemnly.

"Ah!" said Jeanie, drawing a deep breath. "I do not wonder that you find no sadness in autumn. But we have forgotten the blackberries."

Somewhat reluctantly Rolfe returned to his former pursuit; and for a few minutes there was an awkward silence.

Turning to present the basket for any berries she had gathered, Rolfe saw her struggling hopelessly to release her hair from a prickly bough, which had caught her as she stooped to gather from some lower branches.

"Wait, Miss Stanard—wait! You will injure yourself! I will release you!" In a moment the basket was dropped to the ground, the berries scattering about, and Rolfe was, with very gentle fingers, seeking to disentangle Jeanie's hair from the bramble.

"How absurd! How tiresome!" she exclaimed, feeling herself grow hot, and her face all aflame at his near approach, and at the touch of his fingers in her hair. "Oh, please don't trouble! I will just pull myself free"—and she gave her head an impatient jerk.

"Indeed, you must not do that!" said Rolfe, scarcely less confused. "There—I have nearly done it. Take off your hat, please." The hat was removed, and the burning colour that glowed in her cheek was revealed; and still Rolfe's hands thrilled her with their tender touch about her head. Neither spoke. At last the bramble was removed; and then—— How did it come about? Neither of them could tell. But Rolfe's hands had caught hers and he quietly kissed them, while he said in low, fervent accents, "I love you. Do you not know how I love you?"

She had not repulsed him, and he had caught one look from her soft, dark eyes that sent an ecstatic gladness through his frame.

"One word, Jeanie. Can you not give me one little word to live on, to rejoice in when I am no longer with you?"

"What am I to say?" she asked shyly.

"Say you are not angry with me, dearest."

"I am not angry with you."

"Tell me you care for me a little."

"I cannot deny that I do."

Small as the concession was, Rolfe took an unwarrantable advantage of it, as he bent his head to hers, and held her closely to him. For a few moments they stood thus, oblivious to all surroundings.

Jeanie was the first to awake to a sudden recollection. "My father!" she exclaimed. "My father—he does not know!"

"But he shall know, and soon. I will never rest till I win his permission. But I must first seek the sanction of my nearest and dearest relative, which will cost me some days of absence."

No thought of coming difficulty damped the hushed joy of the hour. Jeanie saw unfathomable depths of love in his glad eyes, saw the proud bearing of his head, and felt and said to herself, "God has given me a man worthy of my utmost love and devotion."

She picked a small bunch of the purple heather lying at her feet, and said to him, "I will keep this as long as I live in memory of this happiest of all happy days."

The wind cooled her hot cheeks, and lifted the loose hair from her brow. The wood-pigeon cooed his gentle love song, and the ants, intent on their multifarious duties, toiled undisturbed at their feet.

Suddenly they saw the figure of Miss Capella appearing in the distance. They remembered the overturned basket, and set laughingly to work to restore its contents.

(*To be continued.*)

CROCHET LACE EDGING.

To give full effect to this design, it should be worked with écru-coloured cotton, and rather thick—D. M. C. six-fold, Nos. 17 or 19. The peculiarity of the design (which is brought out by using coarse cotton) is the raised look of the chief parts. This effect is obtained by leaving the chain that is always formed at the edge of double or treble crochet untouched by the stitches formed on the line above them. Every row is worked with this object in the following manner:—When putting in the hook above a treble, pull the chain-edge forward, and thrust the hook, not into the back part of the chain, as in ribbed crochet, but into the nearest thread at the back of the stitch beneath the edge.

To work—Cast on 50 stitches.

1*st Row.*—2 trebles, 4 chain, miss 4, 2 trebles, miss 2, 2 chain, 2 trebles, miss 4, 4 chain, repeat twice from the commencement, and finish with 2 trebles.

2*nd Row.*—Turn, and work 3 trebles, * 3 chain, miss 4, make 6 singles over the 2 trebles, 2 chain, 2 trebles of first row, 3 chain, miss 3, 4 trebles over and on each side of the next 2 trebles of the first row, repeat from * twice, but finish with 3, not 4, trebles.

3*rd Row.*—4 trebles and 1 chain over the 3 of last row, 4 chain, * 4 singles over the middle stitches of the 6 singles, 4 chain, 6 trebles over the 4 on last row and on a chain on each side, 4 chain, repeat from * once, and end with 4 singles, 4 chain, 4 trebles.

4*th Row.*—5 trebles, 10 chain, 8 trebles worked over the 6 of last row and on each side, 10 chain, 8 trebles, 10 chain, 5 trebles.

5*th Row.*—4 trebles, * 4 chain, 4 singles on the centre stitches of the 10 chain, 4 chain, 6 trebles on the centre stitches of the 8 trebles, repeat from * twice, but finish with 4, not 6, trebles.

6*th Row.*—3 trebles, 3 chain, 6 singles over and on each side of the 4 trebles on fifth row, 3 chain, 4 trebles in the centre of the 6 trebles on fifth row, 3 chain, 6 singles, 3 chain, 4 trebles, 3 chain, 6 singles, 3 chain, 3 trebles.

7*th Row.*—2 trebles, 4 chain, * 2 trebles, 2 chain, 2 trebles (over the 6 singles of last row), 4 chain, 2 trebles (over the centre of the 4 trebles on last row), 4 chain, repeat from * twice.

8*th Row.*—* 3 trebles, 3 chain, 6 singles (over the 2 trebles, 2 chain, 2 trebles of seventh row), 3 chain, 4 trebles, repeat from * twice, but end with 3 trebles instead of 4.

9*th Row.*—As the third row.

Border.

Make a chain of 4, and attach it with a single into the edge of the second row on the edging, make a chain of 8, and fasten it with a single into the edge of the fifth row, repeat the 8 chain fastened into every third row, finish with a short loop like the first-made one.

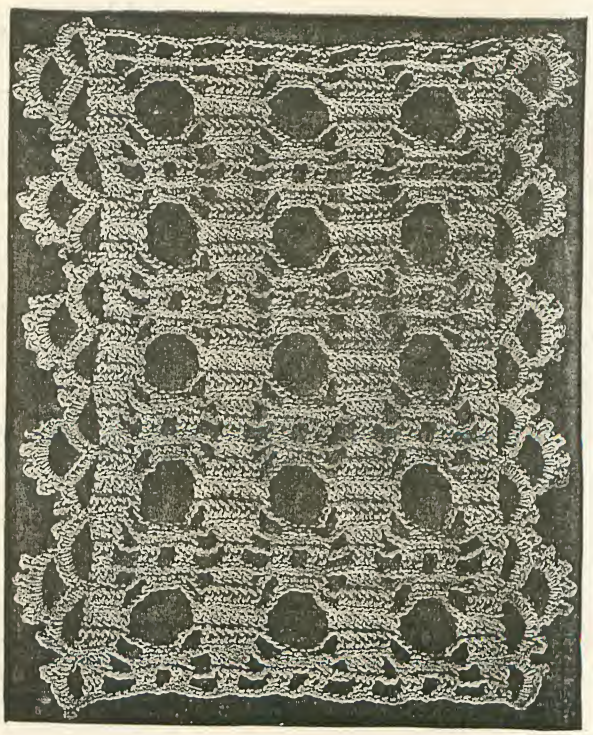
2*nd Row.* — Over the short loop work 5 singles, a picot (made with 3 chain), 2 singles.

Over the second loop *, work 8 singles, make a chain of 6, turn it back, and fasten it into the highest stitch on the first-made loop, cover the chain of 6 by working 2 singles and a picot four times, finish with 2 singles, and return to the half-covered loop; on that work 1 single, a picot, and 2 singles.

On the third loop work 2 singles, a picot, and 10 singles.

Repeat the second and third loop to the end.

This border work on both sides of the edging.



THE ESCAPE OF ARCHIBALD, EARL OF ARGYLL.

It is well known to most English readers that the heads of the great Scottish house of Campbell have for centuries been the most powerful lords and almost princes of the Western Highlands, and that most of them have borne an active part, whether for good or for evil, in the history of Scotland, both before and after the union of the Scottish Crown with that of England proper. But it is not so widely known, that under the earlier Stuart kings the Earls of Argyll were "justiciaries" of all Scotland—that is to say, that justice was administered in their name along with that of the king; and that it was not until the reign of Charles I. that the eighth earl resigned this right, and contented himself with that of administering justice in his own name throughout the Western Highlands. On the death of his sovereign upon the scaffold at Whitehall, this powerful earl placed the Scottish crown on the head of his son at Scone, and proclaimed him as Charles II.; but afterwards he was led, mainly through his fear of Popery, to support the Government of the Lord Protector Cromwell, for which he was condemned to death on the restoration of monarchy, and had his head struck off by the executioner's axe at the Toll-booth of Edinburgh.

The same fate awaited his scarcely less powerful son and successor, another Archibald, who became the ninth earl, and who for his refusal to subscribe to what is known as the Test Act, was found guilty of high treason. It is true that at the time he escaped the block, though he lay under sentence of death in the Castle of Edinburgh, being smuggled out of that stronghold by his stepdaughter; but a few years later he was taken prisoner in an abortive attempt to invade Scotland in the first year of the reign of James II., and was then not only sentenced but put to death in the same way and in the same place as his father.

The story of his escape from Edinburgh Castle is an instance of what a woman's wit will effect, and a proof that there have been other brave Scottish heroines besides the well-known Countess of Nithsdale.

In December, 1681, the earl was lying, as already stated, under sentence of death, a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, and was in daily expectation of the order for his execution, when his favourite stepdaughter, the sprightly Lady Sophia Lindsay, effected his escape. Having obtained leave to pay him a farewell visit, she drove in a carriage to the great gate of the castle, attended by a tall, awkward country fellow, dressed as a lacquey or page, with a light-coloured wig, and with his head tied up as if he had been hurt in a fray. Having entered the condemned cell, she persuaded the page and her stepfather to exchange clothes, and at the end of her interview she bade farewell to the former in a flood of tears, while her stepfather walked out of the prison in the garb of her attendant. The sentinel posted at the drawbridge eyed Argyll hard; but she was equal to the occasion; her presence of mind did not desert her; for at the moment she twitched out of the supposed page's hand her train of embroidery, and, dropping it in the mud as if by accident, picked it up again and threw it across his face, saying, "Take that for your clumsiness! Don't you know how to carry a lady's train, you varlet!" These words so took the sentinel aback, that he let them pass unquestioned, and the lady and her servant in less than a minute reached the outer castle gate, where her coach was waiting; and while she stepped into it, the earl mounted behind. The coachman drove on quickly. On reaching the narrow High street, it was the work of only a moment for the earl to slip off and to dive down one of the narrow lanes or "wyndes" which still remain almost in the same condition as then, and he was speedily lost to the view. Having found a friend, a clergyman named Veitch, who knew the lowland country well, the earl made his way on foot to the eastern coast, where he found a vessel in which he effected his escape to the Low Countries, and he remained in Holland till the death of King Charles. On the accession of James II. he was induced, as stated above, to risk his head a second time, and—he lost it on the scaffold, as being guilty of high treason.

And what was done to his sprightly and spirited stepdaughter, the Lady Sophia? She narrowly escaped the disgrace of a public whipping through the streets of Edinburgh; but the Duke of York—afterwards James II.—with greater kindness and tenderness than he usually showed, protected her from this fate, saying that "they were not accustomed to deal so cruelly with ladies in his country." It may interest our readers to learn that a year or two later she married a near relation of the stepfather whose life she had saved, an officer in the royal army, the Hon. Charles Campbell; but when she died, and what children, if any, she left behind her, is not known to history.

VARIETIES.

An Unhappy Girl.

She had a glorious appetite,
  She was in the pink of health,
She had the very best of times
  That could be had for wealth;
She bathed, and rowed, and walked, and sat,
  And revelled in repose:
But still was sad, because there were
  Some freckles on her nose.

Names in Japan.—People in Japan are called by the family name first; the individual, or what we should call the Christian name, next; and then the honorific—thus, "Jones, Thomas, Mr."

How to Manage Tale-bearers.—Hannah More had a good way of managing tale-bearers. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory of another, her invariable reply was, "Come—we will go and ask if it be true." On her saying this, the tale-bearer would often stammer out a qualification, or beg that no notice might be taken of the statement; but the good lady insisted on having her own way, and the effect was, that in her circle scandal was seldom uttered, and never allowed to spread.

Rich or Poor.—No one can tell whether she is rich or poor by merely turning to her account books. It is the heart that makes us rich. We are rich according to what we are, not according to what we have.

Reproach and Praise.—Reproach is usually honest, which is more than can be said for praise.

Poverty at the Piano.

A beggar was coming out of a house when another beggar met him at the garden gate, and asked what chance there was of getting anything.

"It is not worth while knocking," was the reply. "The people are not up to much. I have just had a peep through the window, and saw two ladies playing on one piano."

The House is on Fire!

An old Quaker lady was once sitting quietly knitting when a man in a wild state of excitement rushed in and exclaimed, "The house is on fire!"

"It *is?*" she said, rising calmly, and putting her knitting into her pocket after she had carefully wound up the loose yarn. "I thank thee for the information, and now if thou wilt just go round and sound the alarm, I will take my pies out of the oven and be ready to tell the people what to carry out first."

Girls, go on Learning.—It is no more possible for idle people to keep together a certain stock of knowledge than it is possible to keep together a stock of ice exposed to the sun. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an inference, and the only plan to preserve the bulk and value of the pile is constantly to add to it.

No Time to Spare.

Fireman (on the ladder): "Make haste; there isn't a moment to spare!"

She: "Oh, dear! Must I go out this way? Do tell me, please, if my hat is on straight."

The Rule of Boy.

It is often said that the more servants you have, the less work you get done. The farmers' "Rule of Boy" in the West of England is a recognition of this fact, laying down the following scale for the value of boys' labour:—

1 boy is a boy:
2 boys are half a boy:
3 boys are no boy at all.

Great Gains.—No one is a better merchant than she who lays out her time upon God and her money upon the poor.

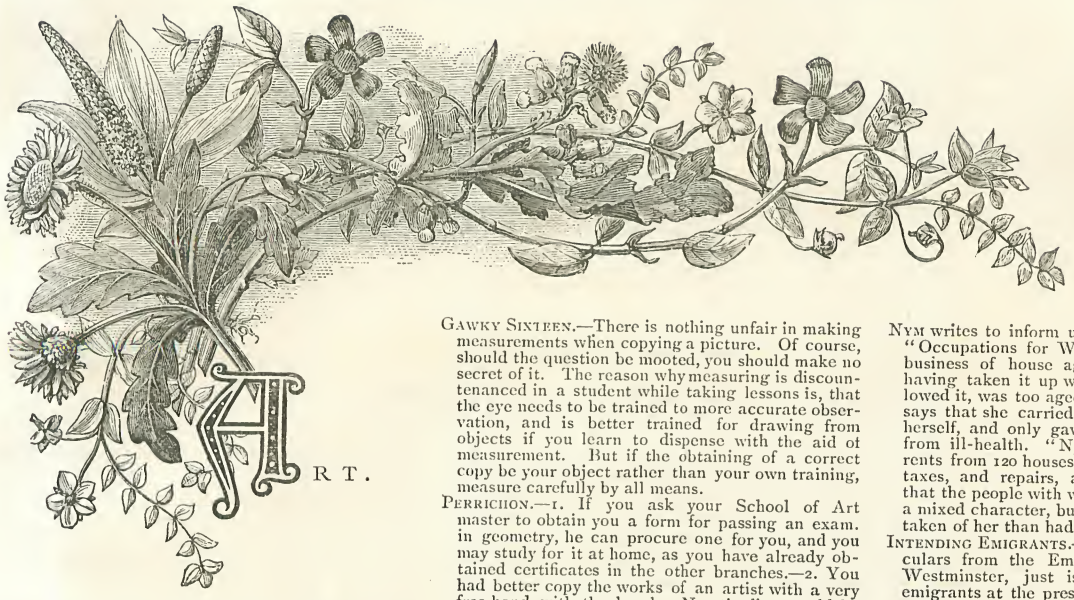
A Tale of a Family Group.

The celebrated portrait-painter, Copley, was a calm, deliberate, methodical workman, who never hurried and never neglected any part of his task. He required many sittings; and to illustrate how slow he was in painting a portrait, an anecdote is told to the effect that he once undertook to paint a family group, but that before the work was finished the wife died and the husband married again.

The first wife was therefore represented as an angel, and her terrestrial place was given to the second wife; but the latter died also before the painting was completed, and had to be placed aloft, while her successor occupied the earthly centre of the family group.

About Maps.—The word "map" came into use in the Middle Ages, the name *mappa mundi, mappe monde* ("world napkin"), proving that maps were originally painted on cloth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



ART.

DIANA.—You have not expressed yourself clearly. By "re-touching" do you mean preparing a dry plate for engraving, or to re-touch your family portraits?

B. W. R.—Prepared canvas needs no sizing, but a little Robinson's (or Robertson's) medium passed over the whole canvas may be employed with advantage. Use it also for liquefying and drying the paints, but moderately. This medium is partly a varnish, and by working with it the effects of the colouring are seen at once.

FLORIE HUGHES.—You cannot use oils for painting upon china which is to be fired. China-painting colours are requisite. Any large firm of artists' colourmen will have your work fired for you.

FLO, and LE RAYON DU SOLEIL.—For painting on looking-glass, use ordinary oil-colours; and to make them adhere properly, you will have to employ one of the many mediums sold for this special purpose. Perhaps a solution of myrrh and water would be of benefit to you.

F. P. A.—Clean brass with soap. Bronze needs only a good rubbing.

ENID.—Varnish the terra-cotta colour oil-paintings with white hard varnish.

WILLING TO LEARN is recommended to study Ada Hanbury's *Advanced Studies in Flower Painting*. They are only one shilling a number; they are illustrated with coloured designs, and include directions how to paint each flower in water-colours.—2. A musical instrument should be protected from draughts, but a piano may be kept open all day without injury. Close it at night, and when the room is being dusted.

SEA-FOAM.—We regret much that we could not say whether you would develop any talent for drawing were you to be properly taught. The sort of fashion plate you send as a specimen does not exhibit any true art or originality. You have to study anatomy as well as perspective. You could not stand on such feet as you have given these women. Draw the foot first, and then put the shoe on. The left hand of the one sitting has a sparrow's claws.

GOBLIN.—In transparent painting on linen, select a fine and good material, stretch, and lash on a wooden frame. Size the linen with gilders' size diluted in warm water, and use warm. When dry, re-stretch and re-size, and leave it to dry again, once more stretching the material. Try the oil-colours upon it, and if they do not sink in, commence your painting. But if they do, re-size, let it dry, and then rub the surface with pumice-stone till smooth, and re-stretch. The design must be traced with charcoal; and when perfect, go over the outlines with a quill pen dipped in Indian ink. You may also stencil patterns with stencil plates. Mix the oil-colours to be used with japanners' gold-size, working them up well with a palette knife. Then mix the colours in separate saucers, thinning some of them with turpentine to make them lighter in tone, mixing a great variety of colours before beginning to paint. Use pieces of sponge instead of brushes to apply the paint to the fine linen, and take out lights when the colours are nearly dry with a palette knife. You should use hog's-hair brushes for foreground effects, and produce depths of colour by putting on more and more of it; and work at night with gas, or a strong light, behind the linen; and make all the white tints and high lights by leaving those parts unpainted.

GAWKY SIXTEEN.—There is nothing unfair in making measurements when copying a picture. Of course, should the question be mooted, you should make no secret of it. The reason why measuring is discountenanced in a student while taking lessons is, that the eye needs to be trained to more accurate observation, and is better trained for drawing from objects if you learn to dispense with the aid of measurement. But if the obtaining of a correct copy be your object rather than your own training, measure carefully by all means.

PERRICHON.—1. If you ask your School of Art master to obtain you a form for passing an exam. in geometry, he can procure one for you, and you may study for it at home, as you have already obtained certificates in the other branches.—2. You had better copy the works of an artist with a very free hand, with the brush. No stippling would be desirable. Obtain a good manual on the art of sketching from nature.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The art by which you name yourself is not an unwholesome one, and if you can obtain employment in "developing" at a large firm, you would be well paid for it. Otherwise, we doubt your making much out of it—unless, indeed, you were a Mahometan, the art being completely monopolised in the East by lady photographers, as it is against the consciences of the men of that faith to make representations of the human form, although they gladly sit for their likenesses to their female artists, equally bound, as they are, to the decrees of Mahomet—a convenient inconsistency.

ETHEL.—You do not employ the right colours for your trees. A very considerable number may be used, as the varieties in tint, in neutral hues, in half lights and shadows. Cobalt, indigo, gamboge, raw sienna, chrome No. 2, burnt sienna, neutral tint, Indian yellow, lake, aureola, sepia, and vandyke brown, are all required for tree-painting, as there is such an extensive variety amongst them; and they change according to the lights that fall upon them. Procure a good manual to direct you; and mix, and try combinations of colour on a separate piece of paper until you have obtained the exact shade that you require. The colour of foliage changes with the season. Reflections in water should be painted in the same tints in which you have produced the trees. For the sky use neutral tint and cobalt.

MEFANWY.—1. Your cards must be too highly glazed, as water-colours generally stick to them. You had better get a little isinglass; dissolve, and apply it with a brush to the design before colouring the same.—2. We sympathise with you in the great trial of being always confined to your bed, and are glad that our paper should prove in any way a help to you.

BY THE FOUNTAIN.—The expression "on the line," as applied to the hanging of pictures at an exhibition, means that they are placed on the direct line of vision of the spectators' eyes. Only the best works are supposed to be thus placed, where the perspective is not thrown out by being looked at from below, nor looked down upon from above them, and almost out of sight or notice. At the Royal Academy the Academicians and Associates are privileged as to having their pictures "on the line," and outsiders get their promotion afterwards. But many good works are, of necessity, "skied," *i.e.*, hung high.

LANDSCAPE.—1. The "vanishing point" is the spot in the horizon where the lines are no longer visible.—2. The "point of interest" is the central object, or most important object, of the picture (most necessarily in the centre). For instance, in a portrait the face is the "centre of interest"; in a group it is the hero or heroine of the scene, to which all other objects are subservient. When the dress is very brilliant in colouring, it needs much skill to make the face the first attraction to the eye.

MIGNON.—1. Crystoleum painting was fully described in our Summer number, *Silver Sails*. In few words, the process consists in removing a photo from its card, fixing it on a glass by means of adhesive paste, rendering it transparent by soaking in salad-oil, or boiling it in melted white wax, and painting it in colours at the back of the photo.—2. April 25th, 1866, was a Wednesday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOT.—Wear a cap in preference to a veil, and enquire of your clergyman as to the dress probably selected for all the candidates of his parish. If you have to wear white, nun's veiling, alpaca, or cashmere, white serge, or a white cross-bar muslin would be suitable, but if so be careful to supplement the thin materials with extra warm underclothing. Beware of a chill, and get something likely to be of subsequent use.

NYM writes to inform us *à propos* of our articles on "Occupations for Women," that she has had the business of house agent suggested as suitable, having taken it up when her father, who had followed it, was too aged to continue his work. She says that she carried it on for five years entirely herself, and only gave it up during the last year from ill-health. "Nym" says that she collected rents from 120 houses and cottages, paid all rates, taxes, and repairs, and attended to everything, that the people with whom she had to deal were of a mixed character, but that no more advantage was taken of her than had she been a man.

INTENDING EMIGRANTS.—We have consulted the circulars from the Emigrants' Information Office, Westminster, just issued, on the prospects of emigrants at the present time. Spring is the best season for going to Canada. There will be, it is believed, a good demand for farm labourers, less for general labourers, navvies, and mechanics in the building trades. The Canadian Government is now offering bonuses of five to ten dollars a head to those who take up land (free grant) in the North-West or British Columbia. In New South Wales and Victoria mechanics are not wanted, except in a few districts, and in the last-named colony the depression is great. The Queensland Government withdrew their free passages last February, so now all excepting nominated and "indented" emigrants have to pay full fares. This withdrawal is the most important fact that has happened during the last quarter. Western Australia offers free and reduced passages to certain classes, but the free passages are just suspended for farm labourers. There is some demand for navvies, miners, and labourers in the building trades. In Tasmania the chief demand is for farm labourers, miners, and a few country blacksmiths. In New Zealand there is a demand for the same classes.

ENQUIRING MIND.—The object with which the great pyramids of Egypt were built is a much-vexed question. Very many conjectures have been made, but as yet no history or traditions have been handed down to us to clear up the mystery. The late Professor Proctor suggests that they were erected by different kings for the purpose of astronomical observations, and this more especially with a view to predictions having personal reference to their future life, and to discover those epochs that might appear dangerous or propitious to their reigns. In fact, the science of astrology is the key-note, as it were, to the theory he propounded. How the enormous blocks of stone were raised one above another is likewise an unsolved mystery. Experts say that with all our modern appliances and experience to aid us we could not now build the Great Pyramid at a less cost than thirty millions of money.

A. L. B.—We believe that the white spots on your nails, of which you complain, are produced by knocks, that separate the nails from the membrane beneath them, thus making them become opaque and dry. They may come from other causes likewise.

GLADYS.—Your letter interested us greatly. There is a National Hospital for the Paralysed in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.; Secretary, Mr. B. Burford-Rawlings. And another Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System at Portland Terrace, Regent's Park (near St. John's Wood Station), N.W.; Secretary, Mr. H. Howgrave-Graham. Also the West-End Hospital for Paralysis, at 73, Welbeck Street, W. Do you know the nice Society of Watchers and Workers for Invalids? If not, write to the Secretary, Miss E. S. Jacob, The Close, Winchester. They publish a paper called *The Watchword*.

E. M. MANSKOFF.—You may divide your wedding cake amongst your own home circle and very intimate friends; but it is quite out of date to send it to friends, as was formerly done. An "at home" might be given.

NELLY.—To preserve eggs, the following recipe may be found effectual: Pour three gallons of boiling water on three pounds of quicklime; when cold, add one ounce and a half of cream of tartar, and one pound and two ounces of salt. When cold, put in the eggs, and be careful not to move the jar when the eggs have been placed in it.

F. E. M.—We have frequently stated in these columns that marriages between Frenchmen and Englishwomen, wherever solemnised, are not binding or legal in France, unless the bridegroom has the full permission and written consent of his parents, and unless the marriage is properly published in France. If these legal acts are not performed, the wife may be a wife in England but is not a legal wife in France.

Water-Rat.—Sea-water makes the hair sticky and disagreeable, and the hair should be washed in clean fresh water if wetted in the sea. You could, we think, plait the hair tightly, and fasten it up, and wet the top of your head with clean water before going in to bathe, and you could avoid wetting the head when in the sea.

E. A. T.—Constantly damping the hair makes it coarse, and has a bad effect on its growth.

Horrified.—We have read the account with horror also, and we think all our girls should try to help in the matter. The secretary to the Duchess of Portland's Society for the Protection of Birds will answer any enquiries. Her address is—Mrs. A. F. Fielden Taylor, Devynock, St. Botolph's Road, West Worthing, Sussex.

Art Amateur.—A full list of work societies, where the sale of it is undertaken, was given at page 191, part 144, January, 1892.

Margaret.—A good home of rest for girls in business is at The Hawthorns, Framfield, Sussex. Miss Mason is Matron. The terms per week are 12s. 6d.

A. P. B.—We cannot see why your maimed left-hand thumb should be a drawback. If it were of the right hand, we could understand it. Are you not making a fuss about nothing?

Home Prisoner.—We think you would find an agreeable distraction of thought in the monotony of your external life were you to take up some special work, such as that for the Deep-Sea Mission, for which you might make articles in knitting, and they would send you their monthly illustrated magazine. Or you might join the Society of Watchers and Workers. The subscription is 1s. per annum, and you can send in contributions in stories, essays, or poems. Needlework is contributed likewise, and sold for the benefit of various charities; also spare leaflets, text-cards, and old Christmas illustrated papers, are distributed in homes and infirmaries. The monthly paper of this society is called *The Watchword*. For all further information write to Miss Edith Walker, Elm Hall, Wanstead, Essex.

Beppo.—The 8th of March, 1871, was a Wednesday.

A WALL GARDEN.

A NOVELTY FOR SMALL TOWN GARDENS.

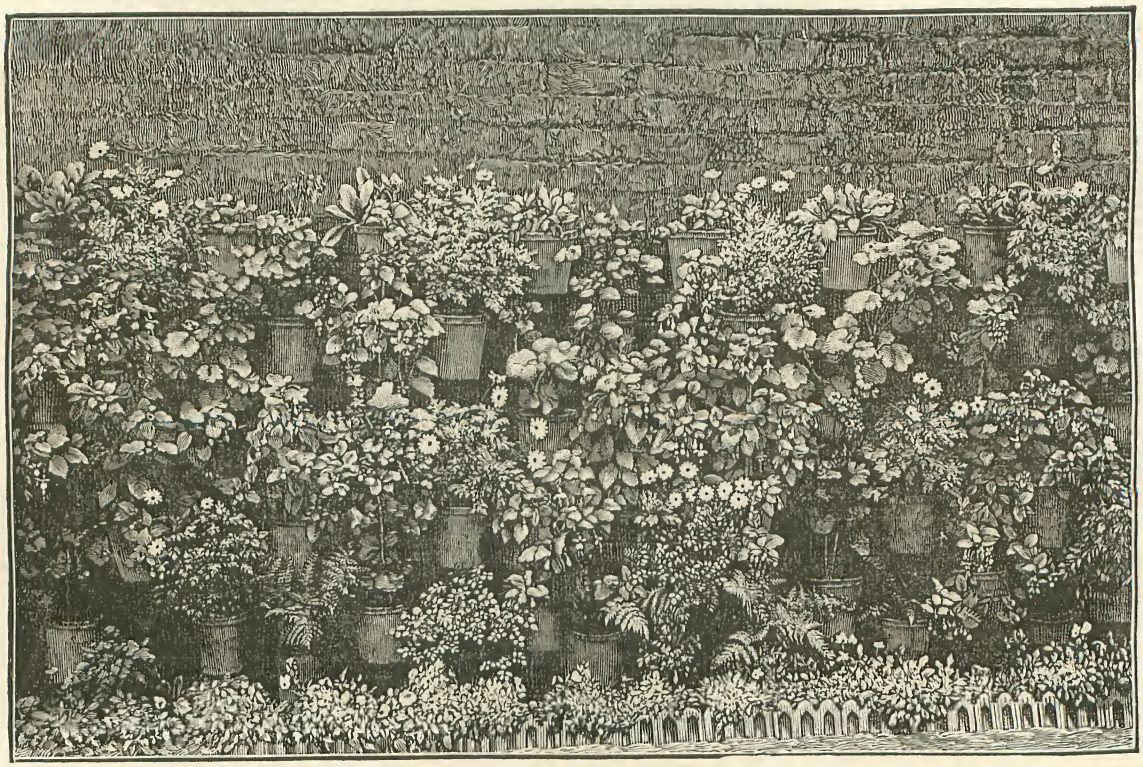
To the Editor of the "Girl's Own Paper."

Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter of the 12th, I beg to say that our garden is so small that I took to growing my flowers on the walls, and they certainly do well. I first tried the garden pot that hangs on the wall with a nail; but I did not like it, as the roots were injured the same as in the ordinary garden pot. If the roots of a plant grown in a common garden pot are carefully examined, a very large percentage will be found injured at this time of year, when most flowers should be at their best; but if the roots of flowers are examined grown in these pots, without a back and partly growing on the wall, all rootlets will be found perfect. Hence the luxurious growth of the plants. I thought if the plants could partly grow on the wall it would be much better. I soon had a few made, and the result is good. The plants seem to get quite established, and grow freely; the roots seem to delight in the brickwork. They do not require so much water as the ordinary pot. When the top ones are watered, the water runs through to the lower ones. I have five rows, one above the other. They are very nice to attend, as no stooping is required, so that it does not injure my dress, and, being raised above the ground, they are quite enjoyable to look at. The mustard and cress is quite a success, it grows so clean. The way I sow it is to nearly fill the pots with mould, then press it firmly and flat with the bottom of another pot. Sprinkle the seed thickly and evenly. Water with a fine rose, and cover it with a piece of slate, wood, or anything handy to keep the seed in darkness, as no mould must be covered over the seed. The object of the cover is that the seed will germinate regularly and quickly, as all seeds grow much better in the dark. We have a very fine cat, and he seems to invite many friends in our small garden. They used to play sad work with my plants on the ground; but now not one plant has been injured, although the meetings of pussies still take place. One evening I counted eleven. The top of the wall is quite free for them, and they seem to make a parade of it; but they do not injure the plants. This I think is very satisfactory, as I love a good cat. There is great pleasure in repotting a plant. The pot having no back, the plant is laid in and the mould pressed evenly and firmly with the hand from the back. This is very important, as, when repotting in the ordinary way, I used a little stick, but much feared this injured the roots, the space being too small to use my fingers with a glove, as it would injure my hands to work without one. You will see by enclosed photo the tiles are only one foot from the wall. This gives a wider path, and enables me to tend the flowers without over-reaching. In setting out the plants, the dry-loving ones should be on the top rows, such as geraniums, nasturtiums, auriculas, etc., fuchsias and ferns in the lower ones.

Yours most faithfully,

E. T.

London.



A LITTLE TOWN GARDEN.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XIII.—No. 656.] JULY 23, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AGNES CHISHOLM; OR, COUNTRY LIFE.

BY E. H. ASHWIN.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO years and more have passed, and again we visit the village of Winton; but this time we stop at the rectory, and look in at the pretty dining-room. A slight dark lady is sitting in a listless attitude at the open window. It is Agnes Chisholm, as we see at the first glance, and her heavy sable draperies, no less than the traces of recent tears upon her face, tell a sad tale of bereavement.

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It is but a month since, on a fair June day, she followed all that was left of her mother to her last earthly resting-place beneath the shadow of the old grey church, and felt, as she turned away from the moss-lined grave, that now she was an orphan indeed. Her rectory friends had refused to allow her to return to the empty cottage, and she had ever since been their most tenderly cherished visitor. But this morning thought had been wandering among the memories of the past years, and the floodgates of grief were opened afresh as she reviewed the happy peaceful time now gone for ever. Happy and peaceful it had indeed been. To begin with, Mrs. Chisholm's health became in the fresh air and quiet almost re-established, so that she was able to undertake a considerable share of the lighter duties of their little *ménage*. The number of Agnes's pupils increased steadily, and out of the trifling sum which she saved, a small greenhouse was bought, which proved a profitable investment in raising for sale seedlings of flowers, tomatoes, etc., and which, with the produce of the garden and poultry, made no inconsiderable addition to their income. They had been so happy, they had reckoned on so many years of happiness; but—it was too bright to last. So thought the stricken girl as her train of meditation reached the time when the beloved mother, the very centre of her life, seized with sudden and mortal illness, laid herself down on the bed from which she was never more to rise, and where, the innate unselfishness of her nature awaking, she roused herself from her suffering to consider and plan for the future of her child.

"It will be very lonely, dear," she said one day, after a long interval of silence, during which Agnes had hoped she was sleeping. "Your income, too, will be very small; but if you could manage, with your pupils and the garden, to stay in our dear little home, I think you would be happier than elsewhere. And perhaps you could find someone nice to share house and expenses with you. I think I should die happier if I thought your future, so far as human plans may make it, could be settled so."

"Think it, then, my precious mother," replied the girl, bravely hiding her own sorrow rather than disturb her dying parent. And now that mother had been sleeping the last long sleep for weeks, and she had hitherto neglected her wishes.

"Forgive me, dear," she murmured brokenly to herself, "but I am so desolate."

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Durham entered, a paper in her hand. Her quick eye marked the traces of tears, but without any apparent notice she observed, "Here is something we think will suit you, Agnes dear. Just read," and she placed the paper she carried before her visitor, indicating at the same time the following advertisement, or rather query:—"Can any lady recommend, for the young widow of a clergyman with one baby girl and only straitened means, a home in some quiet village. She would prefer sharing household expenses and work with a lady in a similar position."

"Yes, thank you; it sounds what mother would like. But oh! Mrs. Durham, I cannot bear the thought of beginning again without her."

"Mother would say, dear," replied her friend, gently stroking the bowed head, "Pick up the broken threads of your life, and go on making it beautiful, weaving into it, not only the bright memories of the past, and the dear sad ones too, but also the work of a useful present with the hope of a happy future; and running through and among all, the golden thread of the heavenly love which will never let the weaver feel lonely."

"Thank you, thank you!" murmured the girl. "I will indeed try. Will you answer this, Mrs. Durham, or shall I?"

"Mr. Durham will write first, dear, and we will not bother you till something definite is known."

So the fateful letter was written, all due enquiries made and satisfactorily answered, and three weeks later Agnes Chisholm stood at the door of her cottage listening with some trepidation for the sound of the carriage in which Mr. Durham was to bring her future boarder or companion in housekeeping. No hint had throughout the correspondence been let fall with regard to her precise age, and despite the word "young" in the advertisement, the imaginary portrait drawn by the rectory party, during the frequent conversations on the subject, had been that of a middle-aged, stoutish lady, with an equally plump, ordinary-looking child.

What was Miss Chisholm's surprise then to see Mr. Durham assist from the carriage a tall, slim, girlish figure clad in sadly new widow's weeds, with a tiny white-frocked fairy in her arms. There was a suspicious twinkle in the clergyman's eye as he led his charge to the door where the young hostess stood in astonished silence.

"Different from our picture, eh, Agnes?" said he. "Mrs. Grey, this is our dear little friend, Miss Chisholm, your future companion."

"I am so glad to find such a home and such a friend for me and my baby," said a low musical voice from behind the thick veil; and then it was thrown back, and a sweet girl face stooped down to proffer a sisterly embrace.

"I am sure we shall be friends," murmured Agnes, as she heartily returned the kiss. "But, pardon me, you are so much younger, and—than we expected."

"I am just twenty-three," was the reply, "and my baby will be two next month. Look up, Mollie my pet, and kiss the lady."

A flower-like face was obediently raised from the mother's shoulder, and two rosy lips shyly offered.

"You beauty!" exclaimed Agnes, holding out her arms; "come to auntie."

A moment's hesitation, and the baby scruples were apparently overcome, for the wee face broke forth into smiles, and the little arms were stretched out confidingly with a lisped "Mollie 'ove aun'ie."

"You little darling!" whispered Agnes, as she carried the child indoors, raining kisses on cheeks and lips, and utterly oblivious of the mother, who followed uninvited with her escort, well pleased with the welcome her baby had received.

"Oh, I had forgotten you, Mrs. Grey!" stammered Agnes, abashed at her own forgetfulness as a low laugh from Mr. Durham roused her to a sense of her omission. "Do come upstairs; I will carry Mollie," and wishing Mr. Durham good-bye, she led the way to the second bedroom before described.

"I hope you will like it, and be happy and comfortable," she said anxiously.

"It feels like rest," replied the widow, as she noted the dainty cleanliness and simple preparations for her reception, and turning to her hostess with brimming eyes, she continued, "We have both had heavy losses; shall we not comfort each other?"

Agnes's voice failed with emotion, but she held out her only disengaged hand, and from that moment the two girls—for they were but little more—lived as sisters, sharing the work of the house, and, we fear, uniting in spoiling Mollie.

(To be concluded.)

THE "GIRL'S OWN" SHORTHAND CLASS.

II.—The Consonants.

If you turn to page 4 of the *Phonographic Teacher*, you will find there twenty-six signs representing the consonants of our language. As this is the same number as the letters of the alphabet, consonants and vowels together, you will perhaps think there is not much gained in point of brevity so far. But a more careful examination of these signs will show that twenty-two are composed of a single stroke each, while the other four (as well as the "double consonants" on the same page, which we need not trouble about just yet), are very simple variations on the single stroke. Contrast these with the complicated construction of almost every written or printed letter of the longhand alphabet, and it will be seen at once how quickly and easily one style may be written as compared with the other. Philologists tell us that many of our English letters are descended through Latin, Greek, and Phœnician ancestors from the ancient hieroglyphics which constitute the most ancient of all systems of writing, so that they are really *condensed pictures*—pictures which symbolically expressed the things that the writer had in his mind, and which were gradually simplified by the main lines only being preserved, and came to mean the first letter only of the thing represented. The letter "D," for example, comes from the Greek *delta*, which has the form, as no doubt you know, of an equilateral triangle, and from the Semitic *daleth*. *Daleth* means "door," and the symbol for it is supposed to have represented the opening or door of a tent, which was naturally triangular, and not square-headed, like our modern doors. Now, all this is extremely interesting, just as the construction and spelling of our language are in themselves highly interesting; and if any girls take up the study of philology they will find it a most fascinating science. But the one does not tend to rapid writing any more than the other does to easy spelling. We can scarcely expect to write a series of condensed pictures, with an average of, say, five to form a word, at the rate of 100 or 150 words a minute.

Contrast the "D" or "d" of our ordinary alphabet with the one straight upright stroke which represents it in phonography, and write first one and then the other, and it will be obvious at once that, though you have been practising one ever since you got your first copybook, and have only just seen the other, the phonographic sign is already more quickly and easily made. It has been calculated that to write the twenty-six letters of the alphabet requires 117 different movements of the pen—an average of four and a half for each letter; whilst few phonographic signs require more than one movement. Think of the turns and twists employed in writing a "b" or a "k," and look at the one clear and simple little stroke which shorthand gives for each of those letters. Moreover, there are no capital

letters in shorthand; and various combinations of consonants are expressed by easy and pretty modifications and alterations of our plain strokes, which are much more readily written than the two letters side by side for which longhand calls. We shall come to these by-and-by.

Our twenty-six phonographic consonants do not include, you will see, all the consonants of the English alphabet, but they include six signs which require two ordinary letters to express their sound. The reason for this is plain. There is said to be no alphabet in any language which expresses all the sounds contained in that language; but the phonographic alphabet does its best to remedy that defect as far at least as the English language is concerned. The three letters not represented by shorthand signs are "c," "q," and "x." None of these really possesses an independent sound of its own. That is to say, any word spelt with them can be spelt as well—or better, phonetically speaking—with another letter; consequently it is unnecessary to burden our phonetic system with separate signs for them. "Cat," "cup," "crane," and "conical," for instance, are better spelt *kat*, *kup*, *krane*, and *konikal*, for that is the way a pronouncing dictionary has to spell them in order to explain how they are pronounced; "c" being in itself a soft-sounding letter quite different from the hard-sounding "k," into which we convert it. And when we come to the use of the soft sound of "c," we find its place as readily filled by *s*. "Century," "cider," "circle," and "cymbal," for example, are, in the pronouncing dictionary, given as *sentury*, *sider*, *serk'l*, and *simbal*. The joined consonants, *ch*, have, however, a distinct sound, as in "cheese," "china," "challenge," and we therefore have a sign for them; but as it is a single sound—*chee* or *chay*, and not *see* (c) *aitch* (h)—the sign is also a single one. In like manner, phonography has no "q" and no "x." The letter "q" is always followed by "u," and has the sound *kw*; and "x" is pronounced either *ks*, as in "tax" and "wax," or "z," as in "Xantippe" and "xylophone." So that there is no need to waste specific signs upon them. Indeed, in a science of sound, like phonography, they plainly have no existence; a sign without a sound of its own would be like a body without a soul.

Our consonants, then, consist of the familiar ones, *b*, *d*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *v*, *w*, and *z*, together with *ch*, *th* (two signs), *sh*, *zh*, and *ng*. Each has one unvarying sound, not one value in one word and another in another word, as is so frequently and perplexingly the case in longhand spelling. Each, too, has its own name, which is not always the same that is given it in our English alphabet; and I would strongly advise you to accustom yourselves to those names as quickly as possible—you will find them a great help towards phonetic spelling. It is said to have been the Romans who first simplified matters by calling "f" *ef*, and "d" *dee*, instead of adopting the lengthy nomenclature of earlier nations; and these simple and descriptive names phonography adopts, with certain modifications. *Bee*, *dee*, and *ef* are retained; but "g" is called *gay*, because it has always the hard sound of "g" in "gay," and the soft *jee*, or *jay* sound, is monopolised for "j." It is difficult to tell, unless we know, whether the "g" in a word is pronounced *gee* or *jee*, when we have such examples as "get" and "gesture," "gaol" and "gain," "gimlet" and "gimcrack." But this sort of uncertainty has no place in phonetic shorthand. Whenever we see that thick horizontal stroke we know that the hard *gay* sound is to be read; and whenever we see the thick slanting stroke we know that here is the soft *jay*. The *h*, you will notice, has two signs, or rather one sign written in two ways, upward and downward. This is for the sake of convenience in joining it to other letters, so that, I suppose, we may never be tempted to leave out our aspirate! Then come *kay*, *em*, *en*, and *pee*, as in longhand; but *r* has two forms, *ar* and *ray*. This is also mainly for convenience in joining. But it is a good general rule to remember that *ar* is, as may be supposed from its sound and spelling, "r" preceded by a vowel, as in "air," "arm," "earnest," "order," etc., and *ray* is "r" followed by a vowel, as in "rain," "root," "rosy," "merry" (the *ray* sound here being stronger than the *ar*), etc. "Ess," "tee," and "vee" are familiar, but the preposterous "double-you" and the "wy" and "zed" are discarded; and in their place we have *way*, *yay*, and *zee*, which represent the sounds those consonants really have. Prepare your lips and tongue for saying "double-you," and you will find their position has to be entirely altered before you can say "wall." But screw up your mouth ready for "way" and you can as readily say "wall," or "watch," or any other word beginning with "w." So with "y"; nobody wants to enunciate "wy" in pronouncing "youth" or "yield." Notice how you pronounce the words; look at yourself in the glass as you do it, and you will see that the articulation you want is not *wy* but *yay*. Therefore *yay* we will call it. As for "zed," the "d" is superfluous; *zee* represents the letter as used.

The combination *ch* has been mentioned already. Pronounce *chay*, *chee*, *choo*, and you will produce a sound entirely distinct from that suggested by the letters "see" and "aitch" separately. *Ish*, *zhee*, and *ing* are also most convenient combinations to be expressed by one stroke of the pen; and for *th* we find it is necessary to have two signs, formed by the same character written with a fine or thin stroke for *ith*, as in the word "thin," and as in "thigh," "myth," "thunder," etc.—the lisping sound which *ith* suggests—and with a heavy stroke for *thee*, as in "then," "breathe," "thine," etc. Compare "thigh" and "thy," "breath" and "breathe," "them" and "those," and the difference will readily be discriminated.

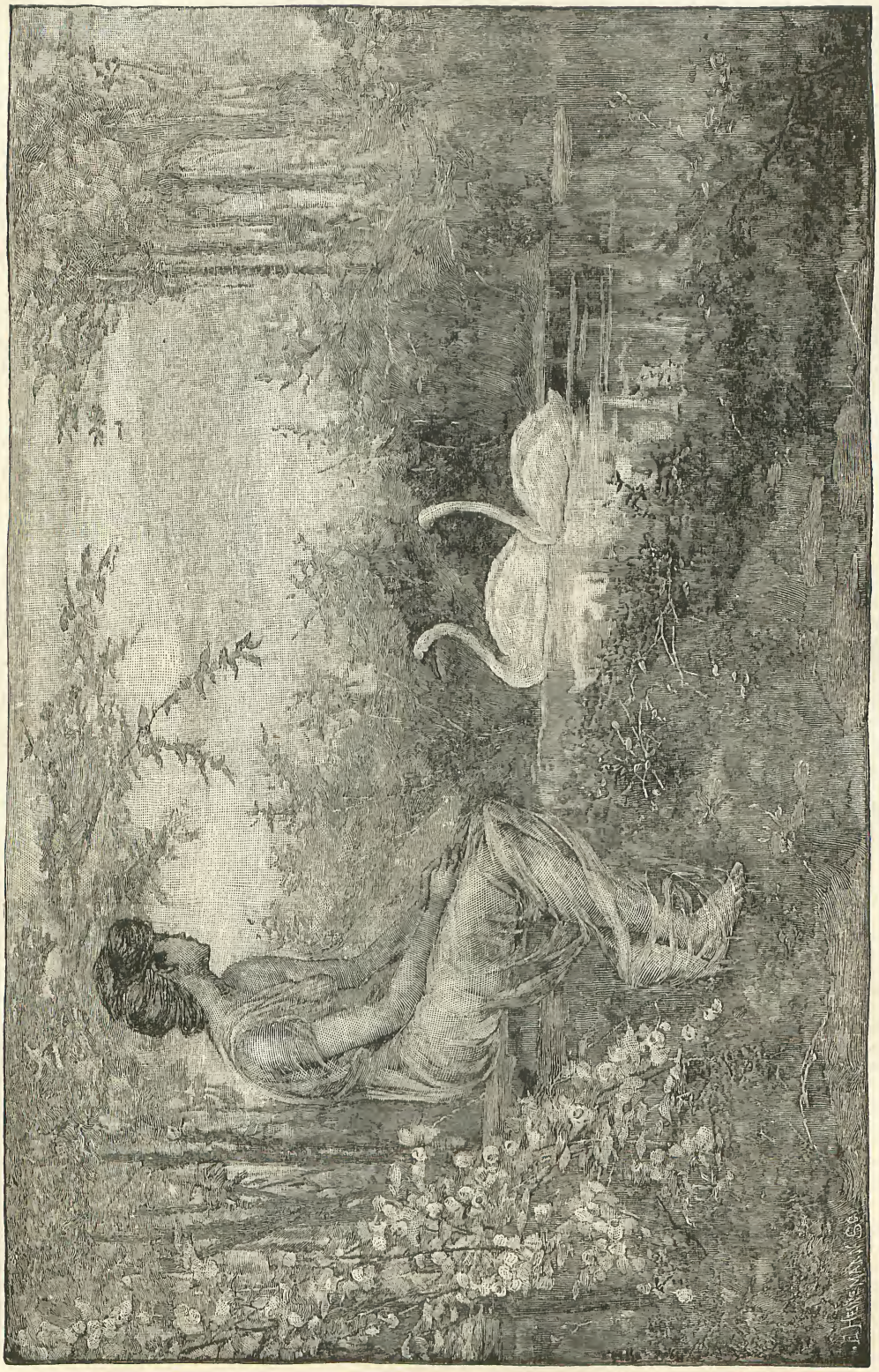
I have seemed, perhaps, to linger rather long over these consonant sounds, but I have done so because it is important you should really understand them. The whole difficulty in comprehending shorthand lies in getting hold of the principle that the *sound* of a letter or a word is everything. As soon as you grasp the idea that "wife" is to be spelt with an "f," because the sound of "f" is in it, and not because it is so in the spelling-book, and that it is vocalised with an "i" because the "i" sound is there, you have fought half the battle; the rest is really mechanical—a matter of memory and practice.

The thin and the thick-stroke consonants, you will notice, have always a relationship. In the two dentals, *tee* and *dee*, "t" is the light, and "d" the heavy sound, as you can tell in a minute by pronouncing them; and, accordingly, we write the former with a fine, and the latter with a thick, line. So with *pee* and *bee*, *ef* and *vee*, *es* and *zee*, *kay* and *gay*, *chay* and *jay*, *ith* and *thee*, *ish* and *zhee*. Learners always find the straight, horizontal, and perpendicular strokes, and the curves of *em* and *en*, the easiest to remember of all shorthand characters. Coming to the curves, it is more difficult to recollect "which is which"; but a few simple little hints will help to recall their identity until they grow familiar. Remember, then, that *th* is like a carelessly-made, bulgy *t*, with a curved-out back; while the *s* is the back curve of the letter "s" (in ordinary longhand). The *v* curve is in the same direction as the first stroke of a "v," and curved out like a "vase"; while the corresponding curve, *zhee*, is suggested by its occurrence in the second syllable of the word "vision," which Pitman's *Teacher* gives to illustrate the *zh* pronunciation. The two sides of a gable will perhaps help you to remember the slant of *chay* and *pee*. And the curves of the two liquids, *el* and *ar*, can easily be recalled by simply curving the first fingers of your "left" and "right" hands to form an arch. One pupil, distracted among all the strange signs she was trying to commit to memory, could never recollect which hook was *w* and which *y*, until I asked her what character most resembled the *y*. "Why, *h*," she said. I am afraid she left out her aspirate on that occasion, and said "Wy." But I do not think she ever forgot afterwards that the hook of *y* is underneath, like the little nick of the upward *h*.

Now get your copybook, and write out your shorthand alphabet as often as you can, and as neatly as you can; write the characters and add the longhand letters to them, and the longhand letters and add the characters. Write them in order—the straight strokes first and then the curves. Write long rows of them, as on page 5 of the *Teacher;* do Exercises 2 and 3, and get your sister, or any other obliging person, to give you lessons at random, in order to test your memory. Do not try to form them quickly, but see how much neater and prettier you can make each than the last was. Keep the difference well marked between thick and thin strokes; but at the same time let your thin strokes be clear and firm, though fine, and your thick strokes not look as though you were writing with a poker. In the thick curves let the ends taper off nicely, and the broad part of the stroke come in the middle. Be sure you always strike your sign in the right direction—the perpendicular ones downward, the sloping ones downward also, except *el* and *ray*, *way*, *yay*, and the upward *aitch*, and the horizontal signs from left to right. Practice writing all the up strokes one after the other, then all the down strokes, and let the downward characters end neatly and cleanly on the line, the upward ones start accurately from the line, and the horizontal strokes be written on the line. Observe, further, the correct slope of the characters; do not risk confusing *ray* and *chay* by making their angles with your copybook line the same. *Chay*, *jay*, and downward *aitch* should make an angle of 60°, being, that is, considerably more upright than the majority of sloping letters (which should have an angle of 45°—half a right angle); and *ray*, *way*, *yay*, and upward *aitch* should be written, on the other hand, correspondingly less upright, at an angle of 30°.

You cannot be too precise and careful in making your shorthand alphabet, for nicely-written characters will affect not only the neatness, but the legibility of all your shorthand writing; and if you develop a careless, shambling, ugly style at starting, you will have difficulty in getting rid of it afterwards. The explanation of "joined consonants" in the *Teacher*, with Exercises 4 and 5, you will, I think, have no difficulty in understanding and working out. In our next "class" we will go on to the vowels.

(To be continued.)



"WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN."

"WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN."

By GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

When snow lies deep upon the land,
And bitter blows the wind,
And Nature seemeth most unjust
To all her shiv'ring kind;
Then Hope to bird and bud this gentle tale doth tell—
"When summer comes again
Have trust—all will be bright and beautiful and well."

When sorrow lieth in our hearts,
And every thought is chill'd
And dull'd by stern and cold despair,
And promise ne'er fulfill'd;
Then Hope to us alike this gentle tale doth tell—
"When summer comes again
Have trust—all will be bright and beautiful and well."

And summer comes. To some she brings
Rejoicing and relief;
But cannot all her task perform
In stay, alas! so brief.
Then Hope to those who still must wait this tale doth tell—
"When summer comes again
Have trust—all will be bright and beautiful and well."

CAN'T WE MOUNT ABOVE IT?

By "MEDICUS."

Once upon a time there lived in the far north of Scotland a good old parson, or minister, as they term a clergyman in that country, and no one ever had the welfare of a congregation more thoroughly at heart than he had his. He was an excellent orator and a worthy exponent of Scripture; but he had one strange characteristic, for he would not hesitate to tell a good joke in the pulpit, or at least a good story. In fact, he was in this respect somewhat like the late Mr. Spurgeon. It may easily be believed that this peculiarity of his got him many enemies among the "unco guid," some of whom went so far as to ask him to resign. The minister's reply was on a par with all the good man's actions; he simply told them that he had no intentions of resigning as long as he could do any good. And he didn't. But he told his stories and cracked his little jokes with a purpose; for it was always in the beginning of his sermon that he did so, and he never failed thus to rivet the attention of his congregation. Having secured a hearing, he launched forth and preached a most impressive sermon.

Now, in one way, I humbly follow this minister's lead, and I dare say I often talk a good deal of nonsense at the commencement of my monthly health sermons; but the good advice follows after, as sure as winter follows autumn. If any of my fair readers object to my plan, she has only to write to our worthy editor and say so; then I shall at once lay aside my cap and bells, don my M.D. gown with its crimson-lined hood, and—just go on in the same old way!

After glancing at the title of this paper again, I almost begin to think I ought to change it to something else, calling it perhaps "On Being under the Weather." But as it is written, so it must stand. Indeed, it is probably better thus; else I might be inclined to blame the weather for a strange languor that is this morning hovering over my own nervous system. That the weather has an effect upon the spirits I am not prepared to deny. It is equally true, however, that the weather is often blamed for our troubles when it is either wholly innocent or only guilty in part. I believe that in course of this paper I will be able to prove this. Take my own case, for example.

The day, to begin with, is certainly not a very exhilarating one. There isn't a single blink of sunshine. The sun some hours ago did make a bold effort to break through those heavy battalions of dark and threatening clouds; but he has now given up in despair and retired from the unequal combat. And now it is beginning to rain. Atmospherical gloom of this sort seems to penetrate into one's very soul and to dominate one's powers of mind. But ought we to permit our spirits to fluctuate with the rise and fall of the barometer? I think not. We should at least make an effort to mount above our seeming indisposition, find out other causes, and endeavour to remove these. When I got up this morning I felt as happy as the larks that soar, or as the nightingales singing on my lawn. I felt fresher still after my ice-cold bath; and, followed by my dogs, rode gaily off to the post-office. Among at least a dozen letters that gave me nothing but pleasure, there was one that was redolent of the basest ingratitude. That was the one grain of gall that embittered the whole cup.

Well, so far, then, the weather is not altogether to blame for my depression of spirits; nor is the disappointing letter either, for there is one other reason. Listen, and you shall be told what that reason is; and it is precisely here where the comical element comes in. I have invested in a type-writer. Pray do not make any mistake, reader; I have not hired a young lady to sit and type for me, while I loll luxuriously on the sofa with a shilling cigar in my mouth and dictate to her. No, I have not reached to that pitch of laziness yet. It is the machine itself, not the young lady, that I have invested in; though, for the matter of that, a good many working girls are themselves mere machines, all the more pity for them. Well, here am I, and here is the machine. But the worst of it is that I have commenced this paper with it, and feel that I am in honour bound to go on with it to the bitter end—although the editor can testify it is as full of droll errors as the sky this morning is full of murky clouds. I am a sort of wedded to the machine, and she and I have to pass our honeymoon in the best way we can. At the end of the month I have no doubts we will thoroughly understand one another, and shall be lenient to each other's faults. It would ill become me to begin to find fault with her on so short an acquaintance, though I may be permitted to say that, like many womenkind, she has a will of her own, and I have got to set my energies and tact to work in order to tame the shrew. The letters are all before me, upper-case and lower-case, pounds, shillings, and pence, commas, colons, periods, hyphens and all. The drawback at present is that they will not always come when called upon; they go upon the system so popular in France during recruiting time, and send substitutes. Moreover, I do not think that my young bride has been educated at the very best of seminaries, for she cannot spell properly—or she won't. And when a bride says she won't, what is a poor masculine man to do? Tell me that. She is also erratic in the matter of stops and marks; if I want to print a dash, for example, she treats me to the figure 6. Owing to this peculiarity in my bride, while typing a letter yesterday to a friend, I dated it May 613th. He is a wag, and wrote back to say that it must be always May with me, and wants to know how I manage to make it so. My bride doesn't murder her h's; but I do believe that at some period of her life she must have been behind a counter, for a short time ago I had the ambition to print an inverted comma, and here is what she treated me to—@! Now, I have seen that very hieroglyphic in drapers' windows over their goods thus—"All @ 4s. 11¾d."

But I must not be too hard on my young bride; she will doubtless improve with age, like bad wine. Besides, it has just occurred to me that there may be faults on both sides. However, given a cloudy day, an ungrateful letter, and a disobedient young bride, who tries your sight and breaks your back bending over her, why, I think there is reason enough for depression of spirits. Can't I mount above it? Was that what you said, gentle reader? I am going to try as hard as ever I tried to do anything. First and foremost, as soon as I have finished wrestling with this mistress of mine—for mistress she is as yet—I shall walk about the garden for a short time to get all the kinks out of my back: then I shall go for a long ride on my iron horse, and return as happy as the traditional sand-boy, and quite oblivious to all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Now I hope that I shall not be considered unfeeling if I say that there are a great many troubles and ailments from which girls, whether young or not so young, may, if they try hard enough, mount over. This may be deemed equivalent to saying that many of the illnesses of girls are merely imaginary. I do not wish you for a moment to infer that such is my meaning; but sickness of any sort never yet was improved by dwelling on it. Human beings are so constituted that the act of thinking much about any ailment positively makes it worse. It should be our endeavour

while suffering in any way to give Nature all the chance we can to repair the injury. We do not do so, but rather retard her efforts if we keep worrying her with thoughts of the worst. This is true of the more acute and dangerous diseases, and it is none the less true of what are generally called trifling ailments. It is more particularly concerning these last I want to speak.

Never a day of my life passes that I do not hear the following remark: "The weather is very trying!" Believe me, this is not the way to get over any little ailment. To speak plainly, many of those little parties who are so ready to blame the weather are arrant little humbugs. They blame the state of the atmosphere when they as often as not ought to turn their attention to the state of their stomachs. Why blame the poor inoffensive barometer for making you feel low-spirited, jaded, and weary, with a trifling frontal headache coupled with a distaste for all active exertion, if, after all, it was that lobster-salad that did the mischief? There are actually people who so frequently credit the weather with putting them out of sorts that in course of time they come to believe that they are like weather-cocks, and affected by every blast that can blow. This is a dangerous state to get into, because whenever you are ill, you will lose sight of all other causes of indisposition except the hackneyed one.

The ailment called *ennui*, which really is a disease of fashionable life, is one that is almost constantly accredited to the state of the atmosphere. It is a strange complaint which comes on by fits and starts, not lasting long at a time at first, and too often, I am sorry to say, fostered by the individual attacked, who gives in to it all too easily, if not willingly. It becomes chronic at last, however, and than a man or woman suffering from chronic *ennui* I hardly know a much more miserable individual. Of course you may call *ennui* by a variety of other names, but the symptoms are the same, and when once fully developed, there is engendered a complete distaste for almost everything in life, which is very sad to see, especially in a young person. Does *ennui* lead to danger? Assuredly it does, and often to death itself. But I hasten to say that it is just one of those complaints that is very easily got over if taken at the commencement. In other words, you can mount above it.

But this ailment is not the only one that can be nursed and fostered till, from being a mere trifle, it becomes a very formidable enemy to peace and life itself. In fact, there is not a minor trouble exists that cannot be made ten times worse by letting the mind dwell on it and thinking the very worst about it. I do not think that children and young girls can be taught too early the advantages that accrue from a habit of making as light as possible of any ailment whatever. Let me quote a very familiar example of the power of the mind over the body for good or for evil. If, when a child who is just learning to walk falls down and hurts himself somewhat, you rush sympathetically to pick him up, and kiss and comfort him, ten to one he will begin to cry. If, on the other hand, you take the wiser plan and laugh at him, he will not feel his hurt; he will get up smiling and go on as before. The boy who is always petted and comforted by a foolishly fond parent in all his little mishaps is made a mollycoddle of, and rendered a coward for life. Boys of this kind never become great soldiers or statesmen, and never by any chance set the Thames on fire.

I can assure you, reader, that if I could only get you to thoroughly believe that the mind has a most wonderful power over the body for good or for evil, in the cure of all ailments, I should consider that I had performed a very meritorious task indeed; I should be correspondingly happy, and inclined even to look with a lenient eye upon the faults of my task-mistress, the typewriter.

Have ever you heard the old Scotch saying, "There ne'er is an ill but there might be a waur." Well, there is some little consolation for you when ill, even in that proverb; but whenever you are languid and out of sorts, with perhaps that little frontal headache, you must do more than simply seek consolation from a proverb. To begin with, you must cheer up. More easily said than done, is it? Certainly if you keep the house, and give in to it. If possible, get out of doors, not for a quarter of an hour, but for a whole hour or two hours. Seek for relaxation, and very likely the headache and the weary feelings will all have vanished by the time you return. But there is one kind of training that you should especially innure yourself to, namely that of lowering the diet for a day, or, at the very least, half a day. It is truly astonishing what a power in the regeneration of health is a whole day of almost total abstinence. Nor is it so very hard to abstain after all. I am convinced that if you once try this plan, so light and fresh will you feel next day, that abstinence will not seem such a penance to you next time you require to try it. Abstinence from food gives the whole system a rest, and nature is not slow in taking the advantage of this. She rolls up her sleeves, as it were, and goes in for a kind of spring cleaning.

Nervous persons—and nowadays their name, unfortunately, is legion—often think, when a little out of sorts, that they are taking some severe illness. This thought, as a rule, does not trouble young girls, but their elders. I should advise all such to possess themselves of that tiny instrument, the clinical thermometer, the physician's fairy, and to study the temperature of their bodies. The instrument will tell them in a moment if anything serious is the matter, and if there be any necessity for calling in the aid of the family doctor, or whether a little judicious rest, a walk, or ride out of doors combined with abstinence, will not suffice to put them all to rights again. If the temperature is but a very little above normal, a lessened diet, moderate exercise, and above all, a good night's rest, will be the great desiderata, and the individual will awake next morning feeling all over fresh and happy, and determined to act in the same wise way again whenever the occasion demands it. Should the temperature be still higher, and especially if there be any pain and some degree of restlessness, then it will be well to take skilled advice, remembering the old proverb that "A stitch in time saves nine." But even in such a case as this the patient is not to let down her heart, for the girl who is cheerful and tries to mount above her troubles has a far better chance of speedy recovery than one who hangs her head and mopes. Some people, you know, are dead before they are half sick; but these are not the sort of patients that a doctor cares for, the very gloominess of their dispositions often affecting even his spirits; for a doctor after all is only a human being.

I should like the readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER to be, as far as little illnesses are concerned, laughing philosophers, but at the same time never to neglect these. It is oftentimes only a momentary spurt that Dame Nature requires; she is at times like a lame dog that you have to help over the stile. Once over the stile she will trot on again easily enough so long as she gets fair play.

(This last sentence, I may tell you within brackets, I have actually written without ink, my ribbon having got all rolled on the right hand spool. Verily he who is wedded to a young bride in the shape of a typewriter has not his sorrows to seek.) From this last remark of mine you will note that I seem to beg for sympathy in my trials. Well, sympathy is a fine thing; but let me tell the invalid's friends that they must use it with discretion. Sympathy is not a tonic, nor is it a stimulant. In some cases it is a soothant, but not in all; for example, to tell a nervous patient that she is looking very ill, would often result in making her ill indeed. There are many forms of nervous complaints in which the patient cannot bear the slightest reference to her ailment, but wishes to pose as a perfectly healthy individual; and in this she must assuredly be humoured to her heart's content.

While in all cases I wish the ailing one to repose the utmost confidence in her own family doctor, it is my earnest desire in this paper to give advice that, while not infringing on his province, shall at the same time be of service to the patient. I must tell you then that too much faith must not be put in the power of medicine to cure your trouble. Medicine alone never did nor never could cure any ailment. Medicine is but like the crutch to the lame man—it helps him along for a time; but it cannot cure his lameness.

Very many of the ailments that are easy enough to surmount by strength of will, coupled with a little expenditure of common sense, are of a distinctly nervous character. The person suffering has probably been overworked, and over-worried for a time, and the whole body is out of tone and below par. Not the least of the disagreeable symptoms connected with this state is a dry condition of the whole mucous membrane. An attempt to remedy matters is usually made by taking aperient medicines. These seem to do good for a time, and the sufferer feels lighter and fresher; but her last condition is infinitely worse than the first. To be a slave to aperient medicines is almost as bad as being a slave to opium; yet I know that thousands are so. If such remedies are urgently needed for a time, the best and safest will be found in the compound liquorice powder of the shops, or the liquid extract of cascara; but even these should not be taken constantly. Regular hours, moderate—not heating—exercise, plenty of ripe fruit, and porridge of good oatmeal not too long boiled, or a porridge made of groats and sweet milk will generally suffice to put matters to rights without the dangerous aid of any medicine whatever.

In cases of this kind I would not even advise tonics to be taken without first consulting a doctor. As a general rule tonics are binding and heating, and, if taken towards the end of the day, often cause sleeplessness.

Sleeplessness is another symptom that is too often attempted to be cured by the aid of physic. But always in vain.

There must be a general review of the whole mode of life, and changes for the better made in diet, in the taking of exercise, in the habits and style of conducting ablution—which must be as perfect as possible—the bath ought to be taken every morning as cold as can be borne, and a warm bath on at least one day of the week. Change often works wonders in cases of this kind. So does a regulated course of exercise, which must be moderate and pleasurable. In fact, as I have said many times before, exercise that does not give pleasure is of very little use.

Well, in conclusion, you are to try hard to mount above your little ailment by endeavouring to forget all about it. This is only possible by keeping the mind constantly employed in some engrossing occupation. Adopt a fad of some kind, and when not attending to this, then read light, pleasant books, or the magazine literature of the day. The evenings especially should be devoted to recreation. A visit to a good entertainment is often of more value than a course of medicine.

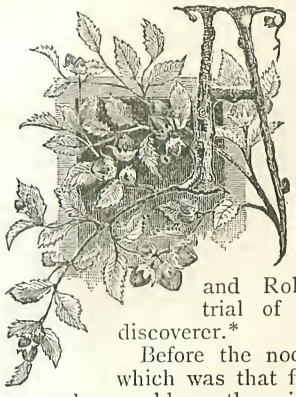
My next paper I hope to devote to "The Hair in Health and Illness"— that is, if my lady-love, the type-writing machine, does not send me to an early grave before our honeymoon is a thing of the past.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EXPERIMENT.



HEAVY mist, accompanied by the first frost of the season, heralded in the morning of the day appointed by the colonel and Rolfe for the trial of the water-discoverer.*

Before the noontide hour, which was that fixed for the general assemblage, the mist and frost had been replaced by a genial warmth of sunshine. Under its gladdening influence the crowd gathered, and presented a strange and picturesque scene.

Bounded equally by Stanard Park and the Primrose Copse (as the villagers called it) was the long meadow where stood, on the summit of a steep incline, a cedar of Lebanon. This grand old tree, whose unique size and age had long made it the distinguishing feature of the village, held the central position of the ground marked out for the experiment. It bore, on this particular November morning, a large crop of men and boys, who had climbed among its mighty limbs, in order to secure a favourable place for witnessing the proceedings.

Rolfe's tall slim figure was conspicuous among a group of workmen, to whose care he was consigning the implements required should Bullen need their aid. He then joined the party from the castle, whose approach he had watched as they appeared and disappeared among the slopes and trees of the park.

The colonel with his daughters and Miss Capella came first to the place arranged for them by Rolfe; Mrs. Bartlett, and her attendant, carrying a camp-stool, followed leisurely, and took up their position on the spot where it was supposed Bullen's walk would commence.

Mr. Belcher, the steward—who was still in the colonel's service, having found it impossible to leave his duties to other hands—was there, with the Calverts, and several of the farmers belonging to the estate; who, with their wives and elder children, were keeping holiday in honour of the occasion.

Many of the shareholders of the company were present, and also some professional and private gentlemen interested in the experiment and the scheme, and ready to become shareholders should the events of the day justify the speculation.

Volunteers were keeping clear a large circle from intrusion by the mass of people beyond, who were gathering to wait the arrival of the water-discoverer.

Such were the chief features of the assemblage drawn together by the novelty of the experiment.

Still the crowd increases, and in spite of the sceptical remarks prevalent among the richer classes within the circle, the people outside—mostly from Penzarton—are so impressed by the need of an enlarged water supply, that they are ready beforehand to believe in the discoverer's success, and to make a hero of him at once.

Suddenly cries are heard. "Here he comes! Here he is! Hurrah!" and they cheer heartily.

Bullen, who was about to make his way through the crowd, instantly stopped, thanked them for their sympathy, but assured them that if they wished for his success, they must promise him absolute quiet during the trial.

"We will!" responded the crowd, with another cheer; and throughout the critical part of the proceedings they kept their word.

As Bullen penetrated into the inner circle, the colonel advanced to meet and welcome him.

In personal appearance and dress he gave the idea of a superior artizan. His face was pale and intellectual-looking, the expression concentrated, as if thinking of nothing but the impending trial—its success or failure; and aware that failure may be attributed to him by incredulous opposers through his not finding what does not there exist to be found.

Among the shareholders who draw closely together and watch Bullen's proceedings are some who simply disbelieve in the possession of any such power as the man lays claim to. Others suspect fraud, and watch and wait for its public exposure; while there are yet others more hopeful than confident, and determined that the man should have fair play.

"He is always successful," remarks one of these gentlemen.

"I beg to differ from you. I entirely disbelieve the reports of such successes, set going most likely by himself," exclaims another shareholder.

"Give me a single case of failure," persisted the first speaker.

To this challenge there was no answer.

"Then I will give you one of his undoubted successes," was retorted triumphantly. "Certain scientific engineers were extremely anxious to find water on the estate of a particular nobleman. After digging and boring in one place after another, and always failing, they heard of this man, and sent for him. He then, in the presence of a large number of engineers, showed them a spot, and told them to dig there. They obeyed, and there they found what they sought."

"Ah!" exclaimed one of the unbelievers, "you haven't heard of all his merits. He believes he can also find gold and copper by the same means—a kind of philosopher's stone to enrich everybody." This was followed by a derisive laugh, in which other disbelieving shareholders joined.

The colonel heard these remarks, and saw from Bullen's face he too had heard. With kindly thought for his annoyance, he entered into conversation with the discoverer, and asked him about the nature and origin of the power he possessed.

Bullen, appreciating the colonel's motive, replied simply, "When quite a lad I happened to see a local water-finder using a hazel twig. I asked his permission to try, and then found that I possessed a like power and influence."

"To what do you attribute this power?"

"To animal magnetism."

"Regularly developed?"

"No; it is developed on some days stronger than on others."

"Does it at all affect yourself?"

"Yes; too frequent use exhausts me so much that I cannot sleep."

The trial now began. Bullen produced a twig or rod that he had cut from an ordinary branch of hazel, about eighteen inches long, fork-shaped, like an inverted Y. This he held by the tops of the fork between the thumb and finger of both hands, with its apex slanting down and outwardly. With this simple instrument he began his peregrinations. His walk was at first slow and irregular, covering a considerable space of ground, and was for some time apparently without result. Then he gradually narrowed to a circle of about twenty-five feet in diameter. At last he stopped and said quietly—

"Here is water, at a depth of about eleven feet."

The news spread rapidly and reached the crowd, who raised a deafening cheer. This was followed almost as suddenly by a profound silence, while all eyes were strained to watch the movements of the hazel twig.

"See! The end of the twig is rising! He cannot keep it down!" a voice called out in wonder.

Bullen explains to those near him, "So strongly does the water below repel its downward movement, that it will sometimes break or twist when forcibly held in that position."

He then invited any sceptic present to come and try whether the twig will act in the same way with him. As no one essayed to make the attempt, Rolfe, leaving Jeanie's side, came forward and offered to try his skill. Instantly the twig dropped, as if its mystic life had departed, and Rolfe, giving it back to its owner, was about to retire, when Bullen said to him, "If there is any one present who can succeed, it is the young lady you have just left, and who now stands by Colonel Stanard."

* It must be remembered that the period in question deals with the earlier appearances of the water-discoverer, whom we shall here call Bullen.

"Why do you think so?" enquired Rolfe, greatly surprised.

"That is beyond me to tell. Some secret power or instinct guides me to the choice."

Rolfe crossed to Jeanie's side, and told her Bullen's opinion.

"Fairly caught!" said the colonel, with a laugh.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Jeanie, looking startled.

"Do try! Oh, do try, Jean!" cried Beth. "It will be such fun, and I will walk by your side and watch the twig. Do try!"

"Courage—courage, my darling!" whispered the colonel. "Think of all that is involved. Should you succeed, it will doubly assure those who are still doubtful."

Rolfe led her to Bullen, who directed her how to hold the twig. Thus armed, with Beth by her side, she began her walk from the place where her father stood. Immediately she approached the spot indicated by Bullen, the movements of the twig became so violent that, affrighted, she let it fall and hurried back to the colonel. Rolfe then called the workmen, who had not been within hearing.

"Can you make any guess as to the depth of the water?" he asked of their foreman.

"I should judge it to be about the depth of eleven feet," he replied.

"Your opinion tallies with that of Mr. Bullen. Then we must bore."

The men set to work with hearty goodwill, the people crowding so near in their excitement that it required the aid of two or three policemen from among the crowd to preserve order and freedom for their efforts. As they reached the depth of ten feet seven inches up sprang the water in a strong jet, rising above the heads of the people, and, shaken by the breeze, descended in a shower upon all near. Uproarious demonstrations of enthusiasm, laughter, and general shaking of wet garments ensued. The old cedar seemed literally alive with the unrestrained cheers and clapping of hands by its occupants.

The share-list was eagerly called for, quickly filled up, and the result made known to the colonel. The whole capital required amounted to £60,000, of which all but £10,000 had now been subscribed. The colonel had not yet subscribed. For a moment he hesitated; then, seeing the probability that, besides the income from the shares, there would be also increased value given to the estate, he signed his name for the remaining shares. He then addressed a few earnest words to the people about Bullen, saying, "I had arranged with him beforehand to pay a sum that satisfied him, but I think that you will all agree with me that this is a case for more generous treatment. I propose, then, that all of us here who are interested as shareholders, or simply for the welfare of Penzarton, should mark their appreciation by a contribution in his favour. I will begin with a cheque for ten pounds."

A general acclamation followed. One shareholder observed, "May I be excused for remarking that much of the success may depend upon the collector? May I then, without giving offence, propose one whom all will gladly accept and respond to heartily?"

"Couched in that spirit, certainly you may," replied the colonel.

"Then I trust Miss Stanard will once again, on this occasion, fulfil a duty that must be pleasing to her, since many of the poor she so well cares for will be greatly benefited by this new water supply."

"What say you, Jeanie?" gently enquired the colonel, bending towards her.

"If you think well, I will do it, father," she replied, her face flushing at the thought of the publicity entailed.

"Where shall we find an alms bag?" loudly asked Rolfe, anxious to divert the general attention from Jeanie.

"The colonel's hat!" shouted the people, with laughter. "Let's have the colonel's hat—it'll hold plenty!"

The colonel accordingly took off his hat, and put the ten pound cheque into it as he said in clear tones, "Gold or cheques equally acceptable; the latter will do in pencil, or the amounts may be simply mentioned, and Mr. Rolfe, our clever young engineer, will take note of promises as my daughter passes round."

There was an immediate opening out of all those who were desirous to contribute, into a single-file circle; while Jeanie, carrying her father's hat, passed slowly round, accompanied by Rolfe and Beth, who considered her attendance indispensable to her sister's courage.

The results announced by Rolfe to the colonel amounted to £38 10s.

"You've missed the lady in black," called out a voice from the crowd.

Jeanie immediately crossed to where Mrs. Bartlett was sitting, and returned with the promise of a cheque for £10.

"The total is now £48 10s.," called out Rolfe.

General and enthusiastic rejoicing followed.

* * * *

That evening, for the first time since the death of Benjamin Stanard, there was a festive gathering at the castle; including a few of the colonel's friends and some of the leading Penzarton shareholders, who had been invited to dinner in honour of the new undertaking.

Mrs. Bartlett could not, however, be persuaded to make one of the dinner-party. She had broken through her habit of complete seclusion to be present at the experiment; but, that done, she drove home from the castle as quietly as she had arrived in the morning.

When the dinner-hour drew near, Jeanie watched the hands of the clock with anxious impatience, waiting for Rolfe's reappearance, to talk over with him the events of the day, and their probable consequences in the future.

As Jeanie and the colonel were busily engaged in the reception of the guests, a note from Rolfe was put into the hands of the latter, saying that a telegram from his employers had just reached him, requesting his *immediate* presence in London to superintend some new work, and *expressing* earnestly his regret at losing so enjoyable an evening as he had looked for.

This the colonel handed to Jeanie; but neither had the opportunity to comment, as the guests were now rapidly arriving.

(To be continued.)

SUN-DIALS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART II.

BEFORE entering on the subject of our English dials, I may give a brief notice to another method of computing time, of very early origin.

The use of the hour-glass was invented at Alexandria in about the middle of the third century; and people used to carry them about in lieu of the yet unknown watches. You must often have observed that in old engravings of hermits and monks an hour-glass is represented, together with a skull, a book, and a crucifix. Pulpit hour-glasses were introduced after the period known as the Reformation, when very long sermons were the fashion, which sometimes outstepped the patience of the congregation. So, to spare them too severe a trial of endurance, an hour-glass was attached to the pulpit, to keep the long-winded preacher within fairly reasonable limits. There was, and possibly still remains, a very handsome specimen of a pulpit hour-glass in the parish church of what was, many years ago, my own great-aunt's place (Mrs. Heneage, *née* Cope), Compton-Bassett. An illustration of it, dating back to the sixteenth century, will be found in *The Book of Days*. An ironwork and ornate kind of lantern, surmounted by a fleur de lys, encases the glass, supported at the end of an iron rod projecting from beside the desk, and from the centre of this rod there was a large fleur de lys on a long vertical stem. It was at Compton-Bassett House that my father was brought up, and therefore the place has a special interest for me. Another illustration is given of a pulpit hour-glass in the same work above-named. It is taken from the "lonely church of Cliffe," on the Kentish coast, between Gravesend and the Nore. It seems that the pulpit is of carved wood, and there is a shield on the wooden bracket supporting the stand for the glass, bearing the date 1636—two years later than that on the pulpit. We are also informed of an entry in the church book of St. Katherine's, Aldgate, of one shilling

THE SUN-DIAL.

paid for an hour-glass "that hangeth by the pulpit" (1564), and a bequest of another glass, (1616), "with a frame of irone to stand in."

And now to return to the history of dials. I will give a few examples to be found both in London and various parts of the United Kingdom, only regretting that many well worth naming must be left out of my list.

There are sun-dials in Ireland that are stated to belong to the seventh and eighth centuries. Their form is peculiar—flat vertical slabs of stone set up in ancient graveyards, like tomb-stones, and their special use was, apparently, to mark the canonical hours for prayer. In this respect they served the same special purpose as those on the Mahomedan mosques, which, moreover, were supplied with indicators to remind the worshippers of Mecca. It may suffice to note their existence, without a description of any in particular.

There are a few curious dials still extant in London, and amongst them that in the garden of Clement's Inn, Strand, may be worth a visit. It represents a Moor, life-sized, and painted black, kneeling on a raised stand of four graduated stone steps—after the ancient models—and supporting a dial on his head. It is supposed to have been brought from Italy, and placed there by John Holles, second Earl of Clare, who made the Clare Market, and built and improved so extensively in that neighbourhood. The statue is believed to be of bronze, though disfigured with paint. Speaking of these same Earls of Clare, I may observe that a tumulus in the churchyard of Trelleck, Monmouthshire, which in ancient times was surrounded by a moat, was surmounted by the keep of a castle belonging to them. It stands in the village, and in the churchyard there is a sun-dial, erected in 1689, upon three sides of which the three distinctive wonders of the locality are depicted. First, the before-named tumulus, thought to be Roman, with inscriptions as to the great number of persons buried there; the second wonder consisting in three stone pillars, of eight, ten, and fourteen feet in height respectively, recording the victory of Harold on that spot; and lastly, bearing a representation of a well and two cups. Whether the three pillars were erected by the victorious Harold, or were of still more ancient date, and due to the Druids, is a matter of question.

I cannot attempt to multiply examples, and take into my brief sketch a long and satisfactory list of our own English dials; but a few must yet find a place in these columns, and amongst them the very unique one which is doubtless pointed out to the visitors of the Scilly Islands. It consists of a cannon, standing firmly on end, and its mouth, which once thundered forth its message of friendly salute, of warning, or of death, now mutely tells a very different tale. A dial-plate covers it, and an iron tongue silently casts its tiny shadow over the plate, and marks the relentless march of time. If you visit St. Mary's, go to Star Castle Fort, and there you will find it. It would be interesting to learn that cannon's previous history.

No resident in this vast metropolis of ours, nor any acquainted with Edward Walford's most interesting history of old London, could be ignorant of the name of one locality designated the Seven Dials. In former times I have driven through that queer old disreputable-looking quarter, the repository for birds, squirrels, dogs, cages, curiosities, and dirt, and always wondered where the seven dials were, and vainly seeking for some dilapidated vestiges on the corner walls of every street converging there to a common centre. I might have searched till the present day, and abandoned the quest far sooner than I did, had I earlier informed myself on the question by a reference to *Evelyn's Diary* (October 5th, 1694). There it is recorded that the seven dials were all represented on one pillar, the several faces turned towards each street respectively, and were severally constructed, of course, to suit the different aspects taken. The style of the pillar was Doric, and each dial measured a square foot in dimensions. It was constructed by a Mr. Neale, and the old relic is still in existence; but you must go out of London to find it, for having been taken down in the vain hope of finding treasure buried beneath it, in 1773, it was carried away, and set up at Weybridge, on the village green.

Another of our London dials, and one of a curious character, since it was so contrived as to act without a gnomon, was made by a Mr. John Leak, and set upon a Composite pillar at the corner of Leadenhall-street, when Sir John Dethick, Knight, was Lord Mayor. The dial was a globe, so placed as to be half in sunshine and half in shadow. In Joseph Moxon's old work on astronomy and geography, printed and sold by him A.D. 1659, at his shop, "the Signe of the Atlas," there is an engraving of this old dial, which also combined a fountain. There were four figures, apparently of women, and about half life-size, standing just above the plinth, below the column, and above the fountain; and on a slab on one side of the square four-sided plinth (raised on steps from the ground) was a long inscription. What information it gave I cannot say—what solemn monitions. The whole structure performed its work and its silent mission, however, and has passed away with those whom it served.

I will now take leave of town, and conduct my readers on a country tour, to draw their attention to some of the old-time mementos of this character to be found by ramblers both in the north and south of England.

Stanwardine Hall, near Baschurch, Salop, was the seat of the Corbet family, related to friends of mine. It is a fine Elizabethan structure, now used as a farmhouse; but the dial, one of pillar form, may be seen in front of the hall, on which the Corbet arms are still to be seen, with the date "Anno 1560." The silver plate upon it bears the inscription:—

"He that will thrive
Must rise at five.
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven.
He that will never thrive
May lie till eleven."

On the left side the couplet is inscribed:—

"In the houre of deathe,
God be merciful unto me."

And on the right side, the lines:—

"For as Tyme doth haste,
So life doth waste."

To myself, as a member of the most ancient and venerable of all existing Orders—the Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem—perhaps the dial at Millrigg, Culgaith (near Penrith), may have a special interest. Millrigg was taken from the Order by Henry VIII. and given to a gentleman named Dalston. There he resided, and there he died A.D. 1692. The Knights Hospitalers had succeeded the Knights Templars, to whom the house originally belonged, together with the manor of Temple Sowerby. But when the religious houses were dissolved, and knightly communities, as well as those of the monks, were despoiled of their property, the Dalston family was presented with that of the nursing as well as military Order of Hospitalers.

To return to the ancient dial at Millrigg. It has four sides, two of these bearing inscriptions of a singularly quaint character. The play on two words, one in English, but the other in French, points to the travels of these Crusaders through France, and to their acquaintance with that language. The motto consists of a dialogue between the dial and the passenger on the one side, and on the other the summing-up of the sage monitor's conclusions from the reply received:—

"Diall.
Staie, Passinger.
Tell me thy name,
Thy Nature.

Pass^{r}.
Thy name is die
All. I a Mort all
Creature.

Diall.
Since my name
And thy nature
Soe agree,
Thinke on thy selfe
When thov looks
Vpon me."

I have been in Yorkshire, but never at Leyburn; and I am indebted to Mrs. Gatty for the beautiful motto over the door of a schoolmaster's house at that place, but of which she does not name the date. At all events, the orthography gives evidence that it is not ancient:—

"Time is, thou hast; see that thou well employ.
Time past, is gone; thou can'st not that enjoy.
Time future, is not; and may never be.
Time present, is the only time for thee."

I have more than once paid visits to friends in Derbyshire, and while there made excursions to places of interest in that beautiful part of the country; amongst others to Bakewell Church, a very fine structure, and containing some remarkable monuments. High up on the wall there is an oval-shaped dial, dated 1796, on which is inscribed the passage of Holy Writ:—

"In such an hour as ye look not for,
The Son of Man cometh."

Before taking leave of this county, where there is so much to admire and to linger over, I must give another example of a dial, which is to be seen at Eyam, where I used to visit friends who owned the ancient manor-house, with its terraced gardens and tapestried rooms. The village is of historic interest, rendered so by its remarkable and touching records of the Great Plague of 1666, and of fortitude and passive heroism, never before nor since surpassed. I saw and sketched the house where the plague first broke out, and spent an evening in the old rectory house, inspected the ancient parish register to see the entries of those who perished, and noted that only one marriage took place during the three years of that awful visitation, and (to my satisfaction) that the loving couple survived it. In the churchyard is a beautiful Runic cross, and the tomb of the heroic Mrs. Mompesson, wife of the equally heroic and devoted rector, and of these and the church I also made a sketch. On the south porch of the latter there is a dial, bearing the inscription of various places, to signify their several differences of time from our own; also the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn are denoted upon it, together with the motto:—

"Induce animum sapientem. 1775";

which, being interpreted, means, "Put on a wise mind." The names of the churchwardens of that time are likewise inscribed upon it.

I observed that some dials are constructed

in the form of a cross. We have a considerable number of them, but none bear a better motto than that to be seen on one near Lichfield, in Shenstone churchyard. The cross surmounts a pillar, and is placed in a leaning position, and the shadows are cast on the figures engraved on the sides of the shaft by the arms of the cross. It is not one of the ancient examples, but the lady who erected the dial had drunk deeply into the same pious and poetical spirit which imbued her predecessors in performing similar good work :—

"If o'er the dial glides a shade, redeem
The time; for lo, it passes like a dream.
But if 'tis all a blank, then mark the loss
Of hours unblest by shadows from the cross."

The above-named cruciform dial is, as you will observe, vertical in its position; but it is sometimes employed horizontally, as, for example, at Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. There it is placed on the schoolhouse, and its motto is a good one, inscribed in Latin, but translated for the benefit of general readers, and runs thus :—

"The way of the Cross is the way of light."

You may often see an upright four-sided stone in country graveyards and market-places, on the top of which is a dial of later date apparently than the pillar supporting it. The latter is, in fact, only the broken stump of a cross, the top, with the arms, having been destroyed by order of Queen Elizabeth, in her zeal to do away with a religious emblem of that character; but I myself imagine that some of these demolitions of crosses were due to the Puritan soldiers.

The so-called Queen Mary's Dial, at Holyrood, is erroneously so entitled, since it was erected by Charles I., and presented by him to Queen Henrietta. He had it made by one John Mylne, at a cost of £408 15s. 6d., Scotch currency.

One of the ring dials to which I before referred is in the possession of Mrs. Dent, of Sudeley Castle, which was found at Kemerton Court, Gloucestershire. The numerals are inscribed inside it, and it is designed to be hung up in some place where a ray of sunshine can pass through a sliding hole, and down upon the right number.

Before concluding this notice of English dials, I must name one more, dated 1658, and known as Sir Francis Howard's dial. It is to be seen on the lawn at Corby Castle, not far from Carlisle, his seat. He was the grandson of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk. It is one that has a special interest to me, for family reasons, as Sir Francis married, secondly, a daughter of Sir Henry Widdrington, of Widdrington Castle, Northumberland. The dial is four-sided, and bears a shield on each. The emblems of the Passion, the cock that crowed, and many other objects connected with our Lord's trial and crucifixion, appear on one of the four shields; the arms, impaled, of Howard and Widdrington, on another; on a third the family initials, and on the fourth the motto. And what a world of intense feeling underlies the last exclamations, three times repeated, and which no addition of strong and more explanatory words could possibly intensify. The imagination of a reflective mind is left to supply these, and to realise the whole of what is implied, though unspoken.

"Deathe, Judgment, Heaven, Hell—upon this moment depens Eternitie. O Eternitie! O Eternitie! O Eternitie! 1658."

What more can I add to this that would not serve to weaken its powerful appeal to the imagination and the conscience?

I said that after the sun-dial the clepsydra was introduced, which measured the hours by the pouring of water from a graduated vessel (158 B.C.), improved upon by a toothed wheel and index, and then by a descending weight to drive the wheel in lieu of water. Afterwards the construction of clocks began. In 999 the monk Gilbert assumed the tiara, having invented a graduated mechanism to improve on former contrivances for the marking of time.

The first clock that appeared in Europe is supposed to have been that described by Eginhard, Secretary to Charlemagne (742—814), and presented to him by Abdalla, King of Persia. Quoting from him, you must know that it was a "Horologe of brass, wonderfully constructed, for the course of the twelve hours, answered to the hour-glass, with as many little brazen balls, which drop down on a sort of bells underneath, and sounded each other."

With the invention of the first escapement, the construction of clocks proper may be said to have begun. A clock erected in Paris in the year 1379, by Heinrich von Wick, was one of the most famous of the early structures; but we had one, set up in Old Palace Yard, in the year 1288. An English clockmaker, named Harris, perceived the possibility of the regulation of the action of the escapement by means of a pendulum; but it was Huyghens, a Dutch physicist, who first constructed a pendulum clock and set the escapement wheel horizontal—hitherto set vertical—and the pallets he attached to the horizontal rod from which the pendulum hung. Thenceforth England took the first place in developing the science.

In the time of Diana of Poictiers (1499—1566), the obsequious court adopted every description of lugubrious device in the articles of their jewellery, out of compliment to her mourning as a widow. Thus even their watches were made ghastly, by taking the form of skulls, the top of the cranium serving as a lid to cover the face beneath it. Happily, these unattractive forms passed out of fashion, in all jewellery early in the seventeenth century.

The pendulum spring was invented in 1770, and the French took the lead in making improvements in mechanism, weight, and size. There was a watch encased in a cross, and worn hung to the girdle, called an "Abbess watch;" others of the same kind were engraved with representations of the Passion, and figures of Faith.

It was in 1584 that watches first came over from Germany. Some were exceedingly large, contained in a handsome case, and were hung as an ornament round the neck. These early specimens needed to be of great size, as they had catgut springs. The forms of ancient watches were often quite grotesque, and the dimensions were in time reduced. Some were no larger than a walnut, richly chased, and enclosed in a pear-shaped case. A silver watch, *temp.* Elizabeth, was formed like a duck when floating on the water, and the feet tucked up out of sight. There was a ring at the back of the neck, to which the chain was attached. The lower part of the duck, when opened, disclosed the dial plate, also of silver. This was encircled with a floriated design (gilt), and angels' heads, and the wheels turned on rubies. An interesting specimen was that presented by Louis XIII. to Charles I. It was oblong, with the dial on one side and St. George and the Dragon on the other, and was of silver, richly gilt, and much enamelled in a variety of beautiful colours. The case was a handsome one, and the watch was very perfect in its decorations, inside as well as out, and the maker's name, "S. Vallin," is to be seen. This interesting relic is still preserved, and the reader may have seen it in the late Stuart Exhibition in the New Gallery, Regent Street.

And now, in taking leave of the subject of sun-dials, I must redeem my promise of replying to any suggestions of difficulty in reference to the extraordinary phenomenon recorded concerning the dial of Ahaz. I quote from a work entitled *True Philosophy* :—

"When it is a question of any act performed by the Creator, you must either deny His existence, or take for granted His omnipotence. Then, if you accept the latter, that He should cast a shadow on the sun-dial, a miraculous shadow not to be accounted for by ordinary causes, or that He should delay the course of this little world—an atom in His great dominion of worlds on worlds—must seem, as it actually must be, a matter of equally trifling difficulty. The one act of supreme will and infinite power is quite the same as the other."

Over and above this view of the case, it may interest the reader to know that Herodotus, the father of profane history, declares (according to the traditions of the priests of Egypt, from whom he received the information), that "in very remote ages the sun had four times departed from his regular course, having twice set where he should have risen, and twice risen where he ought to have set."

Now the existence of such a statement, related and credited as history by the learned in those ancient days, is a very remarkable fact, coinciding, as it does, with the two narratives given in Holy Writ. However accounted for, such extraordinary phenomena are clearly attested as having been seen at some certain periods, marvellous to the historians, but none the less absolutely believed and attested. I now quote a communication from one of our most learned and able controversialists of the day, Mr. B. Harris Cowper, to whom I referred on the question.

"Josh. x. 12, etc.—The incident recorded here involves a double difficulty. The Hebrew itself is obscure, and includes a quotation from another book, the Book of Jasher—lost. But no doubt a supernatural intervention is described, and one to be received as a matter of faith. The physical phenomenon is of course inexplicable, unless it denotes the apparent prolongation of daylight, which could be produced by retarding the earth's motion on its axis, or by modifying the refractive power of light. Your own suggestions, therefore, practically accord with mine.—II. Kings, xx. 11. The statement here, and in Isaiah, is explicit, and I think the miracle probably was due to the second of the causes suggested, *i.e.*, the modification of the refractive power of light. All miracles are referable to the supremacy over natural laws which He who ordained them maintains, and proves when and how He pleases."

If you believe that the Supreme Being was capable of creating what we call "natural laws," it can be no greater difficulty to believe that He has power to change those laws, or to modify them according to His own supreme will and Divine pleasure, condescending, as He does, to the necessities and comprehensions of His finite creatures. He spoke to men in ancient times "by signs and wonders" suited to their condition; this He has declared in the written revelation vouchsafed to their descendants. May not this suffice to those who are compelled to accept as facts, so much in their own mysterious threefold being that is to them inexplicable, and that in spite of all their profound scientific investigations? Yes, and throughout all nature how much is there which they are as utterly unable to deny as to explain?

Let it be enough for you, my readers, that while "we now see through a glass darkly," there is a glorious day coming for those content to "enter into the Kingdom of Heaven as little children," "when we shall know, even as we are known," by "Him whom, having not seen, we love." "Blessed is he that hath not seen, and yet hath believed."

BY ATLANTIC BAYS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

A TOUR, IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

GALWAY AND CLIFDEN.

In these days of much travel, and much talk thereof, many travellers' tales are read by people who may enjoy and admire, but who cannot, from one cause or another, ever hope to attain to similar experiences. A thousand miles on an elephant can be only for the few; while the many, as regards that wonderful animal, must be content with what the Zoological Gardens can offer. Even the more modest experiences of tours in pony phaetons are not within the reach of many who yet enjoy the modern taste for "tripping." Those who take ordinary tours in ordinary fashion may care to hear of such a round, as in the narration of the places seen and the people met they may discern whether they would like to go in search of similar experiences.

On a sunny morning early in August last year, with much pleasant anticipation, but with little luggage, we (two spinster cousins) started from the Broadstone terminus, on the north side of Dublin. Three other ladies, presumably spinsters, occupied the same railway carriage: they also were "tripping." Two of them were sisters; the relationship of the third we failed to discover; her name was Kate.

A start from the Broadstone gives a speedy departure from the city, and conveys one almost immediately into the green country. The Dublin Mountains on one side offered a pretty outline, showing well above a line of planting. After they are passed, a level country is pursued for almost the entire way in the journey from the east to the west of Ireland. Hills again appear on an approach towards Galway. The Royal canal keeps faithfully alongside the railway for many miles. Remarkably little traffic was to be observed on it; in fact, it looked sleepy and slimy. One or two small box-like boats, of extremely primitive construction, may be noticed in the country parts of it. A fair amount of planting is about the country near Dublin; afterwards stretches of bog-land appear at intervals. In one spot a blaze of poppies shone. Fifteen miles from Dublin is Maynooth, where the great college for the training of Roman Catholic priests is situated: a peep of it can be had from the railway. Mullingar is the first town of any considerable size numbered amongst the railway stations. The train halted here for some minutes: this time was utilised by a man, calling himself Jimmy Dogherty, in exchanging his fruit for the passengers' money.

A run of nearly thirty miles from Mullingar conveyed us to Athlone, where Ireland's noble river, the Shannon, shows itself. It bears the glory of being navigable for a longer extent than any other river in the United Kingdom. At Athlone we passed from the county Westmeath into Roscommon, and so from the province of Leinster into Connaught. Ballinasloe, about thirteen miles westward from Athlone, is a place of great importance during the time of its great cattle and sheep fairs: it was quiet enough looking when we passed it.

At about half-past two o'clock we reached Galway, having travelled right across the Green Isle. During the transit our companions accomplished a fair amount of reading. Apparently they did not think what was to be seen as worthy of very much notice; but in the consideration that it was the first time they had been along the line, and that the reading could have been managed on some other occasion, I should have preferred the landscapes to the literature.

Some individuals find looking out of railway carriage windows fatiguing to their eyes. If such have never tried the effect of sitting in the centre of the carriage instead of close to the window, they may so experiment on their next journey with great advantage to their optic nerves. The centre seat, generally at a discount, is, except in an inconveniently crowded carriage, for some reasons much to be preferred: the occupier of it can see the country on each side of the carriage, instead of having a surpassingly good view of one side, to the exclusion almost of the other; and the seeing is managed at a much smaller cost to the eyes. Of course the eyes of some people seem endowed with power to stand anything and everything.

The large hotel in which, at the end of our railway run, we found ourselves, looks best from outside. Inside it has large and lofty rooms, but its internal arrangements may improve. Perhaps we saw it under disadvantageous circumstances; for the day of our arrival was the day of the races in Galway, and such an occurrence inevitably means an extra pull on hotel work. Of waiters there was no dearth, but their combined service produced rather poor attendance.

Our intention had been to avail ourselves on the following day of the steamer which we expected to find running up Lough Corrib to Cong; but this idea was frustrated by hearing that its work was suspended owing to the water of the lough being unusually low. It seemed strange information to us, inasmuch as we had experienced no great amount of dry weather. We were far from being the only tourists whose plans met with the same upset: one party after another whom we subsequently came across, had been deterred from the same trip in the same way. The other route lying open to us was to take the long car to Clifden; and having decided on this course, we went to the office, and booked two seats for the next day.

Galway, so far as I saw it, was a disappointing town; its streets narrow, and its shops poor. Eyre Square, round which the hotels are situated, seemed its centre. However, my exploration was a limited one. I should like to have seen the Claddagh, with its cabins, the residence of the fishing community. A bright afternoon made the top of the tramcar an agreeable place, and on it we were conveyed to Salthill, the sea suburb of Galway, situated on its fine bay. Here the country people come, as they express it, "to the salt water." Men and women were to be seen in large numbers. In both Galway and Salthill many folk were standing and sitting about, apparently engaged in no more lucrative occupation than talking, a great deal of which was rendered in English but a part in Irish. Some of the women wore white caps; others had shawls over their heads, so making one garment avail for both cape and coiffure. The shawls were very generally brown, and had a bordering of brown and white. With skirts pretty frequently scarlet, or some other shade of red, there was a picturesqueness in the attire.

The races taking place that day probably caused unusual throngs of people. Not many members of the "upper ten" were found on our path: the lower classes had almost entire possession. There is a pleasant level walk of considerable extent along the edge of the shore. Sailing-boats offer little trips out into the bay, and some individuals were availing themselves of this mode of enjoyment—or the reverse! An interesting excursion can be taken to the Arran Islands, which lie at the entrance to the bay, and contain remarkable ecclesiastical ruins. In the evening, not being quite sure about the methods pursued in Galway hotels, we felt a little apprehensive as to the chance of being left in the drawing-room while other folk might be eating the dinner, if we did not make enquiry as to its appearance.

"The soup is coming on," was the response a waiter afforded my query. So we went and seated ourselves at a very long table; other people, by whatever motives prompted, did the same. The exact meaning of "the soup is coming on," we shall never know, but half an hour elapsed before the soup came on. There was no lack of provision when it appeared. This commendation can be given, and also the important item, that when our couching-time arrived, we were, so far as our experience went, alone in our beds.

The next morning, in view of the forty miles' drive before us, a good breakfast was a desirability, and happily proved a possibility. Having discussed rashers and eggs, which we afterwards found the standard dish all along our route, we sallied forth for a stroll, more especially with the idea of purchasing some provision for our drive. We sought for fruit; but our quest was not very successful. Perhaps we did not direct our steps to the best places, or perhaps the people who had congregated into the town for the races had consumed the supply. Shops which seemed designed for the sale of it had none. We succeeded in finding gooseberries and plums, but they were not prize specimens. Let no one go to the West of Ireland for fruit, our experience would say.

Provided with other and more substantial fare in addition, we found ourselves at the car office in good time. We tried hard to discover which was the best side of the car to secure for the view—an important point, as, if the centre of the car is piled with luggage, what is on the other side becomes invisible. The long car may be described as the well-known Irish jaunting-car considerably extended, each side holding six people, the space between their backs accommodating the luggage. There is a variety of opinion as to which is the best seat to appropriate: by some people the middle of the car is chosen

as the part in which the motion will be least felt; but the two ends are generally preferred. The car proprietor did not seem very willing to give us the information we desired. We selected the left side; but the other is rather to be preferred, it being the best for the mountain views. We were told that ours was the best for the lakes. For these car drives a warm rug or shawl should be taken to cover the limbs, the cars not being provided with aprons. It is also well to start with eatables: some tourists are disappointed in the amount of provender to be had along the way.

Our train companions of the previous day saw us mounted on the car where they had meant to be: not having taken the precaution of booking over-night, they had found the car seats appropriated when they went to secure them; consequently, to their regret, they were obliged to put up another day in Galway. So many passengers were wanting conveyance that two cars were prepared to start. Wishing to avoid travelling in the wake of dust, we enquired which would go first. A better point to discover would be, which would carry the mails, as the one with that privilege is the one to arrive first, and consequently its passengers have precedence in finding hotel accommodation.

There is nothing strikingly beautiful for some distance after leaving Galway, but the air was fresh and invigorating. The little town of Oughterard (pronounced Ooterard), showing planting and habitations, is like an oasis in the bleakness and bareness passed through before it is reached. A glass of milk can be bought here by the traveller. How much is paid for it I cannot exactly say, as a fellow-passenger brought out ours; and when asked the price, first said, "Nothing;" and when pressed about it, said, "A penny." This may have been its true cost. This same fellow-passenger and his wife proved pleasant travelling companions. They were not "tripping," but going to stay with relatives: knowing the country, they were able to give us information. There is a question asked, "What do the Connemara people live on?" The answer is, "Fresh air and water."

After Oughterard is passed the country becomes much more picturesque. Lake after lake appears in constant succession. Yet, over the beauty there was an air of desolation, as if inhabitants and life were wanting. Doubtless this impression was deepened by the fact of the day turning out a very grey one. Occasional misting rain came down upon us: sunshine would have given warmth and colour.

Our longest halt was made at Recess, a favourite location for anglers, close to Glendalough. This was the prettiest and least wild-looking of the lakes. Some tourists on the accompanying car had intended to stay at Recess, but finding the hotel full, they proceeded to Clifden. Their party consisted of a father and two young daughters, a third girl, possibly a cousin, making up a quartet. They were a merry party. One of the girls considered she had got a vantage-post in obtaining a seat on the top of the luggage. Our before-mentioned fellow-passenger, observing her, said, "that she was a plucky girl to sit there, for she might get pitched off when the car turned." I rather dissented from his opinion, considering that pluck can only be shown when danger is known, and feeling pretty sure that the young lady had not the slightest idea of any existing danger. Another lady also secured a vantage-post for view by sitting on the high box-seat beside the driver. Probably she enjoyed her seat very much; but the driver did not enjoy her company, and in her absence gave vent to his displeasure by a lamentation over the deprivation of the use of his pipe through her company.

It is needless to say, that in a drive of forty miles, with such a heavy load, changes of horses had to be made. For the last stage of the journey the car carrying the mails had three horses, while we had only two; thus it got well ahead of us, and reached Clifden before us. The shades of evening had fallen before our resting-place was gained. Some time after eight o'clock we entered Clifden. The arrival of the Galway car is an event of great interest, and a concourse of spectators surrounded us. At Mullarkey's Hotel the car draws up: it is the chief hotel in the little town, and we were glad to find that it had accommodation for us. We were also well pleased to discover that we were in time for its *table d'hôte* dinner. This event, nominally fixed for a quarter past eight, is really timed by the arrival of the car.

No palatial building is Mullarkey's Hotel. The room in which the *table d'hôte* was served is used for drawing-room as well as dining-room. Twelve guests are considered about the complement of the establishment. Here, as well as in other places along our route, the joints were put on the table, and the carving put upon the gentlemen. Some of the gentlemen so honoured had no slight task to perform. This manner of serving sometimes excited surprise amongst the visitors: some Americans especially thought it strange. The custom of bringing potatoes in their jackets to table was also looked upon as curious. Pat, the waiter in Mullarkey's Hotel, was a soft-spoken young man, possessed of a sweet-sounding Irish tongue. After dinner—consisting of soup, roast mutton, fowl, tapioca pudding, and gooseberries—we were not loath to find our way to bed.

Arriving at Clifden on Friday evening, we decided to stay there until the following Monday. We strolled about the neighbourhood. A river makes pretty falls. After passing by Clifden it widens out into a creek, and at no great distance the sea is found. There is a small quay in the creek, and a little shipping. Clifden has a Protestant church and orphanage at one corner, a Roman Catholic church and convent at another, and a small gaol at a third. A poor-house—a large, white building—stands a short way out of the town. There are fairly good shops. One of them exhibits articles made of the green Connemara marble, the showware of the place. The proprietor of this shop has a small hotel, and to it are despatched the parties for whom Mullarkey's Hotel has not accommodation. Drenching rain put a stop to our afternoon outing.

In the evening the Galway car brought a fresh supply of visitors: departures through the day had made room for them. The three ladies who had travelled with us from Dublin were amongst the arrivals. "Kate" and her girls opened out by degrees, and proved pleasant. One of the girls, a lady student at Oxford, was taking up the history course. She mentioned that she could not boat there as she had not passed the swimming test. The same car also brought an English clergyman and his wife: a tall, courteous old man was he; a rather plain little body with very unpretending manners was she.

On Sunday there was service in the Protestant church both morning and evening. The rector's daughter played well an organ recently put up. The congregation was a fair one: some constabulary men filled one pew. A layman read the lessons, and read the wrong ones, causing the old English clergyman to enquire if the Irish Church had not the same lectionary as the English. He was assured that it had, and that the reader had, by mistake, read the preceding Sunday's lessons.

(*To be continued.*)

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE unfinished work taken in by Janet Boothroyd was given to the most competent indoor hands at Castor and Willockson's to be completed. It would be ready in time after all, for outdoor workers were always required to complete their tasks twenty-four hours before the garments must actually be sent off. With the reserve of *employées* on the premises, this rendered a failure in punctuality all but impossible.

The work might really have been done by Janet; but if the hands once knew that there was such a margin of time, the firm judged, and reasonably enough, that disappointments and excuses would be much more frequent. Balancing the advantages enjoyed by workers, the fair prices given, the beautiful quality of the materials, and the fact that outdoor hands were never kept waiting either for work or wages, there was much to be said in favour of the system pursued by Castor and Willockson. It may honestly be conceded that the present position of the Boothroyds was owing to their misfortunes, and that their employers were not in any way to blame.

That very parcel of work which had caused such terrible heart-aches at 12, Morton Place, was not for a wedding order, but was going down to Ilford Park with Miss Ewbank's friend and guest, Aileen Clinton.

Resolved not to wear garments for which a remunerative price was not asked and paid, she had given a special order for all she required, and this had been executed by Castor and Willockson.

The last night of Miss Clinton's stay at Fairview Hall had arrived, and on the following day Miss Ewbank was to accompany her to Ilford for Christmas.

Mr. Parry Clinton was to escort the two girls. He had declined the invitation sent to him by the Ewbanks some weeks before, on the plea of previous engagements; but he was coming for a single night. On the morrow he would

leave Fairview with his cousin Aileen and her friend. Ilford Park was to be his headquarters for some time to come, his own people being in the south of Europe for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank had expressed great regret at Parry Clinton's inability to spend a longer time under their roof.

Miss Ewbank had also felt more regret than she chose to express; for Aileen's cousin, though comparatively a poor man, belonged to that other world, on the verge only of which she stood as yet. The Clintons were to herself and her belongings what the ancient glories of Ilford Park were to the gilded newness of Fairview; and the difference troubled the city girl not a little, whilst it never gave her guest a moment's concern.

Miss Ewbank subsequently consoled herself with the thought that after all it might be better for her to enjoy the society of her friend's cousin at Ilford than at Fairview, since her parents would not be under the same roof.

In spite of the fact that she owed her luxurious surroundings, her well-filled purse, and the power to gratify every whim, to their lavish generosity, the girl was by no means proud of her parents.

Mr. Ewbank was a great man at Millcaster. His utterances on commercial matters were awaited with anxiety, and listened to with respect, in spite of the fact that he occasionally misplaced or missed out an "h." Mrs. Ewbank's costly equipages made a sensation, as her well-groomed horses champed their bits and tossed their head outside Baker's, whilst obsequious shopmen waited for her "esteemed orders."

Miss Ewbank had long ago decided in her own mind that her father and mother were best calculated to shine in their own neighbourhood.

"They are great folks at Millcaster. They would be nobodies at Ilford, for instance. They flourish in their native soil, but, like old trees, they would ill bear transplanting. Best let well alone," thought Ida.

Perhaps the parents would have endorsed their daughter's views if they had put their own opinions into words. But they were ambitious for her. They were fully conscious of her style, her cleverness, her ability to hold her own on any ground, of the enormous wealth with which they could endow their only child, and they were ready to plan, so that money should buy for her all that she did not actually possess.

As to Ida's plans for herself, well, she longed to gain by marriage such a position as her friend Aileen had by birth; to sink the name of Ewbank for one that had been associated for ages with the place of which she would be mistress, and that her future home should be far enough away from Millcaster.

She rejoiced exceedingly that the great manufacturing concern of which her father was the head had never borne his name. True, he was the inventor of a machine which had become a necessity, and which brought in an enormous income. But the words "Vessey and Hindman" did not convey the information that her father, John Ewbank, was the sole proprietor of the huge concern that bore the above title, and that his invention had made it what it was.

Mr. Ewbank was proud of his invention. It was the child of his brain and of the labour of his hands. Ida would have blotted out the very memory of everything connected with trade, and devoted herself to turning its fruits to the best account for her own aggrandisement.

Ida was not particularly sorry that Mr. Parry Clinton was only coming for the one night when she looked at the matter from all sides. At first his refusal of the invitation to stay at Fairview Hall during Aileen's visit had greatly annoyed her. It would have been so delightful to introduce a man of his position to Millcaster people, and to have his escort on all possible occasions. But after all it might be better for him not to see too much even of her parents. He could not be in the house without noting evidences of her father's great wealth; and surely money would have strong attractions for one whose means were comparatively small. He was a second son. His elder brother was married and had a family of sons, so he had no prospect of inheriting more than a modest competence at his father's death. Miss Ewbank decided that Parry Clinton would want to marry money; also, that if he could have attained this end by espousing his cousin Aileen he would have gladly done so, as her fortune would be enough to satisfy his desires.

"If he married Aileen it would not be altogether for love, though he likes her well enough, but for money, and she knows it," thought Ida; and this shrewd young person guessed rightly.

For the rest, Parry Clinton was thirty years of age, tall, handsome, well-informed, and of most fascinating manners. He had travelled much, having no settled occupation to keep him in one locality, and he had been an observant traveller. He could talk well, and he was much sought after in consequence. He was not Aileen's first cousin. His father and hers stood in that relation to each other; but there had always been the closest intimacy between the families, and when in England, Parry's home was as much at Ilford Park as under his father's roof.

Aileen had two brothers, the elder, Maurice, being twenty-four, and five years her own senior; the younger, Arnold, was a boy of thirteen. The family had only lived at Ilford Park since the death of her grandfather, nearly three years ago. Before that time the place had been practically closed, owing to the illness of its owner, who spent his years at one health resort after another, accompanied by his doctor, though without receiving any lasting benefit. It was in his day that Susan Meade's parents occupied a small farm belonging to him, and on it her girlhood passed in peaceful monotony. All her happiest and saddest memories were connected with Ilford and the name of Clinton, so the emotion she manifested on hearing them incidentally mentioned as she stood waiting at Baker's is not to be wondered at. Aileen Clinton had seldom visited the Park during her grandfather's life. An old man, a widower, and invalid, with no family around him and wholly self-absorbed, was not likely to enjoy young companionship. He saw his grandchildren, but at long intervals, and under their father's roof in preference to his own. Hence the story of Susan Meade's disappearance, and the gossip which had, though for only a short time, connected Parry Clinton's name with it, had never reached Aileen's ears. Parry had been a favourite with her grandfather, and generally stayed with him during his occasional visits to Ilford. The old man found him a pleasant guest, as he never complained of the quiet, needed no amusing, whilst he brightened all around him by his genial ways, and never showed annoyance when illness rendered his host more than usually irritable. In fact, the old man's fits of temper were a source of income to the young one, for he seldom left the Park without a substantial token of his regard.

"You have not too much pocket-money, Parry, my boy," the old man would say, "whilst I, unfortunately, can enjoy but a small part of my income. Take this, and my thanks for your patience with a grumpy invalid, whose days have been the brighter and his pains, if not fewer, less noticed for your presence."

"You are very good, and I am truly obliged to you, though indeed I never desired such a gift," Parry would reply. "But I'm not above owning that your handsome present will make my year a much pleasanter one. And when I remember that you have tipped me ever since I was a little chap the height of the table, of course I am not likely to be too proud to accept and thank you for this."

"That is right, my boy. Now, mind you come again the next time I am at the Park," which, nothing loath, Parry would promise to do.

To Aileen her cousin occupied much the same place as an elder brother. The eleven years of difference in their ages placed him, however, on a different level from that on which she stood. He had been a man when she was a child, and she could never forget this, or feel that he belonged to the same generation as herself. As a suitor and possible husband she declined to think of him for a moment, and Parry was driven to the conviction that he stood no chance of acceptance with Aileen. This was disappointing, for the girl would be rich independently of her parents. Without the wealth, all else would have counted for nothing in his eyes; with it, Parry would have chosen Aileen from any number of girls, no matter what their endowments. Failing her, it might be worth his while to think of her friend Miss Ewbank, but he would be wary. He would get a general idea of her surroundings during a twenty-four hours' visit to Fairview Hall, and he could study the girl herself at Ilford Park, where both would be guests until after the New Year began. Marriages between noblemen and the daughters of American or English millionnaire merchants had become the fashion, and

Parry had neither title nor large estates on his own side. A younger son of a good old county family, and with little to look forward to, might do worse than secure the only child of John Ewbank.

Such were the cogitations of Parry Clinton as he neared Millcaster, where a carriage was to meet and convey him to Fairview Hall. Mrs. Ewbank suggested that Aileen might like to go to the station to meet her cousin, but the girl declined.

"Thank you. I would rather have my last day at Fairview unbroken. I have had such a pleasant time, and seen so much that has been new and instructive at Millcaster, that I shall always remember my first visit with delight," was her reply.

"I hope the memory will induce you to come again," said Mrs. Ewbank, heartily. "My husband says that he has not often enjoyed taking a lady to see some of the Millcaster wonders in the way of machinery and manufactures, as he has done you; that to hear your intelligent questions and to see your face was better than taking a man of his own sort in and about the different works. And that is high praise from my husband."

"I value it very much, I assure you," replied Aileen.

"You are different from Ida, my dear. She would not care if she never heard the name of her father's firm or Millcaster mentioned. She has no pride in his inventions, and it rather hurts Mr. Ewbank, seeing what they have done for her. My husband always says, 'Speak well of the bridge that has carried you well over the river,' and so say I. My husband was not born to inherit wealth, but his natural talents and industry have won it; and I don't see why Ida should think less of money gained in that way than of riches that come without having been worked for."

"I should feel very proud of such a clever father, and I have no doubt Ida is really. I know she thinks he is the best and kindest one in the world—as I do mine, you know. It is well for each father to be best and first in the eyes of his children, is it not? I shall always be glad to think I have known Mr Ewbank, and proud, too, on his behalf. I have gained much from my visit to Millcaster."

Mrs. Ewbank was gratified, and answered, "I hope, my dear, that Ida will learn some of your good common-sense notions whilst she is at Ilford. We shall feel lonely without her this Christmas, but I did not like to stand in her way, especially as you have been spared to us when no doubt your parents were longing to have you back."

"Oh, they always want me within call; but they are very unselfish. Not quite equal to you in that, for I think nothing would induce them to spare me at Christmas. There is always so much to do at that season, and it is very good of you to let me have Ida's society and help," replied Aileen.

"I hope she will make herself useful, my dear; but, in a general way, she goes in more for being ornamental. However, she is very bright, and home is not at all the same without her."

Aileen assented, then left Mrs. Ewbank in order to complete her arrangements for the next day's journey.

Her hostess's maid was busy folding garments ready for placing in the boxes, and Ida met her at the door of her room with the remark, "The things have come, Aileen. I told you Castor and Willockson might be relied on. They never disappoint. An order given to them, and the time for its completion named, you need never give a second thought to the matter. You only saw their retail place; but the actual factory is one of the largest of the kind in Millcaster."

"It is very pleasant to deal with such reliable people, and must cause the firm to have a high reputation."

"It does; and the quality of their work sustains it. I am quite longing to see the contents of this large box."

Ida's longing was quickly satisfied. The maid unpacked it, and the girls examined the articles, one by one, with admiring looks.

"Surely neither work nor materials could be better. They are exquisite—almost too good for an ordinary mortal like myself," said Aileen; and as she found fresh beauties in her new possessions, she gave work and workers unstinted praise.

In spite of the sorrowful memories connected with the making of these garments, it would have delighted Janet Boothroyd could she have heard the expressions of pleasure which fell from Aileen's lips, and seen her delicate fingers linger almost caressingly over the work which had passed through her own. But she could only imagine such admiration possible—not witness it.

"You will wear these things with a quiet conscience," remarked Ida, as Aileen laid down the last garment. "You will have no anxiety lest any seamstress has been underpaid, judging from the price you have to give."

"I have examined Castor and Willockson's account, and it seems to me that everything will be fairly paid for; but I am not overcharged. I shall wear my pretty garments with much greater satisfaction than I could have done had the words, 'They were never made for the money,' come to my mind whenever I put one on."

If Aileen could have read Ida's thoughts, they would have told a different tale. She was saying to herself, "I am glad I am not such a simpleton as to throw away money in order to indulge a mere sentiment. I shall wear my pretty things with as much satisfaction as you will, for if I had refused to buy them cheaply those who suffered the loss would not have been a pin the better for my needless self-denial. Aileen is very charming, and I cannot help envying her the possession of certain social surroundings. But, thanks to my common-sense father, I have far better business qualities than she has, and these are a heritage not to be despised in the nineteenth century. In many respects I am not sorry that I am John Ewbank's daughter, and I am always proud of him—at Millcaster, and in what the newspapers call, 'commercial circles.'"

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Anxious One.—1. There is no such verse in the Bible as that which you think a quotation. There is one having much the same purport; see Isaiah liv. 7, 8.—2. Your handwriting is not formed, and there is no "a" in the word "whether."

Weary One.—Probably the depressing and vitiated air of the tunnels through which the Metropolitan Railway runs is partly the cause of your mental depression. Commend yourself to the care of your Heavenly Father if nervous and apprehensive, and exercise faith in His answers to prayer. He never fails those who commit their way to Him and trust in Him. Avoid using that mode of conveyance if trying to your health.—We rejoice that our answers afford so much comfort and help, as you so kindly assure us they do.

Mrs. H. Alison, Secretary of the Co-operative Needlewomen's Society, 34, Brooke Street, Holborn, E.C., is much in need of orders for work. It might be well for many who have garments—underlinen and household linen—to be made to employ this useful society for the aid of industrious women competent to execute anything committed to them, and under efficient oversight and direction.

A. D.—In England nothing has to be supplied by the bride but her own *trousseau*. When a man asks a girl to leave her own home, it is his duty to provide her with another equally well furnished in every way.

L. C.—There is an asylum for the reception of convalescents on being set free from hospitals for the insane. Write to the Honorary Secretary of the After-Care Association, H. Thornhill-Roxby, Esq., Arden Lee, The Drive, Walthamstow, Essex; also there is a convalescent branch connected with the Bethlehem Royal Hospital, Lambeth Road, S.E., which is situated at Whitley. Address, Mr. G. H. Haydon, the Steward.

Amy E. Towner.—If a first-class bodice-hand at a first-class London shop, you would get about eighteen shillings a bodice. We are glad you think our paper improves every year.

Amatungula (South Africa).—We have given many answers to your query about freckles; and "Medicus" has given articles on the care of the complexion, and we have now dropped the subject. You can get little scent-bags of every description for scenting pocket-handkerchiefs at a perfumer's; and note-paper can be scented in the same way—kept shut up with a little bag of this kind.

Impulsive.—If no one else were by to find his coat-sleeve for him, you were not guilty of any serious breach of etiquette in helping him to it. But such acts of friendship might lead to undesirable acquaintanceships, and you had better keep out of the way. You cannot safely perform such little attentions to strange men as a general rule. Were he a very old and infirm person it would be another matter.

Mary Queen of Scots.—1. You will find little shilling manuals for beginners in all modern languages at any railway station depôt of books; or you could get them through any librarian.—2. Your writing only needs to be sloped more from right to left, and reduced a little in size.

Aunty Sue.—The picture is a recent painting, too modern to represent the person you imagine.

The Editor regrets to find that the design of one of the pincushions illustrated and described in the February part of this magazine is the property of Mrs. Emily Redman, who has duly registered it for her sole use.

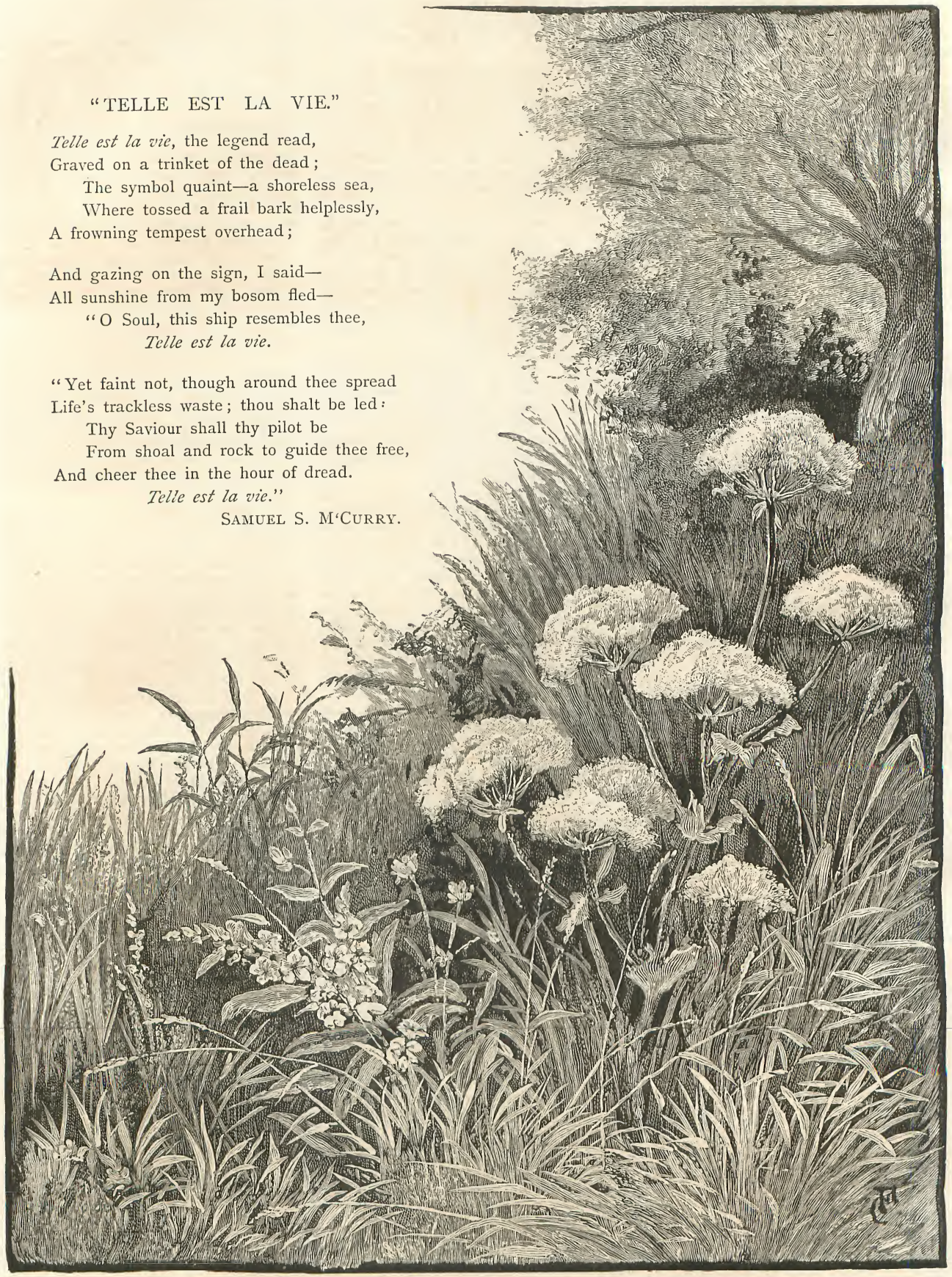
"TELLE EST LA VIE."

Telle est la vie, the legend read,
Graved on a trinket of the dead;
The symbol quaint—a shoreless sea,
Where tossed a frail bark helplessly,
A frowning tempest overhead;

And gazing on the sign, I said—
All sunshine from my bosom fled—
"O Soul, this ship resembles thee,
Telle est la vie.

"Yet faint not, though around thee spread
Life's trackless waste; thou shalt be led:
Thy Saviour shall thy pilot be
From shoal and rock to guide thee free,
And cheer thee in the hour of dread.
Telle est la vie."

SAMUEL S. M'CURRY.



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A BEAUTIFUL LESSON.

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BEAUTIFUL LESSON.

By the Rev. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

LET not the sun go down upon your wrath,
  Or darken on an unforgiven wrong:
And Peace, like lilies, shall bestrew thy path,
  And sweet Content shall sing thy slumber-song.
Be slow to anger: to forgive, be strong:
  And evil deeds with deeds of love requite:
Then shall God's love thy cloudless days prolong,
  And "in the evening-time it shall be light."

Time rings his hours with mingled chime and knell:
  Save for our tears life's smiles were incomplete:
Joy's greeting follows after Grief's farewell,
  And, save Love parted, Love should never greet.
Though Duty's path be thorns about thy feet,
  Do what thou hast to do, with all thy might:
Then, with God's blessing, shall thy days be sweet,
  And "in the evening-time it shall be light."

Make firm thy Faith, and let thy trust in Him
  Grow stronger still, as earthly ties decline:
And, round thy soul as Earth is waxing dim,
  Look up to Heaven, and all, to Him, resign.
Then robed in light, and clothed in Love divine,
  More sweet than morn, and than the noon more bright,
Angels, in Death's void sepulchre, shall shine,
  And "in the evening-time it shall be light."

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.
BETH'S REBELLION.

THE day was fine though cold, and a bright fire burned in the room where Sybil was, as usual, giving Beth her morning lessons.

Remarkably cosy looked the pair, seated at a table strewn with books, and for a while the progress of the lessons was in harmony with the scene. The Scripture lesson had been given—a shorter one than usual, Beth thought, who always liked that part of her morning's course. Then Sybil, asking for her arithmetic book, wrote down six sums for her to work out.

The pupil thus provided for, Sybil brought forth a book with a paper cover; and a picture in it caught Beth's eye immediately.

"Oh, Sybil!" she exclaimed. "What is that lady doing to that man? Is she going to kill him? Do let me look at the picture."

"Go on with your work, and don't talk nonsense. It's a French book that I am studying, and you wouldn't understand it at all."

"When I know more French, I'll have one with pictures in it. Mine are all such dull books."

"Go on with your sums, Beth," repeated Sybil, rather sharply.

For a short time the child's head was bent diligently over her work. Presently her brow contracted. The sum done was crossed off, and another commenced—to meet with a like fate. A third was attempted and altered several times, presenting a sadly smeared appearance, and her face soon presented a similar aspect, for her pen had found a resting-place in her mouth, and was being nibbled fiercely.

"Sybil!"

"Hush!"

"Sybil, I can't do this sum. I don't know how to do it."

"Go on at once!" replied Sybil, deeply absorbed in her book.

"But I forget how you told me to work it, and I have tried."

"Try again. I'm not going to show you what you ought to discover for yourself."

At that moment a firm, quick step, that Sybil recognised at once, was heard along the hall, followed by a tap at the door.

A remarkable transformation ensued when the colonel entered. The novel had disappeared, and Sybil was bending over Beth's shoulder, gently giving a full and clear explanation how to work the difficult sum.

But instead of following the direction given, Beth's eyes and attention were so wholly fixed on Sybil with a blank look of wonderment, that even her father's presence was comparatively unnoticed.

"Excuse my interruption," said the colonel, "but I think I left some papers on the mantelpiece. Ah, here they are!"—and then smiling at Beth, who seemed about to speak to him, he passed from the room.

"There!" said Sybil, laying down her pen; "I've worked out that sum for you!"

"Why did you put away your book so quickly when father came in?" asked the child, still intent on the thought uppermost in her mind; "and why did you show me that sum when you said you wouldn't?"

"Beth! Beth! What a child you are!" said Sybil, completely nonplussed. "It's always why? why? why? with you. I thought your father might want me; and I supposed that if you really could not do the sum that I must show you."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Beth doubtfully.

"How often must I tell you not to argue? Go on with your sums at once!"

"I don't know how to."

"I have just shown you."

"I didn't see—I wasn't looking."

"Then that was simply your temper."

"No, it wasn't."

"Don't contradict—I say it was. Pray, what were you looking at, and thinking of while I showed you?"

"I was looking at you, and thinking and wondering why you did all that when father came in."

"You are an impertinent child!"

"No, I'm not!" said Beth hotly, not liking the sound of the word, though she did not understand it.

"If you answer me again I'll give you an extra lesson to learn instead of your going out to play."

"Then I won't do it!" said Beth rebelliously.

"Now you've brought the punishment on yourself"—and Sybil opened a spelling book, and marking some difficult words in a column, gave them to the child to learn.

Beth seized the book and flung it to the far end of the room.

"Go and pick that up!" said Sybil, biting her lip, and emphasising each word.

"I sha'n't! I sha'n't!" shouted Beth, jumping up and stamping her foot on the ground.

"*You shall!*" said Sybil, rising and advancing towards her.

"I won't, and you sha'n't make me! I'll go and tell Jeanie!"—and she ran from the room, banging the door after her.

Sybil walked impatiently up and down, seeking to curb her own temper. "I've put my foot in it now. The little vixen! What will Jeanie say? I must be calm." And by the time Jeanie came into the room, calm she was, and able to give in a few brief sentences a much modified view of the whole affair.

"What has the child been doing?" asked Jeanie. "I hope she hasn't been very naughty."

"Oh," said Sybil, "nothing very particular. It all came from a trifling cause. She said she could not work her sums, and ended by being rude, and refusing to learn a lesson I gave her. See where she has flung her book to! She must pick it up before I teach her any more."

"It will be a difficult task to get her to do that. But I will try. Beth is very affectionate, and will do by persuasion that which no amount of force would accomplish. May I try if I can give her the remainder of her lesson for this morning?"

"With the greatest pleasure; but please understand that I attempted no force to your sister," retorted Sybil drily.

"I am sure of that, dear; and I am sorry Beth has been so naughty. Take a little walk or rest. I will fetch the rebellious little mortal. Poor child! She was sobbing hard when I left her," added Jeanie, as Sybil, thanking her, disappeared with her book in her work-bag.

When Jeanie entered the morning-room Beth neither spoke nor moved. She was coiled up in the large easy chair, where she had left her, catching her breath in long, deep gasps, the after result of her fit of sobbing.

Jeanie went to her, and kneeling by the side of the chair, wound her arms around the child, drawing her head down to her breast.

"I am going to teach you the rest of your lessons, little sister. Will you let me, dear?"

"Will you? Will you really, Jean?" she said, lifting up her tear-stained face. "Oh, I'm so glad; and you'll show me how to do that horrid sum, and not think I can do it and won't do it!"

"Of course I sha'n't think so. Come—let us wipe this wet little face"—and taking Beth's seat she lifted her on to her knee.

"I would do anything in the world for you," murmured Beth.

"Then I am going to ask you to do something very hard indeed; but that I know you will do, not only for my sake, but because it is right, and your duty to do."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Beth. "I know it's something about Sybil, and I hate her."

"Hush!" said her sister. "I am sure you do not." Then, in a few loving, simple words, she showed the child wherein she had erred, skilfully evading Sybil's part in the scene; also her duty as a little bearer of Christ's banner on earth, to own her fault to Sybil, ask her pardon, and obey her in the future.

At length the battle was won; eager to do well that which she had to do, she ran to the study, picked up the book, learned correctly, with Jeanie's aid, the lesson, and pressing her lips very closely together, went upstairs to seek Sybil.

She found her in her room reading.

"Here's the book, Sybil," began the child, in great haste. "I picked it up, and I learnt all the words quite perfectly, and said them to Jean. You can hear me if you like now."

"If Jeanie has heard you, that will do. You may now go to play in the garden."

"Yes, so I can; but that isn't all. Please I'm very sorry that I was naughty, I'm very sorry that I threw the book, and banged the door, and didn't hear you tell me all about the sum. Is that all? for I want you to forgive me all that I ought not to have done. Will you, please?"

"Certainly," said Sybil, much surprised. "Of course I forgive you. Do you like sweets?"—opening a packet of chocolate creams lying in her lap.

"Yes, I do. But I have not been good enough to have them this morning. I wish I hadn't been naughty." Then resolutely turning away from the chocolates she ran downstairs; and so ended Beth's rebellion.

(To be continued.)

THE VILLAGE OF THE SAINT.

APE CARTHAGE is the highest promontory which dominates the site of the ancient city of that name, now called Râs Sidi Bu Said. It is of red sandstone, and is the most commanding eminence within its precincts. It is crowned at present by an Arab village of peculiar sanctity—so sacred that, as we were told, no Christian is allowed to sleep there. The venerable sheikh of the village, however, courteously allowed us to enter, and to enjoy the superb view from the summit. It is inhabited by a large number of Marabouts, or Muslim saints, living and dead—men who, by their austerities, their theological learning, or their charity, have earned a reputation for sanctity, and have come to live where other saints have lived before them, and to lay their bones in death by the bones of those whose virtues they have emulated.

By a curious caprice of fortune, or may we not rather say by a theological Nemesis, the saint who is supposed to give to Sidi Bu Said its special sanctity, is no less a personage than St. Louis of France himself. The Crusading king died in 1270 of a pestilence which broke out in his army near Tunis, as he was on his way to the Holy Land. His heart lies buried near Palermo, and his body rests in the sanctuary of the French kings at St. Denis; but his virtues and his sanctity are still a living power on the plains of Carthage.

So widely were his virtues recognised among those whom he came to exterminate, that with true Muslim charity they believed, or wished to believe, that he had died a good Muslim, and "the Village of the Saint" is believed, even to this day, to be blessed by his body, and by a special portion of his spirit. It is a homage, even if an all-unwitting homage, paid by his followers to the teaching of the Prophet, who told them, what Muslim and Christian have proved alike so apt to forget—that the God of Muslims and Christians is one. See Koran, Sura, ver. 73: "Say unto the Christians their God and our God is one."—From *Carthage and the Carthaginians*, by Bosworth Smith, M.A.

AGNES CHISHOLM; OR, COUNTRY LIFE.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

By E. H. ASHWIN.

CHAPTER V.

AGAIN we make a jump of a few years, and on a bright September day pay a visit at Hope Cottage. A sweet voice is heard singing in the little kitchen, the song ever and anon interrupted by such speeches as, "No, Mollie, no more apples!"—"Keep your fingers away from the damsons!"—"The fire will burn!"—and finally, "Auntie, come and look at this little dirty girl!" The reply to this last exclamation came from somewhere out of sight.

"In a moment, Nellie—I have but two more geraniums to finish;" and soon in the doorway appeared Agnes Chisholm, her face once more bright with restored cheerfulness as she held up her hands in pretended horror at the little jam-besmirched visage raised for her inspection.

"All your clothes will want a dose of soap to-morrow, Miss Mollie," she observed; "and I rather think you want one now yourself. Come along." And then ensued a game of romps, which lasted with great energy for ten minutes, when "Auntie," throwing herself into a chair, demanded to know what there was for dinner. "For," said she, "I have swept the bedrooms and potted the geraniums, and I am hungry."

"Rabbit soup and apple-pie," replied the fair young cook, whose black dress was completely covered with a long-sleeved pinafore. "You know it is not a meat day. Dinner will be ready by the time I have laid the table. Shall you mind washing baby, dear?"

"I should think not; come, little one;" and with a chorus of laughter and nonsense the two disappeared, leaving Mrs. Grey to spread the cloth and dish up the savoury dinner, on the preparation of which she had been engaged. A moment to divest herself of the aforesaid pinafore and to wash her hands, and she was ready to join her companions, as spotless as they.

The experiment had succeeded perfectly. To the housekeeping expenses Mrs. Grey contributed twenty-eight pounds a year, taking upon herself also the care of the downstairs rooms and the cooking; while Agnes attended to the bedrooms, the greenhouse, and poultry; while both joined in looking after Mollie and doing the washing. Agnes had still a few pupils for languages, and Mrs. Grey always played the organ in church at least once every Sunday, thereby earning a few pounds. Their own needlework of course they did themselves, and equally of course, in time the education of Mollie, the village pet, who might fittingly be described as a "handful," engrossed many hours. So the years rolled on, and the "ladies of Hope Cottage" became quite an old story in the annals of the village of Winton. Always ready to nurse, help, teach, advise, the fact that they had but little to *give* never seemed to lessen the esteem in which they were held. "We could not do without them," was the invariable conclusion to a village panegyric. Their food was simple in the extreme, for, following the foreign fashion, they ate but little fresh meat as compared with vegetables and fruit, poultry and eggs being also an important item in their daily bill of fare; and seeing their perfect health, the cottagers around were induced to try their cheap savoury dishes, at first denominated "trash," and afterwards valued and prepared as a special treat. What "our ladies" did was almost sure to be right.

So time passed, and some dozen years after the commencement of my story Mr. Durham appeared one morning at Hope Cottage in a state of great excitement. "Agnes!" shouted he, as he entered, "come here! Listen to this advertisement:—'Wanted, information as to the whereabouts of the descendant or descendants of Ernest Chisholm, of Chisholm Hall, in Blankshire. Apply, Messrs. B. and D., Lincoln's Inn.' That's you, you know," concluded the rector.

"Yes," said Agnes; "but, Mr. Durham, do you think it is wise to unsettle myself? I am very happy now, and my father was harshly disinherited."

"My dear, talk sensibly," rejoined the clergyman. "People may repent an unjust action; and if there is any money you should inherit through your father, you have no right to refuse it."

"Perhaps so," said Agnes; "and yet I dread change. Will you write for me?"

"With pleasure," replied the rector with alacrity; for, be it known, he dearly loved a little correspondence. He therefore at once sat down in the little parlour and indited a voluminous epistle, giving all the particulars that Agnes could supply, and making every enquiry. In reply came a letter from the lawyers, with the information that the cousin to whom old Mr. Chisholm, the grandfather of Agnes, had left all his property, had on his death-bed been seized with remorse for the injustice to which he had been a party, and (a bachelor himself) had executed a will devising everything he possessed to the descendants of the disinherited son whom he had supplanted. The result was that Agnes Chisholm, from being limited to an income of less than ten shillings weekly, became the immediate and sole possessor of a fine estate and large fortune. Anything but pleasurable were her first sensations as she realised that her happy, simple life at Winton must end; but her sense of responsibility was strong, and, the first surprise over, she roused herself to undertake her new duties, only stipulating that Mrs. Grey and Mollie, who had brightened her cottage home, should share her prosperity.

Do my readers say, "With riches she will marry"? Not so. Agnes Chisholm is growing old now, but she still retains her maiden name, and though surrounded by luxury, is as simple-minded as when she swept rooms, dug the garden, or gave French lessons at Winton. The "ladies of Chisholm" became the same household word as the "ladies of Hope Cottage," for with increased means their charitable plans grew and developed, and few good works were begun or carried on in the neighbourhood without their countenance and support. "Baby Mollie" is married, and well married too, in every sense of the word; and her eldest son, Ernest Chisholm, who, with another miniature Mollie, is often seen at play on the broad terraces round the Hall, is Miss Chisholm's recognised heir.

Dear "Aunt Agnes," her early sorrows have taught her to be very patient and loving with the young, and the children run to her with all their joys and look to her for comfort in their small griefs. So when, a short time before Mollie's marriage, Mrs. Grey passed away, it was on "Auntie's" breast the orphaned girl wept out her first burst of parting anguish. The web of life, of which Mrs. Durham spoke years since, has been long in the loom, but it is nearly finished now. There are sad-coloured threads in the tissue, but they only serve to throw into bolder relief the brighter hues of love and hope and usefulness; and through all one golden thread is ever apparent, brightening and beautifying the whole. It is the heavenly love which has been with her in poverty and wealth, has guided, strengthened, taught, and will be her support even to the end. Faithful over few things, surely Agnes Chisholm will enter into joy.

NELLIE'S YOUTHFUL DAYS.

FRAGRANT LEGACIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE beautiful things scattered over and under the earth's surface are full of latent charm and sweetness, which are ready to spring into life at the touch of the magic wand of man's intelligence, exactly as in Nature the warm and gentle kiss of spring awakes the grace and beauty of every living thing, reminding one of the old allegory of the "Sleeping Beauty."

It very often happens that the charms so ready and anxious to be recognised never come out of their hiding-places, because we human beings lack the knowledge and power to call them forth and endow them with life.

Just as it is with people we have known, even those nearest and dearest; they have passed out of life without our dreaming of the grand qualities hidden away in their nature, simply because there was nothing in us or in their surroundings to evoke them.

Think also of the trees, which grew for centuries before man discovered the music embodied in them or knew how to use it. The flowers also have grown up around us, charming us with their colours and fragrance. We enjoyed them while they were fresh, and threw them away when they became withered, without a thought that they could charm us for years after they themselves had passed away. Rich gatherings-in of fruit, too, were often allowed to rot or manure the ground before we learned that by fire and sugar we could preserve them to our use, in all their beauty and lusciousness, till another year's fruits fell in. And so it is with hundreds of things which God has placed in the earth with power to make man's life beautiful, pure, and graceful. He has left it to us to call forth the fulness of colour, perfume, poetry, and music by our own intelligence and for our own use. It may be a foolish thought of mine, but it always seems to me that God is pleased when, with His gift of intelligence, we are able to see into the deep things of Nature, and develop their hidden graces for our use and to His honour and glory.

There is no place, perhaps, in the whole world where the latent properties of flowers have been developed so largely by the intelligence of man as in the quaint and picturesque corner of ancient Provence known as Grasse. Until our Queen's sojourn there last year we knew little about it except that we obtained from it our most exquisite perfumes. It seems that from time to time a few royal personages have appreciated it and enjoyed a sojourn there, from the time of King Rènè of Provence in 1437 down to the Emperor of Brazil in 1890, and our own Queen in 1891. It has been handed down to us that the Duke of Guise, in 1505, paid it a visit, for the purpose of receiving the homage of the burgesses on behalf of Henry IV., and for his own personal use was presented with some flasks of perfumed and myrtle waters in addition to twelve cheeses.

Of ordinary tourists and travellers up to last year there had been very few; for until quite lately there had been neither hotel nor lodgings to receive them, even had they desired a nearer acquaintance with its steep, narrow streets and winding ways, its lemon and orange groves, its orchards of rich fruit, including figs and pomegranates, and its many-coloured parterres of flowers. Yet Grasse is well worth a prolonged visit, for it is a very interesting town and for hundreds of years has enjoyed many curious customs and privileges.

Early in the middle ages the Saracens came down upon Grasse, pillaged it, and destroyed or carried off its inhabitants; but about the year 890 the town was repeopled by the inhabitants who had escaped destruction and by families of Provence; and considering the nearness of Italy, it is not surprising that many Italian families asked hospitality of Grasse and settled there also. These flower-loving people soon settled down to the making of olive oil and the growing of flowers. They introduced new methods of horticulture, and endowed their gardens with hitherto unknown varieties of heliotrope, roses, narcissi, jasmine, and lilies, and the mild climate and sheltered situation seconded their efforts and brought them success far beyond their wildest expectations. It was also greatly to their advantage that the place was well supplied with water from a rivulet which rises above the town.

The orange-tree, from which doubtless the flowers were first distilled, was introduced into Sicily in the tenth century, and in the thirteenth into the south of France, where the lemon-tree made its appearance a century and a half later.

Naturally such a wealth of flowers and fruit would not be allowed to waste by the clever enterprising inhabitants of Grasse, and it is not surprising that about the fourteenth century they commenced to distil the orange-flowers, and that the making of perfumes and crystallising the fruit rapidly came to the front, driving some other trades into a secondary position, though not affecting the olive-oil trade, which still forms one of the great industrial resources of Grasse. It is an interesting fact that Catherine de Medicis sent a Florentine named Tourbarelli to open a laboratory in Grasse, and occasionally sent her chief physicians to report progress. It must not be thought that she created the industry of distilling perfumes, the credit of this belongs entirely to the people of Grasse themselves. Of course the amount of flowers used at that time for making perfumes was very small compared with the enormous quantity absorbed in the present day, neither was the perfume sold to any large extent. It will give some idea of this industry in Grasse if we mention that every year, on an average, 1860 *tons* of orange-blossom are used, 930 tons of roses, 147 tons of violets, 127 tons of jasmine, besides immense quantities of other flowers, and the area taken up in flower farming for perfumery is 115,000 acres.

So little is known of this giant industry, and its sister industry of crystallising fruit, that I am induced to tell of what we saw and heard when we were in this quaint old town a short time since; and unless we had seen with our own eyes we could not have imagined how much patience and care, ingenuity and skill, are required in the poetic industry of manufacturing perfumes.

Just as there are but a few primary colours and a few notes of music which in combination create new harmonies of colours and sounds, so it is with perfumes, the basis of which are eight flowers, viz., orange-blossom, rose, violet, jonquil, mignonette, jasmine, tube-rose, and cassie; this last grows in Provence and has a yellow flower. All flowers are, however, pressed into the service, as well as scented woods and herbs, iris-root, and lavender; but they serve, as it were, under the eight principal ones. Of the eight, three stand out as queens among the flowers, viz., the orange-blossom, the rose, and the violet.

Just as trouble, and what is called "roughing it," are said to bring out the sweetness of certain characters, so the beauty and sweetness of these exquisite flowers are only to be obtained by crushing and heavy pressure, and by companionship, which, if they could speak, they would declare very objectionable. Yet, strange to say, the flowers are not in the least contaminated by contact with this rough matter, but rather they impregnate it with all the delicate qualities which each individual flower possesses. It is necessary to know the flowers well, and to take them at the right moment, and subject them to the necessary discipline, in order to collect their fragrance in such a manner as to delight the whole world.

There are many good distillers of perfumes here in Grasse, but as we are only to speak of what we saw, we must confine ourselves to the house of Bruno Court, which is devoted chiefly to the production of essences and so-called pomades—in reality fat and oils impregnated with the odour of flowers, and despatched in large consignments to the great perfumers of the world for the preparation of the various essences and toilet waters sold to the public. This poetic industry owes its progress in a great measure to the family of Bruno Court, who have worked it since 1812, and who, together with their successors Anthony and Augustin Merle, know more, perhaps, of flowers and their capabilities of giving out sweet odours, and the treatment necessary to catch and to hold them, than any one living.

We made our way to the ancient convent of Cordeliers, occupied now by Bruno Court, and were shown the whole process by which the flowers, herbs, and scented woods are made to give out their sweetness. Between sixty and eighty men and women are constantly employed, but in the flower months of April, May, June, and July an extra three hundred women and girls are taken on, whose duty it is to manipulate the flowers brought in in the early morning. Especially are they employed in separating the pistils from the petals of orange-flowers and roses; the former, being acid, would spoil the softness of the perfumes if treated with the petals. There are fixed days in the week for receiving violets and mignonette, but all other flowers are plucked and brought in every morning during the whole period of the flower season. They receive as many as 100,000 kilogrammes of roses a month—roughly speaking, 216,250 lbs.—so it is necessary to be very systematic and orderly in their proceedings, otherwise many of the flowers would wither and waste before they could be used.

We had never associated anything so gross as fat, grease, and oil with such a delicate process as the making of perfumes, and yet both pork and beef fat are largely used to extract the full strength of the flowers. We were taken to an underground room or cellar, where the fat is carefully prepared for

its dainty work, and in such proportions that the extreme firmness of the one should correct the undue fluidity of the other. We then went into the pomade-room, where girls were stirring the rich yellow pomade round and round till it became quite smooth. In our ignorance we thought this was to be sent out exactly as it was for the hair, but were told it was only raw material, and not half done with yet. It was a medium, so to speak, whereby perfumers could obtain the odours or foundations of the delicious perfumes. It takes several pounds of flowers to make one pound of pomade.

The methods employed for extracting the perfumes are three in number, viz., by *maceration*, by *enfleurage*, and by *distillation*. There are some flowers so extremely delicate, such as jasmine, tube-rose, and violet, that they can scarcely be induced to yield any essence or attar by distillation, and are subjected therefore either to maceration or enfleurage, both of which depend for success upon the wonderful property possessed by fat and oils of absorbing odours.

Maceration consists in soaking or steeping the flowers in heated fat, where they are left till all their strength is extracted, after which they are drained on little wire trays in wooden frames, and subsequently subjected to hydraulic pressure. The presses are very ingeniously constructed for the extraction from the flowers of the last particles of the pomade or oil which they carried away with them after maceration, and are the very best which modern science can supply. It is interesting to note the hand-presses originally used, which are carefully preserved, and mark how the industry must have progressed since the time when they were sufficient for the work.

But to go back to the maceration. The fat, having absorbed the essence of the flowers, is known as pomade, in which convenient form it is sent to retail perfumers in all parts of the world, who in their turn compel the pomade to give up its treasure of sweetness by means of alcohol, and in its bereft state it is made into cakes of unperfumed soap. The flowers whose perfume is so volatile and of such extraordinary delicacy that it cannot be caught by the hot fat are laid on sheets of glass, framed with wood about three inches deep. These glass trays are spread over with cold fat about half an inch thick, in which ridges are made to facilitate absorption, and sprinkled with freshly gathered flowers, renewed every morning. Great care is taken to prevent the evaporation of the aroma, and at length the pomade is scraped off the glass, melted at as low a temperature as possible, and strained. If the flower be jasmine, about three pounds of blossom will perfume one pound of fat.

For the manufacture of essential oils or essences, *distillation* is employed. The room set apart for this division of work contains large alembics with double receivers, which are so beautifully made that they can be moved by steam or *barbotage*, according to the greater or lesser volatility of the essences required. Distillation by *barbotage* is that process by which the steam of water is directly introduced into the alembic in the midst of the mixture of water and flowers to be distilled.

The store-room is a very attractive sight, with its long rows and piles of bright metal cans, which, as they were brought in by the various workers, were weighed and examined by the foreman in his spotless white dress, in order to see if they were up to the proper standard both in quantity and quality. Very attractive were the pomades in their variety of shades of colour, according to the flower essence they had imbibed, from creamy white tinged with palest sea-green to rich deep daffodil yellow, filling the air with the delicate fragrance of lily of the valley, rose, violet, and many another.

In the show-rooms, placed in the centre of the factory, their special products are exhibited in most attractive guise, designed principally for visitors who desire to carry away with them some souvenir of this wonderful industry.

When the Queen was staying in Grasse, she and all members of her family visited this factory, and were much interested in it. The Prince of Wales amused himself by perfuming a piece of soap with his own hands, and when it was satisfactorily accomplished he remarked laughingly, "See what a good perfumer I am!"

Of course the whole of the inhabitants of Grasse are occupied more or less in the production of fruits and flowers, and in preserving them for our use; and for those who are interested in this quaint old city and its poetic industries there is a really beautiful hotel, with an outlook almost unequalled and reaching even to the Mediterranean.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

A Curious Sentence.

The following curious sentence, "Sator arepo tenet opera rotas," is pretty bad Latin, but may be freely translated—"I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels."

It has these peculiarities:—

First, it spells backwards and forwards the same.

Second, the first letter of each word spells the first word.

Third, the second letter of each word spells the second word, and so on with the third, fourth, and fifth.

Fourth, the last letters, read backwards, spell the first word; the next to the last the second word, and so on throughout.

Fifth, there are just as many letters in each word as there are words.

Hope the Best.

In hope a king doth go to war;
In hope a lover lives full long;
In hope a merchant sails full far;
In hope just men do suffer wrong;
In hope the ploughman sows his seed:
Thus hope helps thousands at their need.
Then faint not, heart, among the rest,
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

—*Allison.*

An Erring Race.

Declare, ye sages, if ye find
'Mongst animals of every kind,
Of each condition, sort, and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that mistakes his plan
And errs so constantly as man!

A Test of Greatness.—Great souls are always loyally submissive and reverent to what is over them. Only small mean souls are otherwise.

Warned by a Dream.

Mrs. Graham, a well-known Scottish authoress, was in October, 1825, about to take her passage in a steamboat for a short jaunt from "her own people and her own place," when for two or three nights before her intended departure, she was haunted by a dream respecting the vessel. It greatly disturbed her, though in waking hours she could only recollect that she was on board it, in company with a gentleman in an officer's undress—a blue braided military coat and shako—and who was attended by a fine Newfoundland dog.

The recurrence of this dream was singular; but how startling to Mrs. Graham was the actual appearance of the officer and his dog on board the boat when she reached the place of embarkation. Indeed, so singular did the coincidence appear to her, that she relinquished the opportunity of proceeding by the vessel, and thereby saved her life; for the steamboat in question was the unfortunate Comet, which on that very day, the 21st of October, 1825, was run down by the Ayr steamer, when every soul on board perished.

A Terrible Dream.

Two tramps had been sleeping in a wood. In the morning, one observed to the other that he was looking pale and ill.

"Yes," was the reply, "I have had a fearful experience. One of the most terrible dreams I ever had in my life."

"What was it about?"

"Well, I dreamt I was working."

Life and Death.

Many there be that seek Thy face
To meet the hour of parting breath;
But 'tis for earth I need Thy grace,
Life is more solemn far than death.

—*Matheson.*

Never Satisfied.

A laundress, who was employed in the family of a great man once, was overheard by him saying—

"Only think how small a sum would make me happy."

"How small?" said he.

"Oh, my lord, twenty pounds would make me perfectly happy."

"Then I will send it to you to-morrow, upon the understanding that that amount will make your happiness 'perfect.'"

"I thank your lordship. I assure you it will," said she, and took her departure.

She was no sooner outside the door than she thought she might as well have asked and received forty; so she stepped back, saying, "Would your lordship be pleased to make it forty?"

"No," answered he. "I shall now send nothing. You have proved that twenty would not make you happy, nor would any other sum."

Riotous Women.—In the year 1792 the women of Toulon declared themselves in a state of insurrection, and, assembling in crowds, threatened to hang the magistrates. The procurator-syndic at first laughed at their threats, but the multitude refusing to disperse, he assembled the council-general of the commune, and ordered the fire-engines, with a plentiful supply of water mixed with soot, to be drawn out in battle array. By a vigorous discharge of this smutty artillery the insurgents in petticoats were completely routed, and quietly returned to their homes.

The Christian Pilgrim.—The key to the kingdom of heaven consists not in the mere knowledge of the Bible, nor in the ability to follow what is called its higher criticism, but in a loving obedience to its precepts.

FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE HATS OF TO-DAY.

SUMMER JACKET FOR COSTUME.

JACKET OF DRAB CLOTH.

THERE seems to be more black worn than anything else this year; and the fact of its being mixed with a colour, or trimmed with one, adds to its appearance, and takes away from its heavy, dark look. The Royal mourning, and the fact that all our Royal ladies are wearing black or grey, have no doubt caused the fashion; but the beauty of the materials makes people enjoy wearing them. Crépon is quite ahead of all other materials in popularity, and in black is trimmed with a colour, and in colours is trimmed with black ruches, with sleeves and yoke of the black also. Some of these dresses have sleeves to the elbow only, and are for out-of-door wear, being met at the elbow by very long kid gloves. This is a new French fashion, which will be found very expensive to follow, so will probably be confined only to rich people. I mentioned, I think, in an early article this year, the Russian blouse, and its popularity. This has slightly altered in style, and has become more like a very long blouse with a wide belt, or a bodice with a deep basque, looking almost like a double skirt. These are both pretty and novel; but if not well made, the extreme plainness of the under-skirt makes them look ungraceful. In any case, I fancy they will be worn much more in the autumn. Corselet bodices are quite as fashionable as they were, and they are really the most graceful way of making a summer gown, especially when it is trimmed as profusely with lace as is now the fashion. Full lace pelerines, or "collarettes," as they are called, are made of very wide lace set into a collar, and sometimes ornamented with coloured baby-ribbon run through the lace, and finished with tiny rosettes. These pelerines may go all round the shoulders, or be finished in front, and hang down straight over the gown. Many French gowns are finished in this manner, while others have the lace laid on like lapels—wide on the shoulders—to meet the present demand for width there, and narrower as they cross over the front of the gown, one end being finished by a bow at the side.

The Watteau pleat is gradually losing favour, I think, for gowns, the newest style for them being the placing of the sacque back into the shoulders as high as possible, or into the armholes, and then bringing it down into a point between the shoulders, from whence

SUMMER SILK WITH BLACK LACE.

GOWN OF COTTON CRÉPON.

the Watteau pleats flow out. In mantles and jackets, however, it seems to reign supreme; and very ugly many of these are, some of the folds at the back being quite of another material and colour. The "whole-backed" coats have been much improved by having a strap of cloth placed across the back at the waist, and buttoned under each arm—a kind of belt with which we are acquainted at the back of an ulster. As a rule, the "whole-backed" coat is now used for a driving or riding garment, and is made quite after the model of a man's "covert" coat—double-breasted, pearl-buttoned, and the seams double-sewn. The colours used are cinnamon-brown, beaver, nutmeg, and a reddish-tan colour. They are handsomely lined with plaid silk, or a black brocaded silk, the pattern being a small flower in colour. For the autumn we shall see them made in corduroy, as well as "box-cloth."

In the way of new colours we have "stag brown," a new red or tan-red, which will be very likely a reigning colour in the autumn; and a very vivid red also, which is almost a cherry colour, called "pelargonium red." Green, however, is decidedly the most fashionable of our positive colours this season, and is the colour most used with black and pale neutral tints of any shade. Stripes of it are now found in velvet on stone-grey and drab crépons, as well as on black. The greens in vogue are of the lightest and brightest sort. Gazon, or grass cucumber, and bud-green, will show them to be almost all imitations of the earliest hues of spring-time. They are used in velvet for sleeves to black silk gowns, and with crépon; and in silk, for the yokes and sleeves of both. In heliotrope there are many shades. I may name in particular a pinkish hue called "primula," and a reddish-blue called "Persian lilac." I have already mentioned the shades of red, but I omitted to mention the many delightful shades of soft and faded pinks, of

the exact hue of the monthly rose petals. These are all very much used in cotton materials.

In materials, I think the most charming are the new thin black and coloured alpacas, with brightly-hued satin lines shot with colour, and the cotton crépons. The latter is always a delightful material, and never more so than in cotton. It is both plain and corded, and in the most novel of shades, the heliotrope and the blues being especially good. Puckered zephyrs, and crépons also, are used as blouses, and so are many of the shot materials. The popularity of those with tuck-lines of colour in them is very great, the tucks looking like stripes, and being faintly shot, as nearly all dress stuffs are this season. In other materials we find shot reps, and woollen matelassés. Both of these are thick enough for autumn and winter wear, and are equally pretty and charming in colours and texture. Moiré antique is also shot in soft hues, and so is satin and what is called taffetas, which is a silk more in use than surah this year. Shot silks of all plain kinds are also much worn, for in spite of the predictions of the prophets, the fashion for this beautiful manufacture has by no means declined, and it will, I think, last through the winter.

And now I must say a word as to the way in which a sensible person will be able this year to utilise the summer sales by purchasing remnants of material that are of a kind to go with each other, or to help her to re-model or make-over some half-worn gown. For instance, she can use a pattern such as we select this month as our paper pattern, and employ one material for the skirt and Swiss belt, and another for the corselet and sleeves; and so on, by a little thought she can re-make an old gown to look like new. Black gowns can be re-made with black, with coloured spots or lines, or with one of the new greens, in silk or velvet. A new sash will change the possibly shabby appearance of the waist, and the adoption of the bow between the shoulders will do away with the unbecoming effect of round backs and ugly shoulders; and so will the round pelerine of wide lace, if added to a bodice. There are so many makes of lace, and some of them so pretty, that we need not be anxious about spending too much money on our re-making and decoration.

In "The Hats of To-day" we see the "pottle crowns" that have been so much spoken of, and also a very pretty low-crowned hat, with an Alsace bow of black velvet and a wreath of leafless pink roses. The low-crowned hats can be made very pretty, and the best-dressed girls do not adopt any hat that will prove conspicuous or surprising. "The Jacket of Drab Cloth" that is shown in both the back and front is a very useful and suitable summer garment for our colder days; and the "Summer Jacket for a Costume" is an adaptation of the Eton jacket; the long basques at the back being more becoming to many people than the short-cut Eton back. The vest or blouse, underneath, is generally of silk; or is, for the morning, an ordinary blouse, only of cotton or cambric. The "Gown of Cotton Crépon" is trimmed with bands of velvet ribbon, and has the new armcuffs turned up above the elbow. This is a pretty model dress, and could be copied in any material, thick or thin. There is a ribbon-velvet sash, which ties at the back; the bands of velvet go all the way round the bodice, both before and behind. The last illustration shows a good model for a best frock of thin material over silk, or of a surah or crépon; the sleeves are of lace, and so is the flounce, and the bands are of black velvet, or coloured to match the hue of the gown.

The pattern selected for the month is that of the "New Princess Gown," which consists of a Swiss belt or corselet and a skirt in one. It is the same at back and front, laces behind, and is cut in two pieces; and provided the material be of double width, the dress can be cut without a join by laying the pattern on the selvedge way of the stuff. Many gowns are cut in this way now. About four yards of material are required. The under-blouse has puffed sleeves, and can also be supplied, each pattern being 1s.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear, bodice with panier, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, long-basqued jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess dress with umbrella back, cape mantle of lace, Eton jacket, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

PRINCESS ROBE. *(Paper pattern.)*

In accordance with the notice issued by the Postmaster-General, our readers must be careful, before sending "The Lady Dressmaker" a Postal Order, to enter on it the name of "H. G. Davis," the person to whom the amount is to be paid. Also, before parting with the order, to make a note of the number upon it, and preserve it carefully, for reference, if needed.

JEWEL, CORAL, BULLION, AND ARABIAN EMBROIDERIES.

NEEDLEWORK as an art is no new invention of the modern decorator, as there is hardly an ancient nation whose records have come down to us that has not been distinguished for some description of embroidery. This art is found among the Egyptians before the time of Moses, and the minute description in the Bible of the work on the hangings that veiled the Ark in the wilderness shows how much hand embroidery was appreciated by the Jews.

Even before this period the Chinese, Indian, and Persian nations were distinguished for their richly-embroidered robes, golden textures, and brilliant colours; and their kings were noted for the splendour of their dresses, embroidered with artistic and fanciful designs in which gems, pearls, and other ornaments were interwoven with gold and silver threads.

With the Oriental, in the days when he was undisturbed by Western ideas and Western dyes, colour was an absolute science, and all the work of ancient days that has been spared bears evidences of the national taste for harmonious colouring, as however bright the shades and contrasts of shade they exhibit, the colours themselves are so arranged that they never offend good taste, never bewilder or dazzle the eye, and are never more admired for the richness and costliness of the materials used than for the beauty of their design or workmanship.

This true test of art is one that should always be present to the modern embroiderer, and should be her shield against what Ruskin aptly calls "the intemperance of ornament," as we constantly find people led away by the costliness of an article, or by the expense incurred for decorating it, from the fact that the thing is ugly and inartistic; and if anyone suggests a disapproval on these grounds, they are silenced by the tone of satisfaction that its price or its ornaments are referred to.

The love of good patterns and good workmanship has certainly revived in our nation, as no one can dispute who has the *entrée* to any of the well-arranged homes that belong to the artists of the present day, where beautiful modern or ancient needlework is to be found as part of the chief adornments, and where it is treasured not for the materials used, but for its beauty of design, colour, and workmanship. Although we do not insinuate that all homes are to be decorated in the costly manner of these typical houses, we think that if our girl readers will educate themselves a little in the art of distinguishing between what is good and bad in design, and will copy good examples, they will be able by their needlework to make their homes beautiful with but little actual expense, but with the expenditure of their time and good workmanship.

In submitting to them the designs of jewel and other embroideries which we illustrate, we are showing how the ancient types of Oriental needlework can be adapted to modern requirements, and worked out with materials that are obtainable at any art shop. In these designs the colours are mostly positive, but they are broken up into small spaces, and the same richness of tone given to each, so that instead of their producing a painful and glaring design, they blend imperceptibly together, and the complicated and intricate pattern is rendered clear.

Fig. 1 is an example of jewel embroidery in combination with silk work. The design is an Oriental one, and should be traced upon a coloured background of fine cloth or rich silk—it is shown upon a light ground in order that the pattern can be more clearly seen. Each design takes, when worked full size, a square of three inches, and can be used as a bordering to a chair back, etc., by being worked in lines with a space of two inches between each. As a table-cloth design, the material used should be of dark blue or ruby silk (the soft foulard is the best), and the pattern placed as a powdering all over it—not in straight lines, but thrown upon the grounding with the stem sometimes horizontal, at others perpendicular and diagonal; in fact, the design should be thrown down upon the ground as if it were a quantity of single flowers scattered carelessly upon a table, but a certain uniformity of distance between each repetition should be observed, as without this method (which is always observed in all powderings) the unity of the whole will be sacrificed.

The colouring is as follows: Use two shades of green Oriental silk, and one shade of a dull ruby-red; and for the jewels, a pale clear green, opaque and clear amber, opaque and clear reds, clouded and clear blues, and clear terra-cottas.

Work the stems thick with raised satin-stitch for the broad parts, and plain satin-stitch for the little thin branches. Raise the thick stems by padding them with strands of silk until they stand out from the grounding, and then cover with a close and even satin-stitch. Work the stems with green silk until close to their points, and then introduce the ruby-coloured silk, thus giving to the ends the appearance of a just-bursting-forth bud. Use one shade of green for the whole of one pattern, and work alternately with the light and dark shade. In the flower part of the design use both jewels and silk, with the latter working the outer parts and between the jewels in satin-stitch.

The arrangement of the jewels should be different in every pattern—in one the dull opaque shades used, in the next all clear colours, thus amber, pale green, and terra-cotta will work in together, or two shades of amber only; in a second, deep ruby reds and dull turquoise blues; in a third two shades of blue, two of red, and a few pale yellows.

There is no limit to the variety of the colouring that can be used in this design, and as the tones of the jewels bought are very varied, the best manner of arriving at a satisfactory result is to lay the jewels out and arrange them according to fancy, and try different combinations before sewing them on. The jewels are easily sewn on, as they have holes drilled through them for that purpose.

Jewel embroidery is used for various purposes, as mantel-borders and bracket-hangings:—when worked upon coloured vel-vels or upon dull shades of Oriental silks it is most effective. It is also used for the ends of chair-backs, for glove and handkerchief sachets, for book-covers, and for ornamental covers to jewel and other boxes. Any one with a little neatness of execution can work this embroidery upon pieces of velvet or silk, and make herself a handsome box with its help out of any of the many wooden boxes with lids that are bought with sweets, etc.

The embroidered material is not put on to the wood without a foundation underneath, as it would then wear badly and look common; but folds of ordinary house-flannel are placed between the satin cover and the wood. Round the sides and back these are drawn quite tight, and carefully stitched down; but on the top of the box successive layers, forming a cushion well raised in the centre and thin at the edges, are made by cutting the flannel in smaller and smaller pieces. The ornamental top is laid on this padding, its edges turned in under it, and quite made up before it is attached to the box. The ornamental top is cut with an extra piece to cover the back of the box, and with enough margin round the three sides to turn in under the lid.

A thick gold cord is sewn round every edge and corner of the box to hide the necessary stitching, and where it is necessary to use an adhesive, the following preparation is recommended as being colourless: it will *not* stain the material should it come through. Put a heaped-up tablespoonful of Glenfield starch in a teacup, and add sufficient cold water to make it into a thick cream free from lumps, then fill up the cup by slowly pouring in boiling water and stir well until the liquid is clear. Let it cool, and it is ready for use. Le Page's fish-glue is also a good adhesive, and is used for fixing velvet and plush to wood, and the Glenfield starch for silks and satins.

The coral and bullion embroidery which is shown in our second illustration is an old Cretan design, and is intended for working over a tablecloth (the bordering and centre being both given), or for a mantel-piece border, or the front of a work-bag. Its foundation should be of foulard silk, or rich Oriental silk, pale green, sky blue, or lemon-yellow in tone. The materials used are small coral beads, the wire bullion in gold, red, silver, pink, and bronze colours; spangles, gold beads, a few jewels, and rich Oriental working silks, bright and dark green, royal blue, and a rich red. The only two embroidery stitches worked are the Oriental and satin, and as the former goes very quickly, the embroidery, though seeming to be complicated and tedious, is far from being so.

To colour the design:—Work the thick stars in the border with light and dark green Oriental silk and in Oriental stitch, the oval-shaped part of the border with royal blue and in Oriental stitch, and the sprays chiefly with green and blue silk and an occasional red spray and in Oriental stitch. The outline of the round in the centre part of the table-cloth work in satin stitch with blue silk. Oriental stitch, as most of our girls may know, is nothing but herringbone stitch worked very closely, with its stitches overlapping so much that they form a plait.

Great variety can be given to this design by altering the ornamental centres of the stars in the border and the rounds in the centre part. In the design given, the round is worked as follows:—An opaque white jewel surrounded by 5 rounds of pink bullion in the centre, then 7 spangles secured with a gold bead in their centre, and a double row of gold-coloured bullion as a finish to the blue silk outer round. In the half-completed star—Centre—a blue jewel surrounded by spangles, which are interlaced with fine gold cord; star made with pale green silk. Corner star—Centre, a green jewel surrounded with 7 very small spangles and 3 rows of gold bullion; star made of pale green silk with extra rays of coral beads. Side star—Centre, pale pink jewel surrounded with 3 rows of deep red bullion, 3 of silver bullion, and 2 of bronze bullion; star made of 2 shades of green with coral beads sewn on in a half-circle. The ovals on the border are outlined with Royal blue silk, and their centres filled with green silk. Where the coral beads and the spangles are arranged upon the rest of the design can be seen from the illustration.

Any conventional pattern can be used for

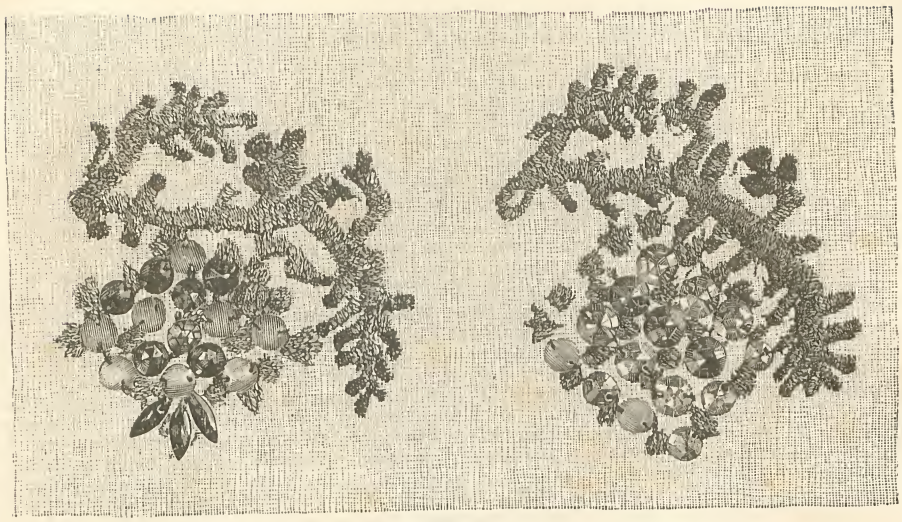


FIG. 1.

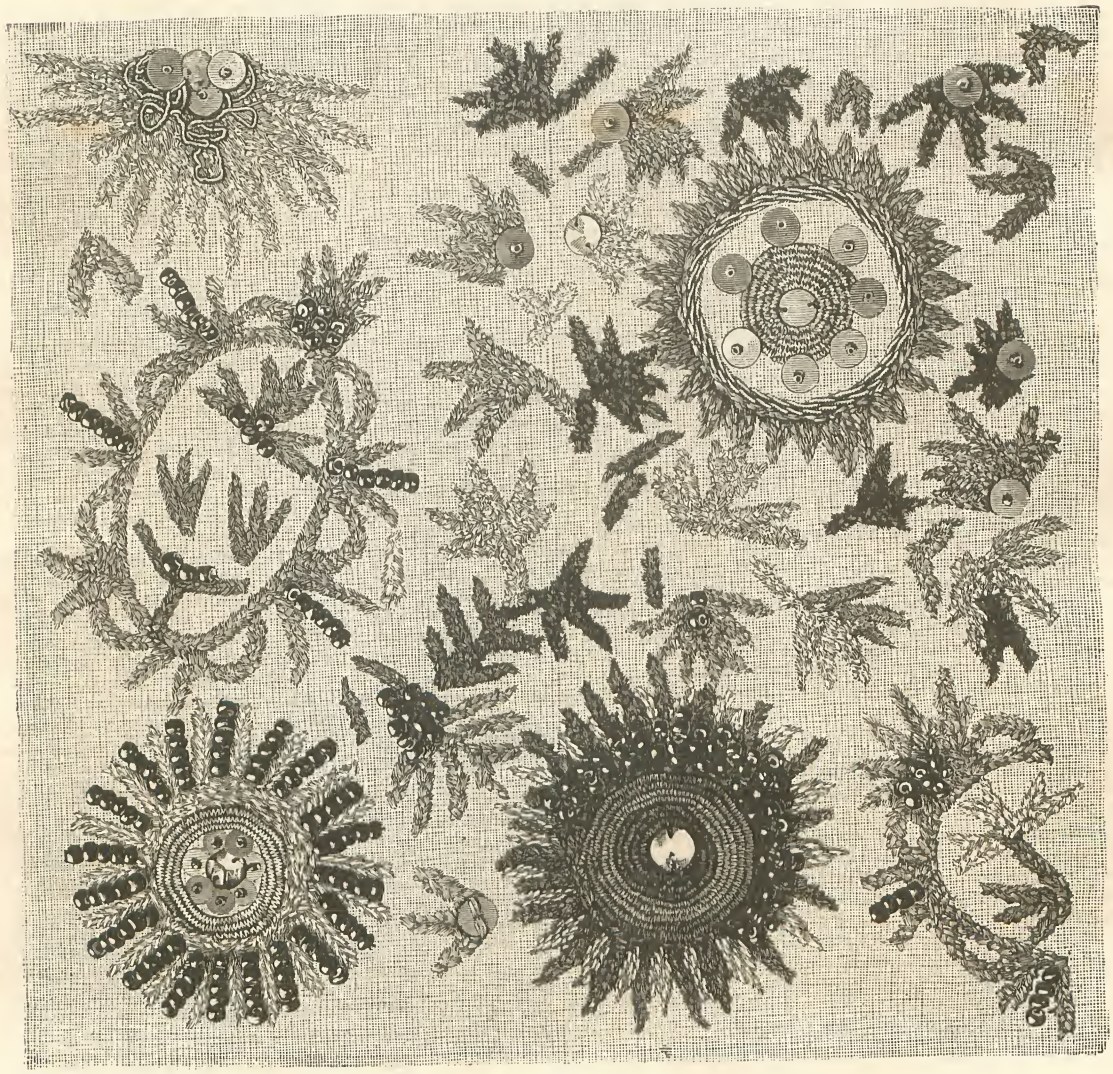


FIG. 2.

this description of embroidery, and it can be altered by using gold thread as well as bullion, and the jagged pieces of coral (sold in strings) as well as the round coral bead. The design, outlined with two lines of gold thread and filled up with satin-stitch instead of Oriental, is another variety.

Arabian embroidery has only lately been introduced into England from Algiers, and is not much known. It is worked with Oriental untwisted silks upon strong white linen backgrounds, and is used for the ornamental covering to long wide sofa-cushions. It is worked in an embroidery frame, and is entirely executed with couching-stitch—the same stitch that church work is done with. Only Oriental colours are used; these are ruby-red, black, bright green, and royal blue. Any handsome Oriental pattern is used, the peculiarity of the work being that, instead of filling up every part of the pattern, every alternate space is left unworked. Thus, if a conventional flower forms the design, and has four distinct sections from its centre to its outline, the outline section would be filled with laid stitches, the next left unworked, the third filled up, and the centre left plain. The whole design is done with this peculiarity, and it will be found upon examining Oriental patterns that it can be easily carried out. Stems and tiny leaves are filled in. One colour is used for each section of the design, and never more than three colours (not counting black) employed upon one piece of work. For the couching-stitch, the silk is laid in horizontal lines, and secured with Oriental silk laid in upright lines over it, and stitched down with fine purse silk. The whole design must have the laid lines and the couched lines going the same way, but it is at the option of the worker to select the direction before commencing. Lines of close stitching made with the black silk are worked round the outline of every little bit of the pattern; sometimes two lines of black are worked round the larger pieces, but always one.

These cushions are made up with open sides, which show the under-cushion.

They are finished off with gold braid loops and gold buttons, the loops meeting in the centre of the open space, and there buttoning together. The manner of making up these cushions was illustrated in a recent article upon "Pillows, and How to Make Them."

B. C. SAWARD.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

"You have done wonders. I never saw a place or a family more improved than this."

The words were Uncle Mat's, and they were spoken at No. 4, Blossom Street, Eastwick, where Susan Meade had been in charge for three weeks past. The speaker might well look round with a beaming face at seeing what had been wrought by her capable hands. Dirt, disorder, and rags had disappeared. The poor mother was comparatively well, and looking forward with thankfulness to taking charge of her family, and with dread to the prospect of losing Susan, who had been to her and hers a ministering angel in their trouble.

"She has brought me back from death's door," said the woman, looking gratefully at Susan. "Not that I much wanted to live for my own sake, for my life has been an awful hard one for years. But there are the children, and a mother is willing to bear a deal for their sakes."

The speaker said nothing about her husband. He was generally away seeking work, or employed at a distance; and, though the portion of wages he thought fit to send home was small in proportion to what he spent on himself, the great hope of the family was that "father would stay away a long time." There were two boys earning something; and the little with quietness was better to them all than greater plenty and the reign of terror which the presence of the father brought with it. He was clever, but intemperate, rarely kept a situation long, and visited what he called his "ill luck" on wife and children. His violent temper made the house unbearable, and his absence was regarded as the greatest possible relief to each and all. In spite of sickness and suffering, the time Susan Meade had spent under the roof had been one of comparative bliss to all concerned.

"It will be a trial to say good-bye to you," said the mother. "I can't bear to think of to-morrow coming; but we can't keep you always"—and the tears flowed abundantly down her still pale cheeks.

"Cheer up!" said Uncle Mat. "She leaves you a different woman from what she found you. You'll pull on nicely now, and she must go home for a rest. I shall look in to-morrow morning. We are in a bit of trouble at our place," he added. "The widow woman I lodge with, Mrs. Whaite, has four children, and two of them are rather 'out of sorts,' as they say. She hardly knows what to make of them. I've not seen them myself, but I shouldn't wonder if they were beginning with measles. A few hours will tell."

He told this to Susan at the door; and before he left her, he asked if she had heard anything of her neighbours in Morton Place.

"Not a word. I should wonder at this if I did not know how hard they work and the late hours they are forced to keep. I told you they had got on at Castor and Willockson's, and seemed likely to have plenty to do. I left a month's rent, and told them before the time was out I should either be back or would write again; so they will expect me any day."

"That is all right. All the same, if you had not been going home, I would have gone round to them with a message, and so made sure of them hearing from you."

"Thank you, Mr. Millington. You think of everybody."

"Not quite," replied Uncle Mat, as, with his usual bow and smile, he walked away.

It was no smiling face that Susan saw when he came to Blossom Street the next morning. Uncle Mat would not enter the cottage, and she at once judged that something serious was amiss.

"The children have scarlet fever," he said. "Two are down, and I'm afraid the others are beginning. The mother should let them go to the hospital, but she will not. A friend of hers parted with three in that way, and she never saw two of them again. She's a soft-hearted body is Mrs. Whaite; and she says, if one of hers were to die away from its mother, she'd never forgive herself. She wanted me to pack up and go; but I shall stand by the poor soul—taking all proper care, of course. Mrs. Whaite is not so badly off as some would be. She has a little income, and she won't lose her lodger; only she'll work herself to death, I'm afraid."

Susan's eyes glistened. Here was another chance of usefulness, and without taking second thought she said, "I will help Mrs. Whaite. I will go straight to her from here. Two are better than one, you know."

"And one like you is better than two ordinary folks; but, remember, you must count the cost in a case like this. Have you had the fever?"

"Yes, badly. Only just escaped with life. The doctors said I was seasoned against another turn, if anybody could be."

"Then come to the help of the widow and the fatherless, in God's name and for Christ's sake; and may He bless you. You know the address. I will go straight back and tell Mrs. Whaite she may expect you."

Before Susan had time to reply, Uncle Mat was gone. Then she wished she had told him that she should like to go to Morton Place first, both to make some little arrangements for her prolonged stay from home and to see the Boothroyds. There could be no meeting with them for some time if she once went to an infected house. She would manage her call somehow. Susan hastened her preparations, sent for a cab, and went straight to Morton Place. Before going to her own door, she knocked at Mrs. Boothroyd's; but, receiving no response, she tried the latch, and found it fast. This surprised her, for mother and daughter rarely went out together, especially so early in the day. Susan then entered her own house, and rapidly did what was needful, keeping the cab waiting meanwhile. When ready to leave, she made another attempt to gain

an entrance at No. 12, but in vain. Standing on tiptoe, she looked over the cross-curtain into the room. There were no signs of work about, and the machine was standing by the wall as if out of use.

"Surely they would have let me know if they were in any trouble?" she thought. Then she asked herself, "Did they get my note?"

Determined that there should be no second mishap, Susan went to her own room and wrote a note, in which she told Mrs. Boothroyd where she was going, and begged her to keep her acquainted with her position as regarded her work.

"I am going amongst fever, so I shall not come home until I can do it without risk to my neighbours; but please write me a line. I sent my address before, but I heard nothing. I have tried to think no news means good news. If you should have any trouble, do let me help you, for I know I can. I am putting a sovereign in with this. You have a week's rent of mine ready for next Saturday, and this money is to go on with; but if you should be wanting any, do please borrow it meantime. It would make me so happy and thankful if anything I have could smooth the way for you and Miss Janet."

Thus wrote Susan; and, having added "her best respects," she enclosed the money with her note, and carefully pushed it under the door of No. 12; then went off as fast as possible on this new errand of mercy.

Morton Place was innocent of letter-boxes, and it was the custom for the postman to push any missives under the doors, as being the speediest mode of delivery.

Susan had no doubt about the safety of her note this time, and went away feeling quite satisfied that it was as good as in the hands of Mrs. Boothroyd.

A pair of cunning little eyes had, however, watched Susan as she pushed her letter under the door. No sooner was she out of sight than a ragged urchin drew near the step, and began to play a game there, after having made some chalk marks upon it.

He was not likely to be interfered with; and, as it happened, the other children of the neighbourhood had been attracted to the adjoining thoroughfare by the sound of a street organ.

The urchin did not long continue his game; but, having looked around and about to see that he was not observed, he bent a thin switch which he had with him into a loop, and tied the ends together. He then passed the loop below the ill-fitting door of No. 12, and after two or three attempts, succeeded in drawing out the letter which had been pushed under it by Susan Meade.

The boy's movements were the result of a spirit of mischief combined with curiosity. He never dreamed of finding money in the letter; but he could read writing, and he wanted to know what the tenant of No. 11 had to say to the dwellers in No. 12, so that he might have the pleasure of telling a secret if there were one. He had heard his mother and her gossiping friends talk about the "close ways of these new people," and say that nobody knew anything about them. It would be a triumph to know more than his elders. He was intensely surprised when he felt something like a coin inside, and he was still more so when he tore open the letter and saw that it was a sovereign. He knew the value of it, for his father earned more than a pound a week; and the thought of what could be bought with so much money was intoxicating. Only, if he were found out, what would be the consequence? Would he be put in prison? As to doing right or wrong he was quite indifferent.

As he hesitated, a barefooted tramp, who had come close behind him unheard, seized him by the back of the neck with one hand, and snatched money and letter from his grasp with the other. A cuff on the lad's head followed, and sent him staggering forward. As he fell, the stronger thief made good his escape with his unexpected booty.

The lad picked himself up and crept out of Morton Place, bitterly indignant and disappointed, his head confused with the blow, yet sufficiently clear to enable him to long for vengeance. But what could he do? He dared not tell his story, as it would have convicted himself. He must suffer in silence.

A little later, Mrs. Boothroyd and Janet returned home weary and despondent. They had been out since the early morning in search of work; but could obtain none. Their money was reduced to a few pence, two weeks' hire was due on the sewing-machine, and Mr. Cutclose would make his usual call on the morrow.

Nothing would have induced Mrs. Boothroyd to touch a penny of the money left in her hands to pay Susan's rent.

If she could have known of this second effort to help her, or if only the sovereign had been taken and the letter left, all might have been well. But who could have imagined that such a combination of circumstances would undo what Susan had done?

Part of their few remaining pence must perforce be spent for food, and Janet went to the shop at the corner of the Place to make her purchases.

"Your next neighbour called at your door to-day, miss," said the shopkeeper—a woman. "She came in a cab and kept it waiting till she left again. I suppose she goes out nursing, and has gone in a hurry from one house to another. I had people in the shop who all wanted to be waited on at once, or I should have gone out and asked if she would leave a message for you with me."

This information was alike cheering and disappointing. Susan had not forgotten them. No doubt, as she had missed seeing them, she would write. She was so quick to notice everything, that, on finding neither sound nor sign of work in their room, she would guess the reason. Janet told her mother this, and the suggestion brought a gleam of hope to her mind also.

On the following morning, their prospects seemed darker than ever. Mrs. Boothroyd was too ill to rise. The utter prostration which followed the wearying tramp of the day before was trial enough; but the mother was doubly distressed on Janet's account.

The girl would have to meet the man who collected the weekly hire for the machine. He had gone away grumbling the Saturday before. How would it be when Janet had to plead for another week's indulgence? He had the power to take back the machine, and the loss of it would be ruin. It was more than half paid for already.

Then there would be Mr. Cutclose to face. Mrs. Boothroyd was not afraid that he would press them unduly, seeing it would be the first time the rent had not been forthcoming. He was always polite, after his fashion—effusively so. But the mother had noticed the manner in which his eyes followed Janet, and that the girl's presence caused him to linger on the threshold to the last moment. She had an instinctive dislike to being under any obligation to this man, and felt that the grumbling of her other creditor was preferable to the smooth words of Mr. Cutclose.

Janet, however, had to face both. The grumbling in the one case went a step farther, and became a threat when the girl pleaded for delay.

"You know our rule as well as I do," said the man. "If you can't pay your instalments regular, we shall have to take the machine. The master may let you have it again if you pay up; but we have to trust people so much, and we often lose by dishonest ones. We *have* to keep a sharp look-out."

In compliance with Janet's earnest request, the man promised that he would speak to the master, and went his way for the time.

Mr. Cutclose met him at the entrance of Morton Place. They were rarely many minutes apart in making their weekly calls, and were well acquainted.

"Rather a poor look-out at No. 12," said the man who represented the machinists. "No cash for a fortnight, and no work going on to earn any. Old lady ill, I suppose, and young one looking as if she'd been crying. I've seen a good many faces with that scared expression on them, and it has always meant a machine coming back half paid for. Mind, Mr. Cutclose, that machine is ours, and can't be seized for rent."

"All right. I'm not likely to seize for rent at No. 12. You machine fellows, that are as hard as the iron and steel you work on, may have that sort of practice to yourselves."

The man could scarcely believe his ears when Mr. Cutclose delivered himself of these sentiments. He laughed loudly; then replied, "You're off on a new tack. I suppose you've filled your pockets till they'll hold no more, and are going to do the generous by your tenants. If you are in earnest, here's a chance for you. Pay the arrears on the sewing-machine, and you'll dry the tears of as pretty a girl—aye, and as good a one—as you can find in all Millcaster."

"I shall mind my own business, and leave you to mind yours," said Mr. Cutclose, advancing towards No. 1, where a tenant awaited him on the step with her rent and a list of grievances to be redressed. The machine-man looked after him for an instant, then remarked to himself, "The old fox is after a new game of some sort. I hope he'll get

trapped;" then went his way to report Mrs. Boothroyd as a defaulter to his principal.

Janet handed Susan Meade's rent to Mr. Cutclose, then tried to speak, but for a moment could not utter a word. Her tearful eyes and quivering lips told a tale of trouble, though her tongue was silent.

"I'll step in for a moment if you please, miss," said the landlord. "Better than talking on the door-step."

He suited the action to the word and entered the cottage, Janet herself being thankful to avoid publicity, though in her mother's absence she would have been glad to keep him outside. To stand within sight of the neighbours and tell Mr. Cutclose that she had no money to give him, and perhaps to hear him speak sharply in return, was the greater evil, which would be avoided by his entrance.

"Don't say a word, miss. You are in trouble; I can see it for myself. The old lady is ill, and work is slack. That sewing-machine man has not been over-civil, and you've no rent for me to-day. I have about reckoned things up, haven't I?"

Janet made a movement of assent; then, with an effort, said, "If you will please to wait a little. We have always paid, though sometimes we have had to ask a little patience. My poor mother was not always——"

"Now don't, miss, please. You mustn't break down," said Mr. Cutclose, for Janet could no longer restrain her tears. "Anybody can see that your mamma is a real lady, and you are another. Such as you trouble a great deal more about a week's rent than most of my tenants would do if they owed me six months. You needn't be uneasy. I'll not send you any trouble—trust me for that. If anybody else does, you let me have a line; not to my office—for I don't stay the whole day there—but to my house, One Ash Villa, Carlton-cum-Penley. You see, I live out of town; and, though I say it, I have as pretty a little place as one need wish for, with nothing short but a mistress for it. This is my card."

Janet took it almost mechanically. She was heedless of Mr. Cutclose's remarks about his home and its attractions, and his attempts to look sentimental as he spoke of its one want were equally lost on her. She was just conscious that the rent was to stand over, and that the landlord was disposed to befriend them. All the same, she shuddered at the thought of any further indebtedness to Mr. Cutclose. She did not omit to thank him, but she was glad when she found herself alone. Before he left, Mr. Cutclose enquired after Susan Meade. Janet told him all she knew, mentioned her visit of the previous day, and said that no doubt they would hear from her, as the money left for rent had all been paid.

"That will not matter. Susan Meade is all right—an old tenant and a good one. And I am all right," he added to himself, however. "The furniture is all brand-new, and worth many a month's rent. That other poor girl is nearly at the far end—nearly, but not quite. It went against the grain to leave her this morning without opening my mind, but I don't think she was quite ready to listen yet. They've no money, but they will part with odd things; and I dare say the machine will be taken. Then will be my time to step in, and I shall grudge nothing."

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO SECURE A SITUATION.

THERE are a great many persons who think that the best way to secure a situation is to wait till one comes to them. Like Mr. Micawber, they live in daily expectation of "something turning up"; they are particularly fond of the saying, "All things come round to him who will but wait," but they forget that it is equally true, "While the grass grows the steed starves." I know some such at this present time who have been waiting in this state of placid contentment for years, meanwhile spending their small capital, or borrowing of their friends. In this age of rush and hurry, when applicants for every vacant post are as busy and as numerous as bees in a hive, those who are willing to pursue this line of conduct may, as a rule, wait for ever.

The object of this paper is to give a few hints to those who are really desirous of securing work, and who do not know how to set about it. I have nothing very startling or wonderful to relate. You may probably be well aware of all I have to tell you, and, like the prophet's advice to Naaman, it may be despised for its very simplicity. The most simple means, though frequently the most effective, are often overlooked. "Nothing succeeds like success"; but, for any measure of success in any undertaking, a certain amount of energy, industry, and perseverance is indispensable. Granted that you have this, and a plentiful sprinkling of the salt of common-sense, I venture to say that, if you follow my advice, you will not long have occasion to ask, "Why sit we here all the day idle?"

In the first place, do not be too proud to let your friends know what you are in search of. If you be a competent person, and your demands be not exorbitant, it is highly probable that somewhere in the circle of your friends, or friends' friends, is just the niche that is meant for you. In my wide experience I have known more situations obtained in this way than in any other. Too often ladies hide the fact that they have to work for their living, as if it were an everlasting disgrace and could never be forgotten. This is one of the old-fashioned ideas, which, it is to be hoped, a more enlightened age will wipe out. Only this week an elderly spinster, who has lived in highly-genteel poverty for the best part of her life, remarked to me, "My grandmother was a perfect lady—she *never did anything*." May future years be preserved from such nonentities!

In the next place, regularly and methodically watch the advertisements in the newspapers. Make a business of it. Do not scan the columns casually, just now and then when the fancy takes you, but repair early every morning to the nearest library where the daily papers may be seen. Failing a library close at hand, any newsagent's, for a small sum weekly, would answer the purpose. Provide yourself with a pencil and paper to take down addresses, and leave your home ready prepared to apply at once, in person, for anything that may seem likely. The early bird catches the worm.

It is sometimes well to advertise for yourself. Should you decide to do so, give plenty of time and thought to your advertisement. Consider carefully exactly what you require, and then state it in as few words as possible. Should you receive any answers, exercise the utmost discretion in ascertaining all you can about your correspondent before entering into any engagement. There are so many traps and pitfalls for inexperienced and, perhaps, too confiding girls, that dealing with strangers requires great caution.

The safest and best thing to do is to place yourself in the hands of a reliable agent. There *are* such, though, owing to frequent frauds and impositions, people are prone to shun the whole class. It is true that there is no section of society more preyed upon than poor, self-supporting ladies; but a really trustworthy agent is the best means you can employ for securing an engagement.

In this matter, as in every other, you must proceed in a business-like way. State fully and concisely what you wish, what you can do, salary required, etc. Then, do not walk away and forget all about it, except that you have paid the agent your fee. Keep in touch with her; act immediately on any communication she may send you, and be sure you let her know the result each time. Should it sometimes appear to you that she puts you to unnecessary trouble, do not be annoyed with her. Remember, it is to her advantage, as well as to yours, to get you comfortably settled; her interests and yours are identical.

Some persons imagine that the one object of an agent is to secure the fee, and no further trouble is taken as to whether the applicant be suited or not. I assure you, were this the case she might soon close her establishment; the larger profits come from the commissions on situations secured.

I would also advise you not to hold too strongly to what you think right in the way of salary, holidays, and other details. Should things seem generally desirable, it is better to give way on one point than to lose a good engagement. Very probably, when you are known and appreciated, your desire will be granted. Gather from others who have filled similar positions what you should demand; the agent can advise you well as to this.

So many have such large expectations that they are never realised. Only last week I heard of a young girl leaving school with nothing more than a second-rate education. She desires to be a governess, but will take no less than £100 a year. Poor child! She might as well say £1,000 at once.

Another lady is anxiously looking for an invalid to reside with her. She offers nothing out of the common way, but expects a very *un*common sum in return. She will probably wait a long time. I fully admit that the remuneration offered in the present day for ladies' work is shamefully small; but, that being the case, "half a loaf is better than no bread"; and it is worse than folly to sit down and wait for what we shall never get.

The above advice, every word of which is the result of long experience, is only intended for *competent* persons, and, in the words of Captain Cuttle, I would urge them to "make a note on it." How to secure a situation for the *in*competent is a problem I have not yet solved.

NORA C. USHER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All Correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

F. CUNNINGHAM.—We have just received your notice of the Philanthropic Reading Society, the funds of which are applied to the use of the Children's Fresh-Air Mission, and the members (paying one 1s. 6d. per annum) can nominate cases of children to be sent into the country for a fortnight. For the rules send a stamped envelope to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Cunningham, Ethelhurst, College Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.

LEILA.—Write to the Secretary of the Ambulance Classes held at the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, W., and enquire about the branch offices and class rooms. The fees amount to 10s. for each course of lectures (nursing, anatomy, and first aid). A good book to assist you in your private home studies, apart from what you will be given to learn, is a small hand-book called *Sick Nursing at Home* (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.). It has been found very helpful by students of these ambulance classes.

SNOWDROP should attend the ambulance classes, and learn all she can about bandaging and nursing, and as much of anatomy as possible. Botany, chemistry, and physiology are all useful also. We should advise her to become a medical missionary—not a missionary only; the former is a more useful calling. You should read Miss Isabella Bird's (Mrs. Bishop's) new book of travels in Persia and the East, and follow her wise advice.

F. M. S.—1. "Supine" is from the Latin *supinum*, verb *supinus*—"bent or thrown backward," probably because, although furnished with substantive case-endings, it throws itself back, as it were, on the verb. It is a verbal noun, or, as C. F. Becker says, it is a case of the infinitive mood ending in Latin in *um* and *u*; that in *um* being sometimes called the *former supine*, and that in *u* the *latter supine*; in English, lying supine, or on the back, with the face upward, as opposed to prone. It also means negligent, indolent, or heedless.—2. Merle D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation* is an excellent book to read on the subject, and is considered the standard work, although written some years ago.

MUSIC.

MARVEL.—The Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C., holds exams. on the Theory of Music and Counterpoint for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class certificates. Fee, 2s. 6d. The Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music hold exams. also; Secretary, George Watson, Esq., 52, New Bond Street, London, W. Also, the Guildhall College of Music, Victoria Embankment, and others. Perhaps your best plan would be to apply to Mr. F. W. Renant, Secretary, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W., as he would inform you respecting the exams. by local representatives (of the Royal Academy of Music) of candidates residing at a distance from town.

DAISY.—You have not applied to any large music-seller, or he could have obtained for you the well-known old song, "Oh, that we two were maying." It is a duet, and there are at least two renderings of it.

LOVER OF MUSIC has only to look into the window of any musical instrument shop, and she will see the difference between a guitar and a banjo. The guitar has a wooden sounding-board with a hole in cetre; the banjo has a parchment over the hollow like that on a drum, is circular in form, although the strings are stretched on a long, narrow key-board with similar "frets" to those of the guitar, violin, etc. It is much smaller than the former, which is formed somewhat like a violin.

ART.

M. E. A.—As girls' clubs so frequently change hands and addresses we cannot vouch for the present existence of any of them, but we give a choice of two—The Minerva Painting Society, Secretary, Miss H. D. Parsons, Shernbourne Hall, Lynn, Norfolk; and the A. B. C. Drawing Club, Hon. Secretary, Miss Laura Blackall, The Vicarage, Earl's Colne, Essex. Critic, D. D. Westmacott, Esq, 1, Kensington Gate, Hyde Park, W.

MERCEDES.—For painting upon velvet use the best moist water-colours. Velveteen is better for the purpose than silk velvet, as it is shorter in the pile, and therefore better adapted to receive wet colours, as great care is required to prevent the pile from getting matted, and laid flat while the colours are being applied. The process is as follows:—Pin the material on a drawing-board, placing a piece of paper between it and the board. Prick the outlines of the design on cartridge paper, and pounce it through the holes on the velvet. Paint with "scrub" brushes (made of bristles), perfectly round, and cut even at the ends. Three brushes suffice. Mix the colours with veloutine, a medium specially used in textile painting. Dip the scrub in and allow it to drain, so that it shall be full of colour but not dripping, and brush the latter on the velvet, holding the brush upright. Let the colour dry before adding any touches of paint upon it. The tinting should be from light to dark—the first coat being of the lightest shades, the second the medium shades, the third the darkest. Transparency at the edges of leaves of flowers is effected by not bringing the second painting quite up to the last touches of the first. Minuteness of detail is not possible of attainment in velvet painting. The effects to be aimed at are depth, softness, and richness. Markings and veinings must be put in with the side of the scrub.

JUDY and PLODDING DABBLER.—You may paint in oils upon terra-cotta and on opals without sizing; but the paints must be mixed with Florentine medium. For water colours employed on the same materials, make a size of gelatine, and apply that before using the colours, which latter should all be mixed with Chinese white and a little gelatine.

CLOVER would do well to put a small wooden beading round her painted table.

CORA.—We are disposed to think that the branch of art likely to prove most lucrative is portrait painting; and at present pastiles are much in favour. There is an opening for a really fine animal painter; but comparatively few would care to spend much money on such works. Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen" realised £6,900 only the other day; but this could scarcely be accepted as encouragement to you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOME.—There is no such verse in the Bible as "Let piety begin at home." Perhaps the passages that best convey the idea is to be found in 1 Timothy v. 4, 8, which have reference to the conduct of both parents and children. We think you have misquoted an old English proverb, "Charity begins at home," which is to be found in Clarke's *Paremiologia*, A.D. 1614, and which you may see quoted and attributed to this source in Carew Hazlitt's *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*. Our Lord said, "If ye love Me, keep My Commandments"; and eight of the ten (as given to Moses) have reference to your fellow-men. Into the *minutiæ* of home duties the inspired writers of the Epistles have entered fully; and your duty to our Divine Master is chiefly performed in those which He prescribes for you towards your parents and children. Your writing is fairly good.

A. L. M.—The *soubriquet* of the Duke of Wellington was applied to him without any reference to his character and firmness of purpose, although the latter was a leading characteristic of his. It originated in the naming of an iron steamboat after him, which plied between Liverpool and Dublin, and was called *The Duke of Wellington*, and distinguished from him as "the Iron Duke." Subsequently the name was applied, in a jocular way, to the Duke himself. The origin of the name "Dragoon" is traced to the fact that the oldest regiment of them (the "Scots Greys," raised 1681) were called after a short musket which they carried, decorated with the head of a dragon on the muzzle out of the mouth of which the fire spouted, as it was supposed to do out of that of the monster so named.

TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.—It is illogical to argue from an abuse of anything, and equally so from mere assertions of individuals or of sects. That many members of Christian denominations may be formal possessors of a faith that does not interest them, nor have any influence on their hearts, is no proof that the Faith is erroneous. And to say that "an Atheist has no hell," and "no heaven to look forward to," is an assertion that the believers in Christianity absolutely deny as an awful delusion on their part. To say, also, that you "do not see that an Atheist is worse than any one else," is no argument against the truths of the Christian religion. If you write to the Secretary of the Christian Evidence Society, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., for a small book containing lectures by the Rev. G. F. Maclear, D.D., B. Harris Cowper, Esq., the Rev. Professor Lorimer, D.D., the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., and others, you will, by God's grace, become better informed on "the things that belong to your peace," before they are "hid from your eyes."

A MAID OF KENT is recommended to apply to Mr. W. C. Lester, Secretary of the Indigent Blind Visiting Society, 27, Red Lion Square, W.C. There is, also, the Association for Assisting the Blind, Hon. Secretary, J. T. Edmonds, Esq., 15, Brixton Road, S.W.; and the School for the Indigent Blind, St. George's Fields, S.E. You might be allowed to visit and assist in these.

DIAMOND, OPAL, and EMERALD.—1. When hair splits at the ends it needs singeing, and is in want of nutriment. Use some nourishing pomade rubbed in gently at the roots.—2. Your second question is one that troubles us, as we insist so strongly on obedience to your mothers. It is very sad when those wishes are either contrary to Christian duty or injurious to the health. In the case of tight-lacing we can only reprobate the vain, unnatural, and most hurtful practice. We think you might take advantage of the first time a doctor enters the house to state your discomforts to him, and ask him to give expression to your feelings, and to say that a disorderment of the great internal organs, blood to the head, redness of the nose, blotches on the face, red hands, and indigestion, would be the result. Perhaps your mothers may see their grave error if our opinion were laid before them. Such distortion of the natural figure is truly frightful.

EDITH H. MUIR.—Our little friend of eight writes well for her age, and is far advanced in her music studies if learning Schumann's *First Album for Young Performers*. We are glad to give you this much encouragement.

ELLA SEYMOUR.—Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge, the well-known author of *The Daisy Chain*, *Heir of Redclyffe*, etc., is a native of Hampshire, and is alive. Miss Sarah Doudney is also an Englishwoman, and writes under her own name.

WINIFRED ELAINE.—We do not think any opening exists in the Colonies for clerks, cashiers, or book-keepers, either male or female. We should advise you to apply for advice on the subject to Miss G. Lefroy, 17, Eldon Road, South Kensington, W., the Hon. Secretary of the United British Women's Emigration Society.

N. W. will find suggestions in an article by "Medicus," entitled, "What Working Girls can do for Themselves," "G. O. P.," vol vi., p. 295.

FAIRLIGHT.—1. January 13th, 1871, was a Friday.—2. The duties of a lady's "help" would vary, of course, in every place, and would depend on the size of the household. As a general rule, helpers of all kinds are required to do extra work, or the small duties neglected by others.

VOL. XIII.—No. 658.] AUGUST 6, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

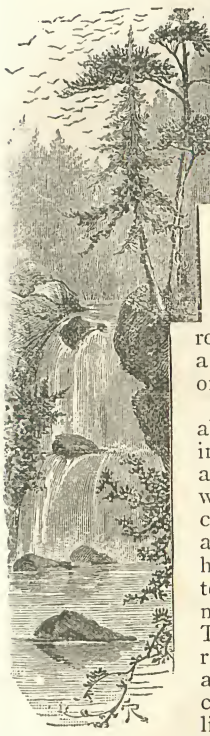
A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

All rights reserved.] "SHE WATCHED THE COLONEL."

CHAPTER XXV.

FORTUNE SMILES.



THE success of the water discoverer's trial in producing water on the Stanard estate came soon to be regarded, not only by the colonel and his family, but by all who were interested, as the flood of a tide bearing them on to fortune.

Still more noticeable was the change in the colonel himself as the necessary works were begun, carried steadily on, and completed under his personal superintendence during the next three weeks. The burden he had so resolutely assumed, and unflinchingly carried, was suddenly lightened—indeed, was about to be lifted from his shoulders altogether. Shaking himself free from its galling thraldom, the colonel had risen with redoubled energy and spirit to the life of action demanded by the enterprise. His countenance lost much of its habitual stern and sad expression; and his conversation and manner resumed something of their former bright humour. Not only in outward aspect, but in the freshness of hope within, Paul Stanard felt himself to be young again.

* * * *

He was in his library the day after a great popular rejoicing over the letting-in of the water, pacing to and fro the length of the room, and thinking of the bright future.

"All this rigid economy will now come to an end. I shall with care, and without encroaching on the rights of my children, clear the estate of debt before I give it to the rightful heir. Meantime Jeanie and Beth (God bless their tender hearts!) shall no longer be denied the means to satisfy their generous desire to help the poor and aged people by supplying their wants for the coming winter. For myself, I will carry out my former plans to rebuild the almshouses, and enlarge the school with every practical improvement. Jeanie shall have a horse, and ride with me. Does she love that fellow, I wonder? I could have wished it otherwise; but I will forgive his poverty if his character as a man be unimpeachable. I must learn more of him and his family. He is strangely reticent respecting himself."

There came a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in!"

It was Miss Capella, who, observing the hat in his hand, asked, "Are you going out? I came to you with my accounts. Perhaps another time will suit you better; but you named to-day."

"Of course I did. A thousand pardons, Miss Capella, for my forgetfulness. It is quite chilly this morning," he remarked, as he drew up a low easy-chair for Sybil, saying, "I think you will find this comfortable. Now to examine these weighty accounts"—and he held out his hand for the books she had brought.

"I have done my best, colonel, and I hope you will find them satisfactory," she said, as she delivered up the books with a smile.

"I am sure of it," he answered, looking kindly at her. "While I run them over, can you find any literature there to divert you?"—waving his hand towards the well-filled bookshelves.

She took down a volume of Burns's poems, reseated herself, opened the book, and then beneath her eyelashes she watched the colonel as he carefully examined and turned over the pages of her neatly-kept accounts.

"How much happier he looks!" she thought. "How much younger than when I first saw him! Can the success of the water scheme be the sole reason? Cares he for nothing else?"

Presently the colonel closed the books, but retaining them in his hand, came and stood on the hearthrug facing her.

"I have duly examined the accounts, and noted pretty well every item," he said, as he looked down upon her, an almost imperceptible twinkle in his deep grey eyes.

"I trust the expenditure and its results meet with your approbation," Sybil said, giving an upward look of earnest enquiry.

"I find that the total of the first two weeks exceeded the proposed amount by £2 17s. 11½d."

"It did," she replied, playing with the ring on her right hand; "but I was unable to help the excess."

"I appreciated the change," he replied.

"I am glad of that," said Sybil softly.

"The next week," continued the colonel, "gives, on the contrary, a balance of 9s. 6d."

"With the utmost economy it was all I could save."

"While the last week," said the colonel, turning over the leaves, "shows a balance of £4 10s. to the good."

Was the colonel pleased or vexed? Sybil was doubtful; she scanned his face furtively as he said, "I note also that you have charged me nothing for firewood, and that although Phœbe duly gave me notice that our coal cellars would need replenishing in about a week's time, you have neither charged me for their replenishment nor spoken as to the deficiency. Perhaps you have ordered a fresh supply?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" she answered. "I should have asked your wishes had we needed coal."

"How, then, have you managed, Miss Capella?"

The colonel stood leaning one arm on the mantel-board, gazing at Sybil, and waiting her answer. She was aware of his close observation, and flushed slightly. The embarrassment was not unpleasant to her, nor her own conscious hesitation. Presently she said, raising her eyes to his, "Have you noticed that lately we have been burning logs instead of coal?"

"Yes; but it did not occur to me to ask where the logs came from?"

"From the little wood," she answered. "I noticed there a quantity of rotten or broken branches, so I desired the man to fetch and chop them up for use in the house. Beside the logs, there has been plenty for firewood, and there is still enough in the woods, without destroying any good trees, to last throughout the winter."

"You are a born organiser and housekeeper," warmly responded the colonel. "I notice also that every morning someone works industriously in weeding and otherwise improving the flower-beds around the house; and the result is gratifying despite the fact that her fellow-gardeners are often both irregular and lazy."

"They may be quite as willing, but they are so young," came softly from Sybil's lips.

"Also, every morning that same somebody, after flitting diligently about from parlour to kitchen, and from kitchen to store-room, key-basket in hand, is from 10·30 a.m. to 1 p.m. transformed into a demure but energetic little schoolmistress, hammering knowledge into the unwilling head of that troublesome Beth."

"You are good enough to praise me for simply doing my duty."

"Your duty!" repeated the colonel, his voice losing the suspicion of mirthfulness previously underlying his remarks. "I should like to know who engaged you to do something of everything in return for the trivial recompense you were led to expect?"

"Believe me—oh, pray believe me!—when I say every duty in this house is a pleasure! I would not willingly relinquish one," said Sybil earnestly, moving her pretty little hands in a pleading way, "unless—unless you wish it."

"I *wish nothing* of the kind," he replied still more kindly. "What I do wish is, that if you really find pleasure in your work, and will continue to undertake so much, you will remember to draw upon me £80 yearly instead of our former arrangement. And, seriously, I do not now wish you to trouble yourself to keep the expenditure within such rigid lines. I am hoping, as you will understand, to fully recover from my financial troubles through the success of our water undertaking."

"You are too good—too kind!" she murmured gratefully.

"You are praising me for simply doing my duty," he retorted slyly.

Sybil looked up hastily, as she heard the repetition of her own words, caught his glance, and her own face was then lit up by one of those rapid and brilliant smiles in which the vivid lips, glistening teeth, and glitter of her steel-grey eyes, combined in giving a startling brilliance to her face.

The colonel saw and was for the moment fascinated beneath its influence. He gazed at her, unconscious that he did so, and for the first time Sybil Capella felt that she had possessed the power to draw him towards her.

Toying with her book of poems, she

unwittingly dropped it. The colonel stooped to pick it up, and, as he did so, remembered that he had yet other matters on which he wished to speak to Miss Capella.

"We were talking of your numerous duties," he said, seating himself in the chair on the opposite side of the rug. "Can you induce Jeanie to share some with you? You must have observed how prone she is to indulge in—what shall I call it—a meditative or an ideal life?—which, I fear, often means another phase of idleness. You have great influence over her. Persuade her to practise her music more, at regular times; also her drawing. Could she not help with some of Beth's lessons? If you think her capable, by all means let her do so. Then, with regard to her needle—she seldom uses one—encourage her to its use. Will you? I like to see a woman with her needle. It becomes her; it is natural to her."

"I will remember your wishes in all particulars," replied Sybil, well pleased with the reflection that she was herself seldom, if ever, seen without some knitting or sewing, when not otherwise engaged. Did he wish Jeanie to resemble her? she wondered.

"I am sure you will. Indeed, it is because you make yourself so invaluable to us that I presume to trespass upon your kindness by asking more favours. Have you observed anything special respecting Jeanie of late?" he asked with an assumed carelessness.

Sybil read the tone of anxiety beneath his manner, and guessed its source.

"With regard to Mr. Rolfe?"

"Exactly; and I see by your words that my fear does not exist alone in my imagination."

"I think he greatly admires Jeanie."

"I am of the same opinion. Oblige me, therefore, by not allowing too many opportunities for intercourse between them. Not that I dislike the young man. On the contrary, I highly appreciate his intelligence, business capacity, and unassuming manner. Still, I know nothing of himself or his family beyond what I have observed during his visits here. Without giving occasion for distrust, we must watch carefully."

"I will do my utmost," she answered, well pleased with the pronoun the colonel had used, and thinking, "Ah! If it were more often—we."

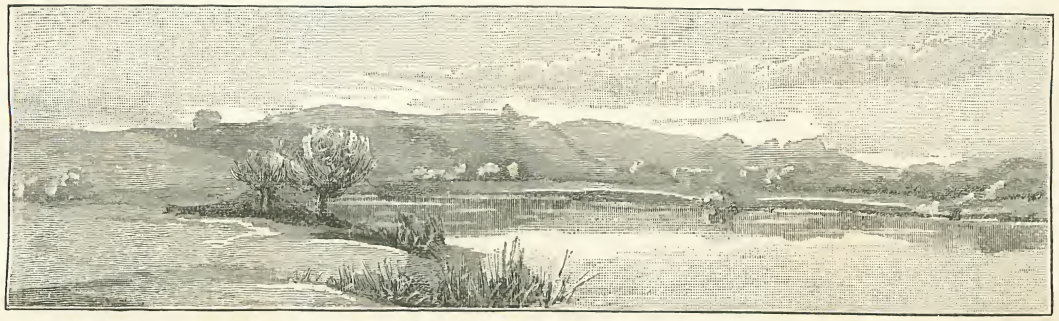
"Thanks. I will now write your housekeeping cheques. I fear I have detained you a long time."

"It has been a happy hour," she replied in a very low voice.

"Here are the cheques, Miss Capella. This"—as he laid one over the other—"£10 is for half your first quarter. I daresay you will not object to having it in advance. Young ladies do not generally find themselves too well provided with pin-money."

She thanked him and blushed deeply as he held open the door for her to pass out.

(*To be continued.*)



POLITE LANGUAGE AS A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

A QUAKER, who had made a large fortune as a merchant in Liverpool, was once asked how he had managed it.

"By a single article," he answered, "in which everyone may deal who pleases—civility."

Now, girls, if you want to be successes in the world, just take note of the words of that shrewd old Friend. He know how to mount the ladder of fortune.

Hundreds and thousands have started in life with no advantages to speak of in money or position, and got on by civility alone. No doubt they had brains at the back of civility, but it was the silver tongue and the courteous manner that made it easy for their talents to find employment.

"Win hearts," said Lord Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, "and you have people's purses at command." And the sure way to win hearts is to show our good breeding by civil speeches and amiable deeds.

It is not so long since a story went the round of the papers, of a man who had put himself about in a good-natured way for a lady—a perfect stranger—and thirty years after was surprised by receiving news that she had left him a legacy of fifteen thousand pounds. Such things do not happen often on this big scale, and the reward is not always in hard cash; but it is seldom indeed that polite language fails in getting a profitable return of some sort or other.

Polite language does not necessarily mean polite words. There is a language of action as well as of speech. When Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his cloak in the mud so that his royal mistress might not soil her shoes, he employed a piece of polite language that proved remunerative to him for many a day.

We get an illustration of a very different sort in Sarah, the great Duchess of Marlborough, when she took to squabbling with Queen Anne, and silenced Her Majesty by screaming, "Hold your tongue!" It was an unfortunate remark, that took away the Queen's breath, and put the Duchess out of favour for ever.

Impolite language has been turned to profit, but not often, which is something to be glad of. When the famous Cardinal Mazarin had a number of libellous pamphlets written about him, he pretended that he was in an overwhelming rage, and bought up as many copies as he could, for the purpose, as it was thought, of burning them. But once they were in his possession he had them secretly sold at a high price, and made several thousand pounds by the transaction. This example is not quoted for imitation—and besides, it will be observed that it was not the utterers of the impolite language who made the profit, but he against whom it was directed.

Our language shows what we are. It was all very well for a distinguished man to say once that "Tongues are given us to conceal our thoughts." Now and again tongues may be made available for this purpose, but as a general rule, in a girl's words you can read her mind. A rude address—a rude mind; gentle words—gentle thoughts. Politeness cannot dispense with good qualities in our hearts, and to have our language as it ought to be, we must ourselves be as we ought to be.

A great recommendation of politeness is, that it costs nothing. No girl need neglect it because times are hard, and she finds herself with an empty pocket. From this point of view it is one of the most surprising investments known.

"There is no policy," says Lord Lytton, "like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name, or to supply the want of it." It makes a quick impression, and secures many a favour. How much we feel inclined to do for polite people, whereas those who are uncivil never get willing service from anybody. Courteous greetings, civil answers, "Kindly do this," and "Kindly do that," seem trifles hardly worth speaking about, but what an unhappy world it would be without them.

It is a common observation that the most successful shops are conducted on the lines suggested by the old Quaker we have mentioned. The uncommonly civil apothecary, however, who used to put on his mixtures, "To be taken twice a day (if you please)," rather ran the thing to death.

The perfection of polite language is shown in an anecdote told by a traveller in the East. He had taken a parting cup of coffee with the postmaster of Pella when he had the misfortune to set his foot on a handsome pipe-bowl. Crash went the bowl. The Mohammedan sat unmoved.

The traveller apologised.

"The breaking of such a pipe-bowl," said the postmaster, "would indeed, under ordinary circumstances, be disagreeable, but in a friend every action has its charms."

Some people appear to be as different as possible from this Oriental postmaster, and to take a positive pleasure in being rude. They perhaps think it shows their independence, though it really indicates nothing so much as their vulgarity. They pride themselves on being frank and saying whatever comes uppermost. Frankness certainly is charming, but with well-trained people nothing comes uppermost but courtesy. Uncourteous thoughts—and we all have uncourteous thoughts sometimes—never rise to the top, and so never find expression.

"Nothing is more silly," says a well-known writer, "than the delight some people take in speaking their mind. A girl of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, quite as innocent, might have preserved her friend or made her fortune."

Rudeness is a way some have of showing their importance. They act as if they thought that being a little above others in the world entitled them to do and say what they please. This is more the fault of people who have risen from nothing than of those who have been long accustomed to good society. If Napoleon Bonaparte had been a royal personage by birth, he would likely enough have been better bred than to go about his Court, as he did, saying to the ladies, "How red your elbows are!" "What an ugly headdress you have got!" "Do you never change your gown: I have seen you in that twenty times!"—and so on. He was very different from the monarch of the polite stamp, who, when approaching his latter end, raised his head, and begged his courtiers would kindly excuse his taking such a long time to die!

The famous Dr. Johnson was a notable example of rudeness, and but for his great powers of mind—not to speak of other praiseworthy qualities—and the fact that society in his day was of a coarser texture than it is in our time, he would have been allowed to keep company with himself alone. Certainly he would not be tolerated nowadays. Even as it was he got the cold shoulder in some quarters. When asked why he was not invited out to dine, as Garrick was, he answered, as if it were a triumph for him, "Because great lords and ladies don't like to have their mouths stopped."

"Who does like," says Northcote, commenting on this remark, "to have his mouth stopped? Did he, more than others?"

We saw a writer the other day describing him as an old bear who was "privileged in rudeness"—as if anyone ought to be privileged in rudeness. No matter what may be one's talents or position, the only suitable garb is courtesy.

"The turn of a sentence," remarks Bentham, "has decided the fate of many a friendship. So when one is tempted either to write or speak a clever but sharp thing, though it may be difficult to restrain it, it is always better to leave it unexpressed." An unkind word may check the dearest love, and the misery of a life be caused by a rude observation.

Polite language pays better in our own homes than anywhere else. The return is not in money, but in love and happiness, which surely is good payment. Begin then, girls, with politeness at home. Courtesy to strangers may leave its mark in a cash account, and entitle us in other ways to be called successful people, but what is that compared to the reward to be met with by a joyous fireside?

The "You're a goose" and "You're another" style of conversation is common in some families; as if the familiarity of the domestic circle were a sufficient excuse for rudeness. But by really well-bred people there is as much politeness shown at home as abroad; intimacy with them may do away with formality, but never with politeness.

There is a danger to which—seeing its influence in making things happy all round—the polite are liable. They may allow their politeness to acquire more or less the character of flattery and insincerity. But a sensible girl will avoid this: her polite language will come always direct from a truthful heart, for it is only then that it deserves, or is at all likely to be, a profitable investment.

JAMES MASON.

BASKET-MAKING.

PART II.

WE left our garden-basket with a "wail" waiting for its border, and as the border is the most difficult part of the basket, we will put the simplest border to this first basket. The "four-border" is the easiest, and is the border commonly seen round the tops of hampers or any baskets which don't require elaborate finishing.

Soak your basket well for an hour or two before you attempt the border; then when it is thoroughly wet, and the rods are not likely to kink, you can begin your border. You work with the uprights, and unless you break some of them, you won't require any fresh rods; but it is as well to have a few soaked in readiness, for accidents will happen even to the best basket-makers.

Now lay down three uprights towards the front of your basket, pull them down firmly, and don't let them kink; work from left to right; call the first upright you lay down *a*, and the second—the one to your right—*b*, the third *c*, and so on.

Take a fourth upright, to be called *d*, and put it *behind* the two next uprights; pull it out in front of the basket; now take *a* and pass it in front of *e* and *f* and behind *g*, bringing it into the front again, between *g* and *h*. You will be glad to hear *a* is now finished with altogether; he is out of the game, and would puzzle the tyro less if he could be cut off at once, instead of leaving him to the end of the border, as basket-makers do. But as this must not be done, push the tip of *a* through the basket anywhere, just to show you he is done with.

Now take *d*, pass him in front of *h* and *i*—forgive the bad grammar—and pass him behind *j*, bringing him out between *j* and *k*.

Lay down *e*, this time towards the back of the basket, pass it behind *f* and *g*, and in front of *h*.

Take *b*, pass it along in front of the basket past the two next uprights *f* and *g*, and behind *h*, push the tip through the basket to show you have now finished with *b*, and take *e*, pass it behind *i* and *j* and in front of *k*.

Then lay down *f*, pass it behind *g* and *h* and in front of *i*; go back for *c*, pass it along in front of *g* and *h* and behind *i*, bring it to the front between *i* and *j*, and push the tip into the wicker-work—for *c* is now finished with.

Every time you lay down a fresh upright, you leave off working with another upright; you never work with more than four at a time in a "four-border;" when you lay down *e*, *a* falls out, when you lay down *f*, *b* falls out, and so on all round the border.

You continue working in the above way all round the basket; you will probably have "caught the stroke," as basket-makers say, before you have finished, and then it will not seem so puzzling.

The finishing-off is simple; when you lay down your last upright, you cut off the tip, leaving about three or four inches, and slipe this off and push it down between the stakes; do this to the other three you are working with, pushing them down between the stakes; it does not much matter where, so long as you don't put them all together, and you finish off neatly.

You then go round the basket with your knife, cutting off quite close to the border all the rods you have left waiting to be cut off. You must leave them to the end, puzzling as they are, or the border would not be firm; but if you push them into the basket, as suggested above, they won't trouble you much; if you leave them loose, you are puzzled to know which to use next.

The "seven-border" is worked in the same way as the four, only you lay down six uprights at the beginning instead of three; it would look very puzzling described on paper, but it is not really much more difficult than the "four-border;" it is better, though, to get into the way of doing the simplest border first, before attempting the more complicated.

For fancy borders, it would be a good plan to take a lesson of a basket-maker, as it is easy to show how to do a fancy-border, but exceedingly difficult to make it clear on paper.

The garden-basket now wants a handle, and for this you must use the bodkin; for the handles of amateur basket-makers are apt to come out. Choose three moderately stout rods, soak them well, slipe off the butts, and with the bodkin push them well down, nearly to the bottom of the basket, through the border and between the stakes; then plait them together in the ordinary three plait, till your handle is the length you wish; cut off the tips leaving a good three inches to push into the basket with the bodkin on the opposite side of our round and rather flat garden-basket. This basket might be made an oval shape instead of round if the bottom were oval, but it is prettier in the round shape, and can be used for fruit or flowers.

The French *hotte*, such as is worn on the back by the Swiss peasants to carry wood, etc., is a very pretty, useful basket, not at all difficult to make; in fact, it is much easier than English baskets, because it does not require any tying the slart, as the bottom is of wood.

Any carpenter could cut out the wooden bottom shown at Fig. 1; a flat piece of wood about four inches square rounded off into this shape is all that is required for the bottom of a *hotte*.

It must have 19 holes perforated in it as in the diagram, to hold the uprights. Now take 19 good-sized rods, slipe off the butts, and push one through each hole till you have set

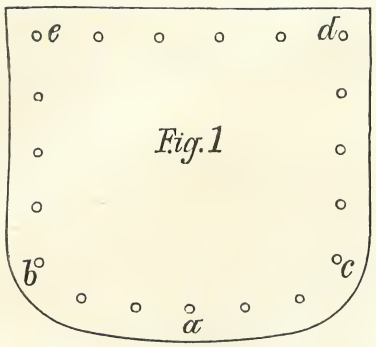


Fig. 1

up the 19. You will find this a very easy process, much less upsetting than the other upset. Let the sliped end come well through the bottom; after the basket is finished, these sliped bits must be cut off, or the basket will not stand firm.

A drop of glue into each hole would make the basket stronger; for the weak part of a *hotte* is the bottom, which is apt to come off if a heavy weight is put into the basket: and in England these *hottes* are generally used to hold logs of wood for the fire. The logs should never be carried in the basket; it is not strong enough to carry them; it should stand by the side of the fireplace—where it is a pretty-looking object—and the wood be placed inside it.

When the uprights are firmly fitted, make a "wail" round the bottom with rods as you did in the garden-basket; then use skeins for the weaving, taking care they are well soaked. Do about 18 rows of plain weaving, in and out; when you finish one skein, take another and piece it on, always using the end of the old skein and the beginning of the new together for one or two strokes. Throw the skein in with your left thumb, and bring it out with the index and middle finger of your right hand.

When the 18 rows are finished, take two extra rods, slipe the butts, and push one in on each side of the rod which springs from the hole marked *a* in the diagram; go on skeining till you come round the basket to the hole marked *b*, then take two more rods and insert them one on each side of the upright in this hole; weave on till you come to the opposite corner *c*, here insert two more rods, and go on weaving till you get to *d*; put in two here; weave on to *e* and insert two more there.

The object of this is to form the shape of the basket; and for the rest of the time you are working the skeins you must constantly keep pulling the rods well and evenly apart—trying to get a pretty shape.

The back of the basket, which is the straight side of the wooden bottom, should be kept quite flat, the front part pulled well forward towards you as you work.

This is the profile view of the shape to be aimed at; to get it you must keep the rods well apart, more and more so the nearer you get to the top of the *hotte*.

Fig. 3 shows the way the inserted rods *b* and *c* are to be put in at the places indicated above. It will easily be seen that the desired shape can be given by pulling these rods apart.

Much of the elegance of the *hotte* depends on the way the rods are managed; it is the only difficulty in the *hotte*; and it really is not at all difficult—it only wants a little nicety. Care should be taken to keep the rods even and at equal distances from each other, only let those distances be wider as you advance to the top.

About 60 rows of skeining after you have inserted your rods will be enough to bring you to the top of the basket. Then do a "wail" all round and finish off with Fig. 4 border.

For the handle, take a very supple and very wet rod, and twist it round and round and round, holding it in your left hand and twisting with your right till it is reduced to about half its length; push one end through the basket just below the "wail," pull nearly half through, twist the two ends loosely together to form a loose cord for the handle, pull the longer end through the basket about six inches from where you put in the first end, and twist this end back over the handle, cutting it off if too long when it gets to the end of the twisted handle.

The *hotte* here described is a very useful size for holding wood; if made much smaller, these baskets may be painted with Aspinall's paints, and hung on the wall to hold grasses; or they can be stained with oak-stain, or used just as they are; if required for flowers, a small jar can easily be put inside them to hold the water.

They would sell well at bazaars, for they cannot be bought in this country, and their pretty shape and foreign appearance make them saleable.

For baskets requiring an oval bottom, there is an easy method of avoiding the beginner's bugbear, "tying the slart." The bottom can be made without tying in the following way:—

Take six rather stout rods, and cut them off about an inch wider than you want the widest part of the bottom of the basket to be. Place these on the ground in pairs, about two inches apart—thus (Fig. 4); call them the stakes. Then take four whole rods, to be called the horizontals; place the first horizontal across the stakes, putting it over *a*, under *b*, over *c*; place the second horizontal close to it in the same position, only put this rod under *a* and *c* and over *b*; do the same with the third horizontal, placing that over *a* and *c* and under *b*; the fourth horizontal must go under *a* and *c* and over *b*. Now take a piece of rod about 6 inches long, put it just above the first horizontal, with the two ends under *a* and *c* and the centre over *b*.

By the way, the six stakes should be sliped off in the middle to about half their thickness before they are laid down, so as to get the bottom flat. The stakes and horizontals should now be in this position (Fig. 5).

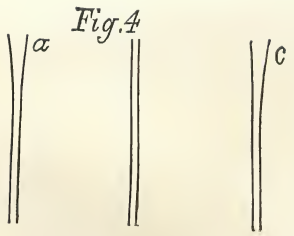


Fig. 4

Now take a fresh rod; put it in under the horizontals at *x*, leaving the butt even with the ends of *a* at *y*, bring it up tight and hard over *a*, under *b*, over *c*, push it down sharply under the horizontals at *z* and bring it up at *o*, bend it over *c*, under *b*, and over *a*; leave it loose to your left at *x*.

Take another rod and go round a second time, beginning at *x*, going over where you went under before, and *vicê versâ*; thus you will go over the four horizontals and *b* this time, under *a* and *c*; do the same with two more rods, putting the third, like the first, under the horizontals and *b*, and the fourth like the second, over the horizontals and *b*.

You will find your stakes and horizontals are now bound together, and will get tighter and tighter as you go on adding row after row.

Now take the first rod you left sticking out at *x*, put it over 4 and 3, put the second sticking-out rod under 4 and 3, cross them over each other between 3 and 2 bringing the second rod up over 2 and 1, and leaving the first under them. This is the ordinary basket stroke described in Part I.; go on round the basket with it, dividing the stakes *a*, *b*, and *c*, and the horizontals between 2 and 3.

Then go round with the other sticking-out rods, this time dividing the horizontals at 3 and 4, and at 1 and 2.

When your rods are used up, piece in fresh ones, and continue working round and round, using the same stroke you did after tying the slart in the round bottom, until the stakes are quite filled up. You then fix in your stakes for the sides as before, working a "wail" before you begin to weave.

The woven wicker bottoms are much more troublesome to do than using a wooden bottom, as in the *hotte*, but they are stronger, and not so liable to come away from the basket; in fact, this is almost impossible with a wicker bottom. The *hotte* would be much stronger with a wicker bottom if it were possible to get the shape; but it is not possible except with a wooden bottom, the size of which must of course vary with the size of the basket.

When once the "strokes" and the "upset," the borders and the bottoms, are mastered, you can copy almost any basket, or make one according to your own taste, of any shape you like. It is nicer work in summer than in winter, because the rods must be used wet; and the basket must be constantly soaked, or the osiers will break and kink. In fact, they should always be soaked for two hours before using.

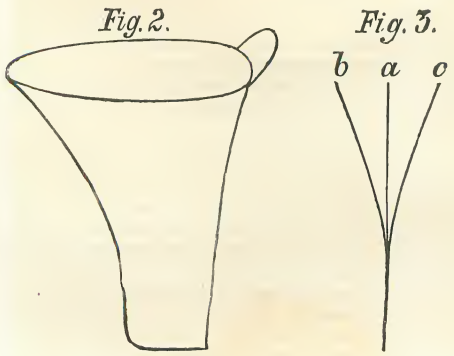


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

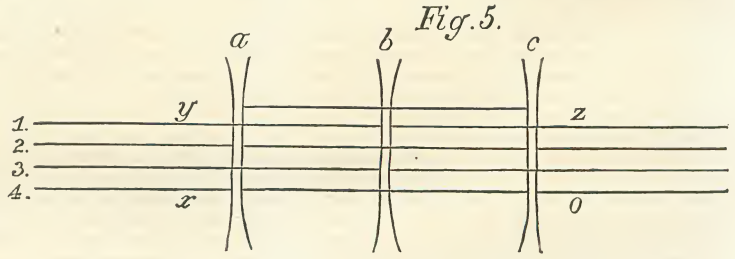


Fig. 5.

MAGAZINE AND BOOK CLUBS, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

Book and magazine clubs are associations formed with the object of buying new books or magazines by adding the members' subscriptions together, so as to constitute a common fund. They were immensely popular about twenty years ago, and did good work in that day; but at present the advance of postal facilities, and the spread of the great circulating libraries, have diminished their usefulness, and they are less needed than they were. Nevertheless, in many parts of the country they are still flourishing, and principally in those places remote from London, and not touched by the railways; and likewise in some of our distant colonies they are in great favour.

They are valuable as enabling one to procure, at a moderate cost, the book wanted; and in the same way to read the best literature at the earliest moment that it is out, if it be desired. They were rarely formed for novel-reading, the aims of their founders being usually of a higher character, and looking towards the best and most solid forms in all branches of art, science, history, and general literature. The kind of books selected would be biographies, essays, philosophy, and poetry; and amongst the authors represented would be Ruskin, Frank Buckland, and Professors Dawson and Tyndall; Whymper and Mrs. Bishop; Tennyson and Longfellow; Thoreau and Richard Jefferies; the Greville Memoirs, Prescott, Motley, and Greene. I have selected these names at random from a list of books shown to me, and should advise the intending secretary of such a club to send for catalogues to Mudie's or Smith's, and thus to get suggestions and ideas—supposing that the members of her club should need them, and have no ideas of their own. A weekly paper, dealing solely with the reviewing of books—such as the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, or the *Literary World*—would be of great value to the members, as well as to the secretary, and would be a means of guiding their choice, and drawing attention to the best of the *new* books of the day.

There are two ways of managing them—the most usual being, I think, a yearly subscription of a guinea or more, and at the end of the year the books are disposed of either amongst the members, or to a second-hand bookseller. This seems to be the general way of conducting magazine clubs; and the magazines are divided by the members at the end of the year.

The other way of managing a book club is to allow each member to choose a book, sending in three names in case of someone's selecting the same volume, the book chiefly desired being marked 1, 2, or 3 on the list, according to the member's taste. The price of each, and the name of the publisher, should also be given. Each person pays for her own volume, and generally is entitled by the rules of the society to have the first reading of the same. A book society is generally got up by some enterprising person in society who does not mind trouble; and on her shoulders fall very often the duties of secretary—a rather onerous post, as unpaid ones are often apt to be. A treasurer also is needed to receive and account for the money; and in some clubs members are restricted in price—not below three shillings, nor above half a guinea. Of course where the books are obtained at a reduction of threepence in the shilling, these prices will secure a more expensive set of books than appears on the surface, or the reduction may be used to cover the cost of postage and letter-writing.

Twenty is a very usual number to form a book club, and each member takes the books she has selected at the end of the year; and the greatest pains are bestowed to preserve the volumes from injury, and keep them clean during the period of their use, so that they may form valuable additions to the library of the future owner. Amongst the most onerous duties of the secretary—unless she be aided by some of the members—is the covering of the books, and pasting into them the names and the rules. The covers are composed of stout brown paper, which no member is allowed to remove, as it is carefully pasted on to preserve the cover and the edges as completely as possible.

When the new books are purchased, a general meeting is held at the house of either the secretary or the treasurer, when the books are inspected and the business of covering is often performed, if there be time to do it carefully. On this occasion each member should pay for his or her book; and if there be a rule to that effect, sixpence also; which small sum is paid by each member towards the expenses of postage, paper, and wrappers. This, as I have also said, may sometimes be paid by the discount obtained on the books when bought. The time for reading each book is a fortnight. Therefore, if you have twenty members in your club, the reading of the twenty books will take nearly ten months. These arrangements all depend on the size of the club; but if too large, the work entailed on the secretary is too much to be pleasant. Members pass the books from one to the other themselves, entering on the list pasted inside the date and name, in order that it may be known that she had incurred no fine by retaining it too long.

I have a dozen lists of different book clubs. The main of them agree as to the amount of fines being fixed at one penny a day for retaining a book too long. The following is a copy of one of them:—

THE WHITEHOUSE BOOK CLUB.

This book to be kept one fortnight only, and to be sent on to the member next on the list.

Name.	When received.	When forwarded.
Mrs. James	Dec. 7th	Dec. 21st
Mrs. Smith	Dec. 21st	..
Mrs. Hall	..	..
Mrs. Clark	..	..
Captain Lane ..	..	..
General Birch ..	..	..
Mr. John Mayen ..	..	..
Mr. Forster	..	..
etc.		

Fines to be entered by the offender on this list, and paid in to Treasurer.

This book, after circulation, is to be retained by General Birch.

The order of circulation is sometimes very puzzling indeed to arrange, and needs time and thought; for members find it more convenient to exchange the nearer they are together, of course; and care should be taken to avoid the expense of carriage on all occasions when possible.

A magazine club is conducted in much the same manner. My half-dozen lists vary one from another, some being mostly reviews, others only magazines ranging from sixpence

to one shilling and sixpence. In most of them the American magazines are included, with two or three half-crown reviews, three shilling magazines, and several sixpenny ones. The members send in a list, which is then voted upon; or each member sends in the name of a review or magazine. The W—— Magazine Club consists of eight members, one guinea a year being the fee paid by each, and one dozen magazines are taken, the price of the twelve being £7—£1 8s. is thus left for postage, etc., as well as the discount taken off the magazines when purchased. The list contains one review, seven sixpenny and three shilling magazines, and two at one and sixpence each. But I only give this as a specimen. I find that it is considered best to have fewer members in a magazine club than in a book society, as the former are circulated oftener and much more trouble is entailed, the magazines being kept only one week. Magazine club rules are a little different. The following come to me from Scotland :—

MAGAZINE CLUB RULES.

To be kept six days—Sundays excepted—and returned to the secretary by the member who last received it. If received any day after Tuesday may be retained till the next Saturday week. Day of transfer for all magazines, Saturday. One penny a day fine if kept beyond six days, unless as above. No fine to exceed sixpence. Any member wishing to see a magazine a second time, to put a cross opposite his or her name on list and apply for it to the secretary on the completion of the circulation. The magazines are allotted by ballot at the end of each year. Subscription £1 1s. yearly.

The list pasted in each magazine.

Names.	Received.	Forwarded.	Sunday.	Fines.

The magazine club may, of course, be much smaller. Indeed, I often find that in the country it takes the shape of two or three ladies arranging to take in a certain magazine each, and exchanging them, when read, with each other. In the case of three ladies, each has a magazine for ten days, and pays for her own. Of course, in this case, *there are no* fines. It has been a little difficult to write so as to make myself understood; but I shall be very glad if my description of these useful little clubs incites any of my readers to start one among their own circles of friends. The magazine club is specially delightful; and now that so many of our best and most able magazines are sold at sixpence, there is no difficulty in the way of those with very slender purses. In the case of families joining, I should recommend a selection of Sunday monthlies being put in; and also that illustrations should be thought of, as young people learn much through them, I think, and through their means take more interest in what they read.

There is no doubt that the newest, freshest work goes into our reviews and magazines to-day; and we shall find our zest in life will be enhanced, and the happiness of our home-circle increased, by the appearance of our monthly visitors in their dresses of blue or yellow, or vested only in sober brown and drab. The advent of all new ideas is calculated to keep us young in thought, and, what is still better, youthful and fresh at heart. So shall our love be larger for all good, and our sympathies wider, with every effort towards the higher ideals of life.

FRAGRANT LEGACIES.

CHAPTER II.

THE CRYSTALLISING OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

THE poetic industry of extracting the sweetness of flowers appeals more especially to the grown-up and refined classes of society; but who among all ages and conditions would refuse or fail to appreciate the products of Mons. Négre's industry if they were given a chance of accepting? In fact, I felt quite mean, as I walked through his factory, when I thought of the thousands of young people who would like to have been in my place.

The fruit which grows in and about Grasse is specially beautiful; some of it will grow only in a warm and clear atmosphere such as obtains here. Among these are the fig, the mandarin orange, the lemon, and the Japanese medlar. These and the commoner kinds are a treat when eaten fresh; but when they have passed into their new form under the hands of Mons. and Madame Négre they are simply irresistible.

In addition to these fruits, incredible as it may seem, the magicians dish up for us *fairy food* such as real violets, orange-flowers, and rose-leaves, which are as agreeable to the taste as, when fresh, to the smell.

For nearly three quarters of a century this firm has been engaged in its charming work, and has gained a reputation not only for the taste and beauty, but for the wholesomeness, of its sweets.

Naturally, the work in this factory is much more simple and easy to describe than the perfumery manufacture of Bruno Court, for the reason that no elaborate machinery is used here, and only two kinds of processes.

The house in which this work of crystallising is carried on is in itself a real curiosity, and well worth seeing. It is entered on one side through a small door in a narrow and sombre street, and one is quite unprepared for the magnificent prospect which opens out to view on the opposite side.

Both fruits and flowers are first of all cooked slowly in sugar and water, the latter being exceptionally good in this district, and helps to give the fruits their delicate, transparent look. They are then slowly cooled off in syrup in order to glaze them; and we noticed that the syrup used for cooking was not available for the process known as glazing.

Passing through the store-room, where a few people were engaged in packing the finished stock for export, we came into the cooking room, or kitchen, as it might really be called, where a low range occupied one end, and the greater portion of the remaining space was taken up by rows and piles of red earthenware pans filled with every variety of fruit, violets, orange-flower, and rose-leaves all cooling down in syrup, and presenting such a tempting display as fairly made one's mouth water.

We asked Madame Négre, who kindly accompanied us, as to the quantities of fruit and flowers consumed by them; but she could give us no information on this point beyond saying that eight or nine thousand kilos of apricots and plums are preserved every season, and about the same quantity of other fruits, such as figs and strawberries, etc., making in all about eighteen thousand kilos, or, roughly speaking, nearly forty thousand pounds.

All fruits must first be cooked, as I have said, slowly in sugar and water; and it is necessary that the sugar be of the very best quality. This being done, the man-cook ladles the fruit slowly out on to a wire netting over a table, where it is carefully examined by girls, who remove every imperfect one, no matter how slight the imperfection, leaving only those without crack or blemish to cool and drain. After this they are glazed or crystallised; and as two syrups are used both for fruits and flowers, the process is somewhat long.

When the glaze is dry, and does not come off on being touched, it is a sign that the fruit is ready for use, and it will be found that in the process to which the fruit has been subjected it has suffered no detriment, the juice has not dried up in the least, neither does the most delicate fruit lose its flavour or brilliancy.

Seeing lovely fruit placed on one side owing, perhaps, to a slight crack in the skin, I wanted to know what became of it, and found it was made into *household jam*, with just the same care and ingredients as are used in the crystallising of the fruit; indeed, so good is it that it is eagerly sought after and bought up.

The manner of cooking violets for eating is slightly different, these being cooked in sugar only; and great care is needed to have the exact quantity of sugar—just so much and no more; then the violets are taken into an adjoining room heated by pipes, where they are left twelve hours on a wire-covered table to drain and crystallise.

These gridiron tables enable the workers to detect in a moment any imperfect specimen, which is at once removed. All the violets are brought in from the environs—that is to say, from the gardens of Grasse, Cannes, Nice, and Bordighera, where the culture of the orange, the rose, and the Parma violet has become a very lucrative industry. The peasant flower-farmers contract to give the firm the same quantity every year.

The sweet chestnut, which grows abundantly in and about Grasse, holds quite a prominent place among the crystallised fruits, and having passed through the transformation scene, is known as *marron glacé*. It requires only three days to arrive at perfection, and the same syrup in which it is cooked serves to crystallise it.

There are no duties in England on these fruits, though there are on alcoholic perfumes such as are produced by Bruno Court. As Madame Négre laughingly said, "*Sugar and fruit* seemed a more natural and pleasing combination than flowers and fat;" and yet we reminded her of the exquisite result of this apparently incongruous blend.

The home of these magicians is, as I have said, quaint and curious enough to set it apart from ordinary houses; and surely the transformation imposed on every flower and fruit that finds its way within its portal is not to be surpassed in any fairy story, and the beauty of it all is, that nothing so transformed loses anything of its beauty and wholesomeness.

Both here and at Bruno Court's success has been obtained, and a reputation made by thoroughness, skill, and patience, urged to the exercise of these qualities by the incessant need of meeting the ever-increasing demands for their stores.

From Cannes to Grasse is but a short railway journey, and a day spent amid its beauty and quaintness, together with a sight of the poetic industries carried on within it, would be a day to remember always. EMMA BREWER.

"RICH GIFTS WAX POOR WHEN GIVERS PROVE UNKIND."—*Hamlet.*

LEGEND OF THE EDELWEISS.

By FAUVETTE.

THIS starlike flower that high in cloudland blows,
Once was a maiden, so the legend goes;
A maid so fair, so pure without, within,
All men did love, yet worthy none to win.
In vain her suitors sued, in vain they sighed,
Until at length, when still unwed, she died.
On mountain top, enthroned mid snow and ice
Transformed to flower, she reigns as edelweiss.
And since alone through toil and bravery,
And upward struggle found this flower may be,
To pluck the edelweiss is to obtain
The noblest love that mortal man may gain,
Since 'tis the type of ideal womanhood—
Of all that is most pure, most beautiful, most good.

A "SPECIALITY."

PART I.

MISS MILLET was in the Monica ward of the Home for Incurables. It was a small room, with only *two beds* in it. Hers was near the window, and protected alike from sun and draughts by a screen, on which were pasted Christmas cards and cuttings from illustrated papers. The screen was so placed just at present that she could look out on to the lawn, and see now and then a chair wheeled by along the gravel path, catching a glimpse of the pale-faced occupant enjoying the fresh spring air. She thought with pleasure that the summer would soon be here, and then she would be able to see quite a deal of life, because the inmates of the Home were glad to pass their time in the open air. She was lonely—more so since the little woman who had occupied the other bed had been carried off by a rich relation who had turned up from abroad, bringing a tender heart and a lively conscience. Miss Millet and she had quarrelled a good deal. Miss Millet was a Baptist, and the little woman very High Church; Mrs. Crash would have turpentine rubbed on her chilblains, and Miss Millet could not endure the smell of turpentine; and besides this, each found fault with the other's taste in caps. Still, it was nice to have someone to talk to, and to be able to grumble about the nurse, and the staleness of the bread, and the inferior quality of the butter. On those topics they had agreed, and for the last two months the abandoned one had felt exceedingly solitary. She was glad to think that since the election the nurse had told her there would be a new occupant of the bed. She wondered very much what she would be like, and hoped that she would be able to move about as Mrs. Crash had done, so as to spend the evenings in the sitting-room occasionally, and bring her back tit-bits of information concerning the doings of the other women, and the latest scandals of the place. Mrs. Crash had had a sharp tongue; but she was amusing, and, but for her habit of sneezing several times when she woke in the morning, a not undesirable room-mate. These sneezes annoyed Miss Millet, because she could never help counting them; she did not want to, but the impulse was irresistible, and sometimes she got quite tired before Mrs. Crash stopped. Besides, she would seem to have stopped and then begin again, and Miss Millet would not be sure if she had left off at twenty or twenty-two. Yet she had missed those sneezes when she was left alone.

After having looked out of the window till her neck ached, she stretched out her hand to the table by her bedside and took up her work. All the lower part of her body was useless, but her hands and arms, though not strong, were capable of action. She employed herself, therefore, in manufacturing little articles in wool-work, which she sold either at the annual bazaar, to visitors to the Home, or to the few friends who retained an interest in her. She soon became wrapped up in her work, though she did not progress very quickly. Her sharp, pale face and heavy-lidded eyes expressed absorption. She was finishing a commission. What she did was a speciality, taught her years ago by a friend who had been to Germany, and now turned to good account. Her choice of colours was not happy, but the articles she manufactured were otherwise pretty. They were trimmings of beads and Shetland wool, to take the place of more perishable lisse or frilling in the necks of dresses, and practice had given Miss Millet some skill in their production. She continued thus to employ herself till the nurse brought her the soup which she had to take for lunch; then she replaced her bag on the table beside the faded photograph in an old frame, which had been with her for the last twenty years, and was all that remained of the romance of Miss Millet's life.

"Mrs. Grote is coming this afternoon," said the nurse.

Miss Millet laid down her spoon. "*Her?*"

"Yes."

"So that's her name? Is she a widow?"

"I suppose so. If she had a husband to support her, I don't imagine she'd be coming here."

"Have you heard what's the matter with her?"

"Rheumatism, I think. I know she is considered a sad case."

"I expect she isn't much worse off than me," said Miss Millet, looking with some complacency at the counterpane which covered the useless members.

Miss Millet enjoyed the proud distinction of being one of the show cases. Everybody who visited the Home was very sorry for her. The extent of her affliction brought compensating circumstances.

"I think I'll have my dressing-jacket with pink ribbons," said Miss Millet, when she had finished her luncheon.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the new comer was carried in and laid on the bed opposite Miss Millet's. When the screen was removed the latter was able to take a good look at her, for she lay quietly with closed eyes, as if lacking the interest to gaze about her. Her feet reached to the end of the bed. She was evidently tall; her face was plump though very white, and she had straggling grey locks; her hands, which lay out on the quilt, were knotted and misshapen, with swollen joints. Her expression was indicative of weariness, physical and mental, yet placid, even sweet. Miss Millet was not displeased with her. She even felt quite drawn to her when, owing perhaps, to the magnetism of her own eyes, those of the stranger opened and met them with a smile.

"Are you pretty comfortable?" enquired Miss Millet, by way of opening a conversation.

"Yes, thank you," said Mrs. Grote, in a gentle voice. "A little tired. I have had a long journey."

"You didn't come alone, surely?"

"No—a friend brought me. She couldn't stop, though; she had to catch the train back—her baby is ill."

"Dear, dear! Anything serious?"

"Oh, I hope not."

"I often think children is best out of the world," remarked Miss Millet.

"It all depends," answered Mrs. Grote, vaguely; and then she closed her eyes again, and Miss Millet surmised that she had had enough conversation for the present.

Tea apparently refreshed her. She began to look about the room, and particularly at the picture above her companion's bed, the screen, and her knick-knacks. "It's bright enough," she remarked then.

"Yes," said Miss Millet; "but there's a sameness."

"Have you been here long?"

"Six years on Monday."

"Oh, you don't say so! What patience you must need. I hope I sha'n't last six years."

"You get used to it," said Miss Millet. "You have to take it—it's the Lord's will."

"That's so," said Mrs. Grote softly. "I hope you and me 'll get along," she added. "It seems to me as if we ought to be good to one another."

"So Mrs. Crash said," answered Miss Millet. "But she ain't never sent me a line, nor so much as a bunch of flowers."

"Who was Mrs. Crash?" enquired Mrs. Grote, and Miss Millet told her.

"No one is likely to come and fetch me out," said Mrs. Grote, when she finished. "I haven't a rich relation in the world."

"You're a widow, I take it?"

"My husband died ten years ago."

"I never married," said Miss Millet. "I usen't to like the prospect of being an old maid, but it don't seem to make much difference when it comes to this."

Mrs. Grote smiled, but there were tears in her patient eyes. "I have been happy," she said.

"It's to be hoped you haven't any children," said Miss Millet, who, though she was blunt, had no intention of being unkind.

Mrs. Grote didn't answer for a minute; then she said, "I only had one."

"Boy or girl was it?"

"A boy."

"I presume——" began Miss Millet tentatively. But Mrs. Grote put an end to her question by saying quickly, "I am all alone now."

"Dear, dear!" said Miss Millet sympathetically; and yet even with her pity there was mingled a sentiment which, though scarcely envy, was not altogether alien to it. She had a good many relations: a sister who was not inattentive, sundry nephews and nieces who occasionally visited her, and an old aunt, who frequently did so because she lived in the neighbourhood. And the only personal grief of which she could speak had been of the nature of a "disappointment" which lacked the dignity of bereavement. She had been for so long the first in her particular line that she could not fail, with her temperament, to resent any encroachment on the part of another. Jealousy was Miss Millet's besetting sin. It had not dropped off her because she was an invalid, and her world was bounded by four walls. Yet she was on the whole pleased with Mrs. Grote. Before a couple of days had passed they had become fairly intimate. Miss Millet was too glad to have someone to talk to not to avail herself of the opportunity of airing her views and asking questions. Mrs. Grote was not inquisitive, but she was willing to be communicative. The two women talked a good deal. Though Mrs. Grote suffered with every movement, and groaned incessantly when she was being washed or dressed, she was always calm, cheerful, and grateful; the nurse liked her, and though her duties were perfunctory, performed them voluntarily. Many of the patients were exacting and irritable; even Miss Millet did not invariably bear in mind that healthy people could be occasionally weary, and active ones find constant motion fatiguing. At the end of the first week she had discovered—for she was both keen and observant—that Mrs. Grote's consideration for the nurse made the latter considerate for her. She had never courted the favour of the attendant, taking all that was done for her as a matter of course; but she did not like the idea of favouritism being shown to Mrs. Grote, and accordingly adopted a gentler disposition towards the nurse herself. She had not desired her affection, but she was not willing that another should be preferred to herself; it therefore now became a thing worth seeking. Mrs. Grote meanwhile was quite unconscious that she was an example or a rival; she continued amiable, modest, and unassuming. It was impossible to find any ground of complaint against her, but one arose at length.

Although Mrs. Grote's fingers were crippled and disfigured by rheumatism they were not useless, and at the end of a week, feeling a little stronger and more capable of employing herself than she had done before, she asked the nurse to fetch her the box containing her work. Miss Millet, who, having executed her commission, had been making a woollen antimacassar of remarkable ugliness as a wedding present for her niece, and was bent upon finishing it that day, did not pay much attention to her companion, until with a sigh of relief she laid down the wooden hooks which always felt so heavy. Then she glanced across to Mrs. Grote's bed. Mrs. Grote had a shawl thrown over her shoulders, and was in a less recumbent position than usual; her fat, somewhat heavy face, was bent over her work; on the board placed before her was a ball of white wool and also a small box, and her awkward hands moved slowly and painfully.

"What are you making?" enquired Miss Millet.

Mrs. Grote looked up. Her cheeks were flushed. "Well, I don't exactly know how to call it," she said. "It's a new sort of work a German lady taught me just before I came here. Its niggling to do, but it's pretty, and she thought I might get rid of some."

"What's it like?" asked Miss Millet. "I'm interested in work."

Mrs. Grote held up about a quarter of a yard of trimming with some pride. "I don't know that you can see it very well from here," she said; "it's a speciality."

Miss Millet grew suddenly red, and pressed her lips close together with vexation. Mrs. Grote's speciality was her own! What was worse, it was a great deal prettier, being of a daintier, lighter pattern, as she discerned even at that distance; and both wool and beads, as she discovered subsequently, were of a superior quality. She said nothing for a minute, being, in fact, too angry to speak.

"Well," said Mrs. Grote, a little disappointed, "don't you like it?"

"Oh, it's well enough," said Miss Millet then; "but there ain't nothing out of the way in it, and it's as old as the hills. Why, I've made it myself this ever so many years."

Mrs. Grote, who, like many meek people, was too easily discouraged, laid down the trimming with a sorrowful expression. "Have you, now?" she said. "I thought it was something quite new."

"Oh, dear me, no!" said Miss Millet with emphasis.

Mrs. Grote gave a little sigh. "Still," she said, "I'll go on with it. It's pretty, and there may be some who haven't seen it, and 'll take a fancy to it. I'd like to get rid of it."

Miss Millet sniffed. "I don't expect you will," she said; "unless you happen to have a regular customer."

"Have you sold any of *yours?*" Mrs. Grote enquired.

"Oh, yes, *I* have. But then of course there's people as knows me. It's unfortunate you're in the same line."

"Yes, it is a pity," agreed Mrs. Grote, in a tone of almost aggravating resignation.

Later on, when the nurse brought their tea, Miss Millet requested to see the work closer. When it was given into her hands she turned it over with great dissatisfaction. It was more delicate and lacier than her own. She pulled out a piece she had made; it was grey, with black beads, and she had manufactured it to go with a black bodice. It looked coarse and unsatisfactory by the side of Mrs. Grote's, which nevertheless was not so much better than her own as her jaundiced imagination would have her believe. She was exceedingly annoyed. To the best of her knowledge there was no one in the Home who made the same things as herself; it was, therefore, more than unfair *not only* that someone should now compete with her in her own acknowledged line, but in addition be established in such close proximity to herself that rivalry appeared inevitable. However, matters did not present themselves in this light to Mrs. Grote. She had not a quick intelligence, and did not look beyond the present moment. To her it was just a slight coincidence, without any important issue. It may be adduced, for Miss Millet's justification, that in her limited life things had naturally lost their just proportions. Mrs. Grote was still fresh from the outside world, and small matters continued to be overshadowed by greater ones. Still, Miss Millet's dissatisfaction and evident contempt for her work depressed her. She had taken pains to master it, and had hopes that, having attained proficiency, her labour might not be altogether in vain. It did not occur to her even yet that her interests might conflict with those of Miss Millet, and she was at a loss to understand the reason of that lady's snappiness of manner. A very few days after, no more allusion having been made to the work, and Mrs. Grote having continued hers with unabated diligence, though with perhaps a little less fervour, two ladies came to visit the Home. One of the first rooms into which they were taken was the Monica ward. Mrs. Grote's bed and that of Miss Millet were almost opposite to one another, but on entering, since the former faced the door, it seemed natural to pause first at that, and say a few words to its occupant, whose raised eyes met theirs. Mrs. Grote had no wish to

attract either attention or pity. Her affliction served to increase a natural diffidence and shyness, and she shrank from answering questions addressed to her by strangers, though in the case of a fellow-sufferer like Miss Millet a mutual sympathy outweighed this sentiment.

Miss Millet watched her now with an uncompromising expression. Usually, visitors came straight to *her*, and deposited on her bed some of the flowers they had brought to distribute, or had a little talk to her, impressed and tender-hearted; for the Monica ward was not far from the entrance hall, and those who entered the Home for the first time had not become used to the sight of suffering. She was vexed to see these ladies proceed so unhesitatingly to Mrs. Grote. They talked to her for a little while, pleased with her deferential manner and the sweetness which could not fail to make her attractive; then, in answer to a question as to how she employed herself, she produced the trimming on which she had been engaged. They had not seen anything like it before, and partly because they admired it, but more out of charity, ordered her to make some against the time they came again. Then leaving her, flushed and grateful and happy, they moved across to Miss Millet.

"Oh, you do this sort of work too!" said one of the ladies smiling, as she regarded the strip of it which lay on the quilt. "It is certainly pretty, and so clever of you to manage it." But she did not feel called upon to order any more, and so the praise alone was very unsatisfactory to poor Miss Millet, who, moreover, was not able to dissemble her annoyance.

"Isn't it lovely, my dear?" said Mrs. Grote unsuspectingly, as the door closed behind the visitors. "They want me to do five shillings' worth, and they said they'd speak about me to some friends of theirs."

Miss Millet tossed her head. "It isn't everybody as 'd enjoy taking the bread out of other people's mouths," she said.

"What *do* you mean?" began Mrs. Grote, surprised; and then, as a light dawned upon her, she cried in genuine distress, "Oh, my dear! do you think they'd have had it of *you* if I hadn't been here?"

"It doesn't require much sense to see that, I should imagine."

"Oh, dear—I am sorry! I never thought of coming in your way. Well, you do it—do. It won't matter to them as long as they get the trimming."

"Oh," said poor Miss Millet proudly, her nose in the air, "don't think I'm *that* sort of a person, Mrs. Grote! I'm not so much in need of money as all that comes to, by any means. And *I* don't deprive others just to get things myself."

Mrs. Grote feeling snubbed, bit her lips and kept silent, but the tears rose to her eyes. As on the occasion when she had shown her the work, Miss Millet had taken the sweetness out of her small joy.

But Miss Millet herself was more to be pitied. There are good people in the world, who, innocent of any such intention, bring out the bad in us, and place us in an unfavourable light before ourselves. Mrs. Grote had this effect on her companion, who could not forgive it her. Before her arrival Miss Millet had not had anything special to try her, and had therefore been, on the whole, good-tempered and pleasant. In spite of her great affliction she found it easier to be good in the Home than in the outside world; for one of the compensating circumstances in such a lot as hers is, that a person is spared the many frictions and jars of daily life, which are so much harder to bear than troubles. Therefore it was that, to one of her disposition, the little preferences which were shown, or which she imagined were shown, to the new comer, created a mental disturbance of a peculiarly irritating character. As she lay in her bed, unable to vent her feelings in action or to get rid of them by occupation, it was positive pain to her to watch the object of her jealousy, especially when the latter was engaged in the work which Miss Millet had come to regard as her speciality.

(*To be concluded.*)

BY ATLANTIC BAYS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

A TOUR IN THREE CHAPTERS.

By EDITH E. SMYTH.

CHAPTER II.

LETTERFRACK AND LEENANE.

HAVING written some commendatory words in the visitors' book, we prepared to leave Mullarkey's Hotel. A tip to Pat produced exceedingly suave manners on his part; to make easy the ascent to the car, he brought out a red-cushioned chair, which was not improved by a muddy boot's impression left on it. He also secured for us the seats we desired. There was a difficulty about the disposing of the passengers, too many wishing for the side which would give the best view. The driver had to remonstrate, saying he feared the car would upset—of course equilibrium must be observed. However, the appearance of additional passengers allowed those who were most eager about the view to secure the places they desired. A stout, rather loud Englishwoman beside me invaded somewhat my rights of room. She and her friends had travelled by the night car from Galway—a wonderful journey it must have been for her in the hours of darkness, driving along the lonely roads, elevated on such a vehicle for the first time. It had evidently made an impression on her; she spoke of writing a book, to be entitled *At Night with Her Majesty's Mails in Connemara*. I guess the production will never get further than the title.

The drive from Clifden to Westport is considered one of the finest in Ireland. We found it picturesque in the extreme; mountain and water give a rich diversity of view. The Twelve Pins of Connemara, the highest owning an altitude of 2,396 feet, offer a succession of ever-varying mountain landscapes.

The juvenile inhabitants of the country reveal themselves to the travellers, groups of barefooted and bareheaded children starting up every now and then to run after the cars in order to extract alms. Their appeal is generally a silent one; and even when supplied with what they desire, their thanks, if rendered, were inaudible. Bareness of foot decidedly promotes fleetness; and a large amount of persistency was manifested in some instances, especially by one very little girl, who must have followed us for a couple of miles. Possessed of excellent lungs and heart, she ran and ran over the lonely road, and either at the start or the finish of her race must have been a long way from home. The passengers' pennies and goodwill had been spent on other claimants. A member of the stout lady's party, seemingly provoked with her persistency, handed us her umbrella, directing us to knock the hand by which she was holding the car; but we declined. Possibly, seeing we disapproved of administering such correction, she accounted for her idea by representing that it would be better for the child.

Our driver kept constantly reiterating to his horses, "Pull up—pull up!" (pronouncing the vowel as in Mull). He had no desire for them to stop when he said this; it was his strange way of urging them to go on.

We got off the car at Letterfrack. Casson's Hotel—now kept by O'Grady—a two-storied building with six windows running along it, took us in, and proved comfortable quarters. We subsequently heard that it had been set going in good style by the late proprietor's wife, a Cumberland woman (John Bull's family is better at hotel-keeping than Paddy's). It possessed both dining and drawing room, and our bedroom had nice modern furniture. A good dish of green peas appeared at dinner: we found reason afterwards to remember them, for the nice summer vegetables proved very rare along our route.

Letterfrack is a village situated at the head of one of the many creeks of Connemara. A run down the grassy hill at the back of the hotel takes one quickly to the bay, where fishing and bathing can be had. Yellow sea-weed fringed the shore. The colour of this sea-weed is considered a feature of beauty in the landscapes where it occurs. Sometimes it seemed so, especially when the water was looking very blue. The taste of the sea-weed was very little salt—not at all so strong as what is found on the open sea-shore.

Letterfrack is a centre for various excursions. The Diamond Mountain stands out prominently ready for an ascent: we heard that a lady starting from the hotel had reached its top in an hour and a quarter. We were shown the diamond crystals found there; but it is not thought desirable to have them about the hotel, as they prove an incentive to the inscription of the windows. Other mountains fill up the views, and but few individuals would be of the opinion of one of the hotel housemaids, who, we were told, not liking the mountains, had stood looking out, saying, "Shocking! Shocking!" When assured that people came on purpose to see the country, she had replied, "It must be to see its ugliness!" The housemaid occupying her place during the time of our visit was presumably of a different way of thinking. She had been at Killarney for some seasons, taking a situation in Dublin in the winter; "so I get changes like the ladies"—thus she supplemented her narration.

A few miles' distant from Letterfrack is Kylemore, Mr. Mitchell Henry's beautiful place; it may be called an enchanted spot. Cultivation has seized on what must always have been grand, and added loveliness to the grandeur. The castellated house stands on

the shore of the lake; behind it rises the mountain, the base of which has been extensively planted, while other mountains gird in the exquisite scene. On the inevitable outside car—a vehicle much appreciated by us—we visited this lovely place.

As we were driving along our nerves were suddenly called upon to sustain a slight shock, and our vision was concentrated on what we had not intended to see. Along the narrow road, a few yards in front of us, a fine pair of horses were all in a moment brought to a stop by the turning over of the large brake to which they were harnessed. We were startled; their driver, thrown off his box, must have been more startled; and the horses themselves were probably most of all startled. They evinced their feelings by a certain amount of kicking and plunging. We feared what the consequences might be, and had no fancy for our animal to join their game. Happily, it showed no desire to do so, and was philosophically content to make a pause in its course, and nibble the grass by the wayside, while our young charioteer dismounted and ran on to see if he could render aid. He returned to us with the good news that there was no further harm done than the pole of the brake broken; the coachman had wonderfully escaped injury. We saw ourselves that the horses had been quickly quieted. The brake had been empty. So we continued our drive. Whether on his own prompting, or at the request of the coachman, our driver, after we had gone some distance, ran up to a cottage and there procured a rope; but when we returned to the scene of the disaster, it was not needed—coachman, brake, and horses were all gone. At a short distance from Kylemore House stands its church, situated likewise on the shore of the lake. A look into its interior showed seats somewhat resembling sofas, with rather straight, padded backs; pretty clustered columns of marble were on each side of the windows, which contained no coloured but only opaque glass. Rain coming on heavily, we shortened our visit to the gardens, which are extensive and looked well.

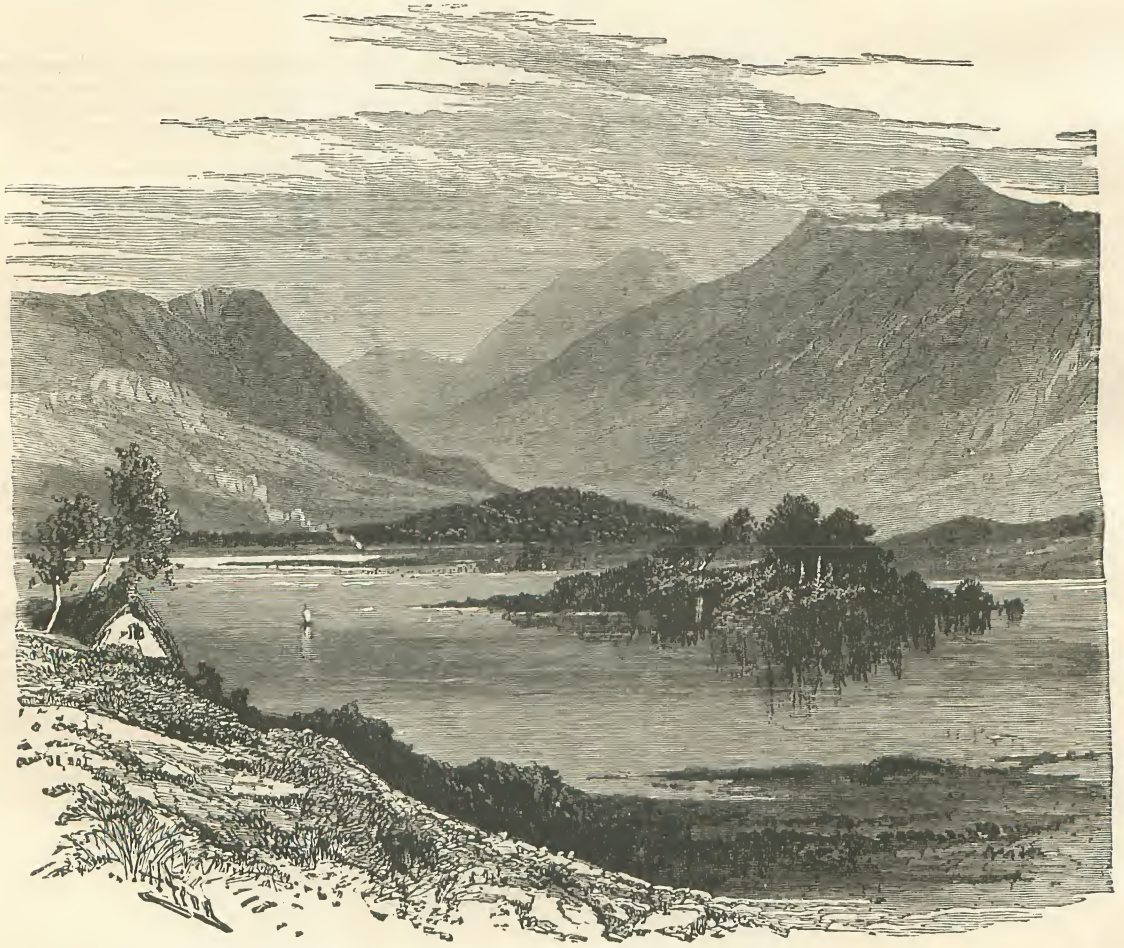
Another drive took us to Renvyle over a remarkably rough road: for part of the way a new road was in course of construction. Renvyle has a little celebrity of its own in being the residence of a once boycotted family, who, in the necessitous times which have of late years come upon them, have turned it into an hotel. The appearance of the house somewhat surprised us. It is a quaint, old-fashioned-looking place, long and low, tiled all over, possessing very small windows and very large chimney stacks, these latter furnished in proportion to their size with remarkably few chimney crocks. It stands quite near the sea. We dismounted and walked on to the shore. A nice fresh sea and many little islands looked pleasant and inviting; and what health-giving breezes must blow in off the Atlantic on such a shore, with no city drainage and no polluted rivers disgorging their defilement!

Letterfrack, small place as it is, in addition to a large Roman Catholic industrial school, contains a little industry of its own—a basket-factory having been set up by a Miss Sturge, an enterprising English lady. For it, as well as for her own residence, an iron house was being put up, consisting of seven apartments. In the ground about osiers had been planted. Pending the erection of the house her boys carry on work in premises adjoining the hotel, where we paid them a visit, and saw them busy with their osiers steeping in large pails of water before them. It struck me as curious that all eight of them worked with their caps or hats on their heads; the loft did not seem particularly airy to me. At first there had been a difficulty about a punctual appearance for their work, their cottages not possessing clocks; so it was decided that a part of their pay should be used for the purchase of time-keepers. However, a Government official visiting that district had made a presentation of the clocks, which had excited great admiration.

The boys are paid from the time they begin to work; they would not be willing to serve an apprenticeship. At the start of the work a Frenchman was procured to teach them the trade. He failed to learn English, but the boys proved quicker at picking up his French. Yet he had, in one tongue or another, managed to express the language of love to a Connaught girl, whom he had married. He had subsequently departed to America. The baskets are made in French fashion on wooden blocks, so a new block has to be made for each new basket pattern. We saw a great variety of patterns. Miss Sturge was in hopes of exporting her wares to America. A hundred baskets had been despatched to Philadelphia, but the question of the duty charges made the success of this trading doubtful.

Fuchsias in Letterfrack are wonderful, skirting the road in a long hedge, and showing large and beautiful blossoms. We were told of wild raspberries, but we did not happen to go in their direction.

Pleasant people were at the little hotel, amongst them a family party from Surrey—father, mother, and three nice children. We had another meeting with the old English clergyman and his wife, as they appeared on their way to Renvyle. On his entering the



THE PINS OF CONNEMARA.

KYLEMORE.

drawing-room he immediately began to look at the pictures on the wall. Noticing a little water-colour sketch of the Golden Horn, observing likewise some old coloured prints, he remarked that some of such were becoming valuable. While in his company at Clifden we had found he was artist as well as divine.

When we left Letterfrack a very beautiful drive conveyed us to Leenane, one lovely view after another almost bewildering one's sight and memory, mountain, and lake, and bay coming before one in such quick succession, that one fails to stereotype any particular landscape, but instead thereof, carries away a sense of having been conducted through a wonderful picture-gallery of nature, wherein were many many points where one might have stopped, and studied, and admired.

Muilrea, the highest mountain, claims 2,680 feet. Connemara justifies the meaning of its name—bays of the sea. Wild and desolate-looking part of the country we passed was: bog-land occupied not a small part. The pretty, silky bog-cotton attracted a Manchester man to gather some specimens; another passenger secured a splendid *Osmunda regalis*. The purple loose-strife and wild white spiræa we often observed growing together, and very pretty they looked. West of Ireland cabins have been so often described that I need only mention that they are still to be seen, apparently untouched by the march of civilisation, and still, small as they are, hospitably give shelter to the pigs and fowls of the family.

The beautiful surroundings of Leenane make McKeown's Hotel, on the shore of Killery Harbour, a favourite stopping-place. Passengers like the look of it: sometimes they are turned away for want of room. We had written beforehand, engaging beds. Later arrivals on the same day had to content themselves with a putting up at night in the drawing-room. A description, written while seated at one of the hotel windows, will best convey an idea of what was to be seen—like a lake lie the waters of the beautiful Killery Harbour in front of the hotel; a brown-grey the waters are this morning. On the opposite side, at no far distance, rises up from the edge of the shore a steep green mountain. A cloud lowers over its top, making doubtful its true outline; on a clearer day another mountain summit appears darkly over it, but now no trace of it is visible. Fissures run down the mountain slope—the tracks of streams. The rain of yesterday having filled some of these, white lines show themselves amongst the green grass as delicate little waterfalls. Where the mountain slopes down to the right, a more distant height rises a soft green-grey in its greater distance. Going on from it, still to the right, one's eye gains the nearer ascent of another hill steep enough to be picturesque, but a modest altitude compared to the lofty elevation of the "Devil's Mother," rising darkly behind it. Sometimes the sun shines brightly, and bestows colour and light on the lovely bay and its surrounding. But grey days are not uncommon in the west of Ireland; thick misting rain now comes on, and clouds and hides away what is at other times so fair.

The hotel being full, there were two *table d'hôte* dinners every day, one at seven, the other at eight. This arrangement, as well as dividing the number of the guests, also suited the fishers, some of whom, going off to a considerable distance to pursue their sport, liked as long a day as possible. Fishing is what takes most men to the west, and it now attracts a few ladies thither likewise. It forms a rather frequent subject of conversation. One felt quite in the running when able to recall and allude to experiences of mackerel fishing. On being asked how they were caught, the reply, "We fished for them with a line and spinner," met the remark, "Only one could be got at a time that way." Rightly then a rejoinder was given by a listener, that several lines could be kept out of one boat. An elderly gentleman, said to have been a sea-captain, made a good catch of a fine salmon.

Mr. McKeown contemplated an enlargement of his hotel, though it held a good many. At the seven o'clock *table d'hôte* one evening we were twenty in number. The McKeown family, in addition to the hotel, keep a shop and the post-office, all three in the one block of building. A wonderful variety of articles appears in the shop-window. At Leenane there is no telegraph office; I was consequently glad that I had made use of the office at Letterfrack to get some information I wanted. The village of Leenane stands a little further up the bay than the hotel. The air at Letterfrack seemed fresher and more bracing than at Leenane. It is said that an eminent Dublin physician, whose opinion was thought much of many years ago, highly recommended Leenane for consumptives. It is just the place that would have been thought suitable for them until the more modern theories of fresh air and plenty of it were advocated.

When a wet day occurs at Leenane the arrival of the Clifden and Westport cars is the great event. Passengers and luggage change, and the hotel is the lunching-ground. We had one day's unceasing rain and mist. Most of the visitors stayed indoors: a few ventured out, and got pretty wet in consequence. One young lady spent a good part of the day copying in water-colour an oil picture of Leenane, which she had discovered hanging on a bedroom wall. She was a little body, with a good deal of go in her—a bright girl, though not at all handsome. She had a cousin who possessed beautiful teeth, and a grand crop of dark-brown hair. They and their party afforded some music, piano and banjo playing, and some singing. They also, with some others, had some evening games; the one in which pictures are drawn at the head of sheets of paper, and lines of verse, one by one, appended, evoked a good deal of merriment, as did also the game of "Authors."

An English mother and her son were amongst the guests. They were interested in botanical specimens. Their stay in the west had contributed some additions for their collection of wild-flowers. She had all a mother's fondness for her son, a youth apparently about seventeen. She confided to me how, to interest him, she had taken to botany several years before. She had used John's book, and had found the study easy. I fancy the son had got to the restive age; he evidently enjoyed being asked by a gentleman to fish. The hotel is provided with a smoking-room, so some of the gentlemen visitors show themselves to the ladies only at meal-times.

(*To be concluded.*)

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The predictions of Mr. Cutclose were speedily fulfilled. Janet and her mother could only obtain a supply of fuel and food to last over Sunday by parting with two or three household articles for the merest trifle. They could ill be spared from the barely-furnished home; but necessity has no law. Only, when articles are sold from necessity, the price realised is sure to be the smallest possible. Need has so many ways of pinching its victims.

Janet feared alike to spend and to spare. Should no work be obtained, their home would soon be stripped of bare necessaries; and work might come too late, for she could hardly hope that the sewing-machine would be left with them much longer, as the overdue hire was daily increasing in amount.

Janet was young, and had a healthy appetite. The simplest food sufficed for her; but enough bare bread was needed to sustain her strength and keep her fit for work, if work could be obtained. Yet she was afraid to eat sufficient for to-day lest she should pay for it by hunger on the morrow. She dreaded still more for her mother. How could she spare, instead of spending the very last coin, when she felt that to Mrs. Boothroyd nourishing food was a necessity of her very existence?

"It is a matter of life or death to my poor mother. She has no appetite for coarse food, and how am I to get what will tempt her to eat? Feeble in body, harassed with anxiety, nothing to cheer, no comfort in the present, no hope for the future. This is how my darling mother feels, and far above and beyond all that concerns herself is her fear on my account. Well may she be anxious. If she were to die, the whole world would be empty for me."

After these thoughts Janet felt almost reckless in the spending of the little money available; but even the better food was almost untasted, though she used her utmost skill in its preparation.

Mrs. Boothroyd noticed the pained look on her daughter's face, and the tears, which the girl strove to hide by turning quickly away, when she found that her efforts to tempt the invalid's appetite had proved vain.

"Do not grieve, my darling," she pleaded. "You know people are sometimes too tired to eat much. They have to rest awhile, and then the desire for food comes back again. I think this is my case. I am weak and weary, and rest is my best medicine just now. You were right in making me stay in bed, though I am sorry to keep you in from church all the day. The service, as we occupy our quiet corner together, takes us away once in the week from the toil and cares of the other six days. I shall be safe here whilst you go, Janet; and though we shall be under different roofs our prayers will ascend together, for we shall both be in our Father's presence."

"I will not leave you, mother—I dare not," said Janet. "My place is beside you, and, though we are but two, we are enough to claim the fulfilment of the promise, 'There will I be in the midst.' But oh! mother, I am afraid, though bodily toil may cease on Sundays, cares and fears for the morrow, which are still harder to endure, will not be shut out. Do they not come to you even in church, mother? They do to me; and I feel so ashamed and sorry when, instead of thanking God for the peace and privileges I enjoy in His house, my mind is busy with questions as to the trials which the morning will bring, and the uncertainty even of the daily bread for which I have been asking."

"I must plead guilty to the same wandering thoughts, my darling," replied Mrs. Boothroyd. "And yet we have never been without bread, though we have more than once obtained it by sacrificing what we could ill spare in order to find money to buy it. Surely this is the dark hour before the dawning. We must not give up our trust, Janet, even though our faith is sorely tried."

Through the poor mother's mind a series of pictures passed rapidly whilst she tried to speak encouraging words. She seemed to see the home of her youth, where she had been the object of unvarying love as the only child of the house. Then her happy married life passed before her mental vision. Through all its blessed years she had been hedged round from trial in every shape by the strong arm, the wise head, the true heart, of a devoted husband. His care and foresight had followed her into the days of her widowhood, and he had died believing that no rough breath of need or hardship could ever touch her or Janet, and that he had secured not only a competence, but a luxurious home and abundant means to both. His only mistake had been the trusting entirely to one man whom he loved as a brother, and who had robbed the widow and orphan in return for this confiding affection.

Mrs. Boothroyd was now greatly saddened by the thought that from this point she had been to blame. In the first days of the reverse of fortune which came upon her and Janet, she had been only anxious to hide from those with whom she had been intimately associated in former happy times. Now she said to herself, "If I had not been so proud, I might surely have kept some friends to whom I might have looked for help and kindness. I was too much ashamed of the poverty which had nothing of dishonour connected with it. My child and I were the innocent victims of fraud and misplaced confidence. We had no cause to hide, as if poverty and shame were inseparable. I can see more clearly into my own heart than I did then. There was no little selfishness mingled with pride in the course I took. I wanted to spare myself from being an object of pity, because I could no longer live in the style and with the surroundings to which I had been accustomed through my whole life. I ought to have borne any humiliation rather than to have risked the life of toil and isolation which has taken all the brightness and hopefulness from Janet's youth, and risked the chance of leaving her friendless to a cold and cruel world. And she is so beautiful! I used to look with pride and joy at her sweet face, and mark how from her very babyhood each year developed some new grace of form, feature, or expression. Thank God! the outward beauty of my child is as nothing to that of her mind and character! But the first is a dangerous dowry for a lonely girl, and I feel that she will soon be deprived even of the poor support and protection that I have been to her. I must take the one step possible in order to find her another guardian. I promised her father that nothing but the direst need should ever induce me to write to Edwin Boothroyd; but surely that time of need has come. My husband would absolve me from the promise I made him so long ago, if he could know all we have gone through, and the dark future which looms ahead."

Janet's thoughts, though unlike her mother's, were sorrowful in the extreme. Her mind could reach backward over but a few years in comparison, but she could recall the happy childhood, the fair surroundings, the loss which had befallen them, and the rapid descent from wealth and luxury to poverty and ceaseless toil, or—more terrible still—the absence of it, for that meant the near approach of absolute want.

At this moment they were dreading that the morrow would exhaust the patience of the owner of the sewing-machine. They were dependent on the mercy of Mr. Cutclose for the continued shelter of this poor home, and both mother and daughter shrank from the thought of owing anything to him. True, he had spoken them fairly, but each instinctively mistrusted his motives. His hard dealings with other tenants, and the wretched condition of much of his property, were a standing testimony to his general selfishness and grasping nature.

Was it not natural that Mrs. Boothroyd and Janet should ask themselves the question, "Why should this man, who knows nothing of our antecedents,

show us a degree of favour which he denies to others who have equal claims on his forbearance? There is something behind the fair face and smooth words which we cannot fathom."

Mother and daughter were apart during the short time that their minds were thus occupied. Then Janet, having arranged matters downstairs and carefully raked out the fire, so that not a scrap of coal should be wasted, returned to the bedroom, where she determined to stay with her mother.

Morton Place was too much built round to be a very cheerful locality at the best of times, but on this December afternoon, if the interior of a dwelling presented no sense of light and comfort, there was none outside. The sun had made a feeble attempt to pierce the fog which brooded over Millcaster when the day was young. But the fog had conquered, and at three o'clock it was quite dark in the bedroom at No. 12, save for the glimmer of a small fire, which Janet feared to stir lest it should burn away too fast.

The girl sat by the bedside, her hand clasped in her mother's. For some time neither spoke, and Janet hoped that Mrs. Boothroyd was asleep. She was almost afraid to breathe lest she should interrupt the slumber that must, she thought, be doing good.

The girl was mistaken. Her mother was awake, and trying to discern her child's sweet face in the dimness around her.

"I wish I could see you, Janet," she said in a tremulous voice. "I ought not to mind so much, for we can talk in the dark; but to-day I seem to long for light. You know how in the old home there was always plenty of light, and such glorious fires. In winter-time every place was aglow with warmth and light. Your father loved to have everything bright around him, and he delighted in making the hearths of the poor glow like our own. You remember, Janet?"

"Yes, mother darling. I am closing my eyes on what is really around me, in order to picture more easily what used to be. There is one precious reality, even in the darkness. I hold your dear hand in mine. I have my mother."

Mrs. Boothroyd returned the soft pressure of Janet's hand, and replied, "We are together yet, my child, but I hardly feel contented with touching you. I have needed no food to-day, but I have been possessed with a positive hunger for light to see your face by, and for a glowing fire to make this poor room a sort of reflection of the dear old home. I don't know what possesses me to-day. I ought to be so satisfied just to rest, to have you near me, to know that this is your hand I hold. I ought to say to myself that, with no work for to-morrow, self-denial is the right course for to-day, and that to light a candle without a needs-be would be wasteful and extravagant. And yet I wish we could afford to have one."

The speaker paused, but there was such a world of longing in the tone and the sigh which followed, that Janet determined to gratify the wish at any cost. She gently disengaged her hand, rose, and stirred the fire till it blazed brightly; then lighting a candle, she placed it in such a position that she and her mother could see each other distinctly.

"There, darling," said the girl; "we will revel in light and warmth for once. I feel more hopeful since we escaped from the 'darkness visible' in which we have been sitting, so we are getting some return for this reckless expenditure." She smiled at her mother, and Mrs. Boothroyd too gave an answering smile of satisfaction.

"My hunger is assuaged as I look at you, Janet. I want to see you all the time—*all the time*," she repeated with unusual emphasis.

"You shall, mother darling. I shall keep in sight, for I have everything upstairs that we are likely to want, and soon I shall try to tempt you with a cup of tea, for the kettle is singing already."

"Not yet, dear. I want to talk of a matter I ought perhaps to have named sooner. You must know all now."

"Wait until to-morrow. A day and a night's rest will better fit you for a little extra exertion," said the girl.

"Who can claim to-morrow? I could not rest unless I prepared you."

"Prepared me? For what, dear mother?"

Mrs. Boothroyd did not give a direct reply to the question, but asked, "Do you remember your Uncle Edwin?"

"A little. But I cannot recall to mind his appearance. I know something of a trouble between him and my father, and that it caused great sorrow, and separation that lasted to the end. Mother darling, I have often wondered whether Uncle Edwin might have been really sorry, and if so, whether he would have liked to help us when our home was taken from us and we lost everything."

"You have never known the whole story of the quarrel, Janet, or the reason your father had for refusing to see his brother."

"I have not. I have wished to know, but could not bear to harass you with questions that would bring sorrowful memories. Let me tell you what I do know, then you will not need to tire yourself by needless repetition. Uncle Edwin was my father's stepbrother, and twenty years younger than himself. My grandfather married twice, and his second wife was only thirty when he died. She was very rich, and fond of a great deal of gaiety and company, which grandfather did not care for; but he was very fond of his young wife, and let her do as she chose."

"Yes, Janet, she was very handsome, much admired, and having a very large income, she spent it lavishly after her own fashion. Your grandfather never touched his wife's money—he had wealth enough of his own. He thought a great deal of her goodness in marrying one so much older than herself, and there was no doubt of her affection for him in spite of disparity in age and tastes. She never exceeded her income, which was hers for life only. The property itself was to go to her children at her death, or, if there were none, back to her own relatives."

"Now I can go on, dear," said Janet. "There was only one child—Uncle Edwin—and grandfather died when he was eight years old. Then the trouble came. Father was appointed his brother's guardian by my grandfather's will, and his mother was very angry about it."

"Not only about that, dear. Your grandfather left the whole income from his own property to your father until Edwin came of age, with the exception of five hundred a year for the boy's maintenance and education. When he reached twenty-one, the property itself was to be equally divided between them."

"Was that quite just, mother?" asked Janet.

"Yes, my child; because your grandfather had a large fortune with his first wife, and he never touched a penny belonging to his second. By this bequest he tried to equalise things, though at first sight the will gave your father an advantage over Edwin."

"I understand. Then grandmama had no real cause for being angry; only I think it was hard for her to be deprived of her boy's society. Think, mother, if anyone could have taken me from you!"

"Your grandfather never meant that Edwin should leave his mother, and your father never wished them to part. No doubt your grandfather desired his boy to be under the influence of a more sober judgment than his mother's. He had yielded to her wishes probably against his own, and because of her youth. But a life of constant gaiety and frequent change was ill suited to his habits and health, and he wanted Edwin to be brought up as your own father had been. He and his stepmother had been good friends always, and judging by the excellent understanding which had subsisted between them, he hoped they would agree as to the best means of insuring Edwin's welfare. Your father thought that the three would remain together in what had been their common home hitherto, but which was bequeathed to the widow for life. He looked forward to a period of quiet during at least the first year after your grandfather's death, and hoped they would be drawn closer by their mutual love for, and interest in, Edwin the son and brother."

"I know what followed," said Janet. "Grandmama was very angry, and said cruel and untrue words."

"Yes. She accused your father of influencing his own, in order to secure the lion's share of the property and the guardianship of her son. She taunted and reproached him, and said, 'You have robbed me of my child, the one comfort of my life, and him of many thousands that are justly his. Take him away! Enjoy the wealth which your fraud has gained, and be happy if you can when conscience repeats what I now say to you.' It was in vain for your father to protest his ignorance of the terms of the will. His stepmother was of an impetuous temper, and probably believed what she said. He soon found that all hope of reconciliation with her must be given up for the present, and that he would have to face his new responsibilities without

any help from his stepmother. They brought him the greatest sorrow of his life."

Mrs. Boothroyd's trembling voice and quivering lip warned Janet that in her mother's weak condition the continued excitement was too much for her. Yet the girl was herself longing to hear all the particulars of the trouble which had estranged the brothers, and to know whether there could be hope of reconciliation with, and help from, the only kinsman she had in the world. But she restrained her eagerness for her mother's sake, and said, "Now, darling, you must have the cup of tea, or, better still, a little of the broth I made for your dinner, and which you could not take then."

"Give me the tea, Janet. My lips are parched, and I am thirsty. Later on I will take the broth if I can."

Janet complied, and Mrs. Boothroyd tried to take a morsel of solid food with it; but she only swallowed the merest crumb, and did not raise it to her lips a second time. But she spoke hopefully.

"The tea has refreshed me. I feel better already."

"Then leave the rest until to-morrow, dear," pleaded Janet.

"No, I must finish. I have put off too long already. I shall sleep when my task is done, and these quiet hours with you have been so sweet. The having you to myself, with the light showing me your dear face, has been better than medicine. Oh, if we had the humblest cottage, with bare bread, away from the din and fog of Millcaster, how happy we should be!"

Janet gave an answering smile, and said, "We will not give up hope yet, mother."

In her heart she trusted that good might come out of this revelation about her Uncle Edwin.

(*To be continued.*)

EDUCATIONAL.

NURSE ELAINE and JEAN B.—See our answers under the above heading.

E. EARNSHAW.—For all information respecting the Christian Women's Education Union, for promoting the higher education—religious, mental, and physical—of the young women of Great Britain, apply to Miss Caroline G. Cavendish, Conference Hall, 143, Clapham Road, S.W.

CLARA HOPE enquires for a book on hospital nursing. That by Florence Lees (late Superintendent of the Ambulance of the Empress Frederick, then Crown Princess of Germany), and edited by Dr. Henry W. Ackland, would suit you. "Nursing as a Profession" has been the subject of articles, and continual answers to correspondents, in this magazine. We believe that at present there are more applicants for admission into hospitals for training than vacancies to receive them.

M. C. H., BOOKS, HOPE, LITTLE TOM, ODDS AND ENDS, and A DISAPPOINTED ONE.—There were many lists of "One Hundred Best Books" given; the first being that of Sir John Lubbock, we think. You will find, however, everything you need for a course of reading in our "Girls' Year," or "January to December spent with Pleasure and Profit." See vol. ix.

ERICA.—1. We fear home employments are not easy to obtain at any time. See our articles on "Occupations for Women."—2. Benzoin, or gum benzoin, is the resinous substance obtained from the *Styrax benzoin*, a tree growing in Java, Sumatra, etc. It is used in medicine, and as a perfume; and also in the preparation of benzoic acid, from which benzine is made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GEBRIA.—1. The first publication of the story you mention was as a Christmas story in *Lippincott*, January, 1891, and the publishers seem to have objected to the ending, as being too unhappy, so the author altered it. But in the next editions he reverted to the first and unhappy ending of the tale.—2. The modern Italian poets are, Leopardi, Silvio Pellico, Giusti, Nicolini, Grossi, Taddei, Sestini, Torti, and others. In prose, Cantu, Farini, Balbo, Villari, Carniani, Amicio, Litta, etc.

DOT.—A *zenana* is that part of an Indian gentleman's house set apart for the women—wives and attendants. They are comfortless apartments, having little furniture and no appliances for useful instruction or recreative work. It is estimated that, of the 120,000,000 of women in India, 40,000,000 are shut up in these dreary abodes, more fitly called prisons. A Hindu lady is said to have stated the following fact. We give her words: "The life we lead is that of a frog in a well—everything is hid from us. We smoke, eat and sleep, thread beads, and plait our hair; and thus we pass the time." Another, on being asked how they spent their days, replied: "Oh! Mem Sahib, we sit here until we are tired, and then we sit there!" We have not space to tell you much more that is far worse; but in answering your question simply, we hope it may awaken an interest in the Bible and Medical Mission to them. A quarterly magazine, called *The Indian Female Evangelist*, can be had for a subscription of 1s. 4d. per annum, on application to the Secretary, Indian Female National Society, 2, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

KATERFELTS.—1. Refer to the Table of Kindred and Affinity in the Prayer-book, and you will see that it is perfectly lawful to marry any cousin—first, second, or hundredth.—2. To practise three hours daily, having had good and carefully-followed instruction, should be sufficient.

A GRAIN OF SALT.—1. The daughter of Marie Antoinette was not killed, but married an Austrian noble.—2. Your quotation is taken from Bailey's *Festus*—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count Time by heart-throbs; he most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest acts the best."

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—1. We are glad to hear that you have found our recipes for cookery so useful. Do not be too anxious about marrying. You are quite young yet, and have plenty of time before you.—2. The 22nd of March, 1866, was a Thursday.

BEESWAX.—The first clock set up in England was that in Old Palace Yard, London, A.D. 1288; and in the next century clock towers were erected at Boulogne, Courtray, Strasburg, and other European towns. We have already given some articles on sundials, and you will find some interesting information on the subject of clocks also in Part II., as they superseded the use of the ancient dials, still to be seen on many of our churches and elsewhere.

S. T.—The curious and often handsome old silver spoons, which in this country go by the name of "Apostles' spoons," were the gifts of sponsors to the infant at its christening. In those old days the former were nick-named "gossips." At the top of the handle there was the figure of one of the Apostles; and when the sponsors were rich they gave the twelve spoons; otherwise, the four Evangelists, or even one spoon. Such-like were used in the old convents; and those in foreign countries have, of late years, been disposing of them on account of their poverty. The bowls of these are often engraved with sacred emblems, or, in the case of our spoons, with the initials of the newly baptised child. What appears to be a broad-brimmed hat on the heads of the Apostles is meant to represent the nimbus, or circle of light.

NADIR.—The origin of the two-headed eagle as a heraldic device is to be found in the fact that the emperors of the western Roman Empire adopted a black, and those of the east a golden, eagle, and Constantine united both to signify a double empire—two heads, or kings, and one body, or empire. Austria claims successorship to the Cæsars of the Roman Empire, and to Charlemagne; and Russia has the double-headed eagle, to include her sovereignty over Poland. The eagle was the Royal Ensign of the ancient kings of Persia, and of Babylon.

A CORNISH GIRL and RÉNÉ PERPLEXED.—1. "Sydney Carton" is a character in Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, one of the Christmas stories.—2. Used postage stamps are of no value. Old Christmas cards can be used to fill scrap-books, small and large, for hospitals and workhouses. In the latter, you would find them most acceptable.

G. F. D.—1. A surgeon is addressed as "Mr. So-and-So;" and also a general practitioner in all branches of medicine. An "M.D." is supposed to practise only medicine, and is called "Doctor."—2. Ring the bell when the gentleman or lady rises to take leave, for the maid to be at the hall-door to show them out.

B. A.—Our private impressions respecting Tasmania are very favourable. Personal friends who resided there as visitors spoke highly of the kindness of the settlers, of the climate, and of their old English style and habits and look of the cottages. The aboriginal race became extinct in May, 1876, when Truganina (Lalla Rookh), the last native woman, died—a woman of great ability, and perfectly civilised. The last man died aged thirty-four—William Lannë—February, 1869. It is nearly forty years since there were any convicts either in Tasmania or Australia. Truganina was a zealous labourer in promoting the objects of the Mission.

LIDDIE.—No parrot can be healthy when he is fed in an unnatural way. His food when wild is fruit, nuts, seed, and grain. Give him cherries, grapes, pears, kernels of stone fruit, sweet almonds, and, as he is living in an artificial way, cut slices of bread, pour warm water over them, squeeze dry after soaking, and then add as much boiled milk as they will absorb; also give him boiled Indian corn, drained dry and cooled, biscuits broken small, hempseed, canary seed, and millet; and let his food-vessels be of earthenware or glass, not pewter or zinc. He should have plenty of water, and be placed in the sunshine out of draughts; and green baize or flannel put over his cage at night. Meat and other greasy food must produce disease; as also dirt, cold, and chills. The complaint in his feet must be treated with tepid baths, kept at that warmth for a quarter of an hour daily. Put him into a small cage and stand him in it. Then substitute a dry board, and let the feet dry in a warm place. If there be sores, sprinkle them with a little powdered white sugar.

MAGGIE and ANNABEL.—Jute is the fibre of the *Corchorus-olitorius*. It is a substance resembling hemp, and is used for making mats and gunny-cloth. Your handwriting promises well.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By SARAH TYTLER.

All rights reserved.] QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PROMENADE ON RICHMOND GREEN.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.

III. The Old Queen.—*Continued.*

Elizabeth was probably more of an actor than the Queen of Scots had just been. When the news of the death reached the English Queen, even though there might have been a grain of truth in her outcry that her hand had been forced, and that the power of decision had been finally wrested from her, she stormed at everybody, threw Davison into the Tower, fined him, and suffered him to die a prisoner. She rated her offending Council, though they were, as Burleigh had astutely calculated, too many to be punished in a body.

Calm was restored in time to enable England to engage in the requisite preparations for the arrival of the Invincible Armada, which Philip of Spain fitted out; and armed, in addition, with the Pope's anathema on Elizabeth, sent to overwhelm her, to deal death and destruction all around, and to place himself, whom Mary had named as her heir, on the English throne. He claimed as the nearest Roman Catholic in the line of succession, founding his claims on his descent from two English princesses, Philippa and Catherine Plantagenet, daughters of John of Gaunt, who were respectively Queen of Portugal and Queen of Castile.

In England, Queen and people responded nobly to the call. The great upholder of peace was found ready for war when it came, and in the moment of deadly peril Elizabeth and her subjects were united as they had never been before. For not only did the Protestants raise troops in every direction, the Roman Catholics, indifferent to the papal anathema, forgot all difference of creed, remembered only that they were Englishmen, and rallied round the royal standard. Elizabeth was not to be outdone in generous trust. With a magnanimous confidence, which proved a splendid stroke of policy, she insisted on appointing a Catholic, her kinsman, Lord Howard of Effingham, to the post of Lord High Admiral, which his father and his grandfather had filled with honour before him. Drake was summoned, to help to receive the foe, from the Tagus, where he was doing all the mischief in his power, and where he would fain have struck a blow at the Armada without waiting for its arrival on the English coast. He was named Vice-Admiral of the Fleet. Other great captains, Hawkins and Frobisher, with adventurous young nobles such as the Earl of Cumberland, were in the ships.

The land forces were commanded in the first place by the Earl of Leicester, with Sir John Norris under him. The soldiers armed themselves to fight with the stouter hearts that it was on English soil they were to encounter their old enemy in the Netherlands, the Prince of Parma. Another detachment of troops, designed specially to guard London, was led by Elizabeth's cousin, Carey, Lord Hunsdon.

In the middle of these warlike arrangements for mutual destruction, one wonders whether Philip and Elizabeth ever found leisure to look back to the relations of other days; whether Philip remembered the blooming young princess whom he first saw under a cloud of disgrace, when she was barely suffered to come from Woodstock to Hampton Court to be present at the Christmas festivities there; whether Elizabeth ever realised in her mortal enemy, the King of Spain, her unhappy sister Mary's idolised husband, Elizabeth's friend and champion in those days, her suitor a little later.

Elizabeth held herself as the supreme head of the army. She went to Tilbury to review the principal body of her troops, and appeared before them attended by the Earl of Leicester, etc. She was on horseback, with a field-marshal's baton in her hand; a page followed her, carrying her white-plumed helmet. Miss Strickland tells us farther, the Queen wore a corselet of polished steel, reaching down to her huge farthingale. She rode bareheaded down the lines amidst the ringing cheers of the men, to whom she made the stirring speech which rang in their ears like the blast of a trumpet. She said she had come to live and die among them, to lay down, for her God, her kingdom, and her people, her honour and her blood, even in the dust. For though she had the body of a weak, feeble woman, she had the heart and stomach (courage) of a king, and a king of England. She thought it foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of her realm. Sooner than any disorder should grow by her, she would take up arms, she would be their general and judge. She promised them a famous victory over the enemies of her God, her kingdom, and her people.

In point of fact, the great naval victory had even then been won; but in the slowness with which news travelled in those days, the Queen and her ministers were not apprised till later of what it concerned them so much to know.

On the 29th of July, 1588, the sails of the Armada were seen from the Lizard Point. Already they had been descried out at sea in the bright moonlight of the previous night.

"It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's isle
At earliest twilight on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,
And the tall *Pinta* to the noon had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall,
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall.
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose reins and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff comes,
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums.
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slowly upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
* * * *
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day.
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flames spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone, it shone on Beachy Head;
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire." *

As the Spanish ships came into view at Plymouth, Drake was playing his never-forgotten game of bowls on the Hoe, and coolly announced that he should have time to finish his game before he engaged the enemy.

* Macaulay.

The enormous fleet sailed slowly in the shape of a crescent into the Channel. It was commanded by the Duke of Medina Sidonia. Lord Howard of Effingham and his ships already hung like bull-dogs on the Spaniards' rear.

The English ships were tremendously outnumbered and outweighted. The Spanish galleons, turreted vessels of great size, appearing "like castles in the sea," were one hundred and thirty in number. The English ships, many of them no larger than modern yachts, were not above thirty fully-equipped Queen's ships, with some fifty more irregularly fitted-out vessels. The Spanish galleons held upwards of twenty thousand soldiers, many priests, and eight thousand mariners. Two thousand five hundred cannon were on board, and immense stores of provisions.

The English ships were manned by nine thousand able-bodied seamen, and had, as far as can be known, one thousand guns. The advantages on the side of the English ships were, that they could, not only from being better sailed, but from their very inferiority of size, sail two feet for the Spaniards' one, and fire four times for the Spaniards' two; and the crowded decks of the vast hulks caused terrible carnage from the English fire into the Spanish ranks, while the skilfully-handled, nimbly-sailing English vessels suffered little comparatively from the lumbering broadsides of the enemy. "The high-towered broad-bowed galleons moved like Thames barges piled with hay, while the sharp, low English ships . . . shot away as if by magic in the eye of the wind." One of their first feats was to sail rapidly along the Spanish line, firing into each galleon as they passed, turn, and retrace their course before the Spanish commanders could recover from their surprise at the sharpness of the manœuvre. The English did not venture at first to come to close quarters with their Brobdingnaggian adversaries, but dogged and pressed upon them in a running fight, which lasted for eight days, in the Channel. The weather broke, and was squally, and the Spanish squadrons were huddled together. On the second evening a galleon "carrying the flag of Don Pedro de Valdez," "fouled another galleon, the *Santa Catalina*, and both were much damaged." "Don Pedro was the only officer of high rank in the fleet who was well acquainted with the Channel; he was himself of more importance than his ship, and the Duke (Medina Sidonia) despatched boats to bring him off with his crew. But he would not leave his charge, and was left to his fate." *

Whatever criticism might be passed on the Spaniards' maritime skill, there was no fault to find with their courage and devotion. Fresh misfortunes befell the invaders, while the English were only troubled by their stock of ammunition running low.

The knowledge of the gallant struggle in the Channel had reached all England. "Cliffords, Veres, and Percies, took their place beside the Raleighs and the Cecils of the new era, and from Lyme, and Weymouth, and Poole, and the Isle of Wight, young lords and gentlemen came streaming out in every smack and sloop they could lay hold of, to snatch their share of danger and glory at Howard's side. The strength they added was nothing; but they brought enthusiasm. They brought to the half-starved and neglected † crews the sense that every heart in England was with them."

The warfare was so harassing and hopeless that the Spaniards grew disorganised and disheartened. In the English sailors' graphic words, "the feathers of the Spaniards were

* Froude.

† Elizabeth's army and navy were ill-paid, ill-clad, and ill-fed.

plucked one by one. Galleon after galleon was sunk, boarded, and driven on shore."

Then Howard sent eight lit fire-ships at midnight to be driven by the tide into the Spanish lines. The device succeeded, the fleet cut their cables, and stood out to sea in the direction of Gravelines, when Drake took them in hand and closed with them, till the ammunition of his ships was all but spent, and not in vain. "Three great galleons had sunk," writes Mr. Green; "three had drifted on the Flemish coast; but the bulk of the Spanish vessels remained, and even to Drake the fleet seemed 'wonderful great and strong.' He was soon to find the leaders were in despair and their men cowed. Four thousand had fallen, while the ships' sails were torn, their masts shot away, and their decks slaughter-houses. In a Spanish council of war it was determined that the battered remnant of the Armada should retreat to Spain by making a circuit of the Orkney Islands. In the northern seas a new terror awaited the doomed expedition. A great storm arose, and scattered and wrecked the last of the fleet. Out of the hundred and thirty galleons which had sailed for England, only fifty succeeded in gaining Corunna: out of the twenty-eight thousand men of war, only ten thousand, stricken with pestilence, returned to Spain. On the Irish strand, near Sligo, an English captain counted eleven hundred corpses cast up by the sea. The wreckers of the Orkneys and the Faroes, the clansmen of the Scotch Isles, the Kernes of Donegal and Galway, all had their part in the work of murder and robbery."

In contrast to the horrors described by Mr. Green, there is a well-authenticated incident of Christian chivalry and humanity which happened on the Fife coast in connection with a ship of the Armada. One of the smaller vessels of the Spanish fleet, the captain and crew of which were spent with many days and nights of fighting and of battling with the winds and waves, found themselves in strange waters. The sailors were ignorant of their bearings, and famine was added to their troubles. The ship took refuge during the night—or early in the autumn morning—in Anstruther harbour. The worthy townspeople awoke in amazement and alarm to discover a ship of their dreaded enemy, with the crew, as it turned out, in their exhaustion and misery, as helpless as the tempest-tossed vessel, lying belated in the middle of the town.

The Provost Bailies hastened to their great referee in all public matters, their minister, James Melville, nephew of the famous reformer Andrew Melville, as great as Andrew in piety, and only second to him in learning.

Should they haul the captain and crew of the Spanish ship to the Tolbooth, and make short work of them there? cried the sons of thunder in the town council to the minister of peace.

But James Melville had not so learned the Gospel. He replied to the effect, "What! Imprison or hang defeated, shipwrecked men who were at the town's mercy?" If they had come on an evil errand, they knew no better, and were acting in obedience to their king; and the minister did not fail to remind his excited readers of how Elisha had dealt with the messengers of the King of Syria when, struck with blindness, they were led unwittingly into the centre of Samaria.

James Melville's teaching to his people had not been such that their practice should be inferior to that of the Israelites of old. Take the Spaniards to the Tolbooth by all means, because there they could be safely lodged, and then relieve their wants. So by the minister's direction, seconded by the members of the town council, the strangers were supplied with food and drink and whatever their forlorn condition required. When their ship had undergone the necessary repairs, the men were permitted to set sail for Spain. They were not forgetful of the kindness which had been shown to them in their extremity. After peace was restored, and Anstruther trading ships lay once more in the Spanish port from which the galleon in question had sailed, the Fife skippers were treated with distinction, and loaded with bounties by the authorities. The story survives in local tradition, and in its main points is confirmed by James Melville's printed diary, which may be read by whoever cares to study the quaint original.

When Elizabeth returned to St. James's Palace, she was received with great public rejoicing. She went in state to St. Paul's to offer thanksgiving for her victory. She was drawn by white horses in a car surmounted by a canopy resting on pillars—two of them bearing a lion and a dragon, the supporters of the English arms. The Queen sat alone, while she was attended by the officers of state, the judges, and a great company of ladies and gentlemen.

She had in the hour of danger composed a prayer for deliverance to be read in all the parish churches. With her old habit of applying the words of Scripture to her circumstances, it is probable that she chose the text of the sermon which the Bishop of Salisbury preached before her in St. Paul's—"Thou didst blow with Thy breath, and they were scattered."

It was on Elizabeth's return from this ceremony—which took place in the month of November—that she is said to have eaten of a Michaelmas goose, and commanded all her faithful subjects, while England remained a kingdom, to celebrate the anniversary by following their Queen's example.

Elizabeth commemorated her triumph in another way by having medals struck, one of them bearing the inscription in Latin, "It came, it saw, it fled;" and another, "It was done by a woman."

It is a grievous commentary on such display to learn that the brave sailors who bore the brunt of the strife were afterwards shamefully abandoned to poverty, many of them dying of want rather than disease. Elizabeth's invariable impression was that whoever had to pay the expenses of the government, the army and navy, she and her exchequer ought not to be expected to defray the costs in full, or in any other than a stinted measure. There is this excuse for her with regard to the exceptional charges of resisting the Armada, that, grudge and withhold as she might, her cherished exchequer never recovered from the effects of the sums she had to disburse. Her favourite dream of a surplus was not again fulfilled. Indeed, latterly some of her jewels had to be sacrificed to cover the deficit.*

Already a private sorrow had dimmed the lustre of Elizabeth's public triumph. Within six weeks of her visit to Tilbury, the Earl of Leicester died, at the age of fifty-five—that of his royal mistress—of fever caught in the Essex marshes. He had ceased to be her lover; but he had continued to be the foremost of her friends. The Queen and her courtier were growing old together; they were bound to each other by a thousand familiar associations and social ties. She received the unexpected information of his death with a burst of tears. Camden has a cautious and apparently correct summing-up of Leicester's qualities:—"A person of exact neatness; a generous patron of arts and arms—one who knew how to nick a juncture and manage a turn to his best advantage. Besides, he was of a temper pleasant and popular . . ." Then the historian proceeds to refer to "the libellous pens" and "infamous and false reflections" which busied themselves with the Earl, so that "the crowd caressed him in public, and in private used quite another language."

It was the custom of the time to attribute the death of every distinguished man and woman to the administration of poison by an enemy. Camden himself is not free from such suggestions, though he does not indulge in them in the case of Lord Leicester. In recording the sudden illness and death of the young Earl of Derby, the old writer not only notes some signs of foul practice, he gravely mentions the fact that a wax image was found in the nobleman's bedchamber with the body stuck full of hairs of the same colour as Lord Derby's hair. If Camden was silent, his gossiping contemporaries unhesitatingly mixed up Leicester's name with charges of poisoning. According to these credulous informants, he was both poisoner and poisoned. He was an adept in the art. He made away with Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and Walter, Earl of Essex—of which there is not a particle of proof. Equally unsupported is the prosaically fantastical legend which attributes his death to a draught which he gave to his wife Lettice, for the purpose of compassing her death; but she suspected his design, and not only did not swallow the draught, she contrived to transfer it to the donor as a prescription for the cure of indigestion! Lettice Knollys, in her buxom maturity false to Leicester—as in her youth she was false to Essex—married for the third time Sir Christopher Blount, who had been Leicester's Master of the Horse.

Miss Strickland has given a selection from the many costly gifts with which Leicester—enriched by the Queen's bounty—was wont to greet her on festive occasions. Among his offerings were several watches or "round clocks," which were then greatly prized. One was "in a green enamel case, to imitate an apple." Other gifts bore in gold, amidst encrustations of diamonds and emeralds, "the bear and the ragged staff," which formed the device on the privileged courtier's coat-of-arms. It was very gallantly exhibited on the gift, described as follows:—"A fan of white feathers, set in a handle of gold, garnished on one side with two very fine emeralds, fully garnished with diamonds and rubies; the other side garnished with rubies and diamonds, and on each side a white bear and pearls hanging, a lion rampant with a white muzzled bear at his feet."

Leicester died so poor, that his effects were put up to public sale in order to defray a debt to the State. Elizabeth has been blamed for allowing this indignity. Camden's comment is, "For however gentle the Queen might show herself in other respects, yet did she very rarely remit what was owing to her treasury."

It was when England was in the full glory of her success over Spain, with the respect and awe which the triumph of her arms inspired in other foreign nations, that the unexampled prosperity and distinction of Elizabeth's reign were displayed in their brightest colours. Town and country vied with each other in tokens of wealth and luxury. Then broke forth that exuberant burst of intellectual activity and splendour like a chorus of full-throated song, which the nation has not so much as equalled again. Many causes—notably the culture lent by the French Renaissance, and the inspiration supplied by the Reformation—have been suggested for the wonder; but unmistakably the wisdom of Elizabeth's rule, and the peace and freedom in the main which she secured for her subjects, had much to do with it. Young Francis Bacon was already planning his system of philosophy which was to culminate in the *Novum Organum*. Spenser was introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh to the Queen in the year after the defeat of the Armada, and

* Beesley.

read to her portions of his *Faerie Queen*—perhaps, in doing so, gathering materials for his representation of *Gloriana*. Christopher Marlowe's lawless life was drawing to a close; but he had anticipated his compeers by bringing out his *Tamburlaine* in 1587. His *Edward II.*, *Jew of Malta*, and *Life and Death of Dr. Faustus*, followed. Critics see in *Edward II.* the precursor of Shakespeare's historical plays; and in *The Jew of Malta* hints for Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*;* while on the same lines on which the rough, wild production known as *Dr. Faustus* was built, Goëthe founded his *Faust*.

Shakespeare had come on the scene. In the absence of all written data it is nearly impossible to determine the order of his plays, or to discover the beginning and end of the court patronage which he enjoyed. The fine passage in which he paints the

"Fair virgin throned in the West"—

was very likely homage paid to the Queen in her lifetime; though the parallel passage at the end of the play of *Henry VIII.*, in which there is a magnificent foreshadowing of the infant Princess Elizabeth's high destiny, did not see the light till after her death. An integral sign of this exists in the prominence given to the wrongs and sorrows of Catherine of Arragon, a choice which could hardly have been made in the reign of the daughter of Anne Boleyn. *Winter's Tale*, in which Catherine is supposed to appear again as *Hermione*, was written when James was King.

It does not admit of much reasonable doubt that Shakespeare's plays—with the dramatist in the *rôle* of a player—were acted before Elizabeth. Beyond this assurance there is great uncertainty. There is no convincing evidence of the pretty story that *Twelfth Night* was a commission from the gentlemen of the Temple for the delectation of their Queen on one of her visits to them; or the other story, that Elizabeth was so diverted by the character of Falstaff in *Henry V.*, that she requested the author to make the fat knight in love for her further amusement, and that the broad and boisterous humour of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was the result. But however much or little of Shakespeare's plays Elizabeth saw or heard, it is certain that it was in her reign he inaugurated his grand creations and began his noble gallery of men and women of all types and times, for which the work of every other writer seems but to serve as a foil.

Even "rare Ben Jonson," with his *Every Man to his Humour*, his *Alchemist*, and *Catiline*, though he was Shakespeare's rival in the flesh, cannot be mentioned in the same breath, now that posterity has set its seal on their work.

But the bubbling up of fresh and vigorous ideas was not confined to literature. The spirit of invention and adventure was everywhere. William Lee, a Cambridge scholar, hit on the stocking loom, a humble but useful conception—not so romantic, but as beneficial in its way as that search for a north-west passage to the Indies through polar regions, which fascinated Frobisher, in which Sir Hugh Willoughby, the "Captain tall," perished.

Drake's plundering expeditions to the Spanish Main were diversified by the search for undiscovered lands, in which Raleigh was a marked figure. He found for his pains at different times, and claimed for England, in North America, the State of Virginia, named in honour of the Virgin Queen; and in South America the province of Guinea, which he attempted to colonise. But first he brought back with him among his trophies the potato plant, and the accomplishment of smoking tobacco, which was so detestable to King James.

Elizabeth could enter into all these interests. Mr. Green writes of her: "She could talk poetry with Spenser, and philosophy with Bruno. She could discuss euphemism (superfine language) with Lyly, and enjoy the chivalry of Essex. She could turn from talk of the last fashion to pore with Cecil over despatches and treasury books. She could pass from tracking traitors with Walsingham, to settle points of doctrine with Parker, or to calculate with Frobisher the chances of a north-west passage."

Miss Strickland has collected a few particulars of Elizabeth's tastes and habits, in what was still the mellow afternoon of her life, before the dark shadows of evening descended. She transacted business, and saw the members of her Privy Council in the morning. If the sun shone later in the day, she would walk in the garden (when in town); and if the weather were unfavourable for out-of-door exercise, she would walk in the galleries of her palaces, attended by the best company, in the shape of the most intellectual members of her Court. She devoted part of every day to study; she was regular in the religious exercises, which had her sanction and approval. When she dined in public, it was with much ceremony, and a great display of gorgeous plate. Supper was her merriest meal, and her time for enjoyment. She disliked dwarfs; she had her mother's fondness for little dogs, and her sister's love of children. When she retired for the night, she was accompanied by the married ladies of her household—one of the ladies always slept in the Queen's bedchamber. In addition to her guards, some gentlemen of quality took turns in waiting up in one of the palace rooms, that the Queen might be aroused on any emergency.

Though Elizabeth would storm in her Council, and on provocation slap her maids of honour, she had endless patience and good-humour for her people at large. She allowed them easy access to her presence, took and read their petitions, and had a friendly word for the meanest. Her taste for hunting and dancing did not pall till the end was near. She had a passion for the open air, and would hold a court seated under a tree. Her predilections in this respect are in support of the popular belief that she was sitting under a tree at Hatfield, though it was in the month of November, when she was told of her sister's death. She never wearied of the superb royal progresses from one great house and one town to another, which were such features of her reign, and were long a great delight to the populace.

In this halcyon interval Elizabeth's domestic relations were less troubled and stormy than at any other period of her life. She had always something to fear from her father's kindred, and their schemes in connection with the succession to the throne. Her harshness to the Greys, Brandons, etc., has been severely condemned; but it was not entirely without cause. There is a significant passage in Camden which throws some light on the subject. In noting the death, in 1596, of Margaret Clifford, Countess of Derby, only daughter of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, by Eleanor Brandon, niece to Henry VIII., the historian remarks: "Through an idle mixture of curiosity and ambition . . . she much used the conversation of necromancers and finger-flingers, so losing latterly the Queen's favour."

In the case of another younger cousin several times removed, Elizabeth had grave reason for offence. It was by the crafty plot of the Countess of Shrewsbury ("Building Bess," in turn Madam Barlow, Lady Cavendish, Madam St. Loe, and Lady Shrewsbury), one of the most energetic and unscrupulous women of her time, that a marriage was effected between Charles Stewart, younger son of the Countess of Lennox and younger brother of Henry Lord Darnley, and a daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The young couple followed each other speedily to the grave, but they left an unfortunate bone of contention in the shape of Arabella Stewart—"the little Lady Arbel, or Arbell," whom the grandmother at least destined for the future Queen of England. The involuntary claimant paid the penalty, but she was still little more than a child in Elizabeth's day. To her mother's kindred—the Howards, Careys, and Knollyses—Elizabeth was uniformly kind apart from some fault of theirs, and they tried her more than once. It was to her credit that she did not enrich them out of the public money.

(*To be continued.*)

* Green.

USEFUL HINTS.

Two Blackberry Puddings.

Lay in a pie-dish slices of bread as for a bread and butter pudding, but without the butter. Boil some blackberries with either damsons or bullaces, about half and half of each, and sufficient sugar to sweeten them; when hot, pour over and between the slices of bread. Let it stand the night, or at least five or six hours; turn it out into a glass dish (it will have acquired consistency), and before serving throw over it a custard made with one egg and thickened with cornflour.

The second pudding I would mention is made thus:—Butter the outside of a pound jar, place it in a buttered tin or pie-dish. Pour into the pie-dish batter, and bake it. When ready to serve extract the jar, and into the cavity pour about a pint of blackberries and damsons sweetened and stewed.

In the matter of a preserve, I would remark, that I think blackberries boiled with common white bullaces make a far better preserve than with apples—I have tried both.—*Mab.*

Staffordshire Shortcake. — Beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream in a basin, add a quarter of a pound of castor sugar and two eggs; mix all together, then add four ounces of almonds, blanched and chopped small, one ounce of angelica and two of candied cherries, also chopped finely; add sufficient flour to make a fairly stiff dough; turn on to a board, roll out a quarter of an inch thick, cut into squares and diamonds, pinch the edges; bake in a rather quick oven to a pale brown tinge.

Tinned Fruits.—A Medical Officer of Health and Public Analyst says that "it is practically impossible to preserve fruits with acid juices in tins without the acid acting to a greater or less extent upon the metal, and there are instances on record in which such foods have caused serious illness. Acid fruits should never be preserved in anything but glass or porcelain vessels."

SUMMER EVENING AT THE SEASIDE.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"FOR HIS SAKE."

It was but natural that the great improvement in Sybil Capella's position should become likewise an important factor in the improvement of herself. The cessation of the old struggle to live; the participation in genial home-life around her; the respect, confidence, and affection with which she was always treated, were leaving their slow but indelible mark. In her daily intercourse with the colonel and Jeanie she noticed, at first with amazement, that soon ripened into admiration, the nobility of their views as compared with her own selfish ends, and her whole estimate of human kind changed in proportion. It had been Sybil's misfortune, from her infancy upwards, to have had instilled into her mind by her father that her highest duty was the love and advancement of self. She could never forget what he had once told her, on discovering she had been guilty of the enormity of permitting a smaller and weaker child than herself to become the happy owner of a prize, that she (Sybil) might certainly have taken had she chosen so to do.

"There are, my daughter," he said to her, "but two classes of humanity in the world—bear the fact in mind—those who hammer, and those who are hammered upon."

Sybil from that time took the doctrine he desired to teach her, with others akin to it, dutifully to heart; neither was she long in deciding the class to which she would belong. Until her residence with the Stanard family, she believed that her own experiences with the world bore unanswerable testimony to her father's wise teaching. Now the foundation on which her life had been built appeared to be hollow and shifting, and all she had erected thereon to be like a house on sand, shaking to its fall before the practical evidence of the grand truths of love and self-denial, as daily exemplified by the colonel and Jeanie. Nevertheless, it was a marvel to Sybil that a man of Colonel Stanard's calibre could have so denied himself the enjoyment of all his natural and acquired tastes and habits, and for the sake of his daughters, and perhaps for the sake of that intangible virtue men call honour, have borne patiently a life of obscurity and repression.

She knew he had been a military man, high in power, accustomed to the unquestioning obedience of strict discipline, and that he was also a courteous and highly-cultivated gentleman. Her surprise and her regard had deepened daily, as she had watched his sad face grow more stern and more sad beneath the weight of a trouble she could not fathom, yet ever tender and loving towards his children, or towards those weaker than himself, and needing his help. What possessed her that such recollections of the past should have taken hold upon her to-night? Was it that she had sat with him in his room for one short hour? Absurd! Impossible! His thoughts had never wavered from the subjects under discussion—why, then, should he become the focus round which her thoughts were ever revolving? Was to-night only a solitary exception? Would these strange and troubling thoughts pass away, and leave her as before?

Let her awake to realities, and face them boldly wheresoever they might lead. She was alone in her room. Already had Jeanie's light been extinguished; probably she was asleep. Why could not she follow so wise an example, and be at rest? Had the colonel retired? She thought not. He would be still in the library, or his "den," as he termed it; if so, he would not hear her restless walk up and down—a movement that soothed her. Or should she write in her diary? it had been sadly neglected of late. She drew towards her the elegantly-bound book, unlocked and opened it, then, seating herself, began slowly turning over its pages. She bit her lips as she read some of the entries, and her foot beat an impatient tattoo against the carpeted floor. "It is all hateful, low, despicable!" she exclaimed, as she passionately shut the book. "What would he think of me," she continued, "could he read me as I am? I can fancy *his* quiet look of scorn! It would kill me! Alas! alas! I never felt till now how far I am socially and mentally his inferior through my own unworthiness."

She rose irritably, and continued her restless pacing. "And after all what do I care? Why should I care? The old life, with its old aims, has always sufficed me; why should it fail me now? Is it that I am getting into a maudlin state, or that my liver is out of order, and revenges itself on my brain?"

She went to the toilet mirror, and examined the state of her tongue. "Not much the matter there, so I must get a tonic the next time we go into Penzarton, and stop all this nonsense."

She loosened and let fall her black hair in heavy masses over her shoulders and below her waist, and began to brush it vigorously, finding relief in the process.

"Is there any reason why he should not like me? Does he see nothing in me to admire? Of course I should never have given a single thought to him had he remained poor. Why should I? But *now!* He will be rich soon. It is certain the estate won't pass away from him now—and of course this is a fine castle; and then, I have got used to the life here. That is all—of course that is all. And yet how needlessly I have been worrying myself. There shall be an end now! Is that his step?" She flew to the door, bending her ears towards the distant sound. "Yes—he is coming; I should know that step among a thousand—so firm, so self-possessed. To-night it is more elastic. He is buoyant; he looks forward to a grand future." She sighed deeply. "He will conquer all difficulties," she murmured, "as he conquers all hearts. Now he has turned the corner. He whistles softly." Then straining to listen, she caught the air, "Ye banks and braes." "Why that, of all others?—so pathetic, mournful, and he in so different a mood! Now he has shut the door. Oh, Paul! Paul!" She extended her arms in his direction, then crouched down miserably on the floor, murmuring, "I am nothing to you. I can do nothing for you!"

Suddenly she rose to her feet. "What if I could do something for him? Did he not ask me as a favour this very morning to help him? Ah! yes; to find out John Rolfe's little secret, for that there is some secret connected with him I am certain. I have not watched him so long for nothing." She pushed back her long hair and stood with her hands pressed to her head, thinking intently. Finally she started, her face flushed; her eyes shot steely rays as she muttered between her teeth, "That sealed packet which came here this afternoon, addressed to Rolfe! It has been waiting for him all day in the morning-room. If it were possible to get that and open it! The chances are I should learn something that might prove of great importance. If I were successful, Paul Stanard would thank me, for I should put him on the right track. He would be grateful; out of that much might come."

She hesitated, thinking of the meanness of such an act, but presently found a solace. She might be the means of averting some trouble from the colonel, and so win his confidence, and become necessary to him. "Yes, I will do it. Rich or poor, he will want me—as I now want him, *even were he only a beggar*. Yes, I will do it *for his sake!*"

CHAPTER XXVII.

SYBIL'S DISCOVERY.

HAVING come to a decision, Sybil was anxious to lose no time in carrying it out. What she had to do must be done at once. But stay! Was she sure that the household, the colonel in particular, had been allowed sufficient time to fall into their first deep slumber?

She glanced at her timepiece. Its hands pointed to five minutes to twelve. Then she concluded he had been in his room over half an hour. She must wait yet a little longer.

She changed her high-heeled evening slippers for a noiseless pair of soft felt. Then from the mantelpiece she took a small candlestick, in which she firmly inserted the short end of a wax candle, and put it into the pocket of the crimson dressing-gown she was wearing; also a box of vestas.

"I may need them in an emergency," she thought. "Otherwise I must manage in the dark. Any light might be dangerous. Now for my plan of action. The important packet, when I last saw it, was on the sideboard. Naturally it will be in the same place now, unless the colonel, knowing Rolfe's address, has posted it to him, which is scarcely likely, as his return is now expected. What if its contents should prove to be solely of a business character, and my labour be thrown away! Will the time never pass?" she said impatiently, glancing again at the clock. She waited yet a few more minutes, then put out the candles burning on her dressing-table. The room was very dark, so she drew the curtains from across her window, and paused till her eyes had become accustomed to the gloom. "There is just sufficient light to show the darkness," she murmured. "Now to open the door and listen." She did so noiselessly. Not a sound broke the profound stillness of the house.

At Jeanie's door she listened till she thought she detected the deep, regular breathing of the healthful sleeper. The same result rewarded her outside Beth's bedroom. She went next to the door which shut off the servants' staircase, pushed it slightly open, and waited, listening for any evidence of wakefulness in their direction. All was hushed, dark, and reassuring.

Stealthily she closed the door, and glided along the passage, passing her hand first along the wall, then on the balustrade of the stairs, to direct her progress through the intense darkness. At a sharp bend the smaller passage gave place to the larger and chief landing, where some of the unoccupied rooms were situated, and where also was the colonel's room.

At his door she paused for one moment; her breath came fast, and she hastened on, fearful of detection.

Down the broad staircase, holding fast by the banister, she slowly made her way; but to her excited fancy the stairs seemed to creak ominously, and she hesitated again, and yet again, as the slight sounds became to her magnified by a sense of the possible dangers of the night.

But the desired floor is safely reached, and she has but to cross the hall to reach the morning-room.

"To my right," she murmured, as, leaving her hold of the friendly stair-rail, she ventured unaided across the hall.

"I must take care to steer clear of those figures and statues, and the weapons on the walls," she thinks. "The nearest must be somewhere about here." Suddenly an ejaculation escaped from her, as her head came in sharp collision against one of the armed figures she had sought to avoid. Fearing the wound might bleed and disfigure her, she put her hand up to feel; but she felt only at the time cold drops of perspiration which stood on her brow. "A warning to be more careful," she said, stretching forth her hands to guard against further untoward encounters.

"I think I am right. Ah! Here's the opposite wall! Now for the door. Yes, this is it"—feeling for the handle. "It opens! It is not locked! How is that, I wonder? The colonel generally locks each door from the outside. How dark it is—how intensely dark! I begin to wish I had never come. Is this the table? Yes. Now three paces to the left should bring me to the sideboard. Exactly. Now for it"—and she ran her hand gently along. "Not on that side." Similarly she examines the whole length of the board. "There is no packet here—nothing but the silver vessels and the vase of flowers."

A sense of bitter disappointment seizes her. Have all her efforts been in vain? Ha!—what is that noise?" She starts violently. It was but a cinder fallen from the grate.

Dispirited, she retreats towards the door. As she holds it a thought strikes her. "If, as I believe, the colonel would not have posted that packet, where then has he placed it? Where but in his own room—his 'den.'"

It is, as she knows, quite at the far end of the unoccupied rooms; nevertheless she must visit it, and unless locked and keyless, search till she finds.

"It is for his sake—his only!" she reiterates, as with pale lips she seeks some excuse for an action she knows the colonel would regard as dishonourable.

With palpitating heart she reaches the room, unlocks the door, and enters. The heavy curtains are drawn across the windows; not a ray of light penetrates the dense gloom.

With difficulty she moves, trembling at every step, till she reaches the window and draws aside its coverings. Sufficient light enters to show the agitated woman that no white packet lies among the books or by the desk on his table.

Again she starts and trembles, turning a terror-stricken face to the window, whence she thinks she hears a low tapping. "What is that?" It is but a stray bough of ivy driven against the pane by the rising wind!

"There is no help for it; I must venture still further. I must seek in his secretaire yonder." She advances to it. "Ah! He has left his keys in the lock. I dare not venture in the dark, lest I should disarrange his papers." So she lights a match, opens the secretaire, sees a packet in the corner, seizes it, and quivering with excitement, reads the address, "Mr. John Rolfe."

Secured at last! A sigh of relief escapes her, and then one of apprehension, as if in listening for some imaginary danger. The match burns her fingers, she drops it hastily, and it falls on some papers. The spark is quickly extinguished, the secretaire shut, and Sybil, packet in hand, makes her escape upstairs.

She did not redraw the curtains, for the papers must be replaced as soon as possible.

Incurring no other danger than that created by her own heated imagination, Sybil reaches her room, secures the door by bolt and lock, darkens her window, lights a candle and a little spirit lamp, and sits down, breathing heavily.

"What a coward I am! In olden days I should have thought nothing of what I am now so squeamish about."

She notes with minute exactitude the manner in which the packet is secured, that she may restore its exact aspect when the contents have been examined. Sybil accordingly removed the two wrappings of paper, and exposed to view a couple of fine cambric handkerchiefs with "J. R." in the corner, and three letters. For a brief space the "J. R." troubled her with the fear that, after all, no discovery was forthcoming. She took up the first of the letters.

"This, in a blank envelope, will be from the sender of the parcel," she soliloquizes; "and this"—taking up another—"from some friend, and doesn't look interesting. But what is this?" Her eyes have fallen on the third, and she reads, "John Rolfe Gordon, Esq." "Rolfe Gordon! Gordon! I have heard that name. Can it be his, and can he be a relative?"

The discovery for the moment perplexed her, while really stimulating her curiosity. She strove to recall any facts that might enlighten her, especially in relation to the "will," of which she had vaguely heard so much gossip. Thus by degrees she realised that the so-called "John Rolfe," the young engineer, was, in truth, the next heir-at-law.

* * * *

With hot water from the spirit-kettle she steamed open the envelopes of the letters she was desirous to read for the sake of any further information they might give. One she glanced through and replaced immediately. So with the second. There was nothing in its contents to interest her, though its address to Gordon revealed so much.

There remained yet the letter in the blank envelope. She turned to the last page and read the signature, "Mary Leman Gordon." It was from his mother, and Sybil read as follows:—

"Katrine House, Limerick.

"MY DEAREST BOY,—Your last letter was a great relief to me, though I must confess that I do not fully understand its contents. Is it not a pity your investigations at Stanard Castle should terminate so abruptly? Your estimate of the person in question may be a correct one. I hope it will prove so; but can the same be said of his

predecessor? Be wary for your own sake and for mine. A mistaken sense of honour at this critical juncture may cause you irretrievable loss.

"I have ventured, on the strength of the character you give, to forward this parcel to Stanard Castle, as—unlike your usual methodical habits—you forget in both letters to give the address of your lodgings. Am I to infer that your head is full of business, or that you are in love? The handkerchiefs I discovered in your drawer. The letters have been waiting two or three days for me to forward. Therefore I risk sending where you appear to be constantly visiting, although one bears our family name of Gordon.

"You seem charmed with the little Beth. Is not her sister so pleasing that you scarcely mention her? Write directly you receive this, for I shall not feel at rest till I hear from you. The rents from the cottages have been fairly paid this quarter, therefore have no anxiety on my account. Peggy desires her respects to you. The poultry and the pigs are in a flourishing condition. Take care of yourself, my dear boy. That God will bless you, and direct your steps in His paths, is the prayer of

"Your ever-loving mother,

"MARY LEMAN GORDON."

"So, Mary Leman Gordon!" exclaimed Sybil beneath her breath, "you have given me the very information for which I have been seeking. I thank you, while I confess I am not sorry that your poor faith regarding 'the person in question' has met with its due reward.

"You would doubt *his* honour, would you, whereas it is mine that is in fault! He shall see your letter, which I retain for that purpose. The others I replace in their wrappers, and will return to the secretaire so as to defy detection."

Suiting her action to her words, she in a few minutes stole once again to the colonel's library and replaced the packet. Then she drew the curtains across the window, and, feeling less trepidation than during her previous visit, sought the safety of her own room. As she turned from the larger passage towards the landing where her bedroom was situated, she thought she detected a dim light. The thought soon became a certainty as she reached her room, and she turned towards the direction whence the light came. At the foot of the servants' staircase stood Phœbe Calvert, night-capped, and holding together with one hand a large wrap that she had thrown hastily around her. With the other she carried her candle.

Sybil started, then came boldly towards Phœbe. "I hope I did not disturb you," she said with her hand to her face. "My tooth ached so distractingly I had to fetch a little bottle of creosote from my desk downstairs."

"An' you couldn't find it the first time, I suppose?" said Phœbe; "but I've got a mustard-leaf upstairs as might do good if you like to put it on your cheek."

"Oh, no, thanks! The creosote always relieves me. Good night, Phœbe!" And Sybil returned to her room, and, notwithstanding her annoyance at the incident, in a short time she slept soundly.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A CHESS STORY.

An eastern prince was so much delighted with the game of chess, which had been devised for his amusement, that he desired the inventor to name his own reward. The philosopher, however, was too modest to seize the opportunity of enriching himself; he merely begged of his royal master a grain of corn for each square on the chess-board, doubling the number in proceeding from the first to the sixty-fourth square.

The King, honouring his moderation, made no scruple of consenting to the demand; but on his treasurer making the necessary calculations, he was somewhat surprised to find that he had engaged to give away the impossible quantity of 87,076,425,546,692,656 grains of corn, equal to the whole contained in 16,384 towns, each having 1,024 granaries of 174,762 measures, each consisting of 32,768 grains.

A CHEERING THOUGHT.—The fruit which comes from many days of recreation and vanity is very little; and although we scatter much yet we gather but little profit; but from the few hours we spend in prayer and the exercises of a pious life, the return is great and profitable; and what we sow in the minutes and spare portions of a few years grows up to crowns and sceptres in a happy and a glorious eternity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

ABUSE MADE DIFFICULT.—According to Sir Edwin Arnold, there is no imperative mood in the Japanese language, no form of oath, no form of abuse. The worst name you can call a man is "fellow," and when you wish to express great indignation, your most emphatic form is by shouting, "There! there!" Its limited vocabulary in this respect is a very high compliment to the Japanese as a nation.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us; and imprudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

WITHOUT EARS FOR MUSIC.

The enjoyment of music is unevenly bestowed, and many people of high cultivation, and even of the highest faculty, have been unable to see in music anything in the least agreeable.

Moore mentions in his diary that whilst a quintet was being performed at Lord Belhaven's, Lord Carnarvon confessed to him that he "saw no difference between this and any other kind of noise;" and Forsyth, the Italian traveller, put music and perfumery on a level; whilst the late Lord Holland said that music gave him absolute pain.

THE FOX AND THE FOWLS.

A sly old fox, seeing some fowls roosting in a courtyard, tried to beguile them with fine words.

"I have good news to tell you," said he, "namely, that the animals have held a great council, and sworn they will keep perpetual peace. Come down," he continued, "and let us celebrate this peace with our friendship."

The rooster, more crafty than Master Reynard, raised himself upon his spurs and took a survey all round.

"What see you?" said the fox.

"I see two dogs coming this way."

Reynard immediately took to flight.

"Stop! stop!" cried Chanticleer. "Did you not say that peace has been proclaimed among animals."

"Yes," said the fox;" but perhaps yonder dogs have not yet heard the news."

A GOOD WIFE.—"The utmost blessing," says Luther, "that God can confer on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife, with whom he may live in peace and tranquillity—to whom he may confide his whole possessions, even his life and welfare."

LOOK FIRST AT HOME.—It won't help your own crop any to sit on the fence and count the weeds in your neighbour's field.

TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES.

A famous American author, remarkable for his industry and methodical habits, used to enclose in all his letters a card whereon was printed—

"What does it matter if we do lose a few minutes in a whole day?"

"Answer—(Time-table: Working days in a year, 313; working hours in a day, 8). *Five minutes* lost each day is in a year 3 days 2 hours 5 minutes; 10 *minutes* is 6 days 4 hours 10 minutes; 20 *minutes* is 13 days and 20 minutes; 30 *minutes* is 19 days 4 hours 30 minutes; 60 *minutes* is 39 days 1 hour."

CHERISH CAREFULLY THE LITTLE VIRTUES.

"How carefully," said St. Francis de Sales, "we should cherish the little virtues which spring up at the foot of the Cross!"

"What virtues do you mean?" someone asked.

"They are these," replied the saint—"humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burdens, condescension, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, compassion, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candour—all, in short, of that sort of little virtues. They, like unobtrusive violets, love the shade; like them, are sustained by dew; and though, like them, they make little show, they shed a sweet odour on all around."

ANSWER TO CHARADE II. (p. 635).

Hearsay.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC II. (p. 651.)

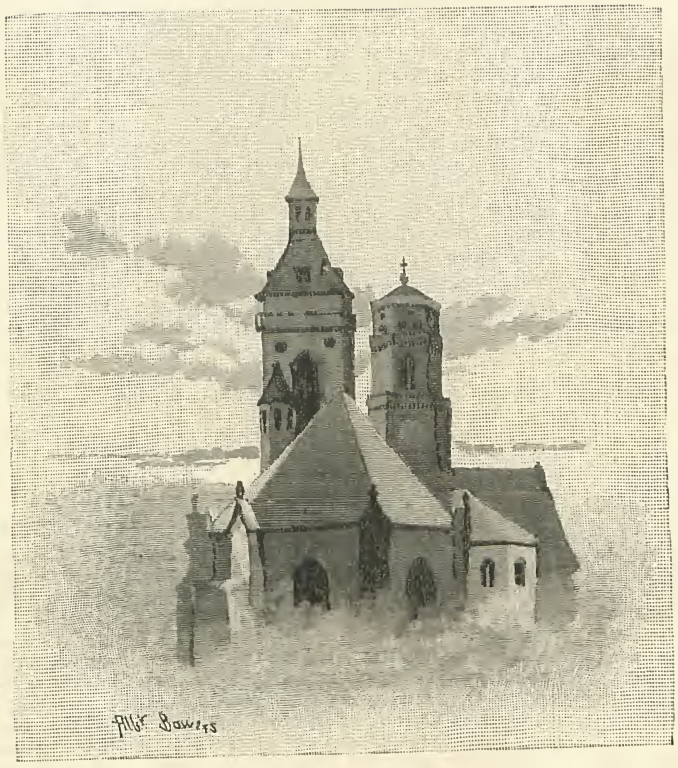
1. Z erm,at T (*a*)
2. E lectr A (*b*)
3. A rithmeti C
4. L impe T

Zeal. Tact.

(*a*) A village near the fatal peak of the Matterhorn.
(*b*) The daughter of Agamemnon, sister of Orestes, and wife of Pylades.

THE LEGEND OF THE LOST PRINCESS.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



CROWNING the vine-clad hills, that compass close
The royal city of fair Wurtemberg,
Stretch pathless forests, set so thick with pines
That on the cool, green-tinted, odorous gloom
Beneath that billowy sea of plumes that hide
The heaven's warm blue, there breaks no song of bird.
The searching summer sun can find no rift
Through which to dart his beamy golden spears
Athwart the slim red boles, and carpets brown,
Of soft pine needles, year by year shed down.

In days gone by a youthful Princess climbed
The steep straight paths between the budding vines
Towards the forest. May-tide's vernal airs
Kissed her fair brow beneath its clustering curls
As she ascended, till she gained the skirts
Of the vast wood, where myriad lilies grew,
And blue sweet hyacinths swung heavy heads,
Alluring her with perfumed breath, and nods,
And whispers low, which on her young ears fell
Like faint far echoes of some faëry bell.

And so the Princess roamed from glade to glade,
Until her skirts and white round arms were full
Of fragrant spoil. She raised her head at length,
And felt the spell of the dim forest draw
Her feet still onward, till she gained a spot
Where green and sunless silence wrapped her round.

A little wearied then, she sat her down,
And leaned against the rough and friendly strength
Of a great pine tree, while a dreamy song
Stole softly from her lips the boughs among.

I love you, O forest!
  Your distances dim
With luring enchantment
  Are full to the brim.

I love you, O forest!
  In solitudes wild
Your arms clasp and lull me
  As mother lulls child.

Your green topmost branches
  The sunlight illumes,
The soft clouds are trailing
  Their skirts o'er your plumes;

Yet here, through the dun light,
  There stealeth no beam;
The silence and stillness
  Are weird as a dream.

Sing to me, O forest!
  Sing—sing till the sound
The spell from my senses
  Has loosed and unbound!

Ended her chant, the Princess gathered up
Her store of snowy bells, and stood erect,
Gazing around her, all intent to gain
Once more the May-tide sunlight and free air.
Now here, now there, she paced—this way, and that,
Thinking each moment to regain the track
Haply by which she entered, till ere long,
By the chill deadly fear which clutched her heart,
She knew the fate had fallen she dreaded most—
That she in that vast solitude was lost.

Beneath the giant pine where late she sang
Her girlish fancies out, the Princess knelt,
With cheek as pale as the pure lily bells
Her skirts yet harboured. Now she sorely wept,
And anon prayed, and wept and prayed again,
As the slow hours crept onward, and the gloom
Deepened around her, and the stillness grew,
Till the chill air with her own heart-beats throbbed.
Then sudden on her ear broke a faint swell
Of deep-toned music, like a far-off bell.

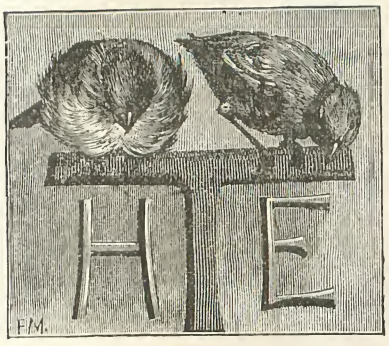
Ah! well the maiden knew that music sweet,
Which from the distant city floated up—
Those old cathedral chimes which, ever since
Her baby lips could speak, she had been wont
To heed as voices calling her to prayer.
And rising up, she followed the blest sound
Out into the warm daylight once again,
Where, nestled in the valley, shone the roofs
And towers of her palace home, all bright
With the slant beams of evening's tender light.

She heard the happy hum of homing bees
Upon the thymy slopes, and glad birds sing
Their quiet vesper hymns beside the nest,
As on the steep hill's brow a little space
She paused, rejoicing in the genial warmth
Of the sweet sun, which touched the vines with gold,
And saw the Neckar like a silver thread
Shine far below; then on the fragrant sod
Knelt, while her heart went out in prayer to God.

And when He called her to her heavenly home
In after years, the Princess left a gift
Munificent, and willed it to be spent
In singing hymns upon the giddy height
Of the great tower, wherein hung the bells
Whence, still at noontide and at golden eve,
Upon sweet human voices, praises soar
To the great Giver of all good; and still
O'er vine-clad hills and city hymn-notes fall,
All wandering sheep to the safe fold to call.

"A SPECIALITY."

PART II.



growing friendliness of the two unfortunate women was nipped in the bud by the east wind of mutual displeasure; for Mrs. Grote was not insensible to the unkindness of Miss Millet, and was injured by it. In place of the pleasantly curious questions and answers which had passed between them arose inimical silence, or such savourless talk as that must be which is devoid of the salt of interest. They were offended with one another; and as on Miss Millet's side there were constant little occurrences to feed her displeasure, the barrier grew insensibly but surely. She nursed her grievance, to her own disadvantage; for it was essential to her health that she should be kept quiet and cheerful. Now she fumed and worried, wore herself out in watching that Mrs. Grote's tea was not stronger, her bread more thickly buttered, or special delicacies supplied to her; so that her digestion suffered, and in consequence various disorders of her delicate body reacted on her temper, and she became daily more morbid, irritable, and difficult. Then the nurse had to complain to her and of her.

"Nothing pleases you," she said. "I'm sure I do my best for you. I don't know what's come to you. One ought to have the patience of Job, and even he would have got tired of your ways. It's grumble, grumble, grumble, grumble, from morning till night. If all the patients were like you I don't know however we should manage. Why can't you take a lesson from Mrs. Grote?"

"*Her!*" cried Miss Millet, with two fierce spots of colour on her thin cheeks, and her voice shrill with anger. "Oh, you needn't set *her* up as my example! It's her as have turned you all against me, with her sleek, hypocritical ways, and I wish she'd never come here—that I do! Yes," she repeated, "I wish she'd never come here, and I don't mind who hears me say it!"

Mrs. Grote heard her say it, as was intended, and she burst into tears. She had never had an enemy before in her life.

"I don't know what I've done," she sobbed. "But I could see you've been cross, and it's made me miserable. I'd hoped we were going to be friends."

"Friends, indeed!" shrieked Miss Millet, who, having given her passion the rein, had now lost all control over it. "I'd like to know how I'm to be friends with anyone as takes all my pleasure away. Before you come there was peace if there wasn't happiness. People was kind to me, and took notice of me. Now I'm neglected—that's what I am. It's always you that must be considered, and have the best of everything—always. I haven't said much, but I've felt it. There's no one to stick up for me, and see that things is fair; and my life's just wretched, that it is, and I wish I was dead."

The nurse tried to calm her. "I don't see that you ought to say that, Miss Millet," she said. "You have just as much as ever you had. Only if you imagine grievances I can't help it."

"*Imagine!*" repeated poor Miss Millet. "There you are, you see! When Mrs. Grote wants the window shut, and I want it open, which do you do? Shut it, of course, because of her rheumatism! If there's a bit of jelly, who must have it? Mrs. Grote, of course, because she wants feeding up! If someone comes, who must you take 'em to? Mrs. Grote! Why, even the very work I've been doing she'd like to snatch from me, and there she lies a-makin' it as heartless as if she didn't know it was my special line, and as if she didn't have the choice of all sorts of other things! I'm beginning to hate her, that I am—yes, to *hate* her!"

And then Miss Millet also fell to weeping. Mrs. Grote made no protestations; she continued to cry quietly, with her hands folded across her breast, and rising and falling as it heaved. She was so very sensitive that she was capable of believing Miss Millet spoke the truth, and that she had, though innocent of any such intention, supplanted her in the affections of others, and therefore been treated as a favourite. To have made another unhappy, even unconsciously, was a serious trouble to her. The distracted nurse, unable to quiet Miss Millet, who was becoming hysterical, went for the doctor, who was on the premises. He came, administered to the patient a reproof and a soothing draught, and, as she was already exhausted, soon restored peace.

"She'll make herself worse than she is if she goes in for this sort of thing," said he to the nurse. "It's fatal to a creature with her constitution. What's the cause?"

The nurse explained as briefly as she could. The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Oh," said he, promptly, "that's an old story—two women disagreeing. Well," with a glance at Mrs. Grote, whose eyes were now closed, but on whose face were still the signs of grief, "I'd separate them, if I were you. There's a bed in No. 6. They'll wear each other out if they quarrel."

Miss Millet's draught sent her to sleep. When she awoke the opposite bed was empty. She said nothing, for she did not like to ask questions on the subject, and perhaps she was even, in the calmer mood which had come to her, a little bit ashamed of herself. So strangely are women constituted that she did not know whether she was not more sorry than relieved. Mrs. Grote had shared her room for a month. The latter meanwhile had been taken up to No. 6, in which the death of a patient had left a vacant bed. This was a large room, and during the greater part of the day unoccupied; for those who slept there were, although of course all incurable invalids, able to be dressed and taken downstairs in their chairs by means of the lift, and could then either occupy themselves in the reading-room, or wheel themselves about the hall and the grounds. Mrs. Grote was the only one who had to keep her bed all day. Still, though she was necessarily lonely, she was less so than with Miss Millet. The other patients gave her great interest; she liked to watch them; and as the attendants could not get them up and dress them very early, and as they came to bed before very late, and silence was not enjoined till all were settled, she had opportunities of becoming well acquainted with two or three. Some of the number showed her little kindnesses, shared with her the gifts of biscuits or fruit brought by friends, sat with her for an hour after luncheon, or read to her stories of the type they loved. She, in her turn, devised small pleasures for them. She had no money to spend, but she could always give love and sympathy and appreciation, and she did what she could, so that she became popular among them. Where human beings can care for each other, be it in the world, in hospitals, or prisons, God is not far away. Mrs. Grote was contented, found even cause for gratitude, and was not unhappy. The only bitter drop in her cup was the remembrance of Miss Millet, and the consciousness that she had embittered the life of a fellow-creature. It was her desire to be at peace with all men. She had finished the commission which had been given her, and when the lady wrote for it—she had not come again—it had been sent, and Mrs. Grote had received the five shillings. She had, however, taken a dislike to the work, which she was persuaded had been at the root of their disagreement, and she did no more of it. As to the money, she would have liked to buy a peace-offering for Miss Millet; but for one thing, she did not know how it would be received, and for another, she felt it her duty to send it to the friend who had been good to her, and who could ill afford, with a sickly child and others to be educated, to spend anything on strangers. Still, again and again her thoughts would return to her former room-mate. She had only once heard of her, and that was when the nurse who had charge of the Monica ward was on the point of leaving to be married. She had come to say good-bye to Mrs. Grote, for whom she had conceived an affection.

"How is Miss Millet?" the former had asked, reddening.

And the nurse had said in answer, "Oh, much the same! She tries to be a bit more patient, I think; but she's got a fretful nature. She doesn't like to have anyone with her, and yet I believe she doesn't like being alone any better."

"I'm sorry she took a dislike to me," Mrs. Grote had said. "She could be very pleasant. If you don't think it would annoy her to hear from me, you might tell her I bear no malice, and I hope she is better."

Perhaps the nurse had omitted to give this message. At any rate, Mrs. Grote had heard no more of Miss Millet all that summer.

It was therefore a great surprise when, one afternoon in the early autumn, the nurse brought her a little note from the inmate of the Monica ward. It was badly written, and the letters were not firmly made, so that evidently it had been produced with difficulty, and there was not much of it when deciphered. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR MADAM,—An old customer has written for some trimming. I'm getting past working; my fingers is weak. Perhaps you'll do it—worth 2s. 6d.—Yours truly,

"MARIA MILLET.

"P.S.—I hope you're improving in helth.

"P.P.S.—I have some bits of wool if you're short."

Mrs. Grote burst into tears. She had prayed every day since their estrangement that Miss Millet and herself might make peace before either of them died. She had not, however, looked for this generosity, and it touched her deeply.

It had taken Miss Millet several days to arrive at that letter. Mrs. Grote was more impulsive. She answered at once, holding the pen in her cramped, trembling fingers, and only sorry that her eagerness so far outstripped its power of transcribing her thoughts. Her writing was even worse than Miss Millet's, but she was a better scholar.

"My Dear Friend," she wrote—"Many thanks for yours just received. I am as well as can be expected, and am much grieved that yours implies you are worse, and hope it is only temporary. It is most kind of you to offer me the work. I have given up doing it since some time; but if you'll let me do this for *you*, it will be a pleasure indeed.—Yours affectionately, "Louisa Grote.

"P.S.—No offence meant. I hope none taken."

The postscript referred to her suggestion that she should do the work and Miss Millet receive the payment. She was afraid, in spite of it, that some offence *was* taken, because two days elapsed before she received any answer. At the end of that time, however, there came another note and a little parcel.

"Dear Mrs. Grote,—I couldn't agree. Besides, I'd rather you have it. I've been very porely since the last, and don't even take plesure in the window. I've got three balls of grey and one wite. Am badly off for beeds. Please accept, and oblige,—Yours affectionately, "Maria Millet.

"P.S.—I'm sorry things has passed between us."

Mrs. Grote undid the parcel. It contained, as the letter explained, three balls of grey wool and one of white; also a small box of silver beads and a crochet-hook.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Mrs. Grote to the woman who happened to be sitting with her; "we ought never to think evil of people! There's goodness in the sharpest-tongued. And fancy her sending the crochet-hook and all!"

The other woman asked for an explanation, and Mrs. Grote gave it.

"Poor soul!" remarked the former, a semi-paralytic herself, whom suffering had transformed into a saint. "I can't help feeling for her; but I wouldn't imagine you could have helped it. There's people subject to jealousy, just like others is to gout, and the things that bring it out ain't responsible; they're innocent in themselves, though they cause harm."

"Now, what 'd you do if you were me?" enquired Mrs. Grote.

"I think I'd offer to go back and cheer her up," said the other promptly.

Mrs. Grote grew crimson.

"I don't see how I could, even if they'd let me," she said. "And I don't know that she'd want it."

"Want it!" echoed the woman. "Bless you, that's what she's aiming at, only it's so roundabout! She's not one to go straight at it, you see—that's all."

"I wonder if they'd let me," Mrs. Grote pondered.

She was not anxious to return as far as she herself was concerned, only she was not in the habit of considering herself. She was happy where she was, and useful, and she had grown attached to the other women, as they had to her. Still, if that was what Miss Millet meant, she would gladly accede to her wishes. Presumably the bed was not yet occupied, though it might be after the November election. She wished she could ascertain if that were what Miss Millet desired, but she did not like to ask her. The only person who would be likely to find out was the doctor, and she had not seen him lately, being in greatly improved health. She determined to put the matter before him when next he came. Of course the patients could not be moved about from ward to ward to suit their fads, but it was possible that, as Mrs. Grote had originally occupied the bed in the Monica ward, she might be allowed to return there.

The conclusion at which Mrs. Grote's friend had arrived had been accurate. Poor Miss Millet was longing to have her former companion back. In absence she began to appreciate more worthily the good qualities which had been lost sight of in the grievances which she considered she had against her, and these grievances assumed truer proportions—even almost disappeared. Moreover, she was intensely solitary. Either her outbreak, or the fretting which preceded and followed it, had weakened her very considerably. The heat of the summer tried her, and she grew sensibly feebler and thinner. As she explained to Mrs. Grote, she could no longer turn so as to see out of the window. And this was not the only pleasure from which she was debarred. She had a slight affection of the eyes, brought on by weakness, and at length even such work as she had done had to be laid aside; especially the beading, which needed good eyesight, was not even to be attempted. So, thrown inwards almost entirely, Miss Millet was forced to see many things in her nature which she needed to alter. Her spirits, which had formerly been good, failed her, and she was frequently depressed. Yet she was less trying than in her more exuberant days. The nurse who now attended her could manage her better than her predecessor. She was a religious woman, and had more forbearance; she was gentler and sweeter. She did Miss Millet good.

To her the latter one day confessed how she had treated the widowed, childless, and afflicted creature who had been sent to share her room. The nurse did not extenuate the fault, but she was more merciful to Miss Millet than Miss Millet was to herself. She advised her to take an opportunity of making it up. But though she was bitterly regretful, Miss Millet was also proud. She was not eager to make apologies. It was only when an old customer came to see her, and asked her to do the work of which she was no longer capable, that, at the suggestion of the attendant, she took the first step towards reconciliation. She was not one to do things by halves, and Mrs. Grote's ready reception of her advances quite melted her. Her only desire now was to get her back.

Like Mrs. Grote, she at once thought of the doctor as a means to attaining her end. Only, she was afraid to mention the matter to him; she had always felt a little shy of him since the scene in which she had played so undignified a part. She asked the nurse, therefore, if she would suggest to him the change of which she was desirous.

"Talk of enigmas," said the doctor, laughing heartily, when Miss Millet's wishes were laid before him; "women are certainly the greatest. Would you believe it, nurse, those women quarrelled like children when they were together, and simply had to be separated? They regularly hated each other! And now absence has given them such mutual love and affection, that only this morning the other one made the very request which this one is making through you."

The nurse smiled. "I'd humour them if I were you. This one, at any rate, won't be here long."

"No," said the doctor grimly; "I don't think *I* shall have to separate them next time."

The occupants of Mrs. Grote's room were deeply sorry when they heard of her meditated departure; and she, having social instincts, and having appreciated the interest they had taken in her, suffered some pangs in bidding them good-bye, the more that she knew this change was in all probability for the remainder of her life. She shed a few tears, but was too placid to have any violent prejudices one way or the other, though her inclinations always tended towards self-sacrifice. Those who have lost all they value in life, whose affections have been crucified, and whose hearts are with the dead, can have no great preferences—they only desire peace. The calm of old age is sometimes found in the bereaved: it arises not only from their having nothing in this world for which they hope, but also from their having nothing to lose.

Miss Millet was in a flutter of excitement when she saw the vacant bed being prepared for the reception of Mrs. Grote. Her thin, wasted cheeks even acquired a tinge of colour, and her dim eyes a little light.

"I'll have my best cap on," she said to the nurse, "and the dressing-jacket with pink ribbons."

As before, Mrs. Grote was carried in, and laid on the bed. Straightway her eyes sought those of Miss Millet. Had she cherished any resentment, it must certainly have vanished at the sight of the drawn, changed face on which Death had set his mark already. She smiled at her encouragingly and lovingly. She wanted her to feel that the past was quite forgiven. Miss Millet endeavoured to return the smile, but succeeded poorly. A strange shyness possessed her; but she summoned power to remark, in an unsteady voice, carefully looking away from Mrs. Grote, "I hope you are pretty comfortable."

Ida Lemon.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I can tell you the rest of my story now, Janet," said Mrs. Boothroyd, after the tea-things were put away, and the girl once more prepared to listen.

"Your father was mistaken in supposing that his stepmother would remain quietly in her old home. She was of too restless a disposition, and too fond of change, for so monotonous a life as she must have led amongst old acquaintances after her bereavement. She was resolved, too, that since she was not to have the sole responsibility of her son's guardianship, she would have none, and she persisted in handing Edwin over to your father's care. In spite of her hard words, he always believed that she had confidence in his uprightness and his affection for his young brother. This the boy returned, and after a time the attachment became stronger, as the two were never long apart from each other. Your father took the deepest interest in all that concerned Edwin, and strove to surround him with the best influences. His mother was seldom in England during the two years after your grandfather's death. She wrote very often to her boy, and forbade him to show her

letters to his guardian. Your father never sought to know their contents, regarding the mother's rights as sacred. No doubt she bewailed their separation, and impressed the belief upon Edwin that he had been robbed and herself cruelly treated, whilst your father had been the cause of the wrong in both cases."

"When my father was so good to Uncle Edwin, it seems strange that he should believe these tales," said Janet.

"In a sense it does. But a mother's influence is strong, and by constant repetition the boy was led to receive her words as facts, not mere surmises."

"I think I know what followed. She married again; for she was only thirty-two, and handsome, gay, and rich. The new husband was a wealthy American, whose tastes were the same as her own. In the gay life that followed, and new interests in the shape of three younger children who came afterwards, she had plenty to think about. What with society, many changes of scene, home, and family cares, she gave less time and thought to her eldest-born. My father did not marry till Edwin was nineteen."

"Your father was considerably older than I was when we married, and till then he had devoted himself almost wholly to his brother. He was proud of his cleverness, satisfied with his conduct, and thought Edwin's affection a sufficient reward for his own devotion. But before Edwin came of age, and whilst he was at college, your father found that he had yielded to temptation, wasted time and talents, and indulged in the wildest extravagances, all unknown to him. We had only been married a few months when the shock came. I could never tell you, darling, how good your father was to his brother. He paid his debts, helped him in every way, and thought the trouble was at an end; for Edwin professed deep sorrow, and made solemn promises of amendment. I must hasten with my tale, dear, for I am getting weary. The trouble came again and again, and help was given very lovingly, though, as it proved, not wisely. At length a time arrived when your father was obliged to stay his hand. Then, alike to his sorrow and amazement, Edwin turned upon him, repeated the old charges made by his mother, and added, 'In paying my debts you have only given me back, by way of conscience-money, a small part of what ought to have been mine. My mother has told me all, and she would not keep repeating an untruth merely to lessen you in my eyes.'

"Stung to the quick as your father was by this assertion, he would not speak against his stepmother, or point out to Edwin the neglect with which she had treated him.

"'I have not been selfish. I have made your well-being my chief concern, Edwin; and you know this,' he said.

"'Of what value is such kindness? Do I not know the motive of it? It has been the salve to your conscience which, my mother says, will never let you rest. I have heard of highwaymen who have emptied the pockets of their victim, and then, moved by pity, have restored enough of the plunder to pay his expenses to his journey's end. This is exactly what you have done to me, but by instalments.'

"'I am willing, for the sake of our father's memory, and out of true affection for you, to give you proof that you are mistaken,' said your father."

"What gentle words, when compared with Uncle Edwin's cruel ones!" said Janet. "My father might justly have refused any such proof."

"Your father was a Christian, dear. He followed the example of his Master, and 'when reviled, he reviled not again.' Edwin, on the contrary, repeated his assertions, and finished by saying, 'You need not fear that you will be called on to part with more of your illgotten gains. My mother will help me. She has only put off doing it because she knew that the money I might have from you was justly my own. I scorn it and you, and I never wish to look on your face again.' Edwin left the house, and the brothers met no more on earth."

"I did not know why it was they kept apart," said Janet. "I only knew that Uncle Edwin had grieved my father, and his was such a beautiful life that I was sure the separation must be the fault of his young brother—not his own."

"It was. But your father was not above all human feeling. He was stung to the quick by Edwin's ingratitude, for he had loved the lad, and ever given him of his best. Years of his life had been devoted to caring for him—and for such a return! The words did not trouble him so much. A false accusation may wound, but the hurt will only be skin-deep. It is when blame is merited that it sinks below the surface, and gives pain to an upright nature until he has repaired the wrong."

"Uncle Edwin was just of age when this quarrel took place, was he not? I think I have heard so much."

"Yes; and your father promptly handed over his share of the property, but no more. He had hitherto dealt with a liberal hand. Now he acted with a strictly just one."

"I understand," said Janet eagerly. "If he had given Uncle Edwin more than his due he might have expected the old taunts to be repeated, and his generosity treated as the result of a tardy repentance."

"Your father said almost the same words in relation to the matter. But for Edwin's shameful attack, and the fear that such generosity would do harm instead of good, he would have divided with him the portion which strictly belonged to himself alone. After the final settlement he forbade the mention of Edwin's name in his presence, and though I know he grieved over the estrangement, he never alluded to it."

"I thought my uncle was sorry afterwards, and begged to see my father, that he might ask his forgiveness," said Janet.

"Yes; the time came when he knew the truth about the money, and when his mother's selfish indifference to his well-being enabled him to estimate your father's conduct at its true value. He longed to own his fault, but he feared to make any advance, lest he should be spurned as he deserved. Your father thought him callous and obstinate. It was not his place to seek Edwin, though no doubt he would have received him at one time. As years went by he gave up all hope of Edwin's repentance. Long before, in obedience to his wish, I had ceased to hold any communication with him. Only a few hours before your father's death——"

"Surely I have heard that Uncle Edwin wrote when my father was ill, and that he asked forgiveness. All connected with him seems like a sorrowful dream, for I knew but little until now."

"He did write, and acknowledged the wrong he had done in the fullest manner possible. He implored your father's forgiveness, and begged to be assured of it by his own lips. He did not know of his illness. You father's face lighted with pleasure as I read the letter to him.

"'I forgive him, as I hope to be forgiven,' he said. 'I loved the lad. He was misled. Thank God the last weight is taken from my mind. Tell him so, and that I asked a blessing on his head.'

"'But you will see him, will you not?' I asked.

"'I would have done, but it is too late. There is not time.'

"He was right. The next post took the answer of forgiveness, but it carried also the news of your father's death. Edwin did not come to the funeral. I heard that he was ill and deeply distressed at the loss of his brother. No wonder. Looking back on the past, I could scarcely forgive him, and I had no wish to see or communicate with him. In our darkest days I could not bear to ask help from him. I fear I thought more of his conduct to your dear father than of his repentance."

"Would it not have been good for Uncle Edwin to be allowed to help us? If I had wronged anybody, I should have thought it a blessed privilege to prove my penitence by my acts as well as by words."

Mrs. Boothroyd was silent for some minutes, as if absorbed in thought. Then she spoke, as if to herself. "All through God's word that duty and privilege of restitution is plainly shown. The Jews were taught it, and plain commands given in their law as to the mode and measure of it. David's cry, when Nathan reproved him in the parable of the ewe lamb, was, 'He shall restore the lamb fourfold.' Zaccheus could say to Jesus, 'If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.'"

"There must be someone to whom this conscience debt can be paid, mother. And if it be refused, what then?"

"There was no debt, in one sense, Janet. Whatever Edwin received from your father was freely given. He owes us no money, my child."

"True, mother; but Uncle Edwin received love and care and kindness, not to name self-sacrifice, from my father

for thirteen long years. Is there no debt owing on that account? How did he repay my father? Was it not by false accusation and utter ingratitude? I can fancy nothing sadder for a man than to look back on such a past as Uncle Edwin's youth, and to feel grieved for its wrongdoing whilst powerless to make amends. He lost the chance of showing his sorrow by his actions towards my father. Most likely he never knew that we wanted help, and has thought all along that we were prosperous and well provided for. He knew your feeling towards him at the time of my father's death, and he must have been so miserable that he was shut out from doing the only thing that could prove his sorrow for the past. Mother, if restitution were a sacred duty under the stern Jewish law, how much the more should it be deemed a blessed privilege under the Gospel of love? Not to make amends for wrong-doing—only One could pay that debt for the sinner—but to prove his penitence."

Janet spoke with enthusiasm, from her heart, and from a conviction that she was right according to the teaching of God's word."

Mrs. Boothroyd was impressed alike by her words and earnestness. "I believe you are right, Janet," she answered. "I may have been too hard. I believe your father would have acted differently, for did he not send a forgiving message and a blessing from his dying bed? You shall write to your Uncle Edwin to-morrow. In the little box—you know it——"

"The one in that drawer which you keep locked, there I shall find information about Uncle Edwin. Is not that what you mean? You are tired, dear mother," said the girl, as Mrs. Boothroyd moved her head in token of assent, and as if too weary for further speech. "That box holds all the family secrets, dear. Now we will leave them there, and to-morrow by the first post the letter shall go to Uncle Edwin. Depend on it, all will be well both for him and for us when we are brought together again."

Janet next warmed the broth for her mother, and when it was ready she recognised more than ever her extreme weakness. Mrs. Boothroyd's hand trembled so much that she could not raise the spoon to her lips, and Janet fed her with a few drops at a time. The morsel of bread moistened in the broth she could not swallow, and again she pleaded that rest was her great need rather than food.

"I could not have spared you to go to church, darling, after all. Now read to me. This little upper chamber must be our sanctuary. It is not the place, but the Presence, which is all-important, though communion in prayer and praise in God's house is very precious."

The girl took her Bible, and read words of praise, gracious invitations, sweetest promises, dwelling always on what was brightest and most cheering. From time to time Mrs. Boothroyd's face lighted under the influence of the sweet words, and an occasional whispered response showed the comfort they gave her.

"Close your Bible, Janet," she said after a while. "I cannot listen any longer. I cannot even think much, but I can just rest and wait patiently. It is quite early yet, dear—only about eight o'clock, I should think," she added, after a short pause.

"St. Peter's clock struck a few minutes since."

"And in three days it will be Christmas."

"Yes, dear; and perhaps we shall have had news of peace and goodwill from my Uncle Edwin before then," said Janet.

Mrs. Boothroyd smiled hopefully. "Yes, he will surely answer. I wish we had written sooner, for your sake, darling. Now I will try to take a little more of the broth."

Janet gladly gave it, a teaspoonful at a time; but her mother was soon satisfied, and the remainder was left on the hearth in readiness.

The girl noticed that the candle was burning down rapidly. There was but another in the house, and she dreaded their being without the means of procuring a light during the long dark night that was before them. She told her mother this, and suggested that it would be better to reserve the one candle since there was no present need for a light.

"Undress, dear, quickly, and come to bed whilst this lasts," said Mrs. Boothroyd.

Janet obeyed, after placing the whole candle ready and the nearly burned one on a little stand within reach. Then she lay down beside her mother and bent over to kiss her.

Mrs. Boothroyd seemed to be endowed with fresh strength for the moment. She clasped her thin arms round her child's neck, and drew the beautiful head down close to the breast where she had lain as an infant. She stroked her hair, showered kisses on her lips and cheeks, then held her in a long embrace, whilst she spoke from time to time in terms of deepest love and tenderness.

"My darling Janet," she said, "you have always been my true comfort, my best earthly blessing since your father died, my dear, patient, dutiful child. God will take care of you and bless you. Remember my words, darling. The Father of the fatherless will not forget you, nor leave a widow's prayers for her child unanswered."

Another embrace and mutual tender kisses, and then Mrs. Boothroyd lay down on her pillow with a smile and a look of content on her face. Janet thought how beautiful the wan features were in spite of sorrow and suffering. She could have continued to gaze, but at that moment the light flickered, then faded, and they were left in darkness.

"The light is out, but with your hand in mine we shall not miss it, mother dear. I will keep perfectly still, so that if you fall asleep I shall not disturb you; and if I am asleep, and you want anything, your least movement will rouse me."

A little pressure of the hand was the only answer. Janet lay awake for some time, listening and waiting in case her mother should need anything; but at length she fell asleep, satisfied that Mrs. Boothroyd was resting also. More than once she awoke, but she could hear her mother breathing regularly, and in her heart she thanked God for this peaceful sleep.

"She will awake feeling better and stronger. I am so glad she lay still all Sunday, as I begged her to do."

All other troubles seemed light in comparison when Janet became hopeful about her mother's condition. With the elasticity of youth she turned to brighter thoughts. She mentally worded the letter to her Uncle Edwin. She pictured his joy at receiving it, his eagerness to claim the privilege of caring for the widow and child of the brother to whom he had been alike unjust and ungrateful. She imagined her mother in a bright home, surrounded by the comforts she needed, and with no fears for the future. Naturally, the home of fancy was far away from the fog and din of Millcaster, and like the one where Janet had passed her childish days so happily.

Amidst these bright imaginings sleep came to turn them into no less pleasant dreams, and it lasted until the faint light of the winter morning stole into the little room.

Janet sprang out of bed, self-reproached as she realised how long she had slumbered, and full of anxiety for her mother.

Mrs. Boothroyd appeared to be sleeping still, but she breathed heavily, and there was something in the face which startled Janet.

"How often I have longed to see her sleeping," thought she. "Now I wish she would awake. I feel so lonely."

The girl busied herself in making ready the best meal she could; but still there was no movement, and she was asking herself whether it would not be better to rouse her mother, when a loud knock at the street door called her from the bedside. She wondered that the noise had not startled the sleeper, and she hastened downstairs lest a repetition of it should awaken her too suddenly.

(To be continued.)

COURTSHIP IN SWEDEN.

By PEVERIL, Author of "In The Good Old Days," "Glen Gordon," etc.

"COURTING is like dying; sure, a man must do it for himself!" So says Paddy out of the depths of a vast experience. Young Sweden is equally gallant, but not equally independent. However freely he may woo the girl of his heart, custom does not always permit him to "pop the fateful question" himself; or, if he does, as no doubt is usually the case, he must still make the proposal in due form, or the parents of his bride will feel slighted.

It must be remembered, however, that the custom alluded to is by no means universal; but in those parts of Sweden where old usages are retained, the "boneman" still flourishes, and is, at least in his own eyes, the most important person in the parish. His name indicates his office, the word "boneman" signifying one who entreats. To this august personage the love-sick swain confides his wishes, and from that time till after the betrothal he ceases to take an active part in the proceedings, simply doing what he is told by the "boneman," who is, *pro tem.*, master of the situation, and uses his brief authority after the manner of his kind.

First, unaccompanied by the lover, he calls at the house of the bride-elect, and addressing himself to her parents, unfolds his errand with much solemnity; expatiates upon the good qualities of the aspirant, his amiability, steadiness, and generosity, and the probability that he will make a good husband. Then he proceeds to more mundane matters, and enumerates the worldly goods of which the youth is possessed, his present income and future prospects; making out as good a case for his client as he can, and interlarding his discourse with appropriate texts of Scripture, not forgetting Eleazar's similar errand, by way of exalting his own office, and hinting that his host cannot do better than imitate the conduct of Laban upon that occasion.

When his eloquence is exhausted, the worthy "boneman" entreats permission to introduce his client to the lady, quite ignoring any informal interviews which may have taken place previously. If the lover is unwelcome to the parents, the proposed visit is courteously declined; but if the alliance suggested meets with their approval, the meeting is at once arranged, the girl herself taking no part in the discussion; it is, in fact, her cue to maintain an air of complete indifference throughout the interview.

At the time appointed, the "boneman" arrives, with the young man in charge, and presents him to the lady with an elaborate and eulogistic speech. At this stage of the proceedings it is not etiquette for the young people to talk to each other, or to show any mark of preference. The girl therefore busies herself with her knitting, and tries to look unconcerned, while the unfortunate youth twiddles his thumbs, and succeeds in looking ineffably foolish without trying at all! Throughout this trying ordeal, Phyllis has decidedly the best of it, for her hands and eyes are well employed, whereas poor Corydon does not know which way to look, and finds his hands and feet uncomfortably in his way.

Meanwhile, the "boneman" and his host are arranging the day of betrothal, a ceremony second only in importance to the wedding, the festivities being frequently kept up for several days.

If the farmer is in prosperous circumstances, he invites a large number of neighbours and relatives to grace his daughter's betrothal, the party being doubled by the friends and kinsfolk who arrive with the young man. The clergyman also accompanies him, and the "boneman," who makes the most of this, his last day of power.

The host meets his guests at the door, offering to each a small glass of brandy, which is the universal token of welcome throughout both Norway and Sweden. The visitors "skäl" the happy pair, and then enter the house, preceded by the minister, who makes an address suitable to the occasion.

The "boneman" now bustles forward, places his charges in the centre of the room, and the ceremony begins. First, the lovers exchange "minde" rings, then they clasp hands in token of constancy, while the clergyman asks each in turn the solemn question, "Before God the Almighty and All-knowing, and in the presence of these witnesses, I ask thee if thou wilt have him (or her) for thy betrothed?" Then follows the Lord's Prayer, a solemn benediction closing the simple and beautiful little service.

Friends now gather round and lay their hands upon the clasped hands of the lovers, thus bearing witness to the oaths of fidelity. The minister delivers another address, and then everybody shakes hands with the young couple and wishes them joy.

The company now sit down to the banquet prepared; that over, dancing begins, and is kept up to a late hour. At length the lights are put out, and the guests dispose themselves to slumber as best they can under the circumstances. When a party numbers two hundred or more, it is reasonable to suppose that beds cannot be found for all. The hostess can do no more than provide an abundance of clean straw, which is heaped upon the floor of kitchen and barn. Happily, Swedes are not fastidious, and accommodate themselves to circumstances with great cheerfulness. They lie down promiscuously upon the sweet straw, sleep the sleep of the just, and awake in the morning ready for another day of feasting, dancing, and singing.

In many respects Norway and Sweden are said to be alike. The language, religion, and many of the customs are the same; but there are points of difference. The Norwegians, possibly owing to the stern character of their mountain scenery, are grave and deliberate, even the children lacking the gaiety natural to their age. Swedes, on the contrary, are lighthearted and pleasure-loving; they are also handsome, which cannot, as a rule, be said for the women of Norway.

The young girls of Sweden are often extremely beautiful, especially between the age of fifteen and eighteen. They are tall, well-formed, and graceful, with large blue eyes, an exquisite rose and lily complexion, and abundant golden hair, which they wear in two long plaits, tied at the end with ribbon, except on grand occasions, when they allow their hair to fall loose upon their shoulders. Unfortunately, this beauty is fleeting. The field work, which most of the women share with the men, robs them of their bloom; toil and exposure coarsening the features and roughening the delicate skin. Masculine beauty wears better. The blue-eyed, fair-haired lad who at twenty was a model of manly grace, is equally handsome at forty, with the added charm of dignity and conscious worth. Such men are not likely to be tardy wooers.

All over Sweden, Saturday evening is the recognised time for courting, or as it is there called, "bundling." Saturday is one of the busiest days of the week, for not only must the house be made spick and span in readiness for Sunday, but every member of the family undergoes a similar "cleaning-up" process. The large barn is utilised as a bath-room, and by the time the evening meal is ready each lad and lass is spruce and tidy, with neatly-brushed and braided hair, and wearing clean Sunday garments. This being bundling night, we may be sure the girls are all as smart as can be, the boys showing quite as much anxiety to make themselves attractive. By-and-by they set off on bundling expeditions of their own, leaving their sisters to entertain the expected guests.

In Dalecarlia it is customary for young men to assemble on Saturday evening, and go round the parish serenading the maidens they especially desire to honour. They do not pay this compliment to any but the girls of their own "clan," and it is considered a great breach or decorum for a man to marry out of his own parish. Belgravia itself could not be more exclusive.

The people of Dalecarlia are the handsomest and most independent of the Swedish peasantry. They are also poor, and a "dahlkulla" often wears a "minde" ring many years before she dons the bridal crown. These girls show themselves worthy descendants of the men who rallied round Gustavus Vasa, and enabled him to free his country from the rule of a foreign despot. They have courage to do what few rustic maidens dare; and if fortune frowns, and the time for marriage seems far distant, they will put their own shoulders to the wheel and help to earn the money needful to make a fair start in life.

For this purpose they go to Stockholm, trudging barefooted all the way, carrying their shoes for economy's sake, and a bundle containing their simple outfit. How strange the city world must seem to the blue-eyed bonde-maiden, and how full of unsuspected temptations! The mothers of Dalecarlia must have stout hearts, or they could not trust their carefully-reared daughters alone in a town not remarkable for morality. Danger there is, doubtless, but the fair "dahlkulla" passes unscathed through the ordeal. In the city, but not of it, she keeps steadily before her eyes the object of her coming, and that object attained, ties up her bundle and sets her face homewards with a joyful heart.

Stockholm, the so-called Venice of the North, is built upon many small islands, around which flows the sea, thus forming a series of wide irregular channels running between the long rows of houses. These watery highways are alive with boats carrying passengers from one landing-place to another, plying backwards and forwards and up and down, like the omnibuses and cabs in other more prosaic towns.

Here we find our "dahlkulla," three to each boat—two rowing and one steering. Excellent sailors they are, too, and so cheery and kind-hearted that it does one good to see them. Their costume marks them out from the girls of Stockholm, and forms no small item in the picturesque *entourage* of the northern Venice. A "dahlkulla" wears a short green woollen skirt, a red, sleeveless bodice, turned back in front to exhibit a snowy chemise, the full sleeves of which cover the arms and draw round the wrist. They also wear scarlet stockings and heavy shoes, the heels of which are uncomfortably placed under the hollow of the foot. A gaily-striped apron completes the costume, which, with the exception of the shoes, we recommend to any young lady who wishes to create a sensation at an evening party.

It is by no means easy to give a satisfactory account of courtship in Sweden, customs

differing slightly in each parish, and more than slightly in each province, so that it is difficult to avoid confusing the usages of one district with another. For instance, in some parts the mere giving of a ring amounts to an offer of marriage. Du Chaillu gives an amusing account of a difficulty he got into through ignorance of this local peculiarity. Upon one occasion he went to a fair, accompanied by the "bonde" family with whom he was staying at the time. Wishing to make some return for hospitality, he presented the fair-haired daughter of his host with a gold ring, which she accepted with blushing smiles. The by-standers laughed and applauded; but "friend Paul" failed to see the point of the joke until some days afterwards, when he received a visit from his quondam host, who astonished him greatly by asking when "good friend Paul" intended to marry his daughter? The clever American extricated himself from the dilemma without hurting the worthy farmer's feeling, or diminishing his own popularity. The feelings of the young lady in question are discreetly left to the imagination! Taught by experience, Du Chaillu was henceforth careful, when he gave a ring to one, to bestow a similar gift upon two or three other girls living near, thus finding safety in numbers!

In the parish of Rouneby, the 1st of July is a favourite day for betrothals. From an early hour carts and waggons arrive, overarched with green boughs and drawn by flower-decked horses. These triumphal chariots are laden with holiday folk bent on "having a good time," an intention a Swedish "bonde" knows well how to carry into effect.

The clergyman holds a special service on the occasion, the church being crowded with youths and maidens each carrying a bouquet, the object of which is seen later. On this day flowers are recognised love-tokens, a bouquet offered and accepted being tantamount to a promise of marriage. Thus, the important question may be asked and answered without a word spoken on either side—a great comfort to bashful swains, who have not yet reached the eloquent stage of love-fever. It is said that this pretty custom is dying out; young men modestly objecting to advertise their intentions by carrying flowers for all the world to see and laugh at. The love-making, no doubt, is carried on quite as successfully, if less openly, and the 1st of July is not likely to lose its popularity amongst the young folk of the district.

Betrothal gifts vary with locality, and also with the circumstances of the lovers. Usually the girl gives her sweetheart some article made by herself, receiving in exchange a Prayer Book, on the cover of which is engraved a golden heart and a text in letters of gold. Elsewhere, if the suitor is wealthy, he presents his true-love with a large silver goblet, in which are placed a few silver coins and spoons in token of future prosperity. A spoon appears to be universally considered a symbol of housewifely excellence, and in many parts of Sweden a matron habitually wears a long silver spoon suspended from her girdle.

In some districts betrothal gifts consist of a chain and girdle of silver, a Psalm Book, and a large silver spoon with a crown and leaves chased upon the handle. The girdle and chain betoken prosperity, the book, religion, and the spoon, thrift. A bride-elect is expected to appear at church wearing these symbolic gifts a week before marriage. In return for all these handsome presents, the girl bestows upon her lover a fine linen shirt, spun, woven, and made by her own fair hands; also, a breast knot of gay ribbons, and a pair of red garters. These are six feet in length, and are worn criss-cross over the stockings, fastening in a bow below the knee. The bridegroom wears these articles of dress upon his wedding-day, and never afterwards, until his earthly pilgrimage is over, when his wedding shirt serves him for a shroud.

Swedish girls of the "bonde" class are wonderfully clever and industrious, learning thrifty and careful habits from their excellent mothers. As soon as she wears a "minde" ring, a girl begins to spin and weave linen for her future household. Often she must wait years before her lover can afford to buy or rent the farm which is the heart's desire of every "bonde"; but this long delay is no discouragement to the busy maiden; she has all the more time to do her work, and to do it well. Thus, it frequently happens that when a girl is married, the walls of the large room in which the banquet takes place are fairly covered with trophies of her skill—long webs of snowy linen, shawls spun, woven, and embroidered by her own clever fingers, and bales of thick woollen cloth also spun and woven by herself. Happy the man who secures such a domestic treasure, for verily "her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no fear of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Her children shall arise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her."

FRUIT SALADS.

By LUCY HELEN YATES, Lecturer on The Cookery of Vegetables and Fruits to the Horticultural Exhibition Committee.

With the hot days before us, and the promise of a plentiful supply of fruits, we are generally on the look-out for new and dainty ways of serving these most acceptable gifts of our generous Mother Earth.

Fruit tarts, fruit puddings, stewed fruit, even fruit compôtes, we are all well acquainted with; but I wonder how many of our girls know how to make a fruit salad?

Perhaps the favoured few, who have had the good fortune to make acquaintance with Parisian and Viennese restaurants, may have tasted with wondering admiration the strange compound set before them; but I doubt whether they dared to attempt an imitation of it at home, although we may meet with occasional recipes for it in some few cookery books—none too reliable, I must confess.

Now, give me your attention, dear girls, while I tell you exactly how to make and serve this most delicious of delicacies.

First, I must tell you, you cannot make it of any fruit, or of fruit in any condition. It must be good and sound, perfectly ripe, and very *dry*. This last requisite, you will remember, is needful for the success of any salad, fruit or vegetable.

Gooseberries will not make a salad; nor will plums, apples, or pears.

Too much soft fruit, like ripe currants, may mar its success.

Now let us see what will do best.

Strawberries and raspberries, with a few stoned cherries, and a small proportion of very fine red or white currants, will make a splendid salad, as they accord well together.

Then pineapples, bananas, apricots, peaches, nectarines, all combine perfectly; while oranges, lemons, melons, with a small admixture of candied cherries, greengages, and chestnuts, make an excellent fruit salad about Christmas-time.

Take first the strawberries and other soft fruits, as these most nearly concern us at the present moment.

Let the fruit be very much "morning gathered," if you have not the good luck to be able to gather it yourself. Strawberries and raspberries must be very dry and free from dust. To ensure this, when you pick off the hulls, brush each one over lightly with a camel's-hair brush. The cherries should be stoned; you will easily do this with practice. Black cherries are preferable to "white hearts" for use in a salad. They are more tender.

Choose the finest bunches of currants, and pick them off the stems without bruising them.

A deep crystal dish, round or oval in shape, is to be preferred to the salad-bowl for a fruit salad, even though the latter may be a crystal one.

Arrange the fruit, not in layers of each kind, but in mixed layers, and keep it in pyramid shape. When you have sufficient fruit make your "dressing."

For this you will need a tumblerful of some sweet *red* wine—Rousillon or a sweet port. First take a tumblerful of water and about a dozen lumps of sugar. Set these over the fire in an enamelled saucepan. Let this boil for five minutes, then set aside to cool. Stir in the wine and a tablespoonful of some good liqueur, like Prunelle, which has the flavour of nuts. Let this mixture be quite cold before pouring it over the fruit; indeed, you had better make it early in the morning if intending to use the salad for lunch.

Pour it very gently over all, being careful to cover all the fruit, and let it slowly filter through.

If you want to make this dish very handsome, beat up the white of one egg with its equal in powdered sugar, till a stiff froth. Take small portions of this with a teaspoon, and place about the pyramid of fruit, like snow. Arrange a bed of cool ivy leaves on another dish, and set your crystal dish on this. Serve with a silver spoon and fork, taking care to give a little of the "dressing" with each helping.

Pare the pineapple and the bananas, and slice them evenly, but not *too* thinly. The apricots and peaches must be skinned, and the stones cracked to get at the kernels. Pound these latter in a mortar with a little sugar, and sprinkle the powder amongst the other fruit. Arrange it also in pyramidal form. The dressing for this salad would be made in the same way, only as the colour of the fruit is yellow, so the wine must be the same—a sweet white wine, sherry, or Frontignan, and a glass of Maraschino. You may put "snow" about this salad too if you wish.

In making the winter salad, you will need to pare both oranges and lemons. One lemon to half a dozen oranges is about the right proportion. *Grate* a little of the rind of both fruits, as the flavour of the peel is very choice. The late melons have a very fine scent. Pare a quarter of one small melon, scrape away all the seedy part, and slice it very thinly. The candied fruit should be split in half, and arranged among the other with regard to its colouring. For this salad you would make the same syrup; but a *raisin* or ginger wine would be most suitable.

Perhaps some of my readers who are teetotallers will take objection to the wine. I am sorry to say you cannot produce the same effect without it. I have never tried whether the "champagne cider" and other teetotal beverages could be made to answer the purpose; but I am afraid they would not. Better far would it be to use cream and sugar, as do those good people who object to oil in a lettuce salad.

Answers to Correspondents.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GUIDRAH.—There is a Servants' Home and House of Rest at 39, Western Road, Hastings, Sussex; apply to Miss Webb. Also, at Victoria House, Old Steine, Brighton; apply to Miss Gripper. Perhaps if you applied to the Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, at 16A and 17, Old Cavendish Street, W., she might direct you and your friend to some house of rest of their own at the sea-side. At most of these places you would have to pay about 8s. a week for board and lodging.

B. L.—In reply to your question as to how the approximate age of certain Egyptian and other great ruins of past ages can be ascertained without a record of historical dates, one method of calculation is very satisfactory—it is by the measurement of the rise of deposits in their vicinity. The deposit is, of course, much influenced by the fall of leaves or drifts of sand; and we should have thought the drift of sand in Egypt would have been at a far quicker rate than three inches and a half in a century. In Central America, and in Ceylon, the deposits have reached halfway up the wonderful ancient remains of temples; so the periods must vary greatly according to the several localities.

C. M. B.—Certainly, you may think without the use of words. You must know that, without our telling you so. Have you never felt frightened or anxious for others, or grief, or gladness, or amusement, without saying mentally, "I am grieved," "I am amused," etc. You ask for reasons, so we will give you further proof. Deaf mutes, who have never heard spoken words, on being taught to speak by the oral system have, many of them, been found to be possessed of great powers of mind, and likewise of original thought, to which they gave vent in language when taught, Jean Massieu and Laura Bridgeman being notable examples of such thinkers.

GIPSY puts a somewhat difficult question to us, viz., "Why a young lady's heart should beat so strangely when she is talking to a young man whom she regards merely as a friend?" We never experienced such a phenomenon, and regard it more or less as being "strange, foul, and unnatural"—omitting the word "foul." She is better able to analyse her own feelings than one who has never seen her, nor felt the like.—2. Her second question is likewise beyond our power to answer, *i.e.*, "How a young lady is to know when a young man means anything in the way of marriage, and what attentions he pays her?" Men's ways and ideas vary with their several individualities. All do not follow the same rule. Your query is put in a dubious way. If you both care each for the other, no mistake can be made on either side. If you do not care for him, avoid him, and any chance of a proposal. There is no such thing as "Anything in the way of marriage." There is "marriage in prospect"; or a complete withdrawal from all so-called flirtation, which is a heartless and degrading amusement.

SWEET (?) SEVENTEEN.—You might excuse your gentleman friend if he called you "angel" and "star" in a little "aside," as it were; but you are quite right in preventing any practical demonstration of his affectionate admiration. Should he annoy you in any way, avoid his society, or meet him only in the company of your parents or a brother. It is an impertinence on his part to use such language to you direct.

A CARELESS ONE might take grease out of a woollen material by placing a sheet of blotting-paper over it, and ironing it lightly with a flat-iron. If a silk dress, scrape a little French chalk over the wrong side and rub it in with the end of a finger, and lightly shake it off.

MRS. CLUPPINS.—We know that a bad temper may be cured, so far as any outward expression of it goes. But the ways and means lie in earnest, persevering prayer for the help of the Holy Spirit, and for His constraining grace. At the same time, you must not fold your hands, but make a strenuous effort yourself.

A WEEKLY READER.—1. Send the hat to be cleaned, if a little ammonia will not clean it.—2. February 9th, 1870, was a Wednesday.

MIRANDA.—The exclamation, "Oh, Lor!" is both profane and very vulgar. It is an abbreviation of "Oh, Lord!" which is frequently heard amongst ill-bred people who have no intention to "take God's holy name in vain," and would refrain from using the expression if aware of what it meant.

E. C. M.—The observances connected with Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday had their origin in this country in the ancient Church. The Tuesday before Lent was one set apart for confession and shriving (or absolution); and on Ash Wednesday people received a mark, in the form of a cross, with ashes on the forehead, in token of their humiliation for sin and reminder of death. The undistributed branches of the palms consecrated at a former festival were burnt for this purpose; and when the priest marked each member of his congregation he pronounced the words, "Remember thou art but dust and ashes, and to dust thou shalt return." We may bear this in mind without the ashes, and likewise the blessed assurance of Him who "giveth us the victory"—"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"

SILLY CATT.—We fear that an ink-stain that has been "washed three times and cleaned once" is a very hopeless matter to deal with.

SHREWSBURY.—We see you have been reading a book called *Unknown to History*, and the very title tells you that history says nothing of any daughter of Mary Queen of Scots; and we are no wiser. The matter seems to refer to tradition only.

TARA.—Tara Hill was the ancient seat of the kings of Ireland, and on it are found earthworks and many antiquities. It is situated in co. Meath, six miles south-east of Navan. The brooches, bracelets, and fibulas which are found there are all of them called "Tara," which shows their origin at once.

M. C. MITCHELL should apply for information about massage to the Secretary of the Nurses' Club, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.; and with reference to Commissionerships, to Miss Edith Davis, *Lady Guide* Office, 352, Strand, W.C. This lady might possibly give you employment, or at least some advice.

E. A. NICHOLLS.—Get your head shampooed once a week, having had the ends singed in the first place. Use a little nourishing pomade on the skin, and a rosemary wash, to be obtained at any good hairdresser's.

AGGIE and MAUD.—Many thanks for your kind offer of hospitality. You should have either a small knitted shawl or a cape as a wrap at the sea-side. The cape might be made of black serge, which would be inexpensive. See our monthly article in the "G. O. P." You have our warmest sympathy in your bereavement.

VOL. XIII.—No. 660.] AUGUST 20, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

"'WE MUST HAVE YOU AND YOUR YOUNG—HEM!—LADY OUT OF THIS AT ONCE,' HE CONTINUED."

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[*See Chapter xv., p.* 658.

CHAPTER XX.

JANET went downstairs to answer the door, weighted by a double dread. She feared to leave her mother alone for a moment, and under present circumstances she had no hope of meeting a messenger of good tidings waiting on the threshold.

"I've come for the machine, miss," were the words which greeted her appearance. "The master is sorry to send; but seeing you are not using it at present, and the slack time is on and will last for weeks yet, he doesn't see his way to leaving it any longer."

Janet clasped her hands and gave a little cry of despair, but made no other answer. What could she say?

"You see, miss," continued the man, "if the machine stops here, and you've nothing to do, the debt keeps getting bigger—growing while you are sleeping, just like the grass does. Master does feel for you. He said I was to tell you so, only he's bound to protect himself. You'll not find him so very hard in the long run, if things work round a bit. I've been with him a good many years, and I know him better than most. He has lost money often and often by being too trustful; and that sort of thing sharpens a man, and teaches him not to believe all that is told him."

Even the loss of the machine, which had seemed the most terrible misfortune that could happen, took a second place with Janet at this moment. Her one desire was to return quickly to her mother.

"You must take the machine, of course," she said in a trembling voice. "I cannot pay, and I have no work. Please be quick. My mother is very ill, and she is by herself."

"Certainly, miss. The master said, if you get work and can see your way to paying up, you shall have this machine, or another in the place of it, and you'll not have cause to grumble at the terms."

"Thank him, please, for us. He cannot help it. Will the man never go?" she thought, as she strove to hasten him.

"I have just thought that the young person next door bought a splendid machine, out and out, a little while ago. I delivered it myself. I dare say you could bargain with her for the use of it, for she doesn't seem to be often at home."

"Thank you. Yes, I am sure I could. Good morning," said Janet; and in desperation she closed the door behind the man and ran upstairs to her mother.

"You are awake, darling," she cried, for Mrs. Boothroyd's eyes were open.

There was no response, and as the girl came close to the bed she realised the terrible truth. That long embrace, those loving words of the night before, were a last farewell. Her mother was dead. The dreaded blow had fallen. She was alone in the world.

Is it wonderful that nature gave way under such a strain? Janet uttered one cry of despair, and fell fainting on the floor of the chamber. In her fall she struck her head heavily against a chest of drawers, and lay, stunned and unconscious, with no human friend at hand to give help or comfort.

Janet was, however, to receive aid from one to whom she would least have wished to owe any obligation, had choice been possible.

Mr. Cutclose had not slept well on either of the nights after his weekly visit to Morton Place. He was a haunted man—haunted by the memory of Janet's despairing face, so beautiful in its sorrow; haunted by the fear that, after all, he might have allowed the girl to suffer unnecessarily, and the best time for offering help to pass by.

"I'll step round to Morton Place as soon as I get into Millcaster. I must see how those poor women are getting on," he thought, as he rose on Monday morning.

It happened that Mr. Cutclose's housekeeper was also going into Millcaster that morning on a shopping expedition, and was to meet her master at Baker's, to assist in the selection of certain articles for the further adornment of One Ash Villa.

Anna Jukes, though far from being a lady, as her master put it, had wonderful taste for a person in her station of life. She seemed to know just what article would fit a place, and what colour would set off a room without making it glaring or gaudy. She was clever, too, in knowing how to get the worth of the money entrusted to her; and though Mr. Cutclose declared he would give in to nobody in judging the value of property or of substantial pieces of furniture, he was nowhere beside Anna in smaller matters.

No doubt Anna Jukes had natural good taste, and this had been cultivated and improved during her early years of service in a good family, before her unfortunate marriage and subsequent service under Mr. and Mrs. Cutclose.

"Some people have got it in them to begin with; others haven't, and no amount of teaching would put it in," said Mr. Cutclose to himself, when pondering on the results of Anna's household arrangements. "Eliza was one of the excellent of the earth, as I have remarked many a time, and first-rate at a bargain. But as to taste! Hers was of the wrong sort, and somehow, when she did buy new things, they were a bit vulgar. I haven't got much taste so far as choosing and fixing go, but I know the difference between what looks well and what doesn't, and that's worth something to a master of a house. If you can't do a thing in the best way yourself, pick out somebody who can, and let them manage. That is next best, and it's my system."

Mr. Cutclose and his housekeeper did not travel in the same railway-carriage. He had a first-class contract ticket between Millcaster and Carlton-cum-Penley, and he took his place accordingly. Anna Jukes travelled third, as became the difference in her position.

Before leaving One Ash Villa, Mr. Cutclose had told her what to do on reaching Millcaster.

"Don't wait for me, but go straight to Baker's, and look about and ask prices. Then you'll be able to tell me what you think best when I come across. I want to call on one of my tenants, and I can go there nicely on the way to Baker's."

Mr. Cutclose had a double motive in sending Anna Jukes to the shop alone. Her good-for-nothing husband was dead. He had met with an accident when he was not in a condition to take care of himself, and had been conveyed to the hospital, where he only lingered long enough to see his wife before the end came. Poor Anna grieved for him as much as if he had been a better husband. His death ended the hopes of his amendment, that she had vainly cherished for many weary years. Anna's freedom suggested the need for great circumspection in the conduct of Mr. Cutclose, and he treated her with more formality than of old.

"She's a good, faithful soul, is Anna; but she must be kept in her place. She must never be encouraged in the notion that I should demean myself by turning in her direction if I took another partner. I must have a lady born, and handsome to look at. No more elderly widows for Richard Cutclose; though if ever a man was sensible of what he owed to his first, I'm the one."

These thoughts influenced him before he left home, and on the way to Millcaster. At the station he did not trouble himself to look for Anna Jukes, but went rapidly in the direction of Morton Place and to No. 12. He did just peep in at the window of No. 11, to convince himself that Susan Meade was still absent, then knocked at Mrs. Boothroyd's door.

There was no response, so he knocked still more loudly, then lifted the latch and entered. There was no fire in the grate, and a hasty glance round the room showed him that one visitor had been there before him.

"The man has been a bit sharper than I expected. The machine is gone already. It's queer the door being open, no fire lighted, and nobody about. They never went out together and left the door unlocked before. They were always so particular. If Susan Meade had been at home, and I hadn't looked right in at her place, I should have thought Miss and her mother had gone in there."

Mr. Cutclose cogitated thus as he waited. Then he rapped loudly, first on the floor, then on the staircase door, with the knob of his umbrella, and again paused for the reply which came not.

"It's uncommon queer. I hope nothing serious is the matter." He turned pale at thoughts which intruded at the moment—memories of terrible discoveries that he had made in bygone days in some of those old tenements belonging to the departed Mrs. Cutclose, and occupied by men and women who lived without God and without hope in the world.

But he turned resolutely from such images, saying to himself, "Miss and her mother were not that sort, and

they're not the people to make a flit without doing the right thing by the landlord. The goods are here, and they'd never leave all they have in the world behind them just to pay a week's rent. I half wish I had tried to help them sooner; but they are stand-offish in their ways, and you felt they were not the people to take liberties with. Liberties! How most of those I have to do with would jump at the chance of getting a finger into my purse!"

The thought was amusing, and Mr. Cutclose laughed as it shaped itself in his mind. Then he stood at the stair foot and listened once more. Surely he heard a low moan! He was right. The sound came a second time, and then the listener ascended the stairs as rapidly as possible.

The picture which met his eyes might have appalled and touched a harder heart than that of Mr. Cutclose. A glance at the bed and its lifeless occupant, a second at the unconscious girl, who lay prone at his feet, and who, but for a low moan uttered at intervals, showed no sign of life—told him the whole sad story of his hapless tenants.

Mrs. Boothroyd was beyond all human aid; what if her daughter were the same! Should this be the case, farewell to the hopes which in the mind of Mr. Cutclose had centred round the mother and daughter at No. 12.

"It can't have been starvation, for the place is not empty of victuals even now, and there's a bit of fire. Beside, there are things yet that could have been parted with. It's honest illness that has taken the old lady; she has looked worse every week lately than she did the week before. She might have taken wrong medicine," thought the landlord, putting into its most charitable form an idea that would intrude itself, namely, that the death of Mrs. Boothroyd had not taken place from natural causes. Beside, there was Miss, living, but unable to help herself. What could account for her condition?"

The habitual caution of Mr. Cutclose asserted itself. Before rendering help, or seeking any from without, he examined the room as carefully as possible, but could discern no sign of anything suspicious. The room was so small, the articles it contained so few, that his self-imposed task was quickly completed. Then he turned to Janet, and found that blood was oozing from the side of her head, and that her hair was saturated with it.

"Ah! I see now. Here's the mischief. Miss has been completely upset by the poor lady's death, and she all alone and not a soul near to comfort her. She has fainted, and knocked her head in falling. I am not much good in a case like this, but—" and the face of Mr. Cutclose lighted at the thought—"what a providence there is in it, to be sure. Anna Jukes is only a few minutes out of call."

He rushed downstairs and to the house of a tenant close by, who had, as he phrased it, "A still tongue and a good head on her shoulders." Moreover, she was under great obligations to himself in the way of arrears. He bade her take the first cab she came to, and go fast to the upholstery department at Baker's. There she would find a widow woman looking at window-curtains. Her name was Anna Jukes. She must give her the written line he hastily pencilled, and bring her back in the cab without a moment's loss of time.

The woman obeyed, and during her brief absence Mr. Cutclose, seeing a bunch of keys hanging from a drawer, used them to take a rapid glance at the contents of the chest. He did not think Janet would suffer by a few minutes' delay, and Anna Jukes would know better what to do than the women in Morton Place. He was resolved to avoid gossip, and shield the unfortunate girl from vulgar curiosity and prying eyes—with the exception of his own, of course.

"There's bound to be an inquest," he thought. "No getting out of that. I was foolish not to come forward last Saturday and send a doctor; then all would have been straightforward, and cost less into the bargain. But one can't foresee everything. Beside, I should not have been able to have all in my own hands, and take charge of Miss. No one will quarrel with me for undertaking to spend money; and as to the tenants about here, I should like to see them meddle with anything I choose to do. Hallo! Here's a little box full of papers. I'll stuff the lot into my overcoat pocket. Miss wouldn't like them to be rummaged over; they are all old letters and such-like, telling of better days, no doubt."

Mr. Cutclose suited the action to the thought, and hastily rolled up the papers in a spare silk handkerchief and deposited them in his pocket. In his haste he dropped one or two strips covered with writing; but he had no time to be particular if he had noticed them, for he heard the sound of wheels, and judged that his messenger was returning with Anna Jukes. He wondered that she could be back so soon; but he was glad, for he felt it was high time for Janet to receive proper attention.

Mr. Cutclose did not anticipate the possibility of any other cab coming into Morton Place except the one bringing Anna Jukes; but on reaching the door, he found the vehicle had passed it, and was at No. 11. Its occupant was Susan Meade, and Mr. Cutclose was unfeignedly glad to see her, especially as he had taken advantage of the time since his own arrival at No. 12. He did not waste many words. "You've come at the right time, though you've been away at the wrong one," he said. "That poor girl next door is in an awful plight."

Then as quickly as possible he told her what had happened, and of his discovery that morning.

Susan's healthy colour faded, and she grew white to the lips. She gave a moan of distress. She had so longed to be a help and comfort to the Boothroyds, and had taken such care to insure their being able to communicate with her, and now she was met by this terrible news.

But she was a woman to act in an emergency, not to be overcome by feelings and circumstances.

"Have you sent for a doctor?" she asked.

"Not yet. My housekeeper will be here directly. She's a capable woman, and I could not bear to bring in these prying gossips to Miss and her poor mother. I've sent for Anna to Baker's."

Susan's luggage was just deposited on the pavement. She paid the cab-driver, then bade Mr. Cutclose take the vehicle and bring Dr. Robertson back with him, if possible; if not, the next best man to be had. "I will be answerable for all expenses," she said.

"You needn't trouble. I've undertaken the case," said Mr. Cutclose, with dignity. But he obeyed, and Susan went into the bedroom of No. 12, to find the sad realities of which the landlord had told her.

She gave an instant to the dead, performing certain needed offices with a reverent touch, and next she set herself to the task of restoring Janet to consciousness. In this she was unsuccessful, as she had nothing but cold water at hand. This she applied; but in vain. As regarded the washing of the wound on the head, she thought it better to await the doctor's arrival, as she had no fresh lint at hand for use in such an operation.

Susan's opinion of the motives of Mr. Cutclose in doing a generous action was by no means a high one. Whilst attending to Janet, she could not help noticing the keys hanging from a drawer, and next she observed the two strips of paper lying on the floor, as if they might have been recently dropped. She quickly took possession of these; but she did not open the drawer itself.

Susan could not help wondering whether the landlord had spent much time in the house, and in what way he had employed himself. He might have ransacked the drawer, and in hurriedly transferring the contents to his own keeping, dropped the papers she had found on the floor. She was a shrewd observer, and quick to draw sound conclusions from apparently trifling circumstances.

Susan was not long alone. Two cabs came to No. 12 almost simultaneously, and from them descended Dr. Robertson and Mr. Cutclose, Anna Jukes and the messenger sent for her.

Mr. Cutclose paid and dismissed the women's cab, and retained the other. He bade his messenger go home, but be in readiness in case she was wanted. Her house was only four doors away, but out of earshot; and Mr. Cutclose decided she was better there than at No. 12, where two women would be enough.

He had told his tale to Dr. Robertson on the way, and been careful to explain what kind of people the Boothroyds were, their refinement, reticence, and evident resolve to keep themselves aloof, and accept no help from outsiders. He was quite pathetic in describing his own longing to serve them, and his dread of giving offence. Also, he told the doctor that he had bidden Miss give herself no concern about any number of weeks' rent in arrears; and he spoke strongly against

the hirer of the sewing-machine for having been hard on two ladies who had seen better days.

The doctor listened quietly, but made no comment. Neither did he ask questions as to the time Mr. Cutclose had been in the house before calling in aid. He was a prudent man, and left such enquiries for others.

"You shall go upstairs at once, doctor," said Mr. Cutclose. "There's an excellent person in charge. She came at the very nick of time. Susan Meade her name is."

"I know her. She is most capable. We have met by other bedsides before now," was the doctor's reply.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of "The History of Music."

ROMANCE colours the life of Christine Nilsson from her cradle. She came into the world amidst the lowliest and most unpromising surroundings, passed through numerous vicissitudes of fortune, gradually rose to be the favourite of all Europe, and ultimately terminated her career as a countess. Such a round of experiences is not often vouchsafed to any single individual. One of the most remarkable features of this gifted woman was her ability at every turn of fortune to accommodate herself to the new circumstances under which she was placed. Whether in the lowliest station in life or in the most exalted, she showed equal ease and adaptability to the conditions in which she moved, and those who know her at the present day as the Countess de Miranda, would not dream, unless they were expressly informed of the fact, what a chequered and even adventurous career Christine Nilsson has passed since the earliest days of her existence.

She was born at Wederslof, near Wexio, in Sweden, in 1843, and is therefore now nearly fifty years old. Her father was a peasant in that district, and occupied his time in the labours of the farm and in whatsoever work might be offered him, being employed in various capacities by the farmers of the district, and working hard with his hands to maintain his wife and children. He was an honest and God-fearing man, and the life of the little family seems to have been a very happy one in that village of Southern Sweden, where the grass is so brilliantly green, and where the air, despite the occasional rainstorms, is so fresh and clear. Christine from her earliest years manifested the greatest delight in listening to music, and having obtained possession of a violin, forthwith commenced to practise on it with an ardour which knew no daunting. Although she was almost entirely self-taught, she gradually acquired the true art of managing her instrument and a skill in its use which would stand very favourable comparison with that of the professional players in the town of Wexio. This skill and proficiency on her instrument was the fruit of hours of patient practice in the little cottage where she lived, from whose window the strains of the violin floating out upon the footpath often attracted the attention and arrested the footsteps of passers-by. After having mastered the violin, the youthful musician betook herself to the flute—a strange instrument for a girl to fancy, if we consider the choice in connection with our own surroundings. Few young ladies of the present day who possess a piano in the drawing-room wherewith to satisfy their musical cravings, and who, if they wish for a change, could very easily substitute the graceful harp or the elegant guitar for the more common instrument, would care to take up such a thing as a flute for the delectation of their spare hours. According to the Greek legend, the goddess Minerva began to play on the flute, but very soon threw it away because it distorted her features. Such would doubtless be the opinion of most ladies. Christine Nilsson, however, took up the flute after she had learnt the violin for a very good and sufficient reason—because she had no other instrument in the house, or was likely to have. Swedish cottages do not abound in pianofortes, harmoniums, harps, or any other such instruments of luxury. The child found an old flute in the house, and was contented to play it. She very soon became a good flautist, practised the instrument as unremittingly as she had done the violin, and attained almost as great proficiency.

The circumstances of her family rendered it necessary that she should do something towards assisting the household, and her parents could imagine nothing better nor more likely to be profitable than that their talented child should exhibit her wonderful powers of music at the fairs and merrymakings in the neighbourhood. Christine herself was also strongly in favour of this idea, being naturally of a roving disposition, and preferring the constant change and excitement which such a method of livelihood offered to the humbler and more prosaic duties of labouring in the fields and the farm. Accordingly, she was but ten years old, or thereabouts, when one day, dressed in her gayest habiliments, with a few gaudy ribbons about her to heighten the effect of her fair young face, she appeared among the crowds at a village fair in the neighbourhood, and striking a few chords on her violin and commencing to sing, she very soon attracted a multitude around her. There was an abundance of stalls and booths to invite customers; there were platforms in front of tents, on which tumblers, mountebanks, and conjurers plied their trade; there were shows of giants, dwarfs, and animals; but the pleasantest sight in the whole fair, in the opinion of most people that day, was the young minstrel girl, with the sweet Swedish face and the wealth of long light hair, who stood in the centre of an entranced circle of hearers, singing melodious songs and accompanying herself on the violin. Her fame spread from fair to fair, and from merrymaking to merrymaking. No assembly in the neighbourhood was complete without her. "Little Christine" was the favourite of the whole district of Wexio, and to hear her singing, as much as to make purchases, the country folk would trudge many a weary mile to fair after fair. When she was fourteen years of age, the Ljungby fair was held, at which she had played once or twice before, and where she was a great favourite with the country people. On this special occasion the enthusiasm was great, the applause was loud and long-continued. She played as she had never played before; she sang in a way to fascinate and render spell-bound all who heard her. Among others in the circle listening to her wonderful voice stood a Mr. Tornerhjelm, to whom the beauty of the singing came as a revelation undreamt of, unimagined. Being a man of great musical feeling, and, moreover, of considerable wealth, he deemed it his duty not to let such talents lie neglected, as neglected they certainly were in the surroundings of the poor country fairs, where alone they were witnessed. Accordingly, he made proposals to her parents that he should undertake her education, and having gained their consent, placed her in a school at Halmstad, there to learn the rudiments of ordinary education before devoting herself exclusively to music. Christine had never been at school before. It was, therefore, some time before she recognised the utility of storing her mind with all the knowledge which was now poured into it, all, too, of a most miscellaneous nature. She preferred playing the violin at the fairs of Wederslof and Ljungby. Nevertheless, she proved a very docile and industrious pupil, and in course of time was ready to proceed to Stockholm, where she was instructed in music in addition to other subjects of education. Her master here was Herr Franz Berwald. At the end of three years her musical culture was sufficiently far advanced to admit of her appearing at Stockholm as a singer. She sang before a large audience, and was received with great enthusiasm. That success did not make her vain. Although she suddenly found herself exalted from the position of a poor minstrel girl at country fairs to be the favourite singer of a great capital at the age of seventeen, she still imagined herself in need of more instruction, and declared that her voice was nothing compared to what it would become if she were to go to the great masters of Paris to complete her musical education. After some demur this was agreed to. The public were sorry to lose the sweet voice of so popular a singer almost immediately after they had begun to make its acquaintance, but as she was only seventeen years of age she was evidently not old enough to begin a great public career. The intervening years might therefore profitably be devoted to further education.

The two masters under whom she was placed in Paris were Masset and Wartel. The former was of great assistance to her, certainly, but the latter was the man from whom she received all the secrets of her art. Wartel was at that time the greatest teacher of singing in Europe. In speaking to a friend of his new pupil, Christine Nilsson, he praised above all things her docility. "Give me docility," said Wartel, thumping his fist on the table before him, "and I will make a piece of wood sing." Christine Nilsson's docility and

perseverance seem to have been unparalleled. Nothing that her master told her she ever forgot. Nothing which he bade her prepare did she ever omit incessantly to practise. She made such rapid advances under this celebrated master that in course of time she could exemplify every doctrine of his art. Wartel's method of instruction was the old Italian style, than which nothing more admirable has ever been devised in the world of music, and to the present decay of which must be attributed the growing dearth of really fine singers amongst us to-day. According to Wartel, in uttering a tone there was to be no compression whatever of the top of the throat. "It must remain open," he said, "in its highest notes. Nay, more; the higher the voice ascended, the more the throat must open." By this means a roundness, fulness, and depth was given to the tone, not attainable by any other means. This was the secret of Christine Nilsson's wonderful tone—a tone, we may remark, for which we in vain look among the singers of the present day. Another peculiarity of Wartel's method was to make his pupil sing all her scales and preparatory exercises with exceeding softness. Loud singing at the beginning of his instruction he entirely deprecated; and this secret of the art might be advantageously acted upon by many singing-masters at the present day. Every scale and exercise, also, he obliged her to sing from the lowest note ascending to the highest—not, as is so often the method employed, from the highest note first and thence descending to the lowest. Fortified by this admirable system of tuition, and with her own beautiful voice to emphasise and enhance the teachings of art, Christine achieved a perfection of singing which would have been obtainable in no other way. To use the words of her enthusiastic old master, "When she sang it was as if a skylark had clothed itself in human form, so crystal clear poured forth the fresh gay notes."

Her first appearance in Paris as a singer was a triumphant success. She was at that time a girl of eighteen, with a slender figure draped in symmetrical proportions. Her features were delicate and regular. Her golden hair, of untold luxuriance, was sometimes allowed to pour in a sunny shower down her shoulders; at other times it was confined by a knot, thus freeing and displaying the graceful setting of her head and her shapely neck. With such personal attractions, in addition to the marvellous power of her voice, can we wonder that she took the susceptible Parisians by storm?

Her fame very quickly extended to England. Those who have heard her in oratorio in this country will confess to the marvellous impression which she could produce upon her hearers. In the domain of sacred music she stood without a rival in her generation, being the worthy successor in that field of Jenny Lind. To all earnest Christians, and, indeed, to all lovers of music, it was a constant source of delight, at the concerts at which she sang, to reflect that so much personal beauty and such consummate musical art were wedded to the deepest and devoutest faith in true religion. It was to her religious fervour almost as much as to her marvellous musical style that she owed the commanding position she very soon took up in this country as the exponent *par excellence* of sacred music. In the *Messiah*, her singing of such airs as "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," and other similar melodies, was marked by the depth of earnestness and holy enthusiasm. The songs became moral and religious lessons by the manner in which she sang them; and many a hearer went away after listening to her admirable declamation, with the words and their meaning as deeply impressed upon his or her heart as if the words had been the subject of a long and eloquent discourse. Such was the service of Christine Nilsson in the world of sacred music—her chosen domain, wherein she reigned supreme. Her success in this sphere of the musical art was but an additional evidence of a fact which neither the public nor singers themselves can refuse to acknowledge, viz., that complete success in oratorio can only be obtained when depth of religious feeling is as firmly implanted in the singer's breast as admirable musical skill is present in her voice. The truth of this fact can be easily proved by many a one's individual experience of singers.

Christine Nilsson, now fairly embarked on the musical world of Europe, sang not only in Paris and London, but in every city in Europe, not omitting such out-of-the-way ones as St. Petersburg and Moscow. In both these capitals she was idolised by the public, and most particularly by the students of the universities, who, whenever she appeared in their town, held torchlight processions and other demonstrations in her honour. Once, in order to out-do all previous displays of enthusiasm, a large band of students took out the horses from her carriage and dragged the vehicle from where she had been singing to her hotel. Arrived there, they all lay down on the pavement, and she was compelled to walk over their prostrate bodies on the way from her carriage to the hotel steps. This, it seems, is the Russian way of paying utter and complete homage. Such a compliment has never been paid any other singer by these Muscovite enthusiasts. Christine Nilsson's visit to the United States was one of the most successful of her many pilgrimages through the Old and New World. Scenes of enthusiasm occurred without number, but we have not space to give the particulars. She was married at Westminster Abbey in 1872 to M. Auguste Ronzand, a French merchant. He died about ten years afterwards. In 1887 she married the Count A. de Miranda, at Paris. Paris is her favourite residence, now that she has completely retired from a public life. She still keeps up her music for her own pleasure and that of a large circle of friends; and one of the rooms in her house is papered from floor to ceiling with nothing but programmes, which form a complete series of souvenirs of all the occasions whereon she has sung in Europe and America.

THE "GIRL'S OWN" SHORTHAND CLASS.

III.—THE VOWELS.

LONG VOWELS.

WHEN careful practice has given you some degree of familiarity with the consonants, and enabled you to form them neatly and accurately with clean, firm strokes—the thick strokes looking as though they were drawn with a "B" pencil, and the fine ones as though put in with an "F"—it is time to turn your attention to the vowels. And I may say, in starting, that the keynote of phonography lies in the vowel sounds. It is much more difficult to recognise and identify the vowel sounds in the English language than those of the consonants, because in the use of consonants we do, with some few exceptions (such as *ph*, *gh*, etc.), generally give them the same sound wherever they occur. If a word begins with a "B," whether it is "bath," or "bun," "beauty," or "benefit," you know that "B" is to be pronounced in one particular way. But we give our five vowels such complicated work, that you have no assurance of that kind when they occur; and because an "e" is pronounced "e" in one word you cannot for a moment conclude that it will have that pronunciation next time you meet with it. Compare "equal" and "equity," "ear" and "early," "neat" and "great," "eight" and "eider," and you will see that to retain your "e" you must say, in defiance of the dictionaries, "*e*-quity," "*e*-arly," "gr*e*t," etc., instead of making use of five distinct vowel sounds in those eight words. One of the main peculiarities of provincial dialects lies in the different value of the vowels in various parts of England, so that we have "thought" made to rhyme with "gout," "our" with "tour" (or "tour" with "our"), or "bowl" with "cowl." The northern farmer makes two syllables of "teäm," and the Cockney talks about the "rileway." Now, in phonography, every vowel, like every consonant, *has its own sound, and never by any chance has any other.*

First come the six long vowels, of which *a*, *e*, and *o*, are familiar; *i* and *u* are diphthong (*i-e* and *yu*), and are therefore reserved for special treatment. Our English "a," when standing alone, is also really a diphthong (a-e); but we give our phonographic *a* the simple sound which occurs in French and Italian, and in such words as "bake," "gate," "whale," etc., of *eh*. The other long vowels are *ah*—the soft foreign "a," as heard in "calf," "palm," "father"; the broad *aw*, as in "thought," "caught," "ball"; and *oo*—to be carefully distinguished from *u*—as in "root," "fool," "brute," and "moon." It is this uncertain pronunciation of the ordinary "u" which accounts for differences of opinion as to "Soosan" and "Suesan," "coocumber" and "kewcumber." On page 10 of the *Teacher* you will find that these six vowels are each expressed by means of a dot or a dash, written in certain positions with regard to the consonant. The first three, expressed by dots, are *ah*, *eh*, and *ee;* and the others, consisting of short dashes, are *aw*, *oh*, and *oo;* and they are distinguished as first-place, second-place, and third-place vowels, according as they are written at the beginning of the consonant (*ah* and *aw*), at the middle (*eh* and *oh*), or at the end (*ee* and *oo*). If the vowel is sounded before the consonant, as in "aim," "ought," and "oak," it is written before it; that is to say, the little dot or dash is at the top of a horizontal letter, or at the left-hand side of a sloping or perpendicular one. If the consonant is sounded first, as in "do," "bay,"

and "high," the vowel follows below or on the right-hand side. This you will have no difficulty in remembering, because it is the natural way of placing them. You will, however, find it hard to remember the sequence of the vowels, and the best help is to commit to memory some little sentence containing the six in their right order. The *Teacher* supplies one such sentence, "Pa may be thought so poor"; others are, "Half way he saw old Luke," "Ma, may we all go too?" Choose the one you think easiest, and repeat it when you want to remember whereabouts a particular vowel comes; it will also help you to recollect the vowel pronunciations. The diagrams in the *Teacher*, and Exercises 10 and 11, will instruct you in all else that you need to know on this point; and you can next proceed to Exercises 12 and 13, illustrating the position of the long vowels between consonants, as you have already practised joined consonants, and have been very precise and careful, I hope, in joining them without raising your pen, and with well-defined angles, or, where there is no angle at the junction, as in *lk*, making your lines so clear that there is no fear of mistaking the double character for a prolonged *l*. When writing the "dash" vowels, please let the dash be quite short, as in the printed examples; some girls persist in translating a dash into a hideous long bar as big as a consonant, and then their exercises are neither neat nor legible.

These exercises will accustom you to the art of spelling phonographically, and impress upon your mind what has been already insisted on in these papers—that *only those letters of a word which are sounded are to be written*, and that each letter has its own unalterable sound. "Age," you see, is spelt *eh-jay;* the "e" is not used, because it is not needed. If you wrote in shorthand *eh-jay-ee*, your word would be *agee*. "Jay," again, is spelt *jay-eh;* "aid" is *eh-dee;* "oak," *oh-kay;* "though," *th-oh;* "calf," *kay-ah-ef;* "shoe," *sh-oo*. This will be perplexing just at first; but as soon as you get a good grasp of the idea, practise will soon make the new spelling very easy. For a while it seems, I know, perfectly preposterous to be told that "d-o" does not spell "do," or "n-a-v-e," "nave," or "l-o-a-m," "loam;" but pronounce the words slowly and thoughtfully, and it will dawn clearly upon you at last that "d-oo," is "do," and that "d-oh" is equivalent to "dough;" that "n-eh-v" are letters enough for "nave," and that "n-eh-v-ee" would indicate the Queen's "Navee;" that "l-oh-m" gives us "loam," and that "l-oh-eh-m" would be "low-aim." When the light breaks, you will be charmed with the beautiful simplicity of the new system, and will be seized with a desire to translate every word you hear into phonetic spelling. There is a period, I believe, in every shorthand student's career, when the very "How do you do?" and "Good-bye" of a friend set him or her at work mentally setting down the remark in strokes and dashes. It is equivalent to the period when a haunting song, imperfectly known, is "in your head."

SHORT VOWELS.

The short vowels are generally regarded as the *pons asinorum* of shorthand. If, however, what has gone before has been attentively studied, they will present no real difficulty—certainly no difficulty at which GIRL'S OWN PAPER girls will stick fast. They are simply the short sounds of the six long vowels, and they are written in the same positions and in the same way as the long vowels, with the distinction that the dot or dash is light and fine instead of heavy; just as the light-stroke consonants are differentiated from the thick-stroke ones. Suppose we want to write "cat." Of course we start with a *k;* but what is the vowel? *K-eh-t* would be "Kate," and Kate pronounced rapidly in order to get the short sound of the vowel becomes *ket*. Evidently *eh* is no use. Let us try saying "cat" slowly —"ca-at;" it is the broad *ah* sound, is it not, such as we get in "calf?" Say "calf" quickly and it becomes "caf," the vowel sound closely approximating to that in "cat." Here, then, we have our first short vowel—the short *ah*. We will call it *at*, to distinguish it from the long vowel, and to remind us of its pronunciation; but do not imagine that *t* is a necessary part of it. I was once amused by a pupil who had been studying the *Teacher* at home, and practising the place of the short vowels, as on page 13, introducing the consonant wherever she wrote the short vowels, because she had learned that she was to call them *at*, *et*, *it*, *ot*, *ut*, and *ŏŏt;* she wrote *k-ah-t-n* for "can," *b-eh-t-l* for "bell," etc.; and the appearance of her exercise was, to say the least, peculiar. I was sorry for her, because there had been already a severe struggle in her mind before she could realise that "can" should begin with a *k*, and that only one *l* is required to spell "bell."

Before finally leaving *ah*, let me beg you to remember it is not "*ar*." English people pronounce their "r's" so badly that they often cannot, for a while, distinguish between the liquid consonant and the soft Italian "ä." The trained speaker or singer learns to "roll" his "r" distinctly; the Irishman or Scotsman does so naturally; but the ordinary Englishman says, "Ah you coming?" as if there was no such letter, in the same way that he ignores the "h" in his "wen" and "wat." Phonographers must acquire a more accurate pronunciation, and must notice the essential difference between *ah-ms*, "alms"; and *ar-ms*, "arms"; between *k-aw-t*, "caught"; and *k-oh-r-t*, court.

The other short vowels you may learn, as you learned *at*, by saying quickly words containing the long vowels. We have already seen that "Kate" said rapidly gave us "ket"; *et* is, therefore, the short sound of *eh*, not of *ee*. Drawl out "bed," you will find yourself saying "bade"; say "fade" rapidly and it becomes "fed." The change in the sound is most readily perceived by repeating the word a number of times, slackening or accelerating the pace as you do so. Similarly, "bead" said a dozen times as quickly as possible will end in "bid," and "mid" drawled out repeatedly, more and more slowly, will gradually become "mead." *It*, therefore, is the short sound of *ee*, not of *i;* *aw-t*, in like manner, gives the short sound *ot;* and *oh-t*, which, no doubt, you supposed would be *ot*, becomes the short vowel *ut*. Try "taught—tot," and "boat—but," in the manner proposed for "bead—bid," and "mead —mid." Lastly, we have the long *oo*, as in "wooed," passing into the short *ŏŏ*, as in "wood." The *ut* and *ŏŏt* are the most difficult to comprehend of all the short vowels; but you will appreciate the difference by comparing "cud" and "could," "but" and "foot," "dull" and "bull," especially if you have a quick ear for rhymes, and observe the alteration required in order to make "bull" rhyme with "dull," or "foot" with "but."

On page 14 of the *Teacher* you will see the position of the short vowel between two consonants; and before you pass on to Exercises 14 and 15 accustom yourself thoroughly to the relationship between the long and short vowels by writing the following words in shorthand:—Calm, cam; palm, pam; date, debt; pain, pen; feign, fen; cane, ken; raid, red; feet, fit; keen, kin; green, grin; peel, pill; heat, hit; beat, bit; taught, tot; hawk, hock; pawed, pod; haughty (last vowel in third place after the *t*), hot; bawbee (last vowel as before, but long instead of short), bob; coat, cut; mole, mull; bone, bun; robe, rub; toque, tuck; pool, pull; lake, look; boo, book; fool, full; poor, put.

DIPHTHONGS.

The only vowel sounds now left to study are the diphthongs. Do not touch them until you are tolerably confident as to the long and short vowels; but Exercises 14 and 15, carefully written, will, I think, give you that confidence. You will find it necessary to think about each word before you write, to pronounce and compare the sound with that of the sample words given, in order that you may make no mistake as to the position of your dot or dash, especially with the three dash vowels, long and short, which all pupils find the most difficult. If you feel that you would rather not proceed to more vowels just yet, the grammalogues on page 15, and the exercise following, can be taken first. The grammalogues — literally, "letter-words" — form your introduction to abbreviated phonography, and are wonderfully useful little signs. They represent, you will see, a number of frequently-occurring words by means of a single representative letter or stroke; in each case (except in "and" and "he") the sign is some part of the word it stands for; "the," for example, being expressed by *ee*, "to" by *oo*, and so on.

The diphthongs bring us to several strokes which are used for grammalogues as well as for vowel signs. The small angle which stands for "i" stands also for the words "I" and "eye"; the inverted angle *ow* stands alone for "how," and the rectangle *wi* for "why." These three signs, when employed as vowels in such words as "bite," "rile," "shy," "now," "loud," "gout," "wife," can be written in any position, first, second or third. *Wi* is not often used; the *w*, vocalised by *i*, being often more rapidly written even though the *wi* may appear shorter. Celerity in writing and legibility in reading are the two things first to be considered in shorthand, and various exceptions to general rules have to be made in consequence.

The other two diphthongs on page 16—*oi* and *u*—have to be written in the first and third place respectively. This is because each is really one of a series; and I think it is much easier to learn the whole series at once than to take these two alone, and the rest by-and-by. It is far more tiresome to remember the places of *oi* and *u*, when there appears to be no reason for so placing them, than to consider them together with all their relations. Turn, then, to page 35, and you will discover the "W and Y Series of Diphthongs," the "Y" Series being the sounds, *yah*, *yeh*, *yee*, *yaw*, *yoh*, and *yoo (i.e., u)*. These are exactly the same sounds as those of the long vowels, with the *y* prefixed; and, written light, they can be used equally well for the short vowel sounds. They are therefore written in the first, second, and third places, corresponding to those of the kindred dot-and-dash vowels, and *yoo (u)* consequently occupies the third place. Words which are spelt in longhand with "ew" are pronounced with either the *oo* sound, as "grew," "crew," and "flew," or with the *yoo*, as "new," "few," and "Kew;" and they are written accordingly in shorthand. *Yah*, *yeh*, and *yee* are, it will be noticed, concave curves, forming the lower half of an oval; *yaw*, *yoh*, and *yoo* are convex, forming the upper half. Together they are supposed to form a rough resemblance to the elongated circle which the mouth assumes in pronouncing "y"; while the broadened-out circle, formed by joining the *wah*, *weh*, or *wee* with the *waw*, *woh*, or *woo* signs, is supposed to imitate the shape taken by the lips in drawing together to pronounce those sounds. A looking-glass will help you to understand and recollect the difference. Perhaps a more helpful clue lies in the fact that the first *y* sign constitutes the principal curve of the written letter "y," while the

two *w* signs occur in the left and right-hand curves of the written "w." Some people find such hints as these a great assistance in first "learning their letters;" others remember the signs themselves more easily than the hints. These diphthongs are of course the vowel, not the consonant sounds of "w" and "y." In words like "wisdom," "window," "yellow," and "yoke," the consonant strokes are used. The *wah-woo* series are, however, employed in conjunction with certain consonants to which they can be conveniently joined to express both the consonant and vowel; "week" and "wag," for instance, are written *wee-k* and *wah-g*, the second form of the diphthong being used in each case, on account of the clearer outline it presents. The *yah-yoo* series, besides expressing the "yew" vowel, are valuable for writing such diphthongs as are heard in "India" (Ind-yah), "Fenian" (Fen-yan), "folio," and "medium." These things you will come to by-and-by, and need not stop to perplex yourself with at present.

The fifth diphthong, *oi*, is one of a series of dissyllabic or two-syllable diphthongs, which you will find in Pitman's *Manual*, but not in the *Teacher*. They are *ah-i*, *eh-i*, *ee-i*, *aw-i (oi)*, *oh-i*, and *oo-i;* and they are used wherever two vowels occur together, of which the *first* is long and accented, and the *second* short. Their position is according to the place of the first vowel, no matter what the second one may be. Thus, in both "réal" and "muséum," the vowel takes the third place, and in "sáying" and "cráyon" the second place. The first of the series, *ah-i*—the broad dissyllabic sound of *i* heard in "aye" and "hurraing"—is like an *i* in shape, but slants from right to left; it is written in the first position. The second, *eh-i*, as in "baying," "gaiety," "prosaic," is the same sign in the second position. The third, *ee-i*, as in "deist," "neophyte," "idea," the same in the third position. Recollect that the accent is always on the first of the two vowels, and you will not confuse those dissyllabic vowels, as learners are apt to do, with the *yah-yoo* series. Compare "mania" (mān-ya) and "idéa"; "roseate" (rose-yat) and "póetry."

Coming to *aw-i*, or *oi*, we invert the *i* sign, pointing it upwards instead of downwards, and still sloping it from right to left. This sign you will see on page 16. It represents the vowel sound in "oil," "boy," "annoy," as well as the allied dissyllable in "drawing" and "sawing." *Oh-i* is present in "snowy," "Stoic," "rowing"; compare the sound with "nuncio" (nunse-yo) and "folio" (fōl-yo), and also with "stoke" and "roan." This is written like *aw-i*, but in the second place. Finally, we have *oo-i*, written in the third place. This is the dissyllable employed in "zóological" (but not in zoólogy), "fluent," "fluid," and "doing."

With this we reach the end of the vowels, and have conquered the main difficulties of shorthand. You can now write out Exercises 17, 18, 19, and also Exercise 9 on page 9, the consonant outlines of which you have in Exercise 6.

Next month we shall have to consider more varied and novel principles, but they will all be easier, and, you will think, more satisfactory than these tiresome long and short vowels and diphthongs. It is always well to get the disagreeable things done with and the hardest puzzles solved as soon as possible. I hope they have not discouraged you.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

The Husband from Home.

Sour-faced Woman: "You get along pretty quick, or I'll call my husband."

Tramp: "Your husband isn't at home."

Sour-faced Woman: "How do you know he isn't?"

Tramp: "I've always noticed, mum, that when a man is married to a woman that looks like you, he's never at home except at meal times."

The Power of Music.—Music touches every key of memory, and stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and joy. We love it for what it makes us forget, and for what it makes us remember.

How the Kingfisher got its bright Colours.—The kingfisher, with its blue-green back and rich chestnut breast, is one of the most beautiful of European birds. According to a curious superstition, current in the Middle Ages, it was originally a plain grey bird, and acquired its present bright colours by flying towards the sun on its liberation from Noah's ark. Its upper surface then assumed the hue of the sky above it, and its lower plumage was scorched by the heat of the setting orb to the hue it now bears.

Honey in the Holy Land.—In Palestine, "the land flowing with milk and honey," wild bees are very numerous, especially in the wilderness of Judæa, and the selling of their produce, obtained from crevices in rocks, hollows in trees, and elsewhere, is, with many of the inhabitants, a means of subsistence. Commenting on 1 Sam. xiv. 26, Mr. Roberts, in his *Oriental Illustrations*, remarks that in the East "the forests literally flow with honey. Large combs may be seen hanging on the trees as you pass along full of honey."

Etiquette and Good Form.—Etiquette concerns itself entirely with what ought to be done, whilst Form considers chiefly the way of doing it. Etiquette may demand what Good Form will forbid; and conversely, Good Form will ask what Etiquette vetoes. Strict Etiquette, for instance, insists that rank takes precedence; but Good Form would suggest that the peeress in her teens should give way to the white-haired vicar's wife.

A Delicate Errand.

An old man who was beadle and gravedigger in a parish church in the North was asked by his minister one day if he had called on an invalid lady to see how she was.

"Na, na, sir," was the reply, given with some asperity. "I am not such a fool. It would be an indelicate thing for me, seeing as I'm the gravedigger, to ask about the health o' onybody that isna weel."

Venerable Trees.

Many large trees have reached a vast age, as is shown by the following table, compiled by De Candolle:—

	years.		years.
Elm . . .	335	Oriental Plane	720
Cypress . .	350	Cedar . . .	800
Larch . . .	576	Lime .	1076–1147
Chestnut . .	600	Oak	810, 1080, 1500
Orange. . .	630	Yew .	1214, 1458, 2588, 2880
Palms . .	600–700		
Olive . . .	700		

In God's Service.—Let no one complain that her ordinary duties take her off from religion. There is no one minute of our lives but we are or may be doing the work of God even when we most of all seem to be serving ourselves.

Wonderful Bread.

Bachelor Friend: "And did you really make this bread yourself, Mrs. Newlywed?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Every bit of it myself. What do you think of it?"

Bachelor Friend: "Why, I think it is simply wonderful. I should have said that bread like that could not have been made outside a foundry."

Little and Great.—The tiny flower which your eye can scarcely see may be just as perfect as the most showy plants in the garden. The smallest diamond may be as brilliant as the Kohinoor, or the largest gems that flash in the crowns of kings. So the least acts may be just as beautiful, as pure, as honourable as the greatest deeds that shine in dazzling splendour before men.

Unlucky People.—Unlucky are those whose bread is buttered on both sides.

Her Answer.

With trembling voice, though ardent look,
He faintly asked her, "Could she cook?"
She owned she could; and bolder grown
He asked her if she'd be his own.
"Indeed!" said she, with her nose a-curl,
"I suppose you are wanting a hirèd girl!"

Double Acrostic III.

When ancient Greece with poets' numbers rang,
Their Aphrodité, so surpassing fair,
Was fabled to have come, the minstrels sang,
From out the glitt'ring foam the sea-waves bear;
And, from the ocean-depths from which she sprang,
She brought two off'rings for young maids to wear.

1. Voyagers to Bordeaux may pause by me
And rest from turmoil of the stormy sea.
2. Ah! hapless nymph! condemned to scrrow sore,
Thou pinest to a voice and nothing more.
3. A fossil resin from an inland sea:
How much we wonder what it once could be.
Opaque yet brilliant, delicately light,
And rich in glowing colour warm and bright.
4. Most often false am I, though sometimes true;
Received by all the world, believed by few;
Good tidings oft I bring, though oft'ner ill,
Yet friends to one another pass me still.
5. The shrewd, far-seeing chieftain who essayed
His prince from certain ruin to dissuade.
Oh! bitter taunt! "Then stay at home and read
In public papers if thy prince succeed!"
"Not so," the gen'rous, noble chief replied,
"I come"—and for his prince in battle died.
6. Nothing succeeds like this! Let those decide
Who, struggling on, have every *effort tried*.
In happy moment let but this appear,
And friends who stood aloof will hasten near!

XIMENA.

FLOWER DECORATIONS

SEPTEMBER

By CONSTANCE JACOB.

FLOWERS are getting fewer this month; but those which *first appeared* in August continue in bloom, with the addition chiefly, in gardens, of asters, phlox, Michaelmas daisies, Japanese anemones, and the early chrysanthemums. Dahlias are at their best.

On the moors the heather and gorse are more brilliant than ever. In the fields, poppies and their neighbours continue only less plentiful than in August. A little woodbine lingers on in sheltered places. The clematis and bryony are seeding; but the most striking natural features of the month are the ripening berries and the changing tints of leaves. Among the latter, the most brilliant are the bracken, lime, maple, oak, virginia creeper, birch, beech, and brambles; and the berries most commonly to be found are mountain ash, bryony, hips and haws, wild rose, white beam, woody nightshade, elder, and other edible native fruits.

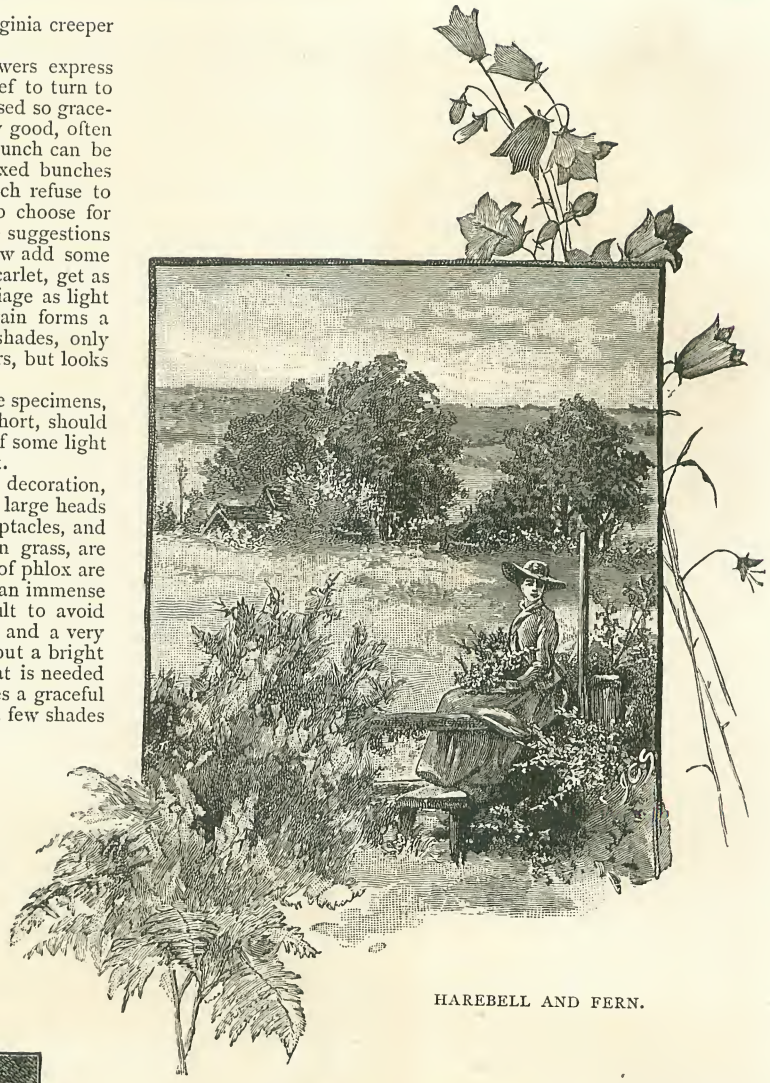
Asters are not favourite flowers of mine. Their forms are too prim, and their colours somewhat vulgar, if such a term can rightly be applied to any natural object; and yet in some houses just now they are more frequently seen than any other flowers. The three shades of white, violet, and magenta-pink are usually put together, and, perhaps, that is where the vulgarity really comes in, as no amount of arrangement can ever make the two last harmonise. White may, of course, accompany either of the others, and with purple ones, yellow flowers like calceolarias, grey ivy geraniums, or Michaelmas daisies, do not look bad; but no other colour goes pleasantly with the pink. They should all be put into plates, or white china vases, with plenty of dark green —not fern—and some neutral, like mignonette, or sprays of fine white efflorescence, such as tiny Michaelmas daisies, or clematis. The white may be mixed with any flowers of one colour which are not wild, and look very well with pink ivy geraniums,

richly-coloured snap-dragons, or simply red and yellow virginia creeper leaves.

After struggling to help these stiff, artificial-looking flowers express whatever latent beauty they may possess, it is a great relief to turn to the beautiful single and cactus dahlias, whose heads are poised so gracefully on their slender stalks, and whose tints are generally good, often exquisite. They are grown so plentifully now that a big bunch can be bought almost anywhere for sixpence; but, alas! those mixed bunches are usually much too mixed, and often contain colours which refuse to agree on any terms whatever. It is better, therefore, to choose for ourselves, even if we lose somewhat in quantity. To the suggestions for their arrangement which I gave last month, I may now add some advice as to the choice of colours. If you are buying scarlet, get as well the very darkest shade of crimson, and keep the foliage as light as possible. If yellow is to predominate, the dark red again forms a pleasant contrast. Pink, light crimson, or terra-cotta shades, only harmonise with white; while the latter goes with all others, but looks rather crude with scarlet.

If the heavy, quilled kind of dahlia is alone obtainable, the specimens, being very carefully contrasted in tone, and the stalks cut short, should be placed on their own leaves in flat dishes, with sprays of some light foliage or small flowers to soften the otherwise formal effect.

The *Phlox Drummondi* is a very useful flower for table decoration, either in troughs, baskets, or specimen glasses; while the large heads of the perennial kind make handsome groups in taller receptacles, and with some brilliant-tinted leaves and long pieces of ribbon grass, are particularly well suited for stove ornaments. The colours of phlox are confined to purple, red, and white; but these comprise such an immense variety of shades that in any selection it is a little difficult to avoid discord. Perhaps the safest way is to choose a very dark and a very light shade of the same colour, and then add white; or put a bright middle tint with white only. Their own foliage is all that is needed to go with the drummondi. The pure white variety makes a graceful companion to the robust-looking nasturtiums, and so do a few shades of pale lilac.



HAREBELL AND FERN.

HONESTY AND PAMPAS GRASS.

The daphne, or spurge laurel, is an old friend whom I seldom meet now; but, like the myrtle, it should be in bloom in many sheltered gardens this month, and nothing is prettier than sprays of it mixed with late-blooming roses.

I have dressed a small dinner-table very successfully with white Japanese anemones, Gloire de Dijon roses, plenty of the foliage of both, and the red berries of a large single briar, in a blue-and-white china bowl; but pink or green-flowered daphne might take the place of the berries, and either arrangement might be transferred to a drawing-room.

A somewhat uncommon way of decorating a dinner is to put the dessert on the table, and, instead of having flowers in separate vases, to wreathe each dish with some blossoms whose pale or bright colours throw up the contrasting shades of the fruit. Round the grapes—purple and white—which formed a centre-piece, I have put Michaelmas daisies of the largest white kind, while one of these and a spray of the very tiny white was placed in an interstice at the apex of the group. Round the pears, apricots, greengages, and apples were small lilac blossoms of the same flower, while two low dishes of mulberries were lightly veiled with sprays of the lace-like white daisy, which is, I believe, called by florists *Asteraciæ alba*, the whole arrangement being surrounded by lines of the small (*Ampelopsis Veitchii*) virginia creeper laid on the cloth. The dessert dishes, by good fortune, were of a pale lemon-yellow; but the same decoration would have suited red, white, green, or old Spode china. If the service had been blue or pink, or the fruit had included peaches, I should have kept the flowers all white. The wreathes were made by wiring the head of one flower on to the stalk of another until a circle was formed the size of the dish; but a quicker way would be to lay the flowers on the dish, all the stalks towards the centre, the blossoms at the edge, and laying the fruit atop of the stalks.

For fruit of neutral tint, such as pears, nuts, and greengages, on white china dishes, wreaths of nasturtiums make very pretty ornaments, in which case I would like a dark-green centre mat, and no foliage on the table. For a bright-coloured dessert, hops are a pretty decoration, some large bunches and graceful sprays being placed in tall vases in the centre of the table, others laid on the cloth outside the dishes of fruit. Brambles answer the same purpose, and seeding clematis can be twined round the dishes; but it is a fancy of mine, probably not shared with everyone else, that poisonous berries, such as those of the bryony and nightshade, should never be found on the same table as fruits intended to be eaten.

September brings in a much richer natural scale of colour than even the summer months, and possibly at no time are striking effects so easily obtained as now, with the help of fading leaves.

The glorious colouring of the virginia creeper, common alike in town and country, blends well with almost any tint of flowers, and particularly with white or pale dahlias, phlox, Japanese anemones, or lilies; or it is sufficiently effective for a dinner-table if used alone, or with white clematis, trails of it in low glasses winding in and out round the bases of taller vases, in each of which are two or three of the larger and brighter leaves. As a centre-piece, or a sitting-room ornament, a bunch, loosely arranged in any large piece of old china, particularly blue-and-white, never fails to please the eye.

With deeper-toned flowers paler leaves make a better contrast; such as those of the lime-tree, which now turn golden.

The feathery wild clematis, seeding now, and called by country people old man's beard, or traveller's joy, combines softly with the dark red leaves of its neighbour the hedge maple, or the brighter berries of the hawthorn and of the wild rose, or, in a quieter key, harmonises with purple elderberries.

The leaves of the white beam turn at this season a deep purple, and with its red berries I have made a charming arrangement of old man's beard and pale lilac scabious, all gathered within a few yards of each other on the South Downs.

Trails of bryony with changing leaves and berries might take the place of the white beam with more brilliant effect.

Berries do not easily combine with flowers unless all are taken together direct from the hedgerow or common.

Gorse is in some places at its full splendour, and to country people supplies brilliant groups for the fireplace (when the weather still allows flowers to take the place of fuel), the hall, or other parts of the house where bright colouring is welcome, and where one is not likely to come unduly near the thorns. Bracken is of course its most congenial companion; but where the local background is light, a branch of fir will throw it into relief; and should the vase or jar holding it be high, a few brambles may pleasingly hang down from the brim. Harebells are too fragile-looking to find a place in such a group; but in a room where a large piece of gorse forms a prominent object, small bunches of harebells, with fine grass, delicate ferns, and sprays of little moorland weeds, numbers of which are now turning red or yellow, may be fitly placed on mantelshelf, tables, and brackets. Heather, bracken, and gorse are of course natural neighbours; but skilful cutting and handling, with some risk of torn fingers, are necessary to make all rest gracefully together in one vessel. When achieved, however, the result is always popular, and has also the merit of lasting fresh a long time.

The bamboo screens which I mentioned in June may be charmingly dressed with small pieces of gorse, heather, and bracken, with the addition in the topmost holes of mountain ash—otherwise rowan—berries. Large bunches of the latter also make good single groups, and small sprays of them and their pretty leaves may be introduced into a table decoration in the following manner:—Put for the centre a growing fern of vivid green—such as the oak, the beech, or the mountain fern—into a pot of dark green, brown, or very dull red pottery; round that have four glasses about eight inches high, holding each a well-grown cluster of the berries, and one or two leaves just changing into scarlet; then between place small glass globes, or, still better, tiny pots of Devonshire or Vallauris ware, holding harebells and small fern leaves. To a long table this may be adapted by having six groups of berries in all, and a bunch of harebells opposite each cluster of wineglasses. The cow parsnip, hemlock, and other umbelliferous plants, are useful for large decorative masses, and as they are never sold in shops, and therefore must be gathered by the artist, the latter will have an opportunity of noticing what other plants are plentiful in their vicinity, and will, therefore, probably assist to bring out their beauty in rooms. I mentioned last month how prettily fool's parsley went with poppies and dandelions, and this is only an instance of how these pale greenish-white heads of tiny flowers refine others of stronger form and colouring. The foliage, too, of this class of plant is marvellously complex and beautiful, and is often useful in wild arrangements where the flowers are hardly wanted.

Striking effects can be made this month with aquatics, combining, say, a few tall bulrushes, some scarlet-seeded iris pods, sedges, and large flowering grass. But I must here enter a protest against the prevalent idea that such groups will last all through the winter; they will last indeed, but as poor dead mummies, not as living beings; and nothing in this way is sadder to see than some once beautiful bulrushes standing neglected in a corner months after all their life has departed, their sword-like leaves hanging down limp and yellow, the rich, warm, brown pollen shed off in patches on to the carpet, and being slowly replaced by the dirty, unwholesome dust of the room. Field grasses look just as miserable; and the only things used in this way which do not are heather, the seed-pods of honesty, and Cape gooseberry, and the large pampas grass, all of which can be easily washed; but even they contradict the essential reason of our having flower decorations at all; which is, the need of bringing some of the living beauty of outdoor nature into our homes.

There is a meaning in the tint and form of the least conspicuous vegetable, and even if we cannot discover what this is, we can at least be careful not to utterly falsify and destroy it.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE G. P. O.;

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON LETTER-WRITING.

THIS age of pens, ink, and paper, when letter-writing is no longer the privilege of the few, but the property of the many, what a small proportion of those that scribble off letters "in haste" think of the wonderful machinery at work which takes anxious and unwearied care of all the multitudinous correspondence that pours hour by hour into the G. P. O. Let us see what becomes of all these letters, when, as we carelessly drop our portion of them into the letter-boxes, they become "the property of the Postmaster-General."

It was after five o'clock on a spring evening that we made our way through St. Paul's Churchyard, on a visit to the G. P. O. of London. We had got an order to see the Telegraph Department and the great sorting rooms. It was a pity we could only afford a cursory visit to the former—that vast and wonderful place, with its hundreds of clerks busy night and day—for the offices are never closed. Ceaseless was the hum of the machinery as the ciphered paper poured out in long lines, and was as readily translated to us by our guide—scraps of news from all parts of the world, the latest electioneering triumphs, and the last rise or fall on the Stock Exchange—hopelessly intricate to the uninitiated it all seemed. But our anxiety to get a peep behind the scenes over the way interfered with our desire for further information from the telegraph clerk.

We took our stand close behind the great receivers; through the slit one could see into the street outside, thronged with passengers eagerly pushing their way to deposit in safety the letters, cards, and papers, which fell in one unceasing stream into the receivers, and were as quickly carried away by busy hands to the sorting room. A comical story was told us, illustrating the nervous haste which sometimes befalls late comers. One evening the clock was on the stroke of six, when an errand-boy was seen running breathlessly up the steps to reach the box before it closed; in one hand he had a pair of fowls, while in the other he held a document for post. The excitement was too much; in went the poultry with a thud; at the same moment the lid closed, and the poor youth was left staring disconsolately at his master's letter still in his hand!

The first process with our letters, after taking them from the receivers, is called *facing*. Thousands are thrown on the tables, and with great rapidity "faced," *i.e.*, the letters are put in large bundles, each postage-stamp being at the right-hand corner of the letter. Those letters which have the Queen's head in any other position on the envelope are thrown aside as *blind*, and must be sorted in a separate packet. One always looks upon a badly-stamped letter as a vulgarity; but it would be well if people remembered all the additional trouble given to the Post-Office officials when they put on stamps in irregular ways.

The "facing" complete, the next thing is to *de*face the stamps. This is done very quickly.

A clerk takes a large packet of faced letters, draws them rapidly, one by one, under the post-office stamper, which at the same time defaces the stamp, and gives the postmark. The operation is almost as speedy as the action of the needle in a sewing-machine. Here again one may remark that the habit of using two ½d. stamps, instead of 1d. one, frequently makes a double impression necessary, as unless the clerk be an expert, he fails to mark the two heads. I know of one friend, who for the mere preference of colour habitually uses ½d. stamps. It would add much to the labour of the clerks if everyone had such artistic scruples! After this comes the sorting of letters into railway districts (the Great Eastern, South Western, etc.), and into towns, while the local post-offices carry out the sub-divisions of streets and villages. Newspapers and pamphlets are in another department altogether. These are legion; and when one remembers how quickly the waste-paper baskets at home are filled, it did not surprise us to hear that 5,000 or 6,000 circulars of *one* insurance company alone pass through the Post-Office every day; and to give some idea of the amount of work in this place, I may mention, as a fact, that 195,360 missives, including letters, postcards, and parcels, have been left at the office of one well-known weekly paper at one delivery!

But there is a certain section of the great sorting-room which gave us much interest and amusement—"The Hospital" it is called. And a good name it was, for there, on a table, lay a confused mass of bruised and broken-limbed "patients." Some, indeed, seemed injured beyond recovery; but the surgeon, with his instruments, gave the sufferers all the help of his professional skill, as, armed with sealing-wax, twine, and brown paper, he bound up wounds and set broken bones. Here was a box of lovely flowers from Pau, the lid half gone, and the anemones hanging out, their beautiful blossoms draggled and faded; another box of flowers from the Sunny South, with stamps complete indeed, but no address of any sort, the label which had been attached to it gone, and as our guide pointed out, no name on the parcel *itself* to ensure its safety; side by side with children's socks and knitting cotton was a dinner knife, the handle carefully papered, but the blade protruding a long way beyond bounds; a live canary in a cigar case, and a pair of scissors rolled up in a sheaf of postage stamps. A strange medley it was; but the wards of that "Hospital" admit many extraordinary patients in the course of a year.

"How about the Queen's letters?" some of our party asked. "Does Her Majesty's private correspondence travel side by side with Sarah Jane's mis-spelt letter to her young man? And is it possible for regal despatches to be jostled with vulgar familiarity by tradesmen's bills and ½d. postcards, in one common bag?" Or again—"Surely the Queen need not stamp her own letters?" Well, the letters from Windsor or Balmoral, as the case may be, do perhaps receive extra care, having a bag appropriated to their special use; but the postage must be paid in her case as well as by the humblest of her subjects. None of the Royal Family—except the Duke of Cambridge, who holds an official appointment—is exempted.

Of one thing more I must speak, and that is the book which contains copies of curious addresses received from time to time, as well as specimens of strange and illegible handwriting. How clever the expert must be to decipher those extraordinary scrawls! Some of our most eminent men, known all over the world as authors or politicians, write after a method such as no one except those well versed in the art of caligraphy can read. We thought the comical addresses in that book, and the ready wit of some of them, would afford "Mr. Punch" many an amusing cartoon.

As I passed the hundreds of men at work, drinking their tea as best they might in the press of business (the cups standing on the sorting shelf), I could not but think how much we owe this wonderful organisation which carries our letters to and fro, no matter how remote the home, or how insignificant the little village in which we live; yet from the great heart in London pulsates the life which is felt in the very lowliest hamlet of our land, and communicates this life in a wonderful way through all the complex system of our nineteenth century civilisation. How perfect such a system is may be inferred by the very surprise and annoyance we feel at the slightest interruption in the circulation; should, for example, one of these many millions of letters be mislaid for a day, or be even a post later than we expected. We write, I fear, far too many letters. No doubt the penny post brings in a large revenue to the Crown; but yet I think the increasingly cheap postage does but encourage a prodigality of stamps and paper, and often the time thus wasted might be much more usefully employed. However, the fact remains, that letter-writing is a large part of our business or pleasure all our lives, and I think it would not be unprofitable if our readers gave some thought to a subject of very general interest.

What a vast variety of letters are written in the course of a year! The types and subjects of such letters would take a paper all to itself. Letters of condolence or congratulation—in this world pleasure and pain are closely intermingled—letters of censure or of praise, letters of business, letters of advice.

Then there are the different stages through which our correspondence passes; first, the laborious effort of early childhood, penned in large round-hand to the dear father or mother, when the one cause of anxiety is "What to say next."

A few years later comes the gushing period, when as the bosom friends part they vow "to write often," and Her Majesty's mails carry rapturous epistles from one "dearest girl" to another. The words are usually deeply underlined, and often the touching request at the close to "burn this" is the best thing that could be done with it. I regret to say the custom of underlining the words does not always pass away with this stage, which is usually got over in the "teens," for the habit sometimes remains through life. Used in strict moderation, underlining adds point and meaning to words, which might otherwise be lost; but beyond that it only serves to make the letter ridiculous. The writer has occasionally received letters, that, if read aloud with all the emphasis requested, the strain of voice and lungs would be quite serious!

I will not now stop to speak of that large class of letters, which they are few who have not written at some portion of their lives—I mean "love-letters;" and yet, let me observe that this section is by no means limited to the category of letters of courtship or betrothal; they are the experience of many in their married life. No one who has read Charles Kingsley's memoir can fail to see how many "love letters" passed between him and Mrs. Kingsley, and theirs is far from being an isolated case. Only let me give a word of warning here. I hope no girl who reads this is carrying on a secret correspondence against the wish, or without the knowledge of, her parents. A wise mother will never ask to see all her daughter's letters; there are many little things, in themselves quite harmless, which she and her friend regard as their own special property; but that is a very different thing from a clandestine correspondence carried on with a friend of either sex; it may have the charm of romance, but it is a very false counterfeit for the name.

Letter-writing is far *from being a pleasure* to all. Some have an inability, and consequent dislike to, writing letters; all their life it is more or less of a drudgery. To be able to write a good letter, to say the right thing at the right time, is indeed a blessed gift, and one to be greatly coveted. I believe it can, in a measure, be acquired, though without doubt "the pen of a ready writer" is bestowed by nature. But let us see how the sins of omission into which those who "hate writing" so grievously fall can be avoided. When a letter of congratulation is received, or when it accompanies some trifling present, answer it *at once;* delay but increases the disinclination to write. Let us hope none of our young readers forget to acknowledge a gift, however small; be sure the donor on the occasion is not likely to have such a bad memory, and may feel hurt by the neglect. Then, be careful, if opportunity arises for a letter of condolence, that it be not put off to a more convenient season. A large property was once lost, willed away by an offended relative solely through pique that such a letter of sympathy, at a time when it was looked for and expected, was left unwritten.

To those happy people who can write with ease, and enjoy it, I would say, use your gift to the best advantage; a friend that writes is worth twice over one that does not, no matter how sincere the friendship may be; and don't forget a class of letters which have a special value—those which bring cheer and sunshine into lives that have little in them of brightness or variety—a friendly note it may be to an old nurse, or some ailing invalid.

It is true these letters take time; but surely they bring many a blessing to the writers, and are a giving forth to those from whom we do not hope to receive.

The societies now formed to ensure kindly letters, at special seasons, to patients in hospitals, or to lonely men and women elsewhere, plainly testify to the power for good there is in this individualising effort for others.

The Romans had a proverb—*Litera scripta manet*—The written letter remains. I fear very few of our letters nowadays deserve to survive. When a letter used to cost two and sixpence for postage, it was worth while taking pains with it; but now we have scarcely time to read the letters we receive, and some people would never dream of keeping them. At all events, let us be careful what *we write* about others. In conversation, the voice and manner more than half convey our meaning, and many a seemingly severe word is softened by the twinkle of the eye which accompanies it. But our written words—there they lie, to rise up in judgment against us. And then again, don't waste time writing nonsense. Not that a playful, chatty letter, which conveys a true idea of whatever is amusing to the writer, is to be avoided. Far from it; it is as the cheerful countenance, which doeth good like a medicine; and this world would be a dull place indeed were such mirth banished from it. But if "foolish talking" is to be condemned, surely foolish writing is much less "convenient."

Have you not at times, in looking through a drawer or old desk, come suddenly upon a letter, the very handwriting of which has seemed like a voice from the dead? The writer years before has passed to the "silent land;" but you read it, and it is as though that voice were sounding again in your ears, and as though you were holding converse together once more. Make sure that the voice from *your* pen, if thus heard in after years, be one of sweet and loving harmony rather than a discordant note, which will vex and disturb the soul of the survivor; for surely, even after a lapse of years, it shall be true that "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

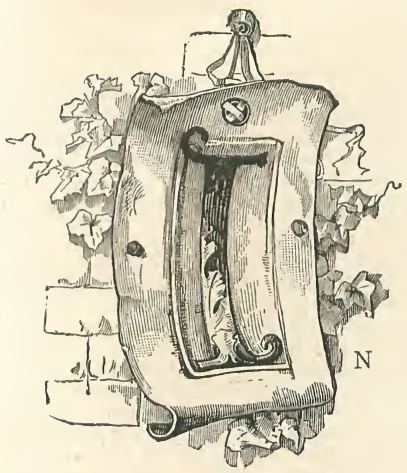
A. J. Hayes.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IS FORTUNE FICKLE?



enjoyment of the present, and looking calmly forward to a still brighter future, the colonel and his family continued to spend many happy days.

But fortune, not content with what she had hitherto done, was preparing for him a special token of her favour.

One day, just after breakfast, the colonel was informed that three visitors desired to see him. Looking at the cards he saw they were from three of the largest landowners in the county, but with whom he had no personal acquaintance.

Wondering as to their business, and the early hour they had chosen, he caused Calvert to show them in, and begged them to be seated.

"Colonel," began Sir Richard Courtney, the one whom the others had elected as spokesman, "we come as a deputation from a committee of Conservative gentlemen, whose names I here present to you" (handing the colonel a paper), "who unanimously desire you to stand as a candidate for the representation of the county at the general election. And we are all determined it shall cost you nothing."

The colonel was deeply touched by these last words, that showed they appreciated his peculiar position; but he made no comment on them.

"You do me great honour," said the colonel, "by such a demonstration. But I fear there may be difficulties."

"Would you kindly mention them," said Sir Richard.

"Well, I am, like yourselves, in favour of conserving all that is good in our constitution and system of government; but we live in a time of change and restlessness on the part of the labouring population all over the civilised world, and if I entered Parliament, my aim would be the advancement of their social welfare in our own country."

"That, my dear colonel," responded Sir Richard, "we are all now getting alive to. So pray believe you would have a free hand in that matter, and steady support."

"You are very kind. There is one other subject I hold very dear—India. You know I have had special opportunities, as a soldier, as a governor, as a diplomat, to study the condition of its people and the general state of things. There I am a reformer. I hold to the policy of Lord Lawrence—to govern India solely with a view to its own permanent benefit."

"What we know of your character, colonel," said a second speaker, Mr. Treherne, "assures us that you would act wisely and deliberately, and take care to carry the Home Government with you."

"I would do my best that way," said the colonel with a smile; "but I daresay you remember instances when measures that looked like rebellion to the Secretary of State here were, after trial, acknowledged to have ended in complete success, and satisfied everybody. However, I will think the matter over for a day or two. And perhaps you in the meantime will report what has passed to your committee?"

"Certainly!" responded Sir Richard Courtney. "And if, as I believe—nay, feel sure—they will accept your views, may we not then hope for a favourable answer? We should certainly carry you in with a big majority."

The colonel deliberated for a few seconds, then said, "In that case I will accept." With a warm shaking of hands by the colonel all round, his visitors departed, evidently much pleased with their success.

"This opens for me a career after my own desire," thought the colonel. Then he began to ruminate on the many things he would at once have to see to. Visitors would be coming to and fro incessantly. The long-closed rooms must be reopened. Some of the old servants must be got back, or others obtained to fill their places. Two or three gardeners must be immediately employed on the grounds.

"After all these are trifles, which the steward and Calvert can take in hand, and deal with promptly. The great thing is to review the whole political ground opening out before me. Can I make the career a success? I am no orator. True; but I can say fairly well what I want to say, indeed, must say, because my heart will be in my work."

He was interrupted by Calvert's bringing in a rustic, who had come in hot haste to say that the river was overflowing, and flooding all the near dwellings, and Penzarton people were in great fright.

"My horse to the front without an instant's delay! Say to everybody this must subside as soon as the excess of water is disposed of that our operations may have brought together underground."

In ten minutes he was off, and in an almost incredibly short space of time reached the junction of the new stream with the old river.

Already his prediction was being fulfilled. The height of the flood was lessened, and lessening, and he might return home to say all was well.

As he was walking his horse slowly along the road, he met a horseman, whose white, dusty dress showed him to be a miller, and who appeared in a great state of excitement, whipping and spurring his steed violently. As soon as he saw the colonel, he drew rein, and said, "Can you tell me, sir, if Colonel Stanard is down yonder?"

"No; he is here," said Paul. "Do you want me?"

The miller took off his hat, saying, "Beg pardon, sir, but have you heard what has happened to the mills a few miles above?"

"Happened! No."

"Our water is failing, and we all believe that your new waterworks are draining it away from us."

"No—no! It is not possible!" responded the colonel, perceiving instantly the possible consequences to the mill-owners.

"Will you go back with me?" asked the miller.

"Yes."

* * * *

It would be useless to dwell on the evidences laid before him that morning, and subsequently during the next two or three days, accompanied with preparations for applying to a judge in chambers for an injunction to stop the company's work and proceedings, many witnesses being prepared to prove that the mills had from time immemorial enjoyed the sole right of the stream flowing past them, and turning their wheels.

The colonel accepted the terrible fact—his colleagues could do no less. They undid their work, and before many days the water flowed in the old way.

The Penzarton people grumbled over their bitter disappointment, but in no way interfered, while the shareholders of the company, few in number, and all moneyed persons, turned their thoughts to new schemes. So that, one man only excepted, no one experienced any loss that could seriously affect his position. That one man was the colonel, who had now to face his utter ruin.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LETTER DELIVERED.

THE few days that intervened between Sybil's discovery, and her determination at once to deliver the letter to Colonel Stanard, had been a time of much mental conflict and disturbance to her.

Not only had the sudden and unexpected crisis of the water adventure arrested her purpose, but she had serious misgivings as to the wisdom of the step she had taken.

Of course, had Rolfe returned when expected, the delay would have been impracticable, as discovery that the packet had been tampered with must have shortly ensued from the fact of the missing letter.

But she was aware that the colonel had again received a letter from him, in which he stated his purpose, if his present work were finished by the time, to take two or three days at the end of the week in order to visit his mother in Limerick before returning to Penzarton.

She knew also that his return was now daily and hourly expected; yet Sybil Capella paused, and fought again with her doubts and fears before she could summon courage to face Colonel Stanard with the momentous letter.

How would its contents affect herself in the estimation of the colonel? She feared the worst, rightly judging of his abhorrence to all that was underhanded or savoured of deception.

Suppose a quarrel should arise between the present and the future possessor through it!

For a brief space, with a return of her old selfishness, she was pleased with the thought of the probable excitement resulting from such a catastrophe, and the importance reflected on her own little person through being the means leading to the discovery.

This feeling was but short-lived, for there was yet to answer to the colonel the inevitable question—How came the letter in her possession.

Should she tell a lie, and fabricate some ingenious evasion? That would be but postponing the evil to come by a few hours, and further implicate herself. Besides, she knew she could not tell the lie direct to the colonel's face.

What of Jeanie and Rolfe, and the suffering entailed on them, if the colonel, through her interference, should forbid their future intercourse? Had she no pity for them?

This question, which, in its turn with others equally distracting, continually troubled her, was one of the most difficult either to answer or to banish. She was sorry for them both. The one touch of nature making the whole world kin had taught her how poignant are the distresses of unsatisfied love; and in that tenderness, new-born within her, she would have spared them if she could.

But sparing them must not in the smallest degree lessen or impair her chance of winning the colonel's regard. To restore the stolen letter without revealing her discovery to Paul Stanard would, she considered, be throwing away her trump card.

There were yet two other reasons weighing in the balance against the delivery of the letter, and both of them also related to the young lovers.

She was sensible of a warm regard for Jeanie. That friendship, which had on her side owed its origin to the belief that the wealthy young pupil might be of service to her, and conduce to her own advancement in life, had, beneath the undisguised unselfish love and generosity of that friend, ripened into a worthier return.

And the second reason sprang from that far-seeing worldly wisdom which Sybil Capella had never been wont to neglect.

What if these young people should marry after all, and become the possessors of the Stanard estate? How would she—Sybil—stand in their estimation after attempting a step likely to ruin their mutual happiness?

The thought was unbearable, but that another, sweet in the extreme, followed in its wake.

If they became the owners of the Stanard estate, the colonel must surely be left in very reduced circumstances. Suffering himself, would he be likely to forget another who was left out in the cold, and who owed that position through her exertions on *his* behalf?

"No—ah, no!" She would take care to be near him at the crisis, and make herself so necessary to him that he would never wish her to leave him. Were a thousand difficulties in her path, she would tread them all beneath her feet if but that path led her nearer him.

So the letter must be given, and lest she might begin again the never-ending round of doubts and fears, it should be given at once.

Jeanie and Beth were either in the garden or the drawing-room. The colonel, she knew, had just gone to the library, and was alone. Her time was favourable. It must not be lost; she would compromise matters as best she might by saying, as she delivered the letter, that she believed Rolfe might really all the while be waiting and hoping to win the colonel's regard and consequent sympathy for his love of Jeanie.

With the letter in her hand Sybil sought the library, and tapped gently at the door. After waiting awhile, as there was no response, she knocked again.

"Who is it? Come in!" called the colonel.

Sybil entered, and in a confused manner asked if she might speak with him for a few minutes.

The colonel was seated at a table covered with official-looking blue papers, long business-shaped envelopes, and various other documents and account-books.

He looked up wearily as Sybil entered, and she was shocked to mark his haggard appearance. "Is your business important, Miss Capella?" he asked. "The housekeeping accounts can wait till another time; I am very busy just now."

"It is important, or I would not venture to trouble you," said Sybil, hesitating through sorrow for the colonel and her secret love for him. Thus she misadventured at the very beginning, through failing to take a straightforward course, and explain her mission with cheerful words and aspect.

"Tell me how I can help you?" he asked, suppressing a sigh, and offering her a chair.

"It is not for myself I ask help," she said with difficulty, "but I am anxious to tell you. I think you ought to know that——"

"Pray speak out!" responded the colonel, with a disturbed, severe aspect. "What is it that I ought to know?"

"I fear it will distress you"—and Sybil clasped her hands together as they lay in her lap, conscious she was losing her self-command.

This manner alarmed the colonel, who, conscious of his desperate financial state, came instantly to the conclusion that another blow of fate impended, and sought to harden himself accordingly.

"Tell me your news," he said more gently.

"You said that you were anxious to find out any particulars respecting Mr. Rolfe, did you not?"

"I did," he answered. "What have you heard?"

"I have learned *who* Mr. Rolfe is."

"Who he is?"

"Yes. For some reason, which doubtless he can and will explain to you, Rolfe is not his correct surname."

"What is his name?" he demanded sternly.

Alarmed by the colonel's aspect, she blurted out the words, "John Rolfe Gordon!"

"Gordon! Gordon did you say?"

"Yes."

"What is his mother's name? Do you know?"

"Mary Leman Gordon."

"Your proof."

"This letter"—giving it.

As he took the letter and read hurriedly, the terrible look on his face deepened. Then, holding the letter in his hand, he said, half to himself, but in Sybil's hearing, "And this from the man for whom I have been labouring and ruining myself, to present him with a disburdened property!" Then, remembering Sybil's presence, he turned to her, asking, "Have you anything more to tell me?"

"No," she answered faintly.

"By-the-bye, how did you get this letter?"

Terribly frightened that the whole weight of the impending storm was about to descend on herself for her treachery, she became quite unnerved, and could scarcely speak.

At length she murmured falteringly, "I cannot tell you. I must not—at least, not now." Then, bursting into tears and sobs, which she vainly strove to stifle, she hid her face in her handkerchief.

The colonel, at all times hating to see a woman cry, was distressed, and began to think she might not be to blame, and to pity her.

"Miss Capella," he said, in his old gentle tone, "be satisfied. Do not think I wish to blame you. I think no harm of you."

But Sybil, seeing the stern expression had returned to his face, looked up piteously as he asked her, "Where is my daughter now?"

"In—in the drawing-room, I think."

"Was not this man to return to-day?"

"I believe so."

"Is he here now?"

"I do not know."

The colonel strode across the room into the hall, shutting the door behind him.

"Oh, what will he do!" she moaned. "I feel sure I heard someone enter the house a few minutes since. Oh, if it is Rolfe! He will never forgive him. No, nor me either when he knows all!"

She opened the door, and ran upstairs to her own room.

(To be continued.)

LADY LAUNDRESSES.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

QUESTION, "What can I do?" is asked daily by hundreds of women who, gentle by birth, are by choice or necessity obliged to seek remunerative employment. As one half of the world is supposed not to know how the other half lives, so many people, in replying to the query, advise posts of governesses, companions, etc., without ever entering into the matter regarding the fitness of the applicant for such situations, or contemplating the stern fact that the latter market is overcrowded with seekers for work who are armed to the teeth with certificates and diplomas guaranteeing capability in more than one way; and these, in the very nature of things, have chances which the average girl of average ability and mediocre education is utterly without.

However, as the latter has to live, and is perhaps in sore need of the wherewithal to do so, it is just as well to indicate any new line of work where there is likelihood of obtaining it; and that ladies have embarked on the profession of a laundress is as true as it is that, when trained and taught, they have every reasonable certainty of obtaining a post in one or other departments of that profession. There are certain matters, however, which it is well to bear in mind, alike for those who shrink back from the work, and think it menial and very great drudgery, as for those who are all too eager to enter into it.

To the prejudiced—first. A gentlewoman, in the true sense of the fine old word, will never lose one iota of her claim to that name because of any labour, manual or other, which she undertakes, provided that she can therein live, move, and have her inner being governed by the laws of Divine grace, and where she can keep the commandments of Almighty God. A great deal of the old-fashioned horror of a lady doing work of this kind has been somewhat effaced by the spirit of the age, which, as a matter of fact, induces a woman to seek independence rather than be a burden on others, and which gives honour to her who declines to remain idle because of aptitude only for what some foolish people may think is *infra dig.* To these, too, I would say this word of comfort: In the profession of lady laundress, whether you are packer, sorter, assistant, or head of the whole concern, you need come very little—in some cases not at all—into contact with the outer world. To put it more plainly, the people who send their linen to be washed would be, in nearly all cases, never encountered by you, all communication respecting the work being done as a rule by letter. If you rise to the post of lady manager, an irate housekeeper may come and scold you for some oversight, or a housemaid may not be content unless she sees you to explain that her caps have not enough starch in them, or your grocer's wife may come to drive a bargain over your bills. But what if they do? If you are able to manage a laundry full of girls and women, and keep the men on the premises alive to their work, you surely can tackle these and not lose your dignity. In many departments of work for women, ladies of gentle birth have to battle continually with all sorts and conditions of men and women, often to endure rudeness and roughness, and a variety of unpleasant things, which, if they are foolish, they cry over, and if they are wise, think nothing more of than that it comes "all in the day's work."

Having, then, dismissed these bugbears, I must confess that if some shrink from this employment because it involves hard work, that it certainly does mean that. Of course the very term "hard work" is relative; and what a spiritless, delicate young damsel, who has no energy and is easily tired, would be terrified at, would be nothing at all to a girl in good health of mind and body. The latter would be tired, and find a good deal of drudgery, a great deal of standing—that must be faced—but nothing at all extraordinary in the way of labour.

Now, to those who have none of the aforenamed fears, and who would be glad to take the work up as a profession, I may say that it is one which has in it a very great amount of interest.

All work can be interesting; as Elizabeth Barrett Browning says—

"Get leave to work
In this world—'tis the best you get at all;
For God in cursing gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says, 'Sweat
For foreheads'; men say, 'crowns,' and so we are crowned—
Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work—get work;
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

Now, in this work, looking at it simply as employment and nothing more, there are many charms. It is definite work, and a girl who trains for it learns every department, so that she shall, if she advances to a post of manager, know thoroughly herself all she is expected to superintend.

There is room in the profession for ambition. Although at first a girl may only get employment as packer and sorter, she may, if she have energy, a power of work, and the sense to direct that power well, rise to a situation as manager or superintendent, and even to having a laundry one day of her own. I saw all over the Sweet Lavender Laundry, 34, Osborne Road, Acton, lately, and the manager, Mrs. Montrose, herself a gentlewoman, goes on the lines of employing such in the work. At present the ironing is all done by ordinary laundresses, the heavy machinery worked by men; but as the idea develops, ladies might well be employed in ironing as well as they are now in sorting and packing. This lady takes pupils at a premium of three guineas for three months' training, and answers for obtaining them situations, the salaries being from £30 a year upwards, including board and lodging, granting, of course, that they prove apt and capable. A good memory is essential, and this can be cultivated, and improves by practice. Letter-writing and book-keeping all form parts of the work, and accuracy is obviously a most important feature. The demand for ladies who, themselves trained, can undertake posts more or less important in homes, hospitals, and large laundries, is on the increase, from town and province alike, which is proof positive that the plan answers admirably. The reason why a gentlewoman fills a post in this profession better than an uneducated person is very obvious.

The latter, where book-keeping and accounts generally are concerned, is usually liable to make mistakes. The washing bill is a household grievance in many homes, and the inaccuracies it continually contains are the result of carelessness, and still oftener by the lack of learning that prevents a woman from being able to make out a bill as well as be watchful and conscientious concerning the linen, and the exact return of it to its rightful owner.

Then, too, the general influence of a refined woman must tell for good, whether the people under her are of the ordinary laundry-girl class, or whether some or many may be in her own. Here, too, comes in the second aspect of the work itself, namely, that of being one where a good woman may exercise almost untold influence for good. Listen to what someone said: "Pray learn to understand how all work has in it a spiritual element; how the meanest thing on earth has a divine side; how all temporary forms include essences that are to be eternal. Whatever be the meanness of a man's occupation, he may discharge and prosecute it on principles common to him with Michael or Gabriel, or any of the highest spirits of heaven!"

Why may not a lady laundress labour in that way, doing the work of angels among the class of laundry-women and girls, which is a class, as all know who have mixed in it, one of the most difficult to reach. I do not write from mere hearsay, as from circumstances needless to enter into; I have been in laundries for days and months, and have the intimate acquaintance with the work, the usual run of workers, their trials, their temptations, etc. You may reach them in a measure, you who desire to raise their lives, to humanise them, to lead them to God by missions and classes and organisations of the kind, to all of which we wish God-speed; but you can influence them in another and often better way if you live with them, as, if you are a lady laundress, you must to a certain extent do.

You may not preach very much to them—perhaps not at all in words—but, if you will, you can help them to purify their lives from all stains of sin. You can find your parable in the very surroundings, and your illustrations in the linen soiled and darkened, which by their work they whiten. By discountenancing all quarrelling, by fostering a spirit of charity, by gentle words and a governed temper setting them a good example, by aiming high in every detail, and bringing principle into your every action, by sympathising with the workers, by perhaps being their friend in time of need, may you not be helping them in a way no outsider can do as well?

We all know what the influence of a holy life is—how certainly it tells on all around; and as these girls leave the laundry and go into their homes, becoming wives and mothers, how far may not the influence of a good womanly presence go! Far indeed beyond where she on earth can trace it; but where one day she will know when it returns to her as an integral part of the "Well done!" spoken by the voice of Him who has stayed her in all the difficulties of the task.

Therefore, quite apart from a new employment for women of the more educated—in the widest acceptation of that much misused word education!—classes, I look upon it as a means of working for and touching a hitherto much-neglected section of the people. Until good and refined women went themselves and laboured with their hands as well as heart and soul in the work, what was the nursing profession in and out of hospitals? What were infirmaries, refuges, workhouses? No need

for me to answer, and weary you with a description of the altered state of things, which all have read about, for they themselves may be too young to recollect the dark past. These changes were not effected by large bands of labourers, but by one woman here, another there, going boldly into the various fields and uprooting evil, so that good might be sown in such ways, and by her own well-directed enthusiasm to work with and after her.

But as I write I feel all too strongly that human nature is such that to many any work which has in it a spice of romance, and, if we may use the word, picturesqueness, has a charm which carries them over many a hill of difficulty, out of many a Slough of Despond, formed by apparently overwhelming obstacles. And this is not to be deprecated, only let us face the fact. A girl has the vision of bending over sick beds, of smoothing dying pillows, of excelling in the art of nursing—for art it is; and this attracts many an one. Another pictures the joy of rescuing the fallen, and helping the Magdalens of the world to the feet of their Lord, as well as seeking first those who are apparently hardened, and so on. But about washerwomen and laundry-girls there is nothing enchanting to the superficial observer. There is no romance in a washhouse filled with steam, in an ironing-room where the workers are, as a rule, rough, independent, and careless, the girls, alas! often drifting into lives where drink and impurity do their deadly work.

But to those who look below the surface of things there is much that may attract. Spiritually, many a wound may be healed, many a disease checked or prevented, many a weak one made strong, by the influence, the prayers, the work of those who in their midst are themselves seeking to give out and share the good they possess from the Most High.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

CHLOE.—Remember that the reds you employ in painting on china burn in differently from what you represented them before burning. Another point which you should bear in mind is, that the medium used to make them adhere, if applied too freely, produces bubbles on the fired surface; and that if applied too sparingly, the colours come away. To prevent disappointment, paint two tiles with exactly the same colours, making a note of the combinations employed; send one to be fired, and compare it with its unfired fellow, and so determine the amount of colour required to preserve the original hues.

FLORENCE.—In reply to your query as to who built the Duomo at Florence, it was not Giotto. The latter built the Campanile in 1334, and at the age of fifty-eight, having relinquished his art as a painter and taken up that of sculpture and architecture. It was Arnolfo (di Cambio), the first of the cathedral builders in Florence, who founded the Duomo, having designed it, as he did the Santa Croce and the Palazzo of the Signoria. He died just as the apse of the Duomo approached completion, about 1300, the year Cimabue likewise died; and at the time when Dante was in full power. It was Arnolfo who built the Palazza Vicino and the great tower of the Vacca; but it does not seem to be known who those *maestri* were who completed the Campanile of the Palazzo. At least, he lived to finish the three principal tribunes under the cupola of the Duomo. *The Makers of Florence*, by Mrs. Oliphant, would give you all such information.

RHODA.—It is not an indisputable fact that the article of porcelain of which you speak is Dresden ware because it has the "cross swords" (represented obliquely), because it is often found on Bristol china —blue under the glaze. A little manual of pottery and porcelain would be of use to you.

WORK.

WINKLE, MELINDA, MAC, and KATHLEEN would be likely to meet with a sale for their plain needlework and knitted articles at a shop where baby-linen is sold. Or they might make arrangements for their sale at such a place. Their own personal exertions are needful in the matter.

HARD UP.—1. You had better read the recent articles on "New Employments for Women," in the "G. O. P.," by Miss Caulfeild.—2. The articles on "Silkworm Culture," by Dora de Blaquière, were in vol. x. You had better read them, and think them over. You will find the addresses in them. All these things are matters for personal exertion and work.

A. P. R.—1. The address of the London branch of the A. F. D. Society for supplying the families of poor clergy with clothing is—Miss McCreery, 40, Delancy Street, Regent's Park, N.W.—2. We have not found the author of the quotation, "Man is immortal till his work be done."

MAMIE.—It is well to avoid making knots in knitting. Lay the two ends of the wool along each other, and knit them into the work. This will keep them firmly together. We think you and "Cree" would do well to procure a little handbook on knitting, which would not cost more than sixpence, or a large one a shilling, and you would then have a set of patterns from which you could make a selection. A very useful gift to a poor person—so many of whom suffer from rheumatism—would be a pair of long knitted woollen sleeves. Take No. 17 needles, cast on forty-two stitches very loosely, knit and purl three stitches (alternately) for twelve turns; knit ten turns plainly; knit thirty-five turns plainly, increasing by one stitch at the beginning and end of each turn; knit twenty turns plainly, increasing by one stitch every other turn; and repeat the twelve turns, as at the commencement. These sleeves, night socks, and comforters are easy of manufacture in odd minutes of leisure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. OWEN.—We could not tell you how many sheep you could feed on one acre of land without knowing something of the nature of the soil and the quality of the pasturage. And besides this, the system of farming carried out, either high or low, must be taken into consideration. But we understand that two sheep to every acre would be a fair average calculation.

MEGGIE.—Yes, there is such a complaint of the eyes as "day-blindness," and it results from too great exposure to light, and renders the retina torpid. In fact, the eyes, when employed at any sort of work, should never face the light without a screen to protect them. The complaint is common in Brazil and the West Indies, and likewise in Russia. On the contrary, too, we find that prisoners, long confined in dark cells, are thus affected; too little, as well as too great, light being equally injurious.

ANNIE OF THE VALE had far better turn her thoughts to some more worthy subject. Her former lover does not seem to be at all a desirable person. She has had a happy escape.

PRIMROSE.—The 30th of January, 1874, was a Friday; the 9th of April in the same year was a Thursday.

OLIVIA, A BEGINNER IN COMPOSITION, ESPERANCE, ALBERTA, and E. M. A., all send us their poetical compositions. Some of them are meritorious, some very mildly Tennysonian, and beginning with the everlasting, "O! swallow"; and some owing their inspiration to the common hymn-books, and full of the anguish, regret, and pain in which all young souls revel and delight, and of which they are really quite ignorant, in their true meaning. But there is thought and good aspirations in all, and these are good and necessary in both prose and poetry.

LITTLE FAITH.—1. Leave the pictures you have painted alone; washing will do them no good.—2. No one can write a good hand by intuition; practice is needed; and so you had better go back to copy-books, or take some handwriting which you admire, and study that. If you persevere you can change your writing very easily.

MIRIAM MARILLER, if dropsical, should be under medical treatment, and might be recommended to some mineral water bathing establishment. If only fat, and in good health, she should be very thankful for the body God has given her. Few sights could be more sad to see than a thin girl; and we often wonder that such can make an exposure of their thinness, as they so often do, in wearing low dresses and short sleeves. On the other hand, if unusually stout, it is easy to make use of a little extra tulle or lace over the neck and shoulders of an evening dress. It is in exceedingly bad taste, as well as unkind, to make disparaging personal remarks on anyone. Do not mind them, and beware of ever doing the same.

L. M. E.—We have given a list of remunerative work for women in a series of articles which have just been completed.

FLORENCE.—1. You do not say where you thought of residing in Germany. If going to Berlin, you will find a Students' Home in Victoria Stift, Königgratzer Strasse. You had better write to the Matron, at the Young Women's Christian Association office in Mortimer Street, W. You might get advice, perhaps, on the subject in the Foreign Department.—2. Madame Schumann has recently retired from professional work.

A HAPPY GIRL is, perhaps, over-tired, and, it may be, hungry for her next meal, when she gapes so much in chapel. She had better go to bed early on Saturday nights, and eat a good breakfast; and should the fit of gaping come on, have a cayenne pepper lozenge in her pocket ready to take to stop it. It might succeed.

SUBSCRIBER.—Oil your head and hair thickly until entirely free. We are surprised that you should ask so disgusting a question to be answered in print in a refined paper! Go to some nurse, and do not write to us again until thoroughly clean.

J. L.—In the time of the Romans, London was quite a small city, not much larger in extent than Hyde Park. It was surrounded with high and well-fortified walls, the circuit of which, according to Stowe, measured only two miles and a furlong. A large fort stood on the site of the Tower, and another on the bank of the Thames near Fleet brook. There were three entrances on the land side, *i.e.*, Aldgate, Aldersgate, and Ludgate; and to these original gateways several were added, as Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Moorgate, Newgate, that on Tower Hill, and others. Now there are sixty approaches to it. Mr. Roach Smith says the City was about a mile in length from the Tower to Ludgate, running east and west; and from London Wall to the Thames, about half a mile—that is, from north to south. But London, under a different name, is said to have existed 1107 years B.C., and 354 years before the foundation of Rome, and that it was the capital of the Trinobantes 54 years before Christ. The name "London" is derived from *Llyn-Din*, or "the town on the lake."

M. T. A.—We can only give you the advice so often before repeated—that you must show your articles for sale at the shops where such things are sold, dispose of what you have done, and obtain trade orders. We are gratified by your kind words of appreciation of our paper.

MARY.—There are convalescent homes for ladies needing care as well as a change to a warm climate in three places on the Riviera—at Cannes (£2 4s. per week); address, Miss Hankey, Balcombe Place, Hayward's Heath. At Mentone, Helvetia Convalescent Home; address, Miss Dudgeon, Les Grottes, Mentone. This home is for those whose means are small—ladies. There is a home here for clergy also. At San Remo there is another home for invalid ladies of straitened circumstances, at the weekly charge of £1 5s.; address, Miss Macdonald Lockhart, The Lee, Lanark, N.B.

BOTANY.—There are two ways of skeletonising leaves. One method was described in vol. ii., p. 64. In case you have not got it, we repeat it. Put the leaves into an earthenware vessel containing rain-water and place it in the sunshine, where it must remain for days, or, it may be, weeks, if the leaves be thick. When pulpy, remove them to clean water and shake the vessel to and fro, or use a soft brush to remove the outer covering.

BUZWING asks for a book published by other firms than ours, which it is contrary to our rules to answer. Such as she requires is to be seen at most booksellers' shops.

VIVA.—H.R.H. the Princess Mary of England, Duchess of Teck, is first cousin to the Queen; thus, her daughter and those of the Prince of Wales are second cousins.—2. It is quite optional whether the bride-elect give her intended husband a ring or not in this country. In other countries men wear marriage-rings as well as their wives.

MAY (Queensland).—We thank you for your nice little grateful letter, and we think that your sketch gives promise of your drawing well some day. You ought to have lessons. Accept our best wishes. It is well that you tell us you are not represented in your sketch, or we should have supposed you to be the fat little dark woman with the bushy hair.

M. A. C. S. does not repeat her question, or we would answer it now with pleasure. New subscribers are replied to just as soon as old ones. It is quite possible that she has been answered, but the correspondence sheets are not all in print. We quite well remember having noticed the address, which was familiar to us in the past.

KATHLEEN.—When the Lord Jesus Christ spoke of the "needle's eye," He meant the small door which was employed by people who required a passage through the great gates opened only for camels and their high loads, and for horses and vehicles. You may often see these small doors in this country, although we do not give them the same Oriental name and description. The name "postern" is often used to denote a little entrance door.

BLACKBERRY GATHERING.

THE rosy lips are ready, as well as merry eyes,
And chubby hands with eager joy clutch at the tempting prize,
Till little aching fingers, purpled by many a stain,
Wearily find their tired way into small mouths again.

VOL. XIII.—No. 661.] AUGUST 27, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

YOUTH AND SUMMER.

By SYDNEY GREY.

YOUTH and Summer go together,
Both were meant for sunny weather;
Nature's kindly hand hath crowned
them,
Wrapped a fairy mantle round them,
Bidding them arise and reign;
Brightest things to mortal ken,
Dearest sight to eyes of men,
Sweetest theme for poet's pen,
Triumphant twain.

Youth and Summer go together,
Wide their empire, short its tether;
Autumn vexes its dominion,
Time affrights Youth's folded pinion,
So they enter heaven again.
Children of celestial day,
Longer here they dare not stay;
There they never fade away,
Immortal twain.

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SUMMER.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

At the sight of Doctor Robertson, Susan Meade's face lighted with pleasure. She knew much of his skill and kindness, and it was a great relief to place the injured girl in his hands.

"Poor thing! She has had a double wound; and the outside one is the less serious, though it is bad enough. What she must have gone through, by your account!"

This was said after a careful examination of Janet's injury, during which Susan told the doctor as much as she could of the position of the mother and daughter since she had known them.

"She cannot be nursed here," said the doctor. "Better remove her to the hospital. The wound itself is not serious enough to endanger life, but other things increase its importance. The patient has undergone enough to bring on brain fever without the hurt, and I hardly dare hope that she will escape it."

"My little home is next door. She can be moved there directly, and I will nurse her myself."

"I could not wish her a better nurse, but I should not like her to remain in this neighbourhood, and close to the scene of her trials and sorrows. Beside, you have been away; your house could not be made fit to receive her without airing and preparation in various ways. Think of the season."

"I can pay for another and a better place, doctor," said Susan, as the tears rolled down her cheeks; for she was thinking how she might have staved off all the suffering from these lonely women if she had only been at hand. To think of the efforts she had made on their behalf, and all in vain!

In the meanwhile, Mr. Cutclose had been explaining the position to Anna Jukes, and telling her of the "born ladies" who had been his tenants.

"They were fit for a palace, Anna," he said. "I've not got a palace, but I have a villa, and no palace is cleaner, brighter, or in a fresher air and genteeler neighbourhood. The best bedroom is aired and ready, I presume?"

"It is, sir—it is always kept ready. Always was in the mistress's time, and I have never changed her rules and yours."

"Then Miss Boothroyd goes straight to One Ash Villa if the doctor will allow her to be moved."

Mr. Cutclose went upstairs and submitted his plan to the doctor and Susan Meade. The latter was suspicious, and disinclined to consent, urging alike her will and power to care for Janet to the utmost. But the doctor met the difficulty at once.

"Nothing could be better," he said, "always provided that Susan goes with the patient, and acts as chief nurse. She is the one person whom Miss Boothroyd knows and trusts. When she becomes conscious, her eyes must rest on a familiar face, or the effect might be most disastrous; and I will visit her regularly. The railway makes that quite easy."

"Miss knows me as well as most," said Mr. Cutclose. "She saw me on Saturdays, you know."

Doctor Robertson could hardly suppress a smile even at such a time.

"I am afraid your weekly visits for rent-collecting would scarcely qualify you for the office of nurse," he said. "But this poor girl will know to whose goodness she is indebted, as soon as she is fit to hear what must be told. I will superintend her removal, and you will attend to other matters."

So Janet was conveyed to One Ash Villa. All needful formalities were gone through at No. 12; and these ended, Mr. Cutclose quietly announced his intention of bearing the expense of his late tenant's interment.

"She shall be buried next my wife," he said, "and as a born lady should be—for she was one, and no mistake."

He was praised for his generosity; but, strange to relate, Mr. Cutclose, usually anxious to have full and public acknowledgment of all his good deeds, took pains to hide this one. By a judicious expenditure he succeeded in keeping all notice of the affair from the papers.

Three days later all that was mortal of Adelaide Boothroyd was taken from No. 12, and interred in the beautiful "God's Acre," miles away from Millcaster, but much nearer to the country home of Mr. Cutclose.

Of all that happened Janet knew nothing. She spoke, it is true, but only in the wild wandering talk that accompanies delirium, and Doctor Robertson owned that her condition was most precarious.

Susan Meade was untiring in her ministrations, which were, however, shared by Anna Jukes, who had help in the household work in order to leave her at liberty for this more important duty.

The two women were much attracted towards each other. The true, self-devoting character of Susan Meade soon discovered a kindred spirit in Anna Jukes, and Mr. Cutclose, who had suffered considerable qualms on the subject of the young woman's introduction to One Ash Villa, rubbed his hands with delight at the good understanding between the two.

"Anna is a good sort, but I was just afraid she might be jealous of a stranger coming in, and want some neighbour instead. Susan has such an independent spirit, and knows about nursing, so I thought she might turn awkward, and want too much of her way.

"But they get on like—like—the two halves of a pair of scissors," said Mr. Cutclose to himself, not a little proud of his brilliant simile. "It's as if neither of them could spare the other."

Susan's return to Morton Place at such an opportune moment was owing to a fortunate circumstance, of which she informed Anna as they sat together whilst the patient was dosing.

"I had gone to help in nursing some children. I was asked to go by a man that is always going about doing good amongst the poor, but the mother of these children was his landlady. Not exactly poor, you know, but nearly frightened out of her wits, thinking the little ones had taken scarlet fever."

"That's an awful thing—and so catching," said Anna, with a glance towards the bed where lay Janet.

"Oh, you need have no fear!" replied Susan, answering the look. "It was not scarlet fever after all. It turned out to be measles, and of a mild sort. The children only wanted keeping warm, and the mother was soon able to do without me. I am very careful about infection, and no one shall ever suffer through my sparing trouble about clothes and things."

"You couldn't have come back at a better time. What would have been done without you here I cannot imagine."

"Some way is always done," replied Susan. "But I am glad I am here, and with you, to look after this poor young lady. I cannot understand how it is they were in such a plight, and that they never sent me a line. I had written twice to them. There was nothing I wished so much as to help them."

"So did the master, and it isn't his general way with the cottage tenants. You know," she added, as if she had been disloyal in making the remark, "he has so many, and they try to trick him all sorts of ways; though he is pretty sharp, and he has to be. But, dear me! as I look at that sweet young creature, and think of all she has gone through, I can understand. Who wouldn't want to help her? What could have become of the letter and money you put under the door? Did anyone see you slip it under?"

"I think not," replied Susan. "Beside, if they did, nobody would think there was money in it. The postman always slips letters under the doors in Morton Place without waiting for anyone to open them."

"Yes; but he gives a loud knock, to call attention. You went later in the day, and when nobody was at home, but more people were on the watch outside. You might have been seen from a window, for instance."

This suggestion raised a doubt in Susan's mind, which had not previously occurred to her. She began to blame herself for not having made sure that her messages reached the Boothroyds.

"I might have managed better—one always sees that after a failure. But the pity of it is, one never finds it out till too late," she said.

"Aye! 'Too late' has to be written against us all pretty often in a lifetime," was Anna's reply, and the sigh which followed told that she spoke from sad experience.

A sound from the bed interrupted the whispered talk. The invalid began with murmurs, and went on to wild ravings, which brought tears to the eyes of the listening women.

Janet was evidently telling again and again the bitter experiences of those last days which she and her mother spent together. "She said she would help us; and she seemed so true, mother. I thought she loved us both. It was sweet to have one friend. But she went away, and never came or wrote, though she promised. I used to listen; but the postman knocked at other doors—never at ours. Wine? Yes. You should have had wine when you were weak and faint, and a doctor. I ought to have sold some—— I did not know what to take. The little things were gone—all gone, but your wedding-ring! It was worn thin; but I knew you would not part with it. I dared not ask for that—— That knock was not the postman—it was for the machine. What shall we do? No machine! No work! No bread! Yes; I will write to Uncle Edwin; he will be sorry now." There was a pause, and then a look of joy passed over the girl's face, and she said softly, "Yes, mother dear, I am coming. Hold me to your breast again, and kiss me. It makes me so happy—like a child. We forget there is no work, and go back, back, a long way, don't we? She does not speak now—she is asleep!" Then a cry of anguish. "My mother is dead!"—and the girl rocked herself to and fro, and moaned out the sorrow of which, even in delirium, she was still conscious.

The two who heard the words and saw these manifestations of grief and despair, scarcely suffered less than their patient. They were enabled to picture the terrible experiences through which she had passed, and grieved with and for her.

One idea seemed specially present to Janet—she was constantly imagining that her mother was calling her, doubtless remembering that last farewell embrace, when her parent's loving arms encircled her, and she was held so long in that tender clasp. "I am coming, mother. Keep me! Never let me go again! We must be together! I have only you—only you!" she repeated again and again.

"She hears her mother calling. It's a sign! She'll go—mark what I say!"

Anna Jukes was superstitious, and much given to faith in signs and omens.

Susan's practical good sense enabled her to take a different view of the case. "I don't give up hope," she said. "Those words have a solemn sound with them, no doubt; but, to my mind, the poor girl is going over what passed before her mother died. It's all plain to me. She talked about my promise, and no letter coming, and the man fetching the machine. Her wild talk shows me a set of pictures, one coming after another in quite an orderly way. It is quite plain to me, and very sad, for I go through it all with her. Mrs. Boothroyd never got message, letter, or money, and the question is—Who did?"

No satisfactory answer suggested itself, though Susan's mind often dwelt on it.

The mind of another person under the same roof was much exercised by the course events had taken. Mr. Cutclose was feeling anything but comfortable. He had not calculated on a continued illness, but thought that a day or two's care and rest would restore Janet to consciousness at any rate, and after that satisfactory progress. "She'll fret and cry, of course. That will be only natural; but when she begins to notice what's round about her, she'll compare my villa with Morton Place, and she'll not like to go back to No. 12. As to the old lady, she's better off, and so Miss will think when she has time to settle down. I would have done well by the mother for the girl's sake; but most men object to having a mother-in-law living in the house, unless there's money concerned. A mother-in-law with a handsome income, and doing her share towards the housekeeping, is not a bad thing. But to take a wife with nothing, and provide for a mother in your own villa, is what very few would do, though I was willing. However, Providence has arranged otherwise, and I ought to be thankful so far. Still, if Miss keeps on in this way, I shall wish I hadn't been in such a hurry. I've made it a rule all my life till now not to meddle in other people's business unless I could see my way to a comfortable settlement. This is the first time I've broken my rule, and I don't see my way to anything satisfactory."

With Mr. Cutclose, a comfortable and satisfactory settlement always meant the bringing of money into his purse. In this case a good deal had gone out, with little prospect of satisfaction to himself, much less of profit. "There was Christmas Day," he continued—"a day I always keep, not at all in an extravagant way, but with three or four old friends of my own sort. This year I went to the funeral of Miss's mother, and had my dinner by myself, because the house had to be kept quiet for the girl's sake. A queer Christmas! If Miss should die, I shall be let in for the cost of another funeral, for I should lay her beside her mother. Then there'll be the doctor and Susan Meade, though I don't expect she will charge anything. She has to be boarded all the while. Seeing she would have taken Miss off my hands, she may want to join in the expense."

Thus cogitated Mr. Cutclose, and at the end of his musings he made up his mind to have a talk with Susan, and accordingly asked her to come to his sitting-room for the purpose.

He had thoroughly examined the batch of papers belonging to Mrs. Boothroyd, but had learned little from their contents. They had confirmed his impressions as to the antecedents of mother and daughter; but as he had always been sure that they were "real ladies," the new information only increased his opinion of his own 'cuteness, as he called it.

He made a few extracts, and noted every little detail that he thought might lead to further discoveries, then tied the papers up again in the handkerchief in preparation for the interview with Susan.

"Well," said he, as she entered, "how's your patient this evening? Not mending very fast, I'm afraid?"

"There is very little change as yet; but Dr. Robertson thinks there soon will be, one way or the other."

"Let's hope it will be the right way. Sit down!" for Susan, who never cared for much of her landlord's company, had remained standing near the door.

"I want a few words with you about some papers. When I went in that Monday morning a drawer was open, and some keys were hanging from a box inside. I lifted the lid, and found it was full of letters and papers. I thought to myself that when Miss came to herself, she would feel obliged to any person who took care of them for her, and did not let every vulgar busybody have a chance of meddling with them. So I tied the whole lot up in my handkerchief—I always carry an extra clean one in my overcoat—and brought them away. I bethought myself of them to-night, and, seeing *she* cannot take them, I want you to keep them for her."

Mr. Cutclose looked a picture of confiding frankness, but he did not deceive Susan Meade.

"As you have kept them so long, you had perhaps better keep them a little longer. You can lock them up."

"I don't think there's anything in them," he began; and then he became confused, hesitated, and finally stammered out—"anything in them that she would mind your seeing, as you are such friends."

"We are not such friends that I should read a line of them whilst there is a chance of Miss Boothroyd taking them into her own care," said Susan, looking steadfastly at Mr. Cutclose, and never doubting that he had made himself fully acquainted with all that the papers could tell.

"Take them, Susan, anyway. And if the worst should happen, they can be examined afterwards."

"They will be safe, anyway—safe from all eyes, my own included," replied Susan. "Now, if you will excuse me, I will go back to my charge, and set Mrs. Jukes at liberty. She has work to do."

"By all means—certainly," said Mr. Cutclose. "You'll be sure to tell me directly if there's a change for the better."

"I shall be only too glad," said Susan earnestly; and taking up the bundle of papers, she withdrew, leaving Mr. Cutclose rather relieved than otherwise by her departure.

"Somehow, I always feel uncomfortable with that girl," thought he, when the door closed behind her. "She looks at one as if she could read what one is thinking about. She's a fine creature, too, and a clever one—but not a lady."

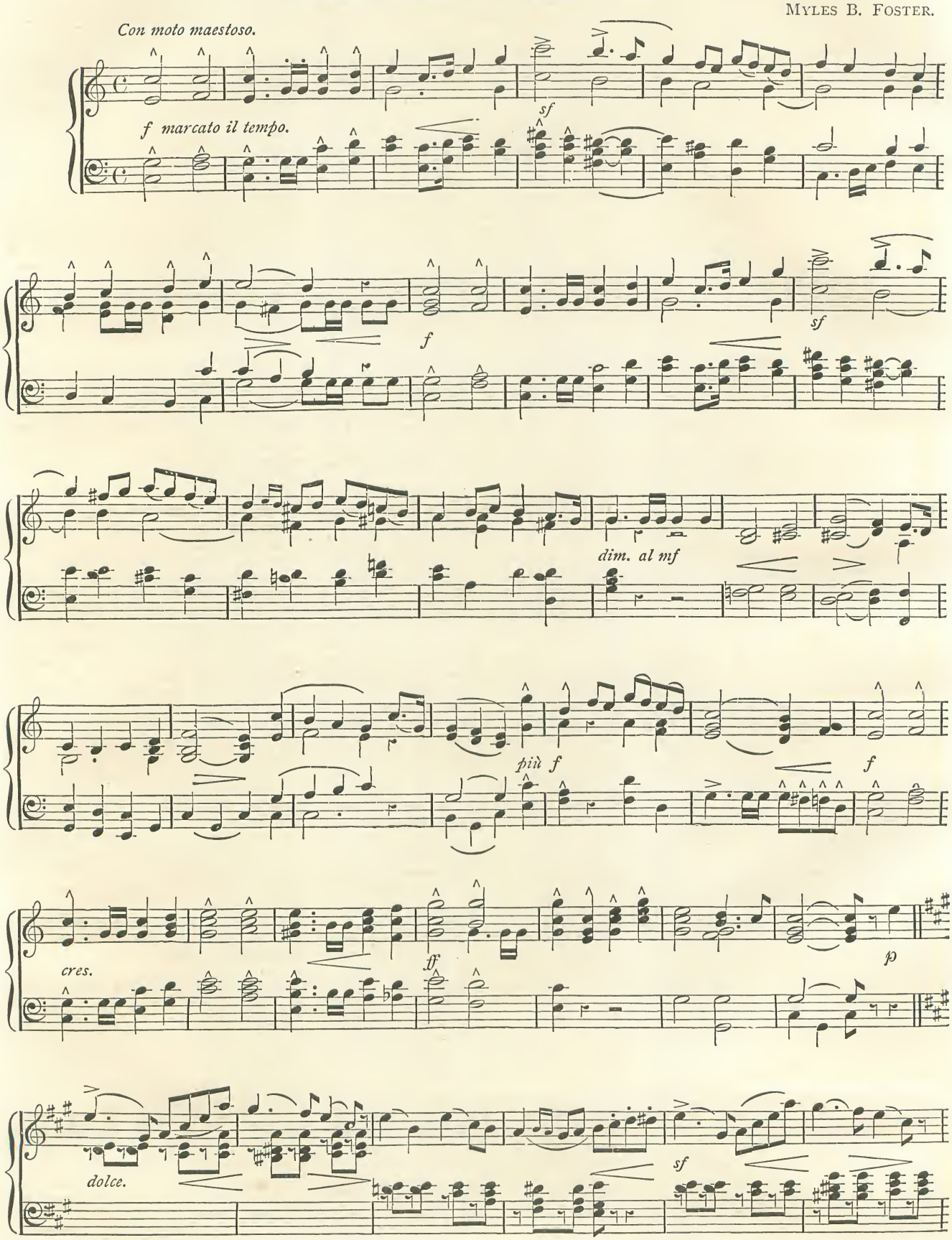
Susan was not sorry to get possession of the papers, though she doubted whether Mr. Cutclose had handed them all over to her keeping. Loyal to the core, she had kept those unopened which he had dropped in his haste to secure the contents of the box. She now added them to the rest, and made them into a neat packet, which she tied up and sealed, until Janet's illness should have passed the crisis which, according to Dr. Robertson's judgment, was now very near at hand.

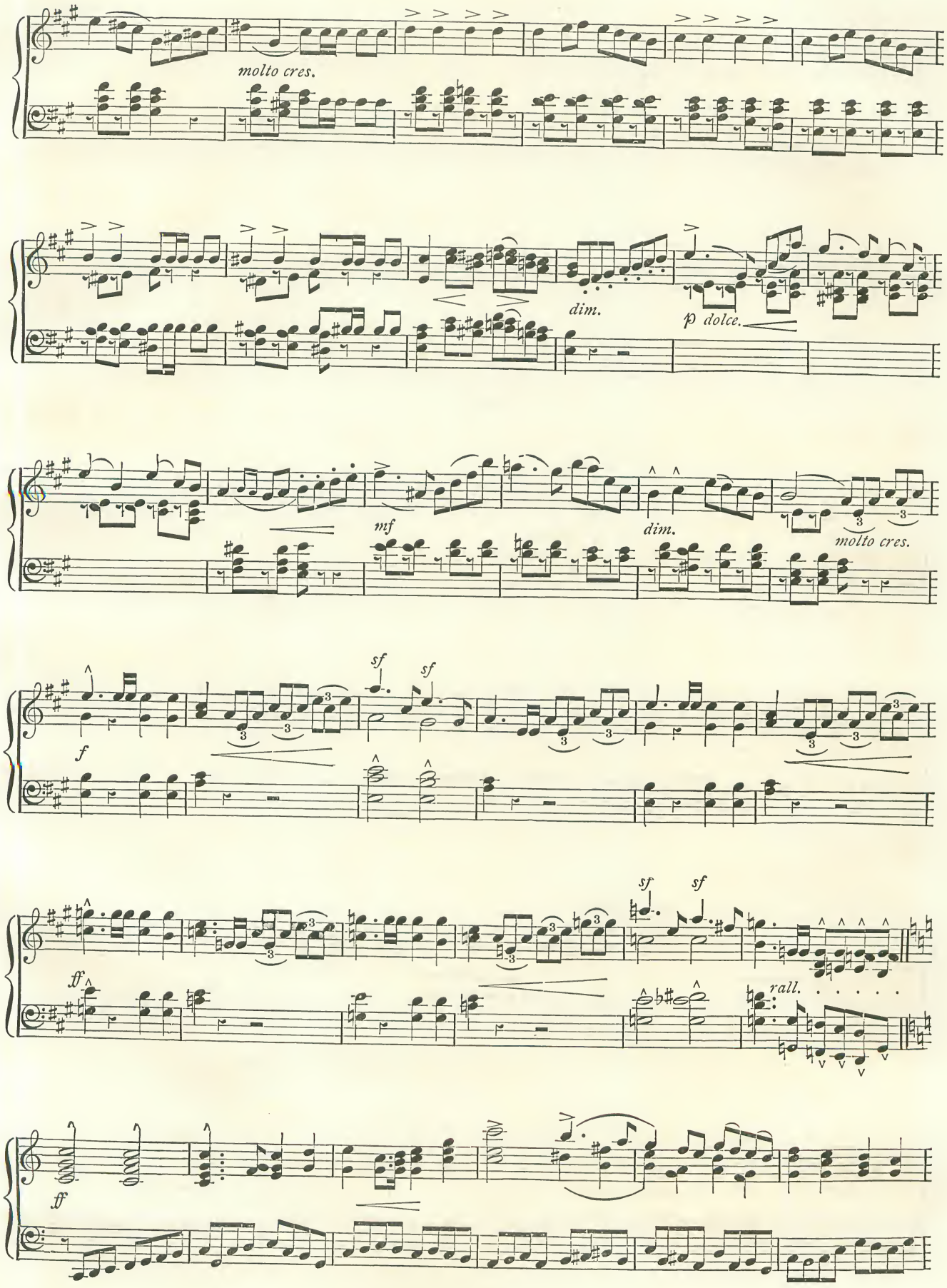
(*To be continued.*)

CRUSADERS' MARCH.

FOR THE HARMONIUM OR AMERICAN ORGAN.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

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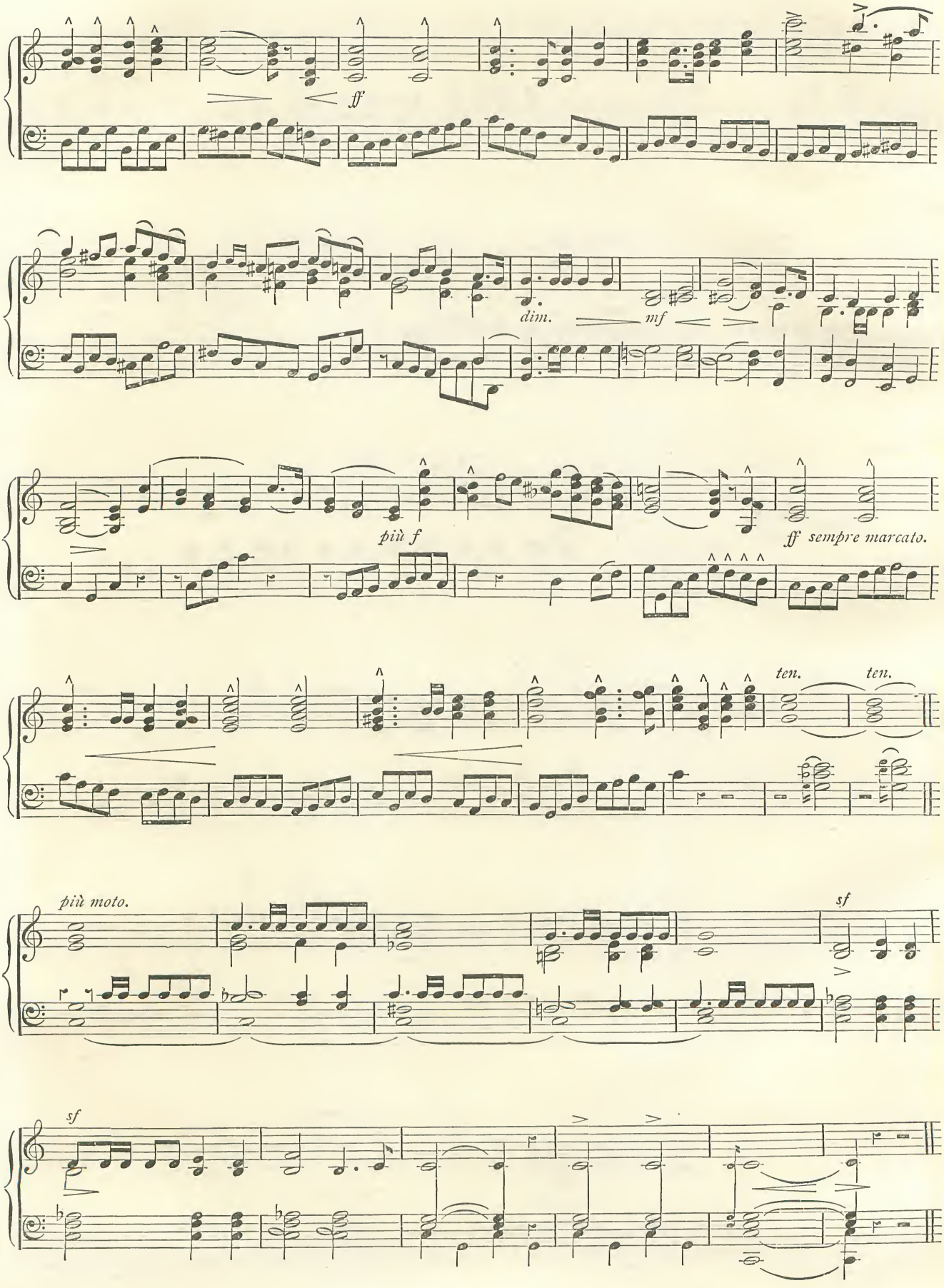
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"THE DRAWING-ROOM FLOOR."—HOW I FOUND IT, AND HOW I LEFT IT.

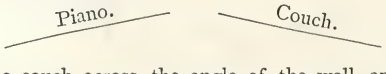
It was eighteen feet by fifteen feet—not the whole floor but the drawing-room—the ceiling had been whitewashed once, but now it was black. The chimney had had the redecoration of the ceiling. In the centre a typical lodging-house rosette, moulded in bad plaster; projecting from it the stump of an amputated gas-pipe; an ornamental border—bordering on anything but the ornamental—ran round the room. The paper might have been worse. Subject—syringas and sunflowers, drawn by a cramped hand with a stiff elbow; "splodges" for leaves; colour neutral, inclined to bilious. Carpet—cream ground with large crimson flowers and grey leaves, their tints mercifully assuaged by that thoroughly domestic trinity, wear, dust, and sun; pattern neither conventional nor natural—but especially not the latter—bordered by a dirty crimson felt. The curtains were crimson damask, with a narrow edging of gold and crimson, keeping a faded watch over lace Nottinghams of the largest, coarsest, and boldest design, rigid and straight as buckram, not *much* darned.

Furniture:—The monarch of these ancient timbers, and giant amid pigmies, was a large and portly sideboard, a broad-shouldered, straight-backed old gentleman on gouty pedestals, one of which contained a nest of movable drawers, the other, as usual, a *garde vin*. Between these two supports a cavern, an "antre vast and drear." Next came a ricketty circular table, standing precariously on a polished three-clawed foot, which creaked and groaned a loud remonstrance if leant upon; covering this a very old-fashioned damask, some distant relation in colour and dinginess to the carpet. *The* regulation couch, with bandy legs and castors warranted to trip up all who pass, and so constructed that you might sit but could not recline; ditto easy chair, a prize piece of irony. Both these clothed in chintz sobered by immersion in the wash-tub—brown sprigs on a dubious ground. Six chairs "*ong sweet;*" brass fender, with "set" of fire-irons of same metal. No other would have had impudence to pretend to be a set, and yet consist of half a poker and a dislocated shovel! Dotting vacant spaces; two occasional tables home-upholstered, a dumb waiter, and a writing-table. Between this last and the inkstand—large splashes from which it had intercepted—a crimson cloth, unhemmed, unbound, un-everything but stained. A gilt-framed mirror crowned with befitting mock splendour the marble mantelpiece. The door (scarred with old screw marks of banished brackets) and windows (French, opening on a balcony) were warped and shrunk, and the privilege of inhabiting this incongruous abode was 40s. a week!

To the carpet and the paper I resigned myself. I consented to be prisoned in a gloomy cage of syringas and sunflowers, and to tread upon crimson emblems of an unheard-of horticulture; but I made a clean ceiling and a swept chimney conditions of tenancy. These fulfilled, I bundled in, and the first bundle I undid was my draperies. The curtains were first attacked. Butter-muslin, at 1¾d. a yard, was purchased, and replaced with soft creamy folds the rigid, frigid Nottinghams. Three di-jims, one between and two flanking the windows, supplanted the crimson damask. Of the two pairs of these brought in my bundle, the single one remaining concealed the nakedness and wounds of the door. Art serge, at 1s. 3d. a yard, ousted the table-covers, and clad the ample shoulders of stout Sir Sideboard. An odd scrap of art-muslin, tucked into a crack which ran the whole length of his central drawer, hid the "dead vast and middle" between those gouty pedestals. A dark indigo blue phoolcarrie was draped, with the aid of a few pins (and fingers), over the "quarry" which framed the fireplace, and great was the horror of my "landwoman"—why, *why* should they be called land*ladies?*—at this veiling of the marble altar of the hearth. I had to explain that I veiled it because I held it so sacred. A complete set of fire-irons cost 5s. 6d.—I "ran to" that—and this partially atoned for the desecration of the mantelpiece. What should I do with that couch? Ah, happy thought! arras cloth at 9d. a yard. "Oh, what a horrid stiff material!" you'll say; but you wouldn't if you saw it draped on that poor old "little ease" in my sitting-room.

At any rate, a big authority on art decoration, who did me the honour to call to-day, was struck by the satisfied, comfortable way in which it folded and fell. Try for yourselves and see. I made a frill of it, ravelled at one edge, to follow the outline of the couch and hide those bandy legs! The rest simply draped, and three silk cushions, blue, Naples yellow, and terra-cotta, with broad frills, to eke out its repose.

The arm—I won't say easy-chair any more—submitted with a good grace to the same material, and was put in the background; while for real ease and use I introduced two wicker lounges, with pretty soft silk cushions, which I made at a cost of 7s. or 8s.—real eiderdown! The occasional tables were put on the "retired" list in corners, and covered with Liberty cotton crêpe, embroidered in odd moments. The central table and its complaints were banished to the limbo of "downstairs," and a kitchen brother promoted to its place after his plain but neat understandings had been coloured a nice walnut with Jackson's water-stain. I hired a piano—a small cottage by Bord, with brass panels, brackets, and ornamental hinges. To break the oblong of the walls, I placed my arras-hung couch and the piano on one side in this position:—



the couch across the angle of the wall and snuggling up to one side of the fireplace, the piano reaching almost to the door. Behind the couch a little pedestal, supporting a big brown-red wavy-tipped bowl, the home of a bracken fern, or some branch of that distinguished highland family; replying to the bowl, a dull golden-brown phoolcarrie, with broad gold hem over the back of the couch. Behind the piano, in the space left by the angle at which it stood from the wall, and near the door, a celadon jar (which the fabled stork might have dined from), full of teasels (good for decoration, if not dinner). At the end of the piano, just between it and the door, a little wicker table, mounting a blue bowl and *Aspidistra*. The effect of this between the broad rich colours of the di-jim on the door and on the burnished ebony of the piano was delightful. A big fluted yellow bowl—a rich deep yellow, mind, nothing shamefaced—as diadem to the dull-blue serge on the sideboard; another and ampler *Aspidistra* spreading and waving out of it; a brass Benares, holding a white hyacinth, on one of the occasionals; a tub of plaited reed, concealing the pot of a dwarf palm, on the other; a Silenus-shaped bowl of Devonshire-ware sheltered under one of the broad leaves; smaller bowls, shrining little ribbon-ferns, in all available nooks. For the walls, two cheap but handsome kakemonos; and to distract attention from the pictures (two of which, however, were pretty mezzotints), the kingly kus-kus, with its suggestion of Eastern monarchs and fanning slaves. To relieve and contrast with these, ragged-edged palm-fans, and here and there a Japanese lady in tinselled paper bas-relief. A couple of Burmantoft plaques, in soft deep-brown plush, on each side of the overmantel. An iron candle-bracket over the head of the couch, and climbing up the walls a few celadon and Japanese plates excavated from a warehouse in the city. On the mantelpiece a mimic grandfather's clock-case, showing the face of a little American "ticker;" an old ginger-pot, full of heather pulled on the slopes of Bracelet Bay, the Mumbles; a pair—yet not a pair—of Devonshire-ware double-handled mugs; white ware chalices for little ferns, held by boy and girl figures; an unframed oil sketch; a kus-kus; two easelettes, bearers respectively of a bright little French painting on wood, and a photo of Marie Roze. Backing the chrome bowl on the sideboard, two ragged palm-fans. On the writing-table, brass candlesticks with orange shades; a broad blotting-pad of art serge worked with sunflowers; paper-knife of tortoiseshell and silver; snuffer-dish, used as a pen-tray; a little fern, and cut flower (carnation, if possible), in a water-green antique-shaped wineglass; a pretty leather string-box, date-card, penwiper, odds-and-ends tray, etc. Books on the dumb waiter—the right kind of waiter for mental food!—above them; on the top shelf, a larger easel, moonlit and water splashed; and yet another fern bowl. A bright little group of ships, recalling the Norfolk Broads, similarly presented on the piano; and at the other end, against the background of teasels, a slim vase, shaped like a saddle-flask, an effective shaft of pale yellow on the piano. What else? Photographs, a little diamond-shaped white chair, an iron and copper standard kettle, striking a ruddy flash of good cheer into a distant corner—and that is how I left it.

Bertha Vaughan Dawes.

FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

ETON JACKETS, short or long, seem to be the main idea for our autumn costumes. One of their advantages is certainly the power of wearing blouses, and pretty fronts with them, when we want to brighten ourselves up; and when we do not need gay plumage, we can be as sombre as need be in them when made with a suitable front. I do not think an Eton is always a becoming garment, for unless the figure be upright and slight, it cannot be considered so. But the Eton, modified, made with the square-cut fronts and the long coat-tail back, is generally suitable to all figures. This style must be cut very carefully in front, with a very slightly upward slant, to be becoming. The under-bodices, or fronts, which are sold for these Eton jackets, are some of them very pretty, and have wide sashes in folds; and perhaps a yoke-top of lace—white, blue, pink, and even pale yellow—are all to be found, as well as black; and cotton and silk, muslin and crépon, are all materials used.

The short Senorita jacket—called by some establishments, I find, a Montenegrin vest and also a Zouave—sleeveless, and very short—is frequently seen over blouses, and may be made of velvet or silk embroidery. The corselet bodice is as popular as ever, but is now a little changed by calling it the Empire sash; and these draped sashes, fitting the waist in true corselet style, and made of very wide (or else two or three narrow) ribbons, form one of our prettiest fashions for the autumn and late summer. Ribbons are swathed round the waist and under the arms in many ways. With black crépon, for instance, I have seen a light-green satin, as well as one of the new shot or shaded ribbons, of green and red, shaded from a darkish hue to the lightest. Those who wish to modify their gowns a little for the autumn, or for some special visiting,

LACE COLLAR AND FRONT.

SERGE COSTUMES FOR THE TOWN OR COUNTRY.

have it in their power to produce an excellent effect with this ribbon sash. The very wide sashes are also used for merely front drapery by fastening one end under the left arm, and carrying the other across the front, and draping it with a single bow. One end, about six inches long, should be fringed out to the depth of half an inch. Some of these folded sashes are secured by fancy pins here and there, where they overlap, and where they require pleats to make them sit snugly to the figure.

The Russian blouse is now imitated by a basque, which is put on to represent it, as in our illustration. This basque is sometimes so elongated that it becomes a double skirt, and many bodices have been seen in the Park in what may really be called double skirts; but I cannot think they will find much acceptance, as they cut the figure in such a decided manner that even the tallest woman looks short. The skirt and bodice of the Russian blouse are of the same material, and the sleeve is the Russian mujik, or peasant's, sleeve, with one large puff, the top being gathered on the shoulder, and the lower edge left loose, ungathered at the elbow, a tight under coat-sleeve being, of course, needful for the comfort of the wearer.

Trimmings round the edges of gowns are nearly, if not quite, as general as ever; and with them many perfectly plain skirts are seen in all materials. The very richest silks seem to need nothing to set them off this year, so thick is the substance and so large are the designs, and generally of a floral character, that cover them. We find shot materials of every kind, but they are most beautiful in silks, satins, and moiré antiques. I imagine that "shotting" will be quite as popular during the coming winter; for we have had so many new ideas in it, that it has not grown tiresome. We have had for the first time shot and corded cottons, as well as shot and corded woollens; and the shot gauzes are models of exquisite beauty in colour and manufacture. The materials already in hand for the coming autumn are serges, as usual ranging from very fine to the heavy blanket serge, for the depth of winter; and we have also a new departure in this material, as some are now made with coloured stripes, very narrow, which are raised like a

BLOUSE WITH HONEYCOMBING.

cord, or in silk only. Then navy-blue serge is found with cords of white and orange, and black with cords or lines of green and red. Cinnamon serge is one of the novelties, called in the shops a "cinnamon brown" serge; but the brown is so red that I have added that word to describe the shade. This colour has a crimson and pink line, or lines, of old rose and white. Green serges are also somewhat novel, and these will be popular with lines of black. Twilled ones are introduced, the stripe of the twill being very wide; and everyone comments on the beauty of this old, yet new, material.

Corduroy materials will be amongst our most popular stuffs, and after them the tucked fabrics will take, as our public has not had time to grow tired of them. Plain cloth is always liked, and greys and drabs are the most popular, pink and pale blue being the colours chosen for adding to them in the shape of waistcoats, and other trimmings. Shot reps and wool matelasses are both winter materials; and what seems likely to be very popular is moiré, which is also shot, like everything else. Black silk and black satins will both be liked for evening wear, and one of the new satins has green spots on it of the shape and size of green peas.

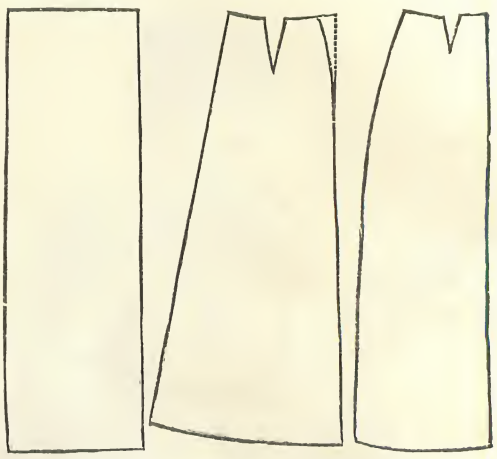
Amongst our illustrations will be found one of a lace collar, and a fall of lace in front, which is a very usual way of employing it when it is not caught up on the shoulders with a bow, in which case it is like a cape. The tendency is to develop the size of the shoulders immensely, very much as we saw in the pictures of the Victorian era, in the Guelph Exhibition; and many of our greatly puffed sleeves and wide revers are evidently copied from that era. The honeycombed blouse is made of fine nainsook, or cambric, with a fine line of colour as a pattern on it. The bodice rever of which I have spoken is illustrated in the sketch of the "Bodice with a Sleeve Formed with Two Puffs." But this is not an extravagant model, and many are made much wider, and even fuller, than the one represented. The material of this gown is black crépon, the front being of striped green and white silk, and the sash of green to match.

In our sketch of "Serge Costumes," the two in most frequent use will be seen; one with a short jacket and one with the three-quarter coat. The umbrella skirt shows no signs of going out of favour, and it has only a little changed its shape, and is used for double-width materials, the lengthway of the stuff, the back being rounded off and made to fit, and the front being gored round to fit the waist. Of this skirt we shall probably give a paper pattern later on. This month's pattern is selected on purpose to help those who desire to make their petticoats at home—a much cheaper way of getting a nice silk under-petticoat than by purchasing it ready-made. Our pattern will take about five yards of 27-inch material, and this will also allow for a cross-cut frill for the edge. Half of the skirt alone is given, and both back and front are cut without a seam down the centre of either. For the autumn, we should advise its being lined with either flannelette, or with a cheap sateen, unless another petticoat be used with it. The seams should be neatly over-sewn, and after being fitted to the waist, the front and sides should be lined like a band, and a draw-string casing made for the back breadth. This shape will be found good for any kind of under-petticoat from flannel to silk. A hem of the material should be left, as it will save much trouble, and the edge should be bound with braid, to match in colour.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas,

BASQUE PUT ON TO REPRESENT RUSSIAN BLOUSE.

BODICE, REVERS, AND SLEEVE WITH TWO PUFFS.



NEWEST SHAPE OF UNDER-PETTICOAT.
(*Paper Pattern.*)

walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear, bodice with panier, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, long-basqued jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess dress with umbrella back, cape mantle of lace, Eton jacket, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

VARIETIES.

Curiosities in Syntax.

A steamboat captain, advertising an excursion, says—"Tickets, two shillings and sixpence; children half price, to be had at the office."

A member of the London School Board writes—"We have decided to erect a schoolhouse large enough to accommodate 500 scholars five stories high."

The editor of a west country paper says—"We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please to accept our thanks, some of which are nearly two inches long."

On a railway in Wales the following luminous direction was recently circulated—"Hereafter when trains in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

On a Shopping Excursion.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-shopping, sir," she said.
"And what are you buying, my pretty maid?"
"Nothing. I'm shopping—that's all," she said.

Help others all you can.—Childhood and youth are periods of receiving and being helped; but when we grow up is the time for producing and helping. Even in childhood and youth, however, we must grow into the love of being helpful, or our lives will be a failure.

A Question in Pronunciation.

The editor of a periodical published in Philadelphia recently asked four hundred and eighty of his American brother editors which pronunciation each preferred—adver*tise*ment or ad*ver*tisement.

Roughly speaking, the canvass yielded from all parts of the country for ad*ver*tisement 230 votes; for adver*tise*ment 250 votes, or a majority for adver*tise*ment of 20 votes.

In this country, however, the decision of cultivated people would undoubtedly be the other way.

A Curiosity in Numbers.—Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by five. Then add 20. Then add the number of the line you have selected. Then add 5. Multiply the sum by ten. Add the number of the word in the line. From this sum subtract 250, and the remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word, in the tens column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.

In the Battle of Life.—To be beaten but not broken; to be victorious but not vain-glorious; to strive and contend for the prize, and to win it honestly or lose it cheerfully; to use every power in the race, and yet never to wrest an undue advantage, or win an unlawful mastery; verily, in all this there is training and testing of character which searches it to the very roots, and this is a result which is worth all that it costs us.—*Bishop Potter.*

Our Help is on High.

The eye in smiles may wander round,
Caught by earth's shadows as they fleet,
But for the soul no help is found
Save Him who made it, meet.—*Keble.*

Buried Mountains and Hills.

1. Look at the sunset glow. The red clouds recall phantoms of our childish fancy, when at Blois we were all so happy, René especially, and Estelle. That restless imp longed for everything that she claimed of ours, but she never let Nanette know it.

2. We all miss Cousin Ben more than I can tell you. He sailed for Sydney in the clipper ship *Cobalt*, A 1, and the departure of the dear fellow rekindled Jack's desire of going to sea. But when a thing cannot be, Nat, to wish for it is useless.

3. We will go to the crags by the tramcar path. I answered John's note at last, and promised to show him the rocks where Francisca fell. I daresay you will do the same if you travel up at a great pace, as she did.

4. Miss Day, I must have my fur altered to the shape you recommend; I prefer sloping the neck on gradually. But your account is wrong. Just give me a pen. Nine shillings of this are for my sister.

5. Ernest and Gebhart are busy with Hugo at felling an elm tree; yet can't always succeed, for yesterday Ernest got hard work with it, and Gebhart fell over the old roots that stretch out to the shore below. But they reckon their work is now done as soon as Ulrich comes in aid of their endeavours.

Ximena.

IRENE'S STEPMOTHER.

By LILY WATSON.

"WHAT is the matter with Irene?"

"She has had *dreadful* news! And on a holiday, of all days! She found the letter when we came back this evening."

A knot of schoolgirls were exchanging confidences at the window of a large *salle d'etude* in Switzerland. Far below them lay a lake, gleaming in the moonshine of a fair September night, and mountains rose dimly beyond; while in the garden, with a shawl drawn over her head, a solitary figure, slight and tall, was pacing to and fro.

"What *is* the news? Can anybody tell?"

"Has anything gone wrong at home?"

"I believe I know!" cried the youngest schoolgirl of all, who was promptly suppressed by the others. No one quite knew whence the whisper arose, which gradually swelled into certainty.

"Irene's father is going to marry again, so she will find a stepmother when she goes home."

"A stepmother! Oh, how dreadful!"

"I would never tolerate it for a single moment. What a life I would lead her!"

"Of course she will not call her 'mother.'"

"How cruel, how *dreadful* of Dr. Forrest! Poor Irene! How I pity her!"

"There is Miss Arundel going to her," breathed one of the girls, as in the moonlight another figure—that of the principal of the school—passed through the balmy night, and joined the solitary girl.

Miss Arundel drew her arm affectionately through Irene's, and paced along with her for awhile without speaking. She knew already what the trouble was which had brought so bitter an ending to the happy day among the mountains; for she too had had a letter from Irene's father, begging her to soften the news as much as possible to his daughter.

"Well, my child," she said at length, "is it very hard to bear?"

"It is dreadful!" Irene broke out passionately. "I do not know how I shall ever go home."

Miss Arundel's sympathies were strongly stirred for the girl; she disliked second marriages intensely. Yet here there were decided ameliorations in the case, and she knew it. The first Mrs. Forrest had died when Irene was seven years old, and the girl of eighteen could remember her but dimly. A sister of Dr. Forrest had come to keep his house, and had tended his five children for many a year; but to the surprise of everyone she had married since Irene came abroad, leaving her post unfilled. Dr. Forrest was a country surgeon in large practice, but of delicate health. It did not need much explanation on his part to make Miss Arundel understand the condition of his household without a mistress. And as the increasing practice had lately rendered it necessary for an assistant to live under the same roof, there would have been obvious difficulty in eighteen-year-old Irene's assuming the post of housekeeper to which she had been looking forward so eagerly. Therefore, provided the marriage were a suitable one in itself, it was not so much open to objection on other grounds as might have been the case. But how should Miss Arundel press these considerations on the poor child without seeming unfeeling?

Sympathy was the first requisite, and that she gave freely.

"Do you know anything of this lady?" she said at length.

"No; nothing. Father met her at the house of some patients—people with whom we do not even visit!" cried Irene, with offended dignity. "But I am determined when I get home I will show her what I think of it."

"It is possible you may like her," suggested Miss Arundel gently. "And you say yourself that your father is not strong, and needs better care than your sister Bella can give him. If his new wife takes care of him, and makes his home happy, she will have a right to your gratitude, Irene."

A rebellious gesture was the only reply.

"Dr. Forrest has had his children in mind, too, in taking this step—whether mistakenly or not time will show; but you must believe he acted for the best," pursued Miss Arundel. "For the sake of your love to him, do not use your influence in making things go crossly. It is too late to alter it, so make the best of it, my child, for the sake of others, and for your own sake too."

"It is all so sudden—the wedding in a month! I might have been told earlier," chafed Irene.

"I think it is as well you have not had longer to trouble over it. You are not going to leave us yet," cheerfully continued Miss Arundel; "and I hope before you go home in February things may seem brighter."

Irene had no such hope, and showed it very plainly. But her governess continued gently to try and cheer her. "Do you know the meaning of your name?" she said at last. "It is the Greek *eirene*—peace—and I should like you to try and show yourself worthy of it by becoming a peacemaker in your home, if one is needed. It will be a mission worth fulfilling, Irene."

The letters that came from home during the next few days seemed to show pretty plainly that some such mission would find full scope. Bella, the sixteen-year-old girl, wrote most furiously of all. She was resolved that no stepmother should find *her* amenable. Irene, reading between the lines, could see that things had for some time not been harmonious in the doctor's household. The servants, with no one competent to look after them, had been troublesome; Dr. Forrest had been neglected; the twin boy and girl of fourteen had run wild; little Winifred, the youngest, had fallen ill; "but how could I help it?" wrote Bella. "Accidents will happen in the *best regulated* families, and I did as well as I could; and I could not help our governess leaving; she said things were not comfortable after Aunt Jessie married. I suppose *her* marrying was not my doing! Though I should not be at all surprised to hear someone say it was, next."

The said "Aunt Jessie," now Mrs. Smith, wrote almost as indignantly as her illogical niece, though with less vehemence.

"I cannot conceal from you, my poor dear Irene, that this step of my brother's causes keen vexation, not only to myself, but to all the relatives on both sides of the family. He is marrying a mere nobody, whom he has met at a Quaker farmer's—some out-of-the-way patients of his in the country. I do not suppose she is anyone we can visit. Happily she is not young, I hear; but that is the only redeeming feature in the case. How I feel for you, my poor dear child, and for all the darlings I tended so long!" etc.

Fortunately Irene was a girl not only of strong feeling, but of sober sense. When first impulses were past, she was able to look at a question dispassionately, and she had a keen sense of duty. She had abundant time for reflection on the subject of her father's second marriage, and, beyond and above the sympathy of her schoolfellows, she had the wisdom and kindness of Miss Arundel to fall back upon when she needed counsel.

It was early in February, between four and five months after the first announcement of the marriage, when Irene returned home.

Her father, called away at the last moment on professional duty, was unable to meet her at the London terminus, where the lady escort of the returning pupils left her to her own devices. Irene was capable; but her heart sank more and more within her as the fly drove up to the familiar old red-brick house in the street of the country town which she had quitted eighteen months before. The door burst open, and a confused group of girls and a boy scrambling together appeared in the lamp-lit hall. Irene was almost suffocated by embraces, and torn this way and that in their eager affection.

"But where is ——"—she could not say "mother"; she shrank from saying "Mrs. Forrest."

"Mrs. Forrest? Oh, out of the way somewhere!" rejoined Bella, with a toss of her head. "I gave her to understand pretty plainly that on your first evening at home she might as well leave you to yourself, and to her credit she took the hint. Indeed, I believe she has gone out to tea."

Irene felt a little amazed at this information, and was indeed astounded at her young sister's appearance. Bella had an unmistakable fringe of tangled fair hair, very much down into her eyes; her blue dress, cut in evening style, was very showily made; she looked completely changed from the schoolgirl whom Irene had left, and by no means improved, the elder thought. Maggie, too, the "twin" of fourteen, how boisterous she had become! She was evidently a regular tom-boy, as she wrestled with her brother Jack over the division of Irene's packages. Little Winifred, who looked pale, was the only unobtrusive one of the party. But this was hardly a time for criticism of family ways and manners, and Irene was genuinely glad to see the dear faces once more.

"Well, what do you *think of* the family misfortune?" enquired Bella, when the sisters were alone upstairs together. "You would hardly say anything in your letters."

"I must see her first," rejoined Irene. "What do you call her, Bella?"

"Oh, Mrs. Forrest, of course! We all do, except Winifred—she calls her mamma. I objected to that; but as father says, we never used that word for our own mother. There is nothing sacred in it; so perhaps it may be allowable *for a child*," observed Bella, in a very patronising and "grown-up" style.

"I don't see any harm in using the word mamma if she likes it, and if she is nice."

"Nonsense, Irene! You are surely not going over to the enemy!" exclaimed Bella.

"It is really not bad fun. We have had some most exciting times lately. Aunt Jessie backs me up, and so does Nurse, so I have come off victorious in most of our encounters. Only she will interfere in one thing. Mr. Wallace—that's father's new assistant, you know—is quite too awfully jolly, and she will never leave us alone together for five minutes. She would not have gone out to tea to-night, only he was out too."

A conscious blush on Bella's face enlightened her sister more and more as to the change that had come over her.

"Quite right," observed Irene in laconic disgust, and cut short further explanations and remonstrance by descending to the turbulent party in the dining-room.

She was alone in her pretty, snowdrop-decked, white bedroom an hour or so after the noisy meal, when a tap came at the door, and in obedience to her summons, a lady of middle age, quietly dressed in Quaker hues, made her appearance. Her face was gentle and sweet in expression; her eyes, veiled by long eyelashes, had a dove-like softness; her hair was still brown, and parted in smoothness over an intelligent white forehead. Her manners were most unassuming and refined, but above all, a painful timidity marked her aspect, and she positively trembled as she approached Irene. Would this tall, handsome girl, in her fashionable gown, scorn and distrust her as the others had done?

If Irene had had any doubt how to accost her father's new wife, all hesitation vanished on beholding her. She stepped forward and greeted Mrs. Forrest with an impulsive kiss. Tears came into that lady's eyes.

"Oh, thank you, my dear! I—I hope you did not misunderstand my being out when you arrived. I thought you would prefer it. Bella said so; but it was in my heart to welcome you. Indeed, I would have gone to the station, only——"

"It was very kindly meant," said Irene heartily. "Will you not sit down a little while?"

"I hope everything is as you like it," continued the stepmother, glancing anxiously round. "I thought the flowers, such as they are, would look a welcome." (So *she* put them there, thought Irene.) "It is sad that your father is not home yet."

"We can get to know one another a little first," replied the girl kindly.

Mrs. Forrest appeared unspeakably relieved by Irene's reception of her. She sat down, and began to talk in a sweet, quiet voice, and with a refined accent, not touching on any inconvenient subjects as yet, but impressing Irene more and more favourably with every sentence. She certainly was a lady in the truest sense of the word; a little quaint and formal perhaps, but in a charming old-fashioned way. She had lived with Quakers all her life, though she herself was not a member of the Society of Friends, she said; her lot had fallen in a country home, where she had had the care of aged relatives till within the last few months. It was easy for Irene to guess that with her gentle nature, her secluded life in the past, the sudden contest with a batch of unruly stepchildren was too much for her powers, and once and for all the girl resolved to throw in her influence on the side of peace.

When Dr. Forrest came home Irene's impression was confirmed. He looked worn and anxious, and was evidently not only pleased but surprised, after the joyful greeting of his daughter was over, to see that she and his new wife were already on good terms.

The next day's experience shed a considerable amount of light on the true state of things. The doctor went off early on his rounds for the whole day, and Bella prepared joyfully for the daily contest over trifles which embittered Mrs. Forrest's existence.

Winifred, the only one of the family who seemed to cling with her whole heart to the new mamma, had, Irene observed, a little hacking cough, and looked white. At the early dinner Bella incidentally announced that "Aunt Jessie" was coming shortly to take herself and Winifred out for a drive in the pony carriage. Mrs. Forrest flushed up nervously.

"But, my dear!—it is an east wind, and her cough is troublesome. Did you ask your father's permission?"

"Of course not; we don't worry father over trifles like that," rudely answered Bella.

"I am sure she ought not to go out, but to be nursed up to-day," pleaded Mrs. Forrest, looking at Irene.

"I quite agree with you," returned Irene firmly. Bella's face fell, and she muttered something about "fussiness" in a perfectly audible tone.

The matter was supposed to be decided; but Irene, on returning from a brief walk in the town, was annoyed and astonished to find Winifred gone and Mrs. Forrest greatly perturbed.

"I told Nurse distinctly that I thought the child was not well enough to go out, but when I came in from speaking to the gardener I found your aunt had fetched her and Bella in the pony carriage, and had said she did not believe in coddling children and making them tender."

"And what excuse did Nurse offer for not attending to your wishes?"

"Oh, she agreed with your aunt, Mrs. Smith. She does not like me, you know," said Mrs. Forrest pitifully; "one cannot expect her to like me—so old and faithful a servant! But indeed I do love that sweet little Winifred. I trust no harm will come to her."

Winifred, very much flushed, was brought in at dusk, after a two hours' drive, by Aunt Jessie, who at once flew at her newly-recovered eldest niece.

"So glad to see you, my darling, even under these *painful* circumstances," she cried. "Now, would you believe it?"—in a lower and a mysterious tone—"that woman will do *anything* to keep the children away from me, and steal a march upon me in their affections. She wanted even to prevent my precious pet from coming out with me this afternoon. Was it likely I was going to stand that? I, who have been a mother to you all for eleven years!" ejaculated Aunt Jessie, indignantly drying her eyes on her handkerchief.

"But, Aunt Jessie," gently observed Irene, "Winifred has a cough already, and it's a bitter east wind——"

"Cough! Nonsense, my dear! Don't talk to me!" retorted Mrs. Smith. "It's *always* an east wind when I want that child to come and see me."

When Dr. Forrest came home, tired out after his day's round, he was distressed to see the flushed cheeks of his youngest child and hear her laboured breathing.

"She has not been out in this biting wind, surely?" he said; and it was with difficulty he repressed an angry exclamation on hearing of the pony carriage episode.

Winifred was seized with a sharp attack of bronchitis that night, and for many days the task of nursing was an anxious one. But how beautifully Mrs. Forrest fulfilled it! Irene grew to love her as she watched her tender devotion to the sick child, and the humility with which she bore the scorns and flouts of "Nurse," who, all undaunted by finding herself in the wrong, was resolved to exercise the immemorial privilege of old servants and resent everything the stepmother did or said. Aunt Jessie, sweeping in and out with aggrieved mien and barely civil demeanour, utterly ignored the fact that she was to blame for the poor little girl's illness. She invaded the sick room at all hours, and, as far as she dared, criticised Mrs. Forrest's nursing. The room was now too hot, now too cold; she was sure Winifred ought to take more nourishment; less milk and more beef-tea was desirable; and was the beef-tea properly made? Irene's heart was stirred with indignation to behold the meek way in which Mrs. Forrest received every hint, always justified with the assertion, "You *must* excuse me; but I have been like a mother to the darling ever since her birth, and had the care of her for eleven years, you know."

"And how do we know that you have been wise in your care of her?" reflected Irene on one occasion, when Mrs. Smith had been unusually exasperating. "Winifred was always having colds and coughs in the old days, and I certainly never saw such excellent nursing as this."

Meanwhile Irene perceived that Bella's behaviour, when free from oversight, was far from unexceptionable. She showed a strong disposition to flirt with Mr. Wallace, in a silly giggling fashion, and was always ready to take advantage of the temporary absence of her sister and stepmother.

Winifred recovered in due course; but the anxious cloud on Dr. Forrest's brow did not lighten. He had taken to his home a woman whom he had seen under trying circumstances ruling with a serene, noiseless power elsewhere, breathing a spirit of peace and unselfish love around her, a true "angel in the house." Surely hers would be the presence needed to restore to order the turbulent elements in his own home; to hush the discord, and soothe all jarring strife!

But so far his expectations had been disappointed. He was one of those men who have no conception of household detail. He could not see that the opposing powers were too strong for his gentle wife, and that her very sweetness and unselfishness forbade her to take the steps necessary to assert herself.

But Irene saw it. The girl thought well over her plan of action, when all immediate anxiety about Winifred was past. "This shall not go on," she declared to herself, and clenched her fingers in determination. The three chief opponents, Aunt Jessie, Bella, and Nurse, must be shown that they were not to continue to make the doctor's household a theatre for their own petty warfare. Miss Bella was Irene's first care. She entered her father's consulting-room late one evening and plunged *in medias res*—

"Father, do you not think it would be a capital thing for Bella to go to Miss Arundel for a year or so? She is far too young to give up study, and I am sure it would do her good."

"Well," returned Dr. Forrest, laying down his *Lancet* and looking more perturbed than ever; "I really agree with you. But your new mamma does not favour the idea. I have suggested it once or twice. The child certainly does not seem to me to be improving."

"Mamma would feel that *she* could not bear to act as the instrument of sending Bella from home," interpreted Irene accurately. "But you would have let her follow me at Miss Arundel's if you had not married?"

"Yes, yes—that was always the idea," returned her father.

"Then carry out the same plan now," urged Irene. "Do it on your and on my responsibility; do not let anyone else have the burden of it; above all, do not consult Aunt Jessie. Bella will be utterly spoilt if she is not placed under some training at once, and she is really making our new mamma's life miserable."

Irene's suggestion was carried into effect. But it needed more energy and purpose to conduct it to a successful issue than the girl had dreamed of. Bella's indignation was loud

and furious. Aunt Jessie and Nurse seconded her "That the poor child should be turned out of her home *for a stepmother*, forsooth!" Irene had but one answer to their outcries. Bella would have gone to school abroad had Dr. Forrest not married again; there was no reason for altering the former plan. And in spite of opposition, Bella, mutinous and weeping, did actually depart at Easter for Switzerland, where, notwithstanding all prophecies, she was very happy, and became a creditable member of society.

The elder opponents were less easy to manage; but Irene indomitably waged her single-handed warfare. She began by "having it out" with Nurse, and informing her that unless she treated her new mistress with respect, she—Irene—would have to beg her father to dismiss her and pension her off. "Mrs. Forrest will not stand up for herself, but I intend to do it for her," the young lady observed with calmness.

Nurse shed indignant tears, and great was the storm; but in the end Irene's determination gained the day. The old servant had nothing to complain of, being treated with the greatest kindness and deference, and she knew it; she had been giving way to an unreasoning jealousy, and to the prejudice of her class; but she saw in the decision of Irene's look and tone that she must do so no longer. In the end she was completely won over, and became strongly attached to the new mistress.

Aunt Jessie was the most difficult foe to subdue. "Am I really a peacemaker?" thought Irene, with a little wondering amusement, as she emerged from one of the numerous small battles in which she had "stood up" for the poor stepmother. Then she reflected on the classic saying respecting the Romans: "They make a solitude and call it peace." Was she, too, going to be a peacemaker only by virtue of forcibly clearing everybody out of the way?

But there are occasions when mere passive gentleness will not suffice to "make peace and ensue it": and Irene's method was the right one under the circumstances. Finding no fit soil in which to sow her seeds of jealousy and suspicion, Aunt Jessie, little by little, "came round," and treated her new sister-in-law with tolerance, if not with affection.

The twins had always been fairly amenable, and under Irene's influence, with Bella away, soon became attached to Mrs. Forrest. Winifred had clung to her from the first.

And so it happened that in six months from the date of Irene's home-coming, the doctor's household was transformed from a scene of internecine warfare to one of peace and happiness. The sweet and tranquil influence of the new mistress, formerly checked and hindered, now had full scope. Irene loved her dearly, with a half-protecting love, and the gentle creature clung to her stepdaughter with a passion of affection that was only too much disposed to push her into the first place of honour.

Strangely enough, Irene's own mother seemed brought nearer to her by this new relationship. Mrs. Forrest encouraged her to speak of that fair, faint memory of the past, and with delicate loving touch wove the girl's scattered reminiscences into a more real, a more beautiful entity. No hint or thought of rivalry between the two affections was possible, they were utterly different in their nature; and the young mother, now, as ever, occupied the shrine of her daughter's heart.

Had Irene assumed a hostile tone, how completely everything in the family life would have been altered! Her father and his wife knew this. The girl's task had not been easy; it had often cost her trouble and sinking of heart; but she had a full reward one night. Dr. Forrest had spent a particularly happy and peaceful evening after the toils of his day. The children, after innocent mirth and laughter, had gone to rest; the stepmother had followed to give them the tender good-night they never liked to miss; and Irene was left. Placing his hand on her hair as she sat beside him, the father said, in a low, moved voice:—

"I owe you much, Irene, my kind daughter. 'BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS: FOR THEY SHALL BE CALLED THE CHILDREN OF GOD.'"

ABOUT RHEUMATISM, AND ITS KINDRED AILMENTS.

By "MEDICUS."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."
—*Shakespeare.*

A FELLOW feeling does. I am a fellow *feeling*. I am a fellow feeling excessively weak, after one of the sharpest attacks of acute lumbago that probably anyone ever suffered. Lumbago, you must know, is a species of rheumatism, though it may count kin with sciatica too, or join hands and dance therewith all along one's back, and right away down to the very toes.

It is seldom, I believe, that lumbago attacks those who are not of the rheumatic diathesis. Am I using words that are too technical. I will try not to, for well I know that all my readers are not Girton girls. A good thing for poor little me they are not, else I might often be brought up with a round turn, as sailors say about ropes. But I believe I can tell even a Girton lassie something she does not know about this scourge of our uncertain climate—called rheumatism, for want of a better name.

What a wonderful thing personal experience of ailments is. You may depend upon it, reader, that the medical man who has himself suffered from the same complaint he is called upon to treat in you, is about the best doctor you could have. He will understand your feelings, and he will sympathise with you.

But this history of my own sufferings from rheumatism and its kindred ailments takes me back—let me see, how many years! No, I sha'n't tell you. Girls over twenty never tell me their ages; why should I tell mine? But I was a very young man, anyhow, and I believed I had a constitution like a horse. I slept constantly on deck in all weathers; if I got drenched to the skin I scorned to change, and, like the eagle, I stared the sun in the face and did not get struck down.

Boat-cruising, sleeping in the open boats, living on raw pork and weevilly biscuits—which we used to steep in the sea to give them a relish—broiling under a hot sun by day, buried in dews at night, brought my diathesis to the top at last, and I succumbed.

Not without a terrible struggle, however. I was the only medical man in a wretched wee gun-boat, that in a heavy sea-way was always under water. This wicked little craft never troubled to mount a monster wave, but cut clean through it, sending the green spray down the funnel, and trying to drown the engineers. She was a water-witch with a vengeance. I had many men sick, but luckily we bore up for Bombay. My patients use to cluster round my hammock for treatment, but finally I had to give way; and one fine day—the days are mostly fine in India—a melancholy procession might have been seen winding its way towards the soldiers' hospital. First, the sick surgeon—your "Medicus"—borne in a hammock on the shoulders of two brawny marines. Then more hammocks; then the halt and maimed and the ailing who could walk or crawl.

Arrived at the hospital, the good surgeon, Dr. Dimmock, told me he could take my men but not myself, as there were no officers' quarters.

"But," he added, seeing my look of weary hopelessness, "if you will be content with an empty ward, I will take you as a boarder."

I would have been content with a coal cellar, so I was installed all by myself in the top ward of a disused hospital, and a faithful Mahratta man was told off to attend on me. There was plenty of company in that ward—of a kind. There were earwigs, centipedes, cockroaches, lizards, and praying mantises; and all day long, whenever Pandoo went out, the rooks came in and plagued my life nearly out of me.

A weary time: for weeks I could move nor hand nor foot, but Pandoo attended on me like a faithful dog night and day.

And really, in rheumatism and allied ailments, nursing is about half the battle. For a time I believe I lived almost entirely on soda-water. When, after weeks of terrible pain and suffering, appetite began to return, I got advanced to fish. There was no sort of fish I did not have a trial of—even bonito and shark.

Convalescence came at last. Owing, perhaps, to the brightness of the climate and purity of the air, I never suffered from low spirits, and my first few days in the open air were like days spent in Paradise. Not that I ever have been there; but I could not have been happier. Everything was so new, so fresh, so wonderful.

But you may draw from this part of my life-history, that persons of the rheumatic diathesis must be very careful indeed how they expose themselves to wet and dew and draughts, and also, they must live well on plain food, being most careful to avoid anything that is at all likely to produce acidity of the stomach or system.

Moreover, they ought to wear soft, warm woollen underclothing; and it ought to be *all wool*, not half cotton, for cotton retains the moisture. But anything approaching the coddling system should be avoided. Without running into actual danger, they ought to do their best to make themselves hardy. If not so, they will not only be more easily knocked over by rheumatism in some form when it does condescend to visit them, but they will the more readily succumb to its violence.

I have the courage of my own convictions, for all the winter long, be it ever so cold, I have my morning tub, and no dash of hot water ever finds its way within, even to melt the ice, which I have often had to break, using the frozen sponge for a hammer. In fact, anyone having a tendency to rheumatism *must* keep the skin in active acting order.

Rightly or wrongly, most medical men agree in believing that rheumatism depends upon an acid condition of the blood. If that state is kept in abeyance by eating only good, easily-digested, and nutritious food, and if the skin is

kept up to the mark so as to eliminate the acid that is formed, the balance of health is kept up, and a rheumatic person is as happy and hardy as anybody else. But let the balance be lost, let acidity get the ascendancy, and the individual be then exposed to a lowering chill, and the consequences may be very sad indeed.

Other conditions that help to open the door for an attack of rheumatism, chronic or otherwise, in joints or muscles, are fatigue, hard work, mental worry, dyspepsia, want of sleep, or all these combined.

Damp and wet should be sedulously avoided. Plenty of exercise can be taken, even to the boundary-line of fatigue; but if the underclothing or outer garments be to any degree damp from the exercise, or falling rain, the clothes should be changed for very dry ones before sitting down to dinner or supper.

It certainly entails a little trouble to go and re-dress oneself after coming in from exercise; but the results are well worth the inconvenience. So the plan is this: After a long walk, take good care to be home nearly an hour before meal-time; then go at once to your room and change your clothing. Do not be afraid to have a cold sponge all over, or even an almost cold bath. In this, of course, you must be guided entirely by your own feelings, both before and after the bath.

It is well that you should bear fully in mind the benefits which may be expected to accrue from sponging the body or taking a bath shortly after exercise, say walking or cycling. You come in then reasonably fatigued. You have been perspiring somewhat, and your clothes have been rendered damp. To sit down in those damp clothes would cause a dangerous and sudden cooling of the body, and consequent reduction of the animal heat. But not only is the skin open, but the perspiration has relieved the system of effete matter, which, if retained, might to some extent have acted as a poison, rendering you at least dull, and probably even wretched, and interfering with the proper digestion of the food—clogging, in fact, the whole machinery of life. But the bath or sponge will remove all the salts of the perspiration, and soften the skin, so that after it the *insensible* perspiration will go on uninterruptedly, insuring you a feeling of buoyancy that you could not otherwise have enjoyed.

You will kindly note that there are two kinds, or rather degrees, of perspiration—the sensible and the insensible. The first is a kind of overflow; it is caused by exercise, or in some by excessive weakness. To a certain extent it is salutary; but after a time it is depressant and debilitating. This it is that damps the underclothing, and endangers life if one sits about in draughts. The insensible perspiration is, or ought to be, always going on; it is imperceptible to the senses; it is this which regulates the animal heat of the body; so that if a chill is caught, and the flow thereof is for a time stopped, the blood soon rushes up to fever heat.

In the rheumatic, or those of the lactic acid diathesis, this insensible perspiration should be encouraged by wearing thin or thick woollen clothing, according to the temperature of the weather.

But to continue about the ablution after exercise. If you care to go to the trouble, a little hot water and lanoline, or Pear's soap, may be first used. This secures complete cleanliness, and gets rid of all loose scurf-skin, which is in scales small enough to be imperceptible to the eye.

Now, if, instead of sponging the body after this, you make up your mind to have a cold sponge-bath, remember you are not to stay in that tin tub over half a minute. And do not expect a fierce reaction after it. A constant bather has little, if any, after-glow; he simply feels lighter and easier in mind and body.

Have a good rub down now with roughest towels. The exercise of doing this will quite restore the insensible perspiration. Dress leisurely. Then have a cup of tea or coffee, supposing it still wants half an hour of meal-time.

I really think I could go as far as to say that no exercise, considered from a health point of view, is complete that is not followed by judicious ablution taken in the way I have tried to describe.

But for those who cannot stand the bath, the next best thing is friction with roughish towels. There are medical men alive who say that this plan is even better, because less dangerous, than the cold bath. I cannot agree with them, but willingly admit that the towelling plan has much to recommend it.

I had no intention, when I began this paper—which, by the way, I am writing in bed—to go into the treatment of rheumatism and its kindred ailments. This had always best be left to your own family doctor. Be it mine to tell you rather how—if of the rheumatic or lactic acid diathesis—to order your life so as to steer clear of attacks from your foe.

Mind you, rheumatism, in any shape or form, whether in muscles or joints, is a very painful, serious, and dangerous ailment; and in a large number of cases the heart does not escape. So we cannot be too careful how we live.

In some people with this rheumatic tendency the digestion is not only weak, but there are frequent attacks of acidity, or heartburn. At such times it will be best to lower the diet, to avoid meat, to use fish instead, to take plenty of gentle exercise out of doors, and to avoid as much as possible the use of anteacids, such as bicarbonate of soda, or potash. These give relief for a time, but they invariably debilitate the system and weaken the digestion. Trust rather to half a tumbler of Vichy water thrice daily, and to, say, ten to fifteen drops of dilute nitro-muriatic acid taken in some bitter herb infusion immediately before each meal. Probably Montserret lime-juice in lemonade will form your best drink.

As for tonics, now and then when weak a course of iron and quinine may do good. Three grains of the citrate of iron and quinine will be enough thrice a day in water. Avoid all kinds of advertised remedies as you would poison.

My medical man has been dosing me with the salicylate of soda, and latterly the salicylate of quinine. These are comparatively new remedies in rheumatism and allied disorders. I cannot say they have not done me much good; but they derange the nervous and digestive system. Besides, some systems cannot take quinine in any shape or form without suffering from headache, restless nights, and singing in the ears.

This paper is more of a gossip than anything else. However, I trust my fair readers who have known me so long will make every allowance under the—to me—painful circumstances.

Let me repeat, then, *re* diet. Be careful—most careful—to keep on the safe side, and that leans towards abstemiousness, and to use but little meat unless you are having very abundant exercise. Another hint to you is this—keep up the spirits. If you have worries, you won't mend matters by thinking about them; but you will depress the nervous system by doing so, and lower the vitality so that rheumatic deposits will have a better chance of remaining in the blood and joints, very much to your danger and discomfort.

Remember, too, it is precisely at the time you are strongest in health that your enemy often makes an attack upon your fortress of life, and tries to carry it by storm, because you are then to some extent off your guard, and not living according to rule.

Three weeks ago I myself could ride for miles on my cycle without turning a hair. To-day—— But here the story stops.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

"ARE YOU JOHN ROLFE?"

"A MIST is rising—shall we go in now?" asked Jeanie the same afternoon, as she and Beth walked up and down the avenue of lime trees, where she had been telling her sister one of the fairy-tales she loved so well.

"I'm sorry the tale is finished," said Beth. "Why don't the people who make them up let them be longer? No, I can't come in just yet, Jean. I promised Sybil to tidy my flower-bed some time to-day, and I haven't done it yet. I sha'n't be long"—and the child skipped away to the scene of her neglected gardening.

Jeanie walked slowly back to the house, and, after changing her serge dress for a white cashmere suitable for undress evening wear, adorned only by a cluster of tea-roses, went into the smaller drawing-room, where a fire was burning brightly, and where the family generally passed their evenings.

The lamps had not yet been lighted. The firelight played fitfully upon the mirrors, and deepened the shadows slowly growing in the room. It was the one hour of all the day most dear to Jeanie, and that of all others most congenial for the habit of day-dreaming, in which she loved to indulge.

Seating herself on the hearthrug, her head resting on her hand, which was supported on the seat of a low chair, she gazed into the fire, dreaming of the future, and seeing, in her vivid imagination, forms among its live coals growing and changing in harmony with her thoughts.

Absorbed in her reverie, she did not hear the opening of the door, and started as a servant announced, "Mr. Rolfe, miss."

She had only time to jump hastily up from her lowly resting-place before he

had advanced to her side with outstretched hands, thrilling her with his loving penetrating utterance of her name.

"Jeanie—dearest Jeanie!"

"It is good to have you back, Rolfe," was all she could say.

As he held her hands, and read in her speaking eyes the confirmation of her words, he said, "I have come to speak with your father, and to plead that he will give into my keeping the greatest treasure, to my thinking, that earth possesses. Will he hear me, sweetheart? Can I hope he will part with the crowning blessing of his house?"

The flowers on her breast trembled. She looked shyly up at him as she said, "You will be gentle with him—patient if he is irritable; for—— Oh, Rolfe, you have heard of our trouble!"

"I have just heard of the failure of the water scheme," he answered, leading her to the lounge close by, and seating himself at her side; "and I was seeking for words to express my deep sympathy to you and to your father; but, Jeanie love, to you I must be perfectly candid, and confess that when I heard the news my first sensation was relief, almost amounting to joy, for it brought you nearer to me. I felt I had more hope of winning you from your father, and—forgive me, but I knew then that it would be apparent it was you yourself I wanted, apart from any estate, any marriage portion, you might bring me."

She did not answer, but she let him unchid steal from her cluster of roses an opening bud that he coveted; and when he placed it in his coat, she brought a pin from her work-basket and secured it herself.

"Thank you!" he said, with an earnestness of tone and glance that caused her no little embarrassment.

"I have not told you yet why I asked first to see you," he said, as Jeanie resumed her seat, and he the possession of her hand. "It was to ask your forgiveness that I did not at once seek an interview with your father, according to my promise; but——" He interrupted himself to change the theme. "What a small ring I shall have to find for this little finger"—looking at the slender white hand he had laid on his own large palm.

"Go on, Rolfe, and don't be foolish. 'But,' you said."

"But—but—" as though seeking for the lost thread of conversation; then suddenly relinquishing it for one uppermost and more congenial, "Jeanie, would you like diamonds only, or diamond and emeralds?"

"We were not talking about that, you know. Tell me why you did not come to see father. I have often wondered about it."

"I will tell you, my Jeanie. Indeed I will, for I fear I have been much to blame, and I am awfully sorry; but first about the stones—diamonds or emeralds?"

"Whatever you choose I shall like," she answered, the bright colour on her usually pale face warming to yet a deeper glow.

"Have you no choice, sweetheart?"—bending to look into her face.

"One diamond, then — only one, please!"

"It shall be so," he answered. Then in a low voice, "Your choice was mine. The ring is in my pocket awaiting your father's permission. Let it be a token that it will always be the same with us! Between us there will be but one heart—one will."

When he next spoke, Jeanie detected a tremor in his voice. "I cannot bear to linger; I must go at once and learn my fate. Say you forgive me for having delayed so long. First I was called away suddenly on business by my employers—that you know. Then I went to visit my mother in Ireland. I have obtained her consent if I can win your father's."

"Hush!" said Jeanie, with a startled look. "Listen!" It was the colonel's voice, heard from the far end of the hall. He spoke loudly and harshly.

"Have you admitted any visitor this afternoon?" they heard him demand.

Apparently he had been answered in the affirmative, for his next question was, "Do you mean the man who calls himself Mr. Rolfe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"Oh, Rolfe! What is the matter? He is angry—he is coming to us," gasped Jeanie, as the firm heavy step of the colonel resounded along the hall.

"Be calm, Jeanie. It is I who am to blame—I will ask his pardon." They rose as the door opened, and the colonel appeared before them, his face as Jeanie had never seen it before, dark, inscrutable, terrible.

"Leave that man's side—come here to me, Jeanie."

Trembling, she obeyed, her eyes appealing to her father, whose glance was concentrated upon the young man standing before him in a deferential attitude.

"Are you John Rolfe only, sir, or do you now add Gordon to your name?"

"Yes, but——"

"Silence, sir! Then you came here and accepted my hospitality in order the better to act as a spy upon me?"

"No, sir—on my word of honour, no!"

"Rubbish! Your honour, if you call it so, is worthless. You mother's letter, which I hold in my hand, convicts you."

"Permit me but a few words, sir, in my own defence."

"Not one!" thundered the colonel. "I wish only to free my house and my daughter—whose affection you have laid yourself out clandestinely to gain—from the odium of your presence."

"I cannot allow——" began Rolfe indignantly.

"We will see to that!" interrupted the colonel, his anger evidently at white heat. "You have some belongings in this house—fetch them from the room you have occupied. I will allow you a quarter of an hour. If you have not gone by that time you shall be dealt with as a spy deserves. Jeanie, come!"

"Father! oh, father!" she cried, clinging to his arm. "Let me speak?"

"I forbid you. Come!"

With one backward look to Rolfe, in which love, sympathy, and despair were all mingled, she obeyed her father, and followed him from the presence of the man she loved.

"Go to your room, Jeanie, and remain there till I send for you."

"I will, father."

The colonel ordered that her tea should be sent up to her, and a few hours later went up himself to wish her goodnight, and to forbid any future intercourse between her and Rolfe.

Then it was that she, with tears in her eyes, implored him to allow her to tell all that had passed between her and her cousin—as she knew him now to be—and to explain, so far as she was able, Rolfe's strange conduct.

"My child," said her father, in answer to her appeal, "at present I cannot trust myself to hear another word about the young man. I am more distressed and pained by his conduct than I can at the present time explain to you, or expect you to understand. Serious trouble to us all is likely to ensue in the future. I have much to think and work out. I shall expect from my daughter implicit obedience. It is the only way in which she can now help me, and I know that she will not fail me."

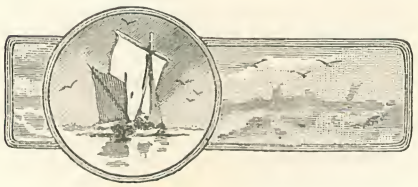
"Indeed I will not, father," said Jeanie, with white face and tearful eyes.

He took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, while Jeanie, struggling to repress her grief, said in a choked voice, "I will obey you, father—I will be a comfort to you."

"I know it, my child; but tell me, can you trust your father? Do you believe he is and will work only for your happiness?"

"I do believe it, and I do trust you," she answered. Then he said goodnight, and left her.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

DOT.—Perhaps you could obtain information with respect to country situations for women, clerks, and bookkeepers by applying to Miss E. A. Davis, Lady-Guide Office, 352, Strand, W.C.; also at the Young Women's Christian Association Employment Agency, 17, Old Cavendish Street, W. The business agency is at 101, Mortimer Street, W.

MDLLES. PLANTA and COOPER desire us to say that their Correspondence Class is being carried on again, and they will be happy to add to their numbers. Address them at The Willows, Tredegar, Monmouthshire.

SURSUM CORDA.—1. "B.C. cir. 1920," means "about" B.C. 1920; the word "cir." is an abbreviation of the Latin or Italian *circa*—"about."—2. The word "polyglot" is from a Greek word meaning "many tongues"; therefore, a lexicon or Bible containing several languages would be a polyglot lexicon, or Bible. It is also applied to a person who is a good linguist; and, less properly and exactly, in the case of the text of one of the versions of the Scriptures in a proper polyglot printed by itself.

A. BROOKS.—We gladly give our readers notice that Miss Allen, of 79, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight, has ceased to conduct the Early Rising Society and the Practising Society; and this gives us the opportunity of observing, that many of our girls write for rules of such societies without enclosing a stamped envelope for the answer, which is an omission often reprobated by us. It is all the more inconsiderate and unfair to these little societies when, as is frequently the case, they do not become members after all. Such has been the treatment of which the Hon. Secretary of the abovenamed societies has had to complain.

MUSIC.

SECRETARY.—We thank you for informing us of the recent change of secretaries in the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. J. Syme having been succeeded by Mr. Renaut.

WAYLAND SMITH.—We do not give addresses. You might obtain that of the pianist you name at some large music shop. If you deal at any one of them no doubt they would oblige you by ascertaining it for you.

TWELVE YEARS' CONTRIBUTOR (?).—We must give you the same advice that we had to give to "Wayland Smith"—we do not give addresses. Ask for what you require at a music shop.

R. P. W. S. spells so badly, writes equally ill, and expresses herself in such bad grammar, that we strongly advise her to learn to write and speak properly before wasting her money and time over a mandolin. She would certainly require a master.

EMILY HARTLAND requests us to inform our musical readers that she is the Secretary of a Practising Society. It was reopened in April last. Prizes are given. Subscription, 1s. 6d. per annum; and they had nearly seventy members last year. Address, Miss Hartland, Newent, Gloucester.

EDITH Q.—Yes, you can procure the song (for it is set to music) from any musicseller, viz., "When I am dead sing no sad songs for me."

MADGE.—We could not possibly answer such a question as yours—as to "who is the greatest living composer and artist?" It is a matter of individual opinion.

ART.

DAMARIS.—The meaning of an "artist's proof," in reference to engravings, is that the copy so called is the first print taken, which is submitted to the artist for any alteration, and for his signature. Of these but few are ever taken. After these, the next following impressions are called "proofs before letters," taken on India paper. On these the names of painter and engraver are engraved respectively on the left and right hand, and the publication line below the work. The third set taken are "lettered proofs," or "copy," the title being added, in a scratched letter, on the right hand of the spectator. These proofs are also stamped, and few are taken. Last of all, the "prints" follow, with the full title, and, perhaps, also a dedication. These are less costly, as the plate has been more or less worn.

MADELINE B.—1. Your sketches of ivy and flowers are very creditable, and you ought to obtain some lessons if possible.—2. The terrible historical murder to which you refer, in the early days of the Christian era, is a foul blot on those who sanctioned and who carried it out. But there are many, even in high places of authority, who have disgraced their profession—in their own persons, not the religion itself. There are also many wonderful examples amongst the heathen philosophers of both sexes, whose moral characters, high aims, and noble conduct were magnificent examples to the rest of the world. The future of such is in the hands of Him who made them—All-Wise and All-Merciful. "We are told that "the heathen are a law unto themselves," by which they will be judged; and we can only say, adapting the reply of Our Lord (to him who asked, "Lord, and what shall this man do?"), "If I will," etc., "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOURIST.—The Lacustrian dwellings of Switzerland are found in most if not all the lakes, some two hundred having been already discovered. Some of them belong to the Iron Age, but the majority to the Stone and Bronze Ages. You ought to study the subject. The first Age was the Palæolithic, or Drift Age, contemporary with the mammoth and extinct animals. The next was the Neolithic, or Polished Stone Age, to which the Flint Celts belong. The third was the age of Bronze, so distinguished by the arms and utensils, etc., then in use. The fourth was the Iron Age, implements of that metal being found, in addition to those of stone and bronze. This classification applies chiefly to Europe. The Fuegians and natives of the Andamans appear to be still in an age of stone. Gold was first discovered—washed up in the rivers, then copper and tin, then iron, and silver last of all. The North American Indians obtained copper near Lake Superior, and hammered it into ornaments and implements.

SNOWBALL'S letter received. We thank her for it. Correspondence does not take place between our contributors of articles and our readers. We answer all suitable questions ourselves.

VIOLET D.—1. Your hand-writing is not yet formed.—2. There is a Free Hospital for Children in Sheffield—Western Bank; and the Jessop Hospital for Women in Gell Street.

IDELIA was wrong to permit such an act of familiarity, excepting in the case of a very near relative or an affianced husband.

DISPENSER.—We have discontinued to answer the same old questions over and over again. Read the articles by "Medicus" on the care of the complexion, teeth, hair, hands, and feet. If your sister be troubled with any kind of skin disease she should obtain advice in one of the hospitals specially instituted for them. There are such in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds.

MADGE.—Yes, a thrush can be taught to sing to a greater degree than in a wild state. Play such notes as he could imitate in his own natural key on the flute or flageolet. If in a dark room he may learn the quicker. But it must be repeated over and over again. Give him barley-meal moistened with water, snails, scraps of meat, and vegetables. Put a fresh sod of turf into his cage, and the floor should be well covered with sand. The cage should be large, and kept in a dry sunny place. He should have a good bath daily, and plenty of fresh water to drink. The name "missel" thrush was given because of the partiality of the bird for the white berries of the mistletoe. With care he will live six or eight years.

CLARISSA.—We do not give trade addresses, as you must know if you read our answers.

MARY RICKMORE might do well to consult a medical man with regard to the loosening of her teeth, as her general health may affect them. A severe cold will make them loose, and even fall out. She probably requires a tonic, as well as an astringent lotion for the gums.—2. We do not give recipes for making wine.

RASPBERRY.—Translations of stories are not much sought by our publishers. Your only plan would be to translate one and offer it to some firms who have published such before.

SHY ONE.—Our only advice to girls who complain of blushing from self-consciousness is, endeavour to concentrate your thoughts on others, and on what they are saying to you, and so forget yourself and your looks.

SANDY.—The Salian Priests (Lat. *Salii*—leapers, or dancers) consisted of a college of twelve, instituted by the Emperor Numa, towards the end of whose reign it was supposed that a shield fell from heaven and was the means of warding off a pestilence. Whoever manufactured this shield, it was so greatly valued, the Emperor commanded that eleven similar ones should be made, and appointed these twelve priests to keep them. These were dedicated to Mars Gradivus, and a festival was celebrated in his honour annually on the 1st of March, when much dancing and singing formed part of the celebration, concluded by a feast in the Temple of Mars on the Palatine. It is said that a second institution of priests of the same kind was made by Tullus Hostilius, chosen from a different tribe. All Salians were of patrician birth.

CHERIE.—Offer your frames at photographers' shops, and at any others where such things are sold, and obtain orders.

FAUVETTE.—The causes of grey hair seem to be loss of nervous power, and also, perhaps, general debility. Electricity is much recommended at present, and iron and sulphur are both prescribed for internal use with good effect; but this under a doctor's direction.

VOL. XIII.—No. 662.] SEPTEMBER 3, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ALETHEA'S WHIM.

By LILY WATSON.

IN a charming sitting-room overlooking one of the London parks a young lady stood by the window on a bright May morning. She was surrounded by many indications of wealth, luxury, and modern taste. On the walls a medley of water-colours and Japanese fans produced a somewhat distracting effect; narcissi and lilies, in queer foreign pots, sent forth a heavy perfume; books in handsome bindings stood in ebony book-cases. The mistress of the boudoir was herself an ornament to the room—a tall, handsome, dark-haired woman of three or four and twenty, perfectly clad in a beautiful dress. She was sitting at her ease, when the door opened to admit a younger, fair-haired, pink-and-white girl in a riding-habit.

"The horses will be round directly, Alethea. Are you not ready?"

"Thank you, Maud, but I am not going to ride this morning," replied the other, in a voice that was quiet in tone, full and rich in *timbre*.

"Not ride! Why, what a pity! It is a charming day," urged her cousin. "How can you resist the temptation?"

"It is no temptation to me to-day, as it happens," rejoined the other, offering a flower. "I wish you a pleasant time, dear."

Maud lingered as though loth to take a refusal; but was at last obliged to depart. She went straight to her mother's room, where she found that fashionable matron, Mrs. Lorraine, writing cards with much rapidity.

"Is it not provoking of Alethea? She will not ride this morning with Harriet and me; and Charlie Sinclair is going to join us in the Row. I know he will be so angry."

Mrs. Lorraine laid down her pen with a gesture of vexation.

"I really cannot imagine what is the matter with your cousin. Some whim has taken absolute possession of her for the past few months, and is driving her crazy, I think. She will take no interest in any of her former pursuits. If she had only waited until the season was over before entering on this folly!"

"She will get over it, I suppose," observed Maud; "but I imagine she will frighten away Charlie Sinclair if she behaves in this odd manner."

"Well, I must think what to do with her," said Mrs. Lorraine. "She is most difficult to influence. There are the horses! Good-bye, child, and make the best excuse you can for Alethea."

When the girls, with their attendant groom, had cantered away into the Park, Mrs. Lorraine fell to writing again. The mechanical work of filling up cards of invitation allowed

"OFFERING A FLOWER."

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free play to her thoughts, which were not unmixed with care. The rich orphan niece who lived with her and her daughters had lately been manifesting strange vagaries. She had gone to an unfashionable church, become intimate with some very unfashionable-looking people, read books of which Mrs. Lorraine had scarcely heard the titles, and seemed to lose all interest in the things which had filled her life a little time ago. This was disquieting, the more so as Alethea Bruce was no mere impulsive girl, to take up a "fad" and throw it down again directly.

No fault could be found with the young lady's behaviour in the home, which was sweet and pleasant as ever. Still, somehow there was an uncomfortable sense that she had altered, and that there was "no knowing what she might do next."

A tap at the door interrupted these reflections, and the subject of them appeared in reply to her aunt's summons.

"May I have a little talk with you, Aunt Margaret, if you are not busy? I have stayed at home on purpose."

"Surely, my dear. These cards can wait. Come and sit down, and let us have a cosy chat," replied the elder lady, turning from her writing-table and pointing to a low arm-chair.

Alethea took the chair, but the prospect of a "cosy chat" did not appear likely, so far as she was concerned, to be realised. She looked distressed and nervous, yet had the resolute expression of one who, having made up her mind to a trying duty, intends to go on with it.

"I hardly know how to say what I want to say, Aunt Margaret," she began. "I am afraid you will not understand me; but I can wait no longer."

The elder lady's face hardened involuntarily. "Now for some troublesome freak," she thought; but she only said, "Go on, my dear."

"I have for some time been feeling that I must make a complete change in my manner of life. I am not satisfied—not happy——"

"Well, really, Alethea!" broke in her aunt, bridling and tossing her head, "I must say, then, that you are extremely hard to please. All the enjoyments of the London season, visits to country houses, a horse kept for your exclusive use, privileges and affection lavished upon you as if you were a child of my own, no difference made between yourself and your cousins! What can you want more? Not satisfied! Not happy! I——"

"Dear Aunt Margaret, pray let me speak!" cried Alethea, shrinking as one in pain, and putting out her hand. "You quite misunderstand me."

"I am extremely dull of comprehension—I am quite aware of that," observed Mrs. Lorraine with resignation. "But go on, Alethea."

"All you say I admit. I have every pleasure, every gratification, that any girl could desire. I am most grateful to you. But I have come to feel that I have no *right* to lead a life of pleasure, and of selfish gratification, while thousands of my fellow-creatures in this very London are suffering and starving around me. In fact, Aunt Margaret, I cannot continue to do it. I have thought it well over, and taken advice, and—and—prayed over it," continued Alethea, her cheeks flushing, "and I see my duty, as I believe, plainly. I wish to go to live where I can minister to the poor every day; to give up my life to the task of helping them; to devote my wealth to their service; to try to live a little as Christ would have His followers live."

"Mad—quite mad!" murmured Mrs. Lorraine to herself. "I must consult a doctor about this." But aloud she only remarked satirically, "I suppose this is the result of reading those preposterous books you recommended to me—*All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, and *Children of Gibeon*. You want to be like Angela and—what's her name?—Valentine. And, pray, does it occur to you that it is not a rational proceeding for a young lady to take her plans of life out of the pages of fiction?"

"I have tried to take my plans of life out of the New Testament," replied Alethea with downcast eyes. "I am fond of the books you mention, but I have been influenced by more than they can teach."

"And do you intend, at your age, and with your appearance, to go and live by yourself in a slum?" continued Mrs. Lorraine, still satirically.

"My plans are all made, and I do not think they are absurd," replied Alethea.

"Pray explain them," requested Mrs. Lorraine, with an air of mock deference. And Alethea did explain them. She was well acquainted with a widow lady, one of the most intelligent and earnest workers among the poor in a certain district of Lambeth. Her scheme was to unite with her, to take a house large enough for her purpose, and to devote herself specially to the needs of women in the wretched streets lying close at hand. She proposed, among other things, to have a night school, where girls of the roughest class could be taught, hoping by this means to gain some influence over them; to have meetings for them on holiday afternoons; to have gatherings for poor mothers, not only for instruction, but for recreation; to open a sewing-class, where needlewomen should work for wages a little higher than starvation point; to teach them, if possible, to combine to protect themselves; to maintain a trained nurse who should try to relieve the illness and suffering around; and, generally, by personal contact and influence, to strive to lift the women about her out of the misery and too often degradation in which they lived. "Personal knowledge and friendship are what I rely on most," concluded Alethea. "There is room for every woman who will give *herself* to the poor; but without this, money is too often useless.

"Do you know what I read this morning, Aunt Margaret? There were two columns side by side in the daily paper. The one was, "Dress at the Drawing-room," containing descriptions of the most unheard-of extravagance in gowns. The other, "Shocking Cases of Destitution in Outcast London." Can a Christian woman read such things and not feel her heart stir within her? We have not yet found out the right way to cope with the evil. But indeed I must do *something*, and I want to try if I cannot bring practical Christianity to bear on these poor, poor sisters of mine."

Alethea had a glow on her cheek, a far-off look in her dark eyes, and the subdued intensity of her expression showed that she was wrought up to a high point of enthusiasm. But Mrs. Lorraine had no sympathy for her ardent niece. The matter presented itself to her in a very practical light indeed. Alethea was a young lady of property. She, Mrs. Lorraine—a stockbroker's widow—and her daughters, had expensive tastes, that decidedly outran their comfortable income. The sum Alethea disbursed in return for the material advantages Mrs. Lorraine had enumerated was large—very large. If this sum were withdrawn it would be inconvenient. Therefore, this "Quixotic" plan must be stopped, and stopped at once.

She tried soft measures at first, mildly pointing out the impossibilities of the scheme. Alethea's health would suffer; she could never live, even with a widow lady as *chaperon*, in a slum. To this Alethea promptly replied by describing the roomy old house, with a view over one of the green open spaces in Lambeth, which she already had in her mind's eye; a pleasant and presumably healthy, though frightfully unfashionable, residence.

"Oh, it has gone so far as *that*, has it?" thought Mrs. Lorraine in consternation. Then she arose in her strength, and, metaphorically speaking, fell upon Alethea and smote her.

Of all the selfish, deluded, preposterous schemes, this was the worst. Nothing was so shocking as ingratitude; and ingratitude in a young person towards those who stood in the place of her own mother and sisters was simply detestable. Ingratitude and hypocrisy were the leading features of Alethea's proposal; ingratitude for a not very clearly-defined series of favours on the part of Mrs. Lorraine; hypocrisy in pretending to be so much better than other people. What business had Alethea, forsooth, to set up to know the duty of a Christian better than her elders? If she, Mrs. Lorraine, were content to go to church on Sunday, and subscribe to certain charities recommended by her clergyman, was not that enough for her niece? But the curse of the present day was a self-willed, self-opinionated, headstrong obstinacy on the part of the young.

Alethea listened, amazed and confounded. She had expected opposition, but not such bitterness as this. Her aunt had always been kind to her; she was her only near relative; and the lonely girl felt cut to the heart at such impugnment of her motives. She tried to explain, but was only met by fresh torrents of indignation, as Mrs. Lorraine worked herself up to a state of moral frenzy. At last Alethea was fain to retreat to her room, unshaken in her purpose, but clearly perceiving that further discussion was useless.

When Maud and Harriet returned from their ride, they were accompanied by a handsome fair-haired young fellow, who was no other than the Charlie Sinclair already mentioned; an intimate friend and distant cousin of the house of Lorraine, who was supposed to be going shortly to astonish the town in his capacity of an artist. At present, his ambition had not resulted in any further achievements than the renting of a large and expensive studio in Kensington, and the accumulation of certain unfinished canvases.

He had another private ambition, which Maud had divined, though it was as yet rather vague. He admired Alethea Bruce more than any girl he had ever seen. Hence, he was constantly "turning up" in any locality where he thought he would be likely to meet her, and, after his disappointment in the Row, had eagerly accepted Maud's invitation to luncheon.

The three young people found Mrs. Lorraine greatly perturbed, and no Alethea was visible.

"I had better tell you all about it," she said; and accordingly poured out to her attentive listeners the story of Alethea's whim.

All three heard it in a different way. Maud was aghast; Harriet scornful; Charlie was inclined to pooh-pooh the whole thing.

"It comes of reading Socialistic books, I suppose, and imbibing these ideas that are afloat in the newspapers about Outcast London, and all that," he remarked. "But it is only a freak that will pass."

"I am not so sure of that," returned Mrs. Lorraine. "She is dreadfully self-willed when once she takes a thing into her head."

Charlie put one end of his blonde moustache into his mouth and ruminated. "Get some clergyman to speak to her," he advised. "Not a fanatic like that man whose church she goes to, but some sensible old fellow, who takes things easily, and knows a good bottle of wine when he comes across one."

"Charlie!" expostulated Mrs. Lorraine. But the advice did not strike her as altogether bad, and in the end she invoked to the rescue a friend of her own—the Rev. Septimus Marjoribanks—a kind-hearted, easy-going old gentleman, inclined to regard the world as a very comfortable place, and to ignore as far as

possible all the misery that lay at his doors. Until his visit Alethea was looked upon as in disgrace. She was too old to be sent to bed or put in the corner; but these penalties were, figuratively speaking, inflicted upon her. Her aunt and cousins addressed her as seldom as possible, and then with averted glance. Accustomed all her life to be "made much of," and to be treated as an important member of the household, this coldness made the poor girl very miserable and desolate. But she did not waver in her purpose—not even when the friendly old clergyman tried to dissuade her from its fulfilment.

"My dear young lady, just consider. What would become of society if the daughters of our wealthy homes were to insist on leaving the positions and duties of their recognised sphere to bury themselves as you propose to do? The confusion and the pain inflicted would be simply tremendous, and more harm than good would be the result."

"But, you see, I have no exact sphere or duties of the kind you mention, Mr. Marjoribanks. I am not in the place of daughter to anyone—I have no home duties. My aunt has Maud and Harriet as companions. I should of course fulfil my obligations to her so as to allow her plenty of time to make fresh plans, if necessary. I am quite independent and alone in the world, and am consequently free to carry out my own convictions of what is right."

Foiled at this point, the clergyman tried another mode of attack.

"You will only pauperise the people, instead of really helping them. As soon as they know there is money to be had for the asking, there will be a rush for it. The drink-shop will be the gainer—that is all. Indiscriminate charity is the curse of civilisation."

"I have no intention of giving money away for the asking. I want to give, as far as I can, *myself*, and to help people—especially the women and girls—in a wise way. This can be done by personal effort, surely. I have consulted many who have given their lives to the work, and I have made certain plans that I do not think are absurd."

The Rev. Septimus Marjoribanks was interested in spite of himself, and allowed Alethea to tell him her schemes at length.

"Well, well; but surely you are not one of those women who revert to the superstitions of the Middle Ages, and believe in celibacy as more pleasing to God than the sacred ties of home life?"

Alethea blushed a rosy red. "Certainly not; but it will be time enough to decide on that when it comes before me. I need not stop such work because—*if* I marry. Dear Mr. Marjoribanks, my duty seems to me to be, to take the work lying ready to my hand. I am quite sure my purposeless life of pleasure is not the right one. I need not concern myself about the future."

"Well, my dear, God bless you!" said the old man; and he afterwards angered Mrs. Lorraine by speaking warmly of Alethea as a noble and sensible young woman, who knew what she was about. Like Balaam, he had been called in to curse; but he was compelled to bless.

This only increased the ire of Alethea's relatives. Mrs. Lorraine tried every possible means to deter her from her purpose, which was now daily assuming a shape of alarming definiteness. But all was in vain. At last she burst out to Maud, "Alethea is obstinacy itself. It is hopeless to try to deter her any longer. But I am determined on one point. Poor Charlie Sinclair shall be prevented from sacrificing himself to her whims. If she is bent on this mad folly, she must take the consequences."

"Do you know, I think Charlie is getting interested in her schemes, and half inclined to join in them. He was talking about painting some panels for her work-room the other day," observed Maud. "He is very easily influenced."

Mrs. Lorraine said nothing; but there was an ominous tightening of her lips. She fancied that Alethea was not indifferent to the kindly, gentle young fellow, who, in spite of a certain free-and-easy *insouciance*, was invariably ready to hear what she had to say, and, as far as he could, to sympathise in the present troubles of her position. Different as the two were—nay, partly because they were so different—they might come together in time. This should be prevented.

The next time Charlie called he was informed that Alethea was not at home, and that Mrs. Lorraine would like to speak to him in her boudoir.

"My dear boy, you know I look upon you almost as a son. I want to give you a word of advice. Do not waste your time in vain hopes and idle pursuit. I have of course read your heart," continued Mrs. Lorraine tenderly. "But, believe me, what you are thinking of is altogether out of the question. Alethea has given up all thought of marriage as incompatible with her new life."

"Do you know this from herself, may I ask?" enquired Charlie, turning rather pale.

"Certainly!" returned the crafty woman. "How could it be otherwise? I rather believe she hoped I should tell you so, and so save you both further pain. But of course as to *that* part of it I cannot speak with certainty. It is for the best, believe me," continued Mrs. Lorraine mysteriously. "There is something behind this excessive persistency, this extraordinary obstinacy. I must not speak clearly—but—*family history* has a little to do with it."

As she spoke she tapped her forehead with a significant gesture.

"Good heavens! You do not mean to suggest—I never heard there was insanity in the Bruce family!" cried Charlie, startled into frankness.

"My dear fellow, pray do not put it into such brutally explicit language," cried Mrs. Lorraine, shrinking back with an elegant gesture. "People do not talk of these things. I say no more. I know what I know; but if you are wise, *be warned*."

Charlie snatched up his hat and retreated abruptly, with the briefest of farewells.

The next thing heard of him was that he had left town rather suddenly. He was about to take a voyage. Some said he was going to make sketches among the Himalaya Mountains, which, as everyone knows, abound in scenery to repay the utmost efforts of the artist's pencil.

Alethea quitted her aunt's roof soon afterwards, and in spite of the tenacity of her purpose she was worn by suffering. The persecution of the selfish and worldly people who represented all she knew of family love, had well-nigh broken her heart. This last stab was the "unkindest cut of all," though she knew not who had inflicted it. She trusted, however, in a strength higher than her own, and strove to forget her own trouble in the far deeper troubles of others. She succeeded beyond her utmost hopes, and soon became engrossed in the world of which her favourite novelist writes, "Everybody who once visits that world must go back to it. Those who work in it never want to leave it." For it is "*the world where the women suffer*."

Alethea's life is not what many would call a happy one. Her nearest friends will not forgive her, and she never grows quite inured to the sense of loneliness which their cruel behaviour causes her. Her aunt, angrily compelled by her desertion to live in a fashion somewhat less extravagant, always speaks of her as "That ungrateful, that unnatural girl!" Her cousins allude to her, among their intimate friends, a little less bitterly, but more contemptuously, as "quite mad, you know, my darling." But she sees the fruit of her work increasing year by year. Year by year she loves it more, and grows more passionately interested in the wants and sorrows of the poor sisters among whom she toils. And since this is so, nothing can prevent her from realising, even on earth, the peace and consolation of those concerning whom it is written:

"BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH ARE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

ON HELPING IN THE HOUSE.

THE MANAGEMENT OF FIRES, ETC.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

ALTHOUGH the management of fires has been put first, a few words must be given to the cleaning of the grates, the washing of the tiles, and the polishing of the steel, if there be any. About the modern grate there is very little, but in the old-fashioned houses, the drawing and dining-room grates are of shining steel, the polishing of which is no inconsiderable part of a servant's work in the morning, before she arrives at the point of laying the fire. Polished steel should never be touched with anything that can scratch the surface; to preserve its brightness it needs nothing but to be secured from moisture, and a daily rubbing with the wash-leather. Moisture, even a moist hand, should be carefully guarded against, for once the steel is rusty, it can hardly be recovered even by the most persevering work, and the steel polisher's best efforts cannot restore the smooth and even surface of the polish. The earliest indications of rust are dull spots; these should be dusted over with a little dry whiting tied up in a small muslin bag, and afterwards rubbed off with a leather. A good polish for bright grates is made by mixing equal parts of sweet oil, turpentine, and fine emery powder. When the steel has been much neglected, it may be covered with a paste of sweet oil and fine emery powder. This paste should be as thick as cream, and should be left on to dry, and then rubbed off with a leather dipped in emery powder. If grates have to remain unattended to for any time, they should be well greased before being left, to prevent rust.

Iron grates need regular blackleading to keep them in proper condition. If in really bad

order, the best way of restoring them is to scrub them well all over with some soft soap and water and a hard brush, to take off all the dust and grease, and after this thorough cleaning, to paint them all over with Berlin black. This treatment will restore their pristine blackness, and they can be blackleaded when they require it, which, however, will not be for a long time. This painting with Berlin black is an excellent treatment for bedroom grates, for the grates in summer, or for any grates that are not often used: it saves so much trouble, as they need nothing but dusting to keep them looking nice. An old-fashioned plan for these little-used grates was to blacklead them well, and then to give them a coat of copal varnish. This was kept up to a high degree of polish by an occasional rub up with the blacklead polishing brush. I always find that the appearance of the kitchen grate is an index to the character of a servant. In Canada great pains are taken with the tin tea-kettle, on account of the idea with which it is associated, viz., that the brightness of the kettle as it sings on the stove is a sure sign of a good and capable girl, and a good husband and a comfortable home are believed to be the result of care in this direction.

The close stoves or ranges, called more generally kitcheners, need far more care than the old open ranges, but they are far superior to them in cleanliness; the pots and kettles are neither burnt nor smoked, and the kitchen itself is much cleaner. There is an impression that they are more extravagant in their use of coal, as their draught is so great, and a favourite complaint of the cooks relates to their intense heating powers. This great heat will be the result of her own careless use of the dampers, and the top of the kitchener should never be allowed to become red hot. When the cooking is over the dampers may be closed, and the fire kept in till again required, by cinders or small coal.

Great improvements have been made in kitchen ranges, as well as in our household grates, within the last few years, and none seems to have been of greater value than that of the closed warm chamber underneath the grate, where it formerly used to be open to receive the constant draught of air: a large part of the heating power of the fire was used in warming up this chilled wind, and so both our heat and our coals were wasted. Now, the best made and newest grates are constructed so as to close in front, forming a warm-air chamber, where the oxygen needful for combustion can be warmed before performing its work, thus decreasing waste immensely.

People who are not fortunate enough to possess one of these modern ranges, can in a measure supply the place by having a sheet-iron front made, and most working ironmongers will understand what is wanted if applied to. The same thing may be arranged for any grate where the proper iron ash drawer is not already supplied, or forms part of it. As a general rule the saving in coal and the increase in the warmth will quickly compensate us for the small expenditure, for in some cases, no doubt in most, the draught is so great that it blows right through the fire up the chimney, and carries the heat with it from the fire. This extreme draught is also the cause of half the dust and dirt in our houses, and we shall see the difference here assuredly very soon. We shall also be enabled to keep a *small* fire cheerful to look at, when large warming fires are not needed, but when our living rooms will certainly fall below the requisite and healthful 64° if we try to sit in them without a fire. There is a great danger in chilly rooms—and we constantly find them between April and October—and many people, who ought to know better, will let out their fires in the early part of May and go without them till the 1st of November. This small economy will perhaps save a pound, and will cost them many others in doctors' bills and medicine. 64° Fahr. seems to be the lowest amount of heat the human body can safely do with in the living-rooms of the house; one degree less is dangerous, and two degrees more is safer and wiser. We may test these assertions for ourselves, and soon find out their truth.

With regard to the cheapest method of managing the fires in the house, we must make up our minds to the fact that the best coals are the cheapest. I learnt this fact practically some years ago from an experienced maid-servant. The extreme whiteness and abundance of the coal ash in the grate attracted my notice, and I commented on it to her. She at once said that the cause was too cheap a coal, the best coals making little ash, and that not white in colour. Poor people, she added on being questioned, never buy cheap coals—they could not afford it; nor, so far as she knew, were they ever hawked about in small quantities in the streets, or sold by the small dealers, who are generally greengrocers also. These people almost invariably sell good coals, running to at least 22s. per ton. "Who, then, burns the cheap coals?" said I at once. "Well, ma'am, it's mostly, I suppose, people with plenty of money, who think that they are a saving because they are perhaps 5s. or 6s. less a ton."

The use of coke is certainly a good method of saving coals, and also of adding to the heat given out by the fire. Coke is coal from which the gas has been extracted, and it resembles charcoal in the fact that it burns without flame, makes no smoke, and produces a clear and very hot fire. The complaints of its sulphurous smell usually arise in small houses where there is either not enough ventilation, or the chimney in which it is used has not a sufficient up-draught. But in a closed range or kitchener it is a valuable ally, and a wonderful economizer of coal. Even in our bedrooms and living-rooms, if it be broken finely and evenly mixed, there will be no cause of complaint, I think.

Small coals and coal dust should be "slacked," or sprinkled with water, in order to cake them and assist them to burn; in fact, a little water makes the fire burn fiercely, as it is quickly converted into steam, which increases heat. A large volume of water puts out fire, because it cannot be immediately converted into steam. A good deal of correspondence has been recently carried on by some of the newspapers on the subject of fire-balls, which are still made and used in Wales, and used to be made by the poorer classes when coal was dearer. They are a mixture of equal parts of sand, clay, and small coal-dust. These are well mixed, wetted with water, and rolled into balls with the hands; then they are left to dry. Of course one lot of them must be prepared before the last lot is used up. These fire-balls are placed on the top of a clear fire, and will soon get red hot, and will give out an intense heat. The recent coal strike brought out much old-fashioned experience in this direction. Our modern substitute for the fire-balls seems to be in the square bricks or briquettes, which are made of coal-dust and some kind of petroleum. They are in two sizes, and are found useful in keeping in a fire, and I think when used with coal they add to the heat, and prove economical as well. They must not be broken up until they are half burnt at least, and then care must be taken to prevent their falling into dust. I did not find them very successful in the kitchener, but they certainly do keep in a fire in the afternoons when no cooking is going on, though it is best not to try them when you want a hot fire. I have been told that they are invaluable for keeping up a fire all night, requiring only to be put on when the fire is good in the evening so that they may become thoroughly ignited.

It always seems a great pity to me that the American system of a hall stove cannot be adopted for England. In many of the small American and Canadian houses this central fire heats the house, no other fires being needed in the drawing or dining-rooms, nor in the bedrooms during the day, the heat being spread by the use of drums to collect the heat on the upper storeys. The stoves used are high, round, and drum-like; they burn hard coal or anthracite, as well as coke, and require attention twice in the twenty-four hours; there is an inner lining of fire-brick, which makes them safe, and the heat they give out is very great. The difficulty in England lies, first, with the chimneys; for the American system of stove-pipe holes does not obtain here, and if your house is one of a row, the wall where you would require a hole for your stove-pipe is your next door neighbour's dining-room; and though there is a chimney, I fancy the permission to make a hole on your side would be obtained with extreme difficulty. The next trouble is, I am told, with the fire insurance offices. This I do not understand the nature of; as many of them have branches in America, they must be quite used to the system there. I am quite convinced that one of the keys to economy in coal, increase of warmth, and decrease of smoke production, lies in the adoption of the hall stove in our houses. Our personal health would be improved and our freedom from constant colds and coughs might be almost insured.

There is a strange difference in the ways of laying a fire, and there is unquestionably a right and a wrong way to do it. Some people will lay it so cleverly that it seems sure to burn, while others will do it so that it has to be coaxed and petted, and sometimes after all to be laid all over again. The secret lies in the arrangement of the fire, and in the air or oxygen which must pass through the structure without any obstruction. Therefore, the fire must be laid in a certain order, but lightly and loosely; for if packed tightly together our object will be defeated.

The first process in lighting a fire is to clear out the grate, taking out the ashes and cinders, and if we have it, passing them through the cinder-sifter; then we take the brush and sweep as far up the chimney as we can reach, so as to bring down all the lodgments of soot. This will in many cases prevent the chimneys taking fire, and will also prevent the falling of soot, which is so annoying and so destructive to our furniture and houses. It is not always needful to blacklead the grate, but it should always be rubbed with the polishing brush.

Everyone who has to handle coals or clean grates should keep a pair of old gloves close at hand to use, for the fire must be laid with the hands, and this will spoil the appearance of them if we have no gloves. I consider the hands of all servants are a very important part, and they should always be thought of, and guarded as carefully as their duties will allow.

The second process in lighting a fire is to lay a foundation of a few cinders; then tear some paper into pieces and crumple these up in your hands like balls, and lay them on the cinders; then take your sticks and lay them in the shape of a wheel, with a space between each stick, with one end of each stick resting on the middle bar of your grate, the other end of course on your paper in the grate. The sticks should be dry; and it is very easy to dry them on the iron grating over the kitchen range, but in no case should they be placed in the kitchen oven, or in any position where they might *cause* a fire. Now lay some small pieces of coal, the size of a turkey's egg, or what I have heard people call "nubbly" bits, on the top of the wood, and lastly, some large bits, and then you are ready to light your fire,

by setting fire in several places to the paper. Mind that all your fire is completely laid before you proceed to light it; do not set fire to the wood before the coals are half laid on and expect it to burn successfully. No person should at any time be permitted to put on coal from the scuttle, pouring it on like so much water. This habit is as fatal to true economy as it is to the fire.

The other way of laying the fire is what may be called upside down, or lighting it at the top. In this case a piece of paper is cut to the size of the bottom of the grate so as to cover the bars and stop the up-draught, and then the large pieces of coal, the small pieces, the wood, the paper, and lastly the cinders. This fashion is said to ensure perfect combustion, or nearly so, of the fuel. Some years ago there was a Dr. Arnott, who invented a stove which was supposed to ensure this; as I suppose you know that if combustion were perfect there would not be either smoke or soot, and in an ordinary way five-sixths, or perhaps more, of our heat is blown away up the chimney, so if in the dining-room grate forty pounds of coal are consumed in twelve hours, you can easily calculate and find out exactly how much of it benefits you, and how much in the form of smoke makes other people miserable.

This method of fire-making is, I believe, excellent where the chimney is a smoky one, but I am not sure it is a very exhilarating fire, as of course it smoulders, and does not blaze. I remember to have seen old-fashioned servants make up a fire by making first a hole at the back of the fire, then putting the cinders from under the grate in the hole, and lastly the fresh coal was put on the top. This was done of course to ensure the burning up of the cinders, though I did not know the reason at the time.

Many of these older plans for economical fires are now carried out in our newest grates, but, alas! we are a long way from a perfect fire or a perfect system, as the quantity of wasted fuel in the shape of smoke shows us.

The proper allowance of wood for lighting is one bundle of wood for three fires. Some maids, however, cannot light a fire with a whole bundle, while one of my many capable instructresses used to boast of her prowess in lighting a fire with six sticks. A somewhat recent experience causes me to add a caution against permitting anyone in your house to use kerosene or paraffin oils to help in the fire-lighting. It is a very dangerous practice, and the culprits are usually very sly and secretive about this bad habit.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

COUNTRY eyes dearly love to gaze on "fine feathers." When Ida Ewbank came to Ilford Park as the friend and guest of Aileen Clinton, the beauty and variety of her costumes exercised the eyes and minds of the village folk, and caused quite a pleasant excitement amongst them. Not that the city girl's garments were of a showy kind, but the least cultured taste could discern that the materials were of wondrous quality, beautiful to look upon, and perfectly suited to the wearer.

Miss Ewbank could not have been happy in any place without the consciousness that she and her surroundings were objects of attention and admiration. It delighted her to think that her movements were furtively watched by shamefaced cottagers, who hid behind their lattices to count her changes of costume, and think how rich she who wore them must be to afford so many.

She pictured the village dressmaker endeavouring, in her humble fashion, to imitate the simplest of these dresses, and smiled as she thought how hopeless would be the attempt. Was not the apparent simplicity of her favourite walking dress a result of highest art, according to a fashionable *modiste*?

"Your ears must tingle, Ida," said Aileen, as the girls returned from a first walk through the village. "Were I inclined to be jealous, I might well be so now; for I am sure everybody had eyes for no one but the 'stranger young lady,' and at this moment you are the subject of cottage gossip all over Ilford."

"All new comers are," said Parry Clinton, who had accompanied the girls.

"Only more so, in Ida's case," said Aileen. "Everybody is furtively stared at, and then talked about, but everybody does not furnish the same food for admiring eyes as she does."

"Ilford folk will doubtless look at the stranger for a moment, but their eyes and tongues will be speedily diverted to their regular channel. Aileen is the reigning sovereign; I, the foreign visitor, to be stared at and then forgotten."

Ida did not wait for a reply, but ran lightly upstairs to prepare for luncheon.

"Miss Ewbank's self-estimate is more correct than she believes it to be," said Parry, as he looked admiringly at his cousin's face, all aglow with pleasure at finding herself once more at home, and amongst the poor neighbours towards whom her thoughts had wandered lovingly during her stay at Millcaster. "Miss Ewbank will be noticed, admired, talked about," continued Parry. "There will be endless speculations as to the cost of her attire, and wonder as to what she can want with so many gowns. Then your village friends will decide that the "stranger Miss" does not know what to do with all her money. Next, there will be comparisons, and the gossips will say that she might learn a lesson from someone who shall be nameless. Further, that the latter looks better in a cotton frock than any other human being could possibly do in silk and decked with diamonds. Between ourselves, Aileen, I am of the same opinion."

The speaker gave a rapid glance round to assure himself that no third person was within hearing, then caught his cousin's hand and held it in a firm, detaining clasp as she was about to leave him without a word. She knew that the covert compliment was intended for her. There was no mistaking Philip's look or tone, but the admiring glances and flattering words gave Aileen no pleasure. They only foreboded the recurrence of an old trouble, which she hoped was ended, and her face bore a pained expression as she strove to withdraw her hand, and to follow Ida upstairs.

"Aileen, you must listen to me," pleaded Parry. "You cannot imagine how long the time of your absence has seemed to me. Your village friends, for whom you are always thinking and caring, are glad to welcome you back. Think what I must be. Yet I doubt if you give your cousin as large a place in your heart and memory as the poorest cottager in Ilford claims as a right."

"I give you a cousin's place, Parry," said Aileen firmly. "I can give no more."

"Do not say that, dear. I want you to give me more and better—the first and dearest place in your true, warm heart, and to take mine in exchange. I know I am not worthy of you, Aileen. Who could be? But if you will be my wife you shall mould me as you will. With you by my side as a life partner, I should become like you, for your lightest wish would be law to me."

"It can never be, Parry," said Aileen. "You call me 'true.' It is because I strive to deserve the character that I can give you no other answer. I trusted you never to introduce the subject again. I am grieved to give you pain, but it is not my fault. When you last spoke, I told you my answer must be considered final."

"Who that truly loves can be contented to give up hope at the first bidding?" said Parry, still retaining her hand.

"Then believe me when I repeat my former words. I cannot change. Be content with what I can give, and ask no more."

Aileen's distress was manifest enough. The tears sprang into her eyes as she looked imploringly at her cousin, and strove to withdraw her hand.

He released it unwillingly, saying, "I must let you go now; but, in spite of your cruel words, I will not give up hope. I know your father would favour my suit; and surely you would not marry contrary to his wishes."

"I would no more marry without my dear father's consent than without the approval of my own heart and conscience, and I have neither at present," was the firm reply; and having given it, she turned quickly away, and left her cousin annoyed and disconcerted at this second failure.

Aileen was not deficient in spirit, though anxious to treat Parry with the greatest consideration. But she disliked the introduction of her father's name, and the half threat which was more apparent in her cousin's manner than in his actual words.

If Aileen could have read her cousin's thoughts, she would not have regretted her decisive answer. "The little vixen!" said he to himself, whilst his face flushed with combined anger and mortification. "If I had time, I would conquer her yet; but I cannot afford to wait long. Still, I was a fool to risk my fate again so soon after her return. I ought to have wooed her by silent hourly devotion for some time before I spoke; and I should have done but for that Millcaster girl. It would not have been possible to pay constant court to Aileen, and then, if rejected, turn and lay siege to her friend for the sake of the money I cannot long do without. If only my poor old uncle had lived a few years longer! He was queer enough in many ways, but my good friend always. I hate to fail when I have set my mind on anything, and this is the second time I have been thwarted by a girl. However, I fancy Miss Ewbank will prove an easy conquest. She wants to change her Millcaster name for that of an old family, and Clinton is good enough to match with the heaviest money-bags."

Miss Ewbank had come to Ilford bent on conquest, and that too on a large scale. She wished to win golden opinions from the Clintons and their friends, and to gain the goodwill of the humbler folk, amongst whom, as she said, Aileen was like a queen. But Ida had never been in true sympathy with the poor or the sorrowing, and whilst she would have scattered money and gifts, had these been needed at Ilford, she soon found that she might make a mistake even by lavish generosity. A harvest of love could not be bought with money. That which Aileen was constantly reaping had sprung from seeds sown by her own loving hand.

Ida had, however, much to render her visit to Ilford a satisfactory one. There she had the delightful surroundings which money could not buy. Aileen was the sweetest, least selfish of friends, and delighted to speak of her own stay at Millcaster. Whilst Ida said little about her parents, Aileen had much to tell of her new experiences whilst at Fairview, and the wonders which Mr. Ewbank had made her acquainted with. The Millcaster girl began to be almost proud of her connection with the busy city, and to wonder at the folly which had made her wish to conceal it.

Another cause for satisfaction was the presence of Maurice Clinton, Aileen's elder brother, whom Ida had not previously met. Through her scheming mind new visions began to float. A fine young man of four and twenty, the heir of Ilford Park, was of infinitely more importance than Parry Clinton, who was a younger son of a younger branch, and could confer only an old name, for which he must have money in return. How much better it would be to make a conquest of one who would unite name, wealth, and, at a future day, the ownership of this grand old house and estate in his single person? Beside all these considerations, Ida was profoundly convinced that if Parry Clinton could win his cousin he would never glance in her own direction.

Probably Parry guessed something of what was passing in Miss Ewbank's mind, and acted accordingly. Not for a moment did he think that his cousin Maurice would be attracted by her, and it rather amused this worldly young man to stand aloof for a time and watch what was going on around him. Though he had told Aileen he would not give up the hope of winning her, he was convinced that he had no chance of success. Still, he would not pay any marked attention to Miss Ewbank so soon after his rejection by his cousin. He had definitely decided to marry the city girl, *faute de mieux;* but as he saw that she was setting a higher value on herself than she had done a little time before, he resolved that her estimate of his worth should also rise in proportion.

So Parry exerted all his powers of pleasing in Miss Ewbank's presence, but never with special reference to herself. He was perfectly courteous and considerate to her as to other guests, but no more. Never was anything done for her exclusive benefit, and she who had imagined that, failing his cousin, Parry would transfer his allegiance to herself, felt not a little mortified at the mistake she had made.

Parry Clinton had always been a social favourite, and his presence contributed to the success and brightness of all the Christmas gatherings at and around Ilford Park. Miss Ewbank soon found that Parry's impecuniosity did not in the least affect his social position. She was constantly hearing his praises sung by young and old. "He has seen so much, observed so intelligently, and can talk so well," one admirer would say. "He is so well-read and witty; and no one has finer manners than Parry Clinton," remarked an old lady, whose mind was much exercised by the ways of modern young people. "He can make any party a success," chimed in another; whilst a fourth remarked in a whisper, "I suppose he will never marry. What a pity he is not rich! He must have money with a wife; but the girl to please him would need to be perfect in herself, as he is so fastidious. Unfortunately, money is not often to be had along with all else that makes perfection in a wife."

Ida heard such remarks, and felt angry at her own want of judgment. Her first days at Ilford had been delightful. Now she said to herself that she had been grievously mistaken. Maurice Clinton was frank, kind, and cordial to his sister's friend, and did all in his power to promote her enjoyment. His parents were the most delightful host and hostess imaginable. But, somehow, she had not won for herself, either amongst high or low, the hearts she had resolved to gain when she came to Ilford.

She had, in one sense, every cause to be satisfied; in another, she was bitterly disappointed, and most of all with regard to Parry Clinton. She had been sure of seeing him at her feet; for Ida was shrewd enough to realise his position in respect to Aileen. And now he was the very centre of attraction in that charmed social circle, a place in which was the object of her highest ambition, whilst she only hovered round the edge of it by favour of her friendship with Aileen.

"I shall go away at the appointed time, and only Aileen will really care to see me again," thought Ida, as she shed tears of mortification in the quiet of her own room, whither she had retreated, having pleaded weariness and headache as an excuse for so doing.

And Parry Clinton, abundantly satisfied with himself, smiled at his successful experiment. "I have given Aileen's city friend a much-needed lesson," thought he. "I have taught her to know her real place and mine."

Whilst Parry mentally triumphed in his success, Aileen was deeply concerned about her friend's indisposition. There was to be a little gathering at the Park that evening. A few tableaux had been arranged, and an informal dance was to follow. A prominent part in the former had been assigned to Miss Ewbank, whose wardrobe included several charming character dresses. Now it seemed doubtful whether she would be able to take her share in the entertainment.

Aileen visited her friend's room after a sufficient interval had been allowed for rest, and found her sitting in an easy chair, but with no very happy expression on her face.

"I am so glad to find you better, Ida," she said. "Has the headache gone entirely?"

"Not quite; but a thorough rest will put me right, I dare say. I shall be dreadfully sorry to cause a change in the programme for to-night, but I scarcely feel fit to come down. I am sure you will make excuses for me," said Ida.

"Surely, dear, you are not really ill!" exclaimed Aileen. "If you are rested, and the headache so much better, I think the idea of giving pleasure to others will charm away the remainder of it. Do try to imagine the disappointment your absence will cause. And what a pity not to wear this exquisite costume!"

"Anyone may wear it who chooses,

and whom it will fit," said Ida. "I hate the sight of it."

A ray of light came into Aileen's mind. Something had annoyed her friend. She could see traces of tears on her cheeks. Weariness and headache would not account for these.

"My darling," said Aileen, "you have been grieving about something. Do tell me what is amiss? Have I said anything to pain you, or have you had bad news in your letters from home?"

Aileen's look of concern touched Ida, and she returned her friend's caress, whilst her face brightened.

"You have done nothing, dear—you could do nothing unkind to me or to anyone else. I have had a fit of the blues—that is all; but it has been enough to make me turn from fashion and finery, and to find in them only vanity and vexation of spirit."

"Then you are superior to me; for I find pretty garments very attractive, and never more so than when you wear them," said Aileen cheerily. "I am not the only one who holds that opinion. My father, mother, Maurice, and Parry declared that your dress and pose were perfection at rehearsal."

After this tribute Ida brightened visibly, and having taken a cup of tea, declared that it was just possible another hour's rest would enable her to take her share in the entertainment, and she did so.

At its close she was deservedly complimented, and thanked for the effort she had made; and as all present joined in the praise, Ida's spirits rose in proportion, and, despite the previous mortification, she retired to rest, feeling that, after all, life was worth living.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME HAPPY SPINSTERS.

SPINSTER, or spinstress, has more than one meaning in English, though generally, in its collective sense, it denotes an unmarried woman from the daughter of a viscount downwards. The term occurs in *The Vision of Piers the Plowman*. A spinning-house was formerly a house of correction for women, in which the inmates were compelled to labour at work which would have been an honour to them at home, and which might have prevented their getting into trouble at all. Hence, old Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, well remarks: "Many would never be wretched *spinsters* were they spinsters in deed, nor come to so public and shameful punishments if painfully employed in that vocation."

The census of the British Isles shows that the proportionate increase in the number of women as compared with men has continued, until the excess now stands at something like a million. Hence, it follows, that for a very large number of these spinsters there is only slight prospects of marriage, apart from emigrating to the Colonies or to the United States, where women are in the minority.

This state of things is supposed to be to the disadvantage of women; but that there are compensating advantages to those who will look for them is sufficiently obvious. When all things are as they should be, marriage is no doubt the happiest state for either a man or a woman. But there are so many instances in which both sides realise that they were united at the wrong time, or that a mistake was made in their becoming united at all, that marriage is certainly not the most felicitous condition to large numbers who have contracted it. This is not as it should be, but it is nevertheless a fact; and what we would emphasise is, that single women have far happier surroundings than those who have taken a false step in such a case. They have opportunities for serving themselves and others which the married cannot take advantage of while the management of a home devolves upon them. It seems worth while to take notice of some of the successful work which spinsters, as such, have been enabled to undertake, and which in many cases could only have been undertaken by women in a single condition. Who could tell us how much the world owes to spinsters? Of one thing we may be very certain, viz., that the world would be much worse off if there were none of these self-denying creatures to carry on its works of mercy.

It is an advantage to be brought up in such a way that work becomes to us, as it were, second nature. A century ago at this time there were living in the Suffolk village of Lavenham two little girls named Anne and Jane Taylor, the first of whom lived to be very aged, while the other passed away when she was just over forty, in 1825. These girls had much native talent; but probably the habits of industry in which they had been reared did more for them than their cleverness.

Isaac Taylor, Jane's father, was an accomplished copper-plate engraver; and the life of the family a hundred years ago at Lavenham, in Suffolk, seems to reveal to us the best side of eighteenth-century life. The family removed from London in 1786, when Jane was only three years old, but she was old enough to at once fall in love with the fine old house and large garden, the rental of which was only £6 a year, provisions and other things in the village being proportionately cheap. It almost seems as if, for a family of that kind who could take advantage of opportunities, those were the veritable good old times.

Jane was of a happy disposition, and is said to have shown as a child "an uncommon fertility of imagination in creating pleasures for herself." She, as it were, inhabited "a fairy-land, and was perpetually occupied with the imaginary interests of her teeming fancy." She had a habit of building castles in the air, which she afterwards thought to be injurious to a developing mind; but probably such exercises did her no harm. We believe that it was Lord Macaulay who attributed part of his success in life to that habit.

While Jane was growing up, the industry of all members of the household appears to have been a perfect marvel. Even when, in alliance with her sister Anne, Jane had, as little more than a child herself, become a successful writer for the young, her productions are said to have been "written in minutes or in half hours redeemed from other occupations to which more importance was attached in their own view, as well as in that of their parents."

Jane Taylor advanced from one thing to another, until she became recognised as one of the leading authors for children in the early part of this century. The literary work thus undertaken was the most difficult that anyone can attempt; but the success achieved is best shown by the way in which Jane Taylor's little poems have survived the test of time. Her pieces are still in high favour in the nursery, and are not likely soom to become obsolete, or even to become successfully rivaled.

Rarely does history tell of a young woman who showed such an all-round capacity for doing things well as Jane Taylor. At twenty she was an accomplised copper-plate engraver, who was able to assist her father in his profession. By way of recreation she was able, at the same time, to do most useful service with her pen; and all the while her domestic tact was of a kind to make her an acquisition in any household. What is more, she fully lived out her Christian teaching in her own life. Jane must have been an altogether delightful personage; and certainly she has to be ranked among successful spinsters.

One of a somewhat different kind, and who till the close of her life suffered more or less from the effects of an accident in childhood, was Anna Sewell, daughter of the author of *Mother's Last Words*. We rightly class Miss Sewell as a special genius in her own department, because she has surpassed all competitors in that forcible simplicity of language which is hardly less than an art. Like Jane Taylor, Anna Sewell passed away in middle age, when, in the natural course of things, she might have been expected to reach the height of usefulness. One rainy day, when returning from school, as a little girl, she slipped and very badly sprained her ankle. That mishap was destined to colour the whole of her after life, although, as her fond mother says, her life was not discoloured by it.

So long as she lived, Anna Sewell was the light of her home and of her mother's life. Both were eminently happy in their Christian profession; they were a help to each other in their every-day life; one seemed to be the complement of the other. Persons who, despite their bodily frailty, have yet become, as it were, a helpful influence to others, must necessarily be powerful characters, and such was Anna Sewell. Her powers of mind and large-hearted sympathies would have prompted her undertaking many works; but physical weakness was always present, and ardent aspirations had to be repressed. "Her very varied capacities enabled her to enter with unfeigned interest into a great variety of subjects," remarks Mrs. Bayley. "She could see at once how a picture should be composed, a fact or sentiment expressed, a garment cut out, how flowers should be arranged, what a committee should or should not do; but with all these mental resources, the frail body refused to do its part, and days and nights had to be spent in enforced idleness."

What would life be to the majority of girls or women under such conditions? Would they rise above weakness and depression to make even disadvantages contribute to their success? The experience of many humble-minded Christians proves that God gives strength to achieve even this miracle. Whatever Anna was enabled to do she would not leave undone; and any work she set her hand to she did well. As a critic of works in manuscript she rendered good service to her mother; and when she undertook to write

herself, the writing was of a kind to live and perpetuate its author's name. We have to remember Anna as the author of *Black Beauty*; and it is the extended circulation of that biography of a horse, or plea for kindness to animals in general, that warrants our putting the name of Anna Sewell on our list of successful spinsters.

Although the sprained ankle was the beginning of Anna's trials, it was followed by others which could not have come from such a cause. We find that her ailments were of that painful and depressing character which would have overwhelmed an ordinary girl; but in this case the beauty of Anna's character was brought out by affliction. It is said that "She could bear pain without showing it in her face or voice." Her mother once asked Anna if she never broke down or fretted over it; and the reply was, "Sometimes, when I am alone in my room, I do say, 'Poor Nannie!'" Still, despite all, Anna seems to have thought more about others than herself. When the family lived at Catton, old Mrs. Sewell would occasionally visit the poor, when Anna would ask her to call on some particular person, with the remark, "It is her washing-day, and she would be so pleased to see thee."

In the case of Anna Sewell, the best came last. The last seven years of her life were years of weakness, pain, and confinement to the house; and yet it was in those years that she actually did her life-work in writing *Black Beauty*. Too weak at times to write at all, she could at other times just command strength enough to use a pencil, when "the mother, sitting by, received the paper from the weary hand, and made a fair copy of it," so completing the work. It was a wonderful achievement altogether, and shows how varied are the instruments used by God. When she had arrived at her weakest condition physically, Anna was rendering her strongest service.

This book, as everybody knows, was quite a phenomenon, not only as being the work by an invalid, but as being written by a woman at all. Some years ago the public was surprised to learn that a certain author, who described with rare graphic power various pastimes and recreations pertaining to the open air, was a weakly cripple, who had to be propped up in his chair to enable him to write at all. In the case of Anna Sewell and *Black Beauty*, readers might have supposed that the author had made a life-long study of horses, stables, and grooms; and had, in point of fact, lived amid scenes similar to those she depicts. "Where you have obtained your stable-mindedness I can't imagine," remarked one to Anna herself. "Are you sure you have never stood on the steps of an omnibus, to collect passengers and watch the traffic?" Anna lived just long enough to see her book published, and to hear of its success; and then she entered into rest. Surely her life was in the most blessed sense a successful one.

Among single women who have made a name for themselves by dint of hard service, the name of Agnes Strickland, the historian, should not be overlooked. In the preparation of her chief work, Agnes Strickland was assisted by her sister, who would not allow her name to appear on the title-page. It seems that the chief ancestor of the family came over with William the Conqueror, and through being the first to land on English soil he took the name of Strickland. Agnes was born in 1806, and died in 1874; and for some years before her death she enjoyed a Civil List pension from the Government.

The Stricklands were thus what may be called a genuine old English family; and though Agnes showed all the prejudices of her class, she and her sisters worked industriously both at painting and authorship when the family property became diminished. In his entertaining book on *East Anglia*, Mr. J. E. Richie gives some glimpses of the family as he knew them in his young days, some sixty years ago. "Mr. Strickland had been dead some years, and the widow and the daughters kept up what little state they could; and I well remember the feeling of surprise with which I first entered their capacious drawing-room—a room the size of which it had never entered into my head to conceive of. It is to the credit of these Misses Strickland that they did not vegetate in that old house, but held a fair position in the world of letters."

The family mansion thus referred to was Reydon Hall, not far from the picturesque little watering-place of Southwold, in Suffolk. This, according to Mr. Richie, was "a dismal old house, suggestive of rats, and dampness, and mould." It had its only partly-furnished rooms, unoccupied stables and attics, while there was "a general air of decay all over the place, inside and out." Houses of this kind, however, have oftentimes proved of greater interest to visitors than others better kept and of more commanding exterior. In any case, it was there that Agnes Strickland wrought and succeeded at her life-work. Even a family library cannot be said to be complete without her carefully-written volumes, though they need to be read with discrimination.

The way in which Adelaide Anne Proctor introduced herself to the world, and established her position as a writer, shows that she was never at a loss for resources. Born in 1825, she passed away in the early part of 1864, at the age of thirty-nine. Her books have sold in such large numbers that she may properly be reckoned among English popular poets. Speaking of the character of her work, one remarks that, "Her unambitious verses, dealing with simple emotional themes in a simple manner, have a charm which is scarcely explicable on the ground of high literary merit, but which is due rather to the fact that they are the cultured expression of an earnest and beneficent life."

In his introduction to her *Legends and Lyrics*, the late Charles Dickens, who had long been acquainted with her parents, explains how he first became possessed of her writings. He inserted a poem in the Christmas number of *Household Words* for 1854, by one "Mary Berwick," who had supplied several other poems to the ordinary weekly issue. The author was supposed to be a clever governess who had travelled into Italy with her employers, and her letters were sent to a certain circulating library. One day in December, 1854, when Charles Dickens had engaged to dine with the Proctors, the secret came out. The Christmas number, entitled *The Seven Poor Travellers*, was then about to appear. "I took with me an early proof of that number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem written by a certain 'Miss Berwick,'" says Charles Dickens. "Next day brought me the disclosure, that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent as 'Miss Berwick'; and that the name had been assumed by Miss Adelaide Anne Proctor."

This method of bringing herself before the world had been chosen by Miss Proctor because she desired that her work should be judged on its own merits. Because her father and the editor of *Household Words* were such close friends, Adelaide feared that her productions might be inserted for mere friendship's sake, when otherwise they would be rejected. In such a trait of her character there is something of which girls may take notice to their own advantage.

If you have a capacity to do anything, do it without attempting to lean on other people, or on any props other than the merit of your work will supply. This is the kind of independence you will need to cultivate if you wish to succeed in the best sense. A thing won by mere favour may be of little credit to you, if any credit at all. Hard work is one of the chief blessings of life; and in the good providence of God it is commonly followed by success.

G. H. P.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

By MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER I.

Squire Darracott's daughter Kitty sat sewing in the parlour one bright June afternoon in the year of grace 1794. The sweet perfume of roses crept in through the open casement, the birds sang, and the butterflies fluttered athwart the trimly-kept garden. Within and without all was quiet and content. The window by which she was sitting overlooked a fine stretch of country. If she had been so minded, Mistress Kitty could have seen the village of Elmsfield, and beyond that the roof and chimneys of Lady Catherine Ardingby's house, Temple Grange.

But her eyes were fixed on her embroidery, and the needle flew swiftly backwards and forwards in her fingers. She worked on mechanically, while her thoughts were far, far away.

A year ago, Kitty Darracott, the only child of loving parents, had been as free from care as any maiden in the land; but of late shadows had been creeping up on every side. This afternoon she had betaken herself to the seclusion of the south parlour, and she was trying to face the difficulties that beset her path, to think them over before she was called to assist her mother in the gathering of lavender and rose-leaves wherewith to fill the china bowls that stood in every nook and corner of the house.

Kitty had been brought up in a strict school; she would not have dared to keep her mother waiting, no, not five minutes after her appointed hour. Madam Darracott, a gentle, delicate woman, of no great force of character, was treated with the greatest reverence by the squire, and he had taught his daughter to be of the same mind. Whatever went wrong on the estate, or in the daily life at High Row, the mistress was not to be troubled with complaints.

The clock in the hall outside struck three. Kitty dropped her needle, pushed back her rippling locks, that would dance on her forehead from beneath the frills of her white muslin cap, and took a letter from the folds of her broad sash.

The letter was heavily sealed, and the con-

"'I TRUST, MADAM, THAT YOU WILL ACCEPT MY ROSES!'"

tents were hastily written; nevertheless, Kitty could decipher every one of those ill-formed characters. "My dear and beloved child"—so ran the latter—"We are truly fallen on evil times. I pray God to keep your mother and you, my daughter, in good health. I long for news of you; also to hear how the haymaking is prospering. This being the case, and as my friends urge me to withdraw to the country, and patiently await better days, I propose to join you shortly. I do not mention day or hour in order that you may not be disappointed should I be detained in town. Mr. Pitt continues to have a large majority, and the war, once commenced, will surely drag England into the slough of despair . . ." There were a few directions concerning the garden, a message to the bailiff, and then the pith of the letter: "Look in my cabinet drawer—there are important papers. Conceal or destroy them, as is most convenient. No word to madam of this matter."

No word, indeed! Kitty understood the warning only too well. Her father had long been an ardent partisan of the Whig faction, and was bitterly opposed to the principles of Mr. Pitt, the great minister of England. It was not in the squire's nature to be half-hearted in his undertakings, and his opinions, bruited abroad on every opportunity, caused him to be regarded, in the eyes of his county associates, as a desperate Jacobin. True it was that he, as well as many another liberal Englishman, had been stricken with horror at the tidings of the execution of King Louis of France; but much as he disapproved that wicked deed, he refused to give up his cherished dream of reform, and to throw in his lot with the Tories. Restless and discontented, he was constantly journeying backwards and forwards between London and Elmsfield, doing little good to his friends, and thereby making himself a marked man in the eyes of county authorities. These were strange times, truly!

France had declared war against England; King George III. had issued a proclamation warning his subjects against secret societies; revolution was said to be rife in the land; the Government was taking the most stringent methods to maintain order, even at the cost of justice; in very truth it may be said that panic reigned.

No wonder that Kitty sighed as she read her father's letter. How she longed for his coming!—and yet hoped that his arrival might not lead to disputes with the neighbouring gentry. One point, however, was clear to her—she must obey his commands concerning his papers. The room in which the cabinet stood was close by; if she made haste there was still time before she joined her mother, and the matter would be off her conscience. She was light of foot, and having once taken her resolution, quick to act. In another moment she had opened the drawer and found the papers—printed matter mostly—and a score of letters. Having collected them hastily, she hesitated, uncertain how best to dispose of them. That the contents of the drawer were valuable in her father's estimation was perfectly clear, otherwise he had not put them so carefully together; and yet he wished them to be destroyed. Would it be better to look them through first? No: she had no authority to do so. Kitty was upright and honourable; she would not gratify her curiosity at the expense of her conscience. Without more ado she ran into the kitchen, where a huge fire was blazing on the hearth. There was no one in the kitchen for the moment. Kitty put the packet into the midst of the fire, and watched it blaze and then dwindle into a glowing mass, which finally dropped to ashes. She took a big faggot and placed it on the fire to make assurance doubly sure. A few printed leaves fell on to the hearth; these she hurriedly concealed in her pocket, to be burnt at a future period.

Then she turned her face, glowing from the flames, and went her way. She was punctual to a moment. For all her haste, she did not forget to drop a curtsey at the door before she went forward to receive her mother's embrace.

Madam Darracott had a gentle expression of countenance, and soft, grey eyes; she was dressed with great care in a figured silk gown, and her hair was powdered, and worn over a cushion.

"You are heated, my Kitty; is the day so warm?"

"No, mother, there is a pleasant breeze," answered truthful Kitty; "but I had directions from my father to burn some printed papers, and the fire has caught my face."

"Truly it has," answered Mrs. Darracott, who had been a beauty at the Court of Queen Charlotte in her day. "Come to my room, child, and I will give you a cooling cosmetic. I do not like to see you flushed."

"I am sorry, madam," said Kitty—she had dreaded being questioned as to the contents of the cabinet. "I will endeavour to act according to your wishes for the future."

Mrs. Darracott gazed with pride on her daughter; perhaps after all a little extra colour was not unbecoming to the complexion, and Kitty certainly looked her best to-day in her soft white gown. "You are a good child," she said; "and now give me your arm, and I will go into the garden and take the air."

Kitty's arm proved a very firm support; by the aid of it madam was enabled to walk as far as the summer-house; here she rested and looked on while Kitty ran about in the sunshine, collecting the falling rose-leaves and cutting the lavender. "And now, dear mother," she said, after a while, "I will pluck a posy of yellow roses for my godmother. They are just in their glory, and there are none like them at the Grange."

"Indeed there are not; our roses are the best in the county. Pick the finest, child, and Matthew shall carry them to the Grange before they fade."

Kitty was silent; it was very dull to send a nosegay by the servant. She had looked forward to taking it herself, to being thanked by her godmother, and, moreover, to hearing the last news of the county-side; for Lady Catherine Ardingby was not above retailing a little pleasant gossip. There was to be an assembly at the bishop's that day, and Kitty did wish to know how it went off. However, she could give up her own will very contentedly, and she never contradicted her mother, so she picked the yellow roses, and would have put them away until Matthew had finished his work in the garden, but that just then she caught sight of a familiar object passing along the lane.

It was the Grange sedan chair: the occupant thereof was no other than Lady Catherine herself, dressed for the approaching festivity. The chair was coming along at a good pace.

"Will you allow me to leave you for a few moments, madam?" said Kitty. "I see her ladyship's chair in the lane, and she is beckoning to me."

"By all means; run and pay your compliments to your godmother, Kitty. And tell her ladyship how I wish I had your health and strength; in that case I would wait upon her myself."

Kitty stayed to make sure that her mother's shawl was arranged just as she liked to have it, then she caught up the yellow roses, and made the best of her way across the garden. In searching for her handkerchief to dry the stalks of the flowers, she found a piece of paper, which she carefully wrapped round her nosegay. No drop of water must be permitted to fall on her godmother's gloves, or to soil the lace frills that she invariably wore on state occasions. In her excitement, Kitty gave not one thought to the contents of her pocket, nor had she a notion what was printed on that slip of paper, which assuredly ought to have been at that moment a little heap of ashes on the kitchen hearth. Full of joy, she ran into the lane. She was just in time. There was the sedan chair with its gilding and its silken tassels, and there, too, was Lady Catherine, turning a gracious face towards her young favourite.

James, her ladyship's servant, was behind the chair as usual. In front of the chair there stood a young man, a stranger, who seemed to make light of the burden he carried. Kitty wondered if her godmother had engaged a new attendant. As she advanced to the window, blushing and hesitating, to present her nosegay, the new attendant turned round, and Kitty perceived to her amazement that he was no servant, but a young gentleman, dressed, indeed, in sombre hues, but in handsome attire, from his laced hat to his silver shoe-buckles.

Covered with confusion, she thrust her sweet-scented nosegay into the window. "I trust, madam," she said, "that you will accept my roses. I plucked them for your ladyship this morning, and ran after your chair to bring them to you."

"Accept them! Indeed I will," replied the old lady, in ringing tones. "And you, my Kitty—kiss me, child. You are a very rose-bud yourself. I wanted to speak with you too. Will you come to-morrow, and look to my new embroidery stitch? Your young eyes see better than mine, I warrant. And hark ye, Harry"—waving a peremptory hand to her conductor—"put down the chair a moment—I will present you to the young lady."

The stranger obeyed instantly, and came to the side of the chair. "Your ladyship does me great honour," he said, and his voice was very pleasant.

"I intend to do you honour when I introduce you to my goddaughter, and the best girl in the parish. Kitty, this is my nephew, of whom you have heard me speak, lately returned from foreign parts. Allow me to present him to you—Mr. Henry Ardingby—Miss Catherine Darracott."

Kitty curtseyed till the edge of her short frilled gown touched the gravel path, and the young man, bowing low, raised his hat with a profound sweep.

(*To be continued.*)

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JEANIE ENTICES THE COLONEL FROM HIS "DEN."

It was distressing to mark the effect of the events of the last few days upon the members of the Stanard household.

The colonel, in spite of his most strenuous efforts on behalf of his children, was unable to cast aside even temporarily the weight of care that brooded like a heavy cloud over his brow, and caused him at times to fear that an incipient disease was numbing the action of his heart.

Not only did grim ruin stare him in the face, but it was impossible for him to avoid the conclusion that he had only himself to blame for his over-sanguine and premature action in listening to Rolfe's scheme respecting the water adventure.

Then, too, he felt, as only men like himself—high-minded, proud in all that related to his individual honour, or the honour of the Stanard family—must feel.

To these incentives to self-torture he was continually adding the reflection, that instead of reducing the burdens on the property, as he had been doing before he was bewitched by this glittering soap-bubble, and could still have gone on doing, he knew now that when the estates should be delivered up to the rightful owner, as they must be immediately, the state of things would be infinitely worse than they were left by his dying father.

Was it for this that he had toiled and suffered, depriving his children of their rights even from his own income? Had all gone for nothing, but to give the young man for whom he had endured the burden the opportunity to enter his house as a spy, anxious to detect any infringement of Benjamin Stanard's will, whereon he might hang his own claim?

Paul Stanard did not disguise from himself that the fact of Rolfe's treachery, in return for his own goodwill, constituted the gall in his cup of suffering; working (as he believed the young man had done) not only to discover flaws in his mode of carrying out the dead man's wishes, but not resting content till he had won also for himself the heart of his daughter.

And that he was right in his last conclusion he could no longer doubt. Day by day, as he watched his first-born child, the fear grew into certainty.

Had she rebelled at the discipline he exacted from her; had she argued against Rolfe's sudden and abrupt dismissal, or worried him to recall her cousin, and give him at least an opportunity to speak in his own defence, Paul Stanard felt that he should have had less pity for his child.

But his heart smote him hourly when he noticed her unswerving, unquestioning obedience, and compliance with his wishes. Once, and once only, had she urged him to hear her; and that was on the day of Rolfe's dismissal. Since then no word on the subject had been spoken between them. Each had tried in the presence of the other to assume the cheerfulness they were so far from feeling; but the attempt, bravely as it was made, met with but scant success, and they knew that the harmony of their former intercourse had been marred—possibly for ever.

To Beth, the knowledge that father was greatly troubled about the failure of the waterworks, and that in consequence he would lose much money, was quite enough to account for his changed manner, and she concluded that Jeanie grieved for his sake.

But to Sybil the matter appeared far otherwise. She knew the root of the causes preying upon both, and sincere was the sympathy she felt for them; but she was also sorry on her own account. Engrossed as they both were, they seemed not to notice the lapse of time, and that her own term of probation—the quarter she had been engaged for—was fast drawing to a close.

In less than a week her three months' engagement would have ended, and neither Jeanie nor the colonel had asked her to stay on.

She could not resist the hope that directly she mentioned the matter to the colonel, he would urge her to continue her present duties; still, she did wish he would himself have remembered how short her engagement was, and have secured her future services if only as an earnest that his thoughts were to some extent with her, and that he felt her presence a necessity.

But the hope seemed to die, as she reminded herself of the colonel's desperate position, and the immediate necessity, as it would seem to him, of the most cruel retrenchments. Well, she must wait her opportunity, seek some favourable moment when the colonel was alone, and then tell him that in two or three days she must leave. How would he receive the news? What would he say?

Perhaps after all it were better for her that she had to tell him herself. The suddenness might reveal all she wearied to know. Ah, yes! And thus thrown off his guard, what might he not say or do? Involuntarily she put her hand to her heart to still its wild throbbings.

A low tapping, and Jeanie's voice at her bedroom door roused her from these exciting thoughts.

She was grateful for the half darkness of the room as she admitted Jeanie.

"Tea is nearly ready, Sybil; but I wanted a few minutes' talk with you first. Haven't you lighted your candles yet?"

"No," replied her friend, as she hastened to do so. "I was taking a leaf out of your book, and trying to enjoy the twilight."

Jeanie sighed as she recalled the events following her last twilight indulgence, and thought how strenuously she must now avoid all conditions favourable to the dreaming which could only bring painful thoughts.

Sybil, having drawn down her blinds, turned towards her. "Why, Jeanie, how charming you look! What's going to happen to-night? Who is coming?" she asked, as she noticed her friend's pretty evening dress, and the terra-cotta tinted chrysanthemums in her hand.

"Nothing is going to happen; neither is anyone coming, that I am aware of," Jeanie answered, with a gratified little smile. "But your questions bring me to the very thing I wanted to say. Sit down here, Sybil"—and she drew her to the ottoman beside herself. "It is all my fault," she began; "but lately—since father's trouble I mean—I fear I have been very careless. You know that every night after tea he has gone to his "den," and as we have sat by ourselves I thought, What is the good of changing one's dress? I know I have been idle and giving way, and, I fear, influenced Beth to do the same."

"Never mind, darling," said Sybil, in a soothing tone.

"But I remember, dear, you told us we ought not to do so," continued Jeanie; "and that we ought to continue to sit in the little drawing-room, and entice father to join us. I wish I had done so, and been as particular as you have been; but now I mean to alter. I have ordered the fire in the drawing-room again, and Beth has changed her dress. Perhaps if father sees us once more as we usually were, he will come too, if only for an hour. What do you think?"

Sybil kissed Jeanie as she answered, "I think you are acting very wisely. It is your duty to make the evenings as bright and interesting as possible, and try to draw your father away from those wretched accounts and his own dark thoughts. But I must follow your example. Shall I have time to dress before tea?"

"I think so," said Jeanie. "Put on your black lace dress and the yellow sash, then I will go and pick you some of those lovely yellow anemone chrysanthemums from the conservatory."

"Very well," Sybil replied, quite ready to wear the dress that the advancement of her salary had enabled her to purchase, and which she was aware suited her well.

When Jeanie returned with the flowers she found Sybil clasping an amber necklet around her well-shaped throat, and after fastening the flowers in the bodice of her dress, they descended together to the morning-room, where the usual substantial tea awaited them.

Since the death of his father, the colonel, both from economical motives and for the good of his children, had given up his late dinner-hour, and instituted the half-past six o'clock meal in its place. As a rule, he had contrived after that time to retire with his children to the drawing-room, and there spend the evening till they went to bed; though

when occasion required it he often made up for lost time by working late into the night.

Since the collapse of the water scheme he had shut himself resolutely in his "den," and his children had only seen him at meal-times.

On the few occasions when he forced himself to leave the perplexing, and apparently never-to-be-righted accounts, and spend a short time with his girls, he strove to assume something like brightness and composure. But the sight of them, and the thought of their blighted future, invariably caused him to break down, and hurry away, a still more miserable man, back to the solitude of his room.

At the tea table, on the evening of the girl's loving experiment, his keen eye did not fail to mark the difference in the dress of the young people around him. It was an observance he had always liked, and required from his girls, and, in a certain way, the attention to his wishes pleased him now.

When Beth, therefore, at the close of the meal, put her arms round his neck and begged him to come in the drawing-room and play with her, just a little while, like he used to do, he found it difficult to refuse; and when his eyes met afterwards the pleading expression in Jeanie's face as she whispered softly, "I will sing to you, father, if you like," he hurried from the room, promising to join them presently.

"You are a dear, good girl," said Sybil, as arm in arm they crossed the hall, for she knew that Jeanie had only sung to her father once since Rolfe's dismissal, and then had broken down in the attempt.

"Will you help me?" Jeanie asked. "Father always likes your songs."

"That is because he likes all singing," replied Sybil; knowing at the same time that she had carefully practised and studied all the old ballads she had heard him on different occasions express a liking for. "But I will willingly help you all I can."

"Then I will run upstairs and fetch some new music that I left there."

"Beth," said Sybil, when Jeanie had departed, "come and see what I have here"—and she took from a side table a tempting-looking square packet tied up in white paper.

"What is it?" asked Beth, crossing the room to her side.

"Open and see," retorted Sybil.

The child did so, and disclosed to view a prettily bound book of Indian fairy tales.

"Oh, how lovely! And just look at the pictures! Is it for you to read; and will you read some to me?" Beth asked. "I love fairy tales so much!"

"I know you do," said Sybil, "and that is why I bought the book for you."

"Oh, Sybil!" she exclaimed, in a low voice of delight. "How could you buy it, and for me, when I am not a bit good to you, though I am really trying to be? With your very own money did you buy it? And you know, as you say, you have so little money! Wouldn't you like to keep it for your own self?"

"No, you dear little girl," said Sybil. "It makes me happy to give it to you; and I know you have tried very hard to be good lately; I have been quite pleased with you."

"Thank you very, very much!" said Beth. "But why are you so much kinder than you used to be—eh?"

"Because I want you to try to love me a little," Sybil answered.

"Now, isn't that strange!" said the child, her head on one side, and a wise expression on her face. "I have often said to myself lately, 'I do think I am getting to love Sybil,' and then I tried not to. I am sure I sha'n't be able to help it. I won't try any more, if you really want me to love you, so there!"—and with her hearty impulsiveness she jumped on Sybil's lap and kissed her.

What was it that caused a strange, unknown feeling of pleasure to throb in Sybil's heart, and to return Beth's embrace with all the warmth of her passionate nature? She was herself unaware of the cause.

Jeanie re-entered the room at the moment, and a glad smile lighted her face.

"Look here, Jean!" cried Beth; "do look at my book! Sybil gave it to me. See! see! Real Indian fairy tales!"

"How kind of her," said Jeanie, as together they looked over the book.

"Bend down your head—I want to whisper to you, Jean," said Beth presently. Then looking to see that Sybil could not hear, she whispered, "I am getting to love Sybil. She is good, and I didn't know she was." Then she jumped up, exclaiming, "I shall set the draught-board, and get father to play with me"—and she drew up a little table beside the easy-chair he usually occupied. "Do you know, Jean, that I won last time we played; and perhaps Rolfe will come to-night. Do you think so?"

"No," said Jeanie, crossing the room to where her sister was seated on one of the arms of an easy-chair. "I know he won't come. Don't ask me *why*, Beth darling; but father has told him not to come. Hush! Father will be here directly. Promise me you won't speak about Rolfe—promise me, darling."

Beth looked at her sister's face, usually so pale, but now flushed and anxious, saw the excited manner and quivering lips, and flinging her arms around her, kissed her impetuously as she whispered, "I promise, Jean."

A moment later she was monopolising her father, and dictating to him as to the mode of proceeding for the game.

Jeanie went to the piano, while Sybil seated herself at a low table near the fire, and proceeded to embroider the colonel's initials on some new handkerchiefs he had bought.

"Do not play if you are tired, my darling," said the colonel, as he watched Jeanie across the draught-board.

"Oh, no, I am not tired, father," she replied brightly. "This afternoon I was practising some of that sacred music you brought me. I like it very much."

"Ah! I had forgotten. Play some to me now!" replied her father, divining her wish to avoid those songs that Rolfe had so lately listened to and accompanied her in.

Jeanie was not a brilliant pianist, but she had a correct ear, and rendered the music she attempted with a delicate touch and sympathetic feeling.

Her father, until this new calamity had befallen him, greatly enjoyed the hours spent in listening to her. And for awhile, as she now played to him Mendelssohn's *Lieder*, followed by some sacred songs from *Elijah*, he forgot the carking weight of care oppressing him.

The game of draughts was finished, Beth winning an easy victory; and when she climbed on her father's knee, he drew her closely to him, and his broad chest expanded as his spirit, lifted for the while above his trouble, rose in sympathy with the words Jeanie was singing—"Rest in the Lord."

Her fresh, clear young voice rose sweetly, and with a penetrative power, as she lingered on the words, "Oh, rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him." And when she had finished, and crossed the room, in answer to a summons from Beth, both father and daughter felt the better for her effort.

Then Beth had to sing a little song she had been learning from Sybil as a surprise for her father; and Jeanie had made the latter accompany her, and give a large amount of instruction as to when and how she was to begin.

Her pretty and original way of singing the child's song fully deserved the hearty clap her father gave, which Beth pretended to resent with indignation, telling him he didn't clap when Jean or Sybil sang, and he ought not to do so when she did.

Her father declared himself fully convinced of his error of judgment, and sighed as he remembered the pile of papers yet waiting his examination, and for answer in the library. He felt he ought to be at work there, but Jeanie had immediately enticed Sybil to the piano, and he felt it would be discourteous to leave abruptly.

Beth was holding a skein of silk for Jeanie to wind, and the colonel, shading the light from his eyes with his hand, followed in thought the eternal and unanswerable question as to how he should meet claims and liabilities exceeding his own individual property many fold.

Sybil sang on, ballad succeeding ballad, each in its turn commented on and praised by Jeanie, but unnoticed, as the singer was fully aware, by the colonel.

The omission disappointed her; the disappointment produced listlessness in her voice and action, as she remembered that her dress, attitude, and songs had been all studied and chosen for him whom she was powerless to move.

The thought was bitter to her, but the bitterness gave the required stimulant. Despairing of success if she failed in this small matter, then doubly so in the end she so yearned to obtain, the tumult of her desires voiced itself in the song—"Home, sweet Home"—she had so listlessly begun.

The colonel started as the passionate voice filled the room, and stirred vibrating chords within him.

Concealing his features by his hand, his eyes turned in the direction of the

"THE SONG OF THE SIREN."

singer. What possessed her, he wondered, that she sang with such unwonted feeling to-night! His critical ear and taste had often detected errors both in her playing and singing that would have spoilt her performances but for a brilliant and impassioned style peculiar to herself, that could not fail to attract, even though the sentiment was occasionally misapplied.

But to-night there was no mistaking the genuine ring of deep feeling underlying the words of this or that song, "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet"—which, being one he had often himself sung, he listened to with increasing interest.

Was it the possible fear she would have to leave a home made dear to her by the love of friends that explained the pathos, and accounted for the agitation unmistakably apparent, as in full mellow tones she sang—

"How calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friend
I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this
cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be
mingled in peace."

As she closed the music-book, Jeanie came over to her. "That was beautiful!" she said. "Go on, darling, if you are not tired. I never heard anyone sing as you can do sometimes. I only wish I could make the songs speak as you do. Will you sing another?"

"If you like, and I am not wearying you," answered Sybil, who felt rather than saw that she had at last succeeded in carrying the colonel's thoughts with her.

As Jeanie returned to her seat, Sybil took up the old song, "Robin Adair," and sang it with all the wild abandonment of her nature.

Her listeners sat spell-bound. The colonel was visibly moved, and marvelled at the depth of feeling suddenly revealed in the strange young creature before him.

The lamp and the candles around the piano showed in strong relief against the comparative gloom of the other parts of the room, and brought out finely the dusky warm-tinted face with its tostle of fluffy black hair high-crowning the small head.

The scarlet lips and the strongly-marked brows vivified the face, still further set off by the amber beads encircling the arched neck.

By the rapid rise and fall of the flowers on her bosom, and by the tremor in her voice, the colonel saw that Sybil Capella was moved by some strong feeling, and against his will that feeling was moving him in an unaccountable manner.

Spellbound he hung upon her words and gazed upon her. Jeanie had rested her head on her hand while the old song found its way to her heart also.

The voice of the siren had fascinated her listeners, held them captive to her power, and Sybil knew it.

As her song was breathed softly to its close, and a profound silence testified to its general effect, Sybil placed on the music-stand the song she had reserved as her last.

She knew it to be the colonel's favourite—"Ye Banks and Braes," and she rendered it as feeling it might be the last she would ever sing to him.

She gave forth its pathetic lament with a power and passion of suffering that left no dry eye in the room; and the song was to herself prophetic of future misery.

As Sybil finished, Jeanie, with a softly murmured "Thank you, dear," passed from the room reminding Beth that it was her bedtime, and that if she came quickly she would tell her a little story to send her to sleep.

"Good-night, father dear!" cried Beth with a demonstrative hug, almost glad to break a spell which had held her silent longer than she cared for. "Has Sybil made you cry or creep? I don't know which she made me feel most like. We shall miss her, sha'n't we? She goes at the end of this week, you know. Good-night, father!" and before he could detain or question her, she had followed Jeanie upstairs.

(To be continued.)

OUR BIRDS.

By the Author of "My Great-Aunt's Cat," "Willie Hubert and his Six Little Friends," etc.

PART I.

Now that the long winter is upon us again, I am anxious to place upon record some account of observations—made with care, though having no claim to be called scientific—with regard to the ways and doings of a variety of birds that were last year more or less frequent visitors to our lawn. I think that few people are aware of the extent to which it is possible to tame wild birds without in any way interfering with their liberty, or of the pleasures to be derived from so taming them; and, in the interests of the birds themselves, I shall indeed be glad if some who have not hitherto thought much about the matter are induced, by reading this history of our experiences, to make a similar provision for the wants of their little feathered neighbours.

About this time there appeared upon the lawn two small speckled birds, robins in their first plumage, evidently just cast adrift by their parents to make their own way in the world. There is perhaps no more touching indication of the special link that seems to exist between robins and mankind, all the world over, than the way in which young robins, which cannot possibly be influenced by remembered benefits, seek instead of shun human society. A young thrush will occasionally do the same thing, but with robins it seems pretty much a matter of course. When we were children, they used every summer to come hopping up to us among the currant bushes, evidently quite convinced of our kindly feelings towards them. It is to be feared that the fate of these confiding young robins is very often to be devoured by cats, and this brings me to what is in general the main difficulty with regard to the taming of wild birds. It was fortunate for the result of our experiment that our cat is kept pretty strictly to the back premises by the joint efforts of two little dogs, who are of opinion that no four-footed animal but themselves ought to be tolerated upon the lawn. We were therefore able to throw food upon the ground for our birds without fear of the consequences, instead of placing it on the ledge of an upper window, which is often the only safe plan. It followed too that when puss did pay a rare visit to the front garden, she had the meek manners of one who knew that she was only there on sufferance. I have seen her run across the lawn in a cowed way, pursued by a chorus of shrieking birds; and I have watched her basking in the sun on the top of a low wall, apparently unconscious of, or indifferent to, the fact that a young robin was dancing in an excited manner on the same wall, only a few inches from her extended tail. (He had at least the sense to keep behind her!) How much craftiness may have been hidden under her innocent demeanour cannot of course be told, but it is a fact that, though an excellent mouser and rat-catcher, she has never been known to bring a bird into the house.

Before long the young robins I have mentioned quite took up their abode upon the lawn, living upon insects—which they caught with great agility—and upon the ripe mulberries that were just beginning to fall, as well as upon the crumbs that we gave them as they came hopping about our feet in an expectant manner. Later on we named them "Young Robin" and "Young Robin's Brother," to distinguish them from others of their kind. Young Robin became much the tamer of the two, and very soon would fly up on to our hands and take food from them. A pair of old robins—the parent birds, as we supposed—often appeared in the background, and seemed, by their notes of alarm, to be warning their children not to be so venturesome. One of these, of whom we saw a great deal at a later period, we named "Old Robin." He was a very dignified old bird, and was distinguished by a white edge to each wing, very apparent in the summer time, though not so evident in the winter, when he ruffled his feathers more.

For many weeks poor Polly's cage—open, and with food in it—was left upon the lawn day and night in the hope that when she found herself in want she might come back to it again. The robins, young and old, were delighted with the arrangement, which they appeared to regard as made for their especial benefit. They hopped easily in and out through the bars and ate the soaked bread, while one of them was generally to be seen perched upon the ring which served as a handle. Other birds, probably sparrows, carried off the maize. It was only too evident that Polly herself had not come for it, since it was carried away whole, whereas she always used to crunch the grain as she ate, dropping more on the ground than she swallowed.

Our acquaintance with Young Robin had lasted about three weeks when we noticed that he was becoming very shabby and dishevelled-looking, and then came a morning when I was horrified to find a tuft of what looked like his speckled feathers lying on the grass. It was a great relief when the little bird came flying to my hand as usual. A great change had come over him, however,

inasmuch as he had a smooth olive head in the place of his rough speckled one. Before long his red breast came into view, and a little later I heard him for the first time make an attempt at a song. He was very diffident about it, and seemed to be listening to his own voice, and wondering whether he was doing it rightly.

But after this time Young Robin was seldom seen on the lawn, Old Robin having evidently decided that now that he was a full-fledged bird he was no longer to be tolerated on his "beat." It is a point with regard to which robins are peculiarly sensitive. We had, during the winter season, a robin of the front-door and a robin of the back-door, a robin of the stables and a robin of the kitchen windows, each of which reigned supreme in his own domain, and would not endure a rival. Old Robin was the robin of the lawn, and he now began to drive away his sons whenever he saw them there. The immediate result was that Young Robin very often came into the house after us, especially at meal-times. His favourite perch was the mantel-piece, from which he would watch our proceedings with interest, flying down from time to time to take crumbs from our hands, or to pick them up from the floor; and more than once, on coming down in the morning, I have found him on the breakfast-table calmly helping himself to butter. He also took great interest in gardening operations, and whenever he saw me engaged in them would come hopping about, picking up small worms, or darting at spiders, for which he had a special liking.

It was during a spell of colder weather at the end of September, when we no longer cared to sit much with open windows, that Young Robin suddenly disappeared. Old Robin had of late taken up his post on the back of a garden seat not far from the dining-room windows, where he sat and sang nearly all day long; but we missed our little bird sadly none the less. Some days passed, and then, as one of our party was resting in a hammock under some trees in a field adjoining the garden, a robin alighted on her shoulder and began pecking at some berries that she was wearing in her dress. In this way we found out the place of Young Robin's banishment, and after this we used to visit him frequently. His was not a lonely exile by any means. Whenever we called him numerous robins answered from different parts of the field. They were, I imagine, for the most part young birds, driven out of the garden like himself by the older robins, and many of them were disposed to be friendly. But there was no mistaking any one of them for our special robin. Sometimes we found him in a hawthorn bush. More often he peered down upon us from the fork of a big elm, where he appeared to be engaged in insect-hunting. He was always interested in seeing what food we had to offer him, and generally he came down for it. What delighted him most were bluebottle flies—of which I have known him eat six in quick succession—which we fished up for him out of a wasp trap. The syrup in which they had been immersed was rather a recommendation than not, I think.

Young Robin lived his field life very happily for some weeks. But when the weather grew really cold, and insects and berries became scarce, he and his brother again drew near to the house. The garden robins were fiercely indignant, and drove them about pitilessly. Their only refuge was the house itself, and they came in at any window they found open. The two young robins, with very often a third robin that had followed in pursuit, were at this time continually to be met with in one room or other. Young Robin could always be known by the serene way in which he would sit and look at us. His brother was some degrees less tame, while the old robins always flew to the window. Young Robin was not altogether free from the faults of his race, and I am sorry to say that as soon as he felt himself safe from his enemies he was too apt to turn round and chase his brother in the same fashion that he himself had just been chased.

But I must go back a few weeks to describe our first acquaintance with some others of our birds. Two of these, a blackbird and a thrush, made their appearance a little later than the robins, and were, like them, young birds lately fledged. We often wondered what had become of the rest of their respective families, and how it was that just one solitary representative of each took up his abode on our lawn. The birds did not associate together, each living his own independent life; but neither did they quarrel. They did not come about us as the robins did, but they became very fairly tame, and would lie basking in the sun on the lawn or preen their feathers within a short distance of us, just as chickens might do. Their food consisted, no doubt, partly of worms and insects, but they also fed to a great extent on the mulberries of which I have already made mention, and which, as they ripened, attracted a good many other blackbirds to the spot.

I wish that we could believe that the blackbird and thrush that afterwards became such familiar figures on our lawn were the same young birds that I have just been describing; but if it is a fact, as stated by the best authorities on the subject, that young blackbirds never attain their full adult plumage till the end of the second autumn, then it is clear that our special blackbird "Dick," at any rate, belonged to another generation. It was towards the end of the autumn, and when the mulberries were beginning to fail, that the blackbird we afterwards knew by this name first approached the "Birds' Window." This is, I ought to explain, a window opening on to the lawn, in front of which Old Robin and some other birds were at this time regularly fed. We gave them breadcrumbs at first, but finding that they greatly preferred bread soaked in milk, which is doubtless much more nourishing, that became from that time forth their staple food. The blackbird took the bread and milk, like the other birds; but he showed a decided preference for anything of a meaty nature that was offered him, and much appreciated a piece of cake or pie-crust. He used to come close under the window and look up in a pathetic sort of way when he was hungry. I had never seen a blackbird so near before, and I was not at first favourably impressed by his appearance. Certainly at this time Dick was anything but a beauty. His head was rough and stubbly-looking, and he had altogether an ungainly look. As a matter of fact he was preparing to moult, just as Young Robin had done. Wild birds, if one may judge from these two cases, manage this process more cannily than domestic fowls, inasmuch as they do not shed their old feathers until their new ones are pretty well developed, thus avoiding the uncomfortable interval which is usual in our poultry yards. By the time our blackbird had parted with his shabby coat he was—with his jet-black plumage and his orange bill—as handsome a bird as anyone could wish to see. It was at about this time that we gave him his name of "Dick." He very soon got to know it, and would come running out of the bushes when we called him.

Dick and the robins were not the only birds whose acquaintance we made before the winter set in. There was a border just beyond the lawn, on which grew a row of sunflowers; and among them we observed in the autumn some small birds busily at work. They were grey in colour—a very pale grey underneath, and a darker grey above—and had black heads. Their voices and manners showed them to be tits of some sort, and eventually we came to the conclusion that they were cole-tits; but this was later in the season, when we had opportunities of observing them much more closely. I thought that they were engaged in hunting for insects, until, wishing one day to secure some sunflower seed, I found that several heads were quite empty. So industrious were the little birds, that they would have taken all the seed as it ripened if I had not tied up two or three heads in muslin. The tits were very anxious to get at these preserved heads when once the other heads were cleared, and always gave a pleased twitter when they saw me anywhere near, evidently expecting that I was going to help them to do so. When they found that there was really no more sunflower seed for them, then they too came to the window to see what else there was to be had. Unlike most of the birds, they did not care about the bread and milk, which they turned over in a discontented fashion. They liked fragments of biscuit or cake much better, partly perhaps because they were more easily carried away, in accordance with their habitual custom, no doubt to swell some secret hoard. What, however, they liked far better than even these were crumbs of fat or butter, which we placed for them from time to time on the cork of a wasp trap that had remained since the summer suspended to a jessamine-bough close to the window. I am not certain how many cole-tits came about the house in the first instance. My impression was that there were at least three or four of them; but they were such active little birds, and carried off so much food, returning continually for more, that it would have been easy to fancy that there were more of them than there really were. Throughout the winter, at any rate, only a single pair came to the window. These we named respectively "King Cole" and "Queen Cole," the former being easily distinguished by a white spot on the back of his neck and slight white bars across his wings, as well as by a greater extent of black under his chin.

A party of tom-tits made their appearance about the same time as the cole-tits. There were certainly five or six of them. They were the prettiest little birds imaginable, full of fun and frolic, and so good-tempered—never quarrelling among themselves or with other birds—that I began to think that tom-tits were a much-maligned race.

A pair of tits, in some respects like them in colouring, but very much larger, and with glossy black heads, often put in an appearance at meal-times. These we knew to be the greater tits. Their manners were very business-like compared with those of the blue-headed tits. We never saw them swinging or playing about. They always came direct to the food, scattering the smaller tits in all directions.

There is a yucca not far from the birds' window, to the long, spiked leaves of which some of the tom-tits or the cole-tits might generally be seen clinging; or they would hang suspended, head downwards, to the jessamine sprays in front of the window, against which the tom-tits would scrape their bills when specially hungry. Another bird that often tapped against the window as the cold weather came on was Old Robin, who would also come into the room if he had a chance and there was no one in it. He was, I should think, a fair specimen of what is usually known as "a tame robin," though, in comparison with Young Robin, we thought him rather wild. Young Robin had by this time quite taken up his abode in the yucca; where, by reason of the spikes with which he was surrounded and the near proximity of the window, he found himself tolerably safe from his father's furious onslaughts. Here he would sit for hours together, literally "leaning his

breast against a thorn," and looking the picture of innocence and sweetness, until his brother or some other robin appeared upon the scene, when he and Old Robin (it was the one point upon which they were agreed) would furiously attack the intruder. One of the two Robins it was, I have no doubt, who was responsible for the loose tuft of feathers in the back by which we were for a long time able to distinguish Young Robin's Brother, a gentle, timid little bird, that seemed entirely free from the fighting propensities of its family, until, alas! one day when both Old and Young Robin happened to be out of the way, I was eye-witness to a violent attack made by this very meek little bird on a stranger robin which ventured to come to the feeding-ground.

Young Robin never fought with any bird but those of his own kind. He ignored the other birds absolutely. I shall never forget the look of mingled astonishment and disgust with which—with craned neck—he watched from his yucca a fight that was going on between his father and a sparrow. For we had sparrows among our birds, of course—a whole troop of them. I have generally seen them described as quarrelsome birds, but this was not our experience of them. In the case I have just mentioned, it was Old Robin, who thought all other birds ought to give way to him, who began the quarrel. They lived very peaceably among themselves, as far as we could see, and never interfered with the other birds except by gobbling down as much food as they could before the others had made up their minds where to begin. They never stood upon their dignity, which gave them a great advantage over the rest. But they were comparatively very uninteresting. I never succeeded in distinguishing one from another, except in the case of one old fellow, who looked as if he wore a very big cravat, and as if he might be the grandfather of all the rest.

(*To be concluded.*)

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

ISABEL.—The article which instructs in "The Art of Conversing Agreeably" is to be found in vol. ii., p. 675; also, "Good Breeding as Shown in Conversation," in vol. v., p. 38.

AGATHA W.—There are several religious educational unions. The Christian Progress Union, to which you refer, is conducted by the Rev. Ernest Boys, Beverley, Sidcup, Kent; and for a card of membership write to the Secretary, Christian Progress Union, 21, Exeter Hall, London, W.C. State what you are, and enclose a stamp.

M. W.—We advise you to write to the Secretary of the Improvement Society, under the Rev. G. V. Collison, vicar of Clodock, near Abergavenny—Secretary, Miss E. S. Knapp, Ivy Place, Hamstead Road, Handsworth. Also to the Secretary of the Christian Women's Education Union, Conference Hall, 143, Clapham Road, S.W.—Your writing needs improvement, and the lines kept straight.

THORA.—You might apply to the Hon. Secretary of the Zenana Medical College, 58, St. George's Road, S.W., Dr. G. de G. Griffith. Also to the Rev. Canon Crowfoot, Minster Yard, Lincoln, Secretary of the Delhi and South Punjaub Zenana Medical Mission (Church of England). The Director is the Rev. R. R. Winter, Delhi. There is a third training institution for foreign medical missions; Hon. Secretary, Miss Hamilton, 2, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C. We think one of these would suit you.

J. T.—You should perfect yourself in spelling as one qualification in a nurse, as she has to keep a book of notes daily. There is a Children's Hospital in Glasgow, where, we imagine, nurses may be trained. You had better write to enquire particulars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ERICA.—You would be useless as a travelling companion if unable to speak any language but your own. Write copies, and slope your letters from right to left. A companion should write a good hand, suitable for writing notes.

HOPEFUL must write to the minister of the church, and, telling him who she is, explain her wishes to become a member.

WHITE IVYLEAF and ONE IN DOUBT.—We have frequently answered this question, and said that people who are inclined to stammer should be careful to take a full breath before speaking, and also during the time of speaking. Reading aloud is one of the best assistants towards a cure.

M. H. B. and ESMERALDA.—Lines are fairly good, but not quite up to our mark.

W. I. S.—The alteration in the Christian name of an infant is made within the year at the Registrar's office, paying a fee of 1s. We suppose you could do this, or at least you could enquire there as to the proper course to be taken to alter the name.

A MOTHER.—Many cordial thanks for the information.

J. KEELING and EVIE.—You will find all we have to suggest on the subject of earning a living in our articles, just concluded, on employments for women and young girls. We must refer you to them.

E. JESSOP.—We see that nothing is said in the Civil Service papers on the subject of eyesight. You had better write, and put the question direct, to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Westminster, S.W., enclosing a doctor's certificate.

A. L.—If you wish to spend ten days or so at some inland place where there are objects of interest to be visited, you would enjoy a visit to Salisbury. There are some nice little quiet hotels there where you would be comfortably boarded at small expense. First, there is the beautiful cathedral to be seen; then there is the site of Old Sarum, about which you should make yourself well acquainted by procuring a little guide-book—you would find one in your hotel. Thirdly, there are the wonderful remains of Stonehenge, to which you should take a drive. Sir John Lubbock and Sir R. C. Hoare attribute a greater age to those of Abury (or Avebury), that of the latter to the beginning of the Age of Bronze, and Stonehenge to the latter end of that period.

GRACE BRIGHTON.—It is not thought that Joseph Smith did write the *Book of Mormon*, but only altered a manuscript written by the preacher of an obscure sect, named Spaulding, in 1809, of which he had, by some means, got a copy. Mormon theology is a medley borrowed from many sources besides Christianity.

A. H.—A good present for a young man would be a useful or interesting book on some subject in which he takes a special interest; a walking-stick, very straight and well balanced; a cricket bat, or balls; a lawn-tennis racquet; a riding-whip, such as is at present in fashion, or a smoking cap. Any of these things would be suitable, according to the special pursuits of the young man.

PAIN D'EPICES.—The only means of obtaining such work would be to visit all the great furniture shops, and see the manufacturers of it as well.

A MOTHER.—Because your children give evidence of precocious ability you should all the more endeavour to keep them back, and allow their physical powers to develop before the intellectual. Remember that a child's brain is quite soft till the age of seven. Amongst the ancients we find marvellous precocity almost invariably followed by early death. You may have heard of Hermogenes, who at the age of fifteen instructed Marcus Aurelius in rhetoric, and triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece. At twenty-four he lost all his faculties, and completely forgot everything he had learnt. We have not time to give more examples, two having come under our personal observation, and both boy and girl died at about seven years old. "The sword wore out the sheath," as the old proverb says.

ABERFOYLE.—Catherine de Medicis, born at Florence 1519, was the daughter of Lorenzo de Medicis, Duke of Urbino, and the niece of Pope Clement VII., granddaughter of Leo X., and the great-granddaughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent. In 1533 she was married to Henri, second son of François I., who succeeded his father as Henri II. in 1547, and died in 1559. Catherine had seven children, three of her sons being successively kings of France—François II. (married to Mary Queen of Scots), Charles IX., and Henry III. She was Regent for Charles IX., and arranged the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the treacherous murder of Coligny. She died at Blois, January, 1589. Her character was cruel, treacherous, licentious, and superstitious (in religion); but she was beautiful in person, and gifted with immense personal courage. There seems no reason to doubt that many of the faults of Mary Stuart are to be traced to her influence and teachings, which were evil and disastrous to her own children, as well as to the kingdom of France. She lived at one of the most stirring and important epochs of history, and was one of the most remarkable figures in it.

INQUISITIVE.—We believe that the origin of calling the terrible taint in the blood, known as scrofula, King's Evil, had reference to the tradition that the touch of the sovereign could heal the disease (*Regius morbus*). From the reign of Edward the Confessor down to the time of Queen Anne hundreds of persons assembled together annually to go through the ceremony, and a special form of public prayer was read on these occasions. Dr. Heylin, Prebendary of Westminster, has given a copy of the service in his *Examen Historicum*. One of the sacred texts quoted on which the idea was originally based, was, "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." But an oversight was made as to the persons who were to lay on their hands, *i.e.*, the divinely-appointed missionary-disdiples, the Apostles, and the elders of the Church, who should be full of faith. Alas! some of our sovereigns were not to be thus described—Richard III. and Henry VIII. for instance.

A. S. A. G.—Proverbs xvi. 1 is a text which ought to help you, we think. Indeed, your very striving and anxiety are clear signs of God's mercy and grace; for all our movements forward and onward in our spiritual life we owe to the Holy Spirit. You constantly lose sight of the fact that evil and wicked thoughts will come to us all; but provided we reject them, and deny them admittance, and pray against them, we are free from sin. It is in allowing and encouraging them that sin would lie. You forget God's Fatherhood in your unhealthy troubling over your evil thoughts; and you forget His great and increasing love to you, even while you protest that you really love Him. In quietness and confidence possess your heart. It is the placid, unruffled pool that reflects the heaven above, not the stormy, restless, and turbulent waters. "Be still," says the Bible, "and know that I am God." He is almighty to help and to save.

BEACH.—Be quite sure your duty is to go where your father chooses to take you. You are a minor, and under his roof, rule, and guardianship.

QUINZE.—Read the articles on the care of the complexion, by "Medicus." We have ceased to repeat ourselves on this question.

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BY ATLANTIC BAYS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

A TOUR, IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY EDITH E. SMYTH, Author of "Flash-Lights."

CLEW BAY.

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CHAPTER III.

WESTPORT AND SLIGO.

ON the day of our departure from Leenane, the waiter suggested we should have our lunch before the arrival of the cars and their passengers. He helped us very liberally to lobster, and got up potatoes for us; he also interested himself much in procuring good places for us on the car. Lovely mountain landscapes are seen for a long way north of Leenane. The so-called Killery Harbour, which, it must be mentioned, is a creek of the sea, not an artificial harbour, gradually narrows into a river. In the bog-land we passed through, we observed some large supplies of bog-wood, and numerous stacks of turf, some little, and some large, waiting to be carried home. Very swiftly running and busily foaming was the little river with which our road ran parallel for part of the way.

Amongst our fellow passengers was an old American gentleman, who was accompanied by two granddaughters, one of them a very handsome girl, a brunette with fine dark eyes. There was also an Irish bicyclist, forced to take to the car through the breaking of the pedal shaft of his machine, which was strapped on to the end of the car. Beside us sat a very quiet

Scotchwoman, with a silent husband. Perhaps he thought the more! English, Scotch, Irish, and Americans, all reveal themselves by the way they pronounce the language they hold in common. In two places the hills were so steep that the driver begged a dismounting and walking on the part of the younger passengers. The walking gave the little Scotchwoman the opportunity of securing some bits of the large pink heather. In the course of this drive we noticed some considerable flocks of sheep.

The more cultivated district which precedes an entrance into Westport is far inferior in beauty to the first part of the drive, and Westport seemed towny and uninviting after beautiful Letterfrack and Leenane. An extra drag was put on the car for the very steep descent into the town. A large poor-house is the first building sighted. The best part of Westport lies in a valley: a river running through it, planted on each side with trees, confers a picturesque effect; but the town is not a handsome one. It has a large hotel, and some smaller ones. We put up in the former, where we found plenty to eat, good-sized rooms, and many of them; but the bedrooms which were assigned to us were lacking in more than one respect (others were better off). There was a paucity of hanging pegs, no wardrobes, a door which would not latch, and a window-blind, roller and all, was lying down on the window-sill; transferred to the floor in order that the shutters might be shut, it was lifted up on the sill again, but never elevated to its right place.

The seven o'clock dinner was a very crowded one, males largely preponderating. The American girls were beside us. The handsome one sitting round the corner of the table I could not succeed in comfortably regarding, she so quickly detected my glance. With her much less beautiful sister I had some conversation, and thereby discovered they were having a hurried but full tour on this side of the Atlantic. They had landed at Havre, and done Paris, London, and other places; they were intending a visit to Germany, though they had but a few days remaining at their disposal. She said she missed the sweet corn and the fruit they got in America, and would she not take cream when she got home and could get it again! She could not detect a Scotch accent; she would have taken the Scotch for English. I asked her in what part of America people were considered to speak the best. She replied that the people of Boston say they speak the best, claiming to be the descendants of the original settlers. She said, "*We* make an effort to pronounce every letter" (so she did). She had found that this was not the French style of conversation: the French volubility had rather nonplussed them. I think they came from Philadelphia.

Westport is not without some attractions, and a sojourn in it is enjoyed by families who live inland. Situated on Clew Bay, it is the principal seaport of Mayo. The bathing-place and quays are separated from the town by the demesne of the Marquis of Sligo. Through this demesne we walked. The little river which passes through the town here gives pretty waterfall effects, and some of the trees are worthy of admiration. There is free access to the demesne; but no seats, so far as we saw, were provided to invite a protracted stay. However, a bridge parapet serves for a resting-place, and there are no notices up forbidding a halt on the grass. The residence is a plainly-built, solid-looking, grey structure. When we emerged on the quay we found large store-houses, apparently now unused, bearing the date 1783, telling of past trade, or of an expectation of it. Some tolerably large vessels were alongside the quay. The bathing-place stands at the end of what appeared to be a tongue of land. The price of a hot, salt-water bath is not extravagant—one shilling.

Croagh Patrick, owning a height of 2,370 feet, is at no great distance from Westport. Its lofty irregular summit is a feature of beauty in the surrounding country; it is not difficult of ascent, but mountain climbing was not to form a part of our programme. Clew Bay is remarkable for its very numerous islands of various sizes. Clare Island, the largest, is situated at its entrance. Westport has a beautiful church; it is a little dark in consequence of all its windows being coloured. Tile frescoes in white, black, and gold, fill the wall-spaces between the windows, the lower and larger row illustrating scenes in the life of Our Lord, the upper row, filling arched spaces, is given to the Parables. The pale brown marble wall of the chancel, when first seen on entering the church after leaving the bright light outside, has strangely the appearance of decayed stone. The curate of the parish preached in the morning. We guessed beforehand who would address us in the evening, seeing the rector in communication with a reverend visitor at the hotel, and perceiving subsequently that this good man withdrew from the dinner-table before the pudding course was brought on, as though to sharpen his weapons for ecclesiastical service. What he afterwards gave us from the pulpit was good so far as it could be heard, but he clipped his words so terribly that it was very difficult to make out what he said. I expect he had but small idea how little he was understood.

We set off from Westport for a stay in the Island of Achill; but as this part of our tour was not included in our circular ticket, and an account of it would unduly lengthen the narrative, it must be omitted, and our travels taken up at the point where we returned to Westport. We then spent another night in the same hotel, and left the next morning for Ballina. Our ticket provided for a train journey thither. After a stay in Connemara and Achill, far removed from railway trains, it seemed almost strange to be in their neighbourhood again. This trip was a short one. The Mayo Mountains can be observed on one side, and the inland lakes of Cullin and Conn. Castlebar, the capital of the county, is passed. The train took us through country which looked pastoral and civilised compared to wild Achill, except for an occasional bog and a few poor-looking thatched cabins.

On our arrival at Ballina, the Imperial and Moy Hotel porters had a struggle as to which would secure us; the former conquered, and in his omnibus we drove to his hotel. The River Moy is the chief feature of Ballina. It was then very full, and flowing swiftly over its rapids. It divides Mayo from Sligo, and is crossed by two fine bridges; some nice rowing boats were on it. Ballina, though not the capital of Mayo, is its best town as regards population, extent, and trade: it has a considerable salmon fishery. It surpassed any other place we visited for beggars.

For our next move we again seated ourselves on a long car: about three o'clock in the afternoon we set off for Sligo. Sunshine made the drive pleasant, and gave extra beauty to many pretty views. Distant hills possessed the horizon on one side almost all the way; on the other side, Sligo Bay and the Donegal Mountains were seen. Having little luggage on the car on this occasion, as on some others, we could manage the double view. Our driver took up and gave out mails all the way along. The cars not only serve for the conveyance of mails and tourists, but are frequently made use of by the residents of the districts through which they pass. We had beside us, for some miles, a pleasant young man, belonging to Ballina, who proved a good referee on anything we desired to enquire about. He pointed out to us a small habitation which had been formerly a post-office, and told us that the postmaster who had officiated in it, being unable to read—used pleasantly to answer any person enquiring if a letter had come: "I don't know; you can look for yourself." The country appeared altogether different from Galway: it seems as a stepping-stone to the north, and there was a decided change in the accent of the people.

We entered Sligo in the dark. The Imperial Hotel, our stopping place, occupies a very central situation; the drawing-room being at a corner and looking two ways, its windows afforded a never-ending exhibition of life. The River Garrahogue flows in front, and over its bridge close by the people come and go.

On the evening of our arrival we had in this room the company of a very talkative individual, a Roman Catholic; she, and her husband, a Protestant, had travelled on the car with us from Ballina. Her nationality was a puzzle, until we discovered that she was of Irish parentage, born and educated in America, and resident for some years in England. Her religion seemed of a curious kind. Having forgotten her Prayer-Book, she had bought a rosary to help her devotions. She had been told she ought to get this blessed by a priest; but her faith in priestly power did not apparently reach to a trust in the benefit of this. She mentioned that she sometimes accompanied her husband to his place of worship, and that he sometimes accompanied her to hers. She confided to us that she was fifty years old, and had had fourteen children, but had only four remaining. Her daughters were being educated in a Belgian convent; she intended to keep the eldest one there until she reached twenty-one. As her convent education had begun at four years of age, it ought to be very complete when concluded. At the breakfast-table the following morning her husband and a couple of stout priests pursued a conversation which was trying to anyone whose sympathies lay with the landlords of Ireland. Travelling in the west of Ireland, Roman Catholic priests are pretty frequently met with; we had come across several, but they had proved of a pleasanter type.

Sligo is the best town in Connaught. It has good public buildings and excellent shops. It is the most important seaport on the north-west coast, exporting the cattle and agricultural produce of the surrounding districts. It has steamers plying to Liverpool and Glasgow.

The show-sight for tourists is Lough Gill. We went for a row up the Garrahogue to reach it, and very pretty we found both river and lake. Planted to the water's edge, their sloping shores showing trees and crops, in their quiet beauty they afforded a great contrast to much of the scenery we had previously visited. Lough Gill is the Killarney of the west. Landing from the boat, and conducted by the boatman, we mounted a narrow path to an elevated green level, from which we had a good view downwards of the lake, its islands, and surroundings. Two of the islands are inhabited. Several tiny yachts were on the river; a race had taken place the day before; there were also numerous rowing boats.

We visited the ruins of the abbey, which was founded in the thirteenth century, and demolished in the time of Cromwell: some parts of it are in fairly good preservation. Sligo possesses a large Roman Catholic cathedral and two Protestant churches.

Finding ourselves only a five hours' drive from Bundoran, we decided on going there for a stay; but this, as being an invention of our own, and not a part of our round, may be omitted. After a sojourn there we again passed Sligo on our way back to Dublin.

Until we arrived at Mullingar we pursued a different line of railway from that by which we had gone westwards. The country seen after leaving Sligo is pretty: rocks and a rushing river looked well. The town of Ballymote showed an important ruin. Further on there was sometimes a certain monotony in the views, but Lough Owel, in Westmeath, shone fair in the sunlight. Certain whiffs of city air admonished us of our drawing nigh to Dublin.

For a trip in the west of Ireland no one wanting luxury should go, nor need it be recommended for invalids; but those who possess a fair amount of health and strength, and desire good air and fine scenery, may try it. Some stopping places will be found which will seduce towards a prolongation of stay, and others, if not possessing such attraction, are, so far as our experience went, quite comfortable enough for a short sojourn.

A friend, talking over his recollection of a tour in the west, alleged it to be very depressing. His meaning can be easily understood. Miles of uninhabited, or seemingly almost uninhabited, country are passed; the lakes have no boats, or almost none; no fishers stand on their shores, and the countryside shows few labourers and small harvest. An air of desolation broods over the land; and perhaps people who are liable to depression had better seek elsewhere for the sort of tonic they need. A holiday in mighty London, and a jostling with its millions, may bestow it upon them. But those whose ailment is not depression, and who rather like to get away from the throng, and behold mountain, and lake, and sea, in grandeur though in loneliness, may travel in the west of Ireland.

In the fellow-passengers on the cars, and in other guests at the hotels, enough of human life is seen to give the modicum of society which many men and women naturally desire. No big bales of luggage need be taken, for grand garments are not required. A small leather bag, and a strap with rug or shawl and waterproof, will prove sufficient. There is no dressing for dinner, even though served at eight o'clock; the only change made being a substitution of a stuff dress for a cotton one, if the latter has been worn in the earlier part of the day. The waterproof is a *sine qua non*, and a hat not to be hurt by unpropitious weather should accompany it.

We always got enough to eat, and frequently had far more than we wanted. It would be a good thing to go to the west with a large appetite for bacon and eggs. They are the great stand-by, and seem to be the diet procurable in every place. We were tolerably often served with fish. Vegetables are scarce, especially the nicer kinds; cabbage was almost always on the table. Fruit was very rarely afforded.

The hotels, if not boasting the cleanness and niceness which one would desire, did not to us give nightly torture, and we made experience between us of twenty-one different beds. Our tour was made in the height of the season in August. This had its advantages and the reverse. At such a time there is more go in everything, and this gives a liveliness which would otherwise be wanting; on the other hand, it has the drawback of possible disappointment in finding the cars full, and no beds in the intended stopping places. These contingencies may be guarded against by booking and engaging beforehand.

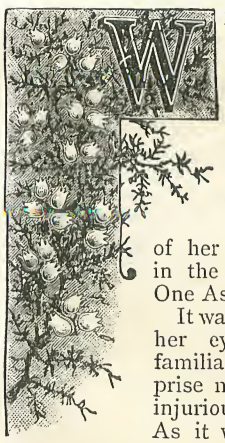
The railway now in course of construction between Galway and Clifden will, when completed, alter the tour. The journey, though perhaps made more comfortable, will be more prosaic. We enjoyed our long drives and our whole outing. We met many agreeable people, and very few disagreeable ones: some interested us, others amused us, and a certain number instructed us. Very especially we saw much of the handiwork of Him who "by His strength setteth fast the mountains," and "sendeth the springs into the valleys."

[THE END.]

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.



EAK, worn, pallid, and hollow-eyed—a poor wreck of the beautiful girl who had toiled on so hopelessly in Morton Place—was Janet Boothroyd, when she became conscious of her new surroundings in the best bedroom at One Ash Villa.

It was well for Janet that her eyes rested on a familiar face, or the surprise might have had an injurious effect upon her. As it was, Susan Meade smiled brightly in response to the enquiring look of the invalid, and said gently, "You have been very ill, but you are better, and you will feel stronger when you have taken this nice beef-tea."

"Where am I? How did I come here?"

"I will tell you soon. You are amongst friends, who love you and will take care of you."

Janet made an effort to speak again, but Susan, dreading the question that would certainly come, insisted on deferring all talk until the beef-tea had been taken and her patient was resting. Then came the ordeal.

"My mother? Have I had a long, dreadful dream, or is it all true? Tell me, Susan. I must know."

"My precious love, the dream is true in a way. But it has a beautiful bright side. Your dear mother has been taken from sorrow, toil, and suffering here to God's own home above. No sorrow for her there, my dear Miss Janet. No pain, no tears. All peace, and rest, and joy."

Great tears flowed down Janet's checks, and she lay silent for a time, Susan showing her sympathy by an occasional word softly spoken, or a gentle pressure of the thin hand she held in her own.

By degrees memory returned, and those last sad hours in Morton Place passed before Janet's mind. But she was too utterly weak for demonstrative grief, and thankful to be lovingly tended by Susan, whom she regarded as her one remaining friend on earth.

The weary eyes soon closed again, and blessed sleep brought forgetfulness for a season. When Janet awoke, feeling stronger for the rest, she saw another face near her bed. Its expression was kind and motherly, and though that of a stranger, it inspired confidence.

"I am taking turns at nursing you with Susan Meade," said the woman, who was Anna Jukes. "You see, the strongest of us cannot keep awake all the while, so we sleep turn about. Susan will be getting up now. She is always to her time."

"Where am I? This place is all strange."

"And I'm strange, too; but bless you, my dear young lady, you are in safe hands. This house is called One Ash Villa, and it belongs to Mr. Cutclose, your landlord as was, when you lived in Morton Place. I am his housekeeper—Anna Jukes they call me. I was servant when Mrs. Cutclose was alive, and then after she died the master made me housekeeper."

Janet was going to ask more questions, but she was stopped until she had been fed with something else that the doctor had ordered, and then came Susan Meade.

As gently and tenderly as possible Susan told the girl all that had befallen her. How she had been found unconscious, and injured by her fall when fainting, with other particulars already related.

Again came the words, "My mother!" and Susan related how generously Mr. Cutclose had acted in this and other respects, and how all that was left of Mrs. Boothroyd had been laid to rest in the beautiful country "God's acre" where his wife was buried.

"How kind he has been! I did not think he was such a good man. How can I ever repay him or you?"

"By taking as much food, sleeping as soundly, and getting well as fast as you can," replied Susan cheerily.

"You will thank him now, will you not? And the kind woman who was sitting here a while ago?"

"Certainly; but I am sure she does not need thanks, and Mr. Cutclose will be very glad to know that you are improving."

Susan might have her doubts as to the motives which actuated Mr. Cutclose, but this was no time for their expression, and she gladly delivered Janet's message.

Mr. Cutclose was delighted. His thoughts went by bounds, and he seemed to expect that Janet would be downstairs in a day or two. Dr. Robertson soon

undeceived him, and he also insisted on continued quiet, and no visitors to his patient until he should give permission.

"We must hasten slowly," he said. "The young lady is doing as well as we can expect, but a relapse now would be fatal. The same care, quiet, and nursing must be continued for some time, or the past would be undone."

When the old year was dying, Janet seemed to take a fresh lease of life, and to begin it with the new year. By degrees she became able to collect her thoughts, and spoke to Susan about the papers belonging to her mother.

"I want you to know all about us, dear Susan," she said; and she repeated the story which Mrs. Boothroyd had told on the last day of her life. "I was to have written to my uncle Edwin on that Monday morning, but I was called down by the man who took away the sewing-machine; and when I went back——" Tears interrupted the story, and Janet looked pitifully at Susan.

"I know, dear. Don't repeat what tries you so sadly. It was all a blank after that, wasn't it, until you opened your eyes and saw me here."

Janet assented, and Susan continued, "I have those papers—all of them, unless Mr. Cutclose has kept any back. There are two bits that he dropped on the floor. I picked those up, and he gave me the rest afterwards."

"You would see my Uncle Edwin's name and address somewhere amongst them," said Janet.

"I have not read a letter, either printed or written. The papers are packed up in a parcel ready for you to look at when you are well enough."

"How true you are in everything! I do thank God he has given me such a friend!" said the girl; and, with an effort, she clasped her arms round Susan's neck and kissed her lovingly.

It gave Susan a thrill of pleasure when she felt the sweet face close to her own, and she drew the girl's head on to her breast, and held her there for a while.

"*She* held me in this way that last day," whispered Janet, whilst the tears came again at the thought of her mother's farewell embrace.

"Aye, dear. Now we must think how we can best carry out her last wishes," said Susan. "Are you well enough to look at the papers?"

"Yes, if you help me. I do want to feel that I have someone belonging to me who can repay Mr. Cutclose. He has been very kind; but you know I have no claim on him, and I cannot stay on here. I owe him a great debt. If I should not find my uncle, what will become of me?"

"Listen, dear Miss Janet!"

"Please don't say Miss any more, or I shall not dare to call you Susan; and it is so sweet to have a true friend."

"Well, my dear, I will tell you. I am not as poor as I have seemed. I have enough for us to live on, and money laid by to pay Mr. Cutclose if it comes to that. You will be safe and guarded by a strong hand, if it is only a woman's, until you are under the care of your uncle. Or, if we cannot find him, you are certain of a home and a friend, who will not let a hair of your head be hurt. All the same, I do not think Mr. Cutclose would like to be paid in money for what he has done," added Susan. "He could not have expected to get anything back when he opened his purse so willingly."

"It is very strange. Why has he been so kind, I wonder? People used to call him a hard, grasping man. I have heard the tenants complaining when I have been buying little things at the shop. But he never was hard to my dear mother. He always said he could see she was a born lady. After all, it was no wonder he felt sorry for her, so frail as she was; but I was so different. I cannot understand."

Janet's look seemed to say, "Can you?" But Susan offered no explanation, though she had a shrewd suspicion as to the motives of Mr. Cutclose.

"And to think he brought you here with me."

"My dear, he should not have taken you anywhere without me," said Susan; "though, I am bound to say, Mrs. Jukes is a good soul and a first-rate nurse. But one person could not have taken day and night work by herself."

Susan's fingers were busily engaged in untying the string which confined the packet of papers whilst she spoke to Janet. This was soon done, and its contents exposed. These were principally letters of little consequence, except as souvenirs of better days to her who was gone. But the two slips picked up by Susan, and hitherto unseen by Mr. Cutclose, were partly in Mrs. Boothroyd's own writing, and one or two newspaper paragraphs were gummed to the paper. The written portion told all that was necessary to facilitate communication with Edwin Boothroyd. The newspaper slip stated that a residential estate, Well Dale Manor, in Lincolnshire, had been bought by him. "The purchaser, a bachelor, will remove to Well Dale as soon as the house can be put in order," was the closing sentence of the paragraph.

"My mother said that Uncle Edwin bought a place in Lincolnshire three years ago, and went to live there. But I never knew the name of it until now. You look pale, Susan. Are you not well?" asked Janet anxiously.

"I am not ill, dear; but the mention of Well Dale Manor brought old times to mind. I lived within two miles of it when I was a girl."

"You are a girl yet—only a little older than I am," said Janet.

"I shall be twenty-six when my birthday comes; but I feel a great deal older than that."

"And I shall be twenty next month, so there are not many years between us. Trouble makes one grow old so fast. Tell me, Susan dear, have you had much sorrow? You have been alone ever since mother and I first knew you. You have been so tender to me that I think you must have known the same loss. I never knew how to feel really sorry for other people till now."

Susan's usual firmness gave way at these words, and though she strove hard against the temptation to relieve her feelings by a "good cry," she strove in vain. The tears would come in spite of her efforts at self-control.

"Forgive me, my dear," she sobbed out. "I ought to have gone right out of your sight before I broke down like this. But Anna Jukes is out, and—— Oh, I do hope I have not done you any harm."

"No, dear, kind Susan—no. It is a comfort to let the tears come. Don't I know that! I have had no need to tell my tale of sorrow to you, and I will not ask to be told anything unless you wish to trust me. But you will let me be a comfort to you when I am well, and we can live and work together. I shall be strong enough soon," said Janet.

"You forget that we are going to find this rich bachelor uncle of yours," replied Susan, as she wiped away her tears and again began to think for Janet. "We must let him know that his niece is living; and won't he be proud to give you a daughter's place? There will be no more slavery for you after he has seen your face, Janet."

"I care more for you, whom I know, than for Uncle Edwin, who is like a stranger after all these years. If my dear mother had not bidden me write to him, I should be content to stay and work with you in some little home, though perhaps I am selfish to say so, for you have all and I have nothing to contribute, except willing hands. And Susan dear, I do love you. When we first went to Morton Place I used to see you pass our door, and I liked your face. I had nobody young to speak to—no friend of any age—and I used to be so terrified of anything happening—illness, or worse—and of being alone. At first my mother hesitated about making friends, because——"

Janet paused, and hesitated also.

"I understand," said Susan. "It was likely she would feel doubtful about a young woman living as I did all by myself."

"But she learned to like and trust you; and oh, how she wished for you during those last days, and hoped and looked for the promised letter! After anyone is *gone*"—Janet could not bear to say dead—"those that are left always feel such a longing for them to know that things they thought wrong have been made right. I felt so when I knew how you had sent and written, and I grieved that I could not tell *her* you had kept your promise."

"Aye, my dear Janet. I have felt like that, and I shall feel it whilst I live. My poor mother died believing ill of me far beyond what I deserved, though I had done wrong enough. You have the happiness of knowing that you were the greatest comfort and blessing possible to your mother to the very last. What precious memories you have! And I. Well, there are many I would not part with; but there are some that I would give the world to blot out, if I had it to give. Often and often I have wished that I could make every girl know what remorse she will suffer in after life, if she grieves the loving heart of a good mother

by her wilful ways. Mine died, and I could never tell her the truth, or own that I had done wrong and ask forgiveness."

Susan remained silent for a little while, and Janet would not interrupt her by words beyond the, "I am so sorry for you, Susan," which but ill expressed her sympathy.

But Susan would not allow sorrowful memories to stand in the way of present duty.

"I am better now," she said, as she wiped away the last tears and turned resolutely to the papers. "Something must be done about these."

"Perhaps I may be able to write when to-morrow comes," said Janet.

"I think we can do better than by writing. I have a plan in my head that will prevent your having to wait and listen day after day for the postman, as you did once before."

"I will do whatever you wish."

"Thank you for trusting me, my dear. You have heard me speak of Mr. Millington?"

"You mean 'Uncle Mat.'"

"Yes. That is what the children and poor folks call him. He is always doing good at next to no cost of money by helping the very poorest to help themselves, wherever that is possible. If rich people gave ever so much money they would not, by merely giving, bring about what Uncle Mat does by devoting his life to them. It is just wonderful how he manages to raise the wretched, downtrodden people who have got not to care about the misery and dirt they live amongst," said Susan warmly.

"How does he help them?" asked Janet.

"He says he begins by trying to make them dissatisfied with themselves and all around them, and then he shows them that they neglect a great many privileges and blessings that are within their reach, and that without the spending of a farthing. Why, Uncle Mat is like sunshine. He makes dirt look hateful and rags a reproach, and he shows that cleanliness and order are both comfortable and beautiful. He proves to sluttish wives that they do not work for nothing who spend time and strength on home and children, though they receive no money wages. He leads them on to see that this world might be a vastly better place than they think it, and that the heaven they have some dim notion about must begin here if it is to be reached at all. Uncle Mat often stirs up people to think about their bodies first of all; but he never stops at these. He tries to lead them on to caring for their souls. But dear, dear! how I run on when I begin to talk about that blessed man! I'll tell you why I named him. He knows about you and your dear mother, and all the troubles you had. He would have come to Morton Place with my messages if we had not thought you had received them. He has had letters or postcards from me here to say how you were going on, and, to cut a long tale short, he is ready to start for Lincolnshire and find out all about your uncle, if he is to be found."

"But think of the journey and the expense. I have no money, and I am in debt to everyone already."

"The journey is nothing—four hours to the nearest station, and a walk of two miles to Well Dale. I have money, and so has Uncle Mat. He has a living without working, and so he can give his time and not suffer. No one would manage your business like Mr. Millington," urged Susan.

Janet could only consent. She was most thankful to leave the management of all her affairs in such capable hands, and too weak to think for herself, much less act in any way.

When Anna Jukes took Susan's place beside the invalid, the former went straight to the post-office, and sent a telegram to Uncle Mat, which brought him to Carlton-cum-Penley by an early evening train.

Mr. Cutclose was from home. He had gone away most unwillingly, in one sense, but urgent business required his attention, and he could not complete it and return before Thursday, and this was Monday afternoon.

Mr. Cutclose had not seen Janet since her illness took a favourable turn. The doctor had forbidden an interview which would assuredly excite his patient in her weak condition. But now Janet was sitting up in her room for the first time; and on the return of Mr. Cutclose she was to have an opportunity of thanking him for his many kindnesses.

Susan knew that Matthew Millington would have been cordially welcomed by the master of One Ash Villa had he been at home. Mr. Cutclose had nothing but good to say of Uncle Mat and his doings, and he had told Susan so.

"Why, I've got scores of pounds in rents that I should have lost but for him. He turns thieves, drunkards, and ragamuffins into sober, honest folks, with a proper respect for the rights of their landlords. I wish there were scores of 'Uncle Mats'—that I do," said Mr. Cutclose, and he was not alone in wishing this.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR BROTHERS—IN TRAINING FOR HUSBANDS.

My subject is somewhat grave. I could have wished to have selected one of a lighter kind; but as it concerns the duties of women, it is very appropriate in these pages. The early moral training, as well as the physical care, of the future man, is naturally relegated to us, albeit that we are described as the "weaker sex." "Weaker" we doubtless are in muscular development and in self-protecting ability; but the scarcely measurable power which we possess, and the moral influence we may exercise, no man, however prejudiced, could deny.

It is possible that some of my readers may take exception to such a theme, in view of the fact that this paper is specially designed for girls. But multitudes of these will marry, and will run the gauntlet of securing a bearable (not to say really desirable) husband, or one ill-trained in early youth, and altogether objectionable; and many more of our youthful readers are already mothers, bearing on their young shoulders the heavy responsibility of training both sons and daughters. And besides these, I address myself to scores of unmarried sisters, aunts, and guardians, each of whom has a very important part to play in this same training of our youthful brothers.

With reference to the onerous duties laid on the mothers of boys, not only are their dispositions moulded, their characters formed, and their talents discovered and developed under their mothers' rule and direction in civilised countries, but, curiously enough, in many of those where women appear to be under the most bondage, and denied the natural right of personal freedom. Here we find their sway undisputed and unshared by the father over their boys till they have attained the age of seven years; and they rule with absolute authority over their matrimonial projects, even when arrived at years of maturity. In civilised France, likewise, the law gives much authority to the mother in reference to the son's marriage, for a man must obtain a certificate of consent from her before he can be united to the woman of his choice.

To return to the subject of maternal training, I would impress on all young mothers the extreme importance of beginning the work with the first dawning of her infant's intelligence. I have seen the baby hand raised to strike her and his nurse on any provocation and crossing of his will. This is the little rift that, in time, may stretch into an impassable breach between them. The very first attempt should be checked by a pat given on the little rebellious hand, and with a word or two of grave reproof. The infant who is old enough to strike is equally old enough to understand a reproof, and to learn a lesson of respect and submission, and the child will be spared many a more serious punishment, his moral sense of duty awaked and trained, and thus many an hour of perplexity, defeat, and sorrow in the future before them both will assuredly be averted.

While yet a little bare-legged boy he should be watched in the companionship of his sisters, and any overbearing treatment of them should be, so to say, nipped in the bud. Feelings of tenderness and love for them cannot be too early instilled and cultivated by every means that the trifling incidents of nursery life may offer. Their toys and their games should be shared to-

gether; their happy seasons of play-time should be closely associated one with the other, and while changing in character, should, as far as possible, continue to be so as the years of childhood and youth travel onwards to maturity.

Perhaps one of the first maxims to be instilled into a boy's mind is, that "might is *not* right"—that they are absolutely independent one of the other. Might is too rarely magnanimous, and right too often feeble in self-defence. Teach your son that if magnanimity does not go hand in hand with might, the boy or man endowed with strength is nothing better than a brute. Nay, even a dog will not resent the waffing and snapping at him of a puppy, nor a large Newfoundland that of a wretched little lap-dog or cur. Teach him that strength, whether of body or mind, must be used alone for good and noble purposes, not to torment a younger, feebler boy-companion, much less if it be a girl. Point out at every opportunity that may arise how low and mean and base it is for the strong to engage in any unequal combat, and that it can win no laurels, and only disgrace him before all those to whom it becomes known should he stoop so low. Never allow him to forget that a bully is not a hero—exactly the reverse, as a general rule; for the governor of one of our jails informed me that the worst examples of the roughs taken up for cruel assaults on defenceless people are sure to howl with fear as if they were being murdered before the lash has touched them.

I think that a boy is more proud of his physical powers than of anything else. And this is only the exaggeration of a perfectly natural self-congratulatory feeling, as the exercise and development of bodily strength are an essential part of his education; so many vocations open to a man, and so many of his sports demand this full physical development. Thus, viewing a claim to super-excellence as an athlete as worth any amount of training and fatigue, it is easily to be understood that he looks on those whom he excels with a feeling of contempt.

Now, such a sentiment entertained towards his sisters, and girls in general, should be quashed at once by an appeal to his common-sense quite as much as to his heart. It is too often clearly patent, even to a casual observer, that a schoolboy despises a girl on account of her feebler physical powers. To be "only a girl" is to him a condition to be ashamed of; and he does not realise the fact that the girl, whose keener sensibilities and more delicate nerves may cause her to shed tears at an unkind word or a hurt wilfully inflicted, might be foremost to risk her life in a burning house, to save him or anyone else, without a thought of self-preservation, or at least with the utmost self-abnegation.

At this moment I have such examples of sublime heroism, all the greater when exhibited by a weaker frame, less trained in athletic accomplishments, and trammelled by a style of dress unsuited to climbing, and more inflammable than a man's. Such an example was given by a young dressmaker, some years ago, at Bath. The house was so far alight that no fireman would enter; but knowing that a neighbour's infant had been left in an upper room, she rushed in, reached the chamber, and seized the child—but too late to escape by the way she entered. For a few moments both were seen at a window; then, swallowed up by flames and smoke, she fell a victim to a splendid act of heroism, the more amazing as the child was not her own.

Another instance of sublime self-sacrifice, and in this case with the certainty of an agonising death, without a hope to stimulate her courage, was that displayed by the poor French Sœur de la Charité, who, hearing frantic cries of "Mad dog!" and seeing the terrible brute rushing at full speed towards her and the young girls committed to her care, bade them fly for their lives behind her, while she sprang forwards, with her arms spread wide to seize him. And there she held him fast, while torn to pieces by the fangs of the rabid animal; and the children, for whom she gave her noble life, got safely away from danger.

I might multiply stories without end, worthy of exciting the emulation of the bravest of our boys, but have space for only two or three. I may name, for instance, an act of fidelity and presence of mind deserving a record in the annals of female valour. It is claimed for two women, and in far sundered localities—Scotland and the West Indies—and one, if not both, fully authenticated. The histories tell of a girl who thrust her own arm through the large old-fashioned wooden stanchions where the bolt of the door was missing, and held it there while the besiegers endeavoured to force an entrance, so gaining a few minutes of grace for the fugitive, thereby enabled to effect his escape, till the inevitable crash that must, and did, shatter to pieces the faithful arm that saved a life!

Again, I may surely include in the brief roll of my heroes the noble Mrs. Mompesson, wife of the Rector of Eyam. Refusing to be sent with her children into a place of safety, she chose rather to remain shut up with her devoted husband in the plague-stricken village, to share his dangers and privations, and aid him in his perilous duties amidst scenes of the most appalling horror, till she fell at last, a victim to her splendid self-devotion. I have been in the ancient rectory where she lived and died, and stood by her tomb, in front of the beautiful old Runic cross on which her eyes must often have rested.

One more example of indomitable courage may well be named before I conclude—I refer to that of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wife of the President of the Southern States of America, who submitted to torture by means of a hot stove, on which she was placed, and steadfastly endured the fiery test of her fidelity, and could not be forced to reveal her husband's hiding-place. Death would supervene, her enemies saw clearly, before they could overcome her heroism; and the suffering body was released before it succumbed to mortal agony. But the brave spirit that held it controlled by an iron fortitude triumphed over the power of the enemy, and reaped the reward of all her sufferings in the saving of her husband's life. I have now given you specimens of female courage, both active and passive, by torture, plague, fire, and otherwise. Collect such yourselves, and make due use of them. I cannot conclude my reminiscences of our heroines, and of all that a feeble woman can do when her fortitude and power of will are put to the test, without an allusion to our female martyrs of all ages and climes. We have no single instance on record of a woman denying her faith under any amount of temptation or extremity of pain. Give these histories to your boys to read, including those of our own countrywomen; and notably of that wonderful example of constancy, Ann Askew. The record may serve as a beacon-light to guide them in the same path of unconquerable fortitude and constancy, though not, I trust, through the same fearful ordeal and test of the sincerity of their faith.

But, apart from the claim for an equal amount of courage and endurance on the part of women as of men—a courage tested no less under an enemy's fire and exposure to the attacks of ferocious assailants—a mother can take a different line of argument in pointing out to her sons the fact that it is quite *unnecessary* that both sexes should be endowed with natural gifts and accomplishments in every respect identical. Draw their attention to the point that to the affection, the *savoir faire*, the industry, and the many accomplishments so generally cultivated by the "weaker sex," he must necessarily owe all the comfort and happiness of home; to her quick, intuitive perceptions, her delicate handling, her patient nursing, that he must be indebted in his seasons of sickness, the amelioration of suffering, and oftentimes for life itself. In a thousand ways (so unostentatiously performed that they are accepted without a recognition) their mothers and sisters have qualities and accomplishments that more than compensate for inferior muscular strength and attainments suitable to men.

"Only a girl!" Is your sister no more than that to you, my young brothers? And is this the most you can say of her because she cannot, and ought not to, play football, or, it may be, cricket and hockey, or wrestle, or play with the foils, or the boxing-gloves? And yet of late years your sisters and cousins do play a considerable number of these same athletic games, and distinguish themselves, in proportion to their physical powers, in our gymnasiums. But as a rule it is not in such exercises that they can exhibit their endurance of pain or their strength of muscle; for women, like men, have their own appropriate niche in this world of ours; and, controlled by the eternal fitness of things, their duties have been set them in paths not always your own, with less of compensating liberty and more of personal distress and discomfort.

Another desirable course of instruction for young schoolboys is the study of historical chivalry. Let them read the soul-stirring history of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, whose warlike heroism was fully matched by their self-abnegation in behalf of the sick and the persecuted; who gave up their estates and worldly goods, to devote them, with all their bodily powers, to succour and defend the helpless, and to rescue women and children from slavery under the infidels. Nay, more than this; who, refusing, when vanquished by overwhelming numbers, to purchase their freedom and their lives by denying their Christian faith, chose rather to be tortured and burnt alive! Here was an exhibition of splendid physical strength, courage, and prowess employed in the noblest causes.

Conjure your boys to take such an example to heart, and to use their superior strength to work for their living and in the aid of others, but assuredly not to bully and tease those weaker than themselves, nor lord it over their sisters. Strength of principle and of mind hold a far superior place to that of muscle, valuable as that must be; and this great truth cannot be too early instilled into their minds. Many a boy would boldly stand up to meet his fellows in unequal combat who lacked the moral courage to refuse to unite with them in an act he knew to be wrong, or to speak the truth as bravely at all cost of shame and personal disgrace.

The system of "fagging" which obtains in our public schools is utterly opposed to the whole spirit of that ancient chivalry which sheds such a glory over the history of mediæval times, not to speak of the Divine spirit of the Christian faith, of which it was the reflection. People cling to old customs and traditions; alas! that they do not look back a little further, and so, in this case, endeavour to maintain the *original idea* of such an institution.

Remember that the first intention was to ensure *protection* to the little boys who could not defend themselves from the mean-spirited bullies in the school, by placing them under the care and unquestionably-authorised power of older boys. The intention, as I said, sprang from that same spirit of chivalry of which so very much less is seen in these degenerate

days. Who knows and realises the decadence so well as we of the "weaker sex?" Yes, by all means cherish old institutions if good and wise, but not one shamefully perverted from its original object.

"Fagging" as it now is, and has been for the last century, is the meanest, most cowardly system of oppression and positive cruelty. I have been given a glimpse behind the scenes, and "could a tale unfold," discreditable to the last degree respecting the unmanly tyranny that exists in many of these public schools, aye, and *bonâ fide* atrocities, from the after-effects of which their subjects have never recovered. How can those who have had the opportunity of misusing their power over the weak (bound hand and foot to a degrading submission, against which there is no appeal); how can such boys be expected to make good husbands and affectionate and indulgent fathers? Accustomed to the exercise and misuse of power over the weak, they could not be in suitable training for the loving care and protection of a wife. To bear and forbear, making due allowance for infirmities of temper and little defects of character, to sympathise in her pleasures and pursuits, her household worries and anxieties, and, it may be, her personal delicacy and bodily suffering, for all this, where would be the gentle consideration that would strengthen the bond of love, and tend to make and sustain the happiness of married life? The training obtained under such auspices as the fag system is not likely to ensure a delightful home to the wife and the children. Were there a little more care expended by mothers on the early teaching of boys, and were the abuse of the powers of fag-masters reformed, we should cease to see such painfully-suggestive books as that entitled, *Is Marriage a Failure?*

Do not mistake me, nor attribute more to me than I mean to say. Doubtless hundreds of men, who were once fag-masters at school, were too high-minded, kindly, and magnanimous to misuse their authority. What I do certainly maintain is, that the perversion and utter miscarriage of that justice and mercy involved in the original principle of the system tends point-blank in the *contrary direction* from that training which would produce good sons, husbands, fathers, and brothers. It would only make them overbearing, selfish, and cruel.

I have heard it urged by an old public school man that it makes boys "manly." Athletic exercises and games may tend that way, but is it "manly" to be a tyrant and a bully? Is anything "manly" that is the reverse of chivalrous? If so, "manliness" is indeed a despicable attribute, and the sooner our boys take a leaf out of our girls' book, and endeavour rather to be "Christian," the better and higher and more noble they will become.

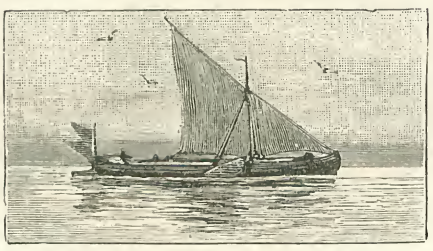
And now, having urged the necessity for a complete restitution of this odious system to its *original purpose*, I proceed to recommend all mothers to encourage their sons and daughters in uniting in all their recreations, both indoors and out of doors. Do not fear that the girls will develop into rough, noisy, loud-speaking women. I know a case in point, of a highly-gifted, refined, and literary woman, who encouraged her children to enjoy all their games together; and at sixteen her eldest daughter needed only a hint from her mother to speak gently, move gracefully, and begin the work of training into the quiet, more essentially feminine ways of womanhood to set her about the task of self-improvement. But the end was then accomplished; brother and sister had become friends and confidants for life, and had many a pleasant reminiscence to talk over in later years. He was refined by much intercourse with the gentler sex, had learned their nature, ideas, and ways; and when he married, and left his sister's companionship, no woman was ever blest with a more unselfish, considerate, and affectionate husband.

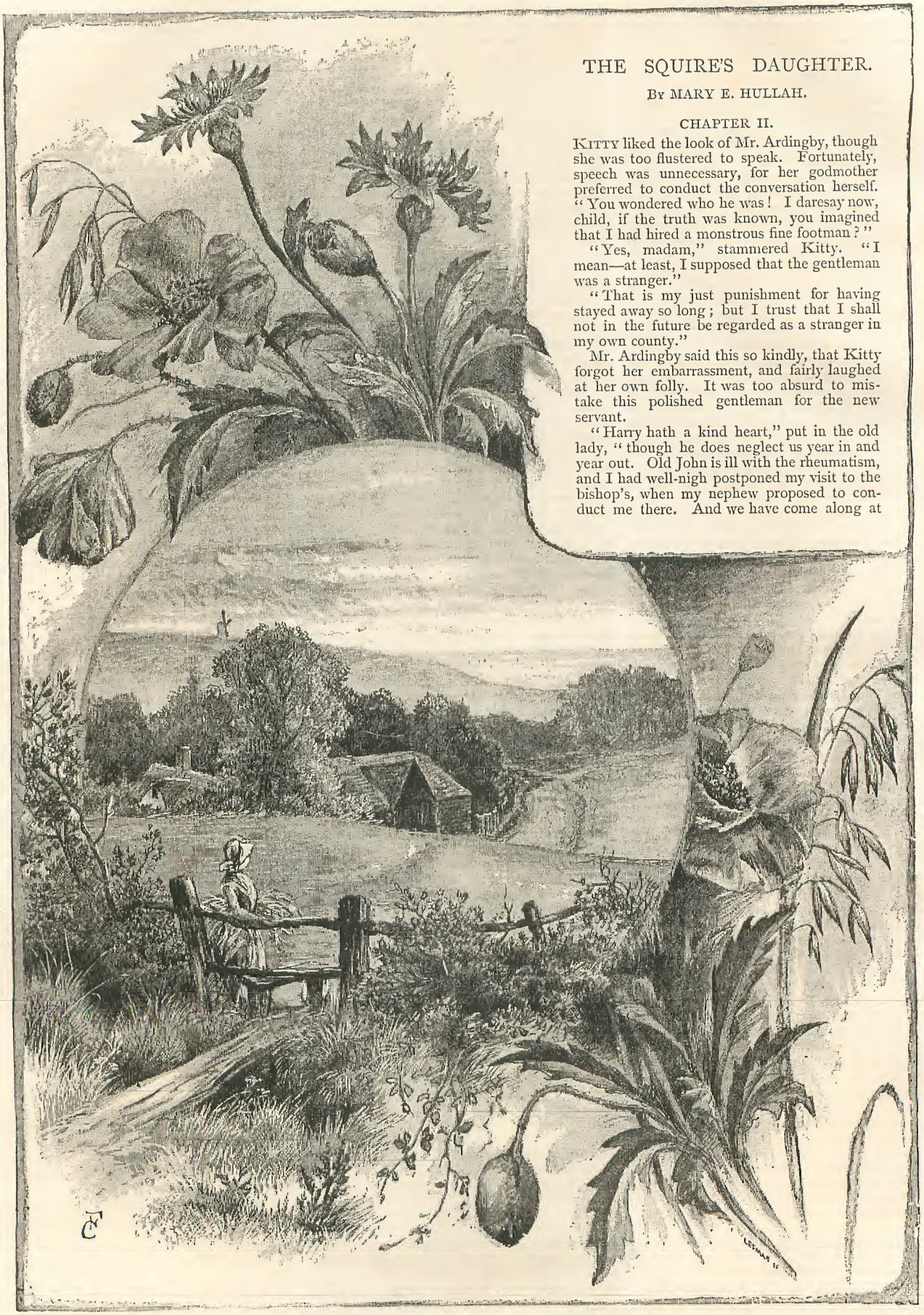
Another method of refining and subduing the roughness of the ordinary schoolboy is to insist on his making some change in his dress for dinner, or at least for the evening meal. Of course in the highest class of society this is always done; but where means are small, and changes of raiment few, this little outcome of civilised life is often neglected, and if ordered, is not insisted upon. It is not necessary to change the whole suit, but the coat and the outdoor shoes at least. Let the boy understand that it is not respectful to the ladies of the family to sit with them and appear at the dinner-table in school-room, sporting, or working dress. A mother should be strict about the washing of face and hands, brushing of hair, and trimming of nails, of her schoolboy sons, and that all spots and stains be removed from their dress. I often visited in a country house where means were limited, and where three families were represented by the young people, including nephews and nieces from India. The boys—seven or eight of them—often most uproarious during the day, always dressed for the evening, and were as quiet and well-behaved in the drawing-room as if at a reception of strangers, speaking too in a low tone. I have known them all in after life, and to none of them has the reminder been necessary (in reference to their long widowed mother), "Honour thy father *and* thy mother," and "Despise not thy mother when she is old," nor of the judgment impending over "Him that refuseth to obey his mother"! Indeed, when a son or daughter is guilty in this respect, it is usually that the mother has not known how to enforce her authority, nor to kindle a feeling of united respect and love in the heart of her child.

We will suppose that the sons are now launched into society, and are cultivating the acquaintance of the girls just "introduced." It is, or ought to be, an anxious time to the mother, and she should have already prepared for it before her son's affections had been engaged. What is honourable or the reverse in the action taken by a young man under such circumstances, should be made very clear to him, not by direct, but, in this case, indirect teaching. The conduct of those who endeavour to win the heart of a minor unknown to parent or guardian, should be strongly reprobated; equally so the attempt to press a girl, many years younger than the man who seeks her, into an engagement, leaving her no time or opportunity for seeing other suitors and making a choice. The selfish and dishonourable conduct exhibited by a man who presumed to propose to a woman, having no private means for her support, nor owning a sufficiently prosperous business or profession to enable him at least to lay by a portion of his income for settlement on his wife and children; or who has either a very poor exchange to offer her in taking her away from the comforts and the rest from work and anxiety of her father's house, or literally has no home at all prepared for her reception; such unmanly, selfish conduct, I maintain, should be held up to scorn and reprobation before the young people of both sexes. It may prove a deterrent, for very shame's sake, on the part of the man, and should enable the girl to estimate such a man's heart and feelings of honour at their real value.

A man can soon perceive whether his society is agreeable to a woman without "making love" to her; and he can show a partiality for her company in a sufficiently evident manner to be observed and understood—that quick sense of intuition and perceptive ability, so specially well-developed in women, rarely at fault on such occasions. This being so, his first duty is to make known his feelings to her mother, and in so doing to make a full statement of his affairs, and his ability to provide for her daughter. Should she be satisfied, she will communicate his confidence to her husband, and give the suitor the benefit of her sympathy and influence; and then a formal meeting will be arranged; and all proving satisfactory, permission to pay his addresses, with a view to winning her heart, will be accorded to him. This is the right and orthodox way for a man to approach a girl who is still under her parents' roof. Naturally, were the case that of a woman of more advanced age, and living independently of her parents' home, a man would be free to pay his addresses to her direct, and make a full statement of his affairs and intentions for her sole consideration and decision, all responsibility resting on her shoulders.

Some years ago it was calculated that, for a certain period, more separations were legally effected than marriages made; and a terrible revelation it was!—such lack of judgment, and rash, unreflecting haste exhibited in the onerous step of "marrying and giving in marriage." I have visited much in private houses, and seen remarkable instances of a husband and wife, equally to be liked and respected, who lived together on the most painful terms of formal politeness or open discord. Youth is impetuous: quiet reflection is an irksome duty; and mothers are sadly to blame in the little training they bestow on their children as a preparation for married life. I would earnestly entreat them to make it a matter of careful thought and daily prayer; and we shall soon see fewer miserable men and women, or poverty-stricken and discreditable homes.





THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

By MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER II.

KITTY liked the look of Mr. Ardingby, though she was too flustered to speak. Fortunately, speech was unnecessary, for her godmother preferred to conduct the conversation herself. "You wondered who he was! I daresay now, child, if the truth was known, you imagined that I had hired a monstrous fine footman?"

"Yes, madam," stammered Kitty. "I mean—at least, I supposed that the gentleman was a stranger."

"That is my just punishment for having stayed away so long; but I trust that I shall not in the future be regarded as a stranger in my own county."

Mr. Ardingby said this so kindly, that Kitty forgot her embarrassment, and fairly laughed at her own folly. It was too absurd to mistake this polished gentleman for the new servant.

"Harry hath a kind heart," put in the old lady, "though he does neglect us year in and year out. Old John is ill with the rheumatism, and I had well-nigh postponed my visit to the bishop's, when my nephew proposed to conduct me there. And we have come along at

"SHE PAUSED TO REST AT A STILE."

a smart pace; I shall give him a good character. Now, child, farewell! My compliments to your mother. Is your father returned?"

"No, madam; and we do not know which day to expect him. His affairs keep him in town."

"Hark ye, Kitty," said Lady Catherine, seriously; "it would be well for the squire if he meddled less with politics, and looked better after his estate. Mr. Fox and his set are no friends for him."

"Madam," replied Kitty, with all the dignity she could muster, "my father will, I trust, soon be here to wait upon your ladyship. If you have any fault to find with his pursuits or his friends——"

"Tut, tut," interrupted the old lady good-naturedly; "you are a good child, and I mean no harm. Run now to your mother; and Kitty, I shall expect you to-morrow."

Thus dismissed, Kitty kissed her godmother's hand and retired; this time she had only a stiff salutation for the young man, who stood a silent spectator of the little scene.

"The young lady has dropped a paper," he said, stooping to pick up the wrapper that had fallen from the hastily-arranged nosegay. A few words of printed matter attracted his attention: he held in his hand the proof-sheet of an article on Reform. At the head of the article was the title of a newspaper the publication of which had lately been prohibited by Government. "The young lady's father is a Whig, I presume?" remarked Henry Ardingby, as he tucked the dangerous document into his waistcoat pocket.

"A Whig, forsooth! He is a revolutionist! I tell thee, Hal, if someone does not interfere, he will get himself into serious trouble ere long, and then his good wife and daughter will suffer."

Henry Ardingby took up the chair, and went his way perplexed. He knew far better than his aunt how high the strife waged between the friends of the people, who wished for reform, and those who regarded the very name of liberty with horror. In the eyes of many a Tory magnate the papers which Mistress Kitty had dropped were evidence enough to convict the squire of treason.

Henry Ardingby had spent the greater part of his time for the last six years in wandering about the continent, visiting one city after another, and indulging to the full his love of music and the fine arts. Now that he had returned to the country of his birth he found so much to do, that he began to consider whether he had not better stay at home altogether.

His aunt was entirely of opinion that his influence—on the right side, of course—would be of the greatest importance to the county; besides, she was growing old, and did not wish to be again separated from her nearest living relation. It was with feelings of pride that she contemplated her young kinsman; she liked him all the better for not agreeing with her on every point; and though (as a good Tory should) she looked upon the French as an unhappy people steeped in wickedness, she could not but admit that Harry had learnt wondrous pretty manners on the other side of the water.

On the following day, Kitty Darracott went across to Temple Grange, as in duty bound. Somewhat to her relief she found her godmother sitting alone before her tambour-frame in the long drawing-room, the walls of which were hung with pale blue silk. The old lady was in the cheeriest of moods, and as if to make up for her too outspoken frankness of yesterday, she received Kitty with extra affection.

The bringing of the embroidery into good order was a work of some time, and Kitty sat down before the tambour-frame with the fullest intention of accomplishing her task with diligence. Our best intentions are sometimes frustrated by circumstances. Before half an hour had passed, just as the young needlewoman perceived that her hostess had dropped asleep behind the shade of her green fan, steps were audible in the anteroom, and a hand was on the door.

She started to her feet, fairly confused with the recollection of the terrible blunder that she had been guilty of yesterday. Here was Mr. Ardingby again, making his way in her direction. Would he remember that she had mistaken him for the new footman? She need not have been afraid. The young man had not given a second thought to the occurrence, though Miss Darracott herself had been in his mind very often since yesterday. He cast one glance in the direction of his slumbering aunt, and addressed himself to the visitor.

"I am very pleased to meet you, madam," he said. "I have been wishing for an opportunity of speech with you. You must forgive me if I cause you pain; but it is a serious subject."

The needle fell from Kitty's hand; she turned pale. "Is there bad news from home?" she asked in a terrified whisper.

"Nay, nay," was the kind answer. "I am a very clumsy person to have vexed you so. Why should you suppose that I was the messenger of such evil tidings?"

"I don't know. My mother is in better spirits than usual to-day; but I thought—it is foolish—but I thought the ill news was of my dear father, who is from home."

"I have heard no ill tidings of the squire except the tidings that you brought yourself, madam. I see that you do not understand. You must consider me a privileged person. Though I have not the honour of Mr. Darracott's acquaintance, his name is well known to me; and my aunt has often spoken in praise of her goddaughter and namesake, Miss Catherine Darracott."

Now that it had come to the point, he found his task more difficult than he had anticipated. However, he had begun, and must go on with it; he only wished that the young lady would not look at him with such wistful eyes.

"Sir," she said, partly recovering from her scare, "I pray you pay me no compliments. Answer me truthfully. How and when did I bring evil tidings concerning my dear father?"

Henry came a step nearer; his aunt was still dozing in her arm-chair; there was no one to overhear the conversation.

"Do you recollect, madam, that you dropped a paper yesterday, when we had the pleasure of meeting you?"

She clasped her hands together; she remembered now what she had done. The young man went on quickly: "Believe me when I tell you that if that scrap of newspaper had fallen into the hands of our neighbour Mr. Featherstone, he would have taken prompt means to punish the man who dared to patronise it, or — still worse — to write for it."

Kitty understood it all now. Mr. Featherstone was a magistrate renowned for his violent temper, and, moreover, a personal enemy of her father's. What had she done? Her father had trusted her, and she had ill deserved his confidence.

"It is my fault," she moaned in despair; "but I had not read it. I did not know. I will go to Mr. Featherstone and implore him to be merciful."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said her companion decidedly. "He will never hear of its existence, I hope. Take my advice, madam, and forget all that you have heard to-day; only, for your father's sake, entreat him to be cautious in the future."

"I will do as you say. Tell me who found the paper? Where is it?"

"In my possession; no one else has seen it. Shall I destroy it now in your presence?"

He produced the slip of paper and deliberately tore it into a hundred fragments. The most bigoted Tory in England could not scent treason here.

The tears rose to Kitty's eyes. "You have saved me from a lifelong reproach," she said. "You are a loyal friend."

He had thought her a pretty, simple country girl before. Now he knew her to be a loving daughter, an unselfish woman. There was a movement from the arm-chair. Lady Catherine was waking up.

"Do not take all this too much to heart," he whispered; "and forgive me for the grief that I have caused you."

Kitty looked up into his face; the fine gentleman who made such elegant compliments had proved himself worthy of his old aunt's praise. She foresaw dimly that there might be trouble in the future; it would be easier to bear as long as Henry Ardingby remained at the Grange. Carried away by excitement, she had forgotten all etiquette and her strict notions of propriety; now they returned to her with greater force than ever.

"I thank you, sir," she said demurely, though her voice trembled, "for your kind advice, and I will endeavour to profit by it."

The fan fell to the floor with a crash, and Lady Catherine woke up to find Kitty bending over the tambour-frame and Henry standing by her side. "I closed my eyes for a few moments," observed the old lady affably; "but I heard Harry enter, and I have not missed a word of your conversation. My dear goddaughter I trust that you have not over-fatigued yourself? Must you leave me already? Remember, you are always a welcome visitor."

It was not until Kitty had been gone for some time that it occurred to Lady Catherine to look at the tambour-frame. The faulty corner had been unpicked, it is true, but not one stitch had Kitty set in its place.

"The child is ill, or out of spirits," cried the old lady in some agitation. "Harry, have you been saying ought to distress her?"

"Indeed, madam, I should be very loath to vex any lady who is a friend of yours, more especially Miss Darracott, for whom I entertain a high regard."

He spoke so seriously that his aunt was fain to believe him. Kitty walked home slowly across the fields, striving to recover her complete self-possession before she joined her mother. The country was looking very beautiful this afternoon; the haymakers were still at work in the fields. As Kitty passed along she gathered a great bundle of grass and wild flowers, wherewith to decorate her chamber at home. She paused to rest at a stile, from which a footpath led towards High Row. How peaceful was the scene! If only her father could be persuaded to come home all would go well. She had heard much of the wickedness of great towns. She yearned for news of her father; that last letter had been many days in coming, and Mr. Ardingby's warning had made her doubly anxious.

"Kitty, my girl—well met!"

There was no mistaking that voice. There was no mistaking the square-set shoulders, the bronzed face, and kindly blue eyes of the man who was coming towards her.

"Father! My dear father!"

He held out his arms, and she sprang into them weeping. The squire dearly loved his daughter, and he sought to soothe her agitation to the best of his power. As he talked, making light of her alarm, she too almost forgot her fears. Father was so brave and honourable, who could wish him harm?

(*To be continued.*)

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.

III.—The Old Queen.—*Concluded.*

GREATER the favour in which the Queen had formerly held any gentleman or lady of her court, the more she took to heart his or her marriage. Thus Elizabeth's gallant and accomplished courtier Raleigh, whose first passport to her notice had been the grace and presence of mind with which he flung his velvet mantle on the muddy spot in her path, was sent to the Tower for the misconduct which ended in his marriage with Elizabeth Throckmorton. It was while he was still under a cloud for this escapade that he made his voyage to Guinea. Essex fell into similar, if less pronounced, disgrace by a private marriage with Frances Lady Sidney, who had been Sir Philip's wife, and had paid him the unusual mark of respect in that generation of remaining a widow for four years. But as a rule the Queen was appeased ere long, and presently both the offenders were restored to their former privileges.

Elizabeth was now upwards of threescore, and it is well that her later biographers have recognised the stupid blunder by which earlier historians persisted in dealing with her affection for Essex and the handsome Mountjoy—young enough to be her sons—as a foolish old woman's doting, hankering after lovers to the very verge of the grave. Elizabeth was no fool at any stage of her life, though traces of her vanity and coquetry lingered to the last. The sole excuse for the monstrous supposition is the superabundance of laudation and the extravagant devotion with which the young, no less than the old, courtiers continued to address her. But it was the Court language of the period. Not a foreign sovereign who desired to recommend himself to her addressed her in any other terms. She was always the bright western star, the glorious sun, whose effulgence dazzled the petitioner. He was either scorched by the splendour of her beams, or pining in darkness for lack of them. Judged by our standards, the royal correspondents might each and all have been enamoured to the last degree.

No candid person can view in Elizabeth's treatment of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, any other sentiment than that of the mingled admiration, apprehension, and indulgence of a woman advanced in life for an eager, enthusiastic young man, possessed of many attractive qualities and of considerable promise, while beset with temptations and difficulties which threatened to mar that promise. On Essex's side, his wilful, turbulent behaviour towards the Queen was exactly that which might have been adopted by her spoilt godson Harington.

Robert Devereux was the son of that second cousin, Lettice Knollys, whom Elizabeth had no reason to like or esteem. Indeed, Camden mentions expressly, "'twas with some difficulty he was raised to the condition of a favourite, the Queen happening to have no respect for his mother." Doubtless neither was his sister Penelope Lady Rich anything save an obstacle to his winning Elizabeth's regard. However, he was her distant relation through his mother, and he was also Leicester's stepson. It was on the death of Leicester, and in succession to him, that Essex was named Master of the Horse, a post which ought to have kept him near the Queen's person; she also made him a Knight of the Garter and a Privy Councillor when he was only twenty-three years of age. He was handsome, impulsive, distinguished by all the romantic graces of a knight-errant, rather than by the prosaically useful aims of a sober soldier and statesman. He was too wild and free a bird to submit willingly to what were to him the galling restrictions and the enervating influence of a Court. What he desired was to win his spurs and do great deeds, to make a name at which all the world should wonder. Twice he escaped from bondage, being on one of the two occasions recaptured and brought back, full of reluctance, by a special messenger from the Queen. Everywhere—in the Low Countries, in Portugal, on board ship with Raleigh, in Ireland—that dear conquest of earlier English sovereigns, which Elizabeth's statesmen were struggling desperately to bring into submission and keep in order—he sought to carve a career; always he was baulked by his own impatience, insubordination, jealousy, and recklessness. Camden has an amusing account of one of Essex's fiery disputes with the Queen, when in the heat of his argument he turned his back upon her—a slight she was not likely to overlook. She boxed his ears on the spot, in the presence of the Lord Admiral, Sir Robert Cecil, and Windebank, Clerk of the Seal; she further bade the culprit "go and be hanged." He clapped his hand upon his sword, so that the Lord Admiral was forced to come between the disputants. Essex swore with a great oath that he neither could nor would put up with such an affront, nor would he "have took it from the hands of Henry VIII. himself," and left the Court "in a great passion."

The quarrel did not last; but it was a different England in which such scenes could take place; a different London, when in a great drought, not long before, the Thames was so low that a man could ride over it at London Bridge; a different world altogether, when Elizabeth and the "old young man," James IV. of Scotland, remained on such amicable terms that she not only condescended to approve of his marriage with Anne of Denmark, but stood sponsor for his son Henry, Prince of Wales, in the manner in which she had stood sponsor for James himself, as if no Mary Queen of Scots had lived, and died by the headsman's axe at Fotheringay.

It is as hard for us as it was for Elizabeth not to deal forbearingly with Essex. He was so boyish in his worst scrapes, so frank and manly in his greatest errors. It is said he wished to model himself on the *preux chevalier* Sir Philip Sidney; if so, he fell far short of his model, though it might have been part of the modelling to woo and wed Sir Philip's widow. Certainly Essex was unfit for any grave charge. He was so arrogant that it could be said of him he disparaged all whose actions were not of "his own square." He would not brook contradiction, he was utterly regardless of consequences. It was also reported of him that the goodwill he inspired in Roman Catholic and Protestant alike was merely the fruits of the pains he had taken "to gain the caresses of the vulgar." He was accused of "having a way of screwing favours from the Queen, joined to a coldness and disrespect for her," and of "carrying his passions on his forehead." But the last charges may be suffered to drop; two of them at least showed that he was not a practised courtier, far less an accomplished hypocrite. It was an ill-omened distinction that he had claims to royal blood, though it had run through various and tortuous channels before it reached his veins. He was descended distantly from Thomas of Woodstock, son of Edward III., and from a sister of Edward IV. It was a more tangible and creditable honour that he was the friend of Spenser, the friend of Shakespeare's friend the Earl of Southampton, and of the Earl of Pembroke, who was Sidney's nephew, being the son of Mary Sidney, the lady addicted to "pleasant studies," and the grandson of Catherine Parr's sister Ann.

Elizabeth was at Nonsuch when Essex defied alike duty and propriety. He had been sent to occupy the highest post in Ireland, which had never ceased to be rent asunder by the machinations and open rebellion of disaffected nobles like Desmond, and wild chiefs claiming to represent native kings like Bryan Barough. As a matter of course Essex would not co-operate with his subordinates in command. Believing himself thwarted, he took the mad, undisciplined course of suddenly abandoning his post, without leave asked or granted, and quitting Ireland. Arrived in England, he went straight to the Queen, but showed so little sense of what was due to her that he entered her private apartments early in the morning unsummoned and unannounced, still wearing the muddy boots in which he had travelled. Justly indignant, the Queen ordered him to his apartments. The Council which met on the serious offence of his unceremoniously throwing up his command in Ireland removed him from the Council, suspended him from his office of Earl Marshal and Master of the Ordnance, and sentenced him to be kept in confinement during the Queen's pleasure. Essex passionately petitioned Elizabeth that she would let him depart in peace, and she, softened by what she understood to be his submission, bade him be set at liberty.

But the worse side of Essex's haughty, rash nature was in the ascendant. He complained that the Queen had degraded him to the state of a private man, and that he could not "fawn himself" into a higher post. There were also malicious tongues which told her he had said of her that "she was now grown an old woman, and was as crooked within as without." He did not stop there; regardless of the warning which she had given him that she might forgive a slight to her person, but if he touched her sceptre he must take the consequences, he commenced to traffic with treason. He was found to be in correspondence with King James, urging him to support his claims by force of arms. Essex was also suspected of seeking to suborn his successor in Ireland, Mountjoy, so that he might transfer his forces from Ireland to Scotland. Noblemen and citizens whose loyalty was of a doubtful character were known to frequent Essex House.

Essex was once more called on to appear before the Council, an order with which he refused to comply, alleging illness. At last he took guilt to himself, and committed the most heinous of his acts. He flew to arms, and in company with Lord Southampton, four other nobles, and three hundred gentlemen, attempted to raise London against the Government. He rode at the head of his band into the City, shouting "For the Queen! For the Queen! My life is in danger!" But there was no response to his appeal. Baffled, he sought to return, but found "a chain drawn across the street near the west gate of St.

Paul's, with pikemen and musketeers placed there by the Bishop of London." Essex had his hat shot through, and drew his sword in his own defence. He got by boat to his house, in which were his wife and his sister, Lady Rich, with their gentlewomen. (It is a strange association of "Stella" and "Pastorella," Sidney's first love and his wife, united by their common interest in another man, the brother of the one and the husband of the other!) It would seem too as if their own safety occupied them largely, for the place was filled with the cries of the women, while the Lord Admiral was calling on Essex to surrender. The privilege of a safe conduct was granted to the clamorous women, Essex and the noblemen with him yielding at ten o'clock at night. They were conducted first to Lambeth and then to the Tower.

The insurrection was quelled in its birth; but Essex was doomed. It was impossible to spare the ringleader in so criminal an attempt. He was arraigned before his peers in Westminster Hall. He did not defend himself beyond a solemn protest that he was guiltless of any design against the Queen personally. He interceded not ineffectually for his friend Southampton. He impeached some of the other conspirators, including his stepfather, Sir Christopher Blount, and Essex's successor in Ireland, Mountjoy, whose rule was so acceptable that Elizabeth settled "not to know of the accusation."

Essex is said also to have requested to see and seek forgiveness from some of his opponents whom he might have wronged. He thanked the Queen for allowing him to have a private execution, so that his mind might not be discomposed; and his expression of penitence was certainly not for the purpose of saving his life. He died with firmness and fortitude. He was beheaded in the courtyard of the Tower on Ash Wednesday, 1601. He had not completed his thirty-fourth year.

Essex's sometime shipmate and later enemy, with whom he had quarrelled violently, Sir Walter Raleigh, is said to have been present on the occasion. For this apparently cold heartlessness in the brilliant soldier, sailor, and adventurer, which caused a common friend to remonstrate, to advise the interested spectator not to press on the dying man at such a time, and to induce Raleigh to withdraw to the armoury, from which he could witness the execution, the excuse is made that he dreaded Essex would denounce him on the scaffold, and was there to hear the denunciation, and declare his innocence.

Within the month, Lettice Knollys, the "Helen" of Elizabeth's reign, suffered a terrible retribution for her sins. Her only son had already perished, and her third husband, Sir Christopher Blount (he is said to have plundered and ill-treated the woman who had befooled the elder Essex and Leicester), followed by the same dark road. He died confessing his profligacy, but denying his treason.

The widow of Robert Earl of Essex and of Sir Philip Sidney married for the third time the Earl of Clanricarde, who was supposed to bear a striking personal resemblance to Essex.

The often retailed story of the ring given by Elizabeth to Essex, which he sent back to her as a last entreaty for pardon, is somewhat as follows. The ring was put into the hand of a boy, who in mistake delivered the jewel—not to Lady Scrope, as he had been directed, but to her sister, Lady Nottingham. A whole chapter of misfortune followed, in popular belief. Nottingham (the Lord Admiral Howard, married to one of the Careys, Elizabeth's cousins), was Essex's deadly enemy. His wife confided to him the commission entrusted to her, when he intercepted and withheld the ring. Lady Nottingham on her death-bed ere long was full of remorse for the trust she had betrayed. She sent and begged to see Elizabeth that she might disclose her treachery. The remorse was transferred to the Queen, who thus went mourning to her grave.

The tradition is entirely discredited by modern authorities. Green and Beesley dismiss it with contempt. Brewer holds up the main points of the story to ridicule, remarking on the improbability of Essex's being so slightly guarded as to enable him to dispose of the ring in the manner stated, and dwelling mischievously on the detail of the boy "with the pleasing countenance," who was so opportunely on the spot beneath Essex's window, together with the more than doubtfulness of such a boy's having access to either Lady Scrope or Lady Nottingham.

Another long-cherished general persuasion is also dismissed with scant ceremony. It was that Elizabeth's health gave way, and her death was hastened as the result of her inconsolable sorrow for Essex's fate. That she regretted it, like any other humane woman given to lively attachments, goes without saying; but the regret was not immoderate. He had admitted the justice of his sentence, and she had done no more than her duty to her people in condemning him; a fact so queenly a woman was not likely to forget. So far from being overwhelmed by more than the natural sadness with which the old see the fortunes of the young, in whom they have taken a warm interest, fatally overcast, she threw off the incubus, and was unusually well and cheerful, in spite of the idle speculations of some of her companions, during the spring and summer which followed Essex's death. She certainly survived him nearly two years. She went on "maying" as of old in the neighbourhood of her palace at Greenwich, entertained company at her palace at Richmond, and once, more with the malicious intention that the gentleman might report to his impatient master her undiminished health and agility, permitted the Scotch ambassador to spy on her as she danced for her private diversion to the music of "a small fiddle."

But the long bright day was nearly done, and dark night was coming down on Elizabeth Tudor. One after another of her old friends and favourites had fallen around her. Leicester was gone; Hatton was gone—even Essex's youth had not saved him. Bacon had died years before; her kinsman Hunsdon was dead; her faithful servant Burleigh, who had been her right hand through her troubled youth and glorious middle age, had laid down the burden of his duties and honours in his seventy-eighth year, and was sincerely lamented by his grateful mistress. He left a son, Sir Robert Cecil, well-nigh as famous as his father, yet a smaller man in every respect. He was notably small in stature, with a pale handsome face and great dark eyes. Elizabeth used to call him—to his smothered mortification—her "pigmy." He was less disinterested and more moved by personal enmities than his father had been. There was an impression that he did not act as a true friend to Essex, and that Cecil was largely instrumental in the well-nigh wanton condemnation of Raleigh in James's reign. Elizabeth's greatest enemy, Philip of Spain, had passed from the world five years before her.

Her lot, always lonely, grew lonelier and lonelier. Her kinsman and Admiral, Lord Nottingham, was almost the sole survivor of her earlier trusted servants.

Elizabeth's temperate habits, and her fondness for out-of-door exercise, had caused her to enjoy, for the most part, robust health. A comical story is told* of the Queen's lack of submission under a violent attack of toothache, and at the same time of her great demur to the use of the primitive instruments of the dentist or barber-surgeon of the period. In the strait, Aylmer, the old Bishop of London, came gallantly to the rescue, according to his biographer, Strype. The Bishop, with the deprecatory statement that he had not many grinders to lose, magnanimously underwent the extraction of a tooth in the Queen's presence, that she might be encouraged to follow his example, and permit the operation.

In a description given of Elizabeth by a German traveller who visited England and saw the Queen going to prayers in her sixty-sixth year, he tells of her majestic carriage, fair but wrinkled skin, dark, pleasant eyes, hook nose, false red hair, narrow lips, and black (discoloured) teeth. He appends a naïve explanation that it was a defect the English were subject to from their too great eating of sugar.

Elizabeth kept up her indoor and out-of-door recreations with tenacious determination. She danced no longer for pleasure, but for exercise, preferring the high dancing exhibited by her father and her aunt Margaret Tudor, when they were a merry boy and girl, celebrating the marriage of their brother Arthur with Catherine of Arragon. Elizabeth rode and hunted when she could scarcely sit her horse, and had to be lifted to and from her saddle. She tarried in her gardens till it was feared she would die there. But when three score and ten years have well-nigh come and gone, the accredited means for the preservation of health and vigour are apt to fail, or to act in a manner the reverse of what was intended.

The greatest blow to the Queen, if she was conscious of it, would be any decrease in that love of her people which was beyond all things precious to her. As Green has it, they were colder to her than they had been formerly. They had changed, while she was essentially the same. The nation had grown thoughtful and serious, and their Queen had not kept pace with them. They began to be repelled by her impartial indifference to spiritual questions, her rampant worldliness, her love of gaudiness and glare.*

If Elizabeth recognised the slightest decline in her popularity, it must have stung her as the very serpent's tooth of ingratitude, since it was for her people she had schemed and striven, and stood aloof from family ties.

Of one thing the Queen could hardly fail to be aware—she had steadily refused to appoint a successor throughout the whole course of her reign. She was influenced by motives of policy in the first place. In the second, she had not forgotten the scenes on the occasion of her sister Mary's death, when the dying woman was forsaken, while the courtiers flocked to hail the rising sun at Hatfield.

In spite of Elizabeth's precaution, a like experience befell her; and she was too astute, too entirely in possession of her senses, not to suspect that many of those around her were in communication with James of Scotland. Sir Robert Cecil had propitiated James by a much-needed loan of money from Cecil's private resources. The dashing, versatile Raleigh was in correspondence with the King of Scots. Even the Queen's petted godson, Harington, had sent the King a jewel, bearing a significant inscription. Her cousins, Robert Carey and his sister, were planning the surest arrangements by which Carey should know the precise moment at which the Queen's breath went out, and ride straightway with the tidings to the heir.

Towards the close of the year 1602 Elizabeth's body and mind were alike failing, though she had still flashes of her old spirit. "Her

* Agnes Strickland.

* Beesley denies that Elizabeth's popularity suffered any eclipse.

face became haggard, her frame shrunken almost to a skeleton." At last she had grown indifferent to her toilet, and "would not change her dress for weeks at a time." The Queen was at her pleasant palace of Richmond, but nature had lost its charm for her. Camden says her illness was increased by the circumstance that the last day of January, on which she removed from Westminster to Richmond (her last journey in life), was a very stormy day. He adds that she went "to enjoy the remains of life with more freedom," while the courtiers, who were watching each sign, remarked that "the Queen was never more constant to the services of the chapel." The superstition of the watchers was worked upon by the accident of the Queen's having ordered "the ring, in which she had been espoused in form to her kingdom at her coronation, which had never been took off before, to be filed from her finger, because it was so grown into the flesh that it could not be got off any other way." Her fiery temper rendered her doubly difficult to deal with. Like her sister Mary in her evil day, Elizabeth's courage, the dauntless courage of the daughters of Henry VIII., broke down in keeping with the shattered nerves. She would have a sword beside her, "and thrust it from time to time in the arras, as if she heard murderers stirring there." She had an ailment in her throat which incapacitated her to a great extent from speaking and swallowing. Her godson Harington describes her, as he saw her holding a gold cup which she often put to her lips; "but in truth her heart seemed too full to need more filling." He sought to amuse her by reading some of his verses, whereat she smiled once, but said, "When thou dost feel creeping time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less. I am past relish for such matters. Thou seest my bodily meat doth not suit me well. I have eaten but one ill-tasted cake since yesterday night."

She would take neither physic nor nourishment, and at last refused to go to bed, because her fevered fancy brought to her pillow ghastly dreams and weird fancies; while she scouted with her old, strong common-sense, so far in advance of her day, the idea suggested by Sir Robert Cecil (one can see his melancholy black eyes opening wide as he spoke), that she was beset with spirits. She sat for four days among cushions on the floor, mostly silent, with her fingers to her mouth; an attitude which seems rather an instinctive indication of her suffering from her throat, and of the impediment it presented to speech, than, as has been conjectured, a sign of deep dejection. Her Council and attendants, in their perplexity, sent at last for the old Admiral Lord Nottingham. He was her nearest surviving relation, as well as the oldest of her friends. He had married another of her cousins, the heroine of the apocryphal ring story, and it was on account of his mourning for her death that he was absent from Court.

He came, and induced Elizabeth to swallow some broth, feeding her from a spoon. Sir Robert Cecil told her that to content her people she must go to bed. She turned upon him with the high spirit of former days; she reminded him that "must" was not a word to be used to princes, finishing indignantly, "Little man, little man, if your father had lived, ye durst not have said so much; but thou knowest I must die, and that maketh thee so presumptuous."

By mingled entreaty and compulsion her aged kinsman got her laid on her bed. Her Council made a final effort to ascertain her wishes with regard to her successor. The members assembled round her bed, and begged her by word or sign to convey her will to them. They mentioned the King of France (to try if she was in her right reason, it is alleged), and she did not stir. They suggested Lady Catherine Grey's son, Lord Beauchamp. Her dislike to the Greys caused her to rally for a moment. "I will have the son of no rascal (or low-born man) in my seat," she said scornfully. They named the King of Scots, and here accounts differ. Camden, writing from hearsay, declares that the Queen, when pressed by her Council, said faintly, "that as she had held a regal sceptre she desired no other than a royal successor." When urged further by the secretary, she explained, "I would have a king succeed me, and who should that be but my kinsman the King of Scots?" If we accept the testimony of some of those said to have been present, she did no more than bow her head at the name of King James; other eye-witnesses maintained she made no sign.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and one or two of his colleagues had been summoned to pray with the dying woman. Once more the evidence is very conflicting. Professor Beesley quotes a report that she rated the priests with what breath was left her, bade them be packing, said she was no atheist, and took it for an indignity that they should speak to her. He also mentions that she finally received their ministrations. Camden, perhaps fain to believe that his Queen died in an edifying manner, represents her as full of attention and reverence, winding up his narrative with the assertion that she "lifted up her hands and eyes to her Maker when she could do no more." The Careys confirm this statement, and add that the Queen kept the Archbishop praying for an unusual time by her bed.

The chief details of Elizabeth's death are supplied by Robert Carey and Mistress Southwell, one of the Queen's maids of honour. But there is a certain truthful unexaggerated ring in Camden's simple account of what might very well have come to his ears. He attributes the Queen's depression to various causes: the great expenditure, with no result, in Ireland; the reports from France of letters between her courtiers and James of Scotland, with a mere incidental reference to Essex's death as a source of regret. Camden states distinctly that "some of the nobility (not to mention the ladies)" forsook her either because Her Majesty was "ancient," or that they, tired with the length of her reign, longed for a change. The Queen, looking upon herself as helpless and forsaken, would cry, "They have now got me in a took (?). I have nobody left me that I can trust." These servants did not hesitate to embitter her sorrows by hinting to her that she had lost much of her sway over the hearts of her people. The rest of his narrative is lifelike and pathetic. "In the beginning of March the Queen was seized with a kind of stupor and heaviness, with a pettishness common enough to old persons. She would sit in one posture and not eat, and would confine her discourse to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Elizabeth died at three o'clock in the morning of the 24th of March, the day before Lady-Day, 1603. She was several months from the completion of her seventieth year, and had reigned forty-four years and four months. Robert Carey was hovering close at hand, waiting for confirmation of the end. There is another ring story brought in here, but at least it has the support of considerable probability. The tradition is, that the concerted signal between Carey and his sister, Lady Scrope, was a ring known as "the blue ring" (sapphires), to be flung by her from a particular window. A different account, furnished by Carey himself, is that he heard by a sentinel the Queen was dead, and hurrying to the sufferer's chamber, found all her ladies assembled there, weeping bitterly. In whatever manner the information was received, Carey started post-haste on his long ride, day and night, to Scotland, that he might be the first to carry the news to King James, who afterwards created the messenger Earl of Monmouth.

Elizabeth's body was embalmed and conveyed by water to Whitehall. When her funeral passed through the streets to Westminster, a vast concourse of people witnessing the procession, a reaction in feeling had already taken place. As men and women beheld her wax effigy lying, according to the custom of the time, on the coffin in royal robes, a crown on the head, a ball and a sceptre in each hand, they broke into loud wailing and weeping for their best friend, the wisest, greatest sovereign England had seen.

Very many of the readers of these papers must have looked on the stately monument in white marble which King James erected in Westminster Abbey, over the tomb in which Elizabeth's coffin lies by the side of her sister Mary's. Before long a similar monument was raised in the northern aisle of the same chapel (Henry VII.'s) to Mary Queen of Scots, whose body was brought by her son's command from Peterborough, taken through London by torchlight, and deposited in Westminster Abbey. Thus the famous Queens rest in death within a stone's-throw of each other.

The monument in the Abbey was not the only one designed to commemorate Queen Elizabeth's virtues. In the fresh glow of love and gratitude in the hearts of her subjects, the Londoners alone reared tokens of their admiration and reverence in all the chief London churches—St. Saviour's, Southwark; St. Mary Woolnoth; St. Lawrence Jewry; St. Mildred's, Poultry; St. Andrew Undershaft.*

* Hare's *Walks in London.*

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SYBIL'S DESPAIR.

"WHAT nonsense is the child talking now?" asked the colonel absently, his thoughts yet lingering over the remembrances and sensations revived by Sybil's singing. "I fear we have traded upon your good nature," he continued, noticing that the colour had suddenly paled upon Sybil's cheeks, "and while enjoying the treat you have given us, we have forgotten that you must have been tiring yourself. Won't you come near the fire?" and he drew up for her use a luxurious easy chair from its place near one of the windows.

Sybil, whose eyes had never left the colonel since Beth's hastily spoken

words, crossed the room with her noiseless gliding motion, and, taking one of the fans from the mantel-piece to serve as a fireside screen, sank into the proffered chair, as though for the moment exhausted by her unnatural excitement.

Aware that her glance was still fixed upon him, the colonel raised his eyes to meet it, and as he did so Sybil said quietly, "Beth's words were correct. My time will be up next Monday."

"What?" asked the colonel frowning. "I do not understand."

"I was engaged for three months. That time will have expired by next Monday," said Sybil slowly, suppressing as much as possible her extreme agitation, while watching intently for any evidence of feeling her words might cause him to reveal.

"My dear Miss Capella," said the colonel lightly, "you do not surely think we can part with you in that abrupt fashion? I have been so engaged, so harassed by this water failure, that I never gave a thought as to your time passing so quickly; or if I did, I took it for granted that Jeanie would have arranged for you to stay with us as long as you are yourself happy and comfortable."

The fan in her hand was fluttered in a rapid, uneasy manner. "So far," she thought, "he shows no pain at the idea of my departure."

"I am always happy here," she said hastily.

"I am glad of that—I had hoped so," he replied; "for you deserve that others should seek to make you happy, after laying yourself out to please us as you do. No, Miss Capella, you must not think of leaving us. I am sure the girls love you too well to part with you; and"—he continued with a smile, as he rose from his chair to return to his room, "we are all too dependent on your kindly exertions to let you leave us so soon."

"And yet," she said, as her eyes shot glittering light upon him, "I must leave you!"

"Indeed—why? But perhaps," he continued coldly, as the thought of their fallen fortunes recurred to his mind, "you fear, and justly, that in our present position we cannot, or ought not, to retain your services. But for the present, at least, let me assure you that your slight remuneration will make no perceptible difference; whereas to lose you would grieve us all."

"Oh, no! no!" she exclaimed earnestly. "Not that! No such thought entered my mind. Let me rise or fall with you. I should ask no more."

A moisture dimmed the glitter of her eyes, and her whole attitude appealed to the colonel against the injustice of his suspicions.

"Forgive me," he said, looking down on her kindly, and wondering for the second time that evening as to the cause of her unwonted excitement. "I am sorry that I misjudged you."

"You do not know—you do not know!" she murmured.

"I am sure something troubles you. Perhaps you are not well. Can I help you? Can my advice be of any service to you?" As he spoke, standing beside her chair, he laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

His kindness, his softened manner towards her, the light touch of his hand upon her shoulder, was more than Sybil could bear with composure. Madly she resolved to risk her whole happiness upon the words to be spoken in one brief moment.

Before the colonel could remove his hand Sybil had seized it, and pressed her burning lips upon it, as she exclaimed passionately, "I cannot stay. I must go away at once. Dear, dear Colonel Stanard, I thank you for all—all—but I must go at once!"

Greatly surprised, as Sybil released his hand, the colonel stood, hesitating and uneasy, at a loss what to say or do. Alas! for Sybil. Had not Paul Stanard's thoughts been so cruelly strained and concentrated on the engrossing trouble fallen on himself and his children he could not fail to have divined the cause of her distress. Even then a dim suspicion was growing in his mind, but was suddenly checked by the entrance of Calvert into the room, bearing on a salver a formidable array of business-looking letters and pamphlets.

"Take them to my room," he said to the man; then turning to Sybil, with a heavy sigh, he asked gently how he might help her.

She started up, fixed on him a look as though she would pierce into the recesses of his soul—a look wild and pleading, but turning even as she gazed into stony despair—then with a deep breath, as of a long-drawn sob, she passed swiftly from his presence.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"FORGIVE, IF YOU CAN, SYBIL CAPELLA."

THE following morning at breakfast-time it happened that Jeanie came down later than usual, and after wishing her father "Good-morning!" exclaimed in a tone of surprise, "Where's Sybil?"

"She's late," replied Beth; "and it's the first time since she has been here."

"I wondered that I did not see her as usual in the garden," said the colonel, "the morning being so fine. I fear that she may not be feeling well. Just run up, Jeanie, and enquire. Perhaps she might like her breakfast in her room. Last night she seemed excited, and unlike her usual self."

"Poor girl!" said Jeanie, turning to leave the room; "I shall make her take a day's rest at once."

"And let me carry her a cup of tea," called Beth after her.

Within five minutes Jeanie returned. "Father," she said, "Sybil is not in her room!"

"Then doubtless she has gone out in the grounds, and will return in a minute or two. Why do you look so alarmed?" said the colonel.

"Her bed has not been slept in; there are signs of packing about her room, and her drawers are empty. Oh, father! what does it all mean?"

"Perhaps she's hiding for fun. I will go and find her," said Beth, jumping up from the breakfast-table.

"Sit down and get your breakfast, my child," the colonel said. Then to Jeanie, "I will learn if the servants have seen her this morning."

Going first to her room, his examination confirmed Jeanie's statement. Her boxes had been drawn from a large inner cupboard, were evidently packed with her belongings, and were locked. But he found on the mantelpiece a small scrap of paper bearing these few words—

"Do not trouble to seek for Sybil Capella. She has left Stanard Castle, never to return. Pray God bless those who have been good to her.

"November 16th." "S. C."

For a moment after reading the above, the colonel stood gazing at its contents in sore perplexity. Then came a thought which literally caused him to stagger and reach out his arm for support against the wardrobe. Had she, oppressed by some great trouble she cared not to reveal, committed suicide?

Blow succeeding blow! What wonder that for a brief space Paul Stanard was too numbed for deliberate thought or action! Then the strong-hearted man asserted himself, and with Jeanie by his side—for she would not be banished—devoted the whole day to a rigid and methodical search.

Within and without the house his efforts and enquiries were unavailing; the same with the few persons he cared to employ, desiring the matter to be kept as quiet as possible.

At the close of the day, when Jeanie and Beth were both in bed, and the colonel, who had just returned after a fruitless search to the town and surrounding villages, had thrown himself in his chair, debating as to his next course of action, Calvert entered the room, bringing him letters.

"I have just returned from Penzarton, sir, and calling at the post office, got these letters."

"How is that?" asked his master. "I also called, and was told there were not any."

"Perhaps, sir, you were in Penzarton before the last post had come in," said the butler respectfully.

"Doubtless you are right, William," said his master. "Bring me some sandwiches—I require nothing more."

"But you have not dined, sir?"

"It does not signify. Bring the sandwiches."

As Calvert retired the colonel quickly glanced through his letters. As he took up the last from the table he recognised the handwriting. With eager haste he tore open the envelope, and to make sure turned to the name at the end of the long letter.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, as "Sybil Capella" met his eye. And for the first time Paul Stanard recognised how great had been his dread that some unknown evil had befallen the friend who had so mysteriously left his house.

As Calvert brought in the supper-tray, Paul said, "Tell the servants that I have heard from Miss Capella, with full explanations as to her abrupt departure. She is sorry for all the trouble she has unwittingly given us."

"Very good, sir"—and the man retired.

Left alone, Paul Stanard hastily swallowed a couple of sandwiches; then taking off his heavy riding-boots, sat down to read the following letter:—

"Stanard Castle. Midnight.

"DEAR COLONEL STANARD,—When this letter will be read by you, I shall be many miles distant. I beg that you will, as the last kindness I ask from you, make no effort to find my present retreat.

"Last night, with your usual kind-heartedness, you wanted to know my reason for leaving you all, and you were desirous to be of service to me, and help me if you could. It was, as I have only learnt too late, quite beyond your power to help me in the only way I needed help. But before I tell you my trouble, and the reason of my sudden flight—for the two are in reality one—let me ask you to spare a few minutes in glancing over some brief particulars about my early life, which may incline you to give a more lenient judgment if you cannot wholly forgive me.

"Up to the period I lost my parents (and I was then only fifteen), the motives of self-love and self-aggrandisement were the only moral teachings I received.

"Even before that age I had learnt to support myself, and receive advanced lessons, by instructing juniors, and making myself generally useful in schools. The treatment I then suffered taught me to cling even more rigidly to my unworthy creed.

"Later I met your daughter, and sought her friendship in the hope that her wealth and position might affect me favourably in the future. That same hope brought me to your home even after I heard from Jeanie of your heavy pecuniary troubles. I thought you might recover your losses, and, in any case, means be afforded me of securing in your social sphere a wealthy alliance. I had firmly determined never to marry any man unless he could offer me a good home, and possessed ample means. As for love, I confess that I did not believe in its existence, except, perhaps, in the case of a few sickly sentimentalists.

"Such were my aims—told to you honestly in all their naked deformity—when I came under the influence of your home, beheld the daily lives of yourself and your daughters, and began to awaken to a consciousness of my selfish, ignoble, and pitiable existence.

"From you I have learnt that for men and women there is a higher end than self-gratification. Your actions have taught me the beauty of self-denial, and of that home-love which can find its pleasure in making others happy, and supplying their needs rather than its own.

"While I thus slowly began to loathe my own unworthy life, and despise its motives, yearning vainly to reach your and Jeanie's height, can you wonder that I learnt to feel a warm and deep affection for those who were thus leading me from darkness into light?

"But, alas! I have worse to confess. You have more than once asked me by what means the letter from Mrs. Gordon to J. R. Gordon came into my possession, and each time I evaded an answer.

"At the risk of your scorn and just indignation, I must now tell you that I opened the packet that came here by post addressed to Mr. Rolfe, read the letters, and abstracted that one, closing and replacing the packet exactly as I found it in your secretaire. All this was done during the night, nearly a week before I could muster up courage to give it to you.

"You will naturally wonder what could be my motives in risking my reputation by such a dishonourable action, and still carrying it out after I knew that to deliver it into your possession would be to cause much sorrow to Jeanie, whom I have said, and with truth, that I have a warm affection for.

"Do you remember that you asked me what I knew respecting Mr. Rolfe, and that you told me you were anxious to find out all you could learn respecting him for Jeanie's sake? See, then, my only motive was to serve you! For that end I cared not what risk I ran for myself or others. Oh, Colonel Stanard, I can no longer hide my secret trouble, and the cause of my sudden departure! My intrigues have resulted in disaster, and I am sorely punished in myself, suffering from their recoiling power.

"I am aware another woman would blush to make this confession, would die rather than reveal it, knowing, as I know after recent experience, that you have no love—none—to give me in return, and that to you therefore mine must be valueless.

"But I have not had the fine sentiments instilled into me that more fortunate women have been nurtured in, and I shall not pretend to their possession now; on the contrary, let me say my love to you is, and ever will be, the one thing in my life for which I shall never feel either shame or remorse.

"Trusting to your honour as a gentleman—that honour which has been to me as a beacon-light—I know you will never try to find where I have endeavoured to hide myself. I do not think I could live if you did; I have at least enough self-respect to know I can never see you again.

"*But I have no* doubt of your goodness in respecting the favour I ask from you, and therefore in this midnight hour, the last I shall spend in your house (may God sustain me, for the knowledge is agony!), I seek relief to my bleeding heart in unburdening it to you.

"Yet as I write these words, I know that you would allow no woman other than the one you have lost to be blessed with the title of wife, and cherished and honoured by you. To what degree of womanly perfection must she who was your wife have attained, that she could so live in your heart's love that years cannot efface her memory! Happy, blessed woman!

"I shall never cease to care for you till I cease to breathe, and henceforward the one aim of my life will be to live more worthily, that the poor heart in which your noble memory is enshrined may not prove a desecration.

"I cannot at present say that your aims as a Christian will be mine, or I should speak an untruth. No, it is for your sake, and yours alone, that I now aspire to be other than I am. But the future may bring me to your faith, if anything can.

"I cannot write to Jeanie. Perhaps in time you may tell her all I have done. I dare not think she or you will forgive me; but should you ever wish to send me a few lines, address to Mrs. Smith, Bartholomew Street, Westminster. Kindly allow my boxes to be sent to the same place. She will have directions how to dispose of them.

"I have yet packing to do, and must be ready to leave this house in the early dawn.

"The night has closed in, Paul. To you, as to other happy ones, it is but nature's curtain of repose, while to me the night that has closed means the blackness of soul-loneliness, of endless despair. Good-bye, Paul! I breathe a prayer that God will love and bless you. Will your spirit know, I wonder, that mine, that of a restless wanderer, is fluttering and bleeding, before drawing itself for ever from the gracious presence which for three months has sheltered it?

"I feel I must write this under your roof; but I shall not post it till I am far away.

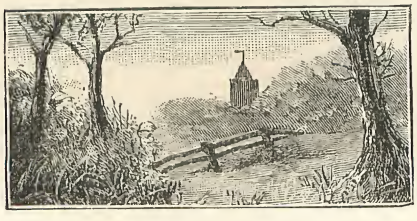
"Words fail me, and my sight is blurred; but my pen must trace a few last words.

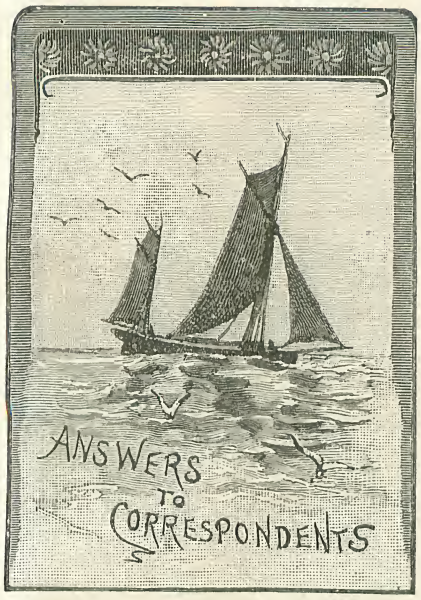
"As I pass from the house, I shall once again enter your room in order to take from its frame on the mantelpiece your photograph. It is the only one about the house that I like.

"Forgive, if you can,

"SYBIL CAPELLA."

(To be continued.)





ART.

Miss Parnell writes to request that a notice may be given of her Art Club. It commenced its work on April 1st, 1892, in aid of the C. E. A. Address—Miss Parnell, Secretary of Drawing Club, 32, Pennington Street, Rugby. The price of rules, 2d.—2. March 24th, 1869, was a Wednesday.

Sisters and Montreal.—For the study of art and music you could make no better choice of a residence than Dresden. At the same time, if you could divide your time, we think Geneva would answer your purpose, and, furthermore, bring you into the neighbourhood of the Alps, which you should visit while on the Continent of Europe. From Vevey go to Berne, thence to Thun, and thence to Grindelwald. Travelling in Switzerland is not expensive.

Madame St. Pierre.—1. The art of etching on copper by means of aquafortis was invented about the year 1532, by Francis Mazzuoli (or Parmegiano), and was practised by Albert Dürer.—2. Weber's "Polacca Brillante" in E is very difficult, perhaps more so than Chopin's "Valse in A flat." Why not judge for yourself?

C. H. G. and Gino.—We cannot give addresses. You had better apply to Miss Trulock, National Art Training School, South Kensington.

WORK.

Stella May.—Feathers may be washed in clean suds and shaken before a fire till dry. As a rule, from our own experience, we find that a number of old feathers are quite worth sending to a good cleaner's, for she would make more of them than we could do.

Cree.—1. You will find two recipes for knitting a baby's sock in vol. ii., p. 159, of the "G. O. P." The article is entitled, "Sock and Stocking Knitting," and occupies two pages and a half. Fig. 5 would probably suit you. Such directions can only be given in an article, as there is no room for such long recipes in a brief answer to a query; and the correspondence between our readers and ourselves is not designed for them.—2. Shrove Tuesday in the year 1824 fell in the month of March—the second day. Easter Day was April 18th.

COOKERY.

Reader of "G. O. P."—One great secret of making good cakes is mixing them very stiffly, and with as little moisture as possible. Large cakes need a moderate oven to bake them through. The flour should be dried and sifted, and the currants and raisins washed and dried; and before putting in the cake, dredge a little flour over them, and mix in thoroughly. Small cakes require a brisk oven; but when they have risen you must let down the heat, or they will not be done inside.

Marguerite.—1. Oil cooking stoves are most excellent; the only thing that they need is care and cleanliness in the lamps, and then there is no fear of their smelling. They are economical, and quite suitable for your purpose.—2. We think you would have to get a woven combination, take its measurements, and try to copy it.

Molly Bawn.—As a general rule, the reason that the milk curdles in a rice pudding is that the pudding is put into too hot an oven. A really milky rice pudding, where the rice has thickened the milk, requires fully an hour to cook in a moderately heated oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

One in Doubt.—You have a natural right to your mother's name (if not your father's), but not to your stepfather's. Why not marry in that? Of course we know but little of the facts of your case.

Eva.—Of course a girl who is anæmic is very delicate, and should be placed under the direction of a good doctor, as diet, hours, clothing, the regulation of exercise and rest, and the climate and soil suitable for her constitution, should all be carefully regulated and prescribed, together with suitable tonics, mineral waters, electric baths, or massage desirable for her.

Enid.—If the intestate die leaving brothers and sisters, and children of deceased brothers and sisters, the personal property would be equally divided between them all, the children of the deceased brothers or sisters taking the share to which their parents would be entitled. Real property would all go to the eldest brother. You will find all this, and full directions, in *Whitaker's Almanack*.

Lillie Thackery, A Vicar's Daughter, S. K. J., and others.—The great London hospitals are so full it is difficult to find training; but in the provinces there are many excellent institutions. Write to the Matron, Victoria District Hospital, Burnley, and enquire. For cottage nursing, write to the Secretary, Mrs. William Digby, Grange House, Cambridge.

H. and M. Sherwell.—Your position is a serious one. It is a very delicate matter to volunteer information to your mistress respecting the clandestine interviews of her daughter with a lover. It would be better to contrive to let her see for herself her daughter's going out or returning at night, if a plan could be so devised, rather than to take such information direct to her. Were the young lady obliged to ring or knock at the hall door, you might draw attention to the fact, and your mistress might look to see, or enquire of you who it was at such an hour. Try some such plan before you speak. If the young lady be quite young (only a minor) your difficulty in speaking direct would be much lessened. It is a sad case, as, young or old, she ought to have a chaperon or a maid with her, especially at night. Make no delay in what you do.

Doris Barnet.—Nothing is easier than to obtain a good paper pattern of a blouse, either tacked in position or untacked, by enclosing 1s. for the latter, or 1s. 6d. for the former, addressed to "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C. See "Frocks and Gowns for the Month," in all numbers of the "G. O. P."

Purple Lilac.—1. May 28th, 1880, was a Friday. We are glad you like our paper "more and more every year."—2. See our recipe for Everton toffee in vol. vi., p. 48. This long-celebrated toffee had its origin in the village of Everton, now a suburb of Liverpool; and the recipe for it was given about the year 1750 by a medical man of that city to one Molly Bushell. The secret of its manufacture was preserved in the family of the cottager, and her toffee took rank with the celebrated Banbury, Simnel, and Shrewsbury cakes, and Ormskirk gingerbread, with other long famed good things of an esculent kind.

Ann-Chovy.—The wigs worn by our judges date from the reign of Charles II. Before that period they wore a cap, a cornered hat, or a coif, and a moustache and beard. Then a periwig was introduced from France, A.D. 1660, and the face was shaven. Doctors wore a wig also at that time.

A. L.—The greatest speed at which shorthand may be written we imagine to be that accomplished by the well-known reporter, Mr. Reed, when he reported a sermon by Mr. Philips Brooks at Westminster Abbey, which was delivered at an average speed of 213 words a minute, and he even found time to correct a word he had mistaken. The average speed of a good shorthand writer is to do from 120 to 180 words a minute.

Ida B.—The Table of Kindred and Affinity, in reference to the restrictions of English law as regards marriage (to which we have so often referred our correspondents) was drawn up by Archbishop Parker in 1563. The degrees set forth "by authority," after having been defined by the Church, according to the Divine ordinance revealed in the Bible, and the laws of nature. "Affinity," is alliance by marriage; and "consanguinity," that by blood. The distinction between "Armenians" and "Arminians" is this: the former are Christians, holding unsound views, of the country of Armenia; and the latter are followers of Arminius, a professor of divinity, of Leyden, Holland.

Mabel.—The form of poem called acrostic is derived from the ancient Hebrews. With them it consisted of twenty-two lines, or stanzas, each commencing with a letter of the Hebrew alphabet (consecutively). There are twelve such poems in the Bible, the most remarkable of which is Psalm cxix., the divisions of which are still marked in our translation by the letters of the alphabet.

Carey.—Some articles in our magazine, entitled "Sun-dials," will give you the information you desire. Watches were invented at Nuremberg in 1477. But some have affirmed that Robert King of Scotland had one about the year 1310, a statement which we are not quite prepared to dispute. Sun-dials were already set up on churches about the year 613 A.D. Read the articles abovenamed.

A. S.—Of course to all rules there are exceptions. If the trifling gifts be extended to others of the family, the case is not such as those to which we referred. A return of Christmas cards, under the circumstances you name, would be a harmless attention, or the acceptance of a bouquet. It is best to be guided by your mother.

Grove.—1. It is not known precisely when sugar was introduced into this country. It was brought into Europe from Asia A.D. 625, and in large quantities in 1150; but into England it would seem to have been brought before the reign of Henry VIII. Whittaker, in the *History of Whalley*, quotes an instance with reference to it, A.D. 1497; and a MS. letter from Calais, by Sir Edward Wotton to Lord Cobham, informs him that he has taken twenty-five sugar-loaves for him at six shillings a loaf, "whiche is eighte pence a pounde," as he explains.—2. The use of tongs for taking up heated metals or small lumps of anything was known to the Anglo-Saxons (*tange*), so were probably in vogue as soon as the use of "lump" sugar became common. Forks were introduced into England by Thomas Coryat in 1608, having seen them in Italy, first known there at the end of the fifteenth century; and silver forks were introduced about the year 1814; but two-pronged steel ones were manufactured at Sheffield soon after Coryat employed one himself. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Fynes Moryson describes the use of a fork, as he observed it at Venice, in his *Itinerary*.

Helly and Nancy.—1. You will probably have seen in the daily press all the information which you wish us to give you.—2. March 29th, nineteen years ago, was a Thursday.

Perplexed One.—Your position is a difficult and painful one; but without any undue mercenary feeling, there are proposals which a woman without private means could not afford to accept with any degree of prudence. The difference between making only 3s. a week, as proposed, instead of 7s. 6d., as you are making—*i.e.*, £8 per annum, instead of £20—is a great one. Thus, excepting under very special circumstances—of ill-health on your brother's part, a position held by him of much temptation amongst bad companions, and sore need of a steady companion and guide to aid and keep watch over him and his home—we should regard his request as unreasonable, and not to be for the present entertained. But you should lay the matter before your parents and the rest of your family, and pray God to guide you aright.

Dorothy.—You can make stout drawing-paper transparent very easily by brushing it over with Canada balsam thinned with a little oil of turpentine.

Clara Frances.—It seems scarcely credible than an English girl living in a Christian country should enquire, "What is meant by the 'Holy Ghost'?" the third person in the Divine Trinity, by whose power—dwelling in the God-Man Christ Jesus—all the miracles were performed. These the ignorant Jews blasphemously attributed to Beelzebub—or Satanic agency. Why is it that our girls are for ever asking this question? Why do they not read our repeated answers? Why do they not understand English?—for our Blessed Lord Himself explains the whole question. See St. Matt. xii. 22 to 33, and St. Mark iii. 30.

Gladys St. John and Sybil Tyma.—Read the articles on the care of the skin and complexion by "Medicus."

M. B. Barnicott.—You are quite right. *Eothen* was written by J. A. Kinglake.

Mabel Cooper.—Fatigue and insufficient sleep will produce a blackness round the eyes as well as a hollowness.

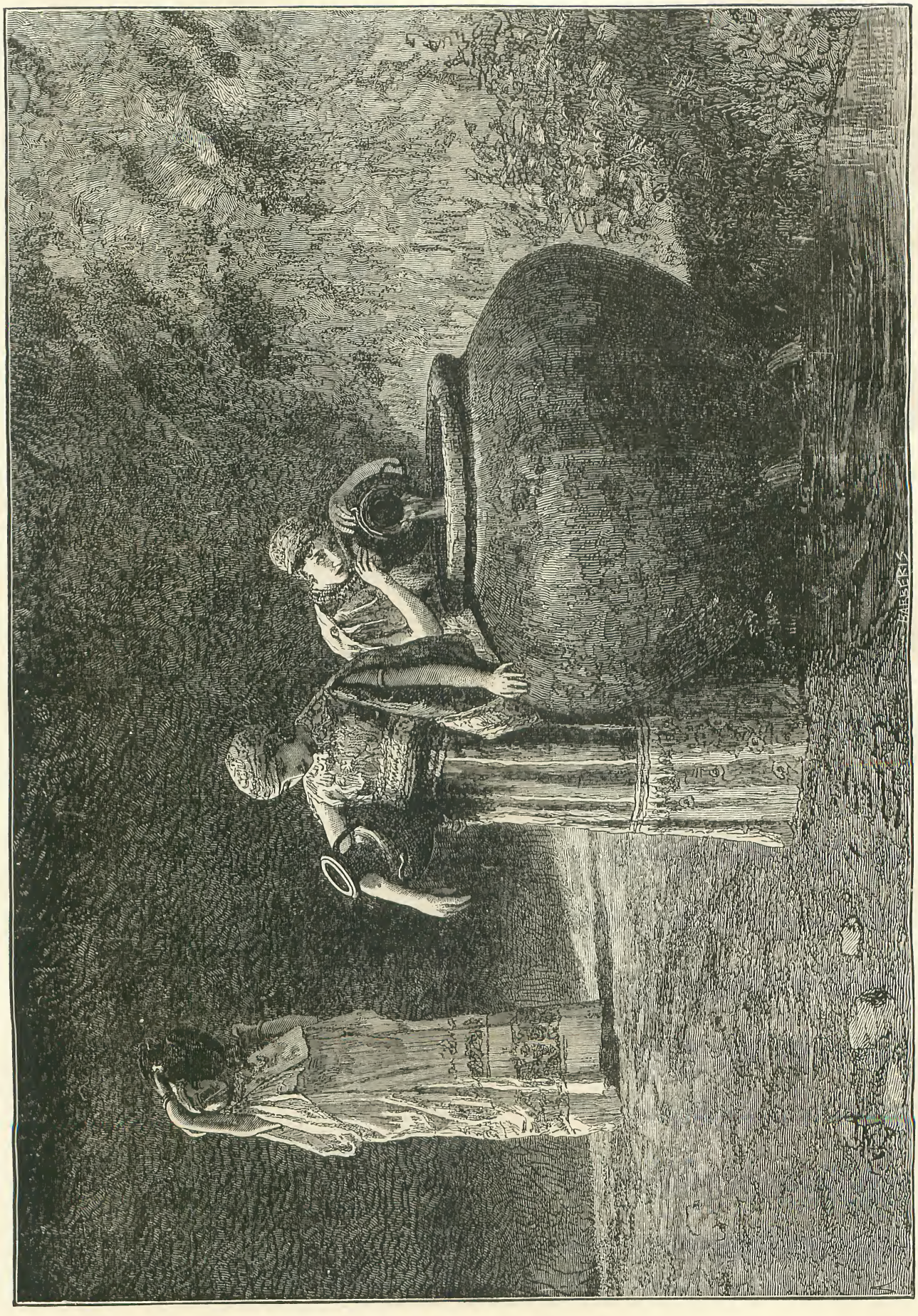
A. L.—It is a mistake to find the origin of "Charing" from the French words *Chère Reine*, on account of the cross erected in memory of Queen Eleanor of Castile, for in the reign of Edward I. the little hamlet of Charing stood on the country road between London and Westminster. It was a rustic spot, of which we have a map by Aggas; and the cross, originally of wood, is represented as standing in the middle of the village where three roads met. This marked the spot where the royal remains rested for the last time before they were deposited in the Abbey.

Emily Maude.—Washing hair does not make it curling hair. The hair is tubular—if round, it does not curl; if flat, it does. This you can understand if you ever curl ostrich feathers, for it is by flattening the filaments in drawing them between the thumb and a blunt penknife or sharp paper-knife that they are made to curl.—Any numbers, or volumes, or pictures of the "G. O. P." are supplied by our Publisher, not by the Editor.

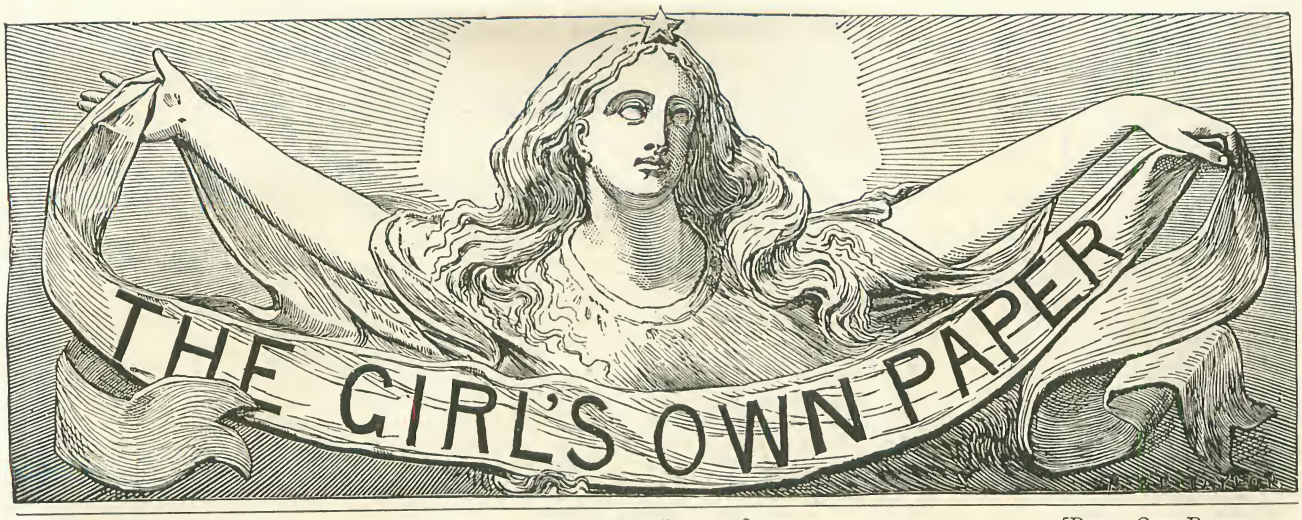
Annie M. K.—You should not delay a visit to a doctor. We cannot give addresses. Many give advice free of charge at certain hours in the morning.

G. M. Plummer.—We gladly give notice to our girls that you no longer act as Secretary of the Reading and Improvement Club at Oak Lodge, Chislehurst; and that Mrs. Walker, The Cottage, Berwick, Polegate, Sussex, opened one on the same lines on July 1st. We request our girls to take note of this change.

Sela.—We do not recommend tonics, of which there are so many kinds, to a person of whose constitution, habits, and surroundings we are utterly ignorant. Consult a doctor.



AT THE WELL.



VOL. XIII.—No. 664.] SEPTEMBER 17, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE MOTHER TO HER FIRSTBORN.

GOD bless and keep thee! soft, warm thing,
So closely nestled to my heart,
With half-closed eyes and placid brow,
And rosy lips with smiles apart.

In thee, thy father I behold,
Transformed again into a child;
I gaze upon *his* infant face,
Watch how he looked, and how he smiled.

I watch and gaze until mine eyes
With tears of happiness grow dim,
Then fold thee closer in mine arms
For the great love I bear to him!

Oh, gracious God! our thanks receive
For all the dear delights of life!
For this sweet hearth—this "quiet home,"
All undisturbed by storm and strife.

Long hast thou filled our cup with joy,
Till, brimming, it could hold no more;
But when within that cup thou dropped
This precious pearl, it sparkled o'er.

Yet, tender blossom! thou must bear
This life's hard winter for a while;
Must shrink before its chilling blasts,
And wait and long for summer's smile.

Oh, Father! give this little lamb
Warm shelter in Thy peaceful fold!
Within the gentle Shepherd's arms
Less keenly will she feel the cold.

And when the loathsome touch of sin
Her snowy fleece shall deeply stain,
Then take her to the cleansing pool,
And wash her purely white again.

—JOSEPHINE.

(*From the bust by the late R. A. Ledward.*)

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SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ANNA JUKES had not been left in the dark as to the object of Matthew Millington's conference with Susan, and she deserved to be trusted. She gladly agreed to remain with Janet whilst Susan unfolded her plan to Uncle Mat.

Anna was puzzled to account for her master's absence from home. He had talked of going for one night, but suddenly changed his mind, and declared that he would go to London whilst he was on the move.

It was seldom indeed that Mr. Cutclose left his favourite villa for three consecutive nights, and Anna wondered whether certain remarks which she had overheard could have caused this new departure.

Being always alone at the breakfast-table, Mr. Cutclose was given to indulge in audible self-communings, by way of keeping up the fiction of companionship. Such remarks as in old times he was wont to make to his wife he now uttered aloud, though there was no one to reply. Mr Cutclose was most talkative over the newspapers, especially the *Times* of the previous day, for he joined at this with a friend, and had the second turn. He spoke in the presence of Anna Jukes, for she, the silent minister to his wants, did not count. Still, she could not help hearing his exclamations over the *Times*.

"It's most wonderful—a providence, if ever there was one!" said Mr. Cutclose.

Then Anna caught fragmentary words, as she passed to and fro, about "Things working for good;" "Rewards hundredfold;" "Kindness pays in the long run," and so on.

A little later, Mr. Cutclose borrowed Anna's scissors, and next announced his intention of being away till Thursday.

Is it surprising that Anna felt curious to know what the paragraph contained which her master cut out of the newspaper and put into his pocket-book, or that she told Susan Meade she believed it had something to do with his journey?

Susan's quick imagination carried her further, for having been told the purport of Mr. Cutclose's remarks, she could not help associating them with Janet Boothroyd. To whom else had he shown kindness, and what reward could he be looking forward to?

Susan ascertained the date of the newspaper, and resolved to obtain a copy of it; but Sunday intervened, and on Monday there was not one left on the bookstall. Uncle Mat would, however, post the paper from Millcaster on his return thither after their talk.

Mr. Millington was punctual, and having heard Susan's story, expressed his willingness to start for Lincolnshire by the first train in the morning.

"It will be a grand finish to the story if we put this dear girl in the hands of her uncle, supposing he will receive her and be like a father to her. And if not, you and I will shield her from harm, God helping us," said he.

He promised to send the copy of the *Times* that evening, having first read the paragraph of which the position was made plain to him beforehand.

"Now," said Susan, "I want to ask another great favour. I told you part of my story long since. You trusted me, and helped me into a happier life, without knowing the rest of it. I will trust you now if you will listen?"

"Don't tell me a word if it will hurt you, Susan, and do no good," replied Uncle Mat stoutly, though at the bottom of his heart he was longing to hear the whole truth. But even to gratify his own wishes, Uncle Mat would never ask anything that would give pain of mind or body to another.

"I must tell. It will be a relief. Beside, I cannot ask this great favour for myself if I keep the rest of my story to myself. You guessed that when I left my home I did not leave it alone."

Uncle Mat assented, but added, "You told me that your wrongdoing was in leaving your mother, not in the life that followed, and I believed you."

"The gentleman who for years spent idle hours in following and flattering me was grand-nephew to the owner of Ilford Park. He was often staying there, for he had pleasant ways, and humoured the old uncle, so that he got more from him than his nearer relations did, and was always welcome. The life at the Park was dull for him, so he amused himself with me, and others who were young and foolish enough to listen to his idle compliments. He told me, as such do, that I was the only one in the world for whom he cared; that he wanted to make me his wife, but his uncle must not know, or, indeed, any of his family, until afterwards, when, being married, we could not be parted. I was angry when he spoke in this manner, because I did not believe him. I had been told of his flattering other village girls, and I could not bear to be one of a number with whom he chose to wile away his idle moments, then perhaps be laughed at for my folly when his back was turned. Mind you, nobody in Ilford would have given Mr. Parry Clinton credit for any wicked motives. He was only looked on as a very pleasant, winning young gentleman, who liked to please us village girls by saying pretty things to us. I spoke out straight, and told him what I knew of his goings-on, and that I did not believe his fine words. I said he must never follow me again, for if he did I would let his uncle know. Mr. Millington, can you understand that, in spite of my bold words, I would have given anything in the world to be able to believe him? I was just a simple country girl, better brought up than most around me. I had the money I told you of, and was disposed to hold my head higher on account of it. And Parry Clinton was so different, so far above anyone I could expect as a husband. And yet——"

Susan paused, and Uncle Mat said, "I understand; I seem to see it all; and I know that when you looked in the glass for a reason why this gentleman should choose you, the handsome face it showed you seemed reason enough."

"That is true. I was as vain of my looks as I could well be, and I did think Mr. Parry Clinton might go farther and fare worse. How hateful it is to look back on now! Well, he persuaded me that he talked to other girls so as to prevent people from suspecting his serious affection for me. He would even come and talk to mother in such a respectful way, and sympathise with her too, till she thought how good he was, how much better than other gentlemen who came now and then to the Park. I was twenty-one at last, and then Mr. Parry persuaded me to leave my home to be married to him; but first he contrived cleverly for my little money to be removed and invested differently, though in my own name. He did not try to take anything from me; I understood why afterwards. I left Ilford some days before he did. I need not tell how I eluded discovery. But I brought away nothing of any bulk, for I had some money in hand, and I counted on going back in triumph to my mother a proud and happy wife."

"If only dear young girls would believe that whatever is founded on deceit must be wrong, and especially where a mother is kept in the dark, what after sorrow they would save themselves," said Uncle Mat, as Susan paused for a moment.

"I found that out soon enough. I went to London, to lodgings that had been taken for me. When Mr. Clinton came I found out the truth about him too, and I treated him with the scorn he deserved, and sent him from the house, bidding him never come near me again. He left me; but I made a great mistake. I should have gone home at once, and told the truth to my mother; but I felt so broken down, ashamed, and humiliated, that I could not bear to see her, or face Ilford gossip. Beside, whilst I despised Parry Clinton, I had loved him a few short days before, and deemed my life entwined with his."

"You loved him; but you loved him only whilst you believed that his intentions were right."

"Yes. But he came again, with a stronger reason to offer against my return home. I told him I would go back to my mother. He looked grieved beyond anything, and said, 'You cannot now, Susan.' I said, 'I will, and to-day.' And I meant it. For answer he handed

me a Lincolnshire paper, and pointed with his finger to a notice in the obituary column. It announced the death of my mother, 'Suddenly, at Ilford.' Now you understand why I said to you that I had killed my mother. My heart tells me that I was as surely guilty of her death as if I had slain her with my own hand. I pierced her loving heart by my cruel desertion of her in her loneliness and widowhood."

"You did not mean to do it," said Uncle Mat, as Susan perforce paused in her sad story to wipe away her tears, and regain the power to continue it. "Poor girl! You were cruelly deceived, and you expected to go back to her. There is no undoing the past; but you have suffered sorely, sorely for it. Did you ever write to anybody who had known you and your mother?"

"No. I could not doubt the evidence of the newspaper, though I should not have taken Parry Clinton's word. He professed to grieve with me, and blame himself too, and then he said, 'My poor Susan! My dear girl, you *must* trust me now! You are alone in a hard world; but I will care for you, and make you happy,' with much more that I will not soil my tongue by repeating. I just sat sobbing, with my face hidden, and I think he got tired of trying to make me cease weeping, for he whispered, 'I will make every arrangement for taking you abroad to-morrow.' I did not speak, and I have no doubt he thought my silence meant consent, and that my misery and loneliness would make me passive in his hands. He was mistaken. Two hours after he left me I had turned my back on London, and was on my way to Millcaster. Whether he sought me or not I cannot tell, but from that time to this I have never set eyes on Parry Clinton. I heard his name not long ago, as I was waiting in Baker's to be served." Susan told under what circumstances; then added, "You know the life I led in Millcaster for years, and how I thought to make amends for my wrongdoing by engaging, without occasion, in slavish work amongst degrading companionship, and surrounded by squalor and dirt. You know, too, that I gained neither peace nor comfort; that conscience was never at rest, and that I was sinking to the level of those amongst whom I had chosen to work, when God sent me, through you, a message which has proved—— But why need I repeat what I have said before? You know. Sackcloth and ashes failed me. Through your means I turned my back on them, and started on a new path. I determined to spend my health, time, strength, and means in doing good, and in helping those who wanted what I had to give, though it was not much. Do you remember telling me this was better, but not the best?" asked Susan.

"I do," replied Uncle Mat, who had listened quietly and patiently, but with the deepest interest, to Susan's story.

"I learned another lesson later on; but you were not my only teacher there. Surely God in pity sent His Spirit into my heart to show me something better still. In those I work for now I seem to see Him Who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' I do desire to give my life, my soul, my all, in the service of the Best of Masters, to claim no merit for myself, but do all for the sake of Him Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Susan's face was lighted with enthusiasm. Always a handsome young woman, her beauty had never been so conspicuous as at this moment, though its character was changed and softened by the new spirit within.

Uncle Mat's smile was delightful to see.

"You have found the best way now, Susan," he said; "may you never depart from it. Tell me what you wish me to do for you, beside seeking out Mr. Boothroyd."

"When you are at Well Dale you will be quite near Ilford. Go and see the spot where my mother lies—it will be near father and the children. If you can find out anything about her last days without mentioning me, do it."

"I will."

Then Uncle Mat said a few cheering words, and left Susan with her heart all the lighter for the confidential talk and his honest sympathy.

The next morning's post brought the *Times*, and a card from Uncle Mat, with the words, "The advertisement will tell all you want to know. I shall be on my journey when it reaches you.—M. M."

Susan's hand, usually firm enough, trembled with eagerness as she placed the mutilated paper over the perfect sheet. Truly it was an important paragraph, and could hardly refer to anyone but Janet and her mother. The Christian names of both were given. and they were entreated to communicate with a firm of lawyers in London, or with Edwin Boothroyd, of Well Dale Manor, Lincolnshire.

Janet's uncle was, then, living, and in search of his sister-in-law and niece. The former was past benefiting by any worldly good. For Janet, there seemed to be opening a prospect of home, kindred, and possibly wealth, in the background. Susan at once told her news to Anna Jukes, who was greatly excited on hearing it.

"Do you know," she said, "I've felt almost like a traitor to master, because I repeated what I heard him say when I was waiting on him at breakfast. I've lived here so many years—with the old mistress, too—and though Mr. Cutclose is a man that keeps you in your place, and makes you see that he looks on a servant as if she were made of different stuff from himself, he hasn't been a bad master. He has trusted me, as he had good cause to do, and I've never neglected my duty. But I don't mind owning that I lost good two hours' sleep about that newspaper business, thinking whether I'd done wrong. The thought of that dear young creature upstairs, and hoping it will turn out for her good, comforts me. You don't think the master could want anything but to help her, seeing how kind he has been."

"I dare say he went off to London to find out the meaning of the advertisement, and will bring good news back with him," replied Susan.

Anna's face brightened at these words. "He would want the advertisement to guide him, and he would not tell her anything till he knew more," she added.

"True," replied Susan. "Janet is very weak still; and if she had been buoyed up with hope, and then there was nothing to be hopeful about, the disappointment would have most likely done harm."

Susan gladly put the best construction on the course pursued by Mr. Cutclose, and Anna fell in with it. At the same time Susan felt that he might have shared his discovery with herself, knowing her devotion to Janet. A thought crossed her mind, and she asked Anna whether Saturday's *Times* had been sent in on Monday, or if she thought Mr. Cutclose had taken it away with him?

"No paper came yesterday. He must have called for it, or stopped it from being sent."

In an instant the thought suggested itself, "Mr. Cutclose would count on a repetition of the advertisement, and he ordered the people not to send on the *Times* in his absence. If the paper came by post, no one would take the liberty to remove a wrapper; but, being a secondhand copy, it is brought open. Anna has never been forbidden to use the newspapers after her master had done with them. I will fetch to-day's *Times* as soon as it can be got from the bookstall."

Susan did so, and found the advertisement repeated. Once she asked herself whether Uncle Mat would decide to go to Ilford after seeing it, or apply to the London solicitors? A moment's thought brought the mental answer, "He will go straight to the fountain-head. The lawyers can only be Mr. Edwin Boothroyd's agents. Beside, he promised me." And Susan rested content.

Janet, knowing of Uncle Mat's journey and its object, was a good deal excited, but not painfully so. "Whatever happens, I have you, Susan, and Anna Jukes, and Uncle Mat, as my true friends. Beside, Mr. Cutclose and Dr. Robertson have been very, very good to me."

Susan noticed with a smile the careful distinction drawn between the three "true friends" and those who had been so "good."

"You need have no anxieties, dear Janet, at any rate. You have counted the three of us as true friends. If nothing good results from seeking your uncle, your mother's last wish will have been carried out."

"Yes, Susan dear; and the knowledge that this was done will always be a comfort to me in future. I am not afraid of work, you know. I only want work to do as soon as I am strong enough. But what a load of debt I shall begin with!"

The girl's countenance fell as she said this; for, in spite of Mr. Cutclose's lavish expenditure and kindness, she shrank from the thought of indebtedness to him,

and felt that only toil and privation could be her lot until this burden was removed in one respect.

"Janet dear, I shall be angry if you let these things trouble you. You are forgetting your old favourite motto, 'Just for to-day.' Remember what you said to me,—'Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray.' The words cheered and helped me. Nay, if I am thinking of to-morrow, it is with the expectation that it will bring good news and open bright prospects for you."

Susan's words and manner were infectious, and Janet turned her eyes from the sad to the hopeful side of her position.

In the early evening a telegram came from Mr. Cutclose—"Shall not return until Friday at dinner-time."

"Then Mr. Millington is certain to be here first," said Susan. "Nothing could be better."

CHAPTER XXV.

UNCLE MAT had planned to reach Millcaster at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, but a slight accident delayed the train; and having missed the one to which he should have changed when about half-way, he did not arrive until past ten.

"Too late for Carlton-cum-Penley, and perhaps better so. But it is as hard to keep back good news as it is to carry bad. Susan and Janet don't expect me to-night, and that is good, so far. There will be no waiting and listening for my coming. All I want now is to be ahead of Mr. Cutclose in telling my story."

Thus cogitated Uncle Mat on his way home. On arriving there he found a line from Susan, telling him that Mr. Cutclose would not be back until Friday.

"I shall sleep the better for this," thought he. "These last two days have been full enough of thought and work to leave me ready for a night's rest."

A glance at Uncle Mat's face, when he entered One Ash Villa the next morning told Susan that he had brought good news. Unselfish, as usual, her first words were about Janet.

"She is getting on wonderfully. She is dressed, and lying on a sofa, ready to hear whatever you have to tell."

"It is mostly good; but there is nothing quite perfect here, Susan. I have a little mixture, but I can tell Janet all without fear of harming her. We will talk of other matters afterwards."

A quick assent from Susan, and then she led the way to the room where Janet and Anna Jukes waited.

"I will just tell my story straight, and in a few words," said Uncle Mat. "I found Weil Dale Manor easily enough, and a beautiful place it is. I sent my name, and a few lines with it, to Mr. Boothroyd, to let him know that I brought news of his niece. He did not keep me waiting long, and as soon as he saw me he bade me sit down near him, saying, 'You are a welcome visitor if you bring me good tidings of Mrs. Boothroyd, my sister-in-law, and her daughter. I have sought them for years, but in vain.'

"I will tell my bit of bad news first. Your uncle, Janet, is very ill—I saw that at once. He is not dying, or likely to die at present, but I'm afraid there is no chance of his recovery. I told him all I knew about you and your dear mother; of the troubles she had known; losses, hard ill-paid toil, privation for you both; her death, your sickness, and present position. I felt very sorry for him whilst he listened to my story, especially when I found that he had tried to make some amends for old wrongdoing long ago. He did not blame anyone but himself."

"My mother was sorry she had kept aloof all those years," said Janet.

"I told your uncle so, and I am sure he was glad to know it, and that she wished you to write. And now, Miss Janet, for future plans. Mr. Boothroyd wants you to be a daughter to him, and let him fill a father's place to you while he lives. He did not say that he should leave you all he has, but that you should have a daughter's portion. Seeing there is nobody but you—for your uncle has never married—and that he said the money ought to go to a Boothroyd, as it came from one, this sounds very like your being sole heiress in the long run. Now, was not such news worth travelling into Lincolnshire for?"

"I can never thank any of you as I should like to do," began Janet; and then she clasped her arms round Susan's neck, and, resting her head on her shoulder, gave vent to tears which could not be restrained. The revulsion of feeling was too great for one so weak as Janet still was to bear with composure.

"Tears are a blessed relief for either too much joy or too much sorrow. They will do her good," said Uncle Mat. "Only," he added, "there's more to tell, and I'm waiting to be questioned."

In due time the girl tried to thank him, but was promptly silenced; and then he described the beauties of Well Dale Manor and its surroundings, the hospitality shown him by Mr. Boothroyd, and the eagerness of the latter to receive his niece as soon as she could be removed with safety.

"I stayed Tuesday night there, and yesterday I went about in the neighbourhood, and got to know several things about other people who lived near. I wanted to find out what sort of folks you would be amongst by-and-by. I am bound to say there are some that you will like to have for friends and neighbours."

"I shall want to have Susan with me. If I may not have her, I shall not care to go," said Janet, clasping her friend the closer.

Susan's colour forsook her at the girl's words, but she answered, "We must leave these things for the present, dear." How could she go with Janet to a place so near her old home, and full of such memories?

"We must leave the invalid to take a sample of Anna's cookery, and after it a rest," said Uncle Mat. "She will like to be by herself, to think things over and get used to them. Aye, and to thank God for the way by which we have been led in this matter."

Susan's turn came next. Seated in the room below, she waited for what Uncle Mat had to tell her.

"I have some good news for you, and some of a mixed sort," he said. "I went to Ilford. I heard about the present family at the Park; they are worthy to own it, and a blessing to the neighbourhood. It's easy to get to know things in country places, and I soon found out what characters the present Clintons bear. I saw Miss Clinton out walking; a friend from Millcaster was with her, and I am pretty sure she is the daughter of the great Mr. Ewbank, who is as well known as any man in Millcaster. She was a swell, too," said Uncle Mat—"dressed to the nines!"—and he laughed as he recalled some of the remarks which had reached him whilst he was partaking of refreshment at the village inn. "There were two gentlemen with the young ladies—Mr. Maurice Clinton, the son and heir, you know, and—and that man——" Uncle Mat was not given to hesitation, but somehow he could not bear to name Parry Clinton to Susan Meade. "They say he is courting Miss Ewbank, but he would like his cousin better. Money he must have; for he has little of his own and plenty of debts."

Susan listened with a white drawn face as Uncle Mat told how he had managed to enter into conversation with some of the Ilford men, and been entertained with village gossip. He could imagine how Susan would feel at knowing that this man, who had been the means of spoiling her life, and leaving her with the burden of a memory such as she ever carried, was in the old neighbourhood, gay, polished, plausible, the companion of innocent girls, and likely enough to find a rich wife in one of them. There was another harassing thought connected with Janet, who longed above all things to keep her as a friend and companion under Mr. Boothroyd's roof. How should she tell her that it would be impossible for her to go into that neighbourhood, and why?

Uncle Mat guessed what was passing through Susan's mind, though not from the few words she uttered; and, strange to say, there was a look on his face which surely betokened good to come.

"Did you go to that spot?" she asked at length.

"I did. I found your father's grave, and the children's. His name was on one headstone—theirs on another."

"But mother's—wasn't her name added? I never thought but what someone would see to that."

"There was a reason. Your mother does not lie beside her husband."

"Then she was buried somewhere else. How strange! I cannot understand it. Did you ask?"

"Yes. I got to know all from one of the bonniest old women I've seen for many a day. I hardly ought to call her old, for she is years off sixty; but she has the whitest hair I ever saw, and one of the kindest faces. She lives in a pretty cottage not far from the church; it must be a picture in summer, with roses and jessamine which nearly cover the front." Uncle Mat went on to describe minutely the position of the

dwelling and its appearance; but Susan lifted her hand as a sign for him to cease.

"I know it," she said. "We went there after father's death from the farm."

Strange that Uncle Mat's face seemed so out of sympathy with Susan's, which had become ashy white, and his voice had a glad ring as he answered, "Be as brave now as you have been ever since I knew you, Susan; I have good news for you, my dear lass."

"Mother?" gasped out Susan.

"Is living and lifelike, thank God! That notice in the paper telling of her death was only another lie of Parry Clinton's, to make sure of getting you into his power. No doubt he sent it, and you never saw the after contradiction." Susan heard no more. The surprise, glad though it might be, had proved too great, and she had fainted for the first time in her life. Anna Jukes soon came with restoratives, and Susan awoke to consciousness and the blessed thought that, after all, she had not caused the death of her mother by the fault so long mourned and repented of. Wisely and cautiously had Uncle Mat made Susan's mother aware of her daughter's history during the period of their separation. He placed in Susan's hand a letter, over which she wept and smiled in turns, lifting up heart and voice between times in words of deepest thankfulness. Carried away by intense feeling, Susan kissed the precious letter, then, seizing Uncle Mat's hand, she kissed it also, and prayed for a blessing on his head.

With a bit of the humour which he brought to bear at times when sober reason seemed out of place, Uncle Mat told Susan that kisses bestowed upon a hand like his was waste of precious things. "Please God," said he, "I trust you'll be the pride of a good man's heart and home yet, and that your mother will live to see it. You cannot keep away from Ilford now, though it may cost you something to go back."

"As if I could count any cost to myself where my dear mother is concerned," said Susan.

"True, Susan lass. The real cost will be paid by every hour you have to spend apart. Could you leave Janet, think you?"

"No, Mr. Millington. If mother were here to guide me she would say, 'Finish whatever you begin.' She always made me do that when I was a girl. You have told her how I am placed, and she will not grudge me another day or two, though the time will seem longer than the years between, for then I hoped for no meeting in this world."

No need to tell more. It is easier to imagine than describe the happiness that followed Uncle Mat's journey, and the news he brought back from Ilford.

When Mr. Cutclose arrived on the following day, his first enquiry was for "Miss," as he invariably called Janet. He was delighted to hear that she was to be downstairs shortly, for the first time since her illness, and that she was gaining strength rapidly.

"I want a bit of talk with Miss—by our two selves, I mean—so you'll keep out of the room for a while, Susan," said Mr. Cutclose, with an air of importance and mystery.

"Certainly," replied Susan; and she informed Janet of the coming interview.

"I shall not mind," said Janet. "I know all that is coming; but I shall listen to Mr. Cutclose's news about Uncle Edwin as if I did not know. He will like to tell me, and then I shall thank him with all my heart, for he has been good. I will not say a word about repaying him. My uncle will find some way of doing that afterwards, apart from money. It would seem wrong to mention that."

Susan agreed, and Janet was left to hear what Mr. Cutclose had to say without the presence of a third person. No one but that gentleman guessed what was coming.

"I'm more glad and proud than I can tell you, Miss, to see you sitting in that easy chair, and looking as you do to-day," he began. "That chair was the one Eliza used to sit in when she was living, and she said it was the comfortablest in the whole house. I hope you find it so. Eliza was Mrs. Cutclose—one of the excellent of the earth."

Janet replied that the chair justified such praise, and Mr. Cutclose continued, "You will remember the time, Miss, when you and your mamma took No. 12, Morton Place, and no doubt you can say that I was not a bad landlord in the way of repairs."

"You were very considerate in every way, and you never pressed us in our poverty; and when the rent——"

"We'll waive the mention of rent, if you please, Miss," said Mr. Cutclose, with an illustrative movement of the hand. "The question is, Why was I willing to spend money on No. 12 beyond my regular practice?"

Janet could not reply, so he answered instead, "It was because I saw what your mamma was at the first look. She was a lady—no mistake about it. And there are ladies *and* ladies. She was like a diamond of the first water." (Mr. Cutclose held his little finger, whereon glistened a stone of size, in a conspicuous position.) "Of the first water, Miss," he repeated; "and when I saw you I said to myself, 'Like mother, like daughter.' Miss is another. You know how things went. Different from what I expected. I always meant to stand between your mamma and trouble. Unfortunately, it came sooner than I expected. I won't go over that sad time. No use crying over spilt milk, and I don't want to upset you now you are mending nicely. You can't bear to look back. I want you to look forrad. You see this house—One Ash Villa. Different from Morton Place, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed; and I don't know why you have opened your home to me so generously and kindly."

"I'm coming to that. No thanks, please. To cut the matter short, I've been looking round for a real lady to take Eliza's place here, as my wife and mistress of the Villa, with plenty of cash to keep it up in style, a phaeton to drive out in, or a brougham if preferred, and no stint of handsome clothes and ready money for spending as she chooses. If I got the answer I hoped for, I meant to do well by your mamma. I often pictured what a lady she would look in handsome black silk and a velvet mantle, such as Eliza had for best."

Still Janet had no inkling of the speaker's meaning, unless it were that he had thought of proposing to her mother; and she knew not what to say, though he paused as if expecting an answer.

"There are some men that object to a mother-in-law in the house; but I should have been proud of mine, if your mamma had been spared. I've buried her all the same as if we had been——"

"Please, Mr. Cutclose, say no more!" cried Janet, at length grasping his meaning. But she spoke in vain.

He did not understand her, and continued, "I should not have named what I did, Miss. I'll finish in a moment. You've only to say the word, and to be mistress of the Villa and a carriage—choosing your sort—and a husband that worships the ground you tread on. Think it over, Miss, if you'd rather. You shall not be hurried; and I could almost wish," added Mr. Cutclose, with some recklessness as to consequences, "that Eliza could stand here and tell whether I was a good one to her or not, for twenty years or thereabouts. I owed a great deal to my first wife, Miss, in the way of property; but conscience tells me I did well by her. Now I've no need to look for property, and I shall be only too proud to say, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' when the time comes, and to look for no fortune in return but yourself. Better have the fortune in a wife than with one, I say, Miss, even with the light of past experience to guide me. Moreover, you shall be amply provided for. I haven't a relation in the world that I need think about, or that I owe anything to."

Poor Janet! It was well for her that she had been doubly fortified by the knowledge of Susan's will and power to protect her, and the result of Uncle Mat's journey to Lincolnshire, before this interview took place.

When Mr. Cutclose paused, as if waiting for her reply, without having mentioned a word about his own journey, or the *Times* advertisement, Janet could not help thinking that he was not acting with perfect straightforwardness; but there was no hesitation about her answer.

"I can never thank you as I ought for your generous kindness to me, and for all you did for her," she began.

"Miss, I want no thanks. One word is all I ask. If you say 'Yes,' all arrears will be written off 'Settled.'"

"But I cannot say that word, Mr. Cutclose. I never dreamed of your making such an offer. I am very grateful to you, and so sorry that you should be disappointed through me; but indeed I can only thank you, and hope that you will find a lady to whom you can be as good and generous as you wish to be to me."

"Don't be rash, Miss; take time to think," pleaded Mr. Cutclose. "You know what Morton Place and hard work were, and the difference between those and a lady's life at the Villa."

"I cannot ask for time—it would be wrong to you. My answer would be the same a week hence as now. But there is no fear of my going back to Morton Place again. I have heard from my uncle, Mr. Edwin Boothroyd, and as soon as I am strong enough I am to go to him at Well Dale Manor, in Lincolnshire. Your great goodness in the past makes me feel sure that you will be glad to hear such news, and rejoice with me. I trust you will let me regard you as my true friend always," said Janet.

To say that Mr. Cutclose was amazed and disappointed would poorly express his feelings. His cherished dreams were dissipated, his hopes crushed, his fair pictures blotted out; and instead of the self-confident property owner, who deemed himself a rich prize for a young girl to win, he looked limp, dejected, and forlorn. Not one word did he say about his visit to London, his interview with Mr. Boothroyd's solicitors, or the information obtained from them, which would merely have confirmed Uncle Mat's news. He managed to say a few words of congratulation, to express a hope that Miss would not rue her refusal of his offer, for he meant to do well by her, and then, ignoring Janet's outstretched hand and repeated thanks, he turned to leave the room. At the door he looked back.

"Miss," said Mr. Cutclose, "may I ask that you will not mention my offer to anyone until you have left the Villa for your uncle's house? After that, do as you like. I'm not ashamed of it; and if things don't shape themselves as you expect, remember, I'm ready to let bygones be bygones, and to say over again what I've said to-day."

"You may trust me, Mr. Cutclose," said Janet; "and, believe me, I feel grateful for, and honoured by, an offer so sincere, and promise of future friendship."

Mr. Cutclose withdrew to his special sanctum, and sank into his favourite chair.

"Providence has gone against me this time," he said to himself, "and just when I was counting on it most. I have the comfort of feeling that I meant well by Miss; and though circumstances make it seem likely that she'll be rich some day—and I hope I've too much good sense to undervalue money—I had made up my mind about her when she was at the very poorest. I spent my money never counting on getting a penny back again, and I don't want it now. There's a satisfaction in having a real lady beholden to you; and at this present moment I'm giving the shelter of my villa to the niece of the rich Mr. Boothroyd, of Well Dale Manor. That's something to talk about. I shall not say a word about my going to London on Miss's business, though I should like to find out how she heard from her uncle."

Mr. Cutclose did hear later on that Uncle Mat had seen an advertisement in the *Times*, and brought it to Susan Meade; also, that he had travelled to Lincolnshire, and obtained all particulars; but no one thought it necessary to say that it was through the acts of Mr. Cutclose himself that attention had been drawn to the newspaper notice.

(To be concluded.)

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

By MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER III.

COMING, as he did, from London, where all sides had a hearing, Mr. Darracott hardly realised how bitter was the feeling in the neighbourhood of Elmsfield against what was styled "the revolutionary party." Even the war with France, unsuccessful though it were, found favour with the country gentry; and when tidings arrived that the Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended, and the liberty of public meeting restricted, they rejoiced openly. Some of them went so far as to hint that there were traitors to be found at their own gateway.

On the occasion of a dinner given at the market town of Harlington, Mr. Darracott met with a public rebuke from the chairman, and found himself treated with marked coldness by men with whom he had been intimate from his childhood. Rendered furious by such behaviour, he left the table, and, ordering his horse, rode off in a state of hot indignation, vowing vengeance against his adversaries, and declaring that the Featherstones more especially deserved chastisement at his hands.

A week or so later, Lady Catherine Ardingby issued invitations for a dinner-party. After much consideration she had laid her plans, as she imagined, with great diplomacy. She purposely invited Mr. and Mrs. Darracott to meet Mr. Featherstone, his sons, and several other gentlemen of the same way of thinking; they would have a pleasant evening together at The Grange, and part good friends. "They will not dare to quarrel at my table," she thought, "and Harry will keep the young folks in order." It was a kindly plan, but unfortunately it did not act well. The squire refused point-blank to obey her ladyship's summons, and his wife and daughter departed in the chariot and pair without him.

Kitty was arrayed in a new sprigged muslin, her hair dressed in the latest fashion. The present was a grand occasion for the country maiden; she had never before been bidden to so formal an assembly. If it had not been for a lurking anxiety concerning her father she would have been radiantly happy. Alas! she was doomed to disappointment. It is true that her godmother and Mr. Ardingby greeted her with every kindness; yet, placed between an elderly gentleman, and a shy youth with whom she was utterly unacquainted, she found her first dinner-party a tedious affair enough.

Kitty's mother, on the other hand, felt her spirits enlivened by the kind attentions of her host and hostess. It was long since she had spent an evening from home, and she signally failed to perceive that many of her old acquaintances stood aloof, or only vouchsafed her a formal greeting. Long before dinner was over, however, the hostess had become aware that her party was a failure, and could not be too grateful to dear Mrs. Darracott for her blindness. It might be that she would drive off in her chariot and never discover that the breach between her husband and the neighbours was far from being healed.

When the ladies retired to the drawing-room, Lady Catherine despatched Kitty to the harpsichord, and bade her play and sing. The sounds of the instrument brought several of the younger men into the drawing-room, where Miss Darracott and her music became the centre of attraction. Here was a handsome girl with a pretty voice—Lady Catherine's especial favourite, too; it was not her fault if her father was an upholder of French principles. Everything was forgotten in the charm of Kitty's performance and her gentle modesty. Henry Ardingby was one of the younger members of the party who would fain have joined the fair musician in the drawing-room. During his visit at The Grange he had often met Miss Darracott, and yet he had not seen so much of her as he desired. The subject of the prohibited newspaper had never been referred to again. To-night, as he sat at the head of his aunt's table, he wondered if, in his dread of scaring the squire's daughter, he had represented matters in too light a fashion. Ah! there was an air of Mr. Handel's—he heard it above the din of the dining-room. How much more amusement he would have found in playing Miss Kitty's accompaniments than in listening to the talk of the worthy gentlemen around him!

In the meantime Kitty, having acquitted herself to the satisfaction of her audience, relinquished her place at the harpsichord to another performer, and retired. It was time that she joined her mother.

Two ladies, who had withdrawn from the musical circle, were talking as she passed.

"I fail to comprehend," said the younger lady, "why her ladyship is so infatuated with the girl."

"She is vastly pretty," was the reply. "I understand that her father has taken up all the new opinions, and is a most dangerous person."

"I am glad, for my part, that he is not present to-night. Such desperate characters should be thrust into prison, and not allowed to scatter their notions broadcast."

"Yet Mr. Darracott is of good family. He must be losing his wits. My son affirms——"

"Hush!" cried the younger lady, with her finger to her lips. It was too late; the squire's daughter had heard every word of this incautious conversation. She went on, with heightened colour and a certain dignity of carriage that was not usual to her. Her pride was in arms. How did they dare to say such things? It seemed as if the whole world were in league to calumniate her father. She wished he would come and speak out in her godmother's house, and uphold the right and the cause of the poor as he had often done at home. All at once, as if in answer to the wish, she heard sounds across the passage; and above the talk, and the ringing of glasses, and the moving of chairs, there arose her father's voice raised in angry dispute.

What would be the result of his coming? Kitty turned her eyes to the doorway; Henry Ardingby had just entered the room.

"What is it?" she asked hastily as he reached her side. "If there is a quarrel amongst the gentlemen my mother must not know. It would make her ill."

"Your chariot is at the door, madam; and, loath as I am to say so, your departure would put an end to these unnecessary arguments."

"Yes—oh, yes! I will entreat my mother to leave. Will my father escort us?"

"I trust so; but I endeavoured in vain to persuade him to come hither."

"Tell him," said Kitty in desperation, "that my mother is over-fatigued—that she requires his arm. He will quit the company and come at once."

If the dispute in the dining-room waged much higher it might end in bloodshed, for Mr. Darracott was as hot-headed as many a lad of twenty. Unlikely, as he considered it, that the squire would obey the summons, Henry Ardingby delivered Kitty's message. To his amazement the passionate champion of the rights of liberty rose immediately from the table, left his untasted glass, and without more ado proceeded to the drawing-room. With white face and set lips he paid his compliments to Lady Catherine (his sense of justice compelled him to acknowledge that it was not his hostess's fault that he had been insulted beneath her roof), and placed himself at his wife's service.

Out of respect to the ladies, some of the gentlemen had assembled in the hall to bid them good-night. Henry Ardingby noticed with inquietude that the younger and more violent guests—the sons of Mr. Featherstone and their comrades—had withdrawn from the scene. Mrs. Darracott walked across the hall on her husband's arm, bowing her acknowledgments. The squire held his head high, and looked straight in front of him. Kitty followed, escorted by her host.

"Are you remaining some time at The Grange?" she asked timidly. Henry Ardingby had arranged to depart on the following morning. Just now it seemed to him that he had better postpone his journey.

"I am not sure. Have you any commands for me?"

"Commands! No, sir; but I thought——" They were slowly descending the flight of steps that led to the carriage-drive. The moon was in the heavens—it was hardly dark as yet.

"What did you think?" asked the young man.

"It is, perhaps, a fancy; but—you have seen that the gentlemen cannot agree, and that my dear father stands alone. I thought that if you remained here, he would not be so friendless."

The wind rustled in the trees. The servant let down the steps of the carriage with a crash. Mrs. Darracott was being assisted to her seat.

"My influence is much smaller than you suppose," said Henry earnestly; "but I swear to you, dear madam, that as long as I live I will stand your honoured father's friend."

The last farewells were said, the heavy chariot had gone rumbling down the hill; he stood there in the gloaming thinking. By-and-by he walked in the direction of the stable, and gave orders that his horse was to be saddled, and held in readiness for him at any hour.

* * * *

Kitty watched late that night; her mother had long ago retired to rest, and her father was writing in his study. The house was very quiet; every now and then a mouse ran to and fro behind the wainscot, or a door creaked—there was no other sound. Kitty was strangely wakeful. A feeling of nervous dread had taken possession of her, and she listened for the sound of her father's footstep on the stairs. The study was situated in a distant wing of the house; the servants were abed and asleep; it would be easy for any evil-minded person to—— Fie! What thoughts were these? She gave herself a little shake. A Darracott, and to be afraid! She walked up and down, trying to lull her fears. She went to the open window and looked out into the rose garden, where the shadows of the yews loomed mysterious in the moonlight. The sound of a galloping horse fell upon her ears—faster and faster, nearer and nearer. "Some belated farmer," said Kitty to herself. Did ever farmer ride after that fashion? She could see the rider now—he had drawn rein at the garden gate; she could just distinguish the form of man and horse in the shadow. Now they had disappeared in the darkness; now the man was creeping along the side of the house, avoiding the moonlit paths. He was close beneath her window; he was nearing the side door; he turned his face upwards, and Kitty recognised the features of Henry Ardingby. At the same moment he made a gesture as if to entreat her silence, and pointed towards the door. Quick as thought she ran down the staircase; in the corridor she encountered her father, lamp in hand.

"Child, what is the meaning of this?"

"There is a messenger at the side door, sir, from The Grange. Let him in—pray let him in!"

The squire threw the door open, and Henry Ardingby stumbled over the threshold. His costume was covered with dust; he had ridden hard and fast.

"Sir!" he exclaimed, "there is mischief on hand. I have come to beg that you and the ladies will leave this house and return with me."

"Leave the house!" repeated the squire. "My dear sir, your senses are wandering."

"This is not the time for bandying words. I have just ridden over from Harlington. I am a mile or so ahead of some score of your enemies—the young Featherstones and a party of their sworn allies—bent on mischief. They have vowed to search the house for treasonable documents."

The squire thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "Madam will be alarmed if there should be a scuffle. Look you, Mr. Ardingby, I will talk with the fellows; they will not dare to enter my house."

"Sir, they will dare everything. Do you hear them? They are in the village already."

Through the quiet night came the sound of horses' hoofs on the road and the shouts of men. The squire took his resolutions hastily.

"My wife and child will leave the house," he said; "they will be safe at the lodge. In the meantime I will look to the bars and bolts, and arouse the men."

"Father," burst out Kitty, "do not stay here alone!" She raised her eyes entreatingly to her father's face.

"It must be, child," he answered gently. "The young malaperts will otherwise burn the house about my ears. Fear not, my Kitty; quick, and prepare madam for departure."

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

To be Expected.

Tom: "It seems that she doesn't lack for suitors."

Jack: "Who doesn't?"

Tom: "That girl graduate who wrote an essay on 'How to live comfortably on a pound a week.'"

Do your Duty.—There are a hundred things which you cannot do, and which you are not called upon to do; but you can always do what is your duty here and now. There are a thousand places which you might conceivably fill; but the fact remains that, at the present moment, you are only called to fill one place. Do the one thing, fill the one place. He who sees all things and all places will take care of the rest.

Good Girls.—The better a girl is, the more goodness does she see in other people.

Carrying on the Business.

When Wordsworth died there was naturally great mourning among his neighbours in the Lake district. "We shall never have such a poet again," was the general remark. But one old woman saw no reason to suppose that such a consequence would ensue. When she heard of his death she merely remarked, "Aweel, an' I suppose the widder will take on the business!"

True Love.—No true and enduring love can exist without esteem; every other sort of affection draws regret after it, and is unworthy of any noble human soul.—*Fichte.*

Answers to Buried Mountains and Hills (p. 762).

1. Lowther, Alps, Pyrenees, Andes, Simplon, Hecla, Etna.
2. Ben More, Altai, Wrekin, Ben Attow.
3. Carpathians, Atlas, Scawfell, Ida, Lupata.
4. Ural, Mendip, Kong, Appenines.
5. Goat Fell, Cantal, St. Gothard, Hart Fell, Horeb, Snowdon, Sinai.

Answer to Double Acrostic III. (p. 743).

1. P auilla C (*a*)
2. E c h O
3. A m b e R
4. R umou R
5. L ochie L (*b*)
6. S ucces S

Pearls. Corals.

(*a*) A seaport at the mouth of the Dordogne.
(*b*) Evan Cameron of Lochiel, whose wise counsels in 1745 were disregarded by Charles Edward Stuart.

OCTOBER

By CONSTANCE JACOB.

MAY be either very rich or very poor in varieties of flowers, according to the weather. If this has continued warm, all the late summer flowers—geraniums, fuchsias, lancifolium lilies, tobacco plants, begonias, asters, sunflowers, dahlias, phlox, hollyhocks, and everlasting peas—will be still in good bloom; but if night frosts have set in, we must rely for cut flowers chiefly on chrysanthemums, Japanese anemones, Michaelmas daisies, and gladioli, all of which are coming in rather than going out. Wild flowers, save for heather and gorse, are scarce; but their place is well supplied by the rich and varied colours of the leaves just about to fall, and the berries, now nearly all ripe. In fact, for country girls these form, for a few weeks, an inexhaustible mine of colour, which gives even more opportunities for taste and originality of arrangement than flowers do. In every ramble, on moors or hills, in lanes or in meadows, quick eyes and fingers can gather an infinite variety of these beautiful dying forms—red, purple, silver, and gold; in gardens it is the same; while even in the kitchen garden the carrot tops and seeding asparagus are brilliant and graceful accessories to hardy flowers.

The virginia creeper has mostly fallen before the month is well in, and other leaves in smoky towns have a way of turning nothing but a dingy unpleasant-looking brown. Still, there is always plenty of bright foliage to be bought.

Japanese anemones look fragile, but really they defy the gathering cold and slight frosts of early autumn with a hardihood which makes them most valuable when other flowers are failing. I have used them, selecting by preference the white kind, in many different ways, and with almost any kind of garden foliage, green or red; always taking care to place them in vases which allow them to stand well up, and show a fair amount of stalk.

In blue-and-white china red leaves go better with them than green. It is hardly necessary to say that for small vases two or three blooms are quite enough for each, and as a rule they are most ornamental without other flowers; but, if something else is desired, fuchsias, late-blooming roses, and—best of all—berries are suitable. The Japanese single rose yields berries (for which it is cultivated more than for its flowers) of a quaint, decided shape, which contrasts in a marked manner with the irregular circle of the anemones.

A plant which puts off changing its leaves until later, and now comes out in bloom, is the tree ivy; and tiny though the flowers are, their greenish-yellow miniature wreaths have considerable decorative value. I have used it with Japanese anemones for a charming table decoration, formed with the aid of a basket of Austrian white and coloured china, letting the anemones rise some inches above their bed of ivy.

Michaelmas daisies—of which there are about seventy different species, all white or purple, but varying considerably in size—are both common and hardy, therefore a great resource just now. They mix agreeably among themselves, and the smallest of all, growing in fine lace-like sprays, is a softening companion to many other bolder blossoms. Faded leaves, as well as their own, are the best accompaniment for all the various kinds, and with the purple-yellow foliage makes a pleasant contrast.

For a dinner-party this month I have used six silver decanter-stands, each holding a fine spray of red rhododendron foliage and some mignonette. These were placed on each side of the middle of the table; while in the squares thus formed, and at each end of the plan, were tall glasses containing large yellow and white cactus dahlias and some sprays of brown beech. Between the two middle decanter-stands was a silver cake-basket, holding for the occasion a group of grapes, bananas, and pears, laid on red vine leaves; between the others two large lamps with yellow shades. To each guest was placed a very small glass, containing a white or yellow (alternately) single dahlia, one or two beech leaves, and a spray of mignonette. This cost about five shillings (everything being bought in London), but might be carried out less expensively by substituting marguèrites for the dahlias; or, if these flowers were over, chrysanthemums could take their place, one large one being sufficient for each centre glass. The decanter-stands could of course be replaced by finger-bowls, or celadon pots about their size, to be bought at Liberty's and similar shops at ninepence each, and very useful generally for holding flowers, and an ordinary fruit-dish can take the place of the basket.

On another occasion, when the party was small, and only one lamp used, that having a body of celadon-coloured china, I had two Worcester vases of the same colour and white, filled with red oak and yellow and white marguèrites, one towards each end of the table; while nearer the lamp, opposite its four corners, were the little Liberty pots I mentioned above, containing mignonette and fine sprays of the oak. That cost a shilling altogether, and looked very pretty. White phlox, or *Nicotiana affinis* (sweetly-scented tobacco plant) might have taken the place of the marguèrites.

In many gardens, blue as well as yellow and white marguèrites are grown plentifully, and the three flowers are very pretty, together with some light grass in slender glasses.

White asters look very well in low bowls or baskets with red barberry leaves and mignonette, while the hardy shrub fuchsia may droop over the edges.

I may explain here that I much prefer mignonette or asparagus, with English garden flowers, to the more fragile maidenhair fern, which not only fades quickly in the heat of a room, but seems to me a congenial companion only to delicate orchids or other exotics.

The tuberous begonias, with their bright red, white, and yellow flowers, are pretty for the table in low saucers or troughs, and need no accompaniment but their own quaintly-

shaped leaves. Care must be taken, however, not to mix the shades of red and pink, which do not harmonise.

Geraniums, fuchsias, sunflowers, lilies, and gladioli are less suited for table decoration than for making large groups with the aid of dark foliage, preferably green, in halls or sitting-rooms.

On a low stool or table in the drawing-room an old ginger jar of good colour generally looks well, and is useful for holding the bright foliage and tall graceful flower-heads of which such effective ornaments can be made. Among other mixtures, I would suggest *Nicotiana affinis*, or gladioli, with beech foliage; hemlock, copper-beech, and silver birch, which now turns golden on one side of its leaves; silver birch and pine; bracken and mountain ash; fern leaves and heather.

Every modern drawing-room contains some growing plants in pots, and as long as they are well attended to they are most beautiful ornaments, especially palms, dracænas, aspidistras, and aralias, which seem able to resist the evil influence of gas. Ferns are less long-suffering, and for anyone who has no greenhouse to act as infirmary for delicate plants they are not profitable purchases; nor are plants in bloom, which being generally highly forced before sale, require very careful treatment if they are to live after the bloom is over. Such foliage plants as palms, however, require very little care; only a moderate amount of watering, the leaves lightly dusting every day, and sponging with lukewarm water every week, or oftener if much gas is burnt in the room. In the winter the water given them should be slightly warm, and at no time icy cold, while in the summer they are grateful for being stood for an hour or so on a balcony or window-sill in a soft rain. They like sunshine, but will do with very little; hence are useful for corners or northern windows, but should on no account stand continually in a draught.

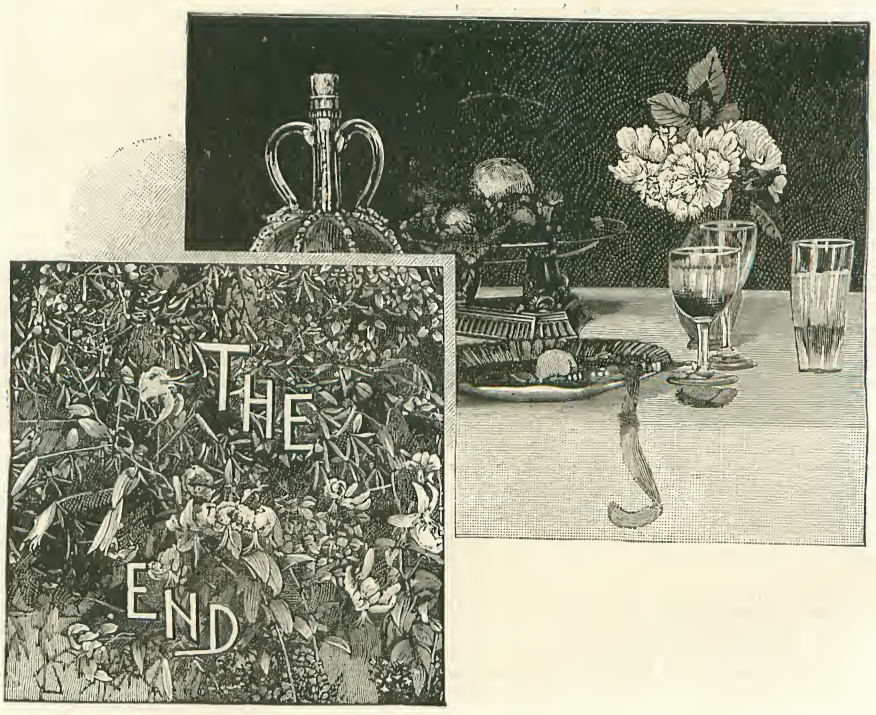
Flower-pots of artistic colours can be now bought in such cheap ware that there is no need to use those terrible and expensive vessels which were fashionable years ago, and still survive in some houses, usually of white or rose-pink china, with gaudy flowers or landscapes painted on them. When buying flower-pots, a good deal of thought should be given to the general colouring of the room, and especially to the wall-paper. If this be dark, our pots should be bright, and foliage plants should be placed out in the room and detached from the shade of the wall by light coloured fans and screens. If it be light, the reverse, of course, holds good.

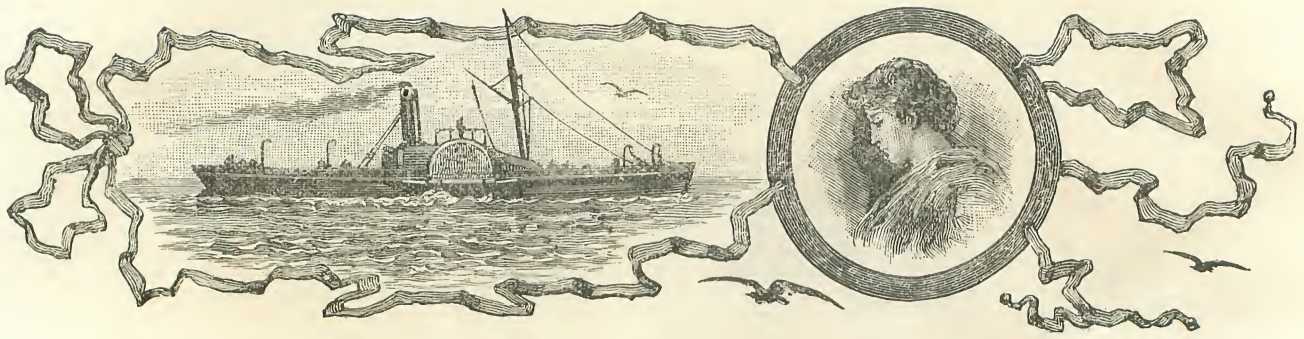
Besides Doulton and cheaper pots, I have for my palms a large copper water-pail, such as Italian peasants use, which will take a very large pot. Then for very small ferns punch-bowls and old china milk-jugs and sugar-basins are pretty. Many people would object, perhaps, to use their old china in this way, and many have none to use; and for my own part, I see nothing offensive in an ordinary red flower-pot standing on a nicely coloured plate or saucer, provided that it is thoroughly scoured, and *not* painted. A good way of protecting the china from injury by the rougher ware is to put between them a round piece of thin oilcloth or linoleum.

The bright crêpe papers which are now sold for covering ordinary flower-pots are useful, but like the past fashion of silk scarves, may be easily overdone. One is generally enough in a room, and should be of such a colour that it will draw attention to, and not overpower, the more delicate tints of the plant. The most successful of these that I have seen was an orange one, decorating the pot containing a grape-hyacinth, with whose purple and pale-green tints it made a very delightful harmony. I may add that all the bright tones in the room were yellow, and the cut flowers used in its decoration were marguèrites and Michaelmas daisies.

Silk bags seem to me to be altogether in bad taste, but if they are used for this purpose, the same rule should be studied with regard to them. On the whole, plants in pots are not suitable for table decoration, their bulk interrupting people's views of one another. Besides, their use involves more monotony than cut flowers; but the first objection does not apply to low-growing plants, like some ferns, and indeed these often make a beautiful centre for small posies of wild flowers; but when I dine at a table whose floral decorations consist mainly of heavy china pots, containing heaths or other shrubby plants, I suspect that the hostess either intends her guests on opposite sides to remain strangers, or thinks such matters altogether beneath her notice.

For the quietest home dinner, or the smartest party, one rule should always be observed—to let the mass of the flowers be either below or above the level of the diners' heads, so that general conversation may be carried on without that uncomfortable dodging about otherwise necessary.





A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE COLONEL'S ANSWER.

An observer of human nature would have been keenly interested to mark the fluctuations of feeling which passed over Paul Stanard's face as he read the contents of Sybil Capella's letter.

The deep interest first depicted there—soon warming into sympathetic pity at the thought of her neglected girlhood—was momentarily replaced by the touch of scorn or indignation at her dishonourable motives and actions, the latter culminating in the abstraction of Rolfe's letter, that swept in rapid alternation across his mind. These feelings in their turn sank into insignificance, and were carried away before the flood of mingled emotions that caused the blood to glow on Paul's cheek and brow as he realised the confession of Sybil's unhappy dream.

Predominant among these revulsions of feeling was shame for himself that his eye should be reading that which he felt in honour he ought not to know, and shame for the woman who could thus unasked lay bare her heart's most sacred recesses. But this again was quickly followed by an overpowering agitation and deep sympathy for her, and by gratitude mingled with humility for the wealth of affection of which he felt himself undeserving. Unwittingly, Sybil had opened afresh a yet unhealed wound by her reference to his wife, and by the suggested impossibility of another occupying the heart sacred to her memory. Nevertheless, he was touched to the quick by her passionately grateful acknowledgment of what he considered the small favours she had received, and her appreciation of the higher moral atmosphere that for so short a time had surrounded her.

Before he had mastered the last few lines of her letter the paper trembled in his fingers, and he was obliged to lay it on the table and pass his hand before his eyes ere he could conclude, and by that time he was conscious of but one all-absorbing motive actuating him—intense pity and desire to help.

He decided to write at once to the address given; but first he must ascertain if Jeanie were asleep, and relieve her mind of the wretched state of uncertainty regarding her friend. In response to his low knock at her bedroom door her voice answered enquiringly, "Who is it?"

"It is I, Jeanie," replied her father, making his way to her bedside by the light admitted through the opened door. "I have just come to tell you I have received a letter from Sybil, in which she fully explains her sudden departure. She did not like to tell us before she left, and I am not at liberty now to reveal what she has chosen to impart to me in confidence. But I knew that you would be glad to hear she is well, and sends an address to which we can write and forward her boxes. She was obliged to leave us, she says, though she has been so happy here. Now, good night! and go to sleep, my Jeanie; we can talk more about Sybil to-morrow."

As her father bent down to kiss her, he thought he detected the signs of recent tears upon her cheek.

"Thank you, father dear, for coming up to tell me. I am much happier now. Good night."

Tired as Colonel Stanard was with his unremitting exertions that day, he spent fully two hours before he could decide what to say in his answer to Sybil; and yet a third passed while two or three attempts were made and consigned to the waste-paper basket before he determined to send the following:—

"Stanard Castle, Nov. 17th.

"Dear Miss Capella,—Your sudden departure surprised and pained us greatly. Until they knew they had lost you, my girls were unaware how well they loved you, or how much we should all miss the busy guiding spirit of our household.

"I read your frank and honest description as to your own estimate of your character, and the early circumstances which so naturally led to an undesirable development, with profound sympathy.

"In each and every matter about which you consider I have anything to forgive, pray remember in the future that I do so heartily, and as I hope God may forgive me, who, placed in circumstances vastly superior to yours, have yet, doubtless, in His just sight far more cause to sue for pardon.

"Of your confession respecting myself, I find it extremely difficult to write. I thank you, Miss Capella, sincerely; I thank you for a depth of affection that I think I know how justly to appreciate. You have given me the richest gift that it is in the power of one mortal to bestow on another. Judge, then, what I must feel to know I have nothing to offer in return but my deep gratitude and my earnest estimate of the great worth of the gift.

"Of what wealth of affection have I deprived another who, more fortunate than myself, might not have had cause to mourn the loss of a dearly-loved wife! or live as I am living, daily waiting the time when in the hereafter I shall meet and be reunited to her.

"I think I need scarcely tell you that I shall never marry again. My wife, lost to me in the body, yet lives with me in spirit, and the only earthly future I look forward to is the love and society of my children.

"But I wish to speak of your own future. With your many talents and your ardent nature, you should accomplish much; and I have great hopes of one who, with scarcely three months' enjoyment of simple home-life, derives more moral benefit than many acquire by a lifetime of similar privileges. I feel myself humbled at the thought, and glad to learn from the lesson you have so artlessly given.

"Rest assured that I will never seek to discover an address you prefer to keep secret; but I am sure that from time to time my daughters will wish to send letters to the direction given.

"By the same post that brought me your letter I received one from an old friend of my father's. Strange to say, she mentions in it that she is seeking for a companion to accompany her married daughter while travelling abroad. They are kindly, Christian people. I send you her address, in case you might care to apply for the engagement. I am sure the recompense would be liberal, and, I should think, the duties light. Do not hesitate to use my name as a reference. I also enclose the £10 owing to you, and will see that your luggage is promptly sent off as desired.

"I believe that of all the many personal belongings left by my dear wife, the Bible she had in daily use is to me the most precious. For that reason, and in the hope that its eternal truths may become as precious to you as they are to me, I send it to you, and beg your acceptance.

"Believe me, when I say that by us all, you will ever be held in loving and grateful remembrance.

"That God will reveal Himself to you as your light and salvation, and become the strength of your life, will ever be the prayer of

"Your sincere friend,
"PAUL STANARD."

This letter, when finished, was followed by another before the colonel retired to rest.

The envelope bore the address of John Rolfe Gordon, and its brief contents related merely the fact that the colonel had that evening learned how the letter from Mrs. Gordon to her son had come into the possession of the person who had delivered it to himself. He was not at liberty to reveal the name or motives of the individual who had thus violated the sanctity of Mr. Gordon's correspondence, but as the action had taken place in his house, the colonel felt bound to express his sorrow.

He further apprised Mr. Rolfe Gordon that, as soon as he had decided on his course of action concerning the water company's failure, he should be duly communicated with.

For more than a month—a time pregnant with important results to Colonel Stanard—he received no answer from Sybil to his letter. Then came a few lines, bearing the Bruges postmark :—

"Dec. 4th.

"DEAR COLONEL STANARD,—After much deliberation, and a delay that I feared might have lost my chance of the appointment you so kindly opened out to me, I applied personally to Mrs. Morrison, and obtained the situation.

"Of my gratitude for your precious letter I dare not trust myself to write.

"If the dear girls will occasionally send to me at the Westminster address, they will greatly comfort me.

"The advantages of the life I am likely to lead with Mrs. Morrison are far beyond either my hopes or deserts.

"The luggage was duly received with the Bible. Oh! Colonel Stanard, I can only hope to repay you by striving earnestly that your prayers for me shall be realised.

"To become worthier, shall, with the help of your gift, be the end and object of my life.

"Yours faithfully,
"SYBIL CAPELLA."

(*To be concluded.*)

PRAYER OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

By ANNE BEALE.

COME, Christian man, and succour those whom God has sorely tried;
To whom, for some mysterious end, so much has been denied;
Help them to hope for Heaven above, and joy on earth below,
And let the generous tear be shed upon a brother's woe.

Oh! pause a little while, and think how saddening it must be
To feel the heart responsive throb to each sweet sympathy;
Yet have no power from childhood up that heart's deep love to tell;
No words to welcome back a friend, or bid a friend farewell.

Oh! think how hard when sorrows press, or sickness wastes the frame,
To be unused to breathe your griefs, or give your pains a name;
To pass from infancy to age, and never to express
The true devotion of a child—a brother's tenderness.

Oh! sad to look up reverently into a father's face;
To meet with filial ecstacy a mother's close embrace;
Yet never hear that father's prayer, that mother's tender sigh,
Uncheered by one dear voice to live, and oh! uncheered to die.

How sad to gaze up in the heaven, and watch the wild birds' flight,
Yet never hear the songs they sing, o'ergushing with delight;
To sit beside the murmuring brook, or feel the breezes play,
And be unconscious all the while of the sweet things they say.

To miss the bleating of the lambs, the humming of the bees,
The lowing of the kine across the river-freshened lees;
And all the music wild and clear of Nature's tuneful voice,
That brightens so thy countenance, and makes thy soul rejoice.

But sadder far to dwell amongst the followers of the Lord,
And never learn the blessed truths of His enduring word;
To feel a dread misgiving of some uncertain doom,
And not to realise the hope of a better life to come.

Like the first breaking of the sun upon a polar night
Would be the dawn of consciousness upon the inward sight;
Warming the soul to joyous hope in Him who hath unbound
The fetters of a captive speech, and cleared the ways of sound.

Then, Christian man, come, succour those whom God has sorely tried,
To whom, for some mysterious end, so much has been denied;
Help them to hope for Heaven above, and joy on earth below,
And let thy generous tears be shed upon a brother's woe.

OUR BIRDS.

PART II.

We had also a pair of hedge-sparrows, at first sight very like ordinary hen-sparrows in appearance, but distinguished from them by having pointed bills instead of thick short ones, and by a stronger undertone of grey. At a distance too great for these differences to be noticed, we could always recognise the hedge-sparrows by a peculiar restlessness of gait, suggestive of what was doubtless the fact—a constant habit of being on the look-out for insects.

Early in the winter three chaffinches, a male and two females, joined the company of our birds. The cock-chaffinch looked a very fine gentleman among the sparrows, and evidently thought himself so. He was very indignant at their daring to come near him, and attempted to frighten them away by advancing towards them with lowered head and open beak; but the sparrows were callous to all demonstrations of the kind, and the chaffinch, finding that they were too much for him, had to content himself with driving away his own kith and kin.

Meantime, our blackbird Dick had not been unobservant of the positions taken up by the small birds round the window, and he made some amusing attempts to put himself on an equality with them. He tried two or three times to sit on a yucca leaf like Young Robin; but the leaf always bent beneath his weight, and so let him down on to the ground. He also tried to cling to a jessamine bough like the tits; but this too proved a failure, and in the end he took up his quarters in the mulberry tree, from whence he had a good view of the lawn in general and the birds' feeding-ground in particular.

At the beginning of the cold weather a solitary thrush made its appearance at the birds' window, and there was also, to Dick's great annoyance, a regular invasion of blackbirds. He was, as a rule, good-natured to the small birds, though he did occasionally make a dash at the sparrows, whom he scattered to right and left, only to re-form immediately behind him; but, like many other birds, he was intensely jealous of the members of his own tribe. When we came down in the morning there were always six or seven of them waiting for their breakfast, and when the food was thrown out there was such a scrimmage and such a fluttering of wings, each blackbird struggling to secure a morsel, and Dick plunging about in all directions in pursuit of first one and then another. It was a wonder that they did not combine to resist him; but I never saw any of them make a stand except one poor lame bird that had lost a foot, which on one occasion had what appeared to be a drawn battle with him. I doubt whether Dick, after all, fared much better than the rest, for by the time he had scattered his foes the sparrows had made a great hole in the provisions, and the thrush too had a clever way of running in when he was otherwise engaged, and securing a good meal.

There were other things to be defended besides the bread and milk. Dick's favourite roosting-place, next to the mulberry-tree, was a broad-leaved holly, upon which, early in the winter, there was a plentiful supply of berries. These he regarded as his own peculiar property, and he deeply resented any attack upon them on the part of the other blackbirds. But it was no blackbird that in the end robbed him of his treasure. We noticed one day a wood-pigeon sitting in an observant attitude in a large elm tree overlooking the lawn, and wondered whether it was contemplating a visit to the birds' window. What the attraction had been was evident enough when a day or two later we saw it hard at work in Dick's holly, while Dick himself looked on with a dejected air. This went on for two or three days, and by the end of that time all the holly berries had vanished.

It must have been about the end of January when we first noticed in Dick's manner to one special hen-blackbird a degree of politeness that was conspicuously absent from his dealings with blackbirds in general. He took care, it is true, to interpose himself between her and the birds' feeding-ground; but that done he made no further attempt to interfere with her, but hopped solemnly along in step with her just a little distance behind. By-and-by she came up to the birds' window, and Dick did not attempt to drive her away. Later on she drove him away, and he set to work energetically to keep the ground clear of other blackbirds until she had finished her repast, which was probably exactly what she had intended him to do. And then we knew that Dick had chosen his mate, and that she was a lady of even stronger character than his own.

Early in February a curious thing happened which ended in the complete dispersal of some of our birds. And this was the beginning of it. It was the evening of a very wet day, and our birds had assembled for their last meal, when we noticed that, while the tom-tits as a whole looked quite dry and comfortable, there was one little bird that seemed completely drenched. We supposed at first that he was simply one of the band, but we came to the conclusion later that he was a stranger, and older than the rest. Next day, though dry, he was distinguished from the rest by his dingy appearance. His cheeks were never so clean and white as those of the other tom-tits, and on some days he looked exactly as if he had come straight out of a muddy ditch. After a time other peculiarities manifested themselves. He was continually raising and lowering the feathers on his head, and he was exceedingly pugnacious. He attacked the great tits without hesitation, and sent them about their business. He nearly upset Old Robin, who was too much astonished by the suddenness of the attack to be prepared with any resistance, and he hurled himself in a similar manner against a sparrow, who went on eating without taking any manner of notice. He very much disconcerted poor King Cole, who fled with a frightened cry whenever he came near; but Queen Cole was not so easily daunted. Some scraps peculiarly acceptable to tits had been thrown out one morning on the grass, and Tommy-Tit, as we called him, showed a decided determination to monopolise them. Queen Cole kept flitting about the yucca, flipping her wings in a defiant way. Presently she flew down, and with her tail feathers expanded like a fan and lowered head, advanced upon the tom-tit, who in a like attitude awaited her attack. But before the two heads met they thought better of it, and decided to

divide the spoil, which accordingly they proceeded to do.

The worst thing that Tommy-Tit did was to attack his own relations so relentlessly that he succeeded at last in entirely banishing them from the window. Having thus succeeded in establishing himself as the one tom-tit of the lawn, he became very tame, and on several occasions took food from my hand; but I could never quite forgive his conduct to the other tom-tits. As the spring came on he disappeared, no doubt for nesting purposes. A pair of tom-tits occasionally come to the window now, but they are gentle, unaggressive birds, belonging, I imagine, to the first set.

The cole-tits, than which I do not think any more charming little birds ever existed, deserve a few words of more special notice. I tried the experiment one day of holding my hand with food for them close to the wasp-trap I have already mentioned, and King Cole took it without hesitation, while Queen Cole followed his example a little later. From this time forward they were regularly fed in this manner. We used to hear a loud and very peculiar note in one or other of the trees that border the lawn, and then there would appear at the window a tiny bird, out of all proportion to the voice, looking as if it were nearly all head, and that head being in a state of perpetual motion, as he clung to a branch of jessamine and peered in through the glass. He would give a delighted twitter when he saw anyone approaching, and though he flew away directly the window was opened, he would immediately return and take the proffered food. If it were something he did not care for, he would drop it on the ground at once. If doubtful, he would take it to the yucca, and there give an experimental bite. Anything that he liked he always took to the mulberry tree in the first instance, and from thence he almost always flew with it to the top of a tall cypress on the other side of the lawn, where, I imagine, his main larder was situated. Queen Cole was, except in the matter of tom-tits, a shyer bird than her mate. When she did take food from our hands, it was generally directly after King Cole had done so. She never pushed herself before him in the fashion of Mrs. Dick.

Occasionally a day would come on which all the food-collecting was left to her, and then she would sit on the yucca for some time, looking to the right and the left, and apparently wishing that she could see food anywhere else, before she would venture to come to us for it. She was a very thrifty little bird, and did not like to leave anything behind that might prove of use in her establishment. I have seen her carry off two or three crumbs of cake at a time in her tiny bill.

Before the end of the season, King Cole would come to my hand when held out at the window at some little distance from the wasp-trap, alighting upon it for just an instant; but he never would do so in the garden, as Young Robin would. He would, however, often come fluttering down to a lower branch, if, on hearing his voice in an apple tree, I called to him from below; and many a time he followed me back to the house to be fed in the accustomed place.

The cole-tits continued to come for food till quite the end of April. Their departure, as well as that of some of the other birds, was, I think, hastened by the fact that three small puppies, which had appeared upon the scene a few weeks before, began just at this time to appropriate that part of the lawn which lies in front of the birds' window as their playground.

Young Robin, from his post on the yucca, used to watch us feeding the cole-tits, and though we did not at all neglect him for our new pets, I think he felt a little jealous. Sometimes when I was holding out food for the tits, a very large head (comparatively) would suddenly appear round the corner, and a long bill would snap up poor King Cole's breakfast. The sly look in Young Robin's face as he performed this little trick was inexpressibly droll.

Young Robin left us early—before the end of March. I should have felt much more unhappy about his disappearance than I did, had it not been for a hurried visit that he paid to my bedroom window—to which he had been in the habit of coming from time to time for some weeks past—a day or two after we missed him from the yucca. It was meant for a farewell visit, I feel sure. His manner said, as plainly as words could have done, that he had a long way to go and much business in hand, and could not linger. For a long time we hoped that some day, in the course of our rambles, we should come upon his place of retirement, and that he would drop down upon our hands in the old fashion, as he had done when we found him in the field. But this hope has not been fulfilled, and we must be content to wait till the nesting season is over and he comes back, as surely he will come, to his old friends.

There are other robins left, but they have grown wild and shy, and they have, it seems to me, an anxious, troubled look, as though family cares weighed heavily upon them. Old Robin sits sometimes on his favourite seat and sings a fragment of a song, and latterly he and another robin have re-appeared, in a timid sort of fashion, on the lawn before the birds' window, and have carried off soaked bread as if with the intention of feeding young ones at home. And one day I saw a sight which I record with special pleasure, because it is the only instance I have ever seen of kindness shown by one grown robin to another. Two of them came upon the lawn at the same time, the smaller one, which I imagine was a female bird, keeping somewhat in the background. Robin No. 1 (who was, I believe, Old Robin himself) secured a piece of bread, which he proceeded to break up with his bill. Robin No. 2 then flew up on to a garden seat, and began fluttering her wings slightly, as a young bird would do when expecting to be fed. Whereupon the first robin flew up beside her, and fed her from his bill.

The thrush very rarely came to the window for food after the end of February; but a thrush, which I think there is good reason for supposing to be the same bird, has for the last month been singing magnificently in the trees on one side or other of the lawn. He begins at the earliest dawn of day, and continues at intervals until it is quite dusk. There is another bird that begins to sing at about the same time in the morning, and that may also be heard more or less throughout the day—a bird that has a powerful and very mellow voice, though it has less variety of tone or power of execution than that of the thrush. It is like a good voice that has never been trained, contrasted with the highly cultivated voice of a professional singer. If in this case it is the untrained voice that I like best to listen to, it is no doubt partly because I know it to be that of our blackbird Dick. Dear old Dick has been one of the most faithful of all our birds. He does not, of course, come to the window as much as he did formerly, now that worms and insects are abundant, and he is, moreover, rather suspicious of the puppies; but he generally comes for a scrap or two in the course of the day, and we both see and hear him a great deal at other times. He spends a lot of his time in the still leafless mulberry tree—(does he ever speculate, I wonder, how long it will be before it is again covered with fruit?)—where he sits and sings, or dries himself after a bath in the pan kept for his special benefit on the garden table. He is such a bird for singing. Do other blackbirds sing as much, I wonder? I am not thinking now of his regular songs, when he sits on the highest branch of a tree and whistles at the top of his voice, but of the snatches that one hears at odd times—in the intervals, for instance, of tapping for worms, or between his sips as he stands drinking water on the garden table. When we call to him by name, he often answers by a few melodious notes, and he sings sometimes as he flies from one tree to another. I have, by the way, heard another blackbird do the same thing.

Mrs. Dick is hardly ever to be seen now. There is a blackbird's nest in some ivy growing against a wall not far from the lawn, with eggs in it, upon which it is supposed that she is sitting. So far as we can judge Dick does not—is not perhaps allowed to—take any share in the work.

It is but seldom that other blackbirds visit the lawn now; but when in other parts of the garden, as often happens, we come upon a blackbird that sits and sings as we go by, or looks us in the face in a friendly way instead of slipping away as the manner of blackbirds is, then we know that we are in the presence of one of our old pensioners, and that they have not forgotten their meals at the birds' window.

To that window, undeterred by fear of the puppies, our old friends the chaffinches, or rather a single pair of them, still regularly come. We have never been able to induce them to take food from our hands, but they are very tame, and have a pretty way of hovering in the air close to the window when they want to call our attention, which is quite peculiar to themselves. There is a chaffinch's nest, supposed to be theirs, in a lilac bush quite near. A second pair occasionally make their appearance, but are invariably driven away by the first pair. Chaffinches are quite as pugnacious as robins among themselves; even the hen bird will fight the other hen. The male bird is very polite to his mate, and often will not begin to eat until by his repeated "twuik, twuik!" he has summoned her to the spot.

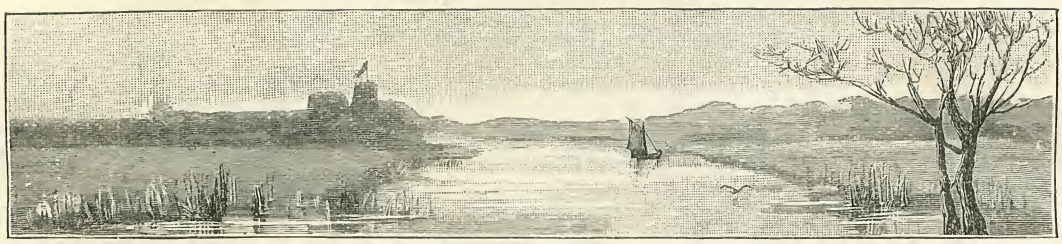
My account of our birds would be incomplete if I did not give a brief account of some more casual visitors. Among these was a tiny wren, which only appeared once, and then seemed to be occupied in hunting for insects among the dead leaves. Then, at the other end of the scale, we had a visit one day from a crow, which stalked across the lawn in a stately fashion, making the blackbirds look quite dwarfs by comparison. It is this same crow, I am afraid, which has lately been a frequent and unwelcome visitor to our back yard, and is under grave suspicion of having destroyed three ducklings just when they were supposed to be past the dangers of infancy, and on the very day when their hen-mother had turned them off to shift for themselves—not a bird to be proud of, certainly!

On the 1st of March, when people woke to find the ground covered with a thick coating of snow, we observed an enormous flock of birds flying to and fro high up in the air. We could see from the action of their long pointed wings that they were not starlings, but we could not distinguish what birds they were, until in the course of one of their flights eastward a certain number alighted on the trees and bushes that border our lawn. It was a remarkable sight, and one that I shall never forget. There might have been fifty or sixty birds, to make a rough guess, thus assembled; and on each, from the position they had taken up, was distinctly seen—rendered still more conspicuous by contrast with the snow on the ground—the red patch from which they derive their name. The redwings stayed but a short time, and we did not see them again. They were followed next day by equally large flocks of starlings, of which

an immense number roosted for several nights on the trees and shrubs in the garden. There also appeared one day about this time some two dozen birds which we thought must be fieldfares. They remained upon the lawn for some hours, during which time they occupied themselves in making holes in the snow in search for insects or in fighting among themselves.

The mention of starlings reminds me that I have said nothing as yet about five or six pairs that have made their nests in an old walnut-tree not far from the house, and are often to be seen on the lawn, hunting for slugs or worms. They are chiefly remarkable for the absorbed manner in which they go about their work, noticing nothing to the right or left of them. They have the reputation of being very intelligent birds, but if so they seem to confine their intelligence very strictly to their own affairs.

Throughout March the field in front of the house—Young Robin's field—was much frequented by plovers, and also by curlews, which had a very strange appearance as they strutted about with their absurd-looking bills. And one day we had a visit on the lawn from a pair of birds which we have never been able to identify, and of which I can unfortunately only give a very vague description. They were about the size of guinea-fowls—at least that was the impression made on those of us who saw them. In colour they were a dark grey, and in general appearance they seemed to us to resemble gigantic pigeons more than any other birds we could think of. I think the probability is that they were sea birds of some description, but they were too far from the window for us to be able to distinguish the shape of their feet or their bills. They walked about in a very composed way for a few minutes, picking the blades of grass in places where the snow had melted. Then they passed out of sight behind some bushes, and we saw no more of them.



THE "GIRL'S OWN" SHORTHAND CLASS.

IV.—ABBREVIATIONS.

HOOKS AND CIRCLES.

WHEN the vowels and diphthongs have been once fairly conquered, no serious difficulties will be found in the remaining lessons in the *Teacher* to impede the student's progress. But before finally leaving the vowels, I should like to press upon girls once more the importance of being able to use them freely. In swift reporting it is impossible and unnecessary to insert vowels—vocalise, as it is called—in every word; and when the learner can write at the rate of fifty words a minute, she may begin to omit them in the case of familiar words and clear outlines, distinguishing between words of the same outline (as "rat," "rote," and "root") by writing them above, on, or through the line, according as they contain first, second, or third-place vowels. But unfamiliar and difficult words may always occur, no matter how skilful the phonographer may be, and it is most important that he or she should be able to render them intelligible by quick and accurate vocalising. It would never do to have to stop to consider what the vowel is and how it is made.

The circles, hooks, and loops, which constitute our next lesson, present no great perplexities, and are most useful in writing. When two consonants occur together in a word, it will be noticed that one of them is very frequently an *r*, *l*, *s*, *w*, or *n*; consequently, special means are provided by which the conjunction may be written quickly. If we had to form, say, the word "green" by writing *gee-ray-en*, we should have an outline not only unnecessarily long, but also misleading, as we should expect each consonant to have its own distinct sound, and to be divided from the next consonant by a vowel; whereas *gr* is a single sound, and "green" a monosyllable—not "gareen" or "go-reen." To express these double consonants, therefore, phonography has special signs. The thick *n* for *ng*, the *ch*, *th*, and *sh* you have had in the ordinary shorthand alphabet; *wh*, as in "where" and "whisper," *kw*, as in "quick" and "queen," *gw*, as in "Gwen," the thickened *m* for *mp* and *mb*, the thickened downward *l* for terminal *ler*, upward *l* with an initial hook for *wl*, as in "well," with the larger hook for *whl*, as in "wheel," you have also come across. The last three are not pure double consonants; but when there is only a single intermediate vowel, and the outline is clearer and simpler than the two consonants written in full would be, such an extension of the practice is allowable. For "feeler" we should, for example, use the *lr* outline; but for "gallery" the upward *l* and *r* would be necessary in order to provide for the insertion of the vowels. The *r* and *l* hooks are a further development of the same method of combination. The little hook which represents *r* is on the left-hand side of a perpendicular stroke, and underneath a horizontal one; the *l* is on the right-hand side, or above the straight stroke, and both are initial hooks—written, that is, at the beginning of the consonant to which they are joined—written first, but always pronounced second. You will easily remember the correct sides for the two hooks, by noticing that the *r* hook may be imitated by hooking the fingers of the right hand, and the *l* by hooking the fingers of the left hand, just as you learned the direction of the *l* and *r* strokes by curving the fingers. The *r* hook occurs more frequently than the *l*, and is therefore given the more easily-made stroke, it being easier to write from left to right than to make the backward—right to left—sign.

When we come to the curves, it is evident that the hook cannot be used quite so freely. It is easy enough to form a hook inside the curve, either initially or finally; but if we attempt to write it on the outside—the right hand, that is to say, of an *f*, or the upper side of an *m*, we shall produce a very awkward outline and a very illegible one. The difference between the *r* and *l* hooks is therefore indicated by making the former small and the latter large; "*l*arge" begins with an "l," you will observe, so *l* is appropriately made large. Similarly, a terminal hook on the right or left hand, at the bottom or top of a straight stroke, supplies *n* or *f* (or *v*); but with a curve it always represents *n*; and as the larger hook is wanted for the more general termination *tion*, there is no terminal *f* or *v* hook for curved consonants, and the ordinary long stroke must always be used. For example, "fry" is written *fr* (small hook) *i*; "fly" is *fl* (large hook) *i*; "grave" is *gr-v* (hook turning upward); "green," *gr-n* (hook turning downward); "man," *m-n* (hook); "move," *m-v* (stroke *v*); "motion" (large hook).

The vowels are placed before or after the hooked consonant in the same way as with the single consonant. When it is convenient to use the hook, but desirable to indicate some intermediate vowel, the dot vowel is expressed by a little circle, written before or after the double consonant, according as it has a long or short sound; and the stroke vowel is written through the consonant. In the word "chairman" it is much easier, and gives an infinitely better outline, to use *ch* and the initial *r* hook than to use the downward *r*; and to vocalise it we have only to add a small circle in the second vowel-place before the double consonant. "Barley" is plainer as *br-l-ĭ* than as *b-r-l-ĭ*, but in the monosyllable "bar," the downward *r* would be employed; and, generally speaking, when there is a long or accented vowel between the two consonants, the stroke consonant should be used, especially in words of one syllable. The hook being reserved in the main for the short *eh* and *ĭ* sounds, as in "*ap*ple," "*tel*egraph" (*t* with hook *l*, *gr* hook, and final *f* hook), "*ter*minus," "lea*der*," etc., very seldom requires vocalising.

The circle *s* is one of the simplest, prettiest, and most useful of phonographic signs. It is employed almost invariably when a word begins with *s*, the exception being in words like "cease" and "sizes," where there is no other consonant to which to affix the circle, and where, consequently, one stroke *s* must be used. It is employed when *s* occurs in the middle of a word (numerous examples of which are given in Exercises 20 and 21 in the *Teacher*); and also when *s* is the last letter. But, obviously, it cannot be used where *s* is

the only consonant, or where it is prefixed or followed by a vowel; for you could not put any intelligible vowel-sign before or after a small circle. Therefore, in these cases the stroke *s* is to be used. The circle *z*—the same sign as the *s*—is used medially, as in "museum" (*m*, circle *z*, *m*), "razor" (upward *r*, circle, upward *r*), "opposing" (*p*, circle, *ng*), etc., but never as an initial. Words beginning with *z* must always be written with the stroke consonant. The most important point with regard to the circle is to form it neatly. It should be in one flowing line with the consonant to which it is joined, and lie compact and close to the side of the stroke; and, particularly when it is an initial or final, it should be really round. If it is unfinished, it will look like a hook; if it is a loop, it will look like *st*. But when it is an initial circle, pray accustom yourself to forming it *first*. I have heard of a girl achieving neatness by writing her stroke first, and then describing a beautiful circle at the beginning of it; but that neatness was very dearly obtained, for the pupil had to unlearn the trick, as well as to learn the proper way of making her initial "s's." Never mind if you have to form your sign rather slowly at first; more haste, worse speed, is particularly true of the early steps in shorthand.

When the *s* has to be prefixed to the *r* hook, it is simply and easily done by making a circle of the hook, and the same alteration turns the final *n* hook into *ns*. When, however, the hook to which you want to add *s* is written on the same side as the *s* itself, this obviously cannot be done; there would be no means of distinguishing between *l* and *sl*, or between *f* (or *v*) and *fs*, so the circle must be written inside these hooks, and not brought up to join the "main line" consonant.

The part of the business which every learner finds most tiresome is the peculiarity that, while the initial hook is always read *after* the consonant, the *s* is always read *first*. This is a complication which, I admit, seems to me a defect in the system; but there it is, and we must make the best of it. If, for instance, the consonant *t* is prefixed by a circle on the left side, we must read the *s* first, then the *t*, and lastly the *r*—*str*. In the case of the final hooks the *s* is read last, the rule being that circle *s* is invariably read at the beginning or end of a word—except, of course, when it is used medially. The lessons in the *Teacher* will help to familiarise you with this principle, but it probably will be some time before you write the *str* circle, or read it, with ease; it seems so much more natural to translate the signs in the same order in which they are written.

A large circle—two or three times as large as the ordinary *s*—at the beginning of a word signifies *sw*; if it is written on the left-hand side of, or below, a straight stroke, it implies the addition of the hook *r*. A large circle at the end of a word, or in the middle of it, signifies *ss*, and is particularly useful for plurals—as in "cases," "traces," "noses," etc. The short vowel *eh* is understood between the two *s's*; other vowels can be written inside the circle, but a dot has in this case to stand for either first or second-place vowel, and a stroke for all the stroke vowels without distinction. Underneath, or at the left-hand side of the consonant, the *ss* becomes *nses*, as in "trances" (*t* with hook *r-nses*—compare with "traces"), "chances" (*ch-nses*), "expenses" (*k*-circle *s-p-nses*), etc.; but this sign cannot be written inside a curve, as it would look exactly like *ss*. Nor can the large circle ever be used with a hook, for there would not be room for it unless a huge hook was made, like or bigger than the *shon* hook. The *st* loop, initial and final, and the final *str*, are sufficiently explained in the *Teacher*.

One characteristic is shared by all final hooks and circles. When you have thus turned up and tucked away, as it were, the tail of the phonographic character, no vowel can be added. Thus, words like "many," "gravy," "rosy," and "wincey," must be written with the stroke *n*, *v*, *s*, and *n* and *s*, in distinction to "man," "grave," "rose," and "wince." The same distinction is commonly made in the case of the upward and downward *r*, already alluded to, and, to a certain extent, with the upward and downward *l*. Exercises 41, 45, 46, 47, and 48 show the working of this rule. The ease with which the outline is written, and its legibility when written, are the chief points considered, so that practice will teach you more than the most careful study of rules. The rules and exceptions regarding upward and downward *l*, for example, appear complicated, but a very brief trial will show you how awkward an outline you would have by writing the downward *l* before any consonant but a horizontal one (try "elope" and "elder" as specimens); and how much clearer an angle is obtained by using the downward final *l* after *n* and *ng*, whether the *l* be followed by a vowel, as in "only," or not, as in "nail." Learn the general rules, by all means, but don't worry your head too much about the exceptions. You will soon "get into" them, as we say.

THE HALVING PRINCIPLE.

The only modification of importance, so far as the *Teacher* goes, which we have not yet considered, is the "halving principle," by which the past tense in "ed," or the addition of a "t" or "d" to a word, is expressed with delightful ease and simplicity. Notice that when the word contains but one consonant the addition of *d* (the *thick* stroke) is expressed if it is a *thick*-stroke consonant, and of *t* (the *thin* stroke) if it is a *thin*-stroke consonant. Thus, *d* made half its usual length would represent "dad," "dead," or "died," not "debt" or "dote"; while a half-length *p* would stand for "pet" or "pot," but not for "paid" or "pied." The half-length *r* cannot be written at all when it stands by itself, or is followed by circle *s* only, as it would be so readily confused with the grammalogues. A consonant which is joined to another, or has a final hook or circle, may be written half-length to express the addition of either *t* or *d*. When a word ends in "ted" or "ded," halve the *t* or *d*, not the preceding consonant; "fated" is *f* and half-length *t*, not half-length *f* and full-length *t*, though "fat" itself is written with a half *f*; and "guided" is *g* and half-length *d*. No vowel can be read after the *t* or *d* thus added, as it is always read last in a word, except where the circle *s* occurs, and follows its invariable rule of being read as the concluding sound. *Pr* half-length-*t-r* would be "prit," not "pretty," and *md* (halved and thickened) *t*, would be "mid," not "middy." *M*, with hook *n*, halved, would stand for "mind" or "mount"; but "Monday" must have the full-length *d*, and is therefore written with the stroke *n* also, as giving a more flowing outline. When, however, the vowel precedes the half-length consonant, it is read first; *ah*-half *f*, is "aft," not "fat." When there is no angle or difference of thickness between two consonants, the halving principle cannot be made use of, as you will see in a moment if you try to write "popped" or "cocked" with a half *p* or *k*—there would be nothing to distinguish the stroke from a rather overgrown single *p* or *k*.

In contrast to the halving principle, there is a double-length principle, a consonant written twice its length giving the addition of *ter*, *der*, or *ther*; but this, though a great assistance to rapid writing, you need not study at present.

LATER PRACTICE.

We have now run quickly through the course in the *Teacher*, and I hope these notes have been of use to girls studying alone; if two or three study together they are likely to get on faster by mutual aid and explanation. Exercises may be profitably and pleasantly varied by translating and re-translating *Æsop's Fables*, or the *Easy Readings*, both in the "learner's style" of phonography, published by Messrs. Pitman and Sons, price 6d. each. When the student feels that she has fairly mastered the *Teacher*, she may proceed to the *Manual of Phonography* (issued by the same publishers).

A good deal of this goes over the same ground as that already trodden; and some teachers recommend, therefore, that the earlier pages should be skipped; but having regard to the importance of these first steps, I strongly advise girls to read it carefully through, and when they come to any part that seems less familiar or less thoroughly known, to turn back to the *Teacher*, and write again the exercise dealing with it. Carelessness or inaccuracy in first principles may lead to ludicrous blunders, as in the case of the reporter who wrote "mighty cats" for "mighty acts," and translated "nobody can write an epic," into "anybody can read a book." To write shorthand quickly is comparatively easy, especially if you miss out the vowels, and are not very exact in your outlines; it is the reading afterwards that is the test, for the most brilliantly-written notes are not much use if they are undecipherable. Pitman's *Phonetic Journal*, published weekly, is useful as containing exercises in the learner's, corresponding, and reporter's styles, with key in each case; its drawback is that it gives a large proportion of its space to "phonetic spelling," which the majority of people regard with horror. There are a variety of papers published in the "corresponding" style, and these afford good reading practice.

For writing practice, vary exercises with dictation from a book or newspaper, if you have a sister or friend good-natured enough to read to you at the necessarily slow pace. Always look carefully through what you have written, and correct it; if you have made many mistakes, have the same thing read again, to see how much you can improve upon the first essay—a plan which is, indeed, always an excellent one to follow for attaining either accuracy or speed. Presently, begin to time yourself, and find out how many words you can write a minute, but don't let a nervous anxiety about speed make you careless in forming the characters. When you can write at the rate of fifty or sixty words a minute, seize every opportunity of taking notes at any meetings or lectures you may attend, or of sermons at church, if you can do so without attracting the attention of the congregation and your own thoughts from the preacher's discourse. It is very pleasant to carry away some notes of a fine sermon, but it is better still to carry away its lesson in your heart; therefore, though the church is a very popular place with young note-takers, I would strongly advise them to keep to dictation and secular meetings until they can listen reverently and take notes quietly and unobtrusively at the same time.

Do not attempt to take the whole of a lecture or speech, as that will only result in your notes being perfectly unintelligible; but try to choose the more important sentences, and when you get home, write them out, and, if you like, connect them with what you can remember of the intervening remarks, so as to obtain a readable little "report." Patience and practice are now all you need; and when you are able to write down and preserve the eloquent words of your favourite preacher, or to win the prize at the Oxford Extension Lectures on account of the fullness and accuracy of your shorthand notes, you will be glad indeed that you joined the "'Girl's Own' Shorthand Class."

LINDA GARDINER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"I REMANE,
YOURS RESPEKFULLY."

EDUCATIONAL.

MARIE STUVEYSANT.—Read our reply to Thora. If you only desire to be employed in missionary work, apart from medical qualification, write to Mrs. Meredith, of the Church of England Women's Missionary Association for Home and Foreign Service, 143, Clapham Road. You do not evince any musical talent.

ELIZABETH P.—Apply to Mrs. Malleson, Hon. Secretary of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute (Rural District Branch), Dixton Manor, Winchcombe, Gloucestershire, R.S.O. Or else apply to Miss Broadwood, The Lyne, Horsham, for information respecting the Ockley Nursing Association, for supplying cottage nurses in country districts. Their training school is St. Mary's Home, Plaistow, E.

A. N. E. L.—1. You might apply to the Secretary of the Women's Printing Society, 21B, Great College Street, Westminster, S.W. A good education and some knowledge of modern languages are required, the MSS. to be copied being of so varied a character. Shorthand is taught at the College for Working Women, 7, Fitzroy Street, W., which is open every evening from 6.30 till 10 P.M.—2. We should think that you might find cheap accommodation at Southend, Essex.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIMROSE.—1. If the early rhubarb is cooked with the skin on it will be of a beautiful rose colour.—2. There is only one way to make custard, and it needs great care, as it will curdle if it boils. It must be placed on the fire, and carefully watched and constantly stirred. A cheap custard is made with the yolks of two eggs, a tumbler of milk, four lumps of sugar, and a few drops of vanilla; put into a small saucepan; stir till it thickens; or use a jug, and stand that in a saucepan of boiling water over the fire.

MRS. SAUNDERS (Kornthal).—We do not think it necessary for you to take lessons in writing while *in Germany*. We are very glad when we are told that our magazine is so great a comfort to our English girls while living far from home amongst strangers.

ROMANESQUE.—1. Charles Lamb was born February 18th, 1775, and died December 27th, 1834. He was the son of John Lamb, a clerk, and servant to Mr. Salt, a Bencher of the Inner Temple. He was educated at Christ's Hospital school, and obtained a permanent situation in the accountant's office of the East India Company.—2. Calypso was one of the Oceanides, or, as stated by some authorities, one of the daughters of Atlas, of the heathen mythology. She is said to have received Ulysses when shipwrecked on her coasts, and offered him immortality if he would marry her and remain there. She reigned in the island, and was supposed to be a goddess. He was retained there during seven years, but declined to marry her, and then took his leave.

BELLA asks for a list of the terms expressive of multitude. There are too many to name, but amongst them are the following: A "covey" of partridges; a "flight" of birds or arrows; a "brood" of chickens or grouse; a "stand" of plovers; a "muster" of peacocks; a "bevy" of girls and quail; a "pack" of wolves, hounds, or playing cards; a "litter" of puppies and pigs; a "skulk" of foxes; a "troop" of monkeys; a "sleugh" of bears; a "flock" of sheep and geese; a "herd" of deer and cattle; a "drove" of oxen; a "team" or "stud" of horses; a "swarm" of bees, locusts, ants, etc.,; a "gang" of navvies, convicts, slaves, and thieves; a "mob" of roughs; a "crew" of sailors; a "fleet" of ships; a "clump" of trees; a "batch" of bread; a "set" of china; a "suite" of rooms; a "suit" of attendants or clothes; and very many more terms besides to express multitude or quantity.

TAFFY.—There is a Welsh Wesleyan Methodist chapel at 186, Aldersgate Street, E.C. For the Independents and Congregationalists, chapels at 66, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.; at 1, Bartlett's Passage, Bartlett's Buildings, E.C.; and in Radnor Street, Chelsea, S.W. There are seven chapels for Welsh Calvinistic Methodists; a Welsh Presbyterian chapel in Crosby Row, Borough, S.E.; and doubtless many others. We have no reason to think that any of these chapels have been closed.

CHLOE.—We do not give shop addresses. You can obtain the information you desire at any bird-seller's. Your handwriting seems formed.

E. K. enquires why a commission of one penny or more is charged on changing stamps into money at a post office. If there were no other reason, you should remember that the Government pays the clerks who serve the public behind the counters, and the postmen, and for the mail carts and horses, and the carriage by train and steamer, for printed notices of dates of transmission of foreign mails, etc.; and does "E. K." think it strange that the time of the clerks behind the counter is to be taken up with changing stamps into money for multitudes of people for nothing, at the loss of their services by so much time for which the Government pays?—2. You can buy a powder for washing sponges at any chemist's.

M. C. MITCHELL.—1. We are not in the habit of giving addresses, though of a certain kind we may. Secretaryships of charities, firms, houses of business, and Government offices, cannot be obtained at any registry.—2. Publishers' readerships are very difficult to obtain; and no one who is not a writer, critic, or well known in the literary world, could obtain such an appointment. The responsibility attached to it is great, for if the reader recommended a book for purchase and it proved a failure with the public, and dead loss to the publisher, the reader would very probably be forthwith dismissed.

MURIEL.—The greatest price ever paid for a book was given, as we imagine, by one of the Electors of Bavaria, for he gave a German town for a copy of the New Testament.

CATHIE WILLIAMSON.—1. Her Majesty the Queen was born on a Wednesday, May 24th, 1819.—2. June 17th, 1881, was a Friday.

PIGMY.—Most of the hospitals are supplied with nurses, and that calling is overstocked with applicants waiting for vacancies. Why not look for a situation as mother's-help? Read the articles on "Occupations for Women," which appeared in some of this year's numbers of the "G. O. P." Of course you are right in making your own living now in any honest department of work.

F. L. L.—You would have to write to the authorities and obtain a formal permission to reprint and publish any portion of articles belonging to the society or firm.

DARKEY.—It would be a breach of all filial and affectionate feeling to take advantage of your having completed twenty-one years to act in opposition to your parents' wishes.

JEAN.—We could not prescribe for a chronic complaint such as you name. Perhaps a good consulting chemist could advise you. In any case, there are plenty of first-class medical men who give advice and prescriptions gratis early in the morning.

AN ANXIOUS ONE could not command any special salary as a lady's companion. There are very few such situations to be had, and you would have to take what was offered, there being so little demand for companions. Judging from your writing we should consider you quite ineligible; but if a good hairdresser and needlewoman, with the additional accomplishments of a dressmaker and milliner, you might obtain a good place as lady's maid.

CLARA M.—We are unable to tell you what is the matter with you, or your chances of being perfectly cured. It is well that you have improved a little, with God's blessing, on your doctor's treatment.

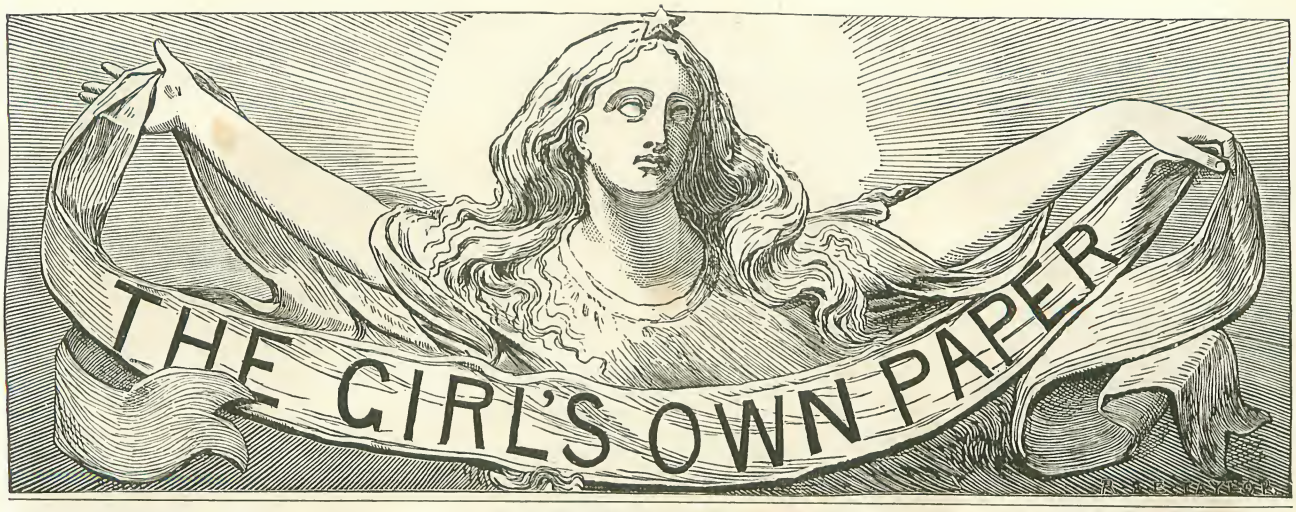
WILLIE'S PET.—Yes, there are male and female plants. If you examine a number of fronds of the fern you will see that at the back of these there are little golden seeds, flat and circular in form, on the female plant.

AN EARL'S DAUGHTER.—A year is the usual period assigned for mourning on the death of either parent. In any of our leading London shops you will be informed on such matters, and shown the materials, and advised as to the depth of crape, etc.

E. MOGRIDGE.—Yes, it is true that a wonderful counting machine is now in use at the Mint. It can count 3,000 pence and upwards in a minute, which beats all human powers of calculation. The coins fall into bags during the process of counting; the calculation is adjustable, so that any special number of coins can be limited according to the requirements of the person employing it, when the instrument stops its work automatically, and then the bag moves away of itself, to leave its place to its successor. We could not give any address where such an instrument could be obtained, nor at what price.

P. W. A. would benefit her health by gymnastic exercises, and swimming, if not very long in the water, and her figure may be thereby improved. She should sit quite upright when writing, and should wear her stays really loose.

A. L.—The duties of a stewardess are, in most respects, those of a lady's maid. Dressmaking and millinery are not included in the list, but some rather more trying ones take their place. You should be a thoroughly good sailor, as a matter of course, and have good health. You should apply to the various great passenger ship agencies. The salary these give very probably varies according to the length of the voyages and the experience and testimonials of the applicant.



VOL. XIII.—No. 665.] SEPTEMBER 24, 1892. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FROCKS AND GOWNS FOR THE MONTH.

BY "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

CRÉPON DRESS WITH SILK FRONT.

SERGE GOWN FOR THE RIVER OR RAIL.

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HAT OF WHITE CHIP AND LACE—LACE CAPE.

ONE of the chief changes, if not the only one, that I have to chronicle this month, is the fact that gowns are not nearly so long as they were, and that trains for wear in the daytime are apparently going out of date. Many of the newest are quite round; that is, they are of the same length at the back as in the front. But I have seen none that did not touch the ground, so they cannot really be called short. The bias seam at the back of the skirt, which has been worn since the spring, has now given place to the French, or *cornet* skirt, in which there are two seams, or one only if the dress skirt be of double-width material; and to the new gored skirt, which is made with a wide front breadth, a back breadth gored on both sides, and two side gores, also gored on both sides. This last-named skirt is suitable for narrow-width materials, such as silks and grenadines, and also answers best with the shorter skirts, as they will probably be worn during the winter.

The *cornet* skirt, or the French skirt—as it is mostly made in France at present—can be cut with either two seams, or only one if the material be of double width, and the pattern will allow of its being cut lengthwise, or selvedge-way of the material—a very easy method of making for the amateur dressmaker. The trained skirts have lately been a great difficulty to the experienced dressmaker, for the tight fit of the skirt in front made the sudden jutting-out of the train at the back very ugly and ungraceful. Probably this is the reason why the trains have gone out so much. The best and foremost of the London houses are now giving up the goring at the waist for thin materials, and are making them up with a very slight fulness or gathering all round the front. This will not do for thick materials, of course, as the bulk would be too great; and I do not think the tight-fitting *fourreaux* skirts will be given up this winter, though, as I have just said, the bias seams down the centre of the back are now things of the past.

In the sketch of the "Crépon Gown with Silk Front" will be found one of the prettiest of our early autumn novelties—a more becoming adaptation of our friend the Eton jacket, which is not suitable to everyone, whereas the jacket of our illustration is decidedly so to nearly everyone. The silk front can be confined at the waist by a belt, as only a figure of very slight proportions can manage to wear it loose. In serge and homespun this model will be found most useful, and the length of the skirt shows exactly the longest that is at present worn in ordinary walking gowns.

The very long three-quarter-length jackets did not achieve the popularity they were prophesied to attain; and our sketch of "Serge Gowns" shows the moderate dimensions usually seen. These gowns have been more generally worn in town this year than ever before, and have clearly taken the place of the cotton or zephyr morning-gowns that were so much seen in our streets in the morning—a change greatly to the loss of the laundress, and to the profit of our pockets in the weekly washing bill. In spite of all the reformation in the machinery used in the laundry, the complaints of bad washing are so constant as to induce one to believe that the old race of washerwomen knew their business better than the new ones, and that machinery is not all that is required. In America, too, this problem of the laundry is much discussed, and the same practical effect is being produced, *i.e.*, the substitution, even in that very hot climate, of the woollen non-washing gown for the cotton or linen, more suitable in every way to the weather.

In our colder climate I think the substitution is a very wise one; even the present summer, which has been warmer, has been too changeable for anything but thin woollen gowns in the morning. And so we have seen the serge costume, of skirt and jacket, and the cotton or silk blouse, have become quite like a uniform amongst our women and girls. The sailor hat, too, made of speckled black, or blue-and-white straw, with its turned-up brim and velvet bow, is patronised by everyone, from the young to the middle-aged.

The wide and deep belts have become very popular, and they will continue (probably

DINNER DRESS.

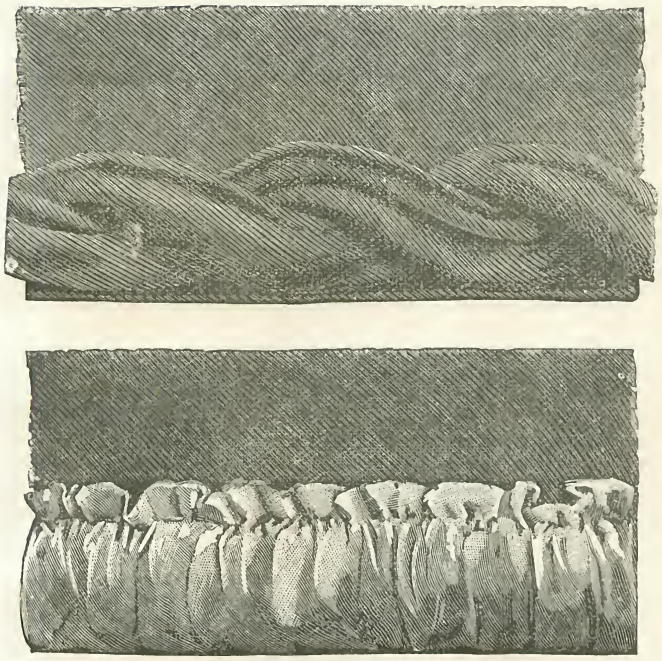
HAT WITH PRINCE OF WALES' FEATHERS.

through the winter) to be worn with the short Senorita jackets. We had also an attempt made lately to bring in the double skirt again as a kind of tunic, to hang halfway down the other. At present it is mostly seen in a thin material, such as lace over a thick skirt of silk, the draperies being like window-curtains at the top. The long Russian blouses will probably come into use this winter more than ever; and to a girlish figure they are very becoming.

Tailor-made dresses have been in very little request this summer, but the tourist and seaside seasons soon bring them back again into vogue. Brown holland is one of the reintroductions, and is made up into skirts and coats, to be worn with blouses. In a fashionable West-End house they are made up with black satin, the skirts and coats being trimmed with it, and the coats lined. Ribbon trims a great many of the skirts of dresses, two and three-inch ribbon being most liked; and many bodices are swathed round with three or four rows, each row being finished by a rosette at the back. The full sashes—to be worn very wide—are either mounted on a foundation with whalebones in it, or the sash itself has whalebones encased in tape, fastened in cleverly on the wrong side, to hold them in place.

The two hats illustrated show the way in which lace is used to the edges of hats, and the manner in which the feathers and flowers are wired, this season, in order to make them stand upright—the flowers exactly as if they were growing. The "Lace Cape" is a charming addition to any dress, and will be found very useful this winter in making a gown look a little smart for evening. It consists of a plain piece of lace, measuring a yard and a half in length, gathered into a tiny band at the neck and edged with a narrow lace, while on the shoulders it is caught up by a ribbon-bow into the shape as shown in the picture. This cape may fasten at the back, the side, or shoulder, just as preferred; and the opening should be faced on each side with a narrow ribbon, on which the hooks and eyes should be sewn, to enable it to be neatly fastened up. Velvet bows, as a rule, are prettier than either those of satin or grosgrain.

The dress intended for a quiet evening or for dinner gives a simple way of trimming, with puffed net sleeves, such as could be



SKIRT TRIMMINGS.

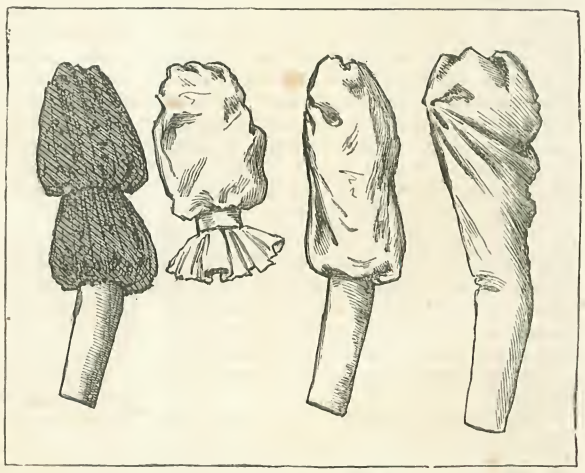
accomplished easily at home in the re-making or re-furbishing of a gown. The lace at the edge of the bodice is still worn in the evening. The band at the edge is either of jet or of gold passementerie.

Two patterns for dress trimmings are shown, both of which may be of the material of the dress; and both are easy of comprehension by the home-dressmaker. The first is a twist, composed of two portions of the dress material wound over and over each other. The material is cut bias, and should be about an inch and a half wide. It may be lined with a stiff muslin if of a very soft nature. The second example of trimming may be made either on the straight or on the bias, and will require about the same width as the other, or perhaps a little more; the lower edge is sewn along the edge of the hem of the skirt, and the upper is gathered with a heading, as shown. A padding of cotton-wool may be put inside, if it seems needful, to make it full and puffy enough. Patterns of both these can be obtained at 1s. for the two patterns, ready-made in material, so that they can be easily understood, by addressing "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

The paper patterns selected for this month are specially intended for the help of the home-dressmaker who may be re-making at this time her autumn or winter dresses. Four sleeve patterns are given for 1s.—the usual price. Each of these sleeves will take about a yard to cut out, except the smallest, which will require three-quarters. This is called the Russian sleeve, and it will be found an excellent idea to put this to one of the old-fashioned low sleeves to make it fashionable, leaving the cuffs as they were, to the elbow. The sleeve has been rather a trouble to those who made gowns at home this last year, as they were difficult to make and arrange. The pattern of the crépon dress-bodice, or long Eton, can also be obtained, price 1s.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "*stole*" *ends*, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear, bodice with panier, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, long-basqued jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess dress with umbrella back, cape mantle of lace, Eton jacket, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.



FOUR SLEEVE PATTERNS.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE day after Uncle Mat's return to Millcaster, Mrs. Clinton and Aileen called at the pretty cottage occupied by Susan Meade's mother. After they became residents at the Park, they heard the story of Susan's strange disappearance, and felt deep sympathy for Mrs. Meade, who was ever waiting and hoping—it seemed against hope—for news of her child. The rumour that blame had been associated with Parry Clinton had also reached them, but Mrs. Meade always expressed faith in his innocence. "He was at the Park days after I lost my girl," said the mother. "He was always pleasant and kind, and so sorry for me. To this day he always calls when he is staying hereabouts, and asks me if I have heard of Susan, and wishes he could help me to find her."

Thus spoke Mrs. Meade, and the Clinton family were always glad to have such testimony in Parry's favour. When, however, Mrs. Clinton and Aileen went to the cottage and heard the story Susan's mother had to tell, their feelings were of a mingled kind. They sympathised with the mother, whose emotion would hardly allow her to tell her tale. They were distressed to think that one who was their kinsman could have acted with such treachery and duplicity.

Mrs. Clinton was not given to harsh judgments or rash actions. But her husband and elder son were from home, and in her indignation she said to Aileen, "Parry must leave the Park at once. I will speak to him."

"Ought not the truth of this stranger's story to be tested before you speak?" asked Aileen.

"Parry will furnish proof of its truth or falsehood," was the reply.

When the two reached home, Mrs. Clinton lost no time in speaking to Parry alone. Without going round about, she told him what she had heard, and then waited for an answer; but before she ceased speaking she felt no doubt as to the truth of the story. Parry changed colour, shifted about uneasily, and lost all his usual self-confidence.

"It would be useless to deny the affair," he said. "I was young, idle, living a monotonous life here with my old uncle. The girl was handsome, vain, aspiring. You know who is said to find mischief for idle hands. I found it ready for mine. After all, there was no great harm done. The girl disappeared—whither I never knew; for, from the time I left her in London until now, I never saw a trace or received tidings of her. Do not be too hard in judging me. Do me the justice to believe that I have often regretted my folly, and wished it unacted."

"'Folly,' do you call it?" said Mrs. Clinton. "That word conveys to me the idea of some act lightly entered upon; the offspring of a weak, but not a wicked, nature. Your conduct calls for a different name to describe it. Was it folly alone which laid such plans, contrived the transfer of Susan Meade's money, sent the lying notice to the paper which made return appear impossible to the unhappy girl? To her conduct the word folly were more fitly applied. She was your tool, and however great her folly in listening to you, she never contemplated any sin beyond a temporary desertion of her widowed mother, for which, too, she imagined the after-glory of her marriage with Parry Clinton would atone. You know this is true," continued Mrs. Clinton.

"I do not deny it. If I arranged for the transfer of Susan's money, it was to save her from the chance of want. I was always impecunious, you know. After the girl left I would have found her if I could, and let her know that her mother was living. There was no great harm done, after all, as I said before."

"No great harm! A young life spoiled for years; a mother robbed of her daughter's presence, and weighed down with alternate hopes and fears; lonely, when she might have been comforted by her one child's presence and love! Oh, Parry!"

No shame to Mrs. Clinton's pure womanhood that she found herself unable to say more, but that she wept for very sorrow at the word-picture she had drawn.

"I suppose I had better leave at once," said Parry. "You will make my excuses to everybody."

"I shall tell my husband and Maurice the truth. Make what excuse you choose to others."

Parry waited for no more, but after telling the usual story about a sudden summons, and expressing his regrets, he began to prepare for his departure.

Miss Ewbank's visit was drawing to a close, and she was to leave two days later. Parry turned his thoughts in her direction, and seized an opportunity which occurred to declare his affection for Ida, and ask permission to see her father at Fairview. If he might be sure of her consent, Parry said, he would go straight to Millcaster to obtain that of Mr. Ewbank. To his intense astonishment, he received a courteous but decisive refusal.

Ida might be ambitious of a connection with an old county family, but she was shrewd, and a good judge of character. A more intimate acquaintance with that of Parry Clinton, and his own half-contemptuous manner towards herself during one period of her stay, had been sufficient to dispel any illusions with regard to Aileen's cousin.

So Parry departed from Ilford, with little prospect of being again received under the roof which had so often sheltered him, and deprived of the forlorn hope that his empty purse would be replenished from Mr. Ewbank's full one by a marriage with Ida.

* * * *

It is pleasanter to turn from witnessing such a departure to Well Dale Manor, and to picture the glad reception of Janet Boothroyd by her uncle, and the happy time which followed her coming.

Though paler than her wont, Janet's lovely face looked fairer than ever as she responded to her uncle's words of welcome. Another moment and she was clasped to his breast, and heard the words, "Say that you will be a daughter to me, Janet, whilst I am spared to be a father to you."

Her arms went round his neck, and she answered him with such a kiss as a child might give to a parent.

"I will try to be like a daughter to you, dear Uncle Edwin. My mother wished me to be with you if she were taken from me, and you would have me."

"Have you, dear child! How can I be thankful enough that in my last days God has given me a young life to brighten my lonely one, and to gladden my home for the little while I can hope to spend on earth?" was his reply.

There was a still more touching meeting in a humbler home a little later on the same day.

Susan Meade and Matthew Millington were the companions of Janet's journey into Lincolnshire. As soon, however, as Susan had seen Janet safely in her uncle's charge, she left Well Dale Manor for Ilford in Mr. Boothroyd's carriage.

Between that first journey and Janet's coming to Well Dale, Uncle Mat had made a second in order to report progress, and receive instructions about Janet's departure from the Villa. Mr. Boothroyd had been fully informed of Susan's self-devoting kindness, Mr. Cutclose's hospitality, and, by the young woman's own wish, of that one sad episode in her life.

Himself rejoicing at the prospect opened to him by the coming of Janet, Mr. Boothroyd was full of sympathy for the long-parted mother and daughter. He and the Clinton family were on terms of close friendship, and Aileen was looking forward to finding a companion of similar age to herself in Mr. Boothroyd's orphan niece and adopted daughter.

There were mutual confidences between the dwellers at the Park and the Manor, and all were anxious to prevent, as far as possible, the village gossip which was likely to follow Susan Meade's reappearance.

"If people averted their heads and shunned the girl, she might be driven from Ilford," said Mrs. Clinton with some anxiety.

"The matter will be in your hands, and perhaps a little in mine also," said Mr. Boothroyd. "I will say that Susan Meade has done good service to my dear brother's daughter; and if the mistress of Ilford Park and my friend Aileen give Susan a kindly reception, no fear that the village folk will look askance at her."

Mr. Boothroyd was right. Susan Meade was sent to her mother's door in his carriage, and after a fitting interval, Mrs. Clinton and Aileen went to congratulate Mrs. Meade on the happy ending to her long season of anxiety.

Of the meeting between mother and daughter nothing need be said. There are some events in family life too sacred to be intruded upon, some pictures from which the concealing veil should never be removed. Enough to say the meeting began a new era for the widow, and in the daughter given back to her she found a treasure she had not possessed in the early days of the girl so long mourned as lost.

These reunions did not take place yesterday. Two years have passed since Mr. Boothroyd took Janet to his heart and home. Contrary to all expectation, he is still living. It is thought that the joy of finding his niece, and her bright presence, have been better than medicine, and that he may yet be spared for a season.

Janet and Aileen Clinton are close friends and confidantes. Aileen has heard the story of that sad part of Janet's life when toil was her constant portion; the absence of it what she most dreaded. Amongst other strange incidents, Janet pointed out the work she had done for Castor and Willockson's, in accordance with the order Aileen gave when at Millcaster, and of her tears and despair when she was not permitted to complete it. She found that for once a dream of hers during those days of toil had been fulfilled. Aileen's eyes had dwelt with delighted appreciation on the beautiful work, and from it her thoughts had gone lovingly out to the unknown worker, as Janet hoped might sometimes be the case with a fair wearer.

Mr. Boothroyd made a will in favour of Janet immediately after she came to Well Dale Manor. In it he appointed Mr. Clinton as her guardian, so that she would have been left in good hands.

However, she is of age now, and not unlikely to pass into the guardianship of a younger Clinton, for there can be no mistake as to Maurice's views in the matter, or that such a marriage would give delight to the elders on both sides.

Some of the village folk go further, and say that when Mr. Maurice marries Miss Boothroyd, the young people will reside

at Well Dale. Mr. Boothroyd could not spare Janet, and there is plenty of room at the Manor.

Susan Meade would have settled down quietly with her mother in the old cottage; but Mrs. Meade would not hear of it after the full-handed life her daughter had led at Millcaster. Who shall say that it did not cost the country-bred woman a pang to leave the surroundings and associations of a lifetime? But the true mother is ever the first to put self aside, and Mrs. Meade was one of this kind.

"You could not be happy here, Susan," she said; "you must go back to Millcaster, where you were so useful."

"I can be of use here, mother; and I am sure you would never be happy away from Ilford, the home of your whole life," replied Susan.

"Tut, child! Home is not the four walls. The presence of my daughter means home to me."

In the end the mother conquered, and she and Susan left Ilford soon after their reunion. Not to live in Morton place, though, but in a tidy little cottage near Millcaster, and yet far enough from its smoke to allow of the purple clematis and the Gloire de Dijon growing about its porch in rich profusion. Susan always finds something to do for the benefit of her kind when home duties do not detain her there.

Strangely enough, whilst ministering to a miserably-neglected lad who had met with an accident, and was lying helpless and suffering near her old home in Morton Place, she found out what became of the letter and sovereign which she once pushed under the Boothroyds' door. Her miserable little patient recognised her as the woman who used to live there, and told her how he had drawn out the letter and contents with a stick tied in the form of a hoop.

"But it was no good to me," he said.

Mr. Cutclose has not found another "born lady" to whom he has repeated the offer made to Janet. The Villa, the carriage, the fine clothes, and Mr. Cutclose himself, are still in the market, so to speak, and Anna Jukes manages his household affairs as of old. He is not, however, without consolation, despite his great disappointment. In grateful recognition of his kindness to Janet in her hour of need, Mr. Boothroyd has sent several souvenirs of that time, which could not be regarded as taking the shape of payment, or refused on that account.

Once a year Mr. Cutclose visits Well Dale Manor, and spends a few days under its roof, and twice since Janet left the Villa she and her uncle have been that gentleman's guests for a night. The pride and delight which these meetings excite in the breast of Mr. Cutclose can be better imagined than described. It is said that he has become a much more considerate landlord than of old, and that he has been known to do kindnesses to the poor and suffering at some cost to his pocket. Mr. Cutclose has long since sorrowfully owned to himself that a born lady such as Janet Boothroyd, though without a penny in her pocket, was "not for the like of him."

Perhaps he thought that, since he could not get the rose, it would be well to secure the humbler, but still handsome, flower that had been near the rose, and accordingly paid some attentions to Susan Meade. Meeting with no encouragement, Mr. Cutclose did not go the length of offering her a co-partnership in the Villa and other advantages, and Susan was glad that she was not called upon to say "No."

Uncle Mat had shrewd suspicions both of Mr. Cutclose's intentions towards Janet, and his subsequent inclination to seek Susan for a wife.

"Susan," said Uncle Mat, "you have missed a grand chance by not smiling on Mr. Cutclose. He only wanted a bit of encouraging—I could see that with half an eye. That first time we met I told you *I* should never dare to ask a handsome girl to marry an ugly man like me; and I could not bear an ill-looking one. So I shall have to remain single; for what bonny lass would say 'Yes' to Matthew Millington?" Uncle Mat looked straight at Susan with an appealing expression that was half humorous, half pathetic. Surely her smile conveyed an answer not put into words. "Do you mean it, Susan?" he asked, and his voice trembled. For answer Susan laid her hand in his, and this was enough. "Thank God for a precious gift!" he said reverently. "Susan, my dear lass, I'll be a good son to your mother; and by-and-by I hope you'll be able to say that Uncle Mat makes you such a loving partner that you have forgotten he is such a plain fellow to look at."

"I forgot that long ago, if indeed I ever thought it. To me your face has long been the handsomest and noblest in all the world."

* * * *

Our story began with the first meeting of Susan Meade and Uncle Mat. Let the curtain fall upon them as they start, with clasped hands, to walk the path of life together.

[THE END.]

THANKSGIVING OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

By ANNE BEALE.

THE night has passed; the daylight dawns; I wake as from a sleep;
Upon my wondering mind unfolds Creation's mysteries deep;
A new life quickens in me, a new world opens fair;
For looking into Nature's heart I know that God is there.

I sigh no more, as once I sighed, to hear what others hear
The voice of man, the voice of birds, so full, they say, and clear;
A still small voice within my breast talks evermore to me,
Of beautiful and holy things, discoursing silently.

Along the beach I now can hold grand converse with the sea,
That ebbs and flows by day and night with changeful constancy;
And though my natural ear is void, the untiring waves that roll
Speak of Eternity and God unto my heaving soul.

I see Him in the bright-eyed flowers that look up as I pass;
I see Him in the ripening corn, the rich green meadow-grass;
I see Him in the golden change that steals upon the trees,
When summer, with his sunny days, in autumn vanishes.

I feel Him in the breeze of morn that wafts the violet's breath;
I feel Him, and I think no more so bitterly of death;
For He who bids the unseen wind the unseen fragrance bear,
Himself unseen, has raised my soul from gross to purest air.

I read, I think! and darkness flees from my bewildered mind
Like heavy vapours of the night that leave the stars behind;
And stars of love, and hope, and faith, hang in the silent gloom,
To cheer me on my pilgrimage, and guide me safely home.

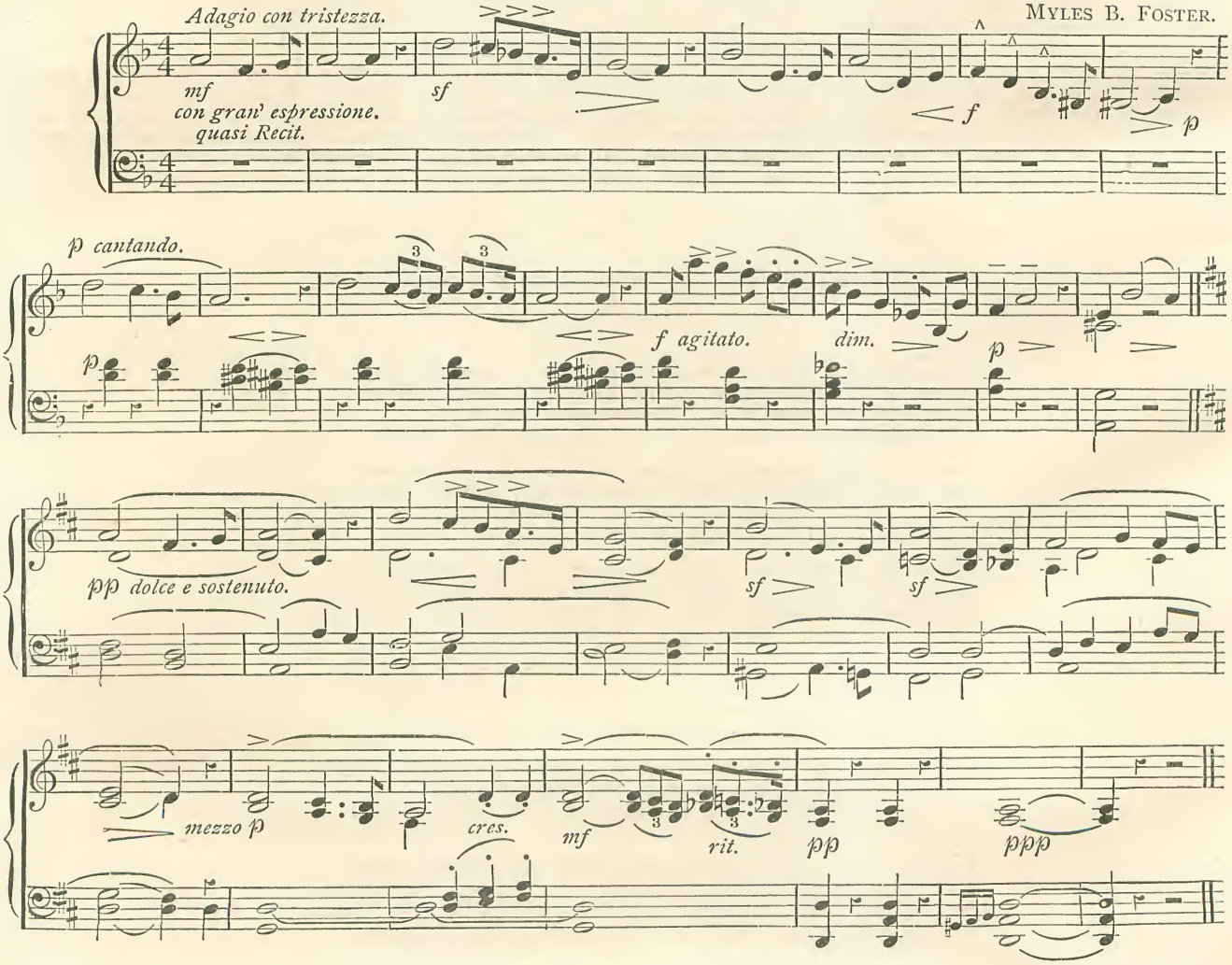
THE HAUNT OF IRIS.

From a drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.

MEDITATION.

FOR THE HARMONIUM OR AMERICAN ORGAN.

MYLES B. FOSTER.



WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR SAVINGS.

A PAPER FOR WORKING GIRLS.

I AM well aware that many—possibly the majority—of the readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER belong to a class in which it is not necessary to be particular about laying aside something for the proverbial "rainy day." I am equally certain that the GIRL'S OWN PAPER is read and appreciated by many girls who have to work, and work hard, for a livelihood. These may be serving in shops as saleswomen, clerks, etc., or working in factories, or, better still, acting as domestic servants. But whatever their occupation, it is always desirable that they should cherish habits of thrift and forethought for the future. Marriage is said to be woman's destiny, and it is a state into which many of the fair sex aspire to enter. How encouraging, then, when a young woman begins housekeeping on her own account, that she is able to do so free from debt, and this, too, owing to the fact that she spent none of her hard-won earnings needlessly, but saved all that other girls spent in this way. And even should it turn out that marriage is not a girl's "destiny," she can look forward to the evening of life with serenity, when her savings are sufficient to keep her in comparative comfort.

My object, then, is to point out one or two ways in which girls may dispose of their savings to the best advantage.

Most girls, who have to work for a livelihood, will be earning fair wages between eighteen and twenty years of age.

A girl of eighteen, earning fair wages, and having no one but herself to care for, ought to be able to save 2s. weekly, or £5 4s. per annum. I would advise such an one to place her savings in the Post Office Savings Bank, in preference to other banks.

First, let me say a few words about this bank. It was instituted for the very purpose of assisting those whose earnings are small, and who can save only small sums at a time. It now holds a few millions of pounds of the savings of the wage-earning classes, and it is worthy of support.

I place it in the forefront of savings banks for two reasons—it accepts sums of one shilling and upwards, which other banks cannot afford to do; secondly, it is a safe bank, subject to no financial panics, or to bankruptcy. So long as our Government remains as at present, so long will they be able to meet all demands for repayment of loans.

I have said that deposits of 1s. will be accepted by the Post Office Savings Bank. Other banks could not do this, and the reason may be easily seen. A depositor puts in 1s., and in a fortnight, perhaps, demands its return. Mr. Gladstone has pointed out that this transaction costs the department 11d., besides paying back 1s. A costly transaction of this nature does not often take place, if it ever does so, otherwise the bank could not be carried on. It is, however, a great boon to those whose savings must necessarily be small, that they can lay aside 1s. at a time. As we have heard it said, "You never miss the 1s., and the accumulated shillings come in handy when necessity demands their withdrawal."

£30 is the limit of one year's deposits; and £200 in all is the total that one person can place in the Post Office Bank. Interest is allowed at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum, or 6d. per £1. This looks small, but when you reflect that interest is calculated on the compound principle, it does not look so bad. In connection with other banks, you have to attend the bank, draw the interest, and hand it back again as a deposit. Depositors in the Post Office Savings Banks are simply required to forward their deposit-books once a year to the Controller of the Bank, General Post Office, London, who adds the interest to former deposits. The interest now becomes principal, bearing the same interest as other deposits.

Another advantage is, that interest never varies, as in other banks. The latter are subject to every fluctuation of the money market, and interest rises and falls with astonishing rapidity.

I have said enough, I think, to convince you of the advantages of the Post Office Savings Bank. I need only add that a branch of the bank will be found at all the principal money order offices.

Let us now return to our supposed case of a girl who can save 2s. weekly. If this practice is kept up for a few years, the depositor will be astonished at the amount that she has saved. We have said that the practice of saving might very properly commence when a girl is eighteen years of age. By the time she is twenty-five years of age, her savings, and the interest thereon, would amount to £42, or thereabouts. This sum, combined with the savings of her prospective husband, should prove amply sufficient to commence housekeeping on her own account.

In Scotland we have a form of investment which gives good results. Very likely it is carried on in England also. This is known as a building society. Its object is to enable its members to buy their own houses, or to build a house for themselves. I do not expect that there are many girls who could go so far as that, but to buy one or two shares in a building society is a capital investment. Of course there is an element of risk in this case, which does not exist in the Post Office Savings Bank. But in the majority of cases building societies are well conducted, and are highly profitable.

The shares in all building societies, usually termed co-operative building societies, are either of the value of £25 or £30—generally the former. These shares are paid up by monthly instalments of 2s. per share. These payments must be made for thirteen or fourteen years, when the whole sum of £25 per share will have been paid up. Interest varies, but usually 5 and 5½ per cent. per annum is yielded by the profits.

Reverting to our former example, of a girl who is able to save 2s. weekly, it will at once become evident that she is in a position to take four shares in a building society. In fourteen years she will pay into the society as follows: (the year of 48 weeks is based upon)—

	£	s.	d.
Premiums, £4 16s. a year . . .	67	4	0
Share of expenses, 2s. a year . .	1	8	0
Total.	£68	12	0

Thus she would pay £68 12s., and would receive £100. Interest, of course, is added to the principal at the end of each year. Certainly this is not a bad investment!

But a variation of the scheme might prove more attractive, although the results would not be so good. One shilling weekly could be deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank, and the other 1s. in the building society. In the event of the depositor marrying at twenty-five years of age, her deposits in the Savings Bank might be discontinued, whilst it would be easy to pay up her share in the building society.

This method would bring about a result as follows: At twenty-five years of age she would have £20 in the Savings Bank; and seven years later she would receive £50 from the building society.

Thus I have briefly indicated an answer to the question, What shall I do with my savings? I can only hope that working girl readers will be able to derive guidance from it, and that those who have not yet thought about the matter will do so now.

ECONOMY.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER IV.

THE squire recognised the seriousness of his position. Such men as the young Featherstones had each a crowd of boon companions and retainers, who were ever ready for mischief or the chance of plunder. Obstinate as he was, he might have given up his own will for the sake of wife and daughter, but that another claim held him back. How could he leave the house to the mercy of such a rabble as this, when scattered about the library were letters and pamphlets the discovery of which might bring misery upon many an innocent family? He could not do it.

"Mr. Ardingby," he said, in a stern voice, "as you are a man of honour, answer me truly. Will you convey my wife and daughter in safety to the lodge yonder, or to Temple Grange, as you think fit? Will you be answerable for their safety? The times are hard indeed when I must ask such a boon of any man."

"I promise you that I will do my best for the safety of the ladies," answered Henry Ardingby, "and, if needs be, give my life for their welfare. Once out of the garden, there is no danger for them."

The squire put his hand on the young man's shoulder. "God bless you, lad!" he said.

Perceiving farther remonstrance to be useless, Kitty had hastened to her mother's room. Mrs. Darracott was easily aroused; but it required great tact to persuade her to dress quickly and prepare for instant departure. By the time she descended the stairs, clinging to her daughter's arm, the foremost horseman, Richard Featherstone, had thrown open the lodge-gate, and entered the grounds.

"They will suppose us to be abed and asleep," observed the squire grimly. "They will give me time to answer, I presume, before

they break in the hall door. Besides, it is made of solid oak, and they may find entrance difficult. Now it is time for the ladies to leave. Kitty, my girl, be tender with your mother."

The hurry and fright had proved too much for Mrs. Darracott, and she sank half-fainting in a chair. At the same moment a loud voice at the front door demanded immediate admittance. The squire lifted his wife gently to her feet; she opened her eyes, and allowed herself to be supported by Kitty and Mr. Ardingby. "Come, dear mother," said Kitty; "you will be better in the air."

A brief farewell, and the fugitives had turned their backs on the old house, and were making their way towards the shrubbery. As they passed the high wall that separated the flower-garden from the carriage-drive, Kitty heard the angry talk of the men. The leader was evidently losing patience as he thundered at the door with the butt end of his whip. "We'll have no French spies hiding in our parts!" shouted one of the party, with such savage hatred that Kitty shuddered as she listened.

It was as well that the excited, clamorous crowd had no notion of what was taking place on the other side of the wall. They had risen from the supper-table at the instigation of Richard Featherstone to undertake the expedition to High Row. It was not likely that they would permit the departure of the ladies without some explanation. Mrs. Darracott was utterly unequal to any explanation, and what Mistress Kitty might say in defence of her father would make no impression on this turbulent assembly.

As if to render the fugitives a service, a cloud veiled the surface of the moon. It was easy now to creep from the shelter of the wall to the tall yew tree, and from thence to the thicket where Henry had tied his horse. Kitty's whole energies were given up to helping her mother; afterwards she remembered that it was their guide who suggested which path they had better follow, who spoke words of encouragement to the invalid, and finally carried her into the lodge.

Old Matthew, having been disturbed by the noise, was up and about, only too ready to show sympathy with his mistress, and to speak his horror of the ruffians who had dared to terrify her. Meantime, the uproar increased rather than diminished. Henry Ardingby began to be seriously uneasy; he heard the squire in fierce altercation with young Featherstone, then the sound of a pistol, succeeded by furious knockings at the barred door. He longed to return to the squire's assistance; but his first duty was to provide for the safety of the ladies, and it appeared doubtful whether they could remain at the lodge unmolested. After a hasty survey of the premises, he came to the conclusion that, weak as Mrs. Darracott was, she must be moved at once to the shelter of Temple Grange. His horse was accustomed to the shafts, and there was a light cart in Matthew's shed.

The arrangements were hastily made. Mrs. Darracott and her daughter were lifted into a bed of straw at the back of the cart, and Henry Ardingby took the reins, urging his horse to its utmost speed. They had not left too soon. As they neared the brow of the hill a fierce yell rose high above the clamour of men and horses —the cry, "It burns! It burns!" Henry would not turn his head; he set his teeth and looked in front; there was no return possible now.

Kitty, looking over the side of the cart, saw long streaks of fire lighting the summer sky. Higher and higher they rose, thrusting out tongues of flame, half-concealed in curling smoke. The thatched roof was ablaze!

Up hill and down the good horse sped his way, carrying mother and daughter farther and farther from the scene of destruction and violence, till at last they stopped at the door of Temple Grange.

Lady Catherine was waiting to receive her friends, and she welcomed them with loving words and kindly ministrations. Mrs. Darracott was conveyed at once to her room. Kitty tarried behind yet a moment.

Mr. Ardingby had ordered a fresh horse to be brought round, and was about to mount and depart. At the sight of Miss Kitty's pale face and beckoning hand he strode to her side.

"I could not leave you, sir, without a word of thanks. Believe me, I am not ungrateful. But, my father—tell me, do you think that he is safe?"

"I cannot tell," he answered seriously. "I am going back to render him any assistance that lies in my power."

Kitty burst into tears. "You are going back to risk your life. How can I thank you?"

"I do not need thanks; it is my pleasure to serve you when I can. Take heart, dear madam. If I live I will bring him back to you."

"God bless and keep you!" sobbed Kitty.

She held out her hand, and the young man raised it to his lips.

The morn was breaking over the hills before Mrs. Darracott fell into a peaceful slumber, and weary Kitty was free to rest her aching head on Lady Catherine's shoulder, and to pour forth the history of her trouble. There was still a red glow in the direction of High Row—the fire was not extinguished. How ardently Kitty longed for news; she dared not tell her godmother all she dreaded. She waited patiently for tidings of her father, and the true friend who had returned to his assistance. With her whole heart she prayed that it might please God to spare those two dear ones who were in peril.

It was daylight at last. Kitty could not rest. She stole out into the garden and listened; very soon a messenger *must* come. She strained her eyes in the direction of High Row, and by-and-by, toiling slowly along the road, she descried a carriage. Someone was leading the horses at a gentle pace, guiding them over the rough stones, and avoiding the cart-ruts.

A figure, muffled in wraps, lay stretched across the seat of the carriage. As Kitty sprang forward, she perceived that the man in charge of the horses was Mr. Ardingby. He looked careworn and weary. At the sight of Kitty he raised his hat, and approached the carriage door.

"I have brought your father back, dear madam. There has been a scuffle, and he is hurt, but not seriously, I trust. I found him lying senseless in the hall—the rioters had fled in consternation. Mr. Richard Featherstone, methinks, has found it easier to stir up strife than to quell it."

The young man was full of indignation: he could not forget the scene of which he had been a witness. Kitty had no thought for the rioters or the destruction of property. She only remembered that her prayers were answered. She had no words to express her thankfulness.

She threw open the carriage door. The morning air roused the squire from his lethargy. "You here, my child! I have saved the documents, and but little else. Where is madam? How hath she borne the journey?"

* * * *

It was a month later, and the autumn was tardy in coming this year. One hot afternoon Kitty turned her steps towards a shady shrubbery in the Grange garden; from a point just beyond it she could obtain a view of her old home. Day by day she walked in this place to cast looks of longing in the direction of the ruined house.

The squire had recovered from his illness, but no effort had been made to restore the damage done on the night of the fire. He preferred rather to withdraw with his family to a much smaller house, situated on the borders of Lady Catherine Ardingby's property. Not that Mr. Darracott need now have feared the animosity of his neighbours—popular feeling had veered round suddenly in his favour after the attack on his property. It was whispered abroad that there was no shadow of proof that the squire was a disloyal subject; in short, politics were merged in the universal indignation that a man of high standing should have been so shamefully handled. There was not a Tory gentleman for twenty miles round who refrained from calling on Mr. Darracott now to express sympathy, or to offer advice concerning the rebuilding of the house.

Nevertheless, the squire remained staunch to his resolution. He would never again live at High Row, so the blackened walls and charred beams were untouched, and old Matthew had much ado to gain permission to keep the garden in order. Kitty was meditating on these things as she passed through the shrubbery. The moss at her feet was chequered with sunshine; this was a lovely spot, and pleasantly cool. She took off her hat, and paused to listen to the song of the birds and the many sounds and voices of the wood.

"Mistress Kitty!"

She turned, and became aware that Henry Ardingby was hastening towards her. In one hand he held a palette and brushes, in the other a basket of roses.

"Pardon me for intruding. I am painting close by, and I am very anxious to show you my handiwork, and to have your opinion of it. Will you look at my sketch?"

Kitty smiled. "I am afraid my opinion is worth but little to an accomplished artist; but such as it is, I will give it to you gladly."

"If you are satisfied, madam," said Mr. Ardingby, "I fear no other critic."

He took her hand, and led her to a clearing where he had put his easel so as to command a fine view of the country. To the left a flight of stone steps communicated with the garden below. Kitty caught a glimpse of her father, who was holding an animated conversation with Lady Catherine.

"The squire told me that you would walk this way," began Henry apologetically. "I have been busy with my sketch, trusting that you might care to see it. Dear madam, may I offer you these few roses before we look at the picture?"

Kitty took the basket with a blush. "They remind me of home," she cried. "Why, they are my own yellow roses!"

"I ventured to pick them as I passed through your garden this morning. We have none so fine at the Grange."

"So my mother always says," said Kitty, bending over her flowers in delight. "It was a kind thought of yours, Mr. Ardingby; but you have ever been considerate and thoughtful. I thank you heartily. Is this the picture of which you spoke?"

Kitty took her place in front of the easel, resting her feet on a cushion. She put the basket of roses on the ground and supported her chin on her hand. He had asked her opinion, and she was prepared to criticise; yet she remained silent.

She had often seen specimens of the artist's skill before, but never so clever and good a one as this. Before her she saw High Row as it used to be—the thatched roof, the old porch, the massive chimneys; every detail was correct, even to the clinging ivy that surrounded the parlour window where she had been wont to sit with her tambour-frame. As she gazed, a mist rose before her eyes. She started to her feet. Henry Ardingby was standing by awaiting her verdict.

"AS SHE GAZED, A MIST ROSE BEFORE HER EYES."

"It is beautiful!" she said softly. "Do show it to my father. He may even be persuaded through the sight of your picture to give orders for the rebuilding of the house before the winter sets in."

"Your honoured father has taken me into his confidence concerning High Row, and he has listened to my confidence concerning a much more weighty matter. Dear madam, the restoration of the old home may begin to-morrow, if you will. It is for you to decide whether it shall be undertaken or not."

"For me!" repeated Kitty, astonished. "How can that be, sir?"

"The squire will never live there again—both he and madam are resolved upon that point; nevertheless, he would rejoice to see it inhabited. The riddle is not difficult to read. You once said that I was a true friend. Dear Kitty, let me be more to you than a friend. Consent to become my beloved and honoured wife, and believe me I will endeavour to be worthy of your regard. Will you trust me now as you did before? Will you accept my love and my life's devotion?"

Kitty held her hands towards him slowly. She could not but speak the truth in answer to his appeal.

"Dear sir, you proved yourself a loyal and true friend in the time of trouble," she said simply. "I like you very much, and I shall trust you always!"

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW THE BATTLE WITH DESTINY ENDED.

SEEING no other honourable course before him, the colonel called a meeting of his creditors. To these were added, by special invitation, the trustees of his father's will, Mrs. Gordon, her son, John Rolfe Gordon, and such other of the relatives as cared to come.

The grand hall has once more been thrown open for the occasion, and to many of the guests the memory of their last assemblage in the same place, to hear the reading of Benjamin Stanard's will, is vividly recalled.

Two rows of the quaintly-carved oaken chairs are arranged upon the daïs; the back row occupied by the trustees, and a closely veiled lady in black, whom it appears no one knows but the solicitor, who handed her and Mrs. Gordon to their seats, himself taking the centre chair between them.

At the stroke of the hour appointed for the opening of the meeting the colonel entered the hall, accompanied by his elder daughter. He had intended to come alone; but Jeanie had so passionately entreated that she might be with him to share his disgrace and humiliation, if these awaited him, or to witness the reverence and sympathy with which she was sure he would be received by all honest and noble hearts, that he could not resist her appeal.

As if to confirm unconsciously Jeanie's faith, the whole assemblage rose as he appeared, thus manifesting the deep respect and sympathy in which they held the man, whose life of rigid economy, and whose failure respecting the water scheme, were fully known.

Returning the salutation of his guests with a low bow, the colonel took the chair of honour reserved for him on the front row of the daïs, after placing his daughter on his right side.

His face was pallid, but exhibited intensity of purpose; otherwise his whole demeanour showed a degree of calmness to which he had for many days been a stranger—the calmness natural to one who, having made up his mind what course to take, casts doubts and fears behind him.

When he rose, holding some papers in his hand, he cast a searching look around the hall, and as his eyes met those of Rolfe, standing near, but below the daïs, a slight cloud crossed the serenity of his face.

"Before I refer to the more important business of the day," began the colonel, "I wish to say a few words relative to my position at the time of my arrival from India. To many, if not to most of you, the principal conditions of Benjamin Stanard's will are well known—*unhappily, they were not then known to me.* Arriving only just in time for my father's intended marriage, subsequent illness, and death, I knew nothing of the contents or nature of my grandfather's will, or of the state of my father's pecuniary affairs. It was under these circumstances that I, moved by his entreaties in his last hour, solemnly pledged myself to do everything that I honourably could do to clear off the liabilities, retain the property in my own hands, and permanently reestablish the character and dignity of the family. An awful dread of what I should find in my father's papers, induced by the bitter remorse and the serious half-revelations that characterised the last moments we spent together, kept me away from the bureau to which he had directed me till after his burial. Then my worst fears were realised. His debts amounted to nearly £60,000. He had committed the one act by which the will, as I then discovered, made him a defaulter, and assigned all to the next heir—he had mortgaged the entire property. My duty became clear. I found that the will left all in my hands for three years; that by the most rigid economy I might somewhat lessen the debts before handing all over to the next heir, which every consideration of honesty imperatively demanded I should then do. Servants were at once dismissed, carriages, horses, and costly new furniture sold. More than half of the rooms in the castle were closed. These I could spare. But I had to do more—to sacrifice the present happy lives of my children, and all their future prospects. Heavy indeed was my burden; yet still to be increased; for, as time passed, I could not conceal from myself the dreadful contrast between the suffering endured, and the poverty of the results obtained. It is necessary that these things should be told, for they alone can explain why, when the water company's plan reached me, I, in an over-sanguine spirit, yet strengthened by the opinions of some of the leading men on the subject, connected myself with the speculation which was then started, which first succeeded, then miserably failed. Hence this meeting."

A low buzz of suppressed sympathy and admiration broke the silence of the vast hall as the colonel ceased, and sat down.

He was succeeded by Mr. Dawes, the solicitor, who came to the front the better to be heard, and thus spoke:—"I have gone through all the papers submitted to me by Colonel Stanard in relation to his financial position, and I will now read to you a brief summary of the balance-sheet, the correctness of which I personally guarantee. If any creditor will call on me at my office at Penzarton, I shall be happy to submit to his or to her examination full details."

"Hear! hear!" was heard from one gentleman during the momentary silence.

"Now," continued Mr. Dawes, with an admonitory cough—

"On the Debit Side.	£ s. d.	On the Credit Side.	£ s. d.
There has been received during the last three months on the Stanard estates the sum of	2,400 0 0	There has been paid through Mr. Belcher, the steward, in the last three months for expenses of management of the estates	409 10 0
Cash in hand	150 0 0	Household expenses	243 6 0
Loss by the Water Company	12,300 0 0	Paid to creditors of Mr. Owen Stanard	150 0 0
		Burial expenses of Mr. Owen Stanard	69 4 6
		Furniture, repairs, painting, decorating, etc.	75 6 6
		Leaving a deficit against the colonel	13,902 13 0
Total	£14,850 0 0	Total	£14,850 0 0

"In brief," explained Mr. Dawes, "that is how the matter stands. To pay this deficit of nearly £14,000, Colonel Stanard had proposed to his creditors to devote the half of his life interest in the property he bequeathed to his daughters previous to his return from India, amounting to about £1,000 a year, till the whole was paid. This proposal, I regret to say, has not been accepted by his creditors. They insist on their full legal right."

"Pardon my interruption!" exclaimed a gentleman rising from his place near the creditors; "but in justice to myself allow me to say I think the colonel has made a just and honourable proposal. I also desire thus publicly to state my opinion

of Colonel Stanard's character and life throughout, as an example of the most perfect specimen of an English gentleman that it has been my fortune to meet. I put it to you, gentlemen" (turning to the group of creditors), "if not in the manner he has proposed to meet your demands, how shall he meet them? Surely I was mistaken when I thought I heard the whispers amongst you that it is expected he shall raise money on his daughters' reversionary interest—not for his own and his children's maintenance, but simply that he may be left penniless."

"It is easy to see, sir," said a creditor, stung by these words, "that you are not a creditor, and therefore do not understand what it is to lose money as we have done."

"Indeed!" was the reply; "but suppose I am a creditor."

"The amount must be very small. Perhaps you will name it."

"I would rather not do so," replied the first speaker.

"He's ashamed to speak out!" cried several voices.

Thus challenged, the gentleman said, "I recently bought shares to the amount of £1,500. And you?" he queried, turning to his accuser.

"£115," he muttered quickly, reseating himself, while a derisive laugh at his expense did not tend to lighten his embarrassment.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Dawes, rising suddenly as if anticipating a storm, and wishing to allay it, "you will, of course, wish to know about the realisation of the colonel's assets, and other matters, so I will, with your permission, appoint this day week for a meeting at my office. I am authorised by the colonel to say that if his attendance be thought necessary, he will be there."

"Very well! Very well!" cried several of the persons concerned, and the whole of the creditors at once retired.

* * * *

After a brief pause the colonel again rose. To him these incidents had been bitter and humiliating, and only rankled the more because he must be silent.

He hesitated for a moment or two, feeling how deeply he had been agitated, but at last spoke. "Mr. Dawes, will you give me the papers?"

Mr. Dawes knew what papers the colonel referred to, and handed them to him.

"I am about to fulfil my last duty. It is that of formally transferring the castle and estates to the next heir-at-law, Mr. John Rolfe Gordon, and——"

The young engineer here interposed. "There is a step, sir, that I think should precede any proposal of this kind."

"What is that?" asked the colonel sternly.

"The re-establishment of my character in your eyes. Hitherto I have had no opportunity to explain my conduct. May I do so now?"

"I am listening," returned the colonel, his whole attitude expressive of the intense weariness he sought vainly to hide.

In earnestly persuasive words Rolfe then declared his entire innocence of the treachery imputed to him in consequence of his adoption of the second name "Rolfe," when he began his career as an artisan, in obedience to his mother's urgent wish that he should not use the family name of "Gordon" in his career at that time. Which assertion his mother at once rose to corroborate.

The colonel was deeply moved, and was about to express his sorrow for so serious an imputation, but was interrupted by Rolfe, who owned with remorse that he had wronged the colonel in secretly wooing his daughter, for which he begged his pardon.

Then, with much feeling, he confessed that he had loved Jeanie from the first hour he had seen her, and that everything he did subsequently was in the hope that time would crown his efforts to win her love and the colonel's sympathy and friendship.

"We have both cause to regret our conduct," remarked the colonel, "and I own I have wronged and misjudged you. Now let me proceed. These documents——"

"One moment, sir—I am sorry to again interrupt," said Rolfe; "but I ought to have said before what I have to propose, and I beg that you and the trustees will kindly consider it. Let me take the distant lands only, where I will make for myself a new home, and earn in my profession a sufficient income for all my wants. Then, Colonel Stanard, I ask you to retain the castle and the neighbouring estates, and restore, as you, sir, only can, the dignity and honour of the family."

"I thank you for your generous proposal," replied the colonel warmly; "but it is for me an impossible one."

"Is it so indeed?" asked Rolfe, much affected.

"Yes," responded the colonel.

"Then, sir, please *let me ask* your advice on another matter. I have found, without seeking, a friend who will help, as far as may be necessary, to pay off all liabilities that are at all urgent, or due to those who might suffer by delay."

"I hope," replied the colonel, "that your friend is not one of a class who merely seek to get all into their own hands the better to oppress and victimise you. What are his conditions for such a service?"

"One only—that I find a man whom all will trust to undertake the management of the whole of the finances connected with the estates."

"Have you found such a man?"

"I have, colonel, in *you*. On no other condition will the friend pay the liabilities, or will I touch those documents. That I declare!"

"You overpower me."

"Ah! sir, listen. I cannot bargain for your daughter; but if you will *give* her to me, and with her your own friendship and support, you will make me the happiest and proudest of men, and the most grateful."

"Jeanie," said the colonel tremorously, "come here, my child. Do you love Rolfe Gordon?"

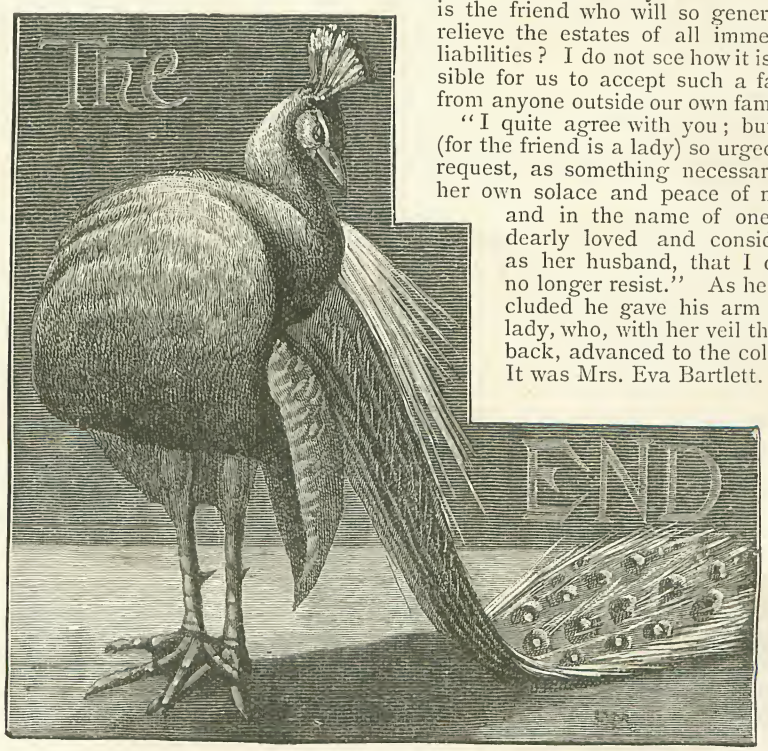
"My dear father, I——"

"Stay—think! Do you love him—not for his generosity, not for anything of a worldly nature he can give you, but for himself alone?"

"I do. Oh! my dear father, however humbly and weakly I may have striven to follow you in your nobleness, the words you have just uttered express my every aspiration in loving him."

"Rolfe, she is yours. Give me in return the affection of a son, and all will be well." He extended his hand, which Rolfe grasped fervently; then placing Jeanie's hand within that of her cousin, the colonel said, "May I now ask *who* is the friend who will so generously relieve the estates of all immediate liabilities? I do not see how it is possible for us to accept such a favour from anyone outside our own family."

"I quite agree with you; but she (for the friend is a lady) so urged her request, as something necessary for her own solace and peace of mind, and in the name of one she dearly loved and considered as her husband, that I could no longer resist." As he concluded he gave his arm to a lady, who, with her veil thrown back, advanced to the colonel. It was Mrs. Eva Bartlett.



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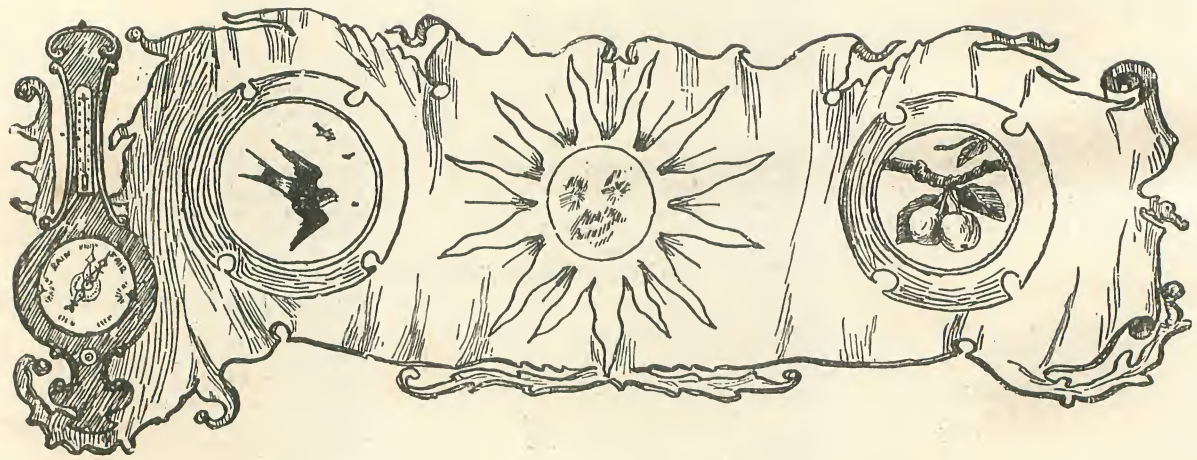

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GIRL'S OWN PAPER.] [CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1891.

DIVINE INSPIRATION.

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LOVE-LIGHT

BEING THE

Extra Christmas Number

OF THE

GIRL'S OWN PAPER

1891

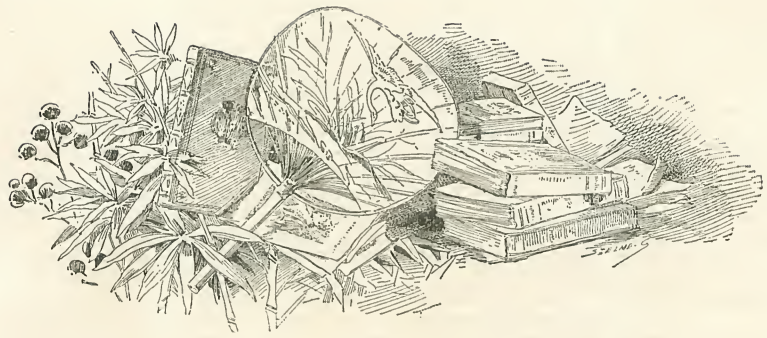
LOVE-LIGHT.

Love-Light! Love-Light! dark were the world without thee,
Gloomy the lot defrauded of thy ray;
Though bright the blessed sunshine, much I doubt me
It seemeth bright when thou art far away.
Let foolish folk deride and cynics flout thee,
Still thine it is to crown life's perfect day.

Love-Light! if thou be dear when earth is fairest,
Sweeter than summer days, themselves so sweet,
How strong to gladden is the charm thou bearest
While round the homestead storms of winter beat.
Reign then within, O Love-Light! who declarest
Beside the Christmas hearth thy spell complete.

Shine too upon the wanderer's path, and render
His bosom light where'er his footsteps roam;
But fill with benison most pure and tender
The narrow cottage walls, the palace dome;
And may thy namesake, like thyself, engender
Content and mirth in many a happy home.

S. C.



A MODERN MARTYR.

CHAPTER I.

HOPES AND WISHES.

"I WISH I had lived three hundred years ago instead of in this stupid nineteenth century, where everything is so easy!"

The speaker was a young girl of about sixteen, who had been engaged in reading a book, which she flung away from her in a sort of despair. She was a girl with a speaking countenance; it could hardly be called handsome, although the dark eyes were fine and the forehead striking. Still, Marjorie Hunter —for that was her name—was not what is called a pretty girl. Her companion was a lady of middle age, who bore to the young girl that strange prophetic likeness that one so often sees in mothers. It was impossible to mistake the relationship.

"So you think everything is so easy in this century, do you, Maddie," said Mrs. Hunter, with a slight sigh. She had not found her lot conspicuously easy; still, she was accustomed to the outbursts of her daughter, to which she often administered mild antidotes.

"Oh, I don't mean everything, mamsie, but almost everything," explained Marjorie with careful emphasis, looking very steadily before her with those great brown eyes of hers.

"Ah," said her mother, "'tis well you qualify the statement."

"At least, I know what I mean," said Marjorie, taking refuge behind a frequent mental bulwark, only in her case she usually did know what she meant. Like many a thoughtful girl, she was backward in her power of expressing herself. On this occasion, however, she was so full of the thought that she made yet another attempt to explain herself to her mother.

"Look here," she said eagerly, "at this book I've been reading. It is all about those terrible times in the Netherlands, you know, before the Reformation. People used to be burnt and hanged and beheaded for their opinions every day. And there is a young girl in the book only sixteen—just my age—who was burnt at the stake, and she met her death singing psalms, until the smoke choked——"

"How frightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunter, with a shudder.

"Yes, indeed horrible," acquiesced Marjorie. "But I was not thinking so much of that as of what glorious courage the child had, quite lifted out of herself for very joy! Oh, mother, isn't it wonderful to think of, and only sixteen!"

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Hunter pitifully. "But such horrors only served to hurry on the blessed hour of freedom in that country, so the girl's death helped those who survived to gain their liberty."

"Nothing like that happens now," said Marjorie thoughtfully.

"God forbid!" said Mrs. Hunter. "The world has grown better, my dear, and nowadays no one persecutes like that. We have much to be thankful for that we live in this age."

"Don't you see, mother, that is just what I said. Everything is so little and easy in this century; nothing great happens—at least, not to girls like me."

"Nothing great happens that gets told in history or stories perhaps," answered Mrs. Hunter; "but things are not easy all the same, and one has many a battle and struggle, many a temptation to overcome, even in this 'easy world,' as you call it, Maddie."

The door opened at this moment and the face of Nin appeared, hot and flurried.

"Please 'um," said Nin, "an' where is the pearl barley for the broth?"

"Oh, Marjorie got it," replied Mrs. Hunter.

"Oh, but Marjorie forgot it," said that young lady, with a look of embarrassment upon her face.

"Dear, dear!" muttered Mrs. Hunter in a tone of voice which made Marjorie know she was put out.

"You see, I looked into the book as I came along from the village, and I got so interested in my reading I forgot all about the barley you told me to get."

"We can't have no barley broth, that's certing," commented Nin. "I must see an' make out something else for dinner." Exit Nin, talking to herself about the relative merits of sago soup or Julienne.

"I should have lived three hundred years ago, that is a fact," said Marjorie. "I feel sure I should have been very brave, and held for the truth even to death; but I can't remember all these little things about the house —at least, when I am thinking about other things."

"Clearly not," said Mrs. Hunter. "You should not think about *other* things, but fix your mind on the thing you have to do."

"Yes, I suppose I should," responded Marjorie, meekly enough; "especially as I was not born three hundred years ago, but in this stupid nineteenth century!"

"I suppose even three hundred years ago people had to keep house and get dinner each day just as now," said her mother. "Even the martyr maiden you were reading about had probably to look after small details of work, if not indeed to work also herself. Don't despise little things, Marjorie."

"I'll do penance on the spot, mamsie," said the young girl. "I'll not read another word, but put on my hat and go to the town for that barley."

So she kissed her mother's forehead lightly and tripped off, and a moment after she was heard calling to Snap to come for a walk, an invitation which he acknowledged and accepted by a series of loud barks.

CHAPTER II.

MARJORIE'S AMBITION.

MARJORIE'S home was on the outskirts of a quiet little country town where her mother had lived ever since the girl could remember—in fact, since her father's death. She had grown up in the same place, and seemed not unlikely to live there always. One of the first things that Marjorie could remember was the great square belfry of St. Anne's, rising from among the trees on the opposite hillside about half a mile away. The sound of the bell, which was a peculiarly sweet one, was associated in her mind with the sound of humble bees—at least, she always said so, for she was a fanciful sort of child, and lived a little inward life of poetic fancies that sometimes startled her mother, who came upon these fancies unawares. There was nothing in St. Anne's bell that would strike the ordinary individual as likely to remind one of humble bees, but there was some

curious chord in her memory that the bell set vibrating.

Mrs. Hunter's house lay in a valley, and there was a long hill to mount in order to reach the town. The road was fringed in a ragged sort of manner by poor and squalid cottages, whence issued a crowd of little children. Marjorie was abundantly familiar with these children; she knew many of them by name, and all by reputation. A certain number of them belonged to her Sunday-school class, and these always greeted her with shy respect as she passed by. The small urchins felt a glow of pride in being able to get a bow from the "young leddy," for Marjorie, like a true lady, was always most careful to return the salutation of all of her humble acquaintances. Sometimes she felt shy when suddenly called upon to return Mrs. Winthrop's nod as she whirled past in her carriage; but she never was shy with Molly Jones nor with Ned Briscoe. To these she always bowed with slow and careful dignity.

Marjorie walked briskly along with Snap. She had a light, springing step, that told of youth, health, and abundant outdoor exercise.

"Snap," she said confidentially, as that sagacious animal came up beside her—"Snap, don't let us forget anything; don't let your mind wander, Snap."

Snap gave a quick look upwards in order to see the direction of his mistress's eyes, for he was accustomed to these confidential soliloquies, and he had observed that when Marjorie gazed far in front of her, the subject was not one of vital importance to himself. Under these circumstances he felt at liberty to run on ahead or linger behind, or indeed make sudden forays into back yards in quest of sport in case there might be cats about.

"I'm not going to let my mind wander," said Marjorie dreamily; "I'm going to think of little things always now. Snap, you bad dog, why don't you stay and talk to me?"

But Snap didn't stay, and Marjorie, not having anyone else to talk to, kept her thoughts to herself.

The small shop where Marjorie went to get the forgotten barley was one of those all-round shops that exist now only in two extreme forms—the huge metropolitan emporium, where everything is really gathered together under one gigantic roof, and the village shop, where a little of many things is kept and not the best of any. Miss Stafford's shop at Monkton was of this class, only Miss Stafford did not know it, and neither did Marjorie.

"Good even, Miss Hunter; an' it's a fine day this," said Miss Stafford, beaming upon her young visitor. "What can I do for you to-day?"

"If you please I will have a pound of barley—pearl barley. I should have got it when I was in this morning, only I forgot all about it," said Marjorie.

"And indeed it's no wonder, miss, as you should forget, with all the readin' you do! The wonder is you can remember half you read," said the beaming lady behind the counter.

Now this was flattery, and Marjorie knew it was; but she could not help feeling a little pleased at it nevertheless. She thought that she must be rather exceptionally clever if her fame had reached Miss Stafford's shop. She did not know that shopkeepers in small country villages make it a point to be personally flattering to their customers, and, like courtiers in higher spheres, have a keen sense of what is likely to be acceptable to their patrons.

"Oh, yes, you needn't deny," continued Miss Stafford to Marjorie—who had not denied anything, but who *had* smiled and blushed in a pleased sort of way; "but we know who is the cleverest at everything. Why, it was only this morning that the housemaid was down here from the rectory, and was saying a deal about it."

Now if Marjorie had asked what the housemaid had said, and if Miss Stafford had truthfully reported that young person's observations, it would have turned out that the rector had said he thought that the new curate would be just the one to see the girl's papers, as he must be used to that sort of thing, being fresh from the university. However, Marjorie was too pleased at the flattery, which was just the sort to attract the poor foolish little soul, to enquire into the details of the report; so she paid for her barley and returned home. And her mind was full of bright vague fancies which fill up the mind of a young girl, only she did not imagine herself as being an inactive heroine in her little fancy world; on the contrary, she imagined herself as writing great and good books, which should fill others with courage to do great things.

That was Marjorie's ambition—to be a light to her fellow-creatures. But there are different kinds of lights and beacons. Sometimes a light guides one on the right way, and again 'tis the mission of a light to warn the traveller off from a dangerous rock. Which kind of light was Marjorie to be?

CHAPTER III.

A MORNING CALL.

THE rectory at Monkton was a pleasant house, standing back some distance from the road, from which it was hidden by a hedge of impenetrable thickness and perennial greenness. A short avenue led up to the house, past the flower-garden and tennis-lawn, where generally might be seen the fair form and big straw hat of the young mistress of the place, wandering about among her flowers. The rector, Mr. Grey, had two daughters, both friends of Marjorie's, but Iddie Grey was her especial friend. There seldom passed a day without their meeting.

One afternoon, not long after our first introduction to Marjorie, the latter walked up the leafy avenue in a more than usually thoughtful mood. Iddie—her name was Elizabeth, but no girl thus named has ever been called by that full-sounding and stately appellation—Iddie was in her garden.

"Oh, Marjorie, come here!" cried her friend as soon as she espied her. "See my begonias. I really believe—yes, I am sure—one is going to be a pure white. Isn't that nice? How are yours turning out?"

Iddie was an enthusiastic gardener, and the two girls had "shared" a packet of begonia seed in the spring, hence her eagerness to know how they had turned out.

"Mine are not doing as well as yours," replied Marjorie. "Things are not as lucky with me; and yet I do look after them, Iddie." This was in answer to a slightly incredulous smile that had fluttered to Iddie's lips.

"You don't go about your garden enough. You are always reading, I know. I put my begonias out on Thursday, and yours are not out of the hot-bed yet."

"Yes, I know I am rather late," answered Marjorie, "but on Thursday I was reading such an interesting book; and then I had to go to the village because I forgot some barley in the morning."

"I'll come and help you put them out to-morrow," said Iddie kindly.

"Thanks," replied Marjorie absently.

Iddie went on with her inspection of the begonias, and then looked at the fuchsias, picking off here a seed pod and there a dead leaf. Meanwhile Marjorie sat down on a little low garden seat in the shade of a spreading deodara, and flicked at the flies with the end of her parasol. There was something on her mind evidently.

"What are you going to write about?" at last she said abruptly.

"Write about," repeated Iddie in a surprised tone of voice.

"Yes, of course—the essays. What is one to write about?"

"Oh, those papers papa said we were to write," said Iddie with a light laugh. "I don't know, I'm sure. I hadn't thought about it yet."

"Oh, Iddie, how can you? I haven't thought about anything else for ever so long."

"But then you are clever and I'm not."

"Iddie, stop. Don't say that stupid thing again. I'm not clever. I feel sometimes as if I was absolutely dumb, and could never say another word."

"Everybody says you are clever, Maddie; and papa even said he knew you would do yourself credit and write a good paper—I heard him."

"Oh," groaned Marjorie, "and that only makes everything all the harder. They expect I'll do well, and I want to do well. I long more to succeed in this than I ever did in anything in my life before, yet I can't think of anything. What are you going to write? You know you've got to write something."

"Well, I'll read up some essays somewhere. I'm sure papa has heaps of books of that sort in the study, and then I'll think it over and I'll write something," said Iddie.

"But would that be right? You know it must be your own writing, Iddie."

"So it would be," said Iddie. "I shall not copy anything. But you are not born knowing everything; you must get your ideas from somewhere, especially history."

"Yes," assented Marjorie doubtfully.

"Of course, yes," said Iddie. "You know papa said one might help oneself with any book, provided the essay was one's own. Why, that's the way all writing is done, I'm sure. People don't know things from the beginning—they must learn them out of books."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Marjorie. "All the same, I wish I could think of something fine to write about, and then I could read about it afterwards."

"I shall think very hard about it this evening after *tea*," said Iddie, who was not ambitious, and was calmly willing to take a second place, or indeed a last place, in things which did not interest her. "But come along. I want to show you the carnation seedlings. They are so fat—the buds—I hope some of them will come out double."

"The packet said ninety per cent. were sure to be double," remarked her companion.

"Do you know, Maddie, I don't think seedsmen mind what lies they tell about—seeds," observed Iddie out of the fullness of her experience as an amateur gardener. "Do you remember those hollyhocks? Not one sulphur-coloured nor one double in a whole packet!"

"Yes, that was provoking; but then these seeds are from a different man," said Marjorie, who, with all her cleverness, had a confiding innocent belief in mankind which her friend did not share.

"Oh, yes, we shall soon see; and I hope you will prove right, for I am counting on my carnations. I shall send a basket to Mrs. Winthrop's flower-show if they are good."

"I do hope you'll get a prize," said Marjorie cordially.

"I should like to win a prize," said Iddie, "especially since they are my very own, grown from seed myself."

Thus Iddie had her ambition, but it took a different direction from Marjorie's. The latter had not even imagined it possible to send anything from her garden to the flower-show with any chance of success. Her ambition lay in quite another direction.

CHAPTER IV.

A SUMMER'S DAY.

MARJORIE sat at her own little table in the corner of the drawing-room with paper and ink before her, and a few books lying beside her. Mrs. Hunter came in and patted her on the shoulder.

"How are you getting on, my dear? Is your essay nearly done, or only just beginning?"

"Oh, mother, I can't think of anything," replied Marjorie, with a quiver of despair in her voice which her mother was quick to notice.

"Perhaps you are too anxious, my child. I am sure you can do it very well. Let us see—what did Mr. Grey set for you?"

Mrs. Hunter knew perfectly well all about it, but she wisely considered that to talk it over with her mother would be a relief to Marjorie's feelings.

"He said we were to write an essay on any event, and make it as dramatic as we could and picturesque, but of course accurate."

"Must it be some event in English history?"

"No; he said any great historic event."

"Are you tied down to any particular time?"

"Any country and any century, he said."

"Well, that is a wide field," replied the mother. "You will easily find something."

"Oh, yes, of course. I could write about the death of Lady Jane Grey, or the murder of the Princes in the Tower," replied Marjorie; "but I did want to strike out something fresh for myself. I didn't want to write just exactly the same kind of things the other girls did."

"My little girl is ambitious, I see," said the mother. "Well, ambition is a very good thing if it makes you strive after a high object, or makes you endeavour to do the best you possibly can."

"I would like to get the prize," admitted Marjorie, "but I would like to do well even without any prize."

"The honour of being first is as great a prize to an ambitious person as getting an album or a silver cup. However, I am sure you will do very well, dear, even if you are not first," said her mother encouragingly.

"But I'm afraid I sha'n't, all the more because Iddie said that Mr. Grey said he knew I would do well. And I do feel so anxious about it. I can't tell you how I feel."

"My darling Maddie," cried her mother, giving her a kiss, "I'll tell you what—you are thinking too much about it. You will do better to go out now and rest your nerves a little. Take Snap for a walk to the Castle, and you will feel all the brighter when you come back."

"Shall I?" asked Marjorie doubtfully.

"Yes, child. Try my prescription. I am sure it will do you good."

Marjorie did not follow the direct road to the Castle, for that would have led her through the town, and for many reasons she did not want to meet any of her friends. To begin with, she wanted to be alone, and she knew that Mrs. Winthrop and Dora had just driven past their house, and she further knew that if Dora saw her, she would ask her into the carriage to tell her all about the great party she was going to, and Marjorie did not just then want to talk about parties. Besides, Dora might also question her about the essay, for she too was one of the girls who had to write one, and without a doubt she would have questioned Marjorie as to the subject of her own. And Marjorie, the clever one in the little club of Steady Readers, who were pursuing a course of thoughtful reading under Mr. Grey's guidance, did not like to admit to frivolous and supercilious Dora Winthrop she had thought of nothing. Therefore she went the back way. It was the prettiest too, and the pleasantest, thought Snap, who knew of many rat-holes beside the marshes and in the crevices of the old town walls, which still guard the borough of Monkton on the south side. The frogs in the marshes croaked solemnly to each other in the warm afternoon sunshine, and the geese on the common lay like forgotten bits of winter snow among the sedgy tufts of grass and tall weeds. Here and there a wise-faced goat reposed with its head flung backward upon its shoulders, and its legs stretched out; and the cows on the opposite hillside stood thoughtfully under the shade of the trees, and chewed the cud of their bovine reflection. A warm peaceful afternoon in the early summer—just the day for sitting out, thought Marjorie, who loved that pastime which can so seldom be indulged in under these rain-laden clouds of ours. It became hotter, she thought, as she mounted the steep ascent to the Castle. She was glad to rest a few minutes underneath the broad gateway and speak a word with Mrs. Brown, the Castle keeper. The shade cast by the immense flanking towers, and the coolness that seemed imprisoned in those mighty walls, were grateful to her after her walk.

"It is never hot in your house, Mrs. Brown," said Marjorie, as the old woman stood in the low stone-arched doorway of her little home. She lived in what was the ancient guard-room of the gate—an apartment large enough to admit of twenty or thirty men occupying it; for the Castle of Monkton, in its prime, was one of the largest and strongest in all England, and its ruins to-day form the chief beauty of the town that nestles up against it.

"No, Miss Marjorie, it never is hot in my house. I sometimes wish it was a little hotter. Not that I'd be thought to complain; but the damp and cold o' these big towers do get into my bones, and I can't get rid of it. The Castle is bad for rheumatiz, miss—very bad."

"Bad for rheumatism!" exclaimed Marjorie in some surprise. "Why, how can the Castle give you rheumatism?"

"Ah, well, it does then, miss," answered the old dame. "And I am the one that knows it by the best of reasons. I lived for forty year up at the Hall, and never had a rheumatiz in my life; and here I've been only ten year, and spent five of them with pains in my hands as I can't knit for days together; an' the doctor says it's the rheumatiz."

"But he didn't say the Castle gave it to you, did he?" asked Marjorie.

"No; how should he know? He is a young slip of a man—how should he know what gives the rheumatiz?—he as never lived in the gate an' me living here these ten year. Not that I'd be one to complain," she added dutifully.

"It is very extraordinary," said Marjorie, not knowing what exactly to say.

"An' the Widow Adams, as had the gate before me, had the rheumatiz bad."

"But she was very, *very* old," said Marjorie, who had but the recollection of a six-year-old child of a woman nearly bent double who hobbled about upon a stick. "You're ever so much younger, Mrs. Brown."

"Aye, a bit younger now; but I'll get older and be as crippled before long."

"I hope not,' said Marjorie kindly. "Has there been anyone in the Castle grounds to-day?"

"No, miss, none but yourself."

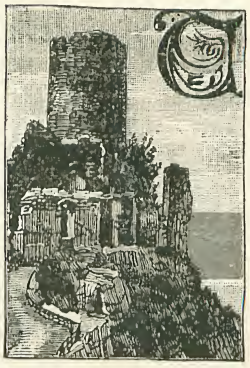
"Very well, Mrs. Brown; Snap and I will walk around the ramparts, and then I will sit down in the shade of the Keep and let Snap dig for rats. He won't throw it down."

Old Mrs. Brown laughed at this evergreen joke of Marjorie's, and said—

"Belike not, unless he digs deeper that Cromwell, for he couldn't throw it."

CHAPTER V.

WHAT SNAP FOUND.



THERE were many pleasant spots in the Castle where Marjorie liked to sit and read, or perhaps sit and pretend to read; for though she held an open book on her lap, she often let her eyes wander from the page before her to the more interesting view. At the foot, lapping the very walls, or at least the rock upon which the walls were built, was the winding sheet of water of the harbour—for though far inland, Monkton was also on the sea, or at least on salt water. The harbour of Monkton is famous for the long and sinuous course that it follows from the sea far inland among the green hills, so that the traveller can never be sure whether a bit of sparkling water, which suddenly dimples at him from between two fair round hills, is a lake or another arm of the sea twisting about as if to grasp yet a little more for its own. However, Marjorie knew all about this, and she knew, furthermore, that the tide was rising, so that soon the long brown mud-bank would be completely covered with rippling water. It was a pretty view, the ivy-covered Castle, the harbour, the hills beyond, and the tall graceful masts of the ships forming dark lines against the sky.

Marjorie sat down where she could have the full benefit of this pleasant prospect, and for a few minutes imagined she was going to think about her essay. But soon she found herself speculating as to whose might be the yacht that was lazily coming up the harbour by help of the tide and a thimbleful of wind. She became quite interested in the yacht, wondering if all the scarlet-headed men were sailors, and thinking how very pretty their scarlet Neapolitan caps looked with their white duck suits. In short, she looked and lazily wondered, and quite forgot all about her essay. It was too delicious an afternoon to be thinking of essays. Had Marjorie been older she would have known that it is impossible to think very seriously and earnestly when the eyes are busily engaged in taking in new impressions. At last the yacht was safely brought to her moorings, and Marjorie gave a little sigh of relief when she heard the cheerful rattle of the anchor-chain.

"Why, Snap, what are you doing?" cried Marjorie, when her mind was free of the yacht.

Snap glanced at her, winked his eye, wagged his tail, and returned to his occupation, which seemed to consist in devouring the end of a roll of paper. At least he was lying full stretch with his two front paws clasping carefully a roll of paper, the top of which he was alternately licking and biting.

Marjorie took the paper from the dog, who instantly cocked his ears, and stood over her while she untied the string that held the roll together, in the hope apparently that something would jump out that he might catch. But in this hope he was disappointed, for nothing jumped out, and Marjorie found herself possessed of a dirty mess of papers, upon one side of which there was some much-corrected writing. The dog had gnawed off the heading, if there was any; and as there was no trace of name anywhere to be seen, Marjorie felt herself at liberty to read it, in the hope of finding the owner, or at all events of discovering if it was of any importance. She soon became interested, and forgot all else in her reading.

This is what she read—

". . . had been dragged from prison to prison during five long years, always entreating to be taken before his judges, and yet never having his prayer granted. At last the news came that he had confessed. How was that confession extorted? The gloomy walls of the castle of Poictiers will never reveal their dread secret, but we may perhaps guess how the brave spirit of the Grand Master was broken, for Brother Herman de Fairville has left a record of how his confession was wrung from him. These are the words of Brother Herman, who was borne before the Pope and Cardinals seated in a chair, being still unable to walk: 'I was held so long before the heat of a blazing furnace that the flesh was burnt off the soles of my feet and two pieces of the bones of my heels were burnt out; they dropped off, and I have them here to show your Eminences in proof of my words.' And the Cardinals looked and saw that they were charred bones, and each one shuddered as he looked at Brother Herman seated helpless in his chair. Under the pressure of such horrid torment the brother admitted sorrowfully that he had indeed 'confessed,' but that confession was a false one. The noble and venerable Order of the Templars was not guilty of the crimes laid to its charge, and he was ready to seal his oath with his blood: thus he besought the Cardinals not to pay any heed to a confession which was a testimony to nothing but his own want of fortitude.

"In some such way, no doubt, was the Grand Master's 'confession' brought about. Suddenly he appears on the scene once more, after having not been heard of for years. It is announced in all the cross roads of Paris by sound of trumpet and order of the king 'that Jacques de Molay, sometime Grand Master of the late Order of the Temple, and for five years in prison for his heinous and most unpardonable crimes, would repeat his confession before the doors of Notre Dame on the following Sunday, so that all men might see and behold the justice and exceeding clemency of their lord the king.' Thus said the heralds of King Philip of France, whom men called the Fair, seeing only the outside body of the man, and not his black and perfidious soul.

"An immense crowd filled the square of Notre Dame. Thousands of faces looked up from roadway, peered from windows, and glared down from roof-tops, all come to hear the wicked Templars confess their crimes. On a high scaffold stood the Bishop of Riva and the Archbishop of Sens, his brother judge and accuser. The Grand Master and two other Templars were brought to the scaffold, heavily chained, and much broken with long imprisonment. 'Confess,' cried the bishop; 'confess that you have been guilty of horrid crimes, and that your Order is utterly wicked, and deserves the destruction that has overtaken it. All of this have you already confessed, knowing it to be true. Repeat it to these honest citizens, so that the clemency of the king may be extolled.'

"Then Jacques de Molay rose to the height of his misfortunes, and his great soul became worthy of his past life. Stepping to the edge of the platform, he raised his manacled hands to heaven and said, 'I do confess, to my bitterness and utmost sorrow, that in my weakness, after unparalleled torture, and having the terror of death before my eyes, I did admit and confess all these crimes alleged against my most noble and venerable Order. I now before Heaven, and in the sight of you all here, solemnly swear that my confession was untrue, and I scorn to save my wretched life by adding another lie to the one already on my conscience. The Templars are not guilty; they are——' But the words of Jacques de Molay were drowned in the uproar that was made by the guards bursting through the throng and dashing up to the scaffold. They dragged him back to prison, and that night burned him over a slow fire. And so perished Jacques de Molay, the last Grand Master of the venerable Order of th——"

Snap had eaten up the last word.

CHAPTER VI.

HOMELY DUTIES.

"I HAVE a letter from Mr. Hewson, my dears," said Mr. Grey one morning to his daughters at breakfast. "He will be here this afternoon, and hopes to come and see me as soon as he can. We will ask him to supper, of course, and to stay the evening."

"Is he a pleasant man, papa?" asked Iddie.

"He seemed a very nice man indeed. I hear he is musical—sings well, and plays the 'cello a little."

"He'll be an acquisition to Monkton. Dora will want him to join their violin practising society," remarked Nellie, the vicar's second daughter, a practical little lady, who though junior by a year to Iddie, and considerably shorter, was the one who directed things quietly, silently, and decidedly.

"No doubt, no doubt," responded the vicar. "Dora Winthrop takes great interest in her violin. I hope Mr. Hewson will be friendly at Thorpe Court, of course. Yet he will scarcely have time for very much violin practising, I should fancy. There are a great many other duties to perform—many other duties, my dears, and more important ones."

Mr. Grey was the gentlest of men; he never said a hard word of any person; but his daughters knew that he considered the life Dora led was one of too great frivolity for one so young. She was but eighteen or a little over.

"Dora won't like it if he does not play in the class," remarked Iddie. "She likes to be chief person, you know, papa."

"Miss Dora is a very accomplished young lady, I know; still, she will quite understand that my curate has his duties. However, we'll see, we'll see. No doubt it will be all right, and a violoncello will certainly be a great acquisition. If Mr. Hewson should arrive before I return, of course tell Mara to show him in and you'll entertain him. I'll try and be home by six if I can."

"Nell, what can we talk to him about if he comes home before papa returns?" asked Iddie, who for all her tall and stately figure was very shy before strangers.

"Oh, never mind him now—he hasn't come yet; and we have those strawberries to make into jam, you know," replied practical Nell.

"But I only asked supposing he should come," said Iddie.

"Well, *if* he comes and *if* papa is not here I suppose we can talk to him about his journey, or the weather, or the flowers. Come along and see about the jam."

"I don't believe you're younger than I am, Nell," said Iddie. "I believe you were changed at nurse, and you are not yourself at all, my dear. I believe you are an elfin sister or goblin, you are too wise and uncanny."

Iddie was accustomed to being ruled over by little sister Nell, who naturally assumed the reins of government at the vicarage. She was born to rule.

The girls went downstairs into the bright kitchen and set themselves to work. And such inviting work! It makes one's mouth water to think of it. A mighty dish stood on the table, flanked by a soup-tureen and two smaller bowls, all filled to overflowing with great luscious strawberries.

"How fresh and sweet they smell!" cried Iddie, who had a keen appreciation of all the delights that come through the sense of smell. "They make one think of dewy mornings and sunny afternoons, don't they, Nell?"

"They will take about two hours to hull," replied Nell, who had been engaged in quite a different species of mental picturings. "That will be half-past eleven; then one hour to boil—that's half-past twelve o'clock. Yes, there's plenty of time before lunch. Come, tie on your apron, Iddie. What are you waiting for?"

"Oh, you little Hottentot!" cried Iddie, with a merry laugh. "I'm sure that if a flight of humming-birds came into the kitchen this minute you'd try and see how many you could catch for a pie instead of enjoying the golden shimmer of their wings."

"I should not fancy that humming-birds would make a good pie," gravely replied Nell. "And besides, humming-birds don't come in flights like starlings, but singly."

Nell was very good at natural history, and understood much about insects and birds, while Iddie knew nothing about them. Both girls set to work at their task of picking the hulls from the strawberries. Iddie ate the finest ones that she came across, but Nell ate never a single one. There was in all things a difference between the sisters which even the smallest circumstances served to bring into relief. Suddenly the hall-door bell, which hung directly above Iddie's head, delivered a loud peal.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Iddie. "I'm sure that's Mr. Hewson. What shall we do?"

In her dismay she dropped the strawberry she was in the act of hulling. Nell stooped down, picked up the strawberry, threw it into the refuse plate, and very quietly remarked—

"Perhaps it is someone else."

Then turning to the maid, who was preparing herself for opening the door by hurriedly taking off the large working-apron which covered her small apron, badge of office, as one might say, she said—

"Maria, if that should be a strange gentleman—a clergyman—show him into the drawing-room."

"What shall you say, Nell," asked Iddie, "when you go into the drawing-room?—for of course you don't expect me to go up—my hands are in such a state, you know."

"Mine are as bad," said Nell. "However, we don't know that it is Mr. Hewson."

"I feel sure it is."

"I don't," replied Nell, "particularly as there is Snap looking in through the window."

"Well, girls, good morning! Oh, what *glorious* strawberries!"

"Come and have some. Good morning. Did you walk over? I'm so relieved that it is you."

"Why, who did you think it was?" asked Marjorie, for she was the visitor.

"Iddie had been frightening herself with the idea that it was Mr. Hewson, who wrote to say he would come and see father this afternoon."

"It is not afternoon yet," observed Marjorie.

"I know it; but when I heard you ring I felt sure that it was the strange gentleman. And how could I go up and shake hands?"

Iddie held up her two large and well-shaped hands with her fingers beautifully stained a bright pink.

"Not without washing them," agreed Marjorie. "But you might have asked him down here, and the sight of the strawberries would have made him forget to shake hands, as it did me."

She popped another luscious crimson berry into her mouth, and gave a satisfactory smack with her lips.

"They would excuse much, my dear," she further observed. "So the long-expected new curate comes to-day. I wonder what he'll be like?"

"He plays the 'cello, father says."

"Then he'll go into Dora's set, and be not much good for anybody else," said Marjorie.

"Maddie, do come to supper this evening," said Iddie suddenly. "I would so like to have you see the stranger, and tell us what you think about him."

"Very well, thank you, I will, if mother does not want me," replied Marjorie, who was constantly going to the rectory to spend the evening with her friends.

"We'll walk home with you afterwards," said Iddie.

"We'll drive you home with Pudge," interposed Nell. "He is getting terribly fat and lazy from want of exercise."

"Starve him," said Marjorie. "It's an excellent anti-fat."

"If you could persuade Iddie not to give him so much rice pudding it would be a good thing," said Nell.

"Rice pudding! Who ever heard of such a thing? Rice pudding to a donkey!" exclaimed Marjorie.

"Poor dear, he's very fond of it!" explained Iddie, with an apologetic blush.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EXAMINER.

"THIS is my eldest daughter, and this is Nell, my second daughter and right hand; and this is Miss Marjorie Hunter." So said Mr. Grey as he ushered his guest and new curate into the drawing-room. It was rather an awful moment to the girls. Iddie bowed stiffly, not from pride, but from bashfulness. Nell smiled graciously and shook hands; she was never bashful and never forward. Marjorie did the same. Then Iddie remembered with inward shame and outward blushes that she, as hostess, should have been more cordial in her greeting. Oh, dear; she wondered what Mr. Hewson must have thought of her, and she wondered when she would painfully learn by bitter experience how to do the right thing always; she envied Nell, who seemed to know by intuition what was right, and she again wished she was a little more like Nell and not the eldest. It was so hard to be very tall and stately and the eldest, and yet never to know for certain what she ought to do in any new circumstance. But Marjorie, observing that Iddie was troubled about something, and guessing that she felt shy, took her into the conservatory to look at the new Nephitos rose, while Mr. Hewson talked pleasantly to Nell and Mr. Grey. He was a young man of about seven and twenty, with fine broad brow, honest dark eyes, and, what had instantly struck Marjorie, an extremely agreeable voice. He had the university accent, so noticeable when transplanted into distant shires, and that somewhat lazy way of pouring out his vowels, which should not be mistaken for effeminacy, since it is compatible with the most eager cricket and admirable boating powers.

Like most people who live very much in one place, Nell was anxious to know what Mr. Hewson thought of Monkton.

"You must wait until he has seen it," interposed the rector. "Mr. Hewson has only arrived to-day."

"I only arrived to-day, 'tis true, but still I have seen Monkton before. I came down on Tuesday, and went all over the place."

"Have you seen the Castle, then?" asked Nell.

"Yes. I took a hasty walk around in the afternoon. I went along the ramparts."

"I suppose you did not venture up the Keep?" said the rector.

"No. I just glanced in, but seeing the steps broken down it never occurred to me that one was supposed to go up."

"One is not, strictly speaking, supposed to go up; nevertheless, some of us do get to the top," replied Mr. Grey smiling.

"Really," said Mr. Hewson.

"Miss Marjorie here"—who at this moment re-entered the room—"is the chartered guide to the Keep, and personally conducts parties to the top. I cannot say I have ever myself followed her guidance, however," said the rector.

"Do you go up those broken stairs?" asked Mr. Hewson in some surprise. "I only glanced in to be sure, but it seemed to me inaccessible. I should not have dreamed of ladies going up."

Marjorie began to fear that he thought she ought not to go up the Keep, he spoke with such gravity. Mr. Hewson seldom laughed. She said therefore deprecatingly—

"Oh, it is not so difficult as all that. All you need to do is to put your feet in the right places and hold on tight——"

"And have a very steady head and unshaken nerve," interrupted the rector, "and be perfectly fearless, and you may get up all right."

Mr. Hewson again looked at Marjorie, who felt herself blushing under his gaze.

"It is sometimes more difficult to come down than to get up. You should not go into danger, Miss Marjorie."

There was reproof in the words, but not in the soft refined voice; and Marjorie, who was sometimes restive under reproof, felt no disposition to rebel against this advice. On the contrary, she mentally determined never to go up again in the half light of a foggy afternoon, as she had once done in order to see what it was like to be up in the clouds.

"Did you ever have examination papers to do?" asked the rector of his guest during the supper; and the question made Marjorie's heart give a great jump.

"Yes. I have sometimes undertaken the examination of schools," replied Mr. Hewson.

"I asked because I shall give you some very weighty papers soon to decide upon."

"Now, papa, I won't have you making fun of us," said Iddie, with the sudden desperation of a shy person.

"Making fun of you, my dear? Why, how can you say such a thing? I expressly called them weighty papers."

"But that's just it—they are not weighty."

"Well, flighty then," said the rector in self-correction.

They all laughed, and Mr. Hewson looked from one to the other for explanation.

"You must know," said the rector, "that several learned young ladies——"

"Papa!"

"I beg pardon, several ignorant young ladies—present company not excepted——"

"Papa!"

"My dears, Mr. Hewson will certainly lose the thread of my discourse if you break in upon it so often," said the rector in mock solemnity and reproof.

"Let Nell tell him, and then he will have some chance of understanding," said Iddie again in abrupt desperation.

"You see how it is—I'm not allowed to utter a word even in my own house; and I had meant to be so complimentary." Mr. Grey leaned back in his chair with a mock sigh of much feeling, and closed his eyes as if in despair.

Mr. Hewson thought them a pleasant family, and he mentally congratulated himself upon having cast in his lot with such a genial-tempered man as the rector.

"Papa was going to tell you about our little society of Steady Readers," explained Nell.

"But was not allowed to speak," *sotto voce* from the rector.

Nell smiled and shook her head at him, continuing—

"We began last autumn, and now we have been nearly nine months at it. There are a dozen members, and the chief rule is, that a member shall read one hour each day some book, not fiction, and twice a week poetry. At least, poetry is optional; a member need not read any poetry if she does not like to. Now we are going to write essays, and papa is going to give a prize to the best."

"Poetry is *not* optional in the essays—it is strictly prohibited," broke in the rector with tremendous energy.

Mr. Hewson joined in the laugh which greeted this outburst, and Marjorie noticed what a musical laugh it was. Laughter is seldom musical except in the very young, and generally it comes like a sudden jar upon the ear. Not so Mr. Hewson's laugh, which was pleasant to hear.

"And is it these formidable essays that I shall be asked to examine?" enquired Mr. Hewson.

"Yes, my dear Hewson. I shall depute my duty to you, and right glad I am to do so; for you observe, I could not possibly give the first prize to both my daughters, and what would my life be if they did not get it?"

"Now, papa, there you are again! I don't know what——"

She was going to say, What Mr. Hewson will think of us; but considering that too forward a thing to say, Iddie stopped short in helpless confusion.

"What Mr. Hewson will think of me," supplemented her father. "Why, that I am a much-to-be-commiserated man, seeing what a hard time I have of it at home."

He nodded genially at his girls. It was hard to tell which he was fondest of and which he was proudest of. But the question never troubled them; they were all three happy in each other's love. "Decidedly this is the pleasantest family I ever met," was the mental comment of Mr. Hewson.

Ever since the conversation had turned upon the essays Marjorie had become silent, and her heart beat fast. She felt relieved when the current of talk flowed past that subject, which was not again alluded to in the course of the evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

FASHIONABLE PEOPLE.

"MOTHER, I've got a letter from Dora. She wants me to come and stay three days with her—may I?"

"Would you like to go, dear?"

"Yes, I should like to very much," replied Marjorie.

"Very well then, write and accept. Then you must go downstairs and help wash and iron your white muslin dress. You can do the laces and iron the small things. Nin will see to the main washing."

"I have had that dress a long time, have I not, mother?" said Marjorie plaintively.

"Yes, dear, and you will have to wear it for best for a long time to come. I cannot get you a new dress often."

"I hope it's not too short. I've grown perhaps since I wore it last."

Marjorie made this suggestion in the hope that she had grown.

"Very well, we must let it down if it is too short," replied Mrs. Hunter.

Then Marjorie hoped she had not grown, as indeed she had not. She came to her full height at fifteen, and now she was over sixteen—in fact, she called herself seventeen, having reached the only age under ninety at which women are willing to add to their venerableness.

So the subject of the dress was finally disposed of, and Marjorie went to stay a few days at Mrs. Winthrop's.

"I'm so glad you've come, you know," said Dora, in her natural impulsive manner, which still used occasionally to break out through her company stucco of icy imperturbability. "It was sweet of you."

"I liked very much to come," answered Marjorie honestly.

"We are going to have lots of fun. Oh, it is so nice being 'out,' Maddie, and not having any horrid things to learn, and lessons to do!"

"I suppose you do just what you like now, Dora; you used to say you would long ago, when Miss Vincent used to teach you."

"Yes, wasn't it horrid then. But now——"

Dora did not explain to her friend how she sometimes found the time hang heavy on her hands, and how parties sometimes left headaches, and a feeling of lassitude that was hard to bear. Dora was a delicate girl, energetic enough, however, when there was any excitement on hand; but one who had very little of Marjorie's healthy endurance and honest enjoyment of life. "Mr. Hewson is coming to dinner, and to stay all night. Mamma asked him especially to bring his 'cello. The messenger was to call for it at Monkton today when he went in, because Mr. Hewson said he would walk out after he had been somewhere else."

"I saw him the day he was at the rectory."

"Oh, did you! What is he like? Is he nice?"

"Yes, I thought he was very nice."

"Bob says he drawls his words." Bob was Dora's brother—a great, long-legged youth, who was going into the army if he could pass his examination. Bob knew a good deal more about dogs than books, and more about horses than music; he therefore looked down in more ways than one upon Mr. Hewson, who was evidently four inches his inferior in height.

"He does not talk like us," said Marjorie; "but he does not drawl, I think."

"No, I daresay not," replied Dora; and then, with the frankness of a sister, she went on, "Bob is a fool, and thinks if a man does not shout as loud as he does at the dogs he is a silly. He despises Mr. Hewson because he is musical, I do believe."

"That is a shame!" said Marjorie, indignantly.

"Of course it is; but brothers are such nuisances, you know—or rather you don't know; but they are all the same, particularly if they are going into the army."

"Why, I thought you liked officers ever so much," said Marjorie, not quite following her friend's argument.

"Of course I do; who said I didn't?"

"You only said brothers in the army are nuisances, and I suppose all men are somebody's brothers.

"Oh, but not mine, you goose. I daresay some girl might think even my brother not quite insufferable! Perhaps you do yourself, and that's why you took me up about it." And Dora laughed a shrill treble laugh.

Marjorie thought she had decidedly disimproved since she came out. She was only a young butterfly of fashion; but she was already acquiring some of the silly, inconsequential ways that seem to be affected by the species.

When Marjorie, dressed in her freshly-ironed muslin, went into the drawing-room, she found Mr. Hewson already there. He was being entertained by Bob, the long-legged soldier in embryo, concerning whom his sister held such frankly unflattering sentiments. Bob, put upon his mettle, endeavoured to introduce Marjorie in due form; but Mr. Hewson interrupted him with easy carelessness, and shook hands with Marjorie as an old acquaintance. He began talking to her too with pleasant eagerness. He was glad to escape from the laboured politeness and undisguised ignorance of Bob.

This latter gallant youth retired to the window, and threw himself into a chair. He even wiped his brow, hot from the effort of talking to a gentleman for ten minutes and yet keeping dogs and horses out of the conversation; for his mother had warned him against the impropriety of asking a man who had neither horse nor dog questions concerning those animals. The restraint he put upon himself was tremendous; he was therefore relieved to see Marjorie come in and literally take their guest off his hands.

"I have carefully inspected the Keep, Miss Marjorie, since I saw you, and I must say that I am appalled at the idea of your going up those rickety, half-broken stones," said Mr. Hewson.

"I never thought it dangerous," said the young girl in self-defence.

"Oh, Marjorie Hunter climbs like a squirrel!" burst in Bob, in order not to be too completely left out of the conversational encounter.

Marjorie frowned. She was displeased with Bob, and found him unexpectedly rude. She began to perceive the justness of Dora's estimate of him. Mr. Hewson, after a moment's hesitation, proceeded in his remarks until all things were changed by the entrance of Mrs. Winthrop, followed by Dora.

Mrs. Winthrop was a lady of distinguished appearance. Her hair was partially white, and she wore it dressed high in the manner denominated *à la marquise*, though why white hair should be adjudicated to one particular rank of nobility is hard to understand. She had passed her whole married life in the neighbourhood of Monkton, and belonged to one of the county families. She was fairly well off, and had completely succeeded in her sole ambition, which was to be the best dressed lady in the vicinity. She took *The Queen* regularly, and was a walking example of the latest London styles. Dora, her only daughter, was a tall, fair girl, and she gave early evidence that she would follow in her mother's footsteps as regards fashionable aims. She was a good-hearted girl, however, and had a warm friendship for her early companions, and never seemed to notice that Marjorie, or Iddie, and Nell Grey did not have as many nor as elegant frocks as she did. She had never been to London as yet, and the country kindness had not been altogether rubbed off her heart.

Dora was a girl who "went in for things," as the phrase goes. She liked to have something to say to all that was going on, and her mother liked her to have a chief part. So when the Steady Readers' club was started, Dora joined it in order not to be left out rather than from any desire to read improving books. Mr. Grey had encouraged the girls to form the little club, and used to talk to them about their reading. Indeed, he was the unseen force which moved it all. A word of enquiry about their reading, a nod of friendly encouragement on seeing such books as Alison's *Europe*, or Sismondi's *Italy* on drawing-room tables, had kept the club going merrily. And now, when, after nine months' hard reading, interest was beginning to slacken, he came out with a little plan of prize essays. The rector had a wonderful knack of doing the right thing at the right moment. And he had such an air of happy enjoyment about him that one felt duties become pleasures in his magic presence.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT DORA THOROUGHLY UNDERSTANDS.

"MR. HEWSON, I wish you would tell me a subject for an essay—I really wish you would," said Dora, with a very pretty assumption of ignorance and helplessness in her manner. Marjorie was surprised at this manner, for she knew Dora to be a very decided young lady, and one who knew her own mind very exactly on all points.

"Come now, Dolly, play fair," broke in Bob. "I say, I'll tell if you go getting hints on the sly!"

Mrs. Winthrop frowned and shook that stately grey hair done *à la marquise*. She really did hope that Bob would be formed in the army; at present he was decidedly unformed, and his manners were distinctly *gauche*. "The university does put a polish upon a man," sighed the lady, inwardly contrasting Mr. Hewson's charming voice and perfect manner with her own young hopeful's boorishness. Bob did not succeed in getting into the university; she only hoped that the artillery or even the line might have the needful polishing power. This worldly-minded woman had her own cross to bear, and it was her only son's rude manner and lack of polish.

Dora took no heed of the fraternal remark further than to enquire, with the chilliest possible sweetness of manner, what he proposed telling, and to whom.

"Oh, that you are trying to cut out Marjorie and the Grey girls and the rest by getting tips from the—from Mr. Hewson, I mean."

"I daresay you will say that or anything else you can think of to vex me," replied Dora, without a frown or wrinkle of displeasure and in the same frigid manner. Her cool, cutting voice and air always exasperated hot-tempered, fiery Bob beyond endurance. Perhaps she knew this, and thus revenged herself for many lacks on his part in deferential attention. Dora had, as we have seen, a low opinion of brothers.

"Come, come, children," said Mrs. Winthrop maternally, "don't argue about it."

Bob muttered something about a ninny, and Dora smiled triumphantly, giving a slight turn of her long fair neck.

Mr. Hewson was mentally contrasting this meal with the last one he had partaken of in company with Marjorie, and very much to the disparagement of the present one. True, Mrs. Winthrop had a butler standing behind her chair and a footman at the other end of the table, while at the rectory they handed their own plates around, and when he wanted some bread, he remembered that Nell had got up and cut it and handed it to him herself. On Mrs. Winthrop's table stood massive silver candlesticks, while that other table had only some white china ones standing upon four red plush mats; here, in the centre, on a silver plate, stood a pineapple, while there, a dish of strawberries, fresh and sweet, smiled temptingly before him. Here everything was rich and grand; there all was simple, almost poor—certainly plain. Yet here he was, seated before an excellent dinner at the rich woman's table, while all the time regretting the plain supper

MARJORIE AND BOB.

at the rectory, with its bright chatter and pleasant interchange of loving banter.

Designedly ignoring the recent sparring between herself and her brother, Dora returned to the charge.

"But really, Mr. Hewson, I'm quite serious. I want to write about something, and I don't know anything."

"Try frocks—you ought to know something about them," growled Bob the irrepressible.

Dora got pink in the ears, the only sign she ever gave of blushing with anger.

"Are not these the essays of the reading club that Miss Winthrop is referring to?" enquired Mr. Hewson of Marjorie.

"Yes; it's the Steady Readers' prize I want you to help me to get," answered Dora herself quite frankly.

"Then I fear I can't help you," replied Mr. Hewson, "for I understand I am to have the honour of examining the papers and awarding the prize."

"Oh, dear; then I have no chance," said Dora, in elaborate despair.

"Why not as much chance with me as examiner as anyone else?" asked Mr. Hewson.

"Because Mr. Grey knows all our handwriting, don't you see, and he might—it is just conceivable he might—have given it to me in order to encourage me, and not have given it to Maddie in order not to feed her pride; but you don't know our writing, and so of course the prize will go to the cleverest, and we all know who that is."

"And might I ask who that is?" said Mr. Hewson.

"Why, Maddie Hunter of course; she is the only one of the lot that knows anything," observed Bob.

"You ought to try and make your compliments less rude, Robert," said Dora unmercifully.

"Oh, hang it all!" quoth Bob, rising and strolling to the open window.

Mrs. Winthrop rose at the same moment in order to conceal Bob's want of manners. Decidedly the army ought to polish this young man, for he needed it sadly.

"Let us come out into the garden," said Dora, passing through the open French window; "it is so nice out of doors in the summer. I do think it is a sin to be shut up in a house an evening like this!"

As a matter of fact what was uppermost in her mind was, "I hope they will not go across the grass, for then I shall have to follow, and my shoes will be ruined." But Marjorie had not such thin shoes, and was much more direct and simple than Dora; so she went directly across the grass to the rose trellis at the bottom of the tennis lawn. A long course of fine frocks and nice things generally so warp a girl's mind and so fill it that she never loses sight of herself and her clothes. She does not lean her head back against the armchair when she is tired for fear of rumpling her hair, and she never sits down without thinking of how the seat will suit her dress. She will stand for hours with heroic fortitude rather than sit in a very low chair which would crush her dress. Dress makes an atmosphere around her, and in it she breathes, she thinks, she moves, she feels. Dora had always lived in this strange, stifling medium, and no wonder if it filled her thoughts. She was a well-dressed girl; but oh, dear, at what cost—not cost of money, but of time, energy, and attention!

Bob was not far wrong when he suggested frocks to her as a subject of an essay, and a tragic essay might have been written of how dress slew the soul of Dora Winthrop.

Later in the evening there was music, and then Marjorie began to enjoy herself for the first time since she came. She had meant to enjoy herself so much, for she was fond of Dora; but somehow nothing had been as pleasant as she expected. It was not that her hostess lacked in expressions of kindness—far from it; but somehow the joyous springing feeling of happiness was wanting. The dinner seemed long and dull, so different from the suppers at the rectory; and she felt shy and awkward, she did not know why. Maybe Dora's nice dress made her remember her own old muslin too vividly. But when the music came it was different. Marjorie

played the piano with taste; she had an excellent ear, and had been well taught. Dora had had the most expensive of lessons on the violin, and was one of her master's pet pupils, while Mr. Hewson did creditably on his instrument.

Bob found this slow, and so went off to his den, where he moved his fishing-tackle and his spurs and whips about, and rummaged out a favourite pipe—in fact, tried to waste his time with as little torment to himself as he could. He generally had a good deal of time on hand, and loafed about accordingly. People said, and with truth, that he would have been better off if he had something definite to do.

Meantime the sound of one of Beethoven's trios floated on the air.

There came a break in the music which woke up Mrs. Winthrop.

"That's pretty—very pretty!" she exclaimed, in order to hide her shortcomings in the way of attention.

"Yes; but I don't think it's quite right—not the time, you see," said Mr. Hewson, laying aside his 'cello and going up to Marjorie with his bow in his hand.

"Those triplets are difficult to manage," apologised Marjorie.

"Indeed, yes, with the syncopated bass it is very puzzling. It goes this way," said Mr. Hewson, and he proceeded to give the refractory triplets in an admirable tenor voice while beating time with his stick.

"Oh, Mr. Hewson, you sing also," exclaimed Dora. "How delightful! Let's have some singing."

But Mr. Hewson's mind was not like the dragon-fly intellect of Dora, which skimmed with bewildering speed from one subject to another. He was at present devoting his attention to the triplets, and he turned from the subject but slowly after he had quite finished saying what he had intended. Marjorie was softly trying the movement with her right hand.

"That's quite correct now," he said. "I hope you don't mind my stopping you?"

"Oh, not at all!" cried Dora. "But you sing; do let's have some singing."

"Yes, I sing," said Mr. Hewson; "I shall be happy to sing for you after we have finished this movement. Shall we go on, Miss Marjorie?"

And they went on until Bob at last came back and sat down beside his mother.

"I say, how long is this sort of thing to keep up?" he enquired.

"Well, I suppose as long as it amuses them. I wish you could play some instrument, Bob. I regret I did not have you taught when you were younger," said Mrs. Winthrop, who found many things to regret in her system now that it blossomed forth in the person of her son and stood before her.

"Pretty looking fellow I should be with a fiddle under my chin," said Bob scornfully, "or sitting down to nurse that violoncello business on my knees!"

"At all events it would give you something to do; and now you have nothing to do in the evening when the stables are shut and the dogs are gone to sleep."

"I should be all right if Dolly would let me alone, and I'd go and talk to Marjorie; she's the only sensible girl I ever knew," replied Bob with energy.

Mrs. Winthrop turned cold to the very roots of the white hair done *à la marquise* as a horrid fear clutched her heart. What if Bob should take a fancy to Marjorie, penniless Marjorie, with her unfashionable ways—he, the heir of the Winthrops, the future master of Thorpe Court! O misery! Fancy Marjorie the mistress of that place! Fancy Marjorie, with not a notion how to dress herself, following Mrs. Winthrop senior in the kingdom where she had so long held sway! If Bob should get any such idea into his head he was obstinate and masterful enough to carry out his purpose in spite of everyone. While these dreadful pictures filled the mind of the mother, her son looked discontentedly at the players and said, "I wish they'd stop."

Mrs. Winthrop sincerely hoped they would not.

"I say, mother, was it to show off her figure that you had Dolly taught the violin? She looks quite splendid standing up there and waving herself about. I'm sure she's studying the movements of her body, and not those of the violin, to see which is most effective."

"Dora plays extremely well, and I do wish you would stop making those unpleasant remarks of your sister. It is such bad form, Bob."

"Why isn't she natural then—not always thinking of herself? Why isn't she like Marjorie? She's a nice honest girl—says what she means, and means what she says."

Mrs. Winthrop turned cold to her very toes. Oh, why had she asked that girl to her house?

CHAPTER X.

WHAT BOB THINKS HE UNDERSTANDS.

"I SAY, Marjorie, will you play with me against Dora and Mr. Hewson?" enquired Bob.

"Yes, thanks."

"I hope we'll beat them," said Bob, who longed to be revenged upon the stranger, he did not quite know why. Perhaps because Mr. Hewson had monopolised all the attention the evening before when Bob was at a discount, knowing nothing of music. However, on a tennis-court he felt he should shine. He was a first-rate player according to Monkton standard. His long legs made him get about the court easily, and his strength made him able to smash down the balls; but it also made him send them out very often. Strength needs to be used with discretion in tennis. However, with Marjorie for partner he felt sure of winning, for she was a neat little player. She had not as good a stroke as Dora, but she ran about more, the other young lady being elegantly fettered to one spot by her dress, so that once she had delivered her stroke she did not count for much further use.

The tennis grounds at Thorpe Court were very pretty. They were four in number, and lay along the south side of the house, between it and the flower garden. The turf, which looked like green velvet, was the pride of the place and the glory of the garden. Not a weed was there, nor a daisy, only the short thick blades of pure grass and the cushiony patches of white clover, kept as close and as level as mowing machine, roller, and water, along with the loving care of the gardener, could make it. Several of the neighbours came in the afternoon. It was one of Mrs. Winthrop's summer Wednesdays when she was "At home." There was Iddie and Nell and one or two besides from Monkton, and some of the officers from the Dock, who, having discovered that there was an elegant young lady at Thorpe Court, came buzzing about the place now like flies.

The courts were soon full of players. Mrs. Winthrop moved elegantly about, smiling at and greeting her guests, but all the while she kept her eye anxiously fixed upon the court where Marjorie was playing with Bob.

In the excitement of the game Bob forgot his awkwardness. He was full of noise and activity. "Run, run, Maddie; well played indeed," he shouted, as his partner took an almost impossible ball.

Bob and Marjorie had known each other since pinafore days, so it was natural they should call each other by their Christian names.

"Do you know I think we shall smash them," said Bob triumphantly, when they had scored three games in quick succession. "Dora can't run about; the new frock is in the way, don't you see, and the new curate does not seem up to much."

"Bob, you are mistaken about Mr. Hewson; he is only playing with us. I am convinced that he will come up to the net and make great execution yet. Those last three strokes we lost were ominous."

"Nonsense; only lucky hits," said Bob, collecting five balls in his capacious hand and making ready for his serve.

But Majorie's suspicions proved the more correct of the two. Mr. Hewson did indeed take up an ominous position near the net, and patted and tapped and smashed the balls over in the most approved university style, to the utter confusion of Bob, who dashed about, ploughing up furrows in the turf in the vain endeavour to pick up those scientifically placed balls.

"The brute does know how to play," said the unlucky Bob in a rage.

"For shame, Bob! How dare you speak so of a gentleman and a clergyman?" said Marjorie indignantly.

"Oh, didn't mean brute exactly," explained Bob not very lucidly.

"Well, then, you shouldn't say it exactly," retorted Marjorie.

"All right Maddie; I won't if it vexes you," was Bob's answer.

If Mrs. Winthrop had heard this speech she would have fainted on the spot. Fortunately she was at a distance from the court where Marjorie was playing. She was talking to Mrs. Hunter at the moment, and was saying to that lady what a dear girl Marjorie was, and how fond she must be of her, and how the thought of losing her must fill her with anxiety.

"For, my dear Mrs. Hunter, you know that as soon as our girls grow up we must brace our mother hearts to the wrench of losing them."

Mrs. Hunter, who was quite unprepared for this outburst, replied, a little vaguely, that the fear of losing Marjorie need not trouble her for many years to come, she was but a child yet.

"Oh, yes, but those children grow up, you know, and marry so young. Marjorie is seventeen—in two years she will be gone."

"I hope not," replied Mrs. Hunter decidedly. "And I see absolutely no reason for thinking so. Poor girls are not snapped up so eagerly."

"Oh, but dear Marjorie would make such a capital wife for a poor man, she is so clever; an admirable clergyman's wife. And who knows"—this very archly—"Mr. Hewson seems a delightful man, and he'll want a wife some day."

With that she sailed away, leaving poor Mrs. Hunter in a state of surprised alarm. What did she mean? what could she mean? so puzzled the bewildered mother. She did not know that Mrs. Winthrop had sought her out and started the conversation, not guilelessly, as it had seemed, but with the fixed purpose of making just that dark allusion, and leaving Mrs. Hunter in just that state of bewilderment. For the good lady thought a diversion on her son's behalf might be useful at the present moment; and if by any chance she could set floating a rumour about a possible marriage between the new curate and Marjorie Hunter, some happy breeze of gossip might waft it to her son's ears, and that would be a good stroke. At the same time she would push forward his entrance into the army as rapidly as possible.

Meanwhile the game of tennis had continued to the end. Bob and Marjorie were defeated, clearly defeated, although the former kept

saying under his breath, "Well, I don't understand it, I don't understand it." Dora was contemptuously pleased to beat her brother, but Mr. Hewson seemed to have a lingering regret that Marjorie was the defeated one. It might indeed have been observed, that during the game he never 'killed' a ball in her direction. He played hard at her, but whenever he smashed down anything or made a particularly good stroke it was against Bob, who, on the other hand, played all his vicious balls at Dora, which she generally missed. But if Bob could not understand it the bystanders did, and that was, the fact that a new and good player had come upon the tennis courts of Monkton a chill. Thus it came about that Mr. Hewson remained stretched on the grass beside Marjorie, who sat in a low chair beneath the rose trellis—a very natural result, following of necessity from the departure of the other two combatants, and no one would have thought of it had not Mrs. Winthrop by a nod and a smile drawn the attention of one or two ladies to the fact. She was very pleased with herself as she saw her strategic movements likely to be attended with success.

"And so you've never been out of Monkton, Miss Marjorie," Mr. Hewson was saying.

"No, and I would so like to go somewhere and see something."

'MOVING BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS WITH HANDS CLASPED.'

"Do you know I almost envy you the not having seen things. What a wonderful experience it will be to you—going to London for instance."

"Oh," said Marjorie enthusiastically, "I should like to go to London, I can't tell you how much."

"What, for instance, would you like most to see?" asked her companion.

"I could hardly choose, there are so many first favourites. Of course the Tower, and the National Gallery, and—oh, particularly the river at London Bridge. There is so much around London Bridge one would like to think about when one is there."

"Yes," said Mr. Hewson suggestively, "and then?"

"Well—then Whitehall too. I should want to look well at the dreadful window of the Banqueting Hall, and think about it all—I mean the execution of Charles the First."

"H'm, I suppose so; but then, you see, when one is in Whitehall one can't think about Charles the First and all that on account of the 'buses and cabs that are dashing about. There is no repose in London. I think you would be disappointed in the great city. It is all so modern and busy and noisy; it does not care a pin about the time when it was young. London is a hardened old city now, and has no romance left in its composition. I believe your dream-London is more beautiful than the reality."

"Mother says all my ideas are dream ideas, and that I will have to wake up some day."

"Don't, Miss Marjorie, don't. We want a little more dreaming nowadays and a little less commerce. Enthusiasm has been left out of the commercial education. Now there is one bit of London you would enjoy, and that is the Temple Church. It was built by the Templars, you know, in 1295, and is——"

"I do believe Dora is calling me—pray excuse me!"

Mr. Hewson looked up in surprise as Marjorie prepared to respond to the imaginary summons: he had fancied she would have been interested in the Temple Church. He had made a very careful study of its history and found it fascinating; but apparently Marjorie did not care about it, for she ran off to Dora, leaving Mr. Hewson to follow at his leasure.

whom the old hands would find it difficult to deal with. Bob would have recognised the superiority sooner had he not made up his mind that because Mr. Hewson played the 'cello and was musical he must be effeminate. Vigour can go with intellect just as effeminacy can be coupled with ignorance, but this Bob did not know. He had much yet to learn, for, you see, he had failed to get into the university, and had not yet got into the army.

After the game was over the four players sat down under the trees to cool off a little before mixing with the rest of the company. But Mrs. Winthrop instantly called Bob to her side, and suggested to Dora to go into the house for a few minutes for fear of taking

CHAPTER XI.

THE EXAMINATION.

MR. HEWSON was sitting in a little room over the post-office, where he had taken up his lodgings for the time. The post-office at Monkton was an ivy-covered cottage, whose owner, now a widow, let the two best rooms. Her last lodger had been the doctor; but now he was married and gone, so she was very glad to take Mr. Hewson. That gentleman, therefore, was sitting in his room thinking. He had been nearly a fortnight at Monkton—a fortnight of pleasant easy life full of the gentle duties that a simple community provides for those who look after its welfare. It seemed to Mr. Hewson that possibly the simplicity of life there might seem in the end somewhat barren. There were no difficulties and no problems at Monkton. In short, it seemed to him very much as it had appeared to Marjorie, that life was very easy in that small place. But the problems of life may be as complicated in a small country town as in a great city.

A knock at the door, followed by Mr. Grey's pleasant, "May I come in?"

Mr. Hewson was delighted to see his visitor, and offered him a chair.

"No, thank you—the fact is, I have not time to stay. I have just come about this little business of the girls' papers."

He put a parcel upon the table.

"Oh, I know—the examination papers!" exclaimed Mr. Hewson with a little laugh. "It is a formidable undertaking, and the wrath of the candidates is a thing to be dreaded in this case."

"My dear fellow, just glance over them and tell me which is best. They are all anonymous, you observe; and then when you have told me, I will assemble the ladies and award the prize. I have a nice gold torque that I unearthed when digging about the Druid's Mound."

"Very well, I will do my best, and I hope the competitors will have mercy on the examiner," said Mr. Hewson.

When Mr. Grey was gone Mr. Hewson set himself to his task. There was a slight smile about his lips as the bundle of MS. rolled out on the table. He smiled at the round childish writing which he thought was probably indicative of a childish composition.

"Severe reading engrafted upon an immature mind had produced poor fruit naturally," such was Mr. Hewson's comment. Still, there were some neat expressions here and there, and some nice sentiments; so he made out a table, numbering his MSS. (1), (2), (3), and so on; and to each he allotted marks as he proceeded—a most careful examiner this. He had read two papers, and then he took up a third. It was written in a very clear hand, ink very black, lines very wide apart, perfectly straight, and wide margin. "Good business-like copy this," said Mr. Hewson to himself, flicking through the leaves to see about how many there might be. "Wish everybody wrote as good a hand."

He glanced at the title. A slight thrill seemed to pass through his frame; he rapidly turned over a couple of leaves and muttered "Singular;" he then turned back to the beginning and began to read systematically. He read without raising his head, and as he read he got paler and paler, until at the last he was ghastly to look at, and there was a frightened look in his gentle eyes. Strange power that young writer must have possessed to be able thus to move Mr. Hewson, that polished man of letters and great reading. He threw the MS. down upon the floor and clasped his hands across his forehead. The leaves lay all about the carpet, but he heeded them not. He trampled on them as he went to a locked drawer and opened it to take out

a little leather-bound volume. He opened it, turned back a good many leaves, and then read—

"Took early train to Monkton; spent the whole day going over the place. Saw the Castle—fine ruin, beautiful view from the ramparts; then looked for lodgings, eventually settled on two rooms in post-office; looks home-like because the honeysuckle comes in at the window."

It was his journal he was reading as he stood trampling on the scattered leaves of one of the MS. submitted to his judgment by the Monkton Steady Readers. Then he closed the book with a sigh. Next he proceeded to hunt in the pockets of his coat, turning them inside out in the vigour of his search. This was but the beginning of a more extended hunt. For hours afterwards he was opening books, shaking their leaves, untying parcels, looking into cases, until he had submitted everything that belonged to him to such an examination as would have taxed the hiding powers of a pin or a postage stamp. And all the while the crumpled MS. lay upon the floor. He gathered it up, laid the leaves upon the table, and then sat down with his head in his hands, and thought as never examiner had thought before on a paper he was to decide upon.

"Oh, what am I to do?" he cried in a broken voice. "So much depends upon my action. A young life may be marred if I make a mistake in the handling of it; yet how can I ask advice of anyone for fear of doing harm instead of good? What shall I do?"

Poor examiner! Life problems had suddenly cropped up even in peaceful Monkton, where but a few hours ago he feared mental stagnation from a too easy existence.

The night was far spent before he turned his attention to the remaining essays; but he seemed to read them with mechanical unseeing eyes, and just as the birds were beginning to chirp forth their morning greetings to each other, he once more took up the fatal MS., the reading of which had so upset him, and looking earnestly at it said under his breath, "I only trust it may not be that sweet child."

As early as he decently could do so on the following morning, Mr. Hewson presented himself at the rectory. Mr. Grey's tall thin figure was seen moving backwards and forwards in his favourite walk with hands clasped, which went by the name of the Dean's Way, prophetically, as the rector used to laughingly own.

"My dear Hewson, you are up betimes. I—is there anything the matter, you look rather pale?"

"Thanks, I am quite well," answered the curate, ignoring the direct question.

"Perhaps you sat up too late?" suggested the rector.

"Well, yes, I did," admitted Mr. Hewson.

"Not over the girls' papers—ha, ha!" laughed the cheery rector.

Mr. Hewson winced, but did not answer.

"The fact is, I have come to ask a favour of you."

"I'm sure if it is anything I can do——" said the rector cordially.

"Yes, I knew I could count on your kindness. It was your wish, I believe, that I should preach next Sunday."

"Now I hope it is not to let you off. My dear fellow, I particularly wish you to preach so that you and the congregation may become acquainted."

"No, I don't come for that," said Mr. Hewson with a slight hesitation. "I believe it was arranged that I should preach a short sermon at the evening service."

"I'm sorry you would not have it for the morning; however, another time it shall be then."

"I have come now, Mr. Grey, to ask you to let me preach in the morning."

"Certainly, certainly. I am delighted you have come to that conclusion. It will be in every way better, for many of the country people come to morning service who do not come in the evening. You see, it is a matter of driving, and taking out horses a second time cannot well be done."

"Thank you, Mr. Grey; I am grateful to you," said Mr. Hewson, in a manner so different from his usual placid animation that Mr. Grey again enquired if he were quite sure he was well.

"Thank you, yes," he replied; and then, after a little talk upon certain business in the parish, he turned to go.

"Won't you come in and rest," said the rector in vague friendliness; he had an instinctive perception there was something wrong. But no; Mr. Hewson preferred re-

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turning to consider his sermon. He wanted a good deal of time, he said.

Just then Nell came up the walk.

"I wanted to ask you to come to the prize-giving, Mr. Hewson. You will come, won't you?"

"I will come," he answered slowly and solemnly, without adding one single word of thanks or obligation that usually accompanies the acceptance of an invitation.

"Oh, yes. By-the-by, the papers—the weighty papers I called them. When can I have them back?"

"What time is the prize-giving?" asked Mr. Hewson of Nell.

"I have asked everybody to come on Monday evening at eight o'clock."

"I will come at a quarter to eight with the papers."

"Thanks. That will do nicely," said Mr. Grey.

He walked with his visitor to the side gate that led to the high road, and as the latter was passing through he said again with much kindness of look and voice—

"You know, my dear boy, that you are quite one of us. I don't want you to think you are a stranger in a strange land. If there is anything—mind, anything—I can do for you, let me know."

"I am in trouble, Mr. Grey, and considerable doubt; but I think I cannot speak about it even to you for a few days yet."

"Very well; only remember I'm your friend," and he shook the hand of the young man with cordial pressure.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SERMON.

When Mr. Hewson ascended the pulpit in the church of St. Anne's at Monkton, there was an indefinable sense of expectation and attention in the congregation. There was a slight rustle of people moving themselves in the pews so as to be able to look at the preacher. Those in the corners set themselves frankly anglewise, and made themselves as comfortable as they could; and the children joined in the movement by scraping their feet on the floor, a small transgression which escaped the usual maternal frown and head shake by reason of the general stir. All eyes were turned upon Mr. Hewson's face, and those who knew him were startled to see how pale he looked. Mrs. Winthrop especially noticed this; and as she had a small set of reasons and opinions by which she guided her conduct—reasons and opinions which generally were formed and founded upon herself and her own doings—she resolved to act accordingly. Mrs. Winthrop concluded that Mr. Hewson was nervous about preaching his first sermon at Monkton; she resolved, therefore, to encourage him and praise him for it. She determined to pay strict attention to the whole discourse, in order the better to be able to remark sensibly upon it when she should meet him next day at the prize-giving at the rectory. To pay strict attention to the sermon was not one of the lady's usual customs. Indeed, she had found the sermon a time for much inward reflection. She often laid plans and thought out combinations satisfactorily during that interval; and whether the combinations were of suitable people for a dinner party, or of nice colours for a dress, she would have been equally offended had anyone suggested she was desecrating both the time and the place by them. She was a lady of the utmost decorum, and never failed to go to church except when she had a perfectly valid excuse for staying away. But once her fashionable attire and her white hair, done *à la marquise* and befittingly bonneted, were deposited in the Thorpe Court pew, she felt she had done her duty. It would have been resented as an unpardonable insult in anyone to suggest that coming thus in body and not in mind to church was scarcely an edifying proceeding. What business was it of anyone's what she thought about? Her thoughts were her own, she hoped. Perhaps she was right. It does not do to enquire too closely into people's thoughts, lest unexpected sights, calculated to make life a terror, should be unfolded to our view. However, to-day Mrs. Winthrop was all attention.

Mr. Hewson drew a deep breath and looked over the faces turned up towards him, and was so long before he gave utterance to a word that many feared he was so nervous that his voice stuck in his throat, as they say. They were wrong. Mr. Hewson was not nervous in the common meaning of the word. He was anxious, terribly anxious, but not nervous, and did not care one jot what impression he left upon his audience, provided he could deliver

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his message, and deliver it in a way that it should be understood. And to whom was the message? That he did not know; he only hoped that the one who should hear and understand was in church that day. That long searching look he gave, when most people thought him too nervous to begin, was in the hope that some inspiration should fall upon him as to who was to receive his message. But he saw only a confused mass of faces, that seemed looking at him with more than the allotted number of eyes. An audience seems all eyes and little else to the one who faces them from a height.

"*Be sure your sin will find you out.* Numbers xxxii, 23." Mr. Hewson delivered the words in his rich melodious voice, to which a certain tremulousness lent an added charm. He repeated the solemn words of warning, and then he referred to his manuscript and read, for he had carefully written out this sermon. He wished to use the right words and to say the right thing. He briefly glanced at the historic side of the question, but that was not what he had come to preach about. He brought the lesson down to the day—this very Sunday, when they were all assembled. He spoke rapidly, almost passionately. Was there one amongst them that was hiding a sin at this moment, a little spot of gangrene, invisible to every eye but that sleepless one of Conscience, but which, if allowed to spread, would at last ruin the whole soul? Was there such a one in that church having that secret gangrene spot? "Cut it out," cried the preacher, discarding his written sermon, and speaking straight out from his heart. "Cut it out," he repeated, with penetrating clearness. "Never mind the quivering flesh; heed not the crimson streak that flows from the wound; brace your nerves, set your teeth, and *cut it out.*"

The congregation thrilled to the sound of his splendid voice. Mrs. Winthrop felt a cold shiver run over her, and she hurriedly reviewed her small peccadilloes with a view to lessening their number if fashionably possible. Each one reviewed himself briefly, and came to those evanescent determinations whereby weak minds flatter themselves into heedlessness. And the pleading, passionate voice still echoed through the building, and finally ended in a sort of sobbing wail as the young priest besought anyone who had been led astray by vanity or ambition to do that which was wrong to make restitution while yet it could be done. He faltered forth the blessing, and hurried from the pulpit trembling in every limb.

There was no doubt on the subject. The new curate's first sermon waked up the congregation most thoroughly. They discussed it, and nothing but it, at all the early dinner tables in Monkton that day.

"It's a disturbin' sort o' preachin'," was the comment of old Farmer Price. "I don't like them ups an' downs o' voice; no, I don't."

"Father likes his sermon soft an' smooth, like his pillow," said his stout wife, with a laugh that shook her fat sides. "An' why? 'Cause he wants to sleep—so he does."

Price's snoring in church was a constant source of annoyance to good Mr. Grey, who had tried many ways of stopping it, but ineffectually. He had not thought, it seems, of "the ups an' downs o' voice."

But this criticism, though crude, as became the rough minds of common folk, who dined on corned beef and cabbage, was pretty much in essence the criticism of Mrs. Winthrop driving luxuriously home to her "mayonnaise de poulet" and "mazarin de fruits."

"I hope that Mr. Hewson is not intending always to preach like that, powerful though it be. I like a more subdued style myself."

Mrs. Winthrop, like Farmer Price, liked to sleep during sermon time; only while the rough man snored audibly, and indulged in physical slumber, the elegant lady merely enjoyed mental somnolence, and kept her well-shaped grey eyes quite intelligently open.

"Yes, 'pon my word, makes a chap feel awfully uncomfortable," said Bob ruefully.

"I think it bad form—not at all what I imagined was university style," commented Dora, with icy contempt.

"I say, Dol, if you were to see me shot down, I'm sure you'd look carefully to see if I straightened my legs out elegantly and died in a nice way."

"My dear Bob, what does make you so rude to your sister? It's quite remarkable, for you are not rude to other ladies, and she is undoubtedly the most elegant girl in the county."

"That's the reason. She's too elegant," growled Bob. "All the same, don't come to see me die; you'd make me uncomfortable, you know. I'd rather have Kelpie; she'd whine and lick my hands, at all events."

Kelpie was his pet dog.

"Bob, I don't know why you say such unkind things to me," said Dora, with an unmistakable break in her voice.

"Never mind, old girl," returned her brother, softened into quite a different manner by this sign of his sister's affection. "I didn't think you'd mind, or I wouldn't have said it. I'm like Kelpie—I like to be patted on the head sometimes; if you don't, I'll growl just to remind you."

"Silly boy," said Dora affectionately.

The childish ties of early years still bound these two together.

"Wonder if the new curate would think it wrong to take the horses out for a little gallop on Sundays, just to stretch their legs and give the dogs a breath of air," said Bob meditatively. He was a crude and a rude young man, as we have seen; but he was dimly groping after something, he did not quite know what. Mr. Hewson's sermon had touched him.

"I'm sure I hope he is not going to be a prig," said Dora. "I thought he was so nice too, playing the 'cello and all that—quite a gentleman."

"I'm sure he could not possibly presume to lecture *you*," said Mrs. Winthrop, clearly reading her daughter's mind—it was so like her own, you see, while poor blundering Bob was quite different. She had no key to his thoughts.

Of all that congregation who streamed out of St. Anne's on that memorable Sunday, Marjorie Hunter, and she alone, had no comment to make upon the sermon. She walked silently home beside her mother. Her dark eyes were dilated in a strange way; they looked as if they saw many things, even the things of the future, like the eyes of a terrified child, and she was pale, with lips tight set.

CHAPTER XIII.

WINNING THE PRIZE.

MONDAY was always a busy day at the rectory, and particularly busy was the day which followed the Sunday on which Mr. Hewson preached his striking sermon.

"Now, Iddie," said Nell, as she tied on her apron with shoulder straps, which meant business, "you will of course see to all the flowers both on the table and in the drawing-room."

"Of course," replied Iddie, with her habitual deference to her younger sister; "but what else have I for my share. You know the flowers won't take so very very long, and what shall I go at afterwards?"

"Go at the flowers first of all, and we'll see afterwards," returned Nell with a laugh, well knowing that it was a peculiarity of Iddie's to think that any given job would not take very long, and then to wonder, after it was finished, where in the world the hours had vanished to.

Nell never had these surprises. She never made mistakes. On the contrary, she generally had a little time to spare, which was always expended in bringing Iddie up to the mark, for if left to herself that young lady never would have been ready in time for anything.

Iddie's taste in flowers was excellent, therefore Nell felt quite happy in leaving her in the drawing-room to follow out her own little plans, while she herself descended to the kitchen, there to surround herself with eggs, butter, flour, and sugar in various and essential quantities. Nell was a good cook, and she had made the rectory cakes quite famous. No clammy, gritty, stale compositions were they, but the freshest, puffiest of toothsome morsels. The raisins were big fat ones, real dessert raisins, not those ill-fed sultanas that Nell despised. She had, moreover, learned the one great secret of cake-making without which all other perfections avail nothing. Her cakes were well beaten until they "rize clean beyant the oving door," as the queer Irish cook explained with pride. So Nell beat her cakes until her cheeks were crimson and her arms stiff, and Iddie upstairs arranged her white cactus dahlias and her dark red begonias where they could be best seen; and each was very busy. These great preparations were for the prize-giving entertainment that evening, when the essays of the Steady Readers were to be pronounced upon, and the successful one was to be called upon to read her essay aloud.

"I am so glad I have not won the prize," Iddie had cried, "for I should have sunk through the floor in fright at having to read. Just fancy, Nell, how awful!"

"I don't know; I shouldn't mind it. You see, we know everybody, and in our own house too."

Nell was never shy.

"Oh, Nell, how could you dream of doing it? But of course Maddie has got the prize; she's so clever. I wonder what Mr. Hewson thinks of her?"

"She's not as clever to him as to us. Remember, he's been to Cambridge, and seen all those wonderful ladies at Newnham and Girton."

"Still, Maddie is clever—she reads such a lot," said Iddie, who admired Marjorie's abilities all the more because she felt her own inferiority; there was no jealousy in Iddie's heart.

The first to arrive that evening were the Percevals—a trio of smiling, grey-eyed Irish girls, very witty and cheery, ready for anything, but slapdash and heedless. They lived at a place they called "The Twigs," presumably because it had the tallest elms in the parish; but they said everybody called his house "The Elms," or "The Chestnuts," or "The Cedars," if it could claim a tree of that description; and in consequence the names had ceased to have any individuality. You might as well call it "The House." "The Twigs," on the other hand, was perfectly distinctive. Nobody else called their place "The Twigs," and they could never be mistaken for anyone else. Of this there was no doubt—they would never be taken for anything else but what they were—three wild Irish girls.

They had eagerly joined the Steady Readers when the club was formed, and had fulfilled the letter of the rules in a surprising manner, never failing, no matter what might be the difficulties, to accomplish their daily hour of steady reading. For instance, they were in Paris for a week, and found themselves possessed of one book and one book only; it was not fiction, and certainly it was not poetry—it was the continental *Bradshaw*. The three Miss Percevals read one hour apiece daily in this volume, and informed themselves about the trains, with hours of arrival and hours of departure, together with prices of first, second,

and third class tickets; information only valuable in small doses, but difficult to assimilate when consumed in quantities such as this, for they began at Amsterdam and ended at Zurich. No one but wild Irish girls would have dreamed of undertaking so colossal a joke.

After them came Miss Webster, a lonely, dreary girl, who never spoke to anyone, but who was said to be well read. Iddie and Nell were very good to her, and made her join in order to have something to talk to her about. She came to the prize-giving dressed in a grey silk gown, and wore white kid shoes, which called attention to the fact that her feet were very large. She hid herself behind a curtain at once, like a terrified mouse caught far from home.

Then came more girls, some with brothers and some with mothers, until the drawing-room was pretty full, and the buzz of tongues and of laughter was quite bewildering. Finally, Mrs. Winthrop and Dora and Bob appeared; and all the girls looked at Dora to see how she was dressed, and they wondered how she managed to know exactly what to wear. Who would have thought of a white muslin dress with bright green silk sleeves? Yet there she was, thus attired, looking like a fresh-water lily just from the sparkling lake, as cool and as sweet a picture as one could see on a hot summer's night in a small drawing-room. Bob followed his sister, and proved an admirable background to her. One glance round the room told him Marjorie was not there.

"Isn't Marjorie coming?" he asked of Iddie.

"Why, of course she is the chief person."

"Why, has she got the prize? How jolly!"

"I don't know a word about it; but I'm certain she must," said Iddie; "there isn't anyone half so clever. And Mr. Hewson hasn't come either."

"Yes he has, my dear; he is in the study. He has rather a headache, and will not come in until we are ready," said the rector.

"Too much excitement," said Mrs. Winthrop, in mild reproof. "His sermon yesterday must have been a great strain. It is a pity for a man to attempt anything beyond his strength."

"I thought it very fine," said the rector earnestly; "a most impressive sermon."

"Yes, of course," assented Mrs. Winthrop, now she had got her lead; "but still, a man should not tax his strength too often."

"Oh, there is Marjorie!" exclaimed Iddie. "My dear, we were waiting for you. Everybody is come, and Mr. Hewson is in the study with the papers, and I really feel quite nervous. I don't know what's going to happen. I'm quite excited—aren't you?"

"No," answered Marjorie, in a voice so faint that Iddie did not hear it in the hubbub that was going forward.

"Now are we quite ready?" enquired Mr. Grey.

"Yes, papa. I'll call Mr. Hewson," said Nell, who as usual was just where she was wanted. The curate entered, made a grave bow to the audience, which was seated with a certain attempt at regularity in the longest way of the room.

Mr. Grey said a few appropriate words concerning the little club of Steady Readers, and the object of their existence; he could always say a few words on any subject, and he had a knack of saying them in an interesting manner.

"The papers have been examined by an experienced person, and I have no hesitation in saying a better examiner nor a more careful one does not exist than Mr. Hewson. In fact, I'll tell you privately, he sat up all night doing these papers, and has given the first place to this one."

Mr. Grey held up the MS. which we have seen Mr. Hewson trample under his feet in the hurry of a fruitless search during the small hours of the morning.

"This paper is entitled, 'The Burning of Jacques de Molay,' and it is a stirringly written article. I have read it myself, and am charmed with it, though the subject is passing sad. The papers are all anonymous, so I don't *know* who wrote it until I see. It is signed 'X. Y. Z.' Now here are the sealed envelopes that came with the papers; seals unbroken, you observe. Well, now—ah, here it is!—'X. Y. Z.' Now this is the climax. Attention!"

The rector opened the envelope amidst breathless silence.

"'X. Y. Z.'; I am Marjorie Hunter."

"Bravo!" shouted Bob, with a tremendous clapping of hands, which was heartily taken up by all present.

"My dear, I'm *so* glad," whispered her mother in Marjorie's ear.

The young girl made no sign, but sat staring before her.

Mrs. Hunter touched her hand and started; it was icy cold.

"My dear, are you frightened? Would you rather not read it, my pet?" enquired the mother anxiously, feeling a vague alarm from Marjorie's manner.

"No, mother, I must go; the time has come. Kiss me, dear. Good-bye."

Mrs. Hunter, now thoroughly frightened, kissed her cold cheek, and tried to hold her back; but Marjorie slid from her grasp, and moved towards the top of the room to where the rector and Mr. Hewson were waiting for her.

This latter had given a great gasp and half risen to his feet when Mr. Grey read out the real name of the successful 'X. Y. Z.'; but no one had noticed his emotion except Bob, who always saw everything.

A murmur of congratulations and praise and delight accompanied the young girl. It was quite a triumphal progress to the top of the room; but she seemed heedless of everything.

"Now, my dear child, will you read the paper?" said Mr. Grey, shaking her cordially by the hand. "You are our clever one, you know. You are not frightened, dear, are you? You look so white."

Marjorie slowly looked at him in that same strange way that had frightened her mother, and said "No." Mr. Hewson's head must have ached badly, for he rested it in both hands heavily, like one in pain—an awkward attitude for a gentleman, so thought Dora—and he was usually so polished and graceful in his manners.

Marjorie faced the audience, holding her paper in her hand. Her great dark eyes looked like burning coals in her white face; they were fixed on something she seemed to be straining to see. There was a look of wild longing in them. She was gazing at an image that filled her mind to the exclusion of every other—the image of a young girl tied to the stake, with flames rising about her feet. Well might she see in fancy the martyrdom of that Flemish maiden who died so long ago, for the hour of her own martyrdom had struck.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MARTYR'S STAKE.

THERE was a hush in the room. Everyone looked at Marjorie. She did not unfold her MS.; on the contrary, she clasped her hands tightly over it, and held it against her heart.

"I have come to tell you the truth about my paper."

A sound of intensified listening, as if each one in the audience had turned his head in order to hear better, passed over the room, and Mr. Hewson suddenly looked up.

"It is not mine," went on Marjorie, in that strange sad voice so unlike her own. "I could not think of anything to write, and I wanted so much—oh, so much—to write a clever paper. One day I went to the Castle, and Snap found something and began to eat it. It was a roll of paper with writing on it. I opened it, and read what was inside. It was about the burning of Jacques de Molay. I wrote my paper about that; but it is not mine, because—it—I did——"

Her voice got fainter and fainter, and she swayed backwards and forwards. Mr. Hewson, who was watching her narrowly, got up and came and stood beside her; his face bore a radiant expression of happiness, a look almost of triumph. Marjorie essayed again to speak amidst the breathless silence of the room.

"Give the prize to somebody else. I have nothing but shame—I did not write it—I stole——! Mother! mother!"

A wild cry rang through the room, and Marjorie would have fallen only that Mr. Hewson caught her in his arms. She had fainted.

"Take her to the study," said Nell.

"Keep everyone back," whispered Mr. Hewson as he bore the unconscious form out of the room.

Marjorie was laid upon the sofa and left to the ministering care of her mother and Nell.

Mr. Grey, utterly bewildered as to what he should do, appealed to Mr. Hewson.

"What happened to give her such an attack? Poor child! Do you suppose it was nothing but fright? Of course it is all a mistake—a diseased imagining of her brain."

"My dear sir, it is perfectly true what she now says," said Mr. Hewson slowly.

"Eh? what? Do you mean to say she did not write the paper—that she found it?"

"Yes. She found a MS., and wrote hers from it almost bodily."

"No! no! no! Hewson, I really—I—that is—I can't believe it."

"There is no doubt about it."

"But there must be some mistake. Why, Marjorie couldn't do it. You don't know her; but I've known her all her life. She is a most honourable girl."

"But I know it is true. I know it by the best of all reasons. I'll tell you, but I don't wish it to be known—it would only add to her pain. The MS. she found was *mine*. I had it in my pocket the day I came down here to look for lodgings, and lost it; at least, I could not find it afterwards. I recognised my own words when I got the papers to examine."

"I could not have believed it possible," said the rector.

"Remember the terrible temptation. Her ambition and vanity stimulated to the utmost; everyone saying she was the clever one, and the one sure to win; and vanity is very strong in youth."

"Ah, the pity of it!" sighed the rector.

"Yes; but think of the child's glorious courage, and her atonement. This sharp lesson may have been needful to her. It will show her the danger she was in from ambition and vanity."

"Why did you give her the prize then?" asked the rector.

"I hoped to thereby awaken the sleeping conscience," said Mr. Hewson.

In the drawing-room there was the wildest excitement.

"I'm sure she became a little hysterical from nervousness," Mrs. Winthrop was saying politely to Iddie, who was crying. "There must be a mistake, my dear. Of course ladies *don't do that sort of thing, do they?* You will find that when she recovers we will hear that it was only her disordered fancy."

"I don't know a girl in the world but

Marjorie who would have bravely confessed before a room full of her friends—just when she was going to get the prize too," said Miss Perceval, her kind Irish heart instructing her to say the most soothing thing at the moment.

"Yes," broke in Bob; "tell a lie and stick to it is the motto of most of you ladies."

Bob was deeply hurt, and the pain in his heart made him hit out savagely, not minding who or where he struck.

"Marjorie is a splendid girl, I think," said Agnes Perceval, who was crying with rage at her worshipped friend's downfall.

"So she is," said Bob firmly; but he and the Miss Percevals were the only ones who expressed their admiration audibly.

"I really think, if you'll permit it," Mrs. Winthrop said to Iddie, "we had better leave you to look after poor Marjorie. We will go home now. At the same time I'm sure it will be all explained. She is so excitable. Those clever people are given to freaks, you know; it is the price they pay for genius."

So she sailed out of the room and set the example of departing, and the room was soon empty of visitors.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Winthrop later, in her carriage, "I'm sure I hope they'll take the hint, and *say* it was a case of hysterics, and that of course it was all a mistake. She was frightened, you see. Otherwise it will be most awkward; one really won't know what to do. Suppose she does say it is not a mistake?"

"Heroics of this sort are bad form, I think," said Dora. "Everyone will laugh at her. Such a public confession too. I'm sure all the people at the Dock will laugh."

"I'll horsewhip every one of them, from the Colonel downwards," said Bob furiously, "if one of the men dares to laugh at Marjorie in my presence. And what's more, I'll not let one of them cross the threshold of Thorpe Court again as long as I live."

"You are not master at the Court yet," said Dora scornfully. "Reserve your threats against the officers until you are."

"Mother," said Bob hoarsely, "promise me you will not let anybody sneer at Marjorie under our roof! Promise me, mother, or you'll never set eyes on me again after to-night."

"My dear boy," said his mother, terrified at his passion, "no one shall say a single word in my presence without repenting it. I can assure you that no one, officer or other, shall laugh at Marjorie. I do hope the dear child's excitement, however, will pass over. I can't help feeling sure all this will be explained, you know. I always thought her singularly highminded. It is quite impossible she should have done such a thing."

This seeming comfort was very bitter to Bob, who felt sure in his heart that Marjorie had done that which she confessed.

And Marjorie—what of her meantime?

When she came to her senses, after a prolonged fainting fit, it was some little time before it dawned upon her what had happened. She looked placidly up at the Zulu sticks arranged over the mantel-piece, and seemed much absorbed in counting them. Suddenly memory claimed her as its victim.

"Mother," she cried, starting up wildly, "did I tell them all? Do they understand I stole it—I stole it?"

She repeated the words fiercely.

"That was what I had to say. Did I say it? I have forgotten it all. I was not to mind the quivering flesh, but I had to cut out the gangrene."

Mrs. Hunter was surprised at hearing the curate's words thus suddenly referred to.

"Yes, dear," she said soothingly. "Don't excite yourself. You have been ill, my pet. Try and compose yourself."

"But, mother, did I say it? Did I leave anything out? I must go back and say it now."

The poor girl tried to rise in her frenzy, and go towards the door. Her mother held her back.

"Lie down, my child. You said everything there was to be said. You told all."

It was a bitter word for Mrs. Hunter to say, she who was so proud of her daughter.

"Did Mr. Hewson hear me?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hunter; "everyone heard you, and he was there."

"I'm glad," said Marjorie faintly. "I shall not have to say it again. I never could have the strength to say it again. People are never called upon to be burnt twice at the stake, are they, mother?"

"No, dear," said Mrs. Hunter again. She did not follow Marjorie's reasoning. Indeed, it was becoming more difficult since the terrible excitement was having its natural consequence. She was rapidly becoming delirious.

All night long she raved, first about one thing, then about another, but ever and anon recurring to the same idea—that she was to be burnt at the stake, and her terror lest she should not bear the flames, but at the last moment should recant in order to escape them. It was piteous to hear her begging for strength to bear the torture, praying that only it might be granted to her to complete her martyrdom, and not to fail in her strength at the last moment. These ravings showed how terrible had been the struggle before her confession. But she did not fail, and at the last moment her courage stood by her, and she had confessed. She had completed her sacrifice.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MORNING AFTER.

FOR several days afterwards Marjorie suffered from the natural reaction of such a fierce strain. She came home from the rectory next morning very weak and ill both in mind and in body. She could do nothing except think. Life seemed such an empty void to her; there did not seem to be anything for her to do, and to an active-minded girl like her this was very painful. All her future seemed clouded over. She turned instinctively to her mother for comfort in the same blind way that she used to run to her to be consoled for a knock or a scratch. In her babyhood she had found that mother's kisses had often taken the smart out of a scratch and softened the pain of a bruise. She now turned to the same source of comfort. Oh, blessed privilege of mothers, to heal the aches and bruises of their children by the balm of their sympathy and love!

Hour after hour Mrs. Hunter sat beside her daughter, holding her hand and hearing of all the steps she had travelled in the terrible road towards deception. How eager she had been to win the prize, and how everyone had told her she was clever, until it had become an awful nightmare to her—the dread that she might not fulfil their expectations, and might fail to write anything clever. How she had searched for ideas and a new subject, and how they seemed to mock her in hiding from her. Then how she found the fatal manuscript. She read it at first out of mere curiosity, and then was struck by the subject. At first she had only thought of writing upon a similar subject, and treating it herself; and then, as time went on, and she could find out nothing from books, she had to depend more and more upon the written account that had so strangely come into her hands. Then, finally, when her paper was written, she came to think there was not anything so very dishonest about it, for had the manuscript been printed and in a book, and had she read the book, she would have felt quite easy in drawing her materials from it, or from any other book, that was common property. At last she had almost forgotten she had not written the paper herself, so easy is it to send conscience to sleep with gentle soporifics in the way of false reasoning. Then came Mr. Hewson's terrible sermon, which tore away the veil which vanity and ambition had cast about her deed. Then she saw what she had done—how she was stealing another's ideas and claiming them as her own, and how she was going to endeavour to gain a prize through deceit and treachery. It was all the more dreadful since she did not know to whom she had done this wrong; because she could not seek forgiveness from the one she had wronged. Before she left the church she resolved to acknowledge her fault; and as she could not give back to him from whom she had taken, since she did not know who he was, she resolved to atone publicly.

She was the poor bruised baby coming again to her mother to be comforted, and Mrs. Hunter gathered her into her arms and poured forth the love that was in her heart. The two were very close to each other during this sad week. They were all in all once more, and lived in a world by themselves. But there was another world outside, and it forced its presence on these two who would gladly have been without it. Friends called to enquire—Bob among the first, and indeed each day; but Marjorie didn't wish to see him—in fact, she was too prostrated just at first to see anyone but her mother.

However, one day, as she was walking along the town wall by the same road whither we followed her on the day of her visit to the Castle, she was overtaken by a horseman. Her heart beat fast when she heard the hoofs behind her, for she guessed it was Bob, and that he was coming to see her.

Sure enough so it was. There was a momentary shrinking on her part as the young fellow threw himself from his horse beside her.

"I say, Maddie, it's jolly to see you out again!"

The boyish slang and hearty voice of pleased surprise were both very grateful to Marjorie. Bob always spoke just like that to her. He at all events wasn't changed in manner; and what the young girl shrank from was a change—it didn't matter what change—but any change in the manner of her friends towards herself.

"You're all right again now. No, you ain't all right, that I see. You haven't a bit of colour in your cheeks, and you've generally the prettiest colour of any girl I know."

Bob's remarks, whether uncomplimentary or otherwise, were always unmistakable in their directness.

"Maddie, I've come to ask you something. I've been thinking a long time about it, and I always intended to ask you on my twenty-first birthday to be my wife."

If the old walls of Monkton had suddenly fallen at her feet Marjorie would not have been more surprised than she was by these words.

"Why, Bob!" she cried, in the height of her astonishment.

"Oh, yes, I know I don't do it like fellows in story-books, Maddie; but I mean it—indeed I do want you to marry me—I've always wanted it. I'm fonder of you than I could be of any girl in the world. I never could abide those stuck-up girls who sneer at a fellow while pretending to be so sweet. You never sneered at me, Maddie, and you so clever and I so stupid!"

"Bob," cried Marjorie imploringly, "don't call me clever. Just think what my pride led me into. Don't, Bob!"

"But you are clever," said Bob impetuously. "And—well—I know it wasn't right, Maddie, or at least it wouldn't have been right if you hadn't told so splendidly before everybody, like the brave, truthful girl you are. Maddie,

I'm proud of you; and say 'yes,' won't you?"

Marjorie had forgotten Bob's important question in the rush of feeling that came over her on hearing his kind, his enthusiastic praise. She was longing for warm human sympathy, and Bob's words were like sunshine on her chilled heart. Now she remembered his question, and it came over her too what this boy had done. Just when she was in trouble and disgrace he had come to offer her his hand and his heart. Bob, uncouth, rude, misformed to a lamentable degree, with never a notion about coats nor the correct thing in hats—Bob had proved himself a true gentleman by following the promptings of his honest, unspoiled heart.

"No, Bob, dear boy, you must not think of such a thing. It never entered my head that you would," said Marjorie. "I can't say how much I feel what you've said. It was just like you, Bob; but it must not be—ever."

"Now don't say 'no' all at once, Maddie. Of course I know I can't marry or do anything till I'm of age, but I should like to announce our engagement now—this very day."

"Oh, Bob, you are a headlong person!" said Marjorie, almost laughing.

"Yes, I would. Look here! I'm going to dine at mess with the officers to-night—the Colonel asked me—and I should like to announce my engagement at dinner. Do let me? it will be all right."

"Bob, you frantic boy," said Marjorie, alarmed, "you must give up this mad idea—you really must. And you are not to speak about it again, and we'll be friends just as before, you know."

Bob took this order very resignedly: at the same time he was sorry about the officers at the mess. He felt that as the affianced husband of Marjorie he would have been in a duly qualified position to horsewhip anyone who showed an inclination to laugh at her, while as merely her friend it would be more difficult for him to resent any impertinence expressed towards her.

"Are you quite sure that's your answer, Maddie?" asked Bob.

"Yes, quite sure, my dear boy," she replied affectionately, yet firmly.

"I'm awfully sorry. I would rather you had said 'yes'—rather than get my commission, even if it were for the Royal Horse Artillery," said Bob, casting about for the highest comparison the world afforded.

"You'll forgive me, Bob, won't you, and you'll always be my friend?" asked Marjorie tearfully, for she did not want to lose the affection of that true and honest heart.

"You may lay your life on that, Maddie," he replied with vigour. "I'll always stand up for you everywhere. There's not another girl in the world like you that I know. You are the cleverest and most truthful girl I ever knew."

Marjorie put her finger warningly on her lip.

"Yes, you are. There's not another girl in the world who would have been as brave and as truthful as you. And there are more than me that think so. I say, it's a thousand pities you weren't born a man; you'd have been something great, and I'd have done well as a woman. I've just about got little enough brains to make a nice lady of. But then, if you'd been the man you never would have married poor silly me."

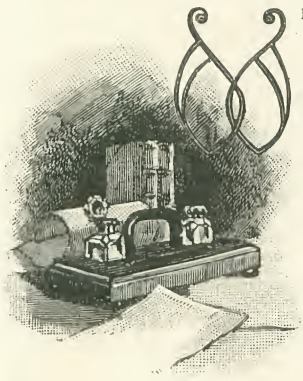
Bob gave such a hearty laugh over his joke that Marjorie joined in. It was clear he was not very broken-hearted. At the same time, on saying good-bye he held her hand lingeringly, and said—

"I should like to have told the officers, and then we'd see!"

It was clear Bob longed to horsewhip somebody, but it could not have been any of the officers at the Dock, since those gallant men, all unconscious of the smouldering wrath of Mr. Robert Winthrop, never once mentioned Marjorie. They had never even heard about the prize-reading, and the sudden way in which the little festival ended.

CHAPTER XVI.

JUDGING MARJORIE.



WHEN Bob said to Marjorie that other people too thought she was brave and truthful in her act of confession, he was referring to Mr. Hewson, and some things he had said at dinner a couple of days before.

Mrs. Winthrop asked him to come and dine quietly, just with themselves, as she was anxious to see him; and Mr. Hewson, suspecting that it was to talk over the strange thing that had happened, made haste to accept, although he would infinitely have preferred not going to Thorpe Court. As soon as the servants had retired Mrs. Winthrop opened the subject.

"This really is most sad about poor Marjorie; I feel so upset over it. Of course she is a comparative stranger to you, Mr. Hewson, but we, who have known her all her life, feel it very much."

"Yes; she is indeed a girl whose acquaintance is an honour to anyone," replied Mr. Hewson, in clear, incisive tones. Mrs. Winthrop almost blushed from surprise; Bob certainly did from pleasure. He disliked Mr. Hewson until that moment; but now he felt ready to kiss him almost, if such a demonstration had been suitable. But men in this country have no recognised method of expressing admiration towards each other beyond a nod or a slap on the back, and both of these methods seemed unsuitable to Bob, so he remained silent.

"Yes; of course that's what everyone feels," said Mrs. Winthrop, executing a rapid flank movement with her mental artillery in a way only known to fashionable ladies.

"Come, mother, that's too much," said Bob, with a laugh. "Why, at luncheon you and Dolly were discussing whether one could know her after this, or have her to tennis parties."

Mrs. Winthrop certainly blushed under this attack; but a skilful general is never taken completely by surprise, and she proved herself equal to the occasion.

"You see, it would be most painful to the poor dear girl herself if one had her in one's house and the other people wouldn't speak to her. One has to consider many things, you see, Bob."

Bob said nothing but "Umph," and that rather impolitely.

"I don't see how the question arises at all. If Miss Hunter had gone on saying never a word, and received a prize, why then it would have been different. But she did not do that. On the contrary, at the cost of much suffering, she bravely and nobly acknowledged her fault. It seems to me that if any change is made in the manner of treating her on the part of her friends, it should be in an increase of respect shown towards one who has proved herself so fearlessly truthful."

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Winthrop, who always began an objection by the formula, "Yes, of course." "But—don't you see it was such a very outrageous proceeding on her part to take the article and pretend it was her own."

"Pardon me; you are quite wrong. It is the commonest thing in the world to steal people's ideas; it is done every day by all sorts of people. Why, it's as common as lying among fashionable ladies."

Poor Mrs. Winthrop! She winced under this keen lance thrust so unexpectedly delivered.

"But surely you don't approve of what she did then?" asked the lady helplessly from the midst of the argumentative morass into which she had fallen.

"No; I condemn her strongly for using the manuscript and pretending it was her own work. I condemn her strongly for that—no one more so; but I can imagine what was the temptation to an ambitious young girl, whose vanity had been stimulated to the utmost by the well-meant but pernicious praise of her friends. Yet, after I have condemned the act, I can hardly find words enough to praise her for the splendid courage and truthfulness which she showed in the end."

"One must admire that," said Dora, who, having remained silent, could come gracefully in and praise the winning side of the argument.

"Of course you must," said Mr. Hewson cordially; "for remember, she did it without compulsion. She did not wait for it to be found out, like the song in "Jess;" she told herself before it was found out. And had she not spoken it never would have been found out."

"Then you think there should be no change in our manner towards her—to mark our disapproval of the meditated deception, you know," said Mrs. Winthrop, who was anxious to be as severe as was consistent with strict adherence to her own fashionable code, which generally was very liberally interpreted when it related to her own deeds, but more severe as regards others.

"I think there should be no change except an increase of respect towards one who has shown herself able to rise above temptation, and overcome it under great difficulties."

"I'm awfully glad that you said what you did about Marjorie, you know," observed Bob confidentially to Mr. Hewson, when they were by themselves.

"Ah, indeed, I'm glad to see you also uphold Miss Hunter."

"Me? Why, of course I'll stand by Marjorie against the whole world. She's the grandest girl alive!"

Somehow Mr. Hewson did not quite relish this enthusiastic outburst.

"I'll tell you what. There were some people to lunch—swells they think themselves, but I think them brutes. Never mind. Do you know what they settled to do?"

"No," said Mr. Hewson.

"Well, not to *see* Marjorie."

"Not to *see* her?" queried Mr. Hewson, in surprise.

"Yes. Do you know how it is done? Well, I'll tell you. As soon as they know Marjorie is coming they'll turn into a shop, and pretend to look closely at something; or if they are driving they stoop down and tie their shoe, or look the other side and hold their parasol towards her, so as to pretend they haven't seen her, and so couldn't bow. And Marjorie and everybody else will know *they* did see her, and it's a lie all round that they act. What do you think of that?"

"Hateful!" said Mr. Hewson, in disgust.

"Do you know, Mr. Hewson, I don't believe a real fashionable woman, a regular out-and-outer, has any heart at all."

"What makes you think so," said Mr. Hewson, at a loss for reply, since it seemed to him that his entertainer's mother and sister filled the description pretty well.

"They are always thinking what people 'll say; they never think what anybody will feel. I don't think they do feel a bit themselves. I believe their hearts have all been squeezed to nothing by tight stays, and all they know now is, how people look on the outside."

"I'm afraid there is a great deal of truth in what you say."

"You may believe me," said Bob wisely, nodding his head; "I know a lot about it. You see, there is always a stream of swells coming here, and they are all alike. I know them."

"Yet it was at this table I met Miss Marjorie."

"So it was, bless her heart! If it wasn't for her I shouldn't believe in women."

"What a statement from a boy," laughed Mr. Hewson.

"Oh, I don't like women!—do you?" confided Bob to his new friend.

Mr. Hewson laughed again.

"I can't say I agree with you. Suppose we join the ladies before we condemn the sex quite past all forgiveness."

"All right, come along. Dolly will be expecting you to sing ducts with her."

It was a couple of days after this talk with Mr. Hewson that Bob rode over to Monkton and asked Marjorie to be his wife. He had always intended doing so on his birthday, but in the present circumstances it seemed to him that he should speak now. And so he did, with the result which we have seen.

CHAPTER XVII.

PICKING UP THE THREADS OF LIFE.

"Is it possible this is only Saturday," said Marjorie wearily, as she opened the dining-room door and saw her little weekly paper—which only came on Saturday mornings—lying beside her plate at the breakfast table.

"Yes, dear, it is Saturday," said her mother with pretended cheerfulness.

"Oh, mother, what a long long week. Will all the weeks for the rest of my life be so long as this one?"

"No, child; the hours of grief and sorrow are leaden winged; but after a time they pass as swiftly as ever. I remember times when I too found them long and dreary."

Marjorie sighed. Grief was new, and she was young—an ill-matched pair, that did not agree in harness. When people are old they take grief more gently; they have met before, and he comes, if not as a friend, at least as one no longer a stranger.

"You must get back to your duties again, and then time will begin to move faster, my dear."

"I don't know what there is for me to do."

"Why, what you always have done," said her mother. "You must not mope. There's your class; have you prepared for to-morrow? Remember you have your children at Sunday-school to-morrow."

"Oh, mother, mother; perhaps I ought not to teach them any more! How can I teach now?" said Marjorie with a wail. She had been longing to speak about it, but did not know how to begin the subject.

Mrs. Hunter took a moment to think, and then she said slowly—

"Perhaps, my daughter, you can teach better now than before. You can speak more earnestly out of your own heart."

"*If only I thought* so," sighed poor Marjorie.

The subject of the Sunday-school class had occupied other minds besides her own. Mr. Hewson, from whose thoughts she was never long absent, had thought about it. He was deeply interested in her from the first, and now, since her destiny had seemed so strangely placed in his hands, as it were, he was painfully anxious about her. He knew the suffering through which she was passing, but it was part of the necessary experience; she must suffer before she could again be whole. Yet, by the pulling at his own heart strings he began to know how large a share she filled in his life.

He spoke to Mr. Grey about the Sunday-school.

"Of course Marjorie must keep it," said Mr. Grey cordially. "I never dreamed of anything else."

"Yes, I imagined you would see it as I do. At the same time it would be well to give her some authoritative notice that she would be expected to teach as usual to-morrow. She may be in doubt herself."

"Certainly; I'll see her myself. I've seen Mrs. Hunter several times, but never Marjorie as yet."

"I dare say she shrinks from the first meeting. Perhaps, now, if Miss Grey went over with a message, that would be the best."

"Ah, yes, perhaps it will."

In pursuance of this plan Mr. Grey spoke to the girls at dinner, which was always in the middle of the day at the rectory.

"You may as well go over and see Marjorie to-day," he said to the girls. "You might be particular to see her. It will be better to do so. Say I have a message which you are to deliver. Tell her from me that I especially hope she will be in her usual good time for the Sunday-school. It is an admirable characteristic in Marjorie that she is always so punctual. Young ladies don't always understand the value of time—eh, my dear?" said the rector.

Accordingly the two girls went to see Marjorie in the afternoon.

"I don't feel a bit as if I was going to see Marjorie," said Iddie nervously, as they walked along. "I feel quite frightened, and sha'n't enjoy the visit at all."

"I don't really see why you should feel frightened," said Nell.

"No, you never do see any reason in my foolish feelings," replied Iddie meekly. She was quite accustomed to being domineered over and corrected by the little sister.

Mrs. Hunter was out and Marjorie was in the garden, therefore the two girls walked straight through the house into the garden, which sloped away from the drawing-room windows at the back. A figure eclipsed by a huge garden-hat was on its knees before a bed of mignonette, and was pulling out the weeds carefully.

"Oh, I am glad you're attacking that bed—it needed it," said Iddie cheerfully, the sight of weeding having quite restored her mind to its natural balance. A visit could not be quite a failure when they went into the garden and saw somebody weeding.

Marjorie rose hurriedly to her feet and greeted her two friends. For an instant she blushed scarlet, and then, when that momentary gleam had died away, she became very pale.

"We've been over to see you before, only you were not a home, and it really was your time to come and see us, you know," said Iddie in a rattling sort of way. "I don't suppose we should have come to-day only we have a message. Papa said you were to be in time as usual to-morrow, you know, for Sunday-school. And then he read us a lecture upon the virtues of punctuality; at least, he read it to me, for Nell is as nearly punctual as you are, Maddie."

It was heroic of Iddie to dash into the breach like that, for it was evident that for a moment or two Marjorie could not speak, and Nell somehow had set her two lips, and looked as though she never intended to open them again. Nell disapproved of Iddie's method. She thought something of a rebuke should be administered to Marjorie; she did not intend to quite ignore the past week. But Iddie never scolded nor reproved anybody—she was not clever enough; all she could do was to love her friends. But love has as much power as cleverness; and people, forgetting this, wondered how it was that Iddie seemed to exert more influence over certain difficult characters than Nell, with all her courage and all her clever decisiveness of character.

So it was with Marjorie. Iddie soothed and sweetened her sorrow, while Nell would have made it only needlessly bitter. She felt happier and more hopeful after they had gone.

So Marjorie taught in the Sunday-school, and began again to pick up the threads of her life, which she had imagined were for ever broken. As she was walking home through one of the alleys that opened on to the common, she saw two boys fighting. She never could abide fighting, and always endeavoured to stop it when the combatants were small enough to be in awe of her. What was her surprise to see that one of the boys was Fred Jones, a Sunday-school child belonging to her own class.

"Fred, what is the meaning of this?" she exclaimed in indignant surprise. The boys stopped and looked down. "Tell me what are you fighting about?"

"I said I'd wallup 'im if he said it ag'in," replied Fred doggedly.

"Said what again?" No answer. "Was it worth fighting for?" asked Marjorie.

"Yes, it were; an' no boy I can lick shall say it of you," replied Fred valiantly.

"Was it something about me? Then tell me what he said."

"He said you was a story stealer; but it's a lie, you ain't; and I'll lick him, see if I don't."

Marjorie felt a sharp stab at her heart. She turned sick for a moment; but then her mother's words came to her memory, "Perhaps you can teach all the better, for you can speak out of your own heart."

She sat down on a stone and called the boys to her, and there she told them the story of the prize-reading. She talked to them as never anyone had talked to them in their lives before. She touched their hearts; they wept, wept with her, and when they parted at last she had sown seed in those young hearts which was destined to bear good fruit.

But the trial was a dreadful one to poor Marjorie. She told her mother of it midst sobs from her inmost heart.

"Mother, do you remember, long ago, how I once wished I had lived three centuries earlier, so I could have been a martyr or something fine?"

"Yes, I remember your saying life was too easy nowadays."

"It almost seems to me now that it would have been easier to have died for one's faith three centuries ago than to live through the bitterness of the last week. If I could only have died on that dreadful day when—when—I fainted, it would not have been so hard. It is the living that makes it hard."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

Six months passed away, during which time Marjorie was growing into womanhood. She had changed markedly from the day of the prize-reading. She lost that girlish way of merry, inconsiderate chatter, and there was a

gentle dignity of manner about her, and a gravity that became her earnest, thoughtful eyes. Dr. Grey found her a charming person to talk to, as from equal to equal; hitherto he had only treated her as a dear child; now she was a woman whom he respected. And the rector's opinion of her made itself felt. No one dreamed of not *seeing* Marjorie now; she was recognised by high and low alike, for she commanded the respect of everyone.

She came in from a walk with Snap one frosty day, her cheeks glowing with that beautiful colour that Bob had so frankly praised.

Her mother was reading a letter, the envelope of which lay upon her lap, face upwards. The moment Marjorie's eyes rested upon it she gave a cry.

"Mother, who wrote that letter? Whose writing is that?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Hunter, taking up the envelope, "why? It is a letter to me."

"Yes, I know, I know; but who wrote it?" imperiously demanded Marjorie. "Tell me who wrote it?"

"What makes you ask in that excited way?" Mrs. Hunter had her own reasons for not wishing to show that letter to her daughter. To her astonishment, Marjorie burst into tears.

"What's the matter, child? Why are you so strange?"

"Can't you understand, mother? That is the writing of the manuscript. The same hand wrote both."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunter in surprise.

"Oh, it is! don't you think I know it? That handwriting is burned into my heart. Tell me now the name of the writer."

"Mr. Hewson," answered her mother.

"Don't say his name! No, no, mother; it can't be Mr. Hewson."

"Yes, dear, it is. This letter is from him. But you may be mistaken about the likeness."

"There is no mistake there; no mistake is possible; I know it too well. Oh, it is hard that he should be the one," wailed Marjorie. "I was beginning to forget—I was beginning to be so happy. This comes to remind me never to forget."

"Perhaps it means something else," said Mrs. Hunter tremulously.

"No, no," said Marjorie despairingly. "And to think that it should have been his, and he must have known it all along. Oh, mother, how he must despise me! I shall never dare look him in the face again! Mother, mother!"

She hid her face in her mother's lap and sobbed as if her heart would break. Somehow Mrs. Hunter was not as sympathetic as usual. Indeed, only it was impossible for her to smile when Marjorie was sobbing, one would almost say that a smile did lurk about her mouth.

"I had not intended to show you Mr. Hewson's letter, but perhaps you had better read it now, my pet."

There, kneeling beside her mother, Marjorie read the letter written in that fatal handwriting. Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes, all dewy with tears, brightened, for the letter contained words that should only be seen by these two. Mr. Hewson poured out his heart to the mother, and besought her to give him permission to try and win Marjorie for his wife. He had loved her from the first, but since that memorable prize-reading, when she had nobly acknowledged her fault, he had honoured and admired her as well.

And so it came to pass that at about the time when Mrs. Winthrop, in her idle talk, had predicted Marjorie would be leaving her mother, she was married to Mr. Hewson.

Bob, who was of age now, would have plunged his estate into hopeless debt to buy wedding presents upon a gorgeous scale, only Marjorie absolutely forbade him to do so. He still adheres to his early opinion, however, and does not care much for women—who are poor creatures, he thinks. But he always makes an exception in favour of Mrs. Hewson, who is the grandest and noblest being, man or woman, he ever met, and so brave, too—fit to command the Royal Horse Artillery, or, for that matter, the whole British army—in Bob's estimation.

[THE END.]

A WINTER HOLIDAY FOR TEN POUNDS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

WHAT prescription so agreeable for the overworked or the ailing, in body, mind, or nerves, than change of air and scene, away from the business and the noise of town life, with the trying interruptions of work, as grievous to the brain-worker as the perpetual stoppages and starting again to the ill-starred omnibus hack? To break off the thread of your subject, and to take up the dropped stitches—what an effort it is, and how the weary brain needs a time of waking rest over and above the forgetfulness of sleep.

"We know all this," I fancy my reader to say; "but how and where can this rest be attained?"

I know there are many classes amongst you, my friends, to whose special cases some careful thought must be given. There are those whose relations and acquaintances have no means of providing this refreshment; others are too far removed to offer it, or they are lacking in thoughtfulness, if not in hospitality. Some of you might be welcomed with gladness by friends residing in bleak or damp localities;—that would not tend to the restoration of your health, supposing that to be your object. And there are others who have no friends or relations anywhere, and are thrown entirely upon their own resources during the fogs and the storms of winter. Thus the question of having to "pay the piper" is one that gives rise to anxious calculations and doubtings, many and depressing.

I will suppose that my readers, thus perplexed, can subscribe towards this health-restoring object just merely a ten-pound note, which must cover the expenses of return train tickets, cabs, fees, board and lodging. If so, then perhaps they will accept a few friendly suggestions from a change-loving traveller like myself.

The first place that shall have a recommendation from me is within the limits of our southern shores, but considerably removed from town—I allude to Penzance, within eleven miles of the Land's End, at the extreme south-west of England, and the most genial locality anywhere to be found with the exception of the Channel and Scilly Islands. The price of a return ticket from Paddington to Penzance for one month is £3 13s., and the distance to be traversed is 328 miles. Living is comparatively cheap; food of all kinds — clotted cream included — abundant. The people are very obliging, honest, and primitive. The lodgings, though not exceedingly plentiful, are reasonable as to price in Alexandra and other Terraces, and would not be difficult to procure in the winter. At one house, kept by a lady, situated on the esplanade, you may be boarded by the day if you prefer the greater convenience it would offer as compared to a lodging where you would have to provide for yourself. To many, however, the little visits to the market, and the daily shopping in the early morning, prove rather an amusement than a trouble. The beach is of sand, and in summer there is good bathing; but as a winter resort it is sufficient to say that there are excellent baths on the esplanade, which extends for a distance of half a mile or more. There are four wide streets, good shops, and to give an idea of the size of the town, I may observe that the population numbers from 10,000 to 11,000.

You will observe that, setting aside £4 for travelling expenses, cabs and porters included, you will have £6 for your board and lodging. About 30s. a week should pay for these, so we think you might enjoy a three weeks' holiday and keep your expenses strictly within the £10 which I suggest as sufficient for its accomplishment.

The next question that naturally arises is this: "What is there to repay the long journey and the cost at Penzance?" Much. The little town is sheltered on the north and east from those winds that so much try us in England during the winter and early spring; and the air of that southern shore is mild while it is not relaxing. The rocks that form a frame for that verdant and flowery land are picturesque and wild, contrasting well with the green below and the glorious blue of the open sea in front. But not alone is there much to please the eye in all the surroundings of that charming place; there are inducements to take walks in many directions, and there are plenty of cheap conveyances likewise.

When I visit a gallery of pictures, the first thing I do is to sit down in a central position, and take a general view of the whole collection, instead of making a special examination of each picture consecutively. I then note the characteristics of the gallery as a whole, and those works that pre-eminently deserve a notice. And so my first query in making a selection of a place which is to give brain rest and refreshment, as well as a soothing or invigorating tonic to the body, should certainly be, "What circumstances of pleasureable interest does it supply?"

Are you an enthusiast, more or less, about Nature in any form, or about any pursuit? Are you, for instance, a draughtswoman or painter, a collector of flowers and ferns, of fossils or minerals? Have you a love for archæological research, and of old castles and churches? For this small island home of ours

A SCENE ON THE SEINE DURING THE FROSTS OF 1891.

is rich in the provision it supplies to those who can either appreciate beauty in art, who have souls that can revere antiquity, and delight in historical research. Many are the "sermons in stones" which they may read, and many the visible demonstrations of facts which they have only received at second-hand from books, but of which it would rejoice them to discover some ocular and tangible confirmation.

Now, it seems to me that but few of our English health resorts, suitable for a winter season, can offer such a variety of attractions as this same Cornish land. St. Michael's Mount, crowned with the old monastic house, is a distinctive feature of Penzance, rising, so grandly as it does, to a height of 250 feet, and of which I have something else to say a little later on in my pen-sketch. If able to take a walk of two miles and a half, you might visit the two fishing hamlets of Mousehole and Newlyn, both having some special interest connected with the Artists' school of the neighbourhood. If not quite equal to making excursions on foot, there are many that can be enjoyed at a trifling cost; such as that to the Logan Rock, Gurnard's Head, Porthcurnow, the Atlantic Telegraph Station—a wild and desolate spot; where, if disposed to collect tiny shells for the "Sea-shell Mission," or a children's hospital, you will find a beach almost entirely composed of them, and could fill as big a basket, or as many little bags, as you would care to carry home to your lodging.

Should you fancy an expedition to the mines, there are those of Levant and Botallack; and to the Lizard's Point, and Whitesand Bay beyond it, a delightful day's "outing" may be made. All these places of interest that cluster round this most attractive spot for a winter visit, are easily accessible by means of a host of Jersey cars, brakes, and omnibuses.

To speak of excursions in winter time in a country which has been said to possess no "climate," but only "weather," would seem to such detractors an attempt at imposture. A so-called "pet day" might be found in the far north; but a genial season in December, in January, February, and March, may rarely be reckoned upon this side of the Alps. According, however, to Dr. G. B. Millett, the Medical Officer of Health, and Hon. Sec. of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall: "When other places in this country are undergoing the extremes of winter, Penzance is enjoying at least the delights of spring," if not of actual summer. "The average winter temperature," he goes on to say, "is high, while that of summer is comparatively low"; and "the annual rainfall is generally about forty-three inches." I do not recommend sea-bathing in winter; but there is a large swimming bath, which, if fairly warmed, might prove an acquisition to many in that season; and if the seeker for rest and change be indisposed to make the excursions I have indicated, there are several acres of pleasure ground which may be enjoyed without cost or fatigue in turn with strolls on the sands and esplanade.

This southern extremity of Cornwall, and what is more advisedly called the Land's End, was once a county of far greater dimensions, and extended to the outside limits of the Scilly Islands—reduced to "islands" by the deluge of waters that swept over that tract of land, gradually at first, and then in a terrible rush. This splendidly fertile country of Lethowsow, or Lyonesse, was inhabited by a people named the "Silures," who were remarkable for their piety as well as their industry, for no less than 140 churches attested the fact. Several large towns were submerged below a sweep of ocean, twenty-seven miles in breadth, between the Land's End and the Scilly Islands. This terrible visitation occurred (according to the *Saxon Chronicle*) on November 9th, 1099; and on this same day, according to Stow also, the tide rose in an unprecedented manner, "brake over the banks of the Thames, and drowned many towns, and much people and cattle. At which time the lands in Kent, that sometime belonged to Duke Godwyne, Earl of Kent, were covered with sandes, and drowned, which to this day are called 'Godwyne Sandes.'"

Two persons are specially recorded as having been almost miraculously saved from the wholesale destruction that fell on the south-western part of England at this time—a member of the Trevilian family, since settled in Somersetshire—which bears the horse as a charge on its escutcheon in memory of the horse on which he made his escape; the other was the Lord of Goonhilly, who owned a portion of Lyonesse, and who founded a small oratory—the "Chapel Idne" (or "narrow chapel")—and fled for refuge to Sennen Cove. It is said that the flats between the islands of Brehar, Sampson, and Trescaw are quite dry at a spring tide, and men can pass dry shod from one to another over the sandbanks, over which there are ten or twelve feet of water at full tide; and here, upon the shifting of the sands, walls and other ruins have been clearly seen. Between two shoals in the channel called "Crow Sound," there are but four feet of water. These and many other facts are stated by the Rev. Wm. Borlase. In some places round the coast of Cornwall the remains of trees are to be seen in twelve feet of water. The encroachments of the sea have been very great in the sea-board of Falmouth also, where the black rock in the harbour was once a large island; and there was a wood six miles south of St. Michael's Mount, extending from Cudden Rock to Clement's Isle. I promised to tell you something of the Mount. It is said to have originally been "a hoare rock in a wood," and it seems that the ancient Britons inhabiting those parts believed in the apparition of St. Michael to an anchorite on that mount, and that he directed him to build a church on the top, A.D. 495. Long afterwards Edward the Confessor founded an abbey there of Benedictine monks, A.D. 1044, and a chapel, part of which is now a dwelling-house. A large lake once existed in the forest on the western side of Mount's Bay, between the villages of Mousehole and Newlyn, which disappeared when the sea submerged the land; and J. T. Blight asserts that, passing by boat from the Mount to Penzance at low tide on a summer's day, he saw "black masses of trees in the white sands, extending far out into the bay"; and that on another occasion, after a violent equinoctial gale, "large trunks of trees were thrown up on the shore beyond Chyadour."

Cornwall was visited by another terrible catastrophe, and this by sand instead of water. On her northern shores a large and wealthy city, surrounded by highly-cultivated and wooded lands, and enriched by lead and tin mines, entitled Langarrow (or Langona), reputed to have been the largest city in Britain, was overwhelmed beneath a terrible sandstorm, and buried deeply beneath it.

This awful visitation is stated to have taken place 900 years ago, and in reference to it there has ever since existed a belief that it befel that city as a judgment on the more than ordinary wickedness with which it was credited. Having been selected as a convict settlement for the purpose of carrying out certain very large and important works, the convicts were permitted to intermarry with the inhabitants of the city, and so corrupted the morals of the lower orders, that to this fact the extraordinary phenomenon of a prodigious sandstorm, resembling those of the African deserts, was universally attributed.

But not alone was this city and neighbourhood swallowed up by the sand, but the towns of Lelant and Phillack, the former owning the mother-church of St. Ives. Crantock also, a trading town, having a religious house with a dean and nine prebends, was buried; and on Gwithian sands the remains of a church have been found. A farmhouse (the Barton of Upton) was more recently overwhelmed in a single night, and discovered again a hundred years after, through the shifting of the sand, in the winter of 1808–9. At Gwithian the good folk have saved their town and church by the planting of rushes (the spire), which is the best protective against at least the gradual encroachments of the sand, if not a sufficient barrier against a tremendous storm.

The Logan Rock is another object of interest, and once of superstitious regard, certain diseases in children being supposed to be cured by rocking them upon it. But one Lieutenant Goldsmith upset this natural curiosity in April, 1824; and although the Lords of the Admiralty were induced to replace it, the supposed charm was broken. The name *logan* is derived from the Cornish verb "to log"—*i.e.*, to "vibrate" or "roll" like a drunken man. The great stone was said to have been so poised and blessed by St. Ambrose; but as the words *ambus* or *main ambus* signify "annointed" or "consecrated stones" (according to C. S. Gilbert), we have not far to seek for a derivation of the name, and may leave the good old saint out of the history. Druidical circles of stones may be found in many parts of this dukedom of Cornwall, and those who can add another pound to the ten for which I have bargained for the winter's holiday, might make some interesting archæological quests.

On the road to the Land's End you will pass one of these circles—a collection of nine; and the "Hurlers," on the moors near the "Cheesewring," in St. Cleer, is another of these interesting monuments which local tradition declares to be the actual persons of Sabbath-breakers, who for their rebellion against the Divine law, and intentional profanity, were stricken to death and turned into stone in the midst of their supposed most daring recreation.

I can scarcely omit to say that, were a fine opportunity to occur for a short sojourn in the Scilly Islands, no better locality could be indicated as a winter resort. But having to limit the excursion to one of £10, and the uncertainty of easy and pleasant access to them in winter, I will not say more about them.

Another of our "happy hunting grounds" awaiting the selection of the holiday seeker I may suggest as the Mumbles. The little town is only four miles from Swansea, and Langland and the beautiful Caswell Bays adjoining so closely, may be comprised in my recommendation of the Mumbles. Of course the tickets from London or elsewhere should be taken to Swansea, which is 216 miles from Paddington; and a return ticket for a month costs £2 6s. 9d. second class, and £1 14s. 11d. third; and there is an hourly train service between this town and the Mumbles. Most of the places of interest in the vicinity of the Mumbles and the villages above-named are within easy walking distance, such as the Mumbles Rocks, Oystermouth Castle, the caverns of Oxwich Bay, and the gigantic one in the grounds of Stout Hall, also the ruins of Pennard Castle, as well as the lighthouse on the headland. There is a good tennis-court and bowling-green close to the sea at Langland Bay; the sands are firm and extensive, and pleasant drives are innumerable. The mean temperature in the winter is equal to that of Torquay, Falmouth, and Ventnor. The soil is dry. The water is pumped direct from the limestone, and is excellent, according to the analysis made by Professor Frankin; and there are no obnoxious manufactories in the neighbourhood to poison the air and

blacken and destroy the vegetation. These localities are so sheltered from north and east winds, and equable in temperature, that they are likely to attract a still larger proportion of delicate persons than the number who, I understand, have already given up their winter sojourns in the south of France for so genial a place in their own land. Persons suffering in the throat and lungs are recommended to add the Mumbles and its neighbouring bays to the list of their winter's quarters; and when I quote from Dr. John Bevan's statement (Medical Officer of Health for Oystermouth), that "the average death rate during the last nine years has been 12·4 per thousand," I think I may be justified in suggesting this place as one very worthy of the name of a winter health resort. There are good hotels and boarding-houses of a character to suit all classes, besides lodgings; competition has not as yet raised the prices of living and accommodation beyond very reasonable limits.

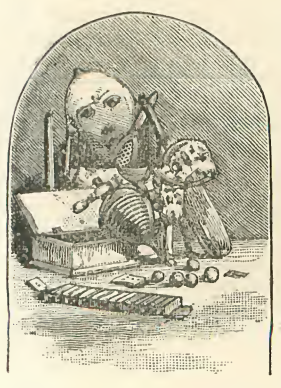
One more holiday resort, suitable for winter, may be named in this necessarily short paper, and that is the sheltered little town of Budleigh Salterton. I do not name it for its special attractions outside its mild prettiness and good open sea; but it is essential that I should provide a retreat for some who need a specially quiet, retired spot, where they can enjoy shelter from the east wind, a gravel soil, good water, and good sanitary arrangements. There is an hotel and boarding-house, and a fair number of lodgings; and to those who prefer to escape from the noise of excursionists, brass bands, and barrel organs, for the purpose of study or undisturbed rest, this may prove exactly what they seek. When I was there, two or three years ago, my chief diversion consisted in tramping up and down the pebbly beach in search of moss-agates, chalcedony, and red jasper, some specimens of which I obtained. But the beach is still more remarkable, as being for the most part composed of flat-round stones, known as the "Salterton pebbles," which are of sandstone, most curiously variegated in coloured designs. A pleasant drive may be made to Sidmouth, the British camps at East Ottery Hill and Sedbury Hill, Court Hall and its "haunted chamber" (for the "haunting" I do not give my authority), over the moor to Woodbury Castle and Colyton Raleigh, and by omnibus, running three times daily, to Exmouth. The climate is credited with being specially suitable for persons suffering from chest diseases, and from debility after fever. From Waterloo to Exmouth (to which a ticket should be taken) is a distance of 182 miles—15s. 2d. third class, and return ticket for one month, £2 1s. 6d. second.

Before the next Christmas vacation brings with it the usual enquiries for genial retreats, I hope to give you a few more suggestions, in addition to the three or four now offered.

It would be no novelty to speak about Bournemouth as a winter resort, nor could I suggest it as likely to afford inexpensive accommodation; but I think that an adjacent watering-place, possessing similar recommendations as to climate, sheltered site, and gravel soil, is comparatively little known. I refer to Southbourne-on-Sea, having a full southern exposure, situated to the eastward of that town, at three miles' distance. Very many of our girls complain of *anæmia;* and as this pretty little place can boast of a valuable chalybeate spa, situated towards the end of the West Parade, I can confidently advise sufferers in this respect to take a fortnight or three weeks' holiday in this place. I have obtained a strong recommendation to it from one of our leading London physicians apart from the question of the spa; and as to these waters, you may accept the opinion of Dr. Herman Weber, the great mineral-water authority, with regard to their nature and use. But if you take advantage of them, I advise you to see a local doctor first. The analysis was made by C. T. Kingsett, and the ingredients they contain consist of sixty-six grains of ferric sulphate and fifty-seven grains of sulphate of sodium per imperial gallon. There is a fine undercliff esplanade at Southbourne, sheltered from the north wind, a pier, and an omnibus service, which conveys you to and from Bournemouth for a shilling return fare. It has also the rare attraction of a winter garden under glass, removed to this place from Tedworth Park—a celebrated one—having thirty plant-houses and ferneries adjoining. There is also river boating—at only sixpence an hour—on the Stour; and by means of this easy conveyance you can visit a lovely spot called "The Sheep Wash." There is also a pleasant walk of a mile and a half to Christchurch; and as it dries up so quickly here after rain, owing to the soil being of sand and gravel, walks may be contemplated in a winter sojourn as well as in the summer.

To select a pleasant and interesting place for a winter holiday—mind and body are equally in need of consideration—demands not a little reflection, leafless trees and the absence of flowers being a drawback in most of our watering-places, and sea-bathing and lawn-tennis then out of season. But I might still add several other names to my brief list, and amongst them very particularly that of the old historical town of Lyme Regis. It lies between Beer Head and Portland, in the centre of a natural bay, at the south western extremity of Dorsetshire, and at a distance of 144½ miles from London. The line of railway is by Great Western *viâ* Bridport, or by the London and South Western *viâ* Axminster; and the fare for a month 35s. second class return, or 12s. 0½d. third single. Lyme Regis has a sheltered terraced walk above the sandy beach, screened on one side by the famous "Cob," a peculiar kind of pier, which protects the harbour. The sands are firm and hard, and by them you may go on foot to Charmouth; and inland there are walks in all directions. Provisions are reasonable in price, and I believe I may say lodgings likewise. "But," my readers may enquire, "what are the special features and attractions of this place, that suggest its suitability as a place of winter recreation?" I for my part see much—as a lover of natural antiquities in the form of fossils—which is within the attainment of any visitor, and free of cost, rendering this a place of unfailing interest, and affording an agreeable pursuit day by day, while enjoying to the full a close proximity to the sea. The blue lias cliffs that line the shore are full of pre-historic remains, and even without the use of hammer and chisel beautiful specimens of crystalised and of metallic *ammonites* may be found lying among the rocks, washed at high tide by the sea. It was here that the celebrated Miss Duning discovered large specimens of the *Ichthyosaurus* and other antideluvian reptiles, which she presented to the British Museum—a self-instructed natural genius like Mr. Beard, of the famous "Banwell Caves," near Weston-super-Mare. In my early youthful days I had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with both these interesting persons on the particular scenes of their wonderful discoveries. A word of warning must now be given in reference to the quest of fossils in the blue lias cliffs, and that is, that the smallest shower of crumbling slate-like stones therefrom should be taken as a warning to run from them at that instant towards the sea. The alarm may usually be of no real benefit, but the fall on other occasions may be considerable; so never make light of it, for it might prove to be quite as serious to the explorer beneath the shower as the proverbial "rain of cats and dogs." I think my list of winter holiday resorts has been sufficiently diversified in character to suit very many demands and individual tastes. So I take my leave of the subject, with my best wishes to all for a healthful and interesting ten-pound holiday, in whichever direction their choice may lead them.

OUR CHRISTMAS SCHOOL TREAT.



It haunted us for weeks.

We had had in former years every sort and kind of entertainment—Christmas-trees, bran pies, fishing ponds, Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, Father Christmas, Santa Claus, magic-lanterns, *tableaux vivants*, a Christmas ship. Our stock of ideas was exhausted; nothing was left us.

There are three of us, Maud, Alice, and I; but we had not an idea between us, and father would not help us; he always leaves these entertainments to us to get up; and the worst of it was, he was so dreadfully hopeful, he said he was sure we should hit upon something.

Then there was Mr. Balfour, the curate; but he was no use at all; he has only one idea in his head just now, and that is Maud; and Maud has no idea this year except Mr. Balfour; and Alice and I agreed the only things we could hit upon were those two, and that we could have done with a will had we been allowed. Last year Maud was sane, and she had a lovely idea for the treat, viz., "The old woman who lived in a shoe;" she was the old woman, and very pretty she looked, with powdered hair, wielding a birch rod, with the prettiest of fierce frowns on her face. The shoe was a wonderful creation of wood and cardboard, but I hope I shall never have to make another for my sins as long as I live; it was such a trouble.

The school children—at least twenty of them—were dressed in night-gowns, and grouped round about and in the shoe, each with a basin of broth by its side.

The worst of it was, it was a great deal of trouble, and it did not last very long.

A week before the treat Alice and I grew desperate; we racked our brains in vain; we positively could not think of anything to amuse the children—"the wretched children" we called them in our despair. Our minds were a blank.

At last I was seized with an idea.

I threw up my hands—I jumped for joy.

"Alice," I said, "I have it at last. We will have a gigantic Noah's ark. I'll design

it, Mr. Balfour shall make it, you shall paint it; we will ransack London for penny animals. I know you can get beauties at the Lowther Arcade in two-shilling bundles. We will number them, and the children shall draw for them; it is newer than a bran-pie."

"Yes, dear, so it is; the only thing is, it is not original; it has been done before," said Alice in a tone which chilled my enthusiasm.

"Not original? Been done before? Oh, Alice, I give it up! There is no new thing under the sun. Solomon was right. We can't have a treat this year; let us go and tell father so. I am sick of it," said I in despair, to find my idea had actually been forestalled, and was not a new one at all.

"Wait a moment, Nell. Suppose we make the biggest Noah's ark that ever was made except the real ark; let us make the children the animals—we can cut out masks for them in cardboard; then we will make each child act the animal it represents, and on the night we will have a procession from the ark all round the platform," said Alice, rising to the occasion.

"Alice, you are a genius. It is perfect. My dear, you have saved my mind from collapsing entirely. What a load you have taken from my mind. Another sleepless night would have finished me. It is a splendid idea. We will do it!" I exclaimed.

And so we did. We began there and then. We seized father's new *Times*, which he had not looked at; I took one sheet and cut out a giraffe's head and neck; Alice took the other and folded and cut it into a donkey's head. The latter was so good, that Tom, our only brother, pretended it was a new photograph of his youngest sister, and said the likeness was striking. That evening was spent in cutting out paper patterns of every animal we could get any resemblance to from our own memory or from pictures. The next day we ransacked the house for cardboard, and cut out our designs in that from the flat patterns; we joined the two sides—in some cases three pieces were necessary—together, stiffening the long-necked ones with cane or whalebone, and then we painted the heads and faces with some common paints.

The effect in many instances was capital; there was no mistake about the giraffe, the cock, the goose, the donkey, the elephant, the wolf, the stag, the fox, or the ox.

The kangaroo was less easily recognised, and required a pouch to mark its identity; but the camel was another success.

Tom of course pretended he did not know the camel from the hen; so, lest there should be anyone else as stupid as Tom in the room, we decided to cut out wings in stiff brown paper for all the birds, and paint them also.

That evening we had our first rehearsal. We chose the children, and assigned an animal or a bird to each; then we made them practise the noises appropriate to the parts given them, into which they entered with great zeal.

The ark itself we left to Mr. Balfour and Maud to make, only telling them it must be ready for the last dress rehearsal the day before the treat.

We were so interested in our work that all our leisure moments were occupied in making the animal masks, and we forgot all about the ark till we were assembled in the schoolroom for the last rehearsal.

"Where is the ark?" was the first question that greeted us on arriving from a chorus of children.

"Mr. Balfour, where is the ark?" said I.

"Maud, where is the ark?" said Alice.

The couple looked at each other in horror, and then blushingly confessed—

"We forgot all about it."

"Forgot the ark? What have you been doing all the week then idle in the schoolroom?" said I indignantly.

They thought it better not to attempt to answer this question, I suppose, for they were silent.

"Never mind them, Nell—they are no use; the question is, how are we to make an ark by to-morrow?" said Alice.

Necessity is the mother of invention, says the proverb, and for that occasion we made a table and some trestles on the top, with some curtains thrown over them for the roof, do duty for an ark, the children entering by a door which was behind the table, and filing out in procession by one end, which was left open.

This ark, however, did not satisfy us; but the next morning an inspiration seized Alice, and ordering the linen-horse to be carried to the school-room, she dragged me there, laden with coloured paper, paste, and cardboard. We called for a carpenter on our way.

Arrived at the schoolroom, we had the linen-horse placed lengthwise on the floor; then we raised one side, so as to form a sloping roof, above the door by which the children were to enter, and this we made the carpenter fix firmly to the wall.

Then we had him nail a thin strip of wood to form the eaves all round the two ends and the front of the ark; we then roofed it with pasteboard, and made one end and the front of the ark of the same; the other end was left open for the children to go out by. Then we covered it all with coloured paper, on which we painted windows, and the result was most satisfactory as far as it went; the worst of it was, it only went as far as a cottage—it was not an ark; it certainly would have sunk had it been placed in the position of the original ark. What was to be done?

The boat was beyond us, I thought, in despair; when suddenly I thought of something, and seizing a pot of paint and a brush, I proceeded to paint a black boat at the bottom of the red ark. Alice meanwhile cut out a prow in cardboard, which we fixed to one end, colouring it black; another piece of cardboard made the stern, and then our ark was finished.

Now at last we had the ark and the animals, there remained Noah and his wife to be represented; these parts Alice and I undertook, dressing ourselves, at a great sacrifice of personal vanity, in costumes as closely like the wooden figures in toy arks as we could devise.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

"Heavy harvests nod beneath the snow."—*Pope.*

UNDER the snow
Lie little seeds sleeping,
In mother Earth's keeping,
Waiting to grow.

Under the mould
The lilies' and roses'
Sweet life yet reposes,
Safe from the cold.

Under the bark
The new sap is springing,
Fresh burgeoning bringing
Out of the dark.

While 'neath the snow
All new life expanding,
Is silently standing,
Waiting to grow,

God grant you, I pray,
In all that's before you,
Grace to ensure you
Strength for the day.

Under the ling
The skylark is waking,
New roundelays making
To carol to Spring.

Till the sun's rays
Its impulse shall quicken,
And white Winter, stricken,
Shall languish away.

O'er heath and hill
The sad wind is sighing;
The Old Year is dying,
In peace and good-will.

Deep in the heart
New hopes are unfolding
Like flower-buds, holding
Their petals apart.

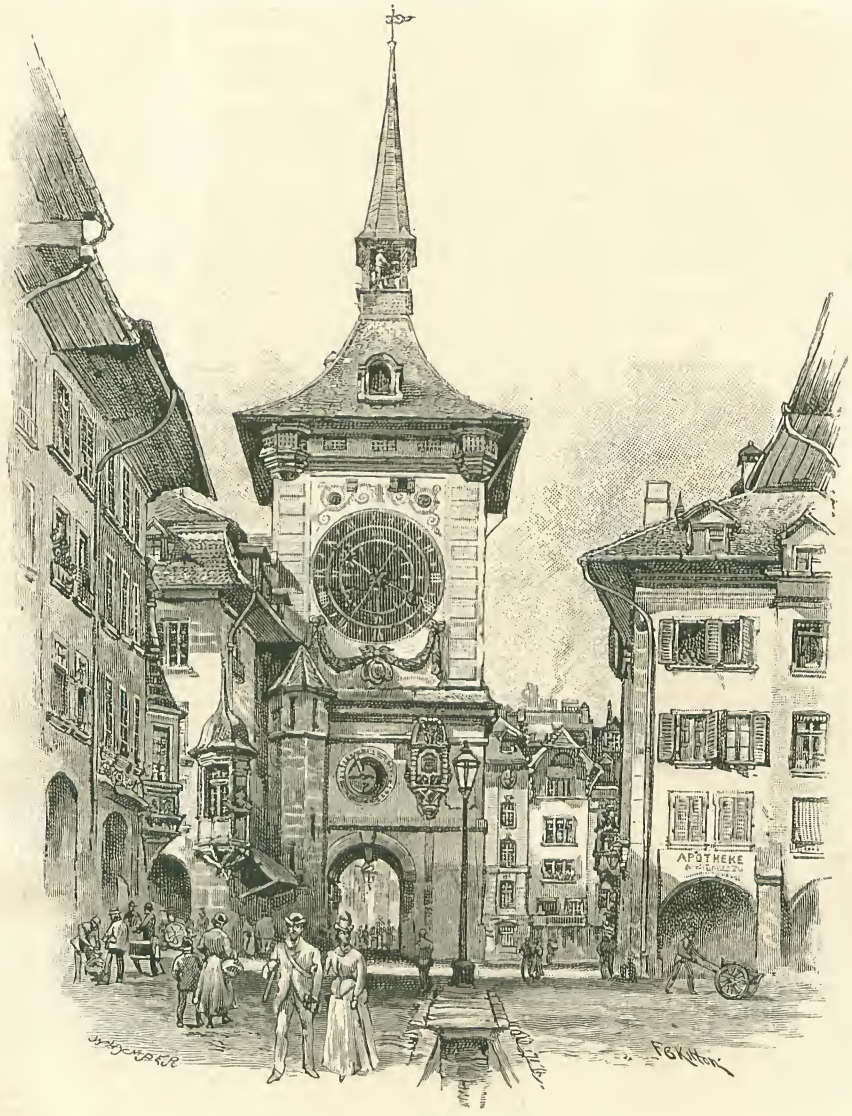
God speed you, O friend;
Fair angels defend you,
And all good attend you
As onward you wend.

O'er moor and mead
The New Year is springing,
And, dawning, is bringing
My kindly "God speed."

AN ALPINE PASS IN WINTER.

THE SILVER ARROW: A STORY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By Mrs. HOLMAN-HUNT.



THE CLOCK-TOWER, BERNE.

CHAPTER I.

Among the eternal snows, in an old city, whose narrow streets are made narrower and its windows darkened by vaulted arcades and overhanging stones, a bookseller stood trimming his dim lamp for a long November evening. The old fellow was something of a scholar; he cared for his small collection of musty volumes more for their companionship than for any profit in the way of customers that they were likely to bring him. His eyes were growing weak, and dim as the lamp which he was trimming to light up his very small stock-in-trade. As he set it in his window, the lamp's modest rays fell upon an expanse of blue paper, which served as groundwork to show off half a dozen old volumes of forgotten German authors, two silver teaspoons which had seen better days—not those better days of antiquity which would have given them a lustre they never had possessed in the time of their contemporaries, but only tiresome days of modern service, for which, with its battered consequences, there was as yet no market. Perhaps there may be a glory in store, at some "Christie's" of the future, for bits of furniture and finery of which we now think but lightly. On Time's wheel the good and the bad, the great and the little, are ever changing, but the two teaspoons in Herr Sprengle's window in the old street at Berne had not yet arrived at their period of beatitude, and, moveover, their silver was far from solid!

At a sufficient distance from these for the full display of their merits, lay three silver watches, battered and silent, a bunch of keys—what secrets had these once guarded?—a magnifying glass in a horn case, and a silver arrow, its valueless stones set in delicate filagree.

These were the properties which the old man's lamp illumined, and over which, with some more of the same kind, Herr Sprengle presided.

It was a wild night. The old women, their pinched faces peering from out muffled hoods, with witch-like brooms had swept their clouds of dust from east to west upon the bridge stretched high above the Aar, and now had disappeared.

The wind, coming over the snow-topped Alps, swept through the arcades of Berthold's old city with a chill as of ice. It was a wonder that the signs of knights and giants did not come tearing down upon the men and women hurrying along beneath them, and that the figures of sweet women perched on pillars, whose fountains beneath were frozen at the stream, should weather the rude gusts; but they had borne the storm so many hundred years—why not now? While red tiles lay scattered about, and glass splintered from rickety casements fell upon the ground, the old clock struck ten, while apostles, giants, and bears made their demure salutations to the night, a signal for Herr Sprengle to close his shop to the visionary customers of his imagination. The heavy iron shutters were stupendous guardians of so modest a treasure; but the spoons and the silver arrow had been used to their protection for years, and would not have reposed half so contentedly upon velvet cases in a smart shop window as now they did upon their bed of blue paper in obscurity. As the bookseller stood prepared to fasten the last bars, the rudest gust of the rough night burst open the door, and a gentleman's travelling hat was blown into the shop, its owner quickly following.

"You are closing your shop, I see," said the visitor in only passable French. "I hope you will not mind my looking round before it is too late?"

"If monsieur can see anything in my poor collection that may please him, it is quite at his service," replied the other in fair English.

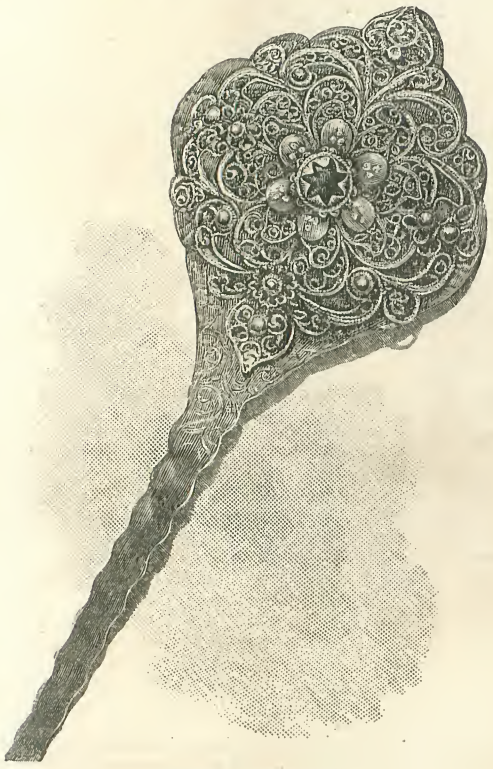
"You have been in England?" returned the traveller interrogatively, while he cast about in dim corners, after the manner of those who know a thing of beauty when they see it, in however compromising company.

"Yes, I have spent two years in your country, monsieur; but there is a long time since that, and my language has sadly suffered," said the master of the shop.

The customer might gladly have exchanged his French for the bookseller's English had he troubled himself over their relative perfections; but he thought nothing about the matter, and plunged fearlessly into conversation.

"I see you have a pretty piece of silver here," he said, pointing to the arrow. "May I look at it more closely?"

"Only a poor thing—a peasant's ornament for the hair. One wears them not any more," replied the old man. He did not even move it out of the window, it seemed to him a thing so little to be proud of.



THE SILVER ARROW

His customer in a measured way reached over the counter, and fingered the piece of filagree with sensitive, delicate hands.

"I like the old ornament," he said. "It is a pity that people part with these things. We shall see no more costume anywhere soon. Before long the Swiss shepherds will all wear frock coats."

"Ah, true! We care no more for these things; it is money, money, that the peasant wants," said the bookseller, making a grasping motion with his hands.

"Hotels have brought people, and people have brought want, although at times it is a little dull here alone. I am content that I have no children to place in the world, for work is scarce, and children bring grief; while when I die I leave nobody to mourn me. My books will soon find a new shelf," he said, laying a hand more caressingly than he would have cared to own upon the nearest favourite.

"Well, we all want money, I dare say, or think we do, which comes to much the same thing," said the Englishman, unfastening his purse; "but I would draw the line at my personal adornment if I were a pretty mountain lass."

Here the old man stepped politely aside, as if to disarm the other of any idea that he wished him to take a hasty departure.

"I have many books," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "but they are shabby and of no great antiquity—good companions to me, but not worth much."

"I will keep you no longer; and I must ask you to excuse me for disturbing you so late," replied the customer. "I leave by an early train to-morrow, and should like to take away the arrow with me, since it has already strayed so far from its proper home."

"True, it will not find its way back to the mountains," said Herr Sprengle, as he fumbled about in old drawers for a more business-like piece of paper than the corner of a weekly newspaper, in which at last he rolled up the arrow.

"They would sell their mountain torrents if they could," he added, with some asperity.

So the silver arrow was sold and bought, and this was how it found its way from obscurity and blue paper to glory and a bed of velvet.

CHAPTER II.

Long ago, amidst the summits of the snowy Alps, a poor and rugged village found shelter. Its single narrow street—beyond which were but a few scattered cottages—wound up the mountain side upon the irregular plateau which gave it foothold. Its houses on the weather-beaten side lacked the ruddy brown of the pine logs, which in the sunshine gave to their more sheltered walls a nearly crimson hue. Where the rains beat, and winter snow lay for months, all warm tints had perished from the wind-nurtured wood, leaving it of a sad grey colour. In many windows the panes of their iridescent glory told of a service far beyond the memory of the oldest of the decrepit old people who sat patiently in the street, while the less weary youths loaded them with peats or firewood, under the weight of which they bent uncomplaining to their homes. Half way up the ascent, paved with unequally rugged stones, the line of houses was broken by an open square, in the centre of which stood the fountain, whose waters fell tinkling from a pillar of grey stone with a circular basin beneath. Here, under a rudely constructed wooden canopy, the women found shelter from summer suns and winter snows, as they knelt washing their linens blue and white, or gossiped with the maidens from the mountains when they stayed to water their cattle at the fountain. For many generations the rushing torrent had found its way from the mountain side to a patient people through the same pillar of grey stone. A conquering Cæsar and his armies might once have slaked their thirst from out its sculptured sides, which now only ministered to the lives of a few tired peasants.

Some paces from the fountain, on a raised knoll at the opposite side of the street, stood the church, its tall white walls surmounted by a barn-like roof of reddened tiles. Above its western porch the carved figure of St. Martin clothing the beggar filled a deep recess, while through the windows of the square tower on the north the bells were seen as they gave out their hourly chiming. On the grassy slopes surrounding the church the graves stood near side by side; not that there was any limit to the closely-shaven green spaces, as they spread far away to the foot of the mountains; but the peasants in this quiet region, in death as in life, love close fellowship; the churchyard only reflects the village street and its side-by-side cottages. Mound after mound, each with its cross of wood, sheltering pent-roof, and stool for prayer, lay in unbroken rows around the church. In the farthest eastern corner of this stone-enclosed space stood a life-sized image of Christ crucified—meek, dignified, and altogether patient, its silvery grey outlines telling against the sombre green. Each grave had a narrow garden, where such flowers as may thrive in a short summer were planted by love-labouring hands. With the church the village ended, but for a few scattered buildings and cattle sheds, which latest comers had built upon the side of the road leading to the mountain pass.

In each protected window-sill lay big round cheeses ripening for winter use, and wood stacked more or less deeply against the lower story, according to the means of the inmates.

Such a village was Sturvis when, on a day of early October, Ursula Grünenfelder stood at her small window, whose hundred casement panes sparkled to the glory of an autumn morning.

Ursula was radiant as the sun himself, for this was the eve of her betrothal. Her abundant figure swayed to and fro before the little mirror which had been Fritz Wachter's gift; her happy eyes saw no distortion of her own fair face in the reflection which its uneven surface gave back to her; and, while she fastened the silver arrow—his latest gift of all—in the firm plaits of her yellow hair, and drew together the last silver chains across her bosom, she thought, "To-morrow, to-morrow! Those long days up in the mountains with the flocks, where my Fritz is not, will be at an end, and no more parting with my love for ever!" Then again drawing the arrow from her hair, she pressed it to her lips, and gazing into it as though to inspire it with life, she said—"If anything in this world could now separate me from Fritz I could not live. Life with him on the bare mountain-side were better for me, than without him to live in the most stately castle. But nothing now can part us; when he returns from Mayenfeld we shall belong to one another for ever!"

> "Were my palace
> Wider than horizon wide,
> It were narrower than an ant's eye
> Were my treasure not inside;
> And an ant's eye, if but there
> My lover, Heaven's horizon were."

Thus thought Ursula as with hopeful gladness she stepped into the sunny kitchen, where her good mother was already at work. Ursula's mother was not at all demonstrative; she held that to labour is both to pray and to love. A long life of constant toil and self-denial had taught her her creed; but on this particular morning she set down the brass jug upon which she was scouring, and, after holding her child at arm's length with an admiring smile, taking the blooming face between her palms, she kissed her with a tenderness that almost alarmed the child; and when she was released Ursula saw tears drop upon her mother's blue apron.

"What grieves you, my mother?" asked she. "Are you not happy that I am to be married to Fritz? We shall not leave you, nor be parted more than the distance that lies between our cottage and the churchyard."

"No, no, my child!" said Madam Grünenfelder quietly. "Only parting is a bad word for mothers, even though it be but for the little distance that you say. But we must be busy," she added; "work I have always found the best cure for melancholy. Come; it is but a foolish old woman who frets to see

her own child happy. We have work before us to last until Fritz returns"—and so saying, she bustled off to fresh scrubbing and polishing.

Through the day mother and daughter busied themselves in preparing the betrothal feast. The sturdy flint-like loaves of rye-bread, from which the family had eaten for weeks past, were stowed away on an upper shelf of the hazel-wood cupboard, making room for wheaten bread of rejoicing; from the upper store-room was brought salted meat, and fresh kid's flesh from the little larder; while clotted milk, in its dish of carved wood, was placed in a warm corner to ripen ready for the feast; for both Ursula and Fritz were favourites of the village, and many a friend had sent an offering for the festival. The wine alone was wanting, and this Fritz had gone over the mountains to Mayenfeld to fetch.

Busily Ursula's fingers worked to give a brightness as of silver to the mugs and cups that hung in rows above the simple sideboard. Spotless was the lace-trimmed cover she set on the little table where lay the family books of devotion; and even as she worked she spoke of him she loved, her mother listening the while with more than divided attention fixed upon the cooking for the morrow.

As the glad sun, taking his autumn course, set early behind the mountain tops, sending the faintest possible blush of pink to those on the other side of the valley, the bright clouds of his setting exchanged their last rosy greeting with the snow, hopeful of to-morrow's rising. Ursula from time to time left her work to step out upon the door flags, and looked to Mayenfeld, each time with a prolonged watching; and even as Fritz's absence made her thoughts more tender, she spoke less, and at last relapsed into silence.

The mother, all too busy in preparing the betrothal feast to note the speech or silence of her daughter, was suddenly arrested in her corner at the fire by a touch on her shoulder, and the half imperious, half beseeching demand from Ursula—

"Where is he, mother? Where is Fritz? Why does he stay so long?"

For is it not to our mothers that we turn, with childhood's confidence in infallibility revived, when, no longer children, we find life's burden as overpowering as childhood's griefs have been?

"Have no fear, child," said the mother, for a time leaving her absorbing duties. "Fritz has found some friends at Mayenfeld, who may have returned with him by the longer road on the mountain; he must be here before long. You have overtired yourself while I have been busy with the cooking. Go and rest awhile on your bed, and prepare yourself for his coming."

But while she spoke reassuringly the mother caught something of the agonised fear that had as by a terrible inspiration spread over her child's face. What if amongst the mountains the snow had fallen so thickly as to hide the pathways? What if, like the lover of her own girlhood, Fritz were lost upon the mountains? Persuaded as she was by her experience that the season was not sufficiently far advanced to justify such a dread, she strove in vain to reason with it.

Mother and daughter looked each into the eyes of each. The years between them were swept away; each knew the other as she had never known before.

"Mother," said Ursula, with a chilling calm in her voice, "Fritz has lost his way—I feel it—I am sure of it—I know it!" Sobbing, the poor child laid her head on her mother's shoulder, shuddering with grief.

Drawing Ursula quietly to the well-worn leather seat beside the stove, where she and Fritz so often sat hand-in-hand, Madam Grünenfelder sought in vain for words of comfort; but when fear had reached her own mind there was no longer the true ring of reassurance in what she said. Ursula, with a far-away fixed stare, was taking heed only of realities.

She rose.

"There is yet light behind the near mountains. I will go, and that now," she said, with the calm that comes to strong and loving natures when the choice lies between utter prostration and the summing-up of a mighty effort. Then the beautiful girl rose fearless and commanding in the courage of love. Grasping her head between her hands, as though to keep the poor brain from tottering while looking out upon the fast-advancing darkness, and summing up the cool judgment of age—for years are born of sorrow in a moment—"No, not now," she said; "I have but time to reach the ravine by nightfall, and then if I were lost I should bring grief to Fritz. No; I will start with daylight, and will take food for him with me—that will be wise; and Fritz likes me to be wise."

Thus the mother's fears were calmed a little.

"Yes, my child," she said, "wait till the morning—then we must without doubt have news of Fritz. If the wind has threatened a snowstorm he will sleep at Mayenfeld to-night, at the house of our good friend the wine grower, as he has often done before. Our Fritz has watched the clouds among the mountains too many years to venture rashly on the road; nevertheless we will not put the shutters up, for when he returns late he likes to see the lamp shining from far—he has often told me that." The old woman then carefully set the little lamp in the window-sill, where fitful gusts blew its flame from right to left, and returned to her place by the stove, saying, as she gathered up a heap of knitting, "I will finish the lad's vest while I wait for him."

And ever and again, over her horn spectacles, she watched Ursula moving restlessly about, until, seating herself at the little casement, the maiden with straining eyes looked up the mountains to Mayenfeld. Only the embers falling apart in the stove broke the silence; no step moved outside. At last, unconscious of how long she had sat engrossed, a chill crept over Ursula, and turning to her mother she said—

"Mother, I am cold." But the old woman's knitting had fallen from her hand and lay at her feet. Worn out with the day's work, sleep had taken her with him to forget for a while even her child. Ursula's teeth chattered as she crept close to her mother's side for warmth; her hands shook as with age while she cowered up to the stove and watched the embers die. She sat waiting, waiting; great pulses seemed ticking all around, keeping pace with the steady thuddings of her own heart. The hands of the Dutch clock, guided by a cruel indifference, refused to be hurried.

"Be the day ever so long, at length it ringeth to evensong," Fritz had often said to her, when the parting of a few weeks had seemed enough cause for tears. Now she repeated the words to herself, but they had lost their meaning; real grief had come too near for her to see anything beyond it.

The chill of early dawn crept through the fireless room, and leaves began to rustle to the stirring wind.

Ursula drew her arm gently from her mother's knee, and, kissing the rugged hand before tenderly covering it with a shawl, crept to the door. There was just morning light enough to hope by; all thoughts but of her lover were worn away by the night's watch. Drawing her hooded cloak closely over her, Ursula left her home.

The stillness of dawn gave way to sunrise, and to-day, as she walked on, leaving the village, she steadily ascended the zigzag mountain cutting. The slopes in sheltered spots were still sprinkled with pale amethyst crocus. Men and women as she passed were already cutting grass and raking it together with a touching eagerness, as though storing up a little sunshine to hoard for the long cheerless winter which, though late, was surely coming. Up the perpendicular mountain's sides they stood, shaving it close as newly-shorn sheep, nor noticed Ursula and her sorrow.

Beyond ruddy slopes towered the snow mountains, severed from their summits by a cloud of gilded white. The mountain torrent in the distance looked like a motionless white thread. The bells of adventurous cows went tinkle, tinkle, as they scrambled to precipitous rocks for grass, apparently no better than that to be found in the level and far more cow-like plain. Perhaps, like men and women, they had their reasons, and cared for elevated position, even though it entailed some danger, and offered no better grazing; who shall say? As the day wore on, the distant mountains' tarnished sulphur colour reflected the full afternoon sun; the patient peat-gatherers rose and trudged on their way not uncontented. All, after the day's labours, found home and rest; but Ursula never stayed. Toiling up hill and hastening down she went hour by hour, until under a wayside crucifix she sat down.

The day was done; the sun had now long set, and no moon shone. There was only enough of light in the sky to reveal how the heavy clouds were being hurried along, as by a relentless doom pursuing them;—all nature seemed angry.

Ursula was nearing the region of unmelting snow.

The highest peaks around looking to Mayenfeld knew the secret she had come to solve; Fritz's fate and hers lay open to their summits. Ursula looked to them, but they in their spotless white were without pity. Turning to the silent outstretched figure above her, the girl gave one life-beseeching look, and tears for the first time thawed her icy grief. Worn out with fierce and silent pain, the tired head drooped upon her breast; the clouds hurried on above, regardless as the earth of human suffering. Ursula's feet sank into the snow, and she lost count of time and sorrow in sleep.

She awoke drawing her cloak about her in a dream of home before pain entered it, Fritz sitting at her side and toying with her plaits, as he was wont to do. Raising her hand to her head, the arrow's point pierced her finger, opening the floodgates of memory. She shuddered, looked round as for a lurking enemy, and reeled to her feet, walking hurriedly forward. She yet knew not where or why, but that the road to Fritz lay always beyond. The night was far spent; behind her lay the pine trees; on one side the snow-covered glacier; on the other the road cut in the mountain side, with its precipice, sightless to its depths even in daylight, and there rushed the angry river.

Ursula stumbled on.

Despair was steadily laying his iron hand upon her. Amidst snow and darkness she wandered aimlessly. At first she called Fritz's name aloud; but terrified by the stillness that in its silence answered her, she crept on, fearing her own muffled footsteps.

Some shadowed form rose out of the snow before her, a great rock in a weary land.

Stupefied with cold and hunger, frozen at the heart with sorrow, Ursula fell noiselessly beside it.

When morning dawned all peace and beauty, that cruel rock (cruel as the separator of friends) remorselessly revealed its horrid secret.

On one side lay Ursula, her golden hair unfastened, the silver arrow fallen into her bosom; on the other, faithful Fritz, his betrothal burden by his side. Lost on the mountains both, and in death undivided, although they knew it not.

SLEEP, PRETTY BABE!

SLEEP, sleep, O pretty babe!
Close awhile thy laughing eyes!
Sleep, and rest, for in the West
Golden daylight fades and dies!
Sleep, sleep, until the morn
Spreads the dewy meadows o'er,
And the sunbeams earth adorn,
Bringing beauty as before!
Sleep, pretty babe, sleep!

Sleep, sleep, O pretty babe!
To their nests the birdies wing,
And their song the trees among
They awhile have ceased to sing!
Flow'rets now their petals close,
Hide their colours bright and gay,
Seeking well-deserved repose,
Till the dawning of the day!
Sleep, pretty babe, sleep!

Sleep, sleep, O pretty babe!
Mother keeps a watch o'er thee!
By thy side, till day has died,
Near thee she will ever be!
May the angels, fair and bright,
Now descend from regions blest,
Guarding thee throughout the night
Whilst thine eyes are closed in rest!

EDWARD OXENFORD.

THE DIAMOND STAR

BY E. NESBIT.

ONCE upon a time there was a little shepherd boy who used to keep sheep beside a beautiful river. His mother and father lived in a little wooden house; they were very poor, and often had not enough to eat, and they never got any richer, because whenever they had anything they were always ready to share it with the first beggar or tramp who came along. The tramps and beggars were very grateful, certainly; but though gratitude is a very nice thing, it is not marketable—that is, it will not bring in any money. So little Lubin had to keep sheep instead of going to school. He was very happy, because he was so fond of the river; he used to sit for hours beside the wide white weir, listening to the rush of the waters, and the whisper-whisper of the black poplar trees, and the notes of the reed-chat and the sedge-warbler; but always it was the water's song he loved best, and it grew to seem to him like a dear voice singing a song that he could just not catch the words of.

One day he was lying on the edge of the pasture where the kingcups grew with their thick stems in the water, and looking across the weir to the big meadow flaming with buttercups and "love-lies-bleeding," when he thought he saw something move under the flowering May bush above the weir. It was not a water-rat—it was too big for that; besides, it was white.

He ran to the May bush and lay, face downward, on the river's brink, and peered through the May bush. He held his breath, and well he might, for there, quite plainly to be seen, was a lady with white arms and the loveliest, dearest, kindest face in the world!

She was in the water, holding herself up by the May bush. Her gown was of green water-weeds, trimmed with the white foam from the weir, and she had round yellow kingcup-buds round her neck for a necklace, and a girdle of white water-lilies; and her yellow hair was crowned with forget-me-nots.

And as Lubin looked through the branches she smiled at him and spoke; and her smile was like sunshine, and her voice was the voice he had always heard singing; but now he could catch the words.

"Come with me, Lubin; come with me, and see the beautiful place where I live."

And Lupin said—

"Will you take me?"

"Yes, if you are not afraid. Run round and jump off the bridge; I will catch you. Are you afraid?"

He looked straight into the good gray eyes of that beautiful lady, and he said—

"No—I am not afraid of anything you tell me."

With that he jumped up and ran round to the bridge. He looked down; there was nothing to be seen but his own face and the blue sky and white sailing clouds, reflected in the water. He waited a moment to give the lady time to get there. Still she did not appear.

"Well, she said I was to jump, so here goes."

And he took a brave header into the still, smooth stream.

Two white arms caught him and drew him under. People can't breathe under water? Well, perhaps you and I couldn't, but Lubin did. You see, he had a fairy to help him.

The water-fairy took him down, down, to the bottom of the river. He expected to find it all mud, as he did when he bathed; but no, all the bed of the river was of fine golden sand, with clean green weeds growing up straight and bright; fishes swimming in and out among them like children playing in a shrubbery; and the banks were of golden sandstone, and in one of the banks Lubin spied a door.

"What is that?" said he.

"That is the place where everyone is happy," said the water-fairy. "Would you like a peep?"

She opened the door. There was an inner door of glass, and through it Lubin could see a most lovely garden—not a water garden, but a garden with roses and lilies and all beautiful flowers. And he saw many people there, all dressed in soft pretty colours; some were playing and dancing, others were singing, and some were just walking hand in hand looking into each other's eyes. Lubin could see how happy they all were.

"Mayn't I go in?" he said.

"Not yet," the fairy answered. "No one can go into that garden who has not a diamond star. Just a diamond star is enough, though if it has a ruby in the middle so much the better."

"But I can never get a diamond star," said Lubin sadly.

"You might *try*," the water-lady said, and closed the door. As she did so Lubin saw some one in white coming through the garden towards them.

It was a woman, and when she held out her arms Lubin thought she looked very like his mother.

"SLEEP, PRETTY BABE!"

Come," said the beautiful river-lady, and she led him back along the gold-sanded bed of the river till they could see the white foam of the weir over their heads. Then they came up—just under the white May bush.

"Shut your eyes," said the water-lady, taking Lubin in her soft arms; and, directly his eyes were shut, a sweet scent came to him—like May flowers and sun-warmed hay and honey, and he longed for nothing so much as to sleep; and sleep he did, and never woke till the sun was going down behind the alders, and all his sheep were crowding round him and asking him in the best way they could why he didn't take them home.

He went home, longing to tell his father and mother all about the water-fairy and the happy garden; but when he got home he found the little wooden house burned down. There had been an old tramp-woman sharing the midday meal, and in saving her, Lubin's father and mother had lost their lives.

When they were laid in the green churchyard, Lubin set out into the world to seek his fortune; he could not stay there now they were gone. Very sadly he went, for he felt that even the beautiful garden would not seem much worth having, since his father and mother lay under the turf. And yet—he remembered that in that beautiful garden he had seen someone with his mother's eyes, so he determined to try his best to win the diamond star. He had nothing belonging to him but his shepherd's crook.

As he walked wearily along the road, wondering in what part of the world he was most likely to find diamonds, he met an old man.

"Good-day," he said.

"Good-day," said the old man. He was very old, very ragged, very dusty.

"Where are you going?" asked Lubin.

"I'm after work," the old man answered. "But I've no crook; and no one will take a shepherd without a crook."

"Take mine," said Lubin at once.

The old man cried with pleasure at the gift.

"God bless you," he said, "and good luck go with you!"

Good luck did go with Lubin. He got a place on another farm and rose to be head shepherd; and he saved up quite a lot of money—almost enough, he thought, to buy the diamond star.

One day he was walking alone, thinking of his father and mother and of the beautiful river-lady, and looking at his gold, which he carried in a little bag, when he came upon a young woman sitting beside the road. She was very ragged and dusty, her face was pale and sad, and on her knee she was nursing a little, thin, white-faced baby.

"Good-day," said Lubin. "What is the matter?"

The woman turned her sad eyes on him.

"We are hungry," she said, "and ill, and my husband is sick of fever; and to-morrow if the rent is not paid the landlord will turn us out. But what's that to you? Enjoy your life as young folk should, and let me be."

Lubin sat down beside her and pulled out his bag of gold.

"You shall have all my money," he said. "So go and pay the rent and get good things for your husband."

The poor woman jumped up, and fell at Lubin's feet, covering his hands with kisses and tears. She could not speak, and Lubin himself had a lump in his throat which made it difficult for him to say anything. But if he cried it was not for sorrow.

So he went back to the farm happy and penniless, and set to work to try and save some more money for the diamond star. But he never could save much, because whenever he had any he always gave it away to anyone he met who seemed to need it.

One day the farmer said, "Come up to the farm at noon to-morrow, and you will see my brother. He wants a young man like you for a partner; and if he takes a fancy to you your fortune is made."

Lubin set out for the farm; but in the hayfield by the way he found a woman crying bitterly, and he stopped and asked her what was the matter.

"I have lost my son, my dear son; he was about your age, and now there is no one in the world to love me."

Lubin thought of his own mother; and he put his arms round the woman's neck, and said—

"I have lost my mother," and laid his face against hers. Then he kissed her, and said, "Is there anything I can do for you, dear."

"Nothing but what you have done," answered the woman, crying softly now with his hand in hers. "A little love makes all the difference."

"I will love you always," said Lubin.

He took her home to his cottage; but he had missed seeing the farmer's brother, and had to go on being a shepherd. And he tended the woman and cared for her and kept her till she died, and never thought of the diamond star.

But when she was dead the old longing came back, and he said to the farmer—

"I must try my chance elsewhere."

So away he went. He walked all day, and as dusk was falling he came upon a little child, who sat crying by the wayside.

"What's wrong?" asked Lubin.

"I'm tired," answered the little one, "and I'm afraid to go through the wood alone."

"Come along," said Lubin cheerily, though he was very tired himself; and he picked up the child and carried it through the wood.

He dried its eyes and laughed and talked with it; and by-and-by the little one told him how it lived just the other side of the wood. Presently Lubin could carry it no further; but it was rested, and they walked on side by side.

It grew dark, and at the end of the straight path shone a warm welcoming light.

"That's our house," said the child. "Mother always puts a light in the window for father to see when he comes from work. Do you know," it went on, "why I was so afraid, going through the wood alone?"

"No—why?"

"There is a wolf in the wood—only one—a very fierce one. They have tried to kill him; and once they cut off one of his feet; but—— Ah——!"

It was a scream of fright. From the covert three yards ahead shone two spots of green fire—the wolf's eyes! And home so near!

The child clung to Lubin, and both stood still. The wolf was lame—true—but Lubin could not run fast enough with the child in his arms to escape even from a lame wolf.

"Could you run home," said Lubin softly, "if I *held* the wolf?"

"Yes," answered the child, clinging closely to him; "but you——"

"I shall come to no harm. Wait till I tell you, and then run."

They walked forward; the wolf bounded out and sprang towards them. Lubin caught the great gaunt gray beast in his arms and held it.

"Now run," he cried, "and send help;" and the child ran.

The struggle with the wolf was very fierce and long, and before any help came Lubin felt that this was death. His strength seemed ebbing away from the wound in his shoulder, where the wolf's teeth were still fixed.

"But the child's safe," he said to himself, and lost sense of where he was altogether.

When he opened his eyes someone was bending over him.

"You?" he said, a great joy filling his heart as he saw the good gray eyes of the fair river-lady.

"Yes," she answered with a smile that made up for all the sorrows of all his life. "Come with me."

She put her arm over his shoulder, and all the pain went out of his wounds. She led him to the river-side, through the same fields, he noticed wondering, in which he had kept his sheep long ago. She led him through the buttercups to the spot by the weir where the white May bush shone like silver. "Will you come?" she asked once more. "Are you afraid?"

And he answered as before—

"I am afraid of nothing that you tell me to do."

And when he plunged off the bridge she caught him in her arms, and carried him down, down, along the gold-sanded bed of the river to the golden door.

"Now," said the river-fairy, smiling at him like sweet sunshine, "would you like to come in?"

Then the failure of all his life came over him, and he burst into tears, and threw himself on the gold sand, crying—

"No, no, I can never go in. I have lost my chance. I have not found the diamond star."

The river-lady raised him gently.

"What is this in your hand?" said she.

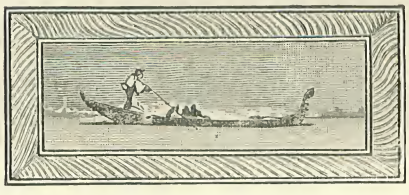
He opened his hand—and there lay a diamond star, so bright that Lubin's eyes could hardly bear to look at it.

"But it is not mine," he said sadly.

"Yours, and yours only," the river-lady answered. "The diamonds are the most precious in the world; they are the tears of love and gratitude that have fallen on that kindly hand; and the ruby is your own heart's blood, that you gave for the child."

So Lubin entered in at the golden gates, and lo! there were his father and his mother, each with a diamond star; nor was the central ruby lacking.

"You know," the river-lady explained, "they too gave their lives for others; and the ruby is their hearts' good blood."



CHRISTMAS POULTRY AND GAME, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

THERE are many persons who regard poultry and game, but especially the latter, as expensive luxuries, that should be indulged in only at rare intervals or on special occasions. Of all great occasions there are none equal in importance to the present. Of all birthdays that we celebrate none can compare with *the* birthday. Of all feasts that we keep, how do they sink to insignificance when contrasted with *the* feast! When, too, we cast our eyes over the world, and remember that this day all nations, peoples, and tongues unite in homage and praise to One Who, meek and lowly, 1900 years ago, first preached the gospel of mercy and compassion, love and forgiveness of sins, who can doubt the divinity of the Author and Founder of the feast?

There are other persons who consider either poultry or game as necessary to their daily dinner, and who order them regardless of the variation in price which they undergo at different seasons of the year. For instance, a couple of chickens, weighing a little over a pound each, will cost more in early spring than a couple of substantial fowls weighing, perhaps, four pounds each, would in July or August. Early spring chickens are undoubtedly expensive luxuries, and so are grouse at 12s. a brace. On the other hand, a couple of fowls, weighing, perhaps, eight pounds, if they can be bought at 6s. a couple, are as cheap, if not cheaper, than butcher's meat, especially if we take into account the very important use to which the bones of the fowls can be applied. Game also varies considerably in price, especially in very hot weather, when there is a large supply, and the danger of the game getting too high if not sold off quickly; and we must also take into account the increased importation of foreign game from Russia, Norway, and even America.

Probably the two standard dishes at the present season are the humble goose and the patrician turkey. How many a poor family there is to whom poultry, like Christmas, comes but once a year!

At the season of Christmas there is an enormous demand for geese; and, thanks to Free Trade and the laws of supply and demand, the supply is equal to the occasion. Hundreds of thousands of geese are sent over from the Continent, and can be bought at times as cheap as 6d. per pound; and many a poor household, like Bob Cratchet's of old, are enabled to "make merry with the goose," while no doubt the children, like his, get steeped in sage and onion up to their eyebrows. We will commence our few practical hints on poultry and game by giving a few words of advice on "How to cook the poor man's goose," more especially as there is an old saying that a goose is too much for two but not enough for three. If there is any truth in this, it is certainly very important to know how, in cooking the goose, to make the most of it. And the difficulty increases somewhat as, practically, too often many persons are dependent upon the baker's oven. Besides, there are many of our readers who would gladly advise their poorer brethren how to improve their Christmas dinner if they only knew how, notwithstanding the fact that the poor too often resent any interference in their domestic arrangements, never mind how kindly or how wisely such advice may be given.

The poor man's goose is generally sent to the bakehouse as follows: — The goose is placed, just as it is, in the middle of a large tin, and a heap of sage and onions is placed on one side and potatoes peeled and cut up for baking on the other. The idea of placing the sage and onions inside the goose evidently is an advancement in the art of cooking which they have not yet reached. First, a few words on the sage and onion stuffing. It is not every one, perhaps, that is aware of the fact that French cooks, who are generally, and justly, supposed to be superior to the English, differ altogether in their ideas of sage and onion stuffing from our own cooks. In England it is customary to make our sage and onion stuffing as follows. Supposing we have a large goose, we should take, say, six good-sized onions, parboil them till they are nearly tender, and then chop them up fine with either six fresh sage leaves or twelve dried, the allowance being one fresh leaf or two dried to each onion. In addition to this, we should add a tablespoonful of dried breadcrumbs to each onion, and a little pepper and salt. Some cooks add an egg. The whole of this stuffing is put inside the carcase of the goose, and is of course securely fastened in with a skewer or string, and roasted with it. If a Frenchman were going to stuff a goose, he would take, say, six onions, but would add nearly twenty times the quantity of sage. In France the proportion is in quantity three-parts onion and one part sage. The sage leaves are parboiled for a couple of minutes, and then stewed with the onions in a little butter. Those who have ever eaten ducks or geese abroad—in France—will probably remember that the sage entirely overpowered every other flavour, and the stuffing resembled in appearance dark spinach. Of course this variation of stuffing is entirely a matter of taste, and perhaps some persons may be disposed to try the French method as an experiment. There is one thing to be said in its favour. Supposing a duck or goose has been kept in a damp or close larder, and consequently has reached that stage which is generally described by housekeepers as "it ought to be cooked immediately." In this case the French stuffing is very useful. If we wish to make a goose go as far as possible we must have plenty of stuffing, and have the stuffing mild, and we would recommend, in cases where a small goose is cooked for a large family, two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs to every onion instead of one; and in this case we may add a little butter in order to avoid the possibility of the stuffing being too dry.

Another point to be borne in mind, if we wish to make our goose go as far as possible, is to have plenty of apple sauce. This is especially important where there are children, who as a rule enjoy the sage and onion stuffing and the apple sauce more than the meat itself. Boiled potatoes are much more suited to be eaten with goose than baked, and probably it is only amongst quite the poorer classes that baked potatoes are ever served in conjunction with it.

There is always a charm in novelty, and we might ask ourselves the question, "Is there any other method of cooking a goose besides roasting it? We wonder how a goose would taste boiled. It is an experiment we never tried, nor did we ever hear of its being boiled." But the idea provides material for thought. In France it is a very common thing to meet with a goose that has been braised. For this purpose we should require a large oval stew-pan, and in private households an ordinary fish-kettle would answer every purpose. We must first of all take a couple of large onions, half a dozen fresh sage leaves, and a teaspoonful of fresh thyme, or double that quantity of dried thyme, and having parboiled the onions, chop them up very fine first, and mix them all together with the herbs. Many French cooks add rosemary—a teaspoonful will be enough; add about half a grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt. We then stew these onions and herbs in about a couple of ounces of butter for about ten minutes. You then place this in, say, the fish-kettle, with half a pound of butter, a small handful of parsley, a small head of celery cut up, and a carrot sliced. Add a quarter of a pint of sherry, and place the goose in the fish-kettle; put on the lid (which ought to fit very tight), and let it what is called braise for nearly two hours. The goose must be turned from time to time over and over, in order that it may acquire a good colour. When the goose is thoroughly cooked, if any portions lack colour, the light coloured parts may be browned with a salamander or red-hot shovel. Next take a pint of good stock or gravy and throw it into the fish-kettle, and let it boil up, and scrape off all the brown sediment that may have collected on the sides and bottom of the fish-kettle, exactly in the same way that we pour boiling water into a tin that has roasted a large joint of meat in order to make the gravy. This very rich gravy must now be poured off, strained, skimmed, and thickened with a little brown roux or browned flour. Some must be poured over the goose, and the rest served separately in a tureen. The goose is generally sent to table with a border of glazed turnips or glazed onions, and in Italy small heaps of boiled macaroni are placed between each. A goose cooked this way is extremely nice. Foreign geese are much coarser, but fortunately much cheaper, than English ones. The fumes arising from the herbs and wine impregnate the meat, and render it exceedingly nice. A very cheap common wine is quite good

enough for the purpose. It is a good plan to put a heavy weight on the lid of the fish-kettle, though of course a long oval braising pan is still better adapted for the purpose, as in that case when used abroad they always put hot charcoal on the lid.

In Belgium, when a goose has been braised in this manner, and some of the rich bright gravy poured over it, it is sent to table surrounded by a border of glazed vegetables such as turnips, onions, carrots, and Brussels sprouts.

Glazed vegetables make a very pretty border to a variety of dishes, but there are many English cooks who do not even know what glazed vegetables mean. To make glaze for vegetables is so simple and so cheap, that we would strongly recommend a trial, especially at the present season of the year, when it is customary to indulge in a little extra hospitality. What we want is a little gelatine and a little caramel. Caramel, as you probably know, is burnt sugar dissolved in water, and should be of the consistency of treacle. It is a great saving of both time and trouble to buy a small bottle for eightpence, which will probably last you for months. It is sold by grocers under the somewhat grand name of Parisian Essence. To make glaze, all we have to do is to open a packet of gelatine and put a large pinch into a tea-cup—we will say half a tea-cup. Now pour sufficient water over the gelatine to rather more than cover it. Let this stand, and in about an hour's time the gelatine will swell and absorb the water, and the cup will appear nearly full. Put the cup in the oven, and in five or ten minutes we shall have rather more than half a cupful of what looks like white glue. Add about half a teaspoonful of Parisian Essence, or caramel, and stir it up, and we have what looks like dark, old-fashioned treacle, very nearly black. Suppose you have some young carrots, turnips, or Brussels sprouts, drained off from the boiling water and quite dry; dip a paste brush into this glaze, and paint them over. The difference in their appearance is almost magical. You can paint over some small baked onions, and indeed almost any kind of vegetables. A roast turkey can be surrounded by these glazed vegetables, as we shall show by-and-by, in describing that very *récherché* dish, turkey *à la chipolata*. If you have this glaze ready, it is a great improvement to paint the breast of the goose with it, and pour some of the gravy round the base.

In the case of having cold roast fowls for luncheon or supper, it is well worth while to make a little of this glaze in order that they may be properly decorated. Brush the outside of the fowl, and it will assume the appearance of a well-polished Spanish mahogany table. Fill in the crevices with bright green parsley, and put plenty of parsley round the base. A few small red tomatoes, placed on the parsley make the dish look exceedingly pretty.

Supposing we are going to give a little supper party. It is wonderful what a difference half a teacupful of this glaze will make, although it only costs a few pence. Supposing we have a cold tongue, or a piece of cold pressed beef; its appearance, after it is glazed and before, makes all the difference between a dish fitted for a wedding breakfast and a homely one that we may meet with in a cottage; or perhaps a better simile would be, the difference between a plank of mahogany just planed in a carpenter's shop and the top of a well-kept mahogany table.

The Christmas turkey is as standing a dish among the well-to-do classes as the goose is amongst their poorer brethren. In high-class cooking, where expense is no object, few dishes rank higher than the turkey stuffed with truffles *à la chipolata*. It is exceedingly expensive, chiefly on account of the truffles; and in London there are many who, at Christmas time, send over to Paris and have their turkey sent back ready stuffed. The *chipolata* ragoût by which the turkey is surrounded is also somewhat expensive, as, properly speaking, it should contain cockscombs, button mushrooms, truffles, quenelles of forcemeat, besides carrots and turnips cut into pretty shapes, small round balls of streaky bacon, and chestnuts. If we leave out the cockscombs, quenelles, and the truffles, this ragoût ceases to be really expensive, as a tin of mushrooms can now be bought at a, comparatively speaking, trifling cost.

First of all, we must give up stuffing the turkey with truffles; but a very good substitute can be made with chestnuts. A turkey can be stuffed with chestnuts only, but it is better and more customary to mix the chestnuts with some ordinary veal stuffing: half of each is the usual proportion. Suppose we are going to have roast turkey *à la chipolata*, we should want some of the chestnuts whole, to go round the turkey by way of garnish. If the turkey is a large one, we should want, say, six dozen chestnuts, half of which will be required for the stuffing. We must first of all peel the chestnuts; and to do this easily (as otherwise it would be a very long job), put them in a saucepan or stewpan with a little butter, put them on the fire, occasionally shaking the saucepan. In a very short time the peel will come off without any trouble. The chestnuts should then be boiled till tender in a little good stock, and half the quantity taken out and pounded, and mixed with a similar quantity of ordinary veal stuffing. With this we will stuff the turkey. The next point is the ragoût. We shall want a small tin of button mushrooms, and some carrot and turnip. These must be cut into little round balls, about the size of a small walnut. They must be boiled till tender in a little good stock; and we must remember that the stock improves their flavour, while they improve the flavour of the stock. A piece of streaky bacon should also be cut up into round balls, about the same size, and fried brown on the outside. We already have three dozen chestnuts, boiled tender. Some good, rich, brown gravy must be made from the stock in which we have boiled the carrots, etc., and to which should be added the water in the tin of mushrooms. The gravy must be made thick with brown roux, made of a rich dark colour with a few drops of the Parisian Essence, and a wine-glass of sherry should be added to it. A little of this gravy should be poured over the turkey and a little round the base, while the bulk should be served separately in a tureen. The button mushrooms, the chestnuts, the round balls of carrot, turnip, and bacon, should be dipped in the thick bright glaze we have been speaking of. Little heaps of each should be piled up round the dish, so that a little heap of vegetable, either carrot or turnip, is placed alternately right round the dish. Thus a heap of chestnuts, mushrooms, or bacon will always have a little red heap on the one side and a little white heap on the other. The turkey itself should be ornamented with a couple of imitation flowers, one cut out of a carrot and the other from a turnip. These colours will of course match with the colours round the base.

There are many ways of utilising the remains of a cold turkey. Of course the drumsticks can be grilled, and we can have from the remainder minced turkey, in making which we can use up the remains of the gravy, mushrooms, chestnuts, and fried balls of bacon, while the vegetables, carrot and turnip, if any are left, should be placed round the edge. A very nice dish for supper can be made from cold turkey, in the shape of a mayonnaise salad. We will not enter into the details of making an ornamented mayonnaise salad, beyond pointing out the very pretty decoration that can be made if any of the white part of the breast of the turkey is left sufficient to be cut into slices. Cut some thin slices off the white meat of the turkey, and get a few slices of red tongue. Now, with a cutter or knife cut these red and white slices into the shape of a cockscomb, and dip them into the glaze, which should be made rather thinner for the purpose. When they are cold they will be bright and shiny. These should be placed alternately round the base of the mayonnaise salad; the pieces cut off should of course be added to the meat, and placed underneath the lettuces.

In conclusion, a few words on Game. In England, it is customary to serve game plainly roasted, with some good gravy and bread sauce, or fried breadcrumbs, as the case may be. English game is so superior to foreign that we can well afford to do without any accessory to flavour, and trust to the game itself. There is one point worth mentioning in connection with game, and that is, what are we to do with a grouse or brace of pheasants when they are undoubtedly regular old stagers. These very old birds, even if hung a long time, are hardly worth eating, they are so tough. We will suppose we have got an old grouse, too tough to be roasted in the ordinary way; what can we do with it? An old bird like this will make half a gallon of really first-rate game soup, and will well repay the trouble of making. We shall want, say, a couple of pounds of knuckle of veal, or rather more. Chop up the bone of the veal into little pieces, and put it with the veal in a stock-pot with a couple of onions, in which have been stuck half a dozen cloves, a carrot, a turnip (small), and a head of celery (also small). Let all this boil for six or seven hours, and keep adding water, so that the quantity is about half a gallon. In the meanwhile, partially roast the grouse. Now strain off the stock, cut up the grouse into little pieces, and put it in the stock to boil. Do not forget to pour a little of the stock into the tin in which the grouse is roasted, so as to catch the drippings. Let the whole boil till the bones come out quite bare, add a small teaspoonful of aromatic flavouring herbs. These are sold by grocers under the name of herbacious mixture. Now rub the whole of the meat of the grouse through a wire sieve, with the soup, after first removing the dry bones. Thicken the soup with a little brown roux, and add a claret glass of sherry to the soup before sending it to table. This is a far better method of treating old game than trying to keep birds till they are very high in order to get them tender. We may add that game soup should be dark in appearance, and in order to attain this object we can add about a teaspoonful of our Parisian Essence. The thickness of the soup should as much as possible depend upon the meat rubbed through the sieve, and very little roux should be added; in fact, only sufficient to give it consistency. When sent to table in the tureen, whoever helps the soup should bear in mind to give it a stir before each helping, as the meat rubbed through the sieve is a sort of powder, and has a tendency to sink to the bottom of the tureen.

Game soup can be made from partridges, pheasants, and Norwegian grouse. These latter should be kept a long time before being used for the purpose. If game soup is made from hare, or the remains of roast or jugged hare, an exactly similar method should be pursued, including the addition of the aromatic herbs; only, in the case of hare soup it is a great improvement to add a teaspoonful of red currant jelly to every quart of soup. Game soup should not be thick, like pea soup, but of the consistency of ordinary good mock-turtle, as if too much roux is added it overpowers the flavour of the game.

TINY HANDS AND FEET.

My little readers will wonder what one can find to say of those two prominent members—such common things that they are usually passed over altogether; and yet they are the two members of our body which are the most useful of all others to us. Now, if it had been some talk about our manners, or something like that, they might feel an interest in it; but hands and feet, which are so usually commonplace—what is there to say of them that could possibly give pleasure? Well, perhaps few think of them as I sometimes do. I see two velvety hands, so soft and small that a tailor's thimble might easily slip over them; two tiny feet, so helpless that one wonders can they ever belong to one who will in time be a strong man!

I see wee hands that are always throwing down some toy, that nurse so patiently picks up, and little restless feet running here and there and everywhere.

I see a mischievous little hand upsetting mother's work-basket, and little runaway feet hastening away for fear of the gentle chiding. And I see two tiny pale white hands, and wee cold feet, that will run no more, nor be warmed in mother's dear lap again, but will be tenderly laid at rest under the green sod in the quiet churchyard.

Once more I see strong boys' hands, that help their little sisters up, and brave young feet, that take many a step to help the dear mother; and helpless hands that never toiled, and poor useless feet that never walked, and the hard hand that never stayed, but worked steadily on from the early morning till late at night to earn a scanty living; and the tired feet with the ceaseless tread that beg their daily bread from door to door, and are constantly told to move on and on, like poor Joe, till they stop for one long rest, never to move again. I see the soft white hand of the gentle lady, its taper fingers sparkling with gems, yet still so kindly that never a beggar stretches out his grimy hand but to receive a dole from hers; and I see her pretty feet, walking slowly to keep pace with the dear old father who leans so heavily upon her. But of all I ever saw and think most lovingly of, are the poor, weary, misshapen hands and feet of the aged—shrivelled up old hands, tired out old feet, that have borne the burden and heat of the day, and are now, in the shades of the evening, standing on the threshold patiently waiting to be taken to that bright land where great and small, lame and halt, rich and poor, rest alike from their labour. I could go on and on, my dears, but I should only tire you; but I will just add, that I hope every little hand that rests upon this page will find some trifling labour of love to show their goodwill to men this beautiful Christmas morning; and I trust many little feet will follow the sweet sounds of the Christmas bells, and go to join in the praises of Jesus Christ, who was once a child like you, and who was born upon that day.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

By the Rev. WILLIAM COWAN, M.A.

Ah! how sweet the words came ringing
On the evening air to me,
From the village children singing,
"Nearer, dearest Lord, to Thee."
In my eyes the tear-drops glistened
In the mystic twilight dim,
And I thought as I there listened—
Do they bring them nearer Him?

That sweet song myself had often
Sung, when I was sad and lone;
And the sadness then would soften,
And the loneliness be gone.
Nearer Thee—how sweet the feeling
Which it gives, whate'er betide!
Nearer Thee, when I am kneeling
Sheltered at Thy bleeding side.

Nearer Thee when Love, descending,
Falls in blessing on my head;
Nearer Thee when I am tending
Old and helpless towards the dead.
Nearer Thee in joy and sorrow,
When the lights and shadows fall,
Now and in that great to-morrow,
When Thou shalt be All in All.

OLD DADDY CHRISTMAS.

A MUSICAL ALLEGORY.

Written and Composed by HERBERT HARRADEN.

Characters:

FATHER CHRISTMAS.
THE FAIRY PLEASURE.
THE FAIRY DISCONTENT.

Introduction:

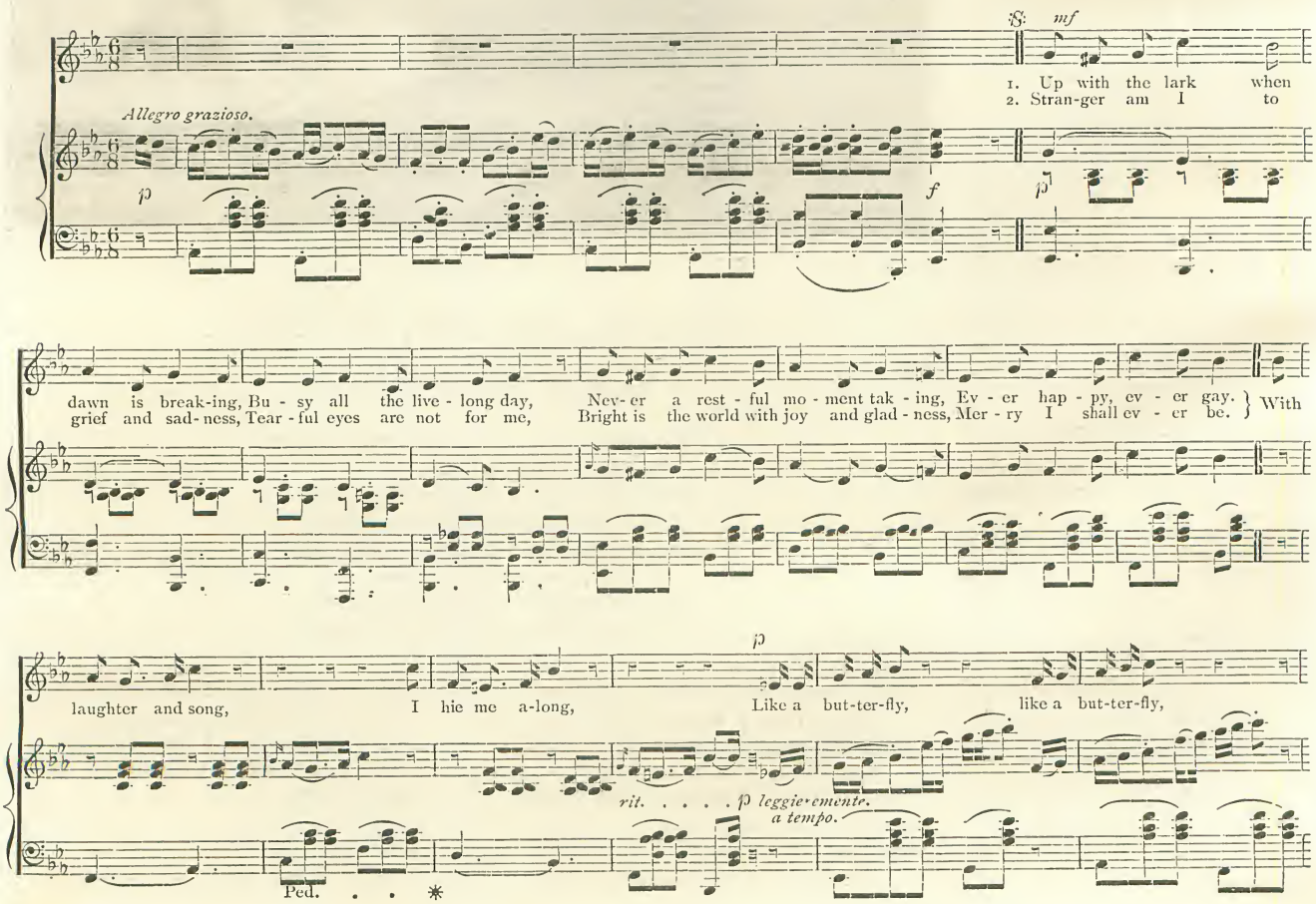
Play the accompaniment of No. 3 for the Introduction.

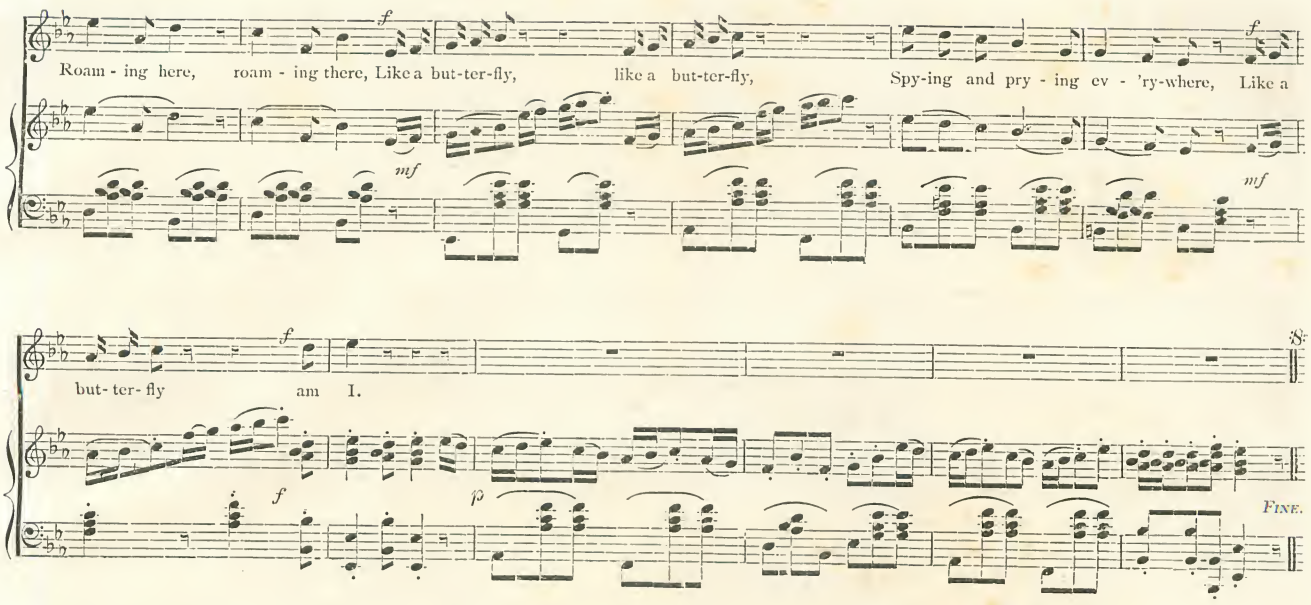
Scene: Father Christmas's Home.

PLEASURE (*without*). Daddy, Daddy, old Daddy Christmas! (*She enters.*) Now, old Lazy-bones, I can see you! You're hiding somewhere. Really, old people are very trying, and they do indulge themselves, so unlike the young people. It can't be that you're tired, Daddy; I can't swallow such an excuse as that, for you've had a whole year's rest, and I'm sure that's long enough for anybody. Why, you must be quite tired of doing nothing, you pampered old thing! Daddy, Daddy!—No, he isn't here, after all. And yet, he knew I was coming; for he always expects me at this season. It's too bad of him to keep me waiting. But that's just like the men, they always keep the ladies waiting, whereas the ladies never keep the men waiting, at least, not for long, for never more than two hours at a stretch. Well! I mustn't be cross with the dear old fellow, for while I am waiting, I can impart in a song a little information on a very interesting subject—myself. I don't set up for being a "Patti"—I don't mean an oyster patty, or a meat patty, or a lobster patty: I mean an Adelina Patti—but I took a school prize for singing (there was only one in the class—me!); also, by the way, a prize for grammar (also only one in the class,—me again!); so, of course, there is not a doubt to be cast on my musical abilities.

No. 1. LIKE A BUTTERFLY.

SOLO—(PLEASURE).





PLEASURE. Daddy hasn't come yet. What *can* I do now to fill up the time? I wish I had brought my crochet with me, for then I could have finished that egg-cosy I began at the Monday "Pops" last season . . . . (*symphony of Discontent's song heard*). Hulloa! (*looking off*) Who's this? What a cheerful-looking individual!

Enter DISCONTENT.

DISCONTENT. Now, young woman, where's your master?

PLEASURE. My master? What do you mean, Merry-face?

DISCONTENT. Insolence! But that's all one can expect fron a housemaid—tricked out in that way too like a may-pole!

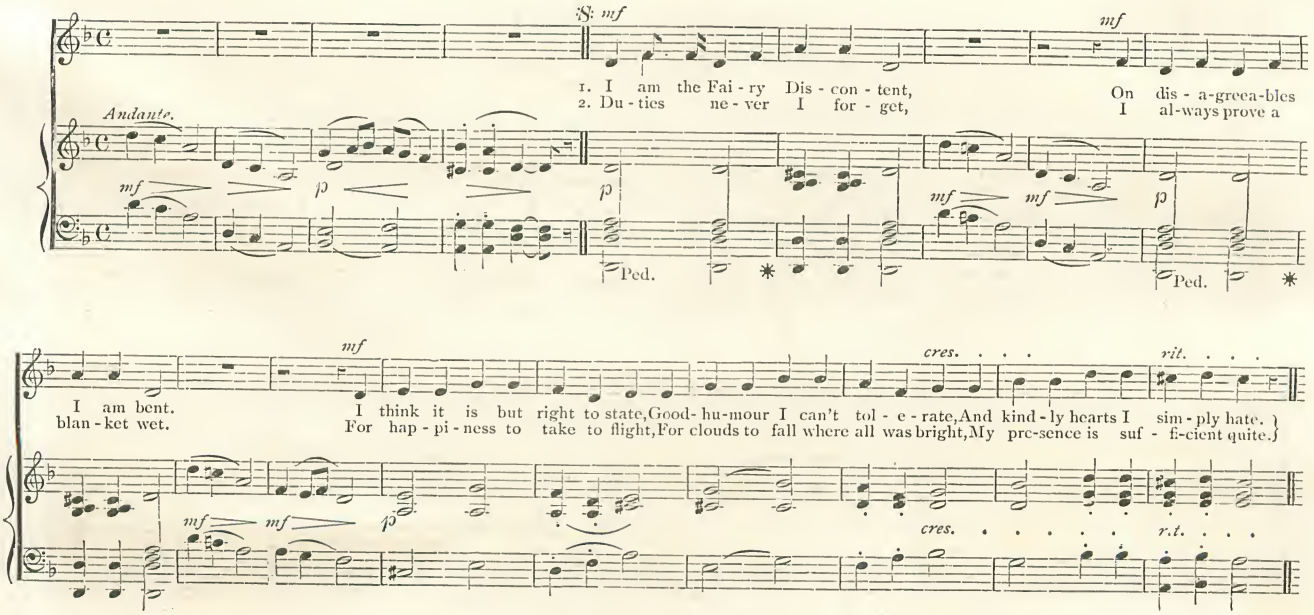
PLEASURE. Who's a housemaid?

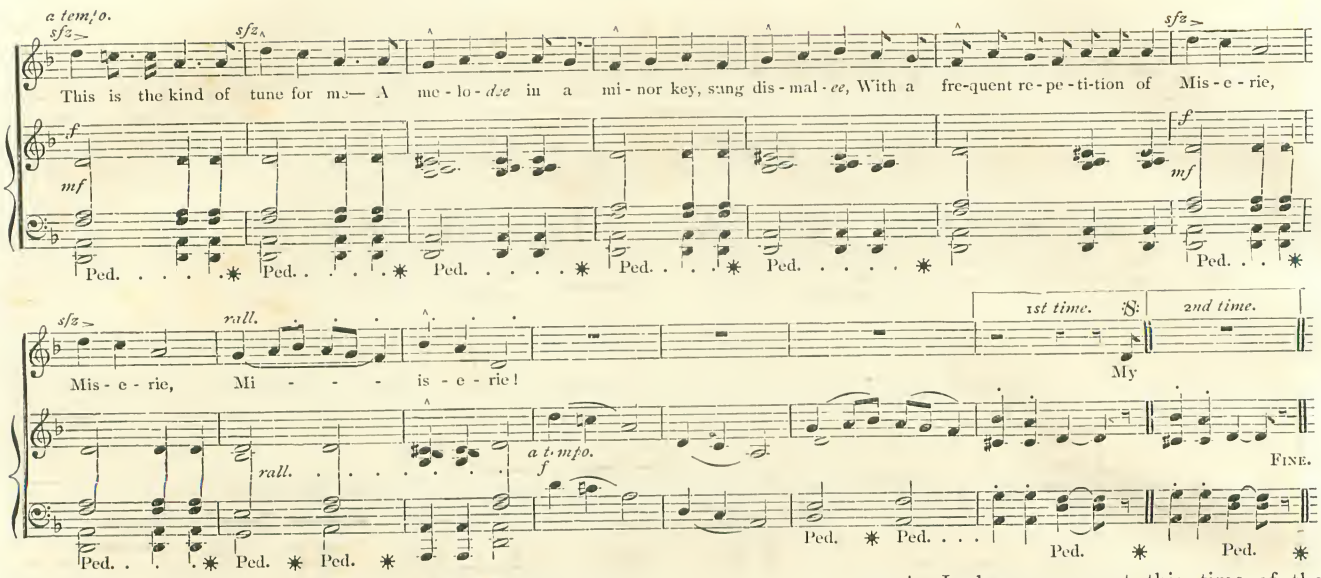
DISCONTENT. Why, you! Tell your master I am here. Quick Go about your business!

PLEASURE (*drawing herself up*). I am the Fairy Pleasure and how can pleasure have *any* business, should like to know. And who are you pray?

No. 2. MISERIE!

SOLO—(DISCONTENT).





PLEASURE. Extremely interesting! What a joyous nature you must have! And how invaluable you would be in restoring happiness to an unhappy household! I should think the song, with which you have so delighted me, must be the identical consecution of musical phrases which caused the defunction of the antiquated female quadruped, that supplies the lacteal fluid for the "cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

DISCONTENT. *What?* I don't understand you!

PLEASURE. Don't you? Then you must be below the very lowest standard. I should have been more than understood by the baby-class at the Board School. Well! to use language suited to your mental capacity, I should think that your song is the same tune the old cow died of!

DISCONTENT. Insolence!

PLEASURE. Now, I should like to know what you have come here for? Who wants you? I'm sure we don't.

DISCONTENT. Who's "we"?

PLEASURE. Why, old Daddy Christmas and myself, to be sure! I always come at this time of the year to take him out.

DISCONTENT. And *I* have come to persuade him to stop in. Why should there always be smiles and happiness and merriment associated with this frivolous old man? He is 1891, and certainly, frowns and unhappiness and sulkiness would be much more becoming to him, at his time of life.

PLEASURE. Shame on you for such words! Even the poorest of the poor look out for Daddy's cheery face; and as the sad months drag on towards December, all sad hearts grow less sad, for the whole world knows that dear old Daddy Christmas is near at hand.

DISCONTENT. Well, they shan't see him this year, if I have anything to do with it.

PLEASURE. And I say that they *shall* see him.

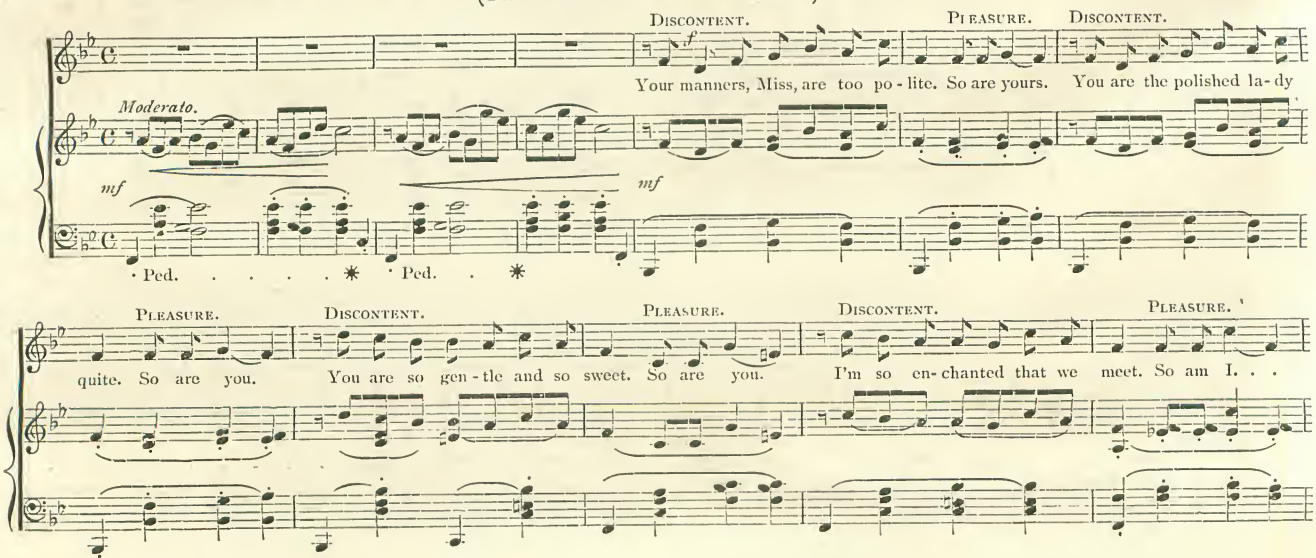
DISCONTENT. We'll see!

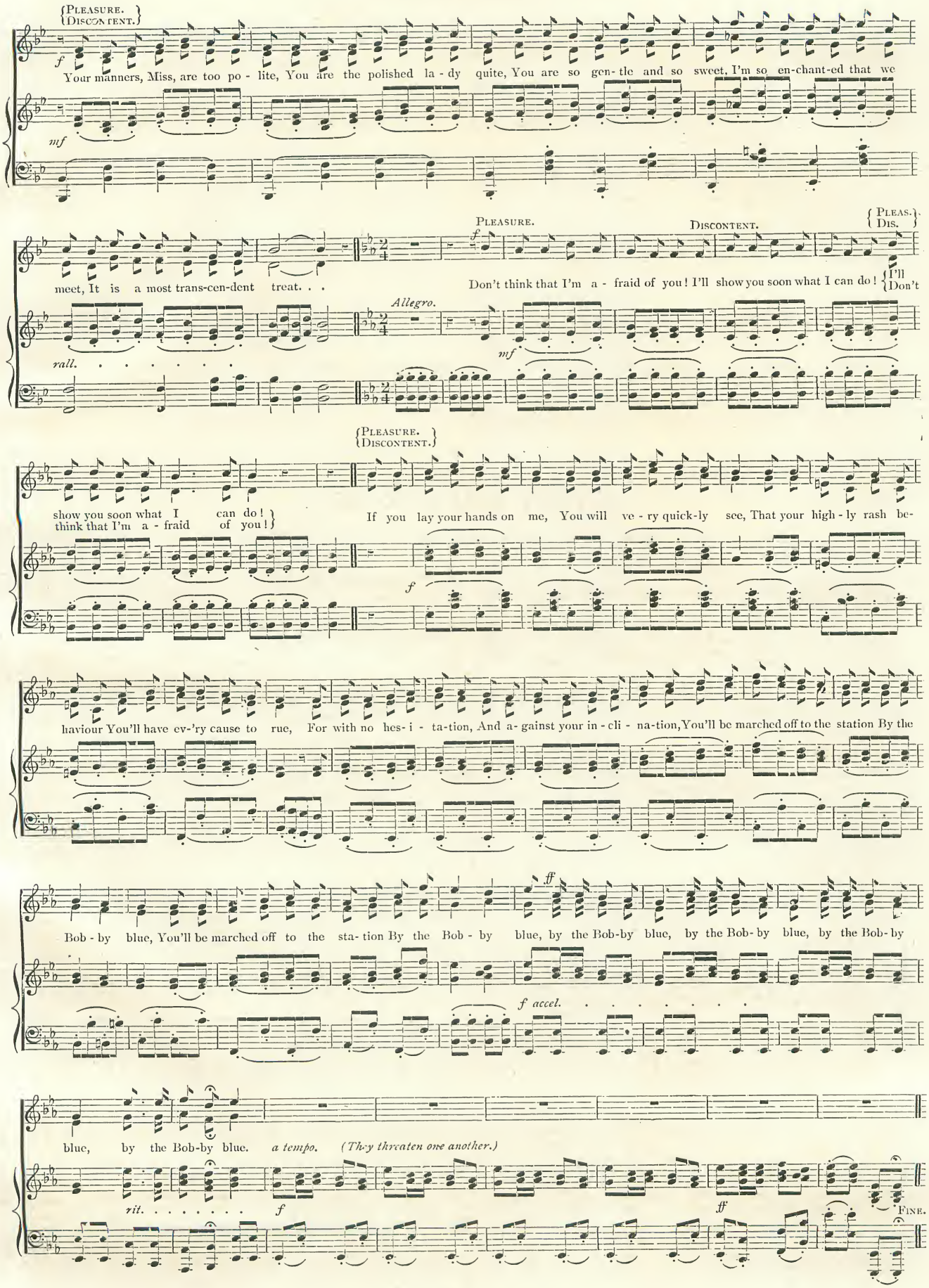
PLEASURE. You're a horrid-minded, disagreeable, ugly, frowning old frump!

DISCONTENT. And as for you—you're a conceited little upstart of a shrimp.

No. 3. QUARREL DUET.

(PLEASURE AND DISCONTENT.)




{Pleasure. Discontent.}
f
Your manners, Miss, are too po - lite, You are the polished la - dy quite, You are so gen - tle and so sweet, I'm so en-chant-ed that we
mf
Pleasure.
Discontent.
{Pleas. Dis.}
meet, It is a most trans-cen-dent treat. . .
Don't think that I'm a - fraid of you! I'll show you soon what I can do!
{I'll Don't
Allegro.
rall.
mf
{Pleasure. Discontent.}
show you soon what I can do!
think that I'm a - fraid of you!
If you lay your hands on me, You will ve - ry quick-ly see, That your high - ly rash be-
f
haviour You'll have ev-'ry cause to rue, For with no hes-i - ta-tion, And a-gainst your in - cli - na-tion, You'll be marched off to the station By the
ff
Bob - by blue, You'll be marched off to the sta-tion By the Bob - by blue, by the Bob-by blue, by the Bob-by blue, by the Bob-by
f accel.
blue, by the Bob-by blue.
a tempo.
(They threaten one another.)
rit.
f
ff
Fine.

Enter CHRISTMAS, *who separates them.*

CHRISTMAS. Ladies, ladies! What a hullabaloo! Your behaviour is quite parliamentary. But you are both labouring under a delusion. This is *my* house, not the House of Commons.

PLEASURE (*to Christmas*). Daddy dear, I'm *so* delighted to see you again!

CHRISTMAS. Welcome, my sweet Pleasure! But who is this lady? I don't seem to recollect her.

DISCONTENT. I am the Fairy Discontent.

PLEASURE. And you look it. (*They threaten each other again.*)

CHRISTMAS. No more quarrelling, if you please!

PLEASURE. It's all *her* fault. She has no right to come here.

CHRISTMAS (*to Discontent*). May I enquire why I am honoured with this visit? Perhaps you have come to ask for a contribution to a meat-fund, or a coal-fund, or a Christmas-tree. If so, I will gladly help you.

DISCONTENT. No, you've made quite a mistake. This year, I want you to give nothing. If people are hungry, let them starve. If they are cold, let them shiver. As for a Christmas-tree, the very idea is preposterous.

CHRISTMAS. It is *my* mission to try to make people happy.

DISCONTENT. And it is mine to make them unhappy. Why, in these advanced days, should things go on in the same old groove? Why shouldn't I reign at Christmas-time, instead of this little whipper-snapper?

CHRISTMAS. As long as *I* have a finger in the pie, *she* shall be supreme.

DISCONTENT. You're a Conservative old fogey!

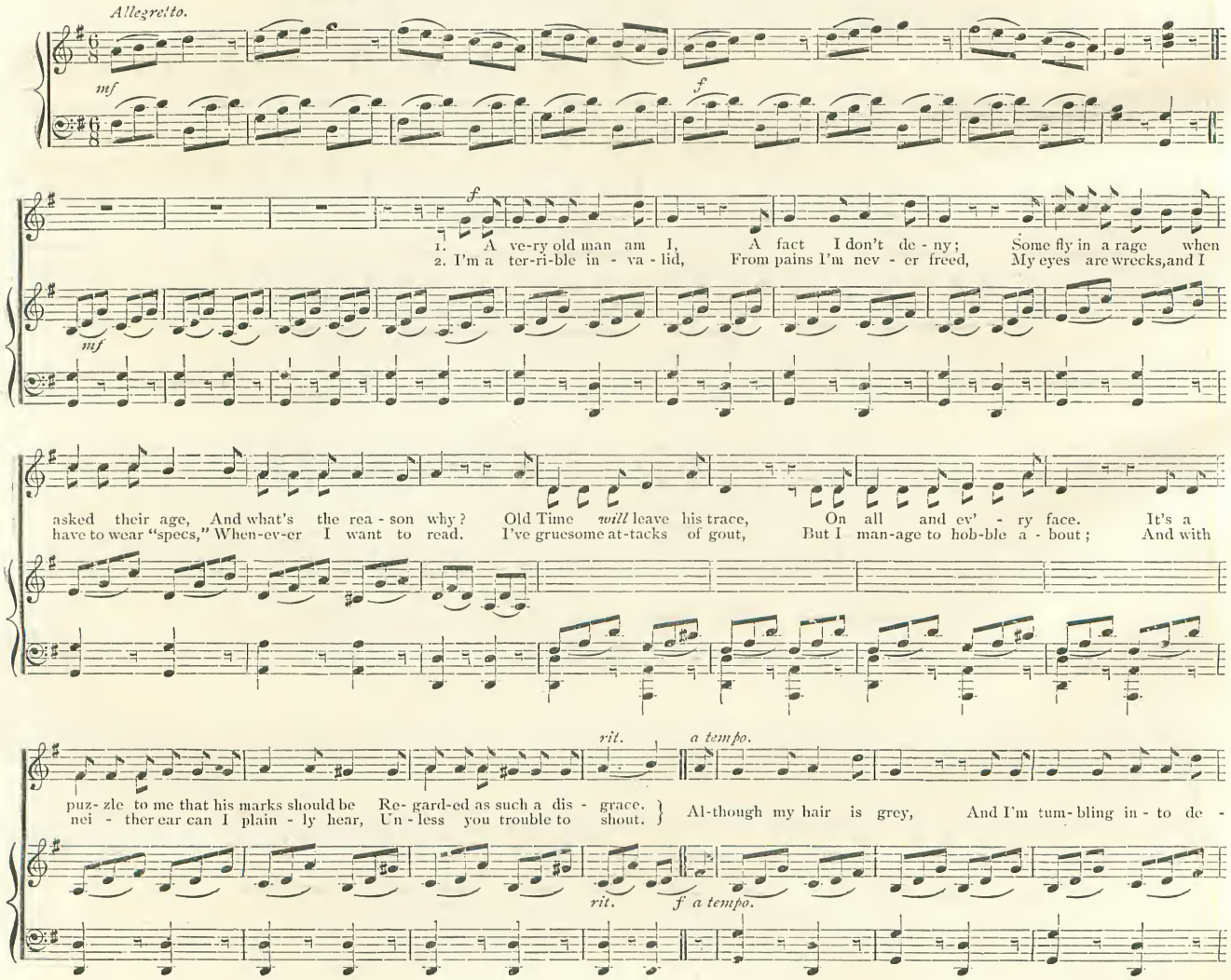
PLEASURE. He's not old! Compared with you and me, he's an infant in arms. Of us three, *I* am the piece of antiquity, for I was born at the beginning of the world, then *you* followed, when things went wrong, and everybody knows *his* age.

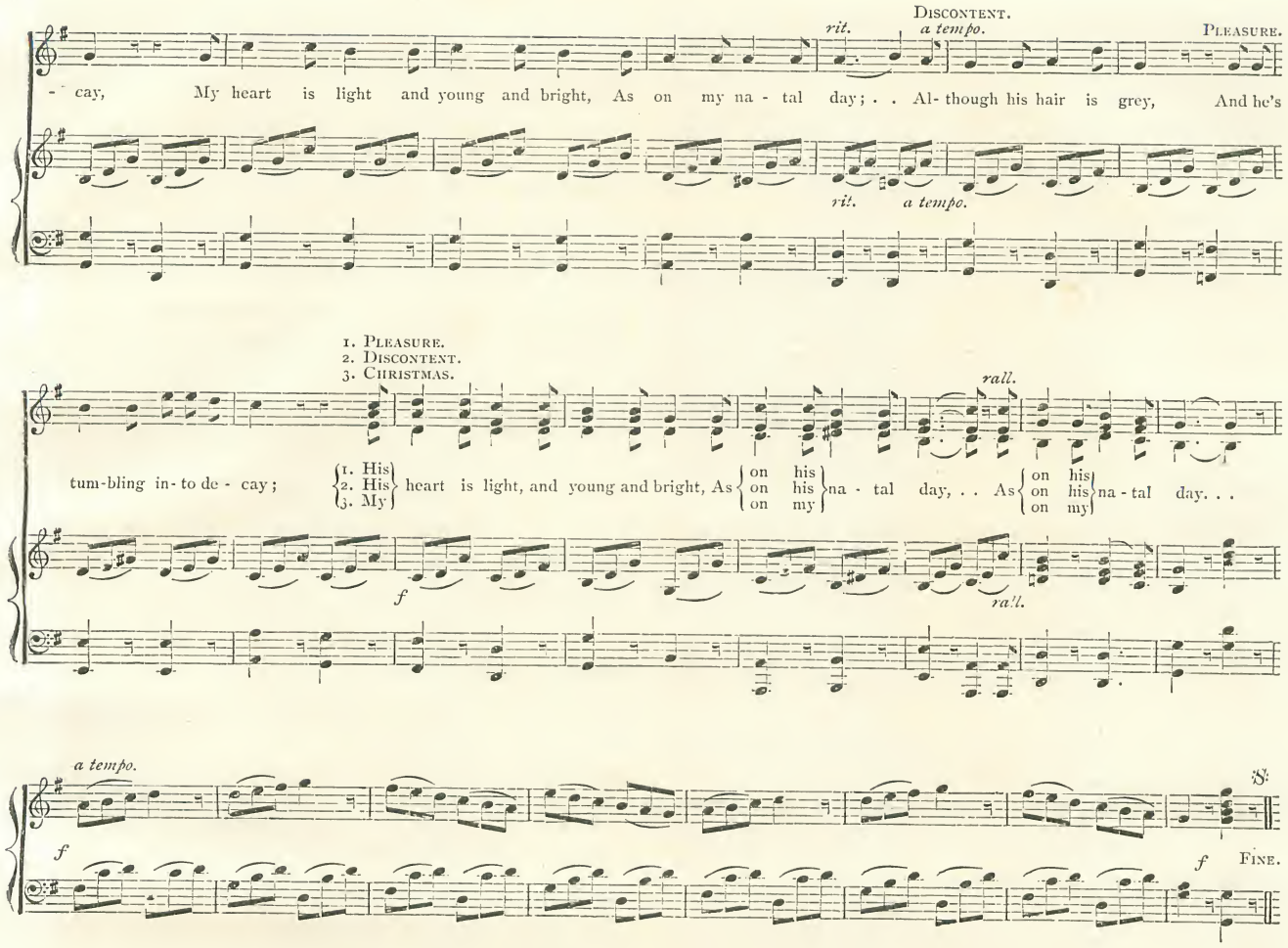
DISCONTENT (*sneeringly*). He can't help showing it!

CHRISTMAS. Yes, I could, by calling in the aid of art; but I leave the work of Nature untouched, and am not ashamed of it.

No. 4. A VERY OLD MAN AM I.

SOLO with TRIO—(CHRISTMAS, PLEASURE, AND DISCONTENT).





Pleasure. And what made you keep me waiting such a long time, Daddy?

Christmas. The Queen of all the Fairies had so many commissions for me to execute, dearie, that I thought we should never get through the list of them. Every year I go to her for the magic charm which enables me to carry out her wishes for this season. See, here it is. (*Giving Pleasure a sprig of mistletoe.*) It is simply a little piece of mistletoe, but without it I should be a fit companion for the Fairy Discontent.

Pleasure (*giving back sprig*). There you are, Daddy, take care of it.

(Christmas *takes the mistletoe and puts it in his girdle, whence it falls to the ground.*)

Discontent (*aside, picking up the mistletoe which she hides*). My triumph is at hand!

Pleasure. Come along, Daddy!

Christmas (*changing manner*). No, I shan't! I'm not going to be bothered with all this nonsense.

Discontent (*changing manner*). Dear old Daddy Christmas, you must go, it is your duty.

Pleasure (*bewildered, looking at Christmas*). "Won't be bothered with all this nonsense." (*Looking at Discontent.*) "He must go, it is his duty." What does it all mean? Come along, Daddy!

Discontent. Do, dear!

Christmas. Leave me alone, scratch-cats!

Pleasure (*to Discontent*). Well, I never!

Discontent (*to Pleasure*). Nor did I!

Pleasure *and* Discontent (*together*). We both never did!

Pleasure. Now, Daddy dear, cheer up! You're a little out of temper at something.

Discontent. I'll tell you what: sing us one of your merry songs, Daddy, and that will put you right again, and us, too. (*To Pleasure.*) Won't it, dearest?

Pleasure. Yes, darling!

Christmas. I shan't!

Discontent. Oh, do!

Pleasure (*coaxingly*). Do, dear!

Christmas (*grumpily*). Very well.

Christmas.—*Song* (*same air as No. 2, page 35*).

You flatter me by your request,
To sing for you I'll do my best.
It may be that my taste is bad,
But lively music drives me mad.
The strains I sing are sore and sad.
This is the kind of tune for me,
A melod*ee*, in a minor key, sung dismal*ee*,
With a frequent repetition of Miserie, Miserie, Miserie!

Christmas. How do you like that?

Discontent. Like it? It is the most uncomforting effusion I have ever heard. I am surprised at you! How can *you*, who are supposed to be merry and cheerful, have the heart to inflict such a dismal ditty upon us!

CHRISTMAS. You have no taste for the classics, I see. (*Turning to Pleasure.*) And what is your opinion on the point?

PLEASURE. Well, Daddy Christmas, it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. I had already heard two verses of that song sung to-day, and now you've sung a third verse. Have you a cab-whistle about you?

CHRISTMAS. A cab-whistle? What for?

PLEASURE. My nerves are so utterly unhinged by the depression and dejection caused by your song, that I am now in a fit state of mind to crawl in a four-wheeler to the British Museum, where I can muse amidst the melancholy mummies, finishing up the day's dolefulness at Madame Tussaud's, where in the Chamber of Horrors I can put the crowning touch to my misery, by reading all this week's comic papers.

CHRISTMAS. I *have* a cab-whistle, but I shan't give it to you!

DISCONTENT. You disagreeable old man! I hate disagreeable people.

CHRISTMAS. You must walk to your British Museum and to your Madame Tussaud's, for I shall not encourage the cabmen.

PLEASURE. You won't encourage the cabmen? Poor fellows! What *has* come over you, Daddy dear?

DISCONTENT. You hard-hearted old monster! If you deprive them of their occupation, you will drive them to the workhouse.

CHRISTMAS. They'll drive themselves, and when they get there, they'll indeed have cause to grumble at their fare.

DISCONTENT. A joke, I perceive!

CHRISTMAS (*savagely*). It wasn't intended for one.

PLEASURE. Daddy dear, you're not yourself; you're somebody quite different. You, who are always so kind and helpful to everyone, to be like this! You have lost your old charm.

CHRISTMAS. I haven't!

PLEASURE. You have, Daddy dear!

CHRISTMAS. I haven't, and besides, it was a new one to-day.

PLEASURE (*aside*). A light breaks in upon me. (*Turning to Christmas.*) Daddy, show me your charm again.

CHRISTMAS. Here it is! (*fumbling in his pocket*). No, it isn't! Where can it be?

PLEASURE. We'll soon find it.

DISCONTENT. You needn't trouble yourselves (*showing the charm*). Look! (*To Pleasure.*) And now, my sweet lady, I have gained the victory. For what can Daddy Christmas do without it?

PLEASURE. And what has it done to you? Why, *you* are somebody else, and I quite admire you, for you have become so delightful.

DISCONTENT. What? *I* delightful? I'm sure I never meant to be so.

PLEASURE. And it is all through that charm.

DISCONTENT. All through this charm? (*she throws it down*). Take it back! Now Discontent is herself again.

CHRISTMAS (*picking up the charm*). Not so, my fairy. I am myself again, but you are not. By your short possession of this little piece of misletoe, its magic spell has been cast upon you, and whether you will, or not, you *must* remain amiable to the end of the holidays.

DISCONTENT. I am *so* glad.

PLEASURE (*to Discontent*). Wonderful! Let me congratulate you! Fancy Discontent saying she is *so* glad to be amiable.

DISCONTENT. Did I say I was so glad?

CHRISTMAS. Certainly, my dear, and you don't know how happy it made me to hear those words.

PLEASURE. And me, too.

DISCONTENT. Well, as a rule, a change is always pleasant, and as it *has* to be, I accept the situation, and, for the time being, am content! And this shall only be the beginning, for in future, at every Christmas-tide, I will fetch the Fairy Pleasure—if I may?

PLEASURE. More than delighted!

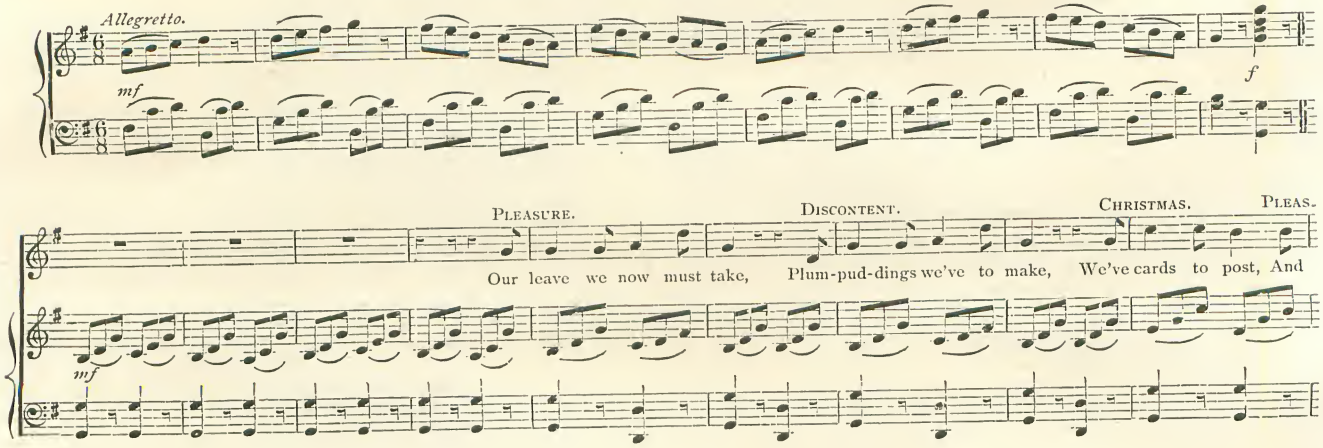
DISCONTENT. And we will come for you, Daddy . . . .

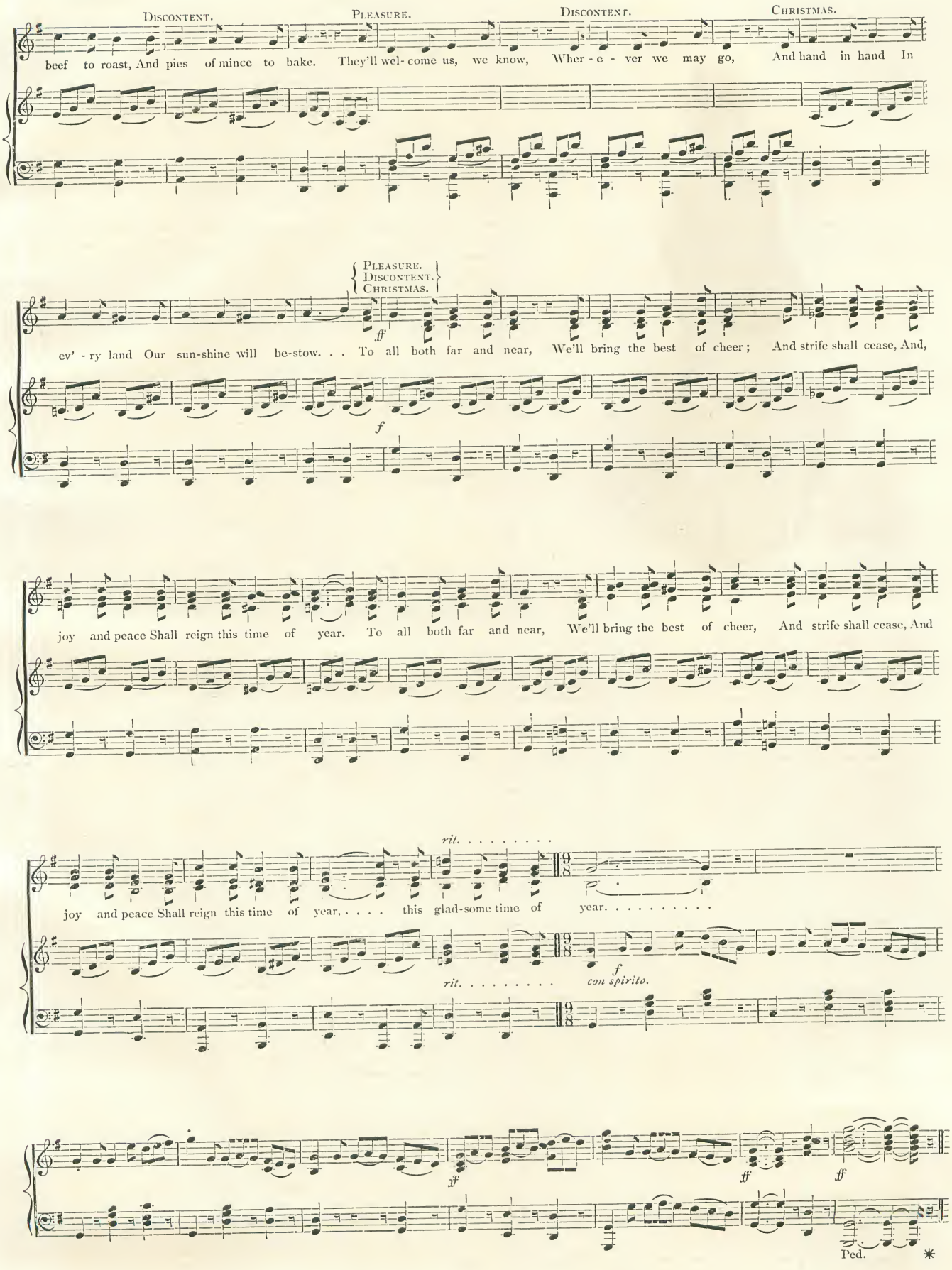
PLEASURE. And will say: "Hurry up, Lazy-bones! Don't keep your two lady-guides waiting."

CHRISTMAS. But I *shall* keep you waiting while I kiss you under the mistletoe, like this (*kissing Pleasure*), and you like this (*kissing Discontent*), and then I shall be quite ready, my sweet ones, for without peace and goodwill, and pleasure and content, Christmas would not be Christmas.

No. 5. FINALE.

TRIO—(PLEASURE, DISCONTENT, AND CHRISTMAS).




Discontent.
Pleasure.
Discontent.
Christmas.
beef to roast, And pies of mince to bake. They'll wel- come us, we know, Wher - e - ver we may go, And hand in hand In
Pleasure.
Discontent.
Christmas.
ff
ev' - ry land Our sun-shine will be-stow. . . To all both far and near, We'll bring the best of cheer; And strife shall cease, And,
f
joy and peace Shall reign this time of year. To all both far and near, We'll bring the best of cheer, And strife shall cease, And
rit. . . . . .
joy and peace Shall reign this time of year, ... this glad-some time of year. . . . . .
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Ped.
*

A DAILY GOVERNESS.

By GRACE STEBBING, Author of "That Aggravating Schoolgirl," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Miss Shenstone, of Perrytown, was one of that class of human beings out of whom good generals are said to be made. She not only knew how to work herself, but she had the knack of getting the very best work out of other people.

If the bread-winner of a family was laid aside by sickness, or killed in an accident, Miss Shenstone had soon started a number of young people hunting up employment for the wife, places for the elder children, homes for the little ones, or anything else in the way of help that was wisest and most useful.

If a fire burnt up the wardrobes of some poor family, before the day was out you would be pretty sure to find ever so many sets of fingers busy in Miss Shenstone's garden-room, or Miss Shenstone's parlour, making up a pile of fresh garments to replace the old.

And while fingers worked, the popular, clever hostess entertained her useful visitors. Sometimes she would play to them, or they would enjoy the delight of hearing some fine old ballad, sung by her rich contralto voice. But these things were only for rare treats, when extra pressure of effort was required on the part of the visitors, or their extra goodwill had earned an extra reward. As a rule, Miss Shenstone's fingers plied needle and scissors at least as diligently and as fast as the most industrious of the party assembled at her call.

But however intricate the work might be with which her hands were employed, her tongue could always find plenty to say with which to amuse or instruct those around her. Not the least clever faculty of Miss Shenstone was her power of drawing upon old stores of memory or reading to increase her companions' interest in the new work in hand; and many a morning or afternoon slipped by in her company, "as if it were only five minutes," as more than one of the girls would declare when the striking of some hour warned them all that they must take leave.

However, there are exceptions to every rule, and Jessie Wilmott and her cousin thought that they had come in for one of these exceptions on a certain morning in the autumn, when they had obeyed a summons to help in preparing an outfit for a poor old lady who had just obtained election to the "Home for Incurables," at Putney. Poor old Miss Nichols had been a governess all her days—since she was seventeen years old—until paralysis seized upon her limbs, and rendered her at the same time helpless, and almost penniless.

Miss Shenstone, and Miss Shenstone's volunteer army of aids, had obtained the needful number of votes for the poor sufferer, and now they were adding soothing balm to her feelings, in helping her to enter the Home with garments more befitting her station than those which long illness and narrow means had enabled her to provide for herself.

But whether Miss Shenstone knew of no parallel case with which to interest her young friends, or whether for once her almost ceaseless efforts for others' welfare had thoroughly tired her out, remained doubtful for awhile, and needles clicked and scissors clipped in silence.

In Miss Shenstone's pleasant sitting-room there was a bright fire burning at one end of the apartment; at the other end the French windows were wide open, letting in the still brighter rays of the clear autumn sun. Across the lawn lights and shadows were dancing in the gayest style, and opposite were the beech trees and the fine old oak, glowing and gleaming in all the glories of crimson and gold.

Miss Shenstone's own seat was by one of the open windows—she delighted in fresh air—and every now and again she raised her eyes from her work, and looked out at the fair scene. But it afforded her less pleasure than usual, for her thoughts did not travel with her eyes—they were far away with recollections of twenty years ago.

At last the spell of silence was broken, for the lady drew a deep sigh, and her companions echoed it—partly from unconscious sympathy, and partly as relief from the oppression that had begun to weigh upon their spirits from their friend's unwonted gravity.

The plentiful sprinkling of sighs around her effectually aroused the thinker, and her lips suddenly unbent with a bright smile.

"What a shame of me, girls, to treat you to this Quakers' meeting," said the bright, cheerful voice. "Will you take it as any amends if I tell you where my thoughts have been during the past twenty minutes?"

An eager chorus soon settled that matter in the affirmative, and Miss Shenstone pointed to the little Tunbridge-ware screw with which the long seam she was running was held firm.

"That little thing has been holding my thoughts, girls, as well as my work, just now. Twenty years ago it was left me by another dear old governess, not quite so suffering, but nearly as penniless, as the one to whom you are now kindly giving your time and skill.

"I was her executor; and I shall never forget the tears of pity and love that I shed over the small treasures she had left for distribution amongst friends, pupils, and those still poorer than herself. My portion was this screw and an old brown-marbled copybook. Not much of a thing to make a fuss about, most people might be inclined to exclaim; but as I touched the cover of that book, I felt my heart touched with tenderness for it to the very core, and I opened it with reverence.

"No old copies or exercises treasured for the sake of her own or some pupil's childhood's days, were within. It contained no Christmas cards, photographs, stamps, or cuttings. It was nothing more nor less than an autobiography, headed—'My Working Days.'

"My eyes grew dim as they read.

"Twenty-four small pages to contain a whole biography! For Lucy Merivale's life had held few days that had not to come under the title of 'working days.'

"The orphaned daughter of a penniless captain in the navy, her mother had been only too thankful to accept an offer for her sixteen-year-old daughter to become teacher as well as pupil in a large school, where her willing services were in request, in some capacity or another, nearly all the year round.

"From that time on, until she obtained the governess's pension at sixty-five years of age, scarcely twenty months before her death, Lucy Merivale's life had been one of constant toil. During the greater part of that half-century she had been a daily governess.

"Remember, dear, dear girls, you who are still in the schoolroom, or who have any influence for good over those who are—remember what those two words mean—'a daily governess.'

"The unbroken necessity of early rising, headache or no headache, cough or no cough; the morning trudge in midwinter, through the slush of icy snow or the pouring rain, or through the stifling fog, and the dismal black mud. And not less trying to health or spirits, the mid-day tramp in midsummer back through the burning streets.

"Yet again, there is the trial of the trembling, anxious pause between engagements, when the crust is eaten sparingly, lest the small store of 'savings' should fail before any more money could be earned.

"The short record has slight interest in it, no doubt, for such as find their chief mental food in sensation novels, but I do often think that it might bestow some touch of sympathetic comfort on one and another of those who, like Lucy Merivale, seem in peril of being overweighted with the burden of the way."

Once more there was a pause and silence. Jessie Wilmott began to fear that the grave stillness, so uncongenial to her merry nature, was to last as long as it had done before. She ventured at last to break it on her own account.

With a good turning and twisting and rustling of a stiffish piece of lining in her hands by way of preliminary cough, she demanded briskly—

"Please, Miss Shenstone, is that all you mean to tell us? It is so little, is it not? You have not even told us how you knew Miss Merivale—if you were one of her pupils, or anything."

Miss Shenstone laughed. "Add to your accusations that I have given you a more doleful workroom than you expected, Miss Jessie, and the list will be complete. Well, wait while I fetch the yoke pattern for this dressing-gown, and then you shall learn very nearly as much about my dear old friend as her simple biography itself could tell."

CHAPTER II.

TILL TEA-TIME.

"I WAS but a little child when I first made acquaintance with my beloved old friend. I was on a visit at a friend's house where she was governess. My chief joy, in future visits to the same place, was that I met my dear 'Miss Merry.'

"The friendship thus begun in those young days was uninterrupted to the day of her death. I was going to say it was also perfect, but had it been so, I suppose Lucy Merivale would have trusted me more perfectly, and have let me have more comfort in helping her.

"Had our friendship been perfect, she would not have left my heart to throb with pain, as it does even now, at the thought that whilst I was living in luxury she was enduring actual privations.

"But even in sweet, noble-hearted Lucy Merivale pride stood before love, a staunch, determined watch-dog in that faithful heart, keeping watch over independence.

"She knew that I should have joyfully helped her, and should quite have delighted to deny myself to save her from hardships. But I was never allowed to know that she had any.

"Throughout the greater part of every year we always met two or three times every week; for whatever other calls there might be upon me, I always found time to spend with Miss Merivale, or 'Aunt Merivale,' as I grew into the habit of calling her. And yet with all this frequency of intercourse, either in her two neatly-kept little rooms or in my own home, I never discovered my mistake as regarded her circumstances till after her death.

"That marbled-covered copybook gave my aching heart its first knowledge of her patiently-borne poverty. Perhaps, Jessie dear, you will find the book for me in the middle drawer of my writing-table yonder. Its contents will tell you all the pathetic tale better than any words of mine can do."

The autobiography of the old governess was soon found. Miss Shenstone laid down her needle for a few minutes, leant back in the wicker-work arm-chair, and began to read.

CHAPTER III.

TILL SIX O'CLOCK.

"WHAT a stormy evening! I do not wonder Gertrude does not come. No doubt Mrs. Shenstone forbids. And I confess that for once I am half glad that she keeps away. Her kind heart would be so vexed to see me sitting without a fire; and I find it harder work of late to keep her from discovering the true reason for doing it so often.

"Perhaps my sixty-three-year-old brain is growing a little dull and stupid—less skillful in keeping folks away from that cupboard where my little poverty-skeleton is kept. Who knows?

"However, as dear Gertrude is not here to keep me awake, it has just occurred to me to write this—what shall I say?—well, autobiography. Grand words do not cost even the price of a stick of firewood; and some day I shall be content that my Gerty shall learn why I gave her so little help for others. Besides, my feet are too painful for me to move about any more to-night, and so my hand must help to keep me from falling into yesterday's chilly doze.

"It is only five o'clock yet, and as I cannot afford myself suppers nowadays, I am obliged to put off tea an hour later than of old, or else to bear the still worse discomfort of waking so many hours before breakfast-time.

"But there—what a strong expression to use! 'Still worse'! I ought to tear out this page and begin again, only that would be rather wasteful. And perhaps, after all, it is well that it should remain, a standing reproach to me for murmuring in the midst of so many blessings.

"What thousands—ah! what millions of people in the world would envy me for actually still at my age having employment! Never since I began working has work been withheld from me longer than my money would hold out.

"Sometimes the fear has begun to creep up round my heart that I should at last have to choose between beggary and starvation. But the want of faith has been reproved by loving mercy. I have always had at least enough bread and tea, a supply that many a poor shipwrecked creature, with thousands of pounds in the bank, would give his wealth to possess.

"And now I am promised my place at Mrs. Grant's until I myself wish to resign. Mrs. Grant is a good, kind woman, but even she might have hesitated to make such a promise to an old governess in her sixty-fourth year if she had understood how very tightly a penniless body, with a little bit of helpful pride in her composition, holds on to the goodly rope of thirty-five pounds a year.

"If only my feet may not grow worse, so that I cannot crawl there! Ah! dear Lord, please——"

"The ending of this sentence was made up of three great blisters on the paper. One had been made by a tear from the writer's eye; the others were traces of tears from the present reader's eyes that had fallen to keep them company. The next paragraph began with a new subject—

"I wonder where John Fellows is! Of one's own brother-in-law, and a rich man besides, perhaps it might be almost a duty to accept a little help if real need came—if he wished to give it. But I sometimes fancy that he thought himself rather a fine fellow for taking Effie from mother and me. Taking our beautiful, penniless darling off our hands, as he called it!

"What happy evenings we used to have together, we three, when John did not come, contriving—screwing and scraping, as Effie used to say, with her blue eyes as full of tears as smiles—contriving to furnish forth a pretty trousseau to send away with our seventeen-year old darling.

"'All to be paid back a thousand-fold, dear mother and darling old granny!' said Effie.

"I was fifteen years her senior, and I do verily believe that the dear child regarded me as older than her mother, and felt that there was fitness in the title she bestowed upon me in her gay lightheartedness.

"'Only think, dear granny,' she whispered a year later, with a bright, flickering smile, as I stood beside her bed with her hour-old infant in my arms—'only think, you are promoted to the dignity of a great-grandmother now.'

"Ten days later I was neither 'granny' nor 'great-grandmother' but to the dead. I think the only time I ever felt bitter in my life—I hope, I trust, the only time—was when John sent us a box full of little flimsy, pretty evening dresses two or three months after, with a rather stiff note, saying that he thought we might like to have them, as they were no good to send away with the other things. He had sent all the flannels and linens and stockings to a hospital, 'knowing that would be most in unison with his lost darling's wishes on the subject.'

"Fancy our darling, our Effie, wishing the good clothes we had so straitened ourselves to provide to be given away from our own sore needs! I was refooting a pair of stockings—the last time, I sighed to think, that they would yet bear it—when this note and the useless little fripperies arrived.

"Bitter winter weather as it was, our delicate mother had no flannels to wear. I was earning a very bare pittance just then, and it needed all my mother's small pension as well to keep a roof over our heads and food in our mouths.

"By the time that biting, blustering March was upon us I was alone in the world. Warm clothing and the cherishing of good nourishment—not food alone, but nourishing food—would certainly, to speak after human knowledge, have kept her alive, my noble, patient-minded mother. But our means would only stretch to food as bare in quality as quantity.

"For my dear mother's sake, although never for my own, I would have run in debt. But she firmly held me back. 'Debt, dishonesty, and dishonour all begin with the same letter,' she said one evening but a week or two before she died, as her white, feeble hand held me with a clasp stronger and tighter than I thought was left to it to put forth.

"I made no answer, except to let the heavy, weary tears drop upon her fingers. After a minute she spoke again.

"'You will be able to hold on better without me than with me, Lucy dear.'

"All the bitterness in my heart surged up as she spoke, and burst forth in a passionate cry—

"'Ah, mother, hush! I need not have to hold on without you if only that barbarous fellow John, with his mock show of charity ——"

"I got no farther in my foolish railling. My mother had released my hand, and her trembling fingers were pressed upon my trembling lips.

"'My daughter, I should not be leaving you—you would not have to do without me—if it were not our Father's will; if our dear Lord, with His infinite compassion, did not see that, so it is best for us both."

"Three weeks from that evening I caught myself forgetting grief and streaming tears one day to murmur, 'So He giveth His beloved sleep.'

"For the thirty-three years that my life had then lasted I had owed everything of any worth under God to my mother. Now, as she lay there beside me, dead, asleep in the Lord, there came to me her fairest gift of all through the grace of the Holy Spirit—her own perfect faith, that He who loves us doeth all things well.

"How true it is that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. About two months after my heavy loss I obtained the best position I have ever had.

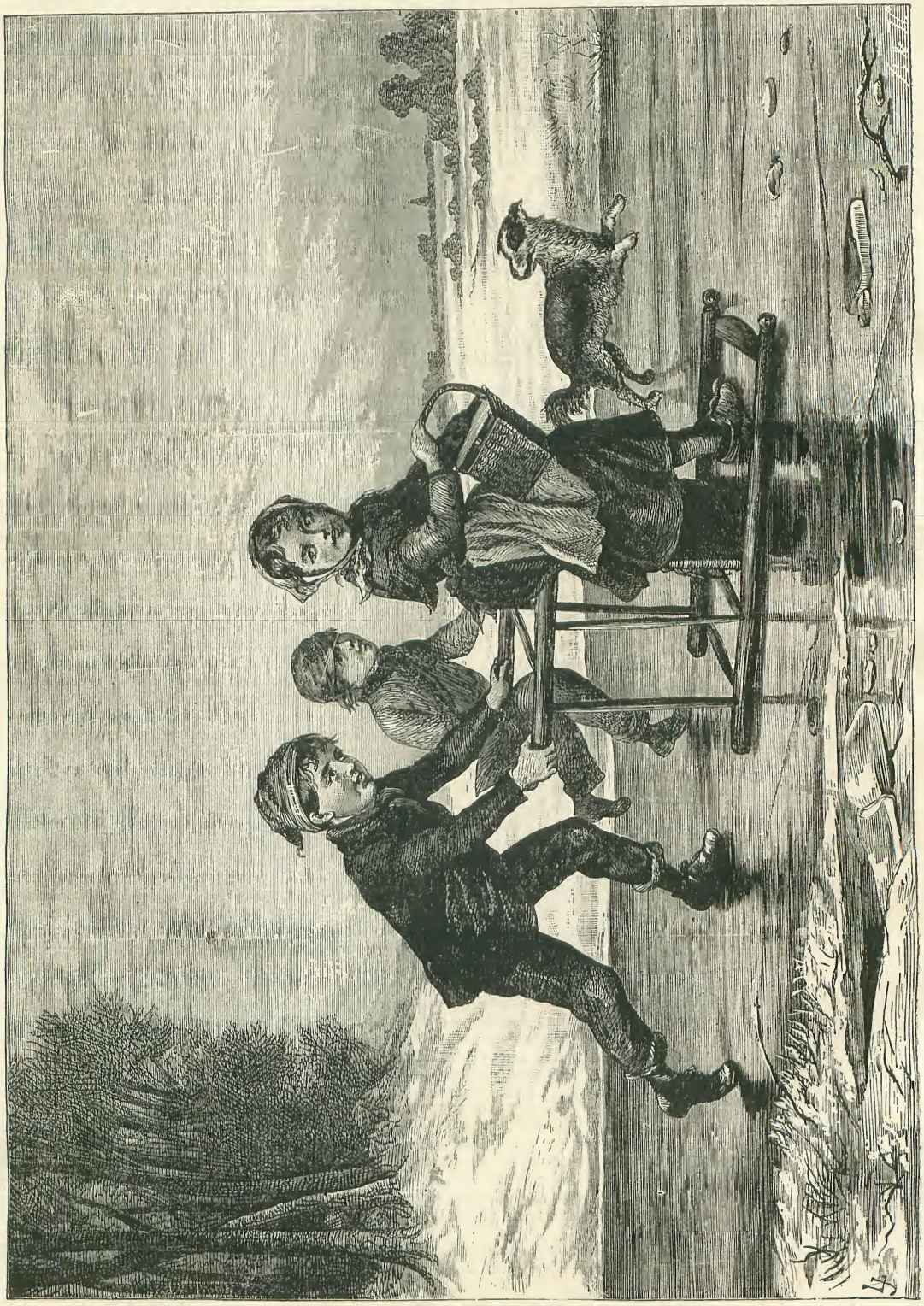
"The salary was liberal—necessarily a matter of more moment to me than those in comfortable circumstances perhaps always understand. And then the children were so pleasant, so easy to teach, so gentle, and kind, and courteous, and the mother so considerate. My six years with that family flowed along so peacefully that they are ever a pleasure to look back upon.

"It was while I was there that I first made acquaintance with dear Gertrude; our friendship has been a mutual comfort to us ever since. For my own part, the only trouble her friendship has ever caused me has arisen from the fear that its warm urgency may discover more of my circumstances than I wish. If she should learn anything of my occasional small unsatisfied needs the struggle would be harder than ever to maintain my independence. Happily, I have never yet failed to be able to produce the little store of tea and sugar, and bread and fresh butter, when she has joined me at my meal.

"That reminds me, as the child has not come to-day, very likely she may do so to-morrow, to ask how this pain in my feet goes on, so I had better save this remnant of tea.

"It is a good thing that I did not throw away this morning's leaves. They will be greatly better than nothing with some fresh boiling water over them.

"Hark! there is the church clock ringing the



AN IMPROMPTU SLEDGE.

three-quarters; only another fifteen minutes, and then I can light dear 'niece' Gertrude's spirit lamp, and set my tray. I do feel hungry!

"I think I will go to bed soon after tea. It is a little cold these November nights without fire. And in bed the sound of the rain and the wind outside help to remind one how grateful one should be for having such a comfortable warm resting-place.

"Thankful, too, for being able to rest in it so quietly. When one has tossed and turned in pain for months upon months, as I did twenty years ago, with that long bout of rheumatic fever, one knows so well how to be grateful for being able to lie still.

"It was that fever, and the long, weak convalescence, that so entirely swallowed up my savings. Perhaps but for that I might really be the rich old lady now that dear Gertrude laughingly declares sometimes she thinks I am. However, since I admitted last month that I would gladly obtain the governess's pension, I believe her quick guesses begin to come nearer to the truth.

"Ah! there is the hour striking—one, two—six. Now for my tea. Oh, what a blessing it is to have a quiet little room like this in which to have a peaceful meal, and then to go peacefully to rest! Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.

"Good-bye for the present, little copybook. You and memory have passed the waiting hour by for me most cleverly. You have my best thanks."

Then the reading in Miss Shenstone's pretty sitting-room ceased, and the lady lifted her eyes from the copybook, and resumed her needle, as she said with some emotion—

"Ah, girls, be kind to your governesses! Do not think that it is only on their side that patience, and gentleness, and forbearance should be shown. As for myself, four years after that last word of autobiography was written it was deluged with some of the saddest tears I ever shed. I could see that room as it had been when that chill, hungry hour had to be got through, and its occupant. It seemed to come to me as no vision, but as a most vivid and pathetic reality—that refined, intellectual, gentle, old face; the cold fireplace on that raw night; the drawn look now and again upon the lips, from the almost torturing pain of those aching feet, that had borne so many daily trudgings from youth to age.

"I actually moaned as I read over the thought of aged, feeble hunger preparing to be satisfied upon dry bread and hot water from the morning's tea-leaves. When will the world wake up to the bitter facts of middle-class want and suffering?

"Here was a lady by birth, by nature, by education, by long training, but only a daily governess, alas! for her; and many of those who were giving largely to charities 'for the poor,' were grinding her down to dry bread and hot water!

"I would not speak of it but that it is one of the crying evils of the day, this want of due thought for both men and women of the middle class, who are prevented by many circumstances from obtaining the 'British workman's rights,' by means of 'strikes' and 'unions.' Surely, surely, girls, we are willing to do justice without being compelled?"

Decidedly Miss Shenstone aimed at higher things than mere needlework.

A WINTER IN THE RIVIERA.

I HAD been in indifferent health for a considerable time, and my medical adviser glibly consigned me to a winter in the South of France. It was December, and I was in London. The formidable combination of heavy fogs and sharp frost, which that month is capable of affording there, had done much to depress me mentally, as well as injure me physically, so it was with a sigh of relief that I heard my fate thus summarily settled; and energetic friends around me proceeded at once to make the necessary arrangements for my departure, which I was too languidly indifferent to trouble about.

A few mornings later, then, you may imagine me enveloped in all sorts of rugs and wraps, seated in the railway carriage at Victoria. By the time we got to Dover I was thoroughly cold and uncomfortable, and began to wish myself back again at my own fireside at home.

There was the usual assortment of passengers on the Channel steamer: young gentlemen with pipes, who were not old enough to know better (so it seemed to me as an invalid), and old gentlemen with strong cigars, who *were* old enough, but did not evince any improvement as a result of their age: there were the usual indifferent-looking people in the saloon reading the papers, all equally hateful in my eyes (I am prone to sea-sickness), and the usual number of elderly ladies reclining on couches, with countenances expressive of a firm conviction of coming wretchedness.

However, as it happened we all got to Calais without serious delay or mishap. How strange to the unaccustomed eye is the motley crowd which congregates to meet the English boat at Calais—big men in uniforms, little men in uniforms, many of them giving one the idea that all the various garments which form their dress had each, in some former phase of their existence, been parts of other uniforms. Men with blue coats and red trousers, men with red coats and blue trousers, nearly all talking with excited gestures, nearly all with heavy moustaches and close-cropped hair. Frequently on the quay one sees dotted here and there priests in their black cassocks, with their broad beaver hats and black and white ties; and here and there a fish-wife, with her pretty white bonnet and wooden shoes. I had but short time to note these things when the bell began to ring—an intimation that it would be as well to take one's seat. Fortunately I had reserved a carriage from Calais to Paris, so that I was but little disturbed. There are very few features of interest to an invalid traveller in passing from Calais to Paris on a December day. It was bitterly cold, but the carriage was fairly warmed by foot-warmers—much larger than those which we get in England, and much more frequently changed. I had been advised not to travel beyond Paris in the first instance, so on arriving there I decided to go to that old-fashioned but very excellent hotel, the Meurice. How different Paris seemed from London. It was bitterly cold truly, but it was clear, and not foggy. How strange the little newsvendors' stalls, with their illuminated advertisements, looked, and the enormous omnibuses going to all parts of the great city—omnibuses drawn by three or four horses, and holding twice as many people as ours in England do. Many of the streets too were lighted up in a great measure by electricity, and altogether Paris looked a clean, gay, and happy city on that winter evening in December.

Arrived at my hotel, the "sommelier" proceeded to light one of those delightful wood fires which one gets in France. The fireplaces are primitive, consisting of two iron supports, or "dogs" as we should call them, on which the burning wood rests, while in front is an iron curtain, which can be drawn down so as to act as a "blower;" by this means a blazing fire can soon be obtained. A kind of "fire-lighter" is used in the first instance to kindle the wood, or else a fir-cone, which will blaze away merrily on a match being applied to it. Dinner was soon ready, and then, after going a tour of investigation in the way of examining the various rooms of the hotel, I went to bed and, soothed by the hum of the distant traffic, was soon unconscious of all things.

There is always something exciting in looking out on a strange scene from one's bedroom window the first morning after a night arrival. Exhilarated by a refreshing sleep, I jumped out of bed and threw back the window curtains. How strange was everything; a great expanse of asphalt, with trees starting straight out of it in the most unnatural sort of way. I hurried down to breakfast, for I had business to do. There must have been many seeking the same goal as myself, for in London they had told me that all the sleeping compartments had been booked for some weeks to come. I soon found the office of the Sleeping Car Company in the Place de l'Opera, whither the ever-obliging *portier* of the hotel had directed me. Here I was told that I could get a sleeping compartment in a train that night. It was a special train—the *train de luxe*—and it carried a dining-car.

Seven o'clock in the evening saw me ensconced in a compartment of the *wagon-lits*. I went out from my car to the dining saloon, and here a very enjoyable dinner was served as we went along. The sleeping accommodation is marvellous in the *wagon-lits*, and everything that can be imagined is provided for the comfort of those travelling. I had previously travelled by a *coupe-lit*, but had not been nearly so comfortable. Breakfast was served in the dining-car; and when we had passed Marseilles a change took place in the scene and temperature. Opening the window of my carriage, I was delighted to feel the warm, balmy breeze, and to realise that there was no longer a necessity for rugs and wraps. Soon we came to olive gardens, with their trees arrayed in picturesque terraces; and cacti and aloes began to make their appearance, together with various palms. The day was like one of early English summer—hardly a cloud was to be seen.

I had made up my mind to go to Cannes, and there I arrived at about one o'clock. What crowds of *portiers* and hotel omnibuses.

There are more than sixty hotels in Cannes, and each sends its omnibus to meet the train. Singling out the omnibus of the hotel at which I had elected to stay, I was driven rapidly there. How fresh and clean everything looked! We passed through a little square which had several palms and eucalypti in it, and in the centre a miniature pond, with some swans swimming on it, and standing round some of the townspeople, who even here seemed to bear the *dolce far niente* look of Southern laziness. I had been warned against choosing an hotel near the sea, and so I had selected one up on a hill amongst the olive gardens. What lovely gardens I found surrounding the hotel! the very place for an invalid to lie lazily, inhaling the heavily scented air and feeling the genial warmth, the blue sky above, the glittering sea far forward, almost bluer in the distance, and away on the right the chain of the Estérels, showing their silhouette against the sky. Involuntarily my mind went back to London, and those at home, struggling through a desolate winter, and the thought came to me that if I could have all those who were dear to me with me, Cannes would be indeed perfect.

The company at the hotel were for the most part individually interesting. Many like myself intended to stay for some little time, others merely visiting *en route* for other places in the Riviera. I was not long in finding out the peculiar advantages and dangers of the place: one of the latter was the sunset. This in the Riviera in the winter months is attended with a very sudden fall of temperature and a heavy dampness of the atmosphere, which are doubly formidable to anyone overheated by the always powerful sun. Especially was it necessary to limit one's drives in the vicinity to such distances as could be with ease accomplished before sunset. It was always with a feeling of relief that I had a fire lighted in my room at sundown, for the change was very rapid and depressing. Another danger was the "mistral." This is a violent wind of low temperature, which is apt to blow in this part of the Riviera: no amount of clothing seemed to render one proof against it. When this wind prevailed, a great deal of dust was generally blown about the streets, especially near the sea-shore.

It was interesting to go and walk in the Boulevard de la Croisette, close to the sea, and observe the people of all nationalities, all bent on the regaining or maintaining of health. The boulevard was plentifully provided with seats, and one could go and sit and enjoy the breeze from the sea. Then the joys of tea at Rumpelmayer's!—real English afternoon tea, so rare a thing on the Continent!

As I got stronger under the surrounding influences of congeniality, I found myself taking walks in various directions—up the hill to the Croix des Gardes, and away on to a little suburb which is called Cannet, and to which a fine boulevard, with a tram from Cannes, leads; and later, various excursions were open to me—to Grasse, with its scent factories and lovely flower-beds; to Golfe-Juan, Antibes, and Fréjus. How great a joy were the flowers at Cannes! The loveliest roses and violets and other sweet-smelling flowers could be obtained wherewith to deck one's room at a mere trifling cost; and for a franc or so a good large box of them, beautifully and carefully packed, could be sent to "those at home."

When the weather permitted it, a little boat, glorying in the name of Le Petit Cannois, left Cannes twice a day to visit two most interesting islands—Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat. In the former of these, which is a military station of small size, is shown the fortress where the unfortunate mystery known as the "Man in the Iron Mask" was imprisoned, as is also the place from which he made his escape. Ste. Honorat belongs to a branch of the Cistercian order of monks, and great was the interest in seeing their methods of work. The brothers painted their own frescoes, and lighted their refectory with gas of their own making; and there was a mediæval appearance about the lay brothers, who in their brown habits, with cowl drawn over their heads, watched, in the intervals of reading some holy book, the cattle grazing in the small patch of pasture land near the monastery. A pleasant English brother conducted us over the buildings, and showed how that in the olden time this had been a fortified monastery, intended to ward off the attacks by sea of the Saracens and other foes, and a wonderful book, in which the *Magnificat* was written in almost innumerable languages, many of them long since forgotten, some of them bearing a fantastic resemblance to living languages of the present day.

One of the most striking things was a little cemetery, which formed one of the quadrangles of the building, and in which not only many an old abbot and prior was buried, but also many of those from their orphanage, taken away early in the struggle. We were so interested in what we saw, that it was only the whistle of warning from Le Petit Cannois that caused us hastily to retrace our steps; and so I got back to my hotel, thoroughly delighted with my little glimpse into the dim past.

I was told that the Riviera was all very well so long as the weather was fine, but that during bad weather it was intolerable—no fires and uncarpeted floors! Such was not my experience. Every precaution for keeping out the cold was present; and as there was no scarcity of English books in the libraries, one was as well off in this respect as if one was in England. For those who were well enough to enjoy such a form of exercise, there was an excellent tennis-court at our hotel, and in fact at most of them. Cannes being, as it were, an English colony, the tastes and pursuits of the English are chiefly studied. I was very much amused to see what a splendid trade a real English grocer did in Cannes; and the English chemist may, in such a community, rest assured that his trade will never wane so long as there are English doctors and English patients.

The evenings, in which no one like myself could go out, were on the whole enjoyable. The *salon*, which was a large and comfortable one, was generally fairly filled after *table-d'hôte*, and those present would read the papers and discuss English and foreign news, whilst at some tables cards held sway. I was sorry that there was an absence of musical ability or the desire to hear music, most of the company preferring draughts and backgammon, the younger members affecting also more modern games, such as "Reversi" and "Halma."

The usual hour for retiring to rest was ten o'clock, and the bedrooms were generally large and airy. Mosquito curtains were fixed to the beds, as even at this period of the year these pests of the night occasionally worried one. The south rooms being the warmer, were much more troublesome in this respect than the north; and the fire lighted in the bedroom before retiring, though necessary, brought with it the unpleasant effect of instilling new life into the mosquitoes.

Perhaps the most delightful part of the day was the morning; it was such a great delight to open the large windows of one's bedroom, to look out on the sea and the mountains, and to feel the warm air, impregnated with scent of lovely flowers, stream into the room. Frequently on the terrace below would be a small string orchestra, or a mandolin player, discoursing the peculiar Provençal melodies of the district.

And so we stayed dreaming on, laying in large store of health until that very health asserted itself, and kept whispering to me—"Come! you must bestir yourself, and not lie idle." And so almost, but not quite, without regret, I left those sunny scenes, and was soon back in the hurry and turmoil of London life. But if again a hitch should occur in the mechanism of my physical or mental existence, I know, or think I know, where I can get it repaired.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

THE WORLD'S JUDGMENT.

By MARIA DE TRES RIOS.

"In every desolate waste place are found dandelions."

———

Miss Taraxacumbe was eccentric—at least so said her neighbours, the other occupants of Ashantee Terrace, Queen's Road. She lived in the house at the head of the row of suburban villas, where the tiny flower-garden was gayest, and the doorstep whitest. It was a source of constant amusement to the children next door, and perhaps also (though unacknowledged) to their elders, to see the old lady trot off to her marketing every morning, attended by a girl with a large basket. In her yellow poke bonnet and green veil, she was as well-known about the country town as the postman. She was not very popular, however, with those who considered themselves the "aristocratic society" of Chatterton, but by the trades-people she was thought a good deal of. "She's worth as much any day to me as a family of ten children. The soup meat she takes is tremenjous," said Perkins the butcher to Waters the milkman, who heartily agreed, adding that there was not such a one for milk and cream among all his customers.

And yet she was all alone in the world, as far as anyone knew. However, she said she had a horror of living alone, so she always contrived to have someone staying in the house—either a poor governess, to whom rest meant health and health money, or the family of some hard-working curate, or the wife of some poor subaltern, who had more children than shillings, and more expenses than brains.

Chatterton being a very healthy place on the banks of a canal, surrounded by broad green fields, was, in Miss Taraxacumbe's opinion, a cure for any ill. One rainy morning Miss Speake, the maiden lady at No. 2, Ashantee Terrace (a very different stamp from Miss T.), stood in her bow window watching the movements of her neighbour in No. 1, who was running in and out of her drawing-room, holding mysterious confabulations with her maid, and who at last, appearing on the doorstep, sallied out to face the weather, armed with a huge green umbrella. Miss Speake watched her down the road, and saw her take the turn to the railway station. On her return she was accompanied by a little woman dressed in grey, closely veiled. Miss Speake called that afternoon, but did not see the stranger. The neighbours at last grew curious; a week had never before passed without their making the acquaintance of any friends Miss Taraxacumbe had in her house; and now a fortnight had passed, and little Alfred St. John, the lame boy at No. 4, was the only person who had exchanged a word with the stranger. He had been out walking alone, and by some accident his crutch had been knocked out of his hand; the strange lady, passing, had picked it up out of the ditch and given it back to him. So he had spoken with her, but yet had not seen her face. Miss Taraxacumbe discouraged gossip, and when her old maid Deborah discovered that the underling, Sarah, had chattered to her friend at No. 5 about the wonderful beauty of her mistress's guest, Sarah was discharged. Curiosity was vastly stimulated by the fact that after a month's residence in No. 1, the inhabitants of the Terrace only knew that the stranger was called Miss Stone, and it was a year before anyone, except the crusty old clergyman, was in the least acquainted with her. It was about Christmas-time when Miss Taraxacumbe suddenly fell ill, and in consequence of the unavoidable absence just then of her maid Deborah, detained in Scotland by her mother's illness, there was no one to take care of her but Miss Stone.

There she sat, day after day, by the bedside of the old lady, moving so softly and gently, paying such heed to the doctor's directions; he praised her all over Chatterton as the best sick nurse he had ever seen, and answering all enquiries with such gentle, quiet grace, that she won even hard Miss Speake's heart.

It had been a hard moment for Miss Stone when it had been no longer possible to answer enquiries through the maid, and she felt it was necessary to see the old lady's friends herself. She blushed crimson when she received anyone, and at first could scarcely recover her self-possession sufficiently to answer their remarks. Any questions about herself, put by the most curious, even in the most indirect manner, she evaded, and so successfully, that when Miss Taraxacumbe was recovered, Miss Stone was as much of a mystery as ever. But by this time people had grown accustomed to her. They asked her to their houses, though they still spoke apologetically to each other for doing so. But she seldom accepted their invitations, though she was often met with out walking, engaged about Miss Taraxacumbe's errands to poor people; and though she said but little, that little was always pleasant, and many people said the mere sight of her sweet face cheered them.

Old Colonel Pultun, of No. 1, Badjoz Villas, opposite Miss Taraxacumbe's, was expecting a visitor. Sitting at his window, his gouty foot propped on a stool, he watched Miss Stone open her garden gate and go down the road. He followed her trim, light figure with his eyes, and saw her start suddenly as she came face to face with a middle-aged gentleman coming down the road. "Ah, there's Cecil!" said the Colonel to himself. Cecil Pultun was the old gentleman's only son, and a lawyer. He had just come from London to see his father. After the first greetings were over, Cecil said, "Who do you think I saw just now?"

"Why, little Miss Stone. I didn't know you knew her."

"Little Miss Stone do you call her? I should have said Ruyne's wife."

"Ruyne's wife!" repeated the Colonel, in blank amazement. "But you know I've never seen her, though I've heard enough about her, poor thing."

The lawyer glanced abruptly out of the window. "Well," he exclaimed, "if you want to see her, there she is, going into that house opposite. I wonder if she lives there."

"What!" cried the Colonel, "little Miss Stone, the good little district visitor, Ruyne's wife! Is it possible?" He rambled on, but his son was in a brown study. At last he looked up and said—

"You know her people have cast her off, so don't let my recognition go any further. Let the poor thing call herself Miss Stone if she likes."

The subject dropped. But unknown to the two men, the Colonel's exclamation on first hearing the news had reached the ears of the maid-servant laying the dinner in the next room; she told the cook, and before Mr. Pultun left for London on the morrow all the occupants of the Terrace were possessed of the history of the pretty stranger who called herself Miss Stone. And averted faces, greetings omitted, or cold and proud, soon told the poor woman that they knew they were too good to associate with her.

"It makes me miserable," she said one day to her old friend, "to see how all your friends turn from you now they know my story. You should do as they do, and leave the ruin to itself; it won't be for long—the doctor told me so this morning."

"Tut, tut, tut! I see I must give you my old reasons. Because others judge hardly, must I do so? Because others throw stones, must I do so? And finally, am I not your eccentric old friend, and as such privileged to follow my bent and nurse the sick and help the fallen to my heart's content?"

Miss Stone smiled sadly and said no more. Before the year was out Miss Taraxacumbe's friend was dead; and then, and not till then, when the daisies were starring a green mound in the grey God's acre, did people cease to speak hardly of the poor little woman who had sought refuge among them, and concealed that she was the deserted wife of a notorious forger, who had died in prison.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS IN ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

It is curious to note how quickly new fashions and ideas in things, otherwise outside its limit, are caught up and adapted to art needlework. During the last year or so books with padded covers in leather have come into fashion, and accordingly we find embroidered blotters and covers for periodicals, and even such trifles as visiting and postcard cases, are made up with a little padding under the needlework, which gives them a rounded appearance, and is, we think, a real improvement. The cover for *Punch*, of which we have a sketch in Fig. 1, is finished off in this manner, a layer of cotton wool being inserted between the millboard foundation and the material, which is of stout evenly-woven linen, on which the group of tulips is solidly worked in natural-coloured crewels. The scroll, outlined in dark olive-green, is also worked solidly in pale greenish greys, the lettering being of the same colour as the outline. It is lined with green sateen, and has elastic down the back to hold the paper securely. This cover might also be worked by *darning* the ground in some pale shade, and outlining the design with darker shades of the same colour; or, keeping to the solid work-cloth, velveteen or plush might be used as the ground.

The penwiper (Fig. 2) is drawn the actual size. It is adapted from a shawl pattern design, and is a charming way in which to utilise scraps of black or very dark-coloured cloth. The borders are worked in chain-stitch in various shades of red, green, and yellow gold silk. The inner part is also outlined with gold-coloured chain-stitch, filled in with bright colours in satin-stitch. If preferred, bits of bright-coloured chenille could be inserted instead, which would give a jewel-like effect to the work. Care must be taken in cutting out to have the pieces which make the fitting-in of the penwiper exactly the same size, as the whole is only attached together by means of a few stitches through the curved end. It will be easy for our girls to pick out bits of shawl patterns to use in this manner, and no doubt, with their clever brains and fingers, they will be able to apply the idea to other things.

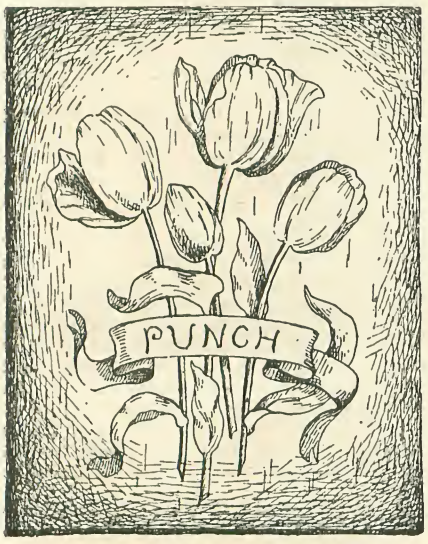


FIG. 1.—COVER FOR "PUNCH."

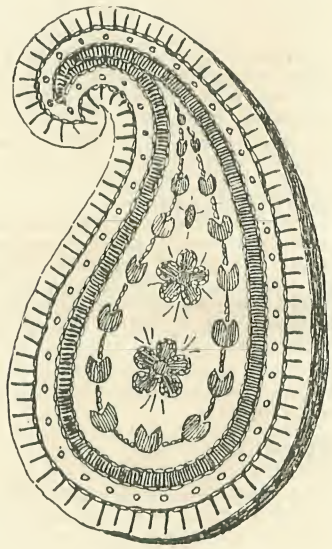


FIG. 2.—PENWIPER.

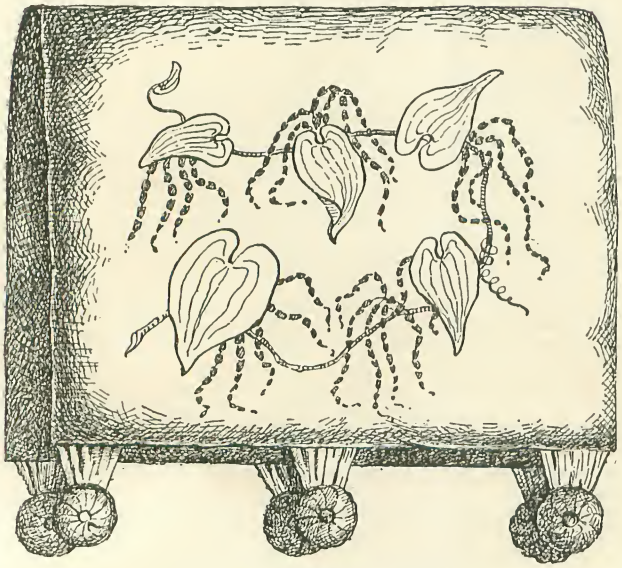


FIG. 3.—CHAIR-BACK CUSHION.

FIG. 4.—SLIPPER.

Fig. 3, a chair-back cushion, is a revival of an old world luxury—for a luxury it certainly is. It is simply a long flat cushion which can be hung over the back of a wooden chair. The shops are now showing the same thing in double cushions, fastened together with coloured ribbons; but in our opinion the old-fashioned thin single one is the best and most comfortable rest for the shoulders or head. The material of the one sketched is terra-cotta-coloured silk sheeting, ornamented with a conventional design, which is outlined with Japanese gold thread, the markings of the leaves being filled in with silk lighter in shade than the ground. It is finished off at each end with tabs fashioned from the same material, which are made by either gathering separate bits into the required form and sewing them on, or by leaving sufficient silk at the ends, of which to cut the tabs, and lining them. Care must be taken not to make these little finishings hard or lumpy, or they will prove the reverse of comfortable.

Fig. 4 is a bath slipper very easy to make. Blanketing, cloth, or velveteen may be used, and the slippers may match the dressing-gown in colour. Coarse crewel of a different shade from the ground is best for the embroidery. It is only outlined in stem, and filled in with satin-stitch, or rows of button-hole stitch would do equally well. The upper part and the cork sole are each bound with braid and neatly sewn together. Shawl patterns and scraps of Japanese design are easily adapted to these slippers, which can be made up at home, and make most acceptable and useful presents for gentlemen as well as ladies.

Fig. 5 is a child's frock, which we give because, though smocking and honeycombing are as high in favour as ever, embroidery is also liked for a change; and many pretty little natural and conventional borders can be brought into use again for this purpose. The frock which we sketch is of white linen, on which the design is solidly worked in flourishing thread, which may be either white or coloured, according to taste. Threads and silks are now to be obtained in all colours which will bear washing as well as the material itself; and gold, or pinkish terra-cotta-coloured embroidery on white linen, would make a very smart and pretty summer frock for a child after this fashion.

The foot-muff (Fig. 6) is the only article of which a sketch is given in this paper that our girls could not well make up at home. The material is dark blue velveteen, on which a spray of chrysanthemum is solidly worked in shaded gray and white. Both flowers and leaves will stand out with better effect if they be outlined with coarse navy blue crewel. The foot-muff must of course be lined and trimmed with fur; if you have bits of any old fur-lined jacket or cloak, this is a very good opportunity for using them up.

The two *bell-pulls* (*Figs.* 7 and 8) can be made of any colour or material. The first is of deep crimson plush, and the design is worked in Japanese gold thread throughout.

The second, of peacock-blue diagonal cloth, has a design of large white daisies solidly worked and shaded in natural colours, and the ornament which forms the handle can be appropriately fashioned in the form of a daisy also, a tab of the material being left at the end to which it is securely attached.

CHRISTMAS SWEET DISHES.

Now that the festive season is once more approaching, and with it the gathering together of scattered families, the anxious housekeeper begins to worry about providing for the numerous tea and supper-parties which are a part of the festivities, and so now I will try and give directions how to make some new and suitable dainties in the way of cakes (the joy of the children home for the holidays), and also of some sweets for the supper-table.

I will begin by giving directions how to make two things which we always have here in Scotland at Christmas, namely, "Christmas Currant Bun," and "Shortbread."

For the *Currant Bun* you have two lots of ingredients, one for the crust and the other for the inside. For the crust, you require a breakfastcupful and a half of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and enough water to make a paste. For the cake, take one pound of fine flour, half a pound of sugar, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, quarter of a pound of orange peel, quarter of a pound of almonds, half an ounce of ground ginger, half an ounce of ground cinnamon, half an ounce of Jamaica pepper, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one breakfastcupful of sweet milk. Stone the raisins, have the currants well cleaned, the orange peel finely cut, and the almonds blanched, and left whole or halved, as desired. Take the first lot of ingredients, flour, butter, etc.; rub the butter into the flour, add the baking-powder, and enough cold water to make a nice firm paste. Roll out to a thin sheet. Take a square tin, not too large, grease it well inside, and line it neatly with the paste, leaving enough for a cover, and be sure and join it neatly. Cut the cover the size of the tin, and lay it aside while you mix the cake.

Put the fruit, sugar, and all the dry ingredients into a large bowl or basin and mix them well together, so that the spices may get well incorporated; then add the milk, good measure, and with the hand well mix it in till all is thoroughly moistened; this must be carefully done or else you will find the mixture quite dry at the bottom of the basin. The mixture will be a stiffish dough. Now put it carefully into the paste-lined tin, and with your fingers, previously wet in milk, smooth it on the top to make it level, then put on the paste cover, moisten the edges to join them, pinch them all round, brush over the top with egg, prick all over with a fork, and bake for three and a half hours in a good oven. Put a thick paper over the top to prevent its burning while it is baking.

Shortbread.—This is a Scotch delicacy that is a universal favourite with our friends "over the Border," and is well worth the patient kneading it requires. When once the art is acquired it does not seem nearly such hard work. Put on the baking-board three and a half ounces of sifted sugar and three quarters of a pound of butter; work in the sugar to the butter, then knead in gradually a pound and three quarters of fine flour into which has been sifted one teaspoonful of Borwick's baking-powder. When all the flour has been kneaded in it will be rather a dry paste. Take about an eighth of the paste, and with the palm of the hand knead it out slowly into a round cake about a quarter of an inch thick, pinch round the edges, and bake on paper in a moderate oven to a pale brown. When done take them out, and while hot strew over them thickly sifted sugar. I have given one eighth of the paste as the quantity for each cake, because it will be found easier at first to make them smaller, as the dough is so difficult to keep from crumbling; but six cakes is really the number that should be made with the quantity of flour, etc. Whatever you do, don't make the shortbread thick—it is not nearly so nice to look at nor to taste.

If kept in a tin box it will keep a long time, and only requires to be toasted in the oven for a few minutes, and when cool will be as crisp as though newly made.

The following cake is usually a favourite one to make amongst the supply at this time, and the one thing to be careful about is the baking, as owing to the syrup in it it is very easily scorched. Be sure and bake it with a stout paper over the top of it. *Spice Cake* requires three quarters of a pound of flour of rice, quarter of a pound of ground rice, half a pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of fine flour, one pound of castor sugar, a pound and a half of golden syrup, nine eggs, one ounce of ground ginger, one ounce of ground cinnamon, and one nutmeg grated. Beat in a basin the eggs and sugar till light and white, then add the butter previously beaten to a cream, and beat all together for a little while, then add the flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder mixed in, then the ground rice, flour of rice, spices, and syrup; beat all well together, then pour into a buttered and paper-lined tin and bake till dry in the centre when tested with a knife run into it.

Peel Cake.—One pound of sugar, a good three quarters of a pound of butter, a pound and a half of flour, twelve eggs, a pound and a half of orange, lemon, and citron peel mixed, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Beat sugar and butter for half an hour together, then put in the peel finely shred, then the eggs and flour alternately, till all is in, beating all the time. Bake in paper-lined and well-buttered tin.

Dundee Cake.—Five ounces of butter, six ounces of sifted sugar, five ounces of flour, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, quarter of a pound of sultana raisins, quarter of a pound of blanched whole almonds, and two ounces of peel. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add one egg and a spoonful of the flour, beat well; add another egg and more flour, beat again; then third egg and flour, then the remainder of the flour and milk, and beat well. Put in the fruit and half of the almonds, mix and pour

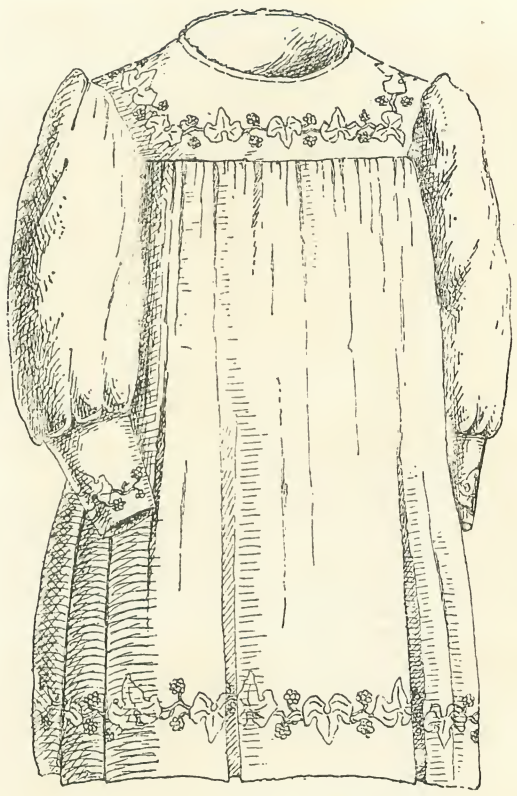


FIG. 5.—CHILD'S FROCK.

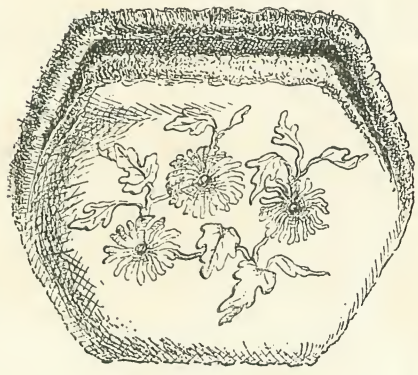
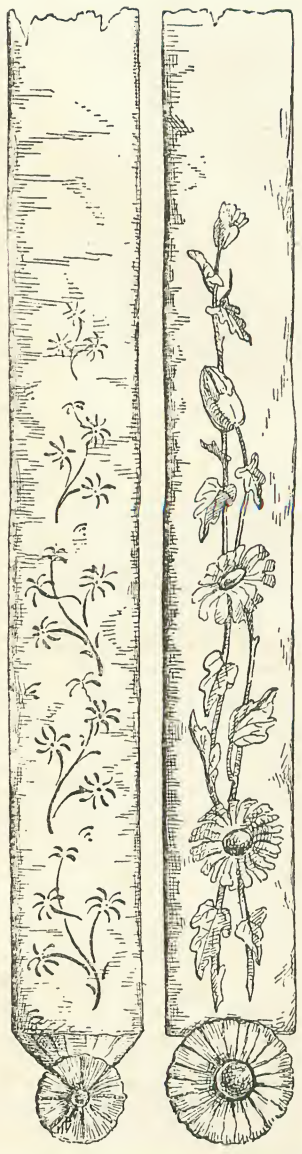


FIG. 6.—FOOT MUFF.



FIGS. 7–8.—BELL-PULLS.

into a well-buttered tin; sprinkle the rest of the almonds cut in halves on the top, and bake in good oven for three quarters of an hour.

For *Dessert Cakes*, whisk till light and white half a pound of castor sugar and six eggs; add six ounces of ground almonds, grated rind of half a lemon, and lastly, sift in half a pound of fine flour. Place in small well-buttered tins and bake in a good oven.

Croquettes.—Mix a pound and a half of fine sugar, three quarters of a pound of ground almonds, and three quarters of a pound of fine flour. Make to a stiff paste with eggs, roll out thin, and bake. Or else, take one pound of fine sugar and the same quantity of ground almonds, make to a stiff paste with the beaten yolks of three eggs, make into small shapes, lay them on paper sprinkled with sugar, and bake in a cool oven to a nice pale brown.

New Year's Cakes.—A pound and a quarter of sugar, one pound of butter, half a pint of cold water, three eggs, three pounds of fine flour, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a very little hot water, four tablespoonfuls of carraway seeds sprinkled in the flour. Rub the butter or chop it up into the flour, dissolve the sugar in the water, mix all well with the beaten eggs, cut into small square or round cakes, and bake in a quick oven. This is a large quantity.

Rose Biscottines.—One pound of fine flour, eight ounces of sifted sugar, eight ounces of butter, half an ounce of baking-powder, one wineglassful of rose-water, and two eggs. Sift the baking-powder into the flour, rub in butter and sugar, make a hole in the centre, and into it put the eggs and rose-water; stir together and make into a stiff, firm paste, roll out to one eighth of an inch thick, and then cut out into small rounds or fancy shapes. Lay on buttered baking-tins, and bake in a warm oven.

And now that I have, I think, given you enough variety in cakes to choose from, I shall pass on to the sweet dishes suitable for supper at small musical or evening parties. Some of the above small cakes are suitable for the supper-table to serve when tea and coffee are provided.

Everyone likes *Meringues*, so be sure and have a heaped dish of them; they are not troublesome nor expensive to make. Whisk on a large plate the whites of six eggs to as stiff a froth as possible, then put them into a basin, and with a wooden spoon stir in as quickly as possible twelve ounces of castor sugar. Have ready strips of paper laid on boards, put the mixture out in spoonfuls as nearly egg-shaped as possible; do not let them touch each other; sprinkle some sugar over each, and bake in a moderate oven to a very pale brown. Take them out, turn them over on their backs on fresh paper, and with a teaspoon take a spoonful of the soft mixture out from the middle, taking care not to break them; return to oven to harden, then take them out, and when cold they will be quite crisp. Fill with whipped cream sweetened with sugar and flavoured with vanilla essence. The secret of success in the making is to get them quickly into the oven after the sugar is stirred in, otherwise it melts, and they lose their shape before they are set by the baking. If the eggs are large a little more than the twelve ounces of sugar may be used.

Fig Compôte.—One dozen figs cut up put on in a pan with a sixpenny packet of gelatine, two ounces of sugar, and enough water to cover all. Simmer for two hours. Pour into a mould previously wet with cold water, and when set turn out and serve with whipped cream round it. Prunes can be done in the same way, using half a pound of prunes to the packet of gelatine. Stone the fruit; and half a glass of port wine added after they are cooked and before putting into the mould is a great improvement.

French Oranges.—Cut four oranges in halves, take out the pulp carefully and nick out the edges of the rind and leave to soak in water. Squeeze the juice of the pulp through a sieve and add water to make up two breakfastcupfuls. Put it in a pan with one ounce of gelatine, quarter of a pound of sugar, white and shell of one egg, juice and rind of small lemon; whisk over the fire till it boils, let it settle a minute, then strain through a jelly bag. Fill the rinds with the jelly, and when set whip up one teacupful of thick cream with a little sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence, and pile over the jelly roughly.

Orange Cream.—One ounce of isinglass, six large oranges, one lemon, sugar, water, and half a pint of cream. Rub sugar on rind of orange, put in a pan with the strained juice, the isinglass, and enough water to make up a pint and a half. Boil for ten minutes, strain, and when cold beat up with it the half pint of thick cream. Pour into a wet mould, and when set turn out.

Pineapple Jelly.—Take one tin of preserved pineapple, cut the fruit in small pieces, and put it in a pan with its own juice with sugar to taste, a spoonful of lemon juice and one ounce of gelatine, and a good half pint of water. Simmer about one hour, and strain through a jelly bag into a wet mould.

Russian Pudding.—One quart of claret, one ounce of isinglass, three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, juice of a lemon, one breakfastcupful of damson jam, and one glass of brandy. Soak the isinglass in the claret, brandy, and sugar, then add the jam, and stir over the fire. Let it boil for five minutes, and then strain into a wet casserole mould. When set, turn out and serve with whipped cream in the centre.

Pudding à la Métropole.—Cut a round or oval shilling sponge cake in slices, spread each with lemon preserve, and pile upon each other in a glass dish. Pour over two tablespoonfuls of sherry wine, and glaze with the following mixture: Two good tablespoonfuls of apricot jam, three of water, and one of sugar. Boil till the jam is quite dissolved, put through a strainer, and add a quarter of an ounce of dissolved gelatine. When half cool pour over the cake, and let it stand till set. Ornament round the edge and top with dried cherries and strips of angelica, and round it place spoonfuls of whipped cream.

Apricot Cream.—One dozen and a half of tinned apricots; stew with a little of the syrup and an ounce of sugar till a soft pulp, and rub through a strainer. Boil a pint and a half of milk with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Let it cool, then add the yolks of eight eggs well beaten. Put into a jug set in a pan of water, and stir till mixture thickens; add an ounce and a half of isinglass which has been boiled in a little water, and when the cream is cold add the apricots and mix well. Pour into a mould, and put in a cool place till set.

Greengage Compôte.—Take a round sponge cake, and cut a slice off the top about an inch thick; then cut out the centre of the cake, leaving the sides quite an inch thick. Fill the hole with stewed greengages (or any kind of fruit), and place the slice on again as a lid; pour over the syrup, and leave an hour to soak. Make a thick custard; pour it over the cake, and ornament with split blanched almonds and angelica. The centre of the cake can be used as cake, or else to make a small Trifle or Tipsy Cake.

Orange Fool.—The juice of four large sweet oranges, three eggs well beaten, one pint of good cream, a scraped nutmeg, cinnamon, and sugar to taste. Set it on the fire till it is as thick as lemon preserve, and do not let it boil. Pour into a glass dish or custard glasses, and serve when cold.

Lemon Snow.—Dissolve three quarters of an ounce of isinglass in one pint of boiling water, add half a pound of loaf sugar, and the rind of two lemons cut very thin. Boil ten minutes, strain, and while hot add the strained juice of the two lemons. When nearly cold, whisk till it looks like snow. Pour into a wet mould and turn out the next day.

Those creams, etc., with gelatine can be made the day before they are wanted, which, besides being a saving of labour, ensures their being quite set before they are turned out; indeed, if kept as they ought to be, in a cool place, they will keep for two days. Of course where whipped cream is used to put round, it must not be done till the day it is used. The meringue cases keep for several days if kept dry, and can be filled as required.

All the foregoing "sweets" are also suitable for dinners, as hot puddings are not so much used now, except for more informal dinner-parties.

I hope amongst the recipes I have given my readers may be able to find something new; and I know all are good, and quite worth a trial

"CONSTANCE."

ON BEHALF OF A FRIEND

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

"Is it a nice letter, darling? I hope it is. Real good news, that makes you like to read it over and over."

A child asked the question—my solitary pupil, Margery Fothergill, also my dear little friend.

I had spent an unconscionable time over what was only a short note, and Margery had watched my face with those wistful loving eyes of hers, as if she were trying to read from it whether the message was pleasant or otherwise. Apparently she could not decide whether I needed sympathy on account of a disagreeable communication, or whether it might be nice enough to rejoice over.

"What do you think, Madge? You have been reading my face. What has it t you?"

The child replied with perfect frankness—

"It puzzles me, darling. You smiled once, as if you were amused, but you gave your lip a little turn at the same time, as if the person that wrote the letter had not said the truth, or else that——"

Madge paused as if she could not quite put her meaning into words.

"I am not sure that I can tell you. Perhaps the look said you had found out something the person did not mean you to know."

I laughed heartily at the child's way of putting things.

"Madge, you are quite too keen sighted—not with your eyes, but with your mind. You are a little thought-reader, for it is quite true

that I seemed to see underneath the words something which they were never meant to tell."

"But was it something pleasant? I could not make up my mind about that, though I was sure you thought it of consequence, or you would not have read it three times over, and then spent so long in thinking about it."

"I will tell you, Madge. If the writer means exactly what the words of her letter tell me, it may be called a pleasant one; but if my thought was correct, then it was a selfish motive that made her write. The question that puzzled me was, 'Does she want to serve me or herself?' I have not yet answered the question to my own satisfaction, so as it is time to begin lessons, I will leave it over for the present."

"Certainly, darling! Just one kiss and then——"

Madge's loving arms were round my neck in a moment, and I received and gave a shower of kisses, after which we parted as friends and *confidantes*, and became teacher and pupil for two hours by the schoolroom clock.

Margery and I occupied dual positions towards each other. During six hours out of the twenty-four I was her governess, Miss Mosscrop, and she was my obedient, hard-working pupil, whom I called by her full Christian name, Margery. The rest of the time I was called "Darling" and she was "Madge" by mutual agreement.

The child and I were the closest friends possible, and I felt myself rich in possessing the devoted love of her guileless heart. I opened my own to her in regard to everything that was fitting for one so young to know, and on her part, her thoughts were made an open book for me to read. But for Madge my life at Hill Fold would have been dreary in the extreme. Indeed, I was there because she was—having been engaged by her grandparents to teach, train, amuse, and be companion to their son's orphan child.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Fothergill were a kindly couple of seventy-five and seventy years of age, absorbed in each other; contented with the rambling old house and the quaint furniture, which had been theirs half a century ago when they married, and which had proved its durability whatever might be said of its want of beauty.

Most of their neighbours belonged to another generation, and they cared little for seeing those who had no associations in common with themselves. They dearly loved their grandchild, and were very good to me, only they could not realise that I might be lonely at Hill Fold, when they were striving to give me all that heart could wish. I had a liberal salary, a beautiful pony on which I could accompany Madge when she rode out on hers; some of the brightest rooms in the house were appropriated to her and me, and I was enjoined above all things to try and be happy and to make Madge the same. I must tell them if anything were wanted, and it should be got at once; but I must excuse the quiet ways of the house. Old folk desired rest above all things, and young company, that could talk only of the present, had nothing in *common* with them. They would only weary of each other.

There were children enough available as companions for Madge, but she cared little for them in comparison, and seemed to have decided that if she were my charge in one respect, I was hers in another, and so devoted herself to me.

How the child watched me! Not in a prying fashion—she had not a particle of anything that was small or mean in her composition—she only anticipated chances for rendering service and showing her love and sympathy. How keen were her perceptions may be judged from her comments about that letter.

The letter itself was short, and simply worded. It was from Mrs., or, as the village people called her, Madam Heyes, of Heyesham. Why they should have preferred Madam to Mrs. no one could tell, unless they had adopted the word from a foreign maid who had long been in her service, or because she had spent several years abroad after the death of her husband. She was a woman of fifty-five, stately and handsome for her age, but with hair of such silvery whiteness that it suggested a more advanced period of life.

I had seen Madam pretty often since I came to Hill Fold, for she was one of the few people whose visits were welcome to my employers; and if she could not look back as far into the past as they did, she was a capital listener to their old-world talk, and was a sort of link between past and present.

Madge was very fond of Madam, and to give the child pleasure she was always summoned to the drawing-room to see and be seen of her.

Where Madge went I accompanied her, and if I had not been biased by village gossip which reached my ears when my pupil and I acted as almoners for Mr. and Mrs. Fothergill, I should have thought Madam all but perfect. She had the most charming manners imaginable, was so careful not to pain or offend by hasty, thoughtless remarks; she said kind things so gracefully, and as if it were the most delightful thing in the world to make everybody think well of everybody else. She had travelled and read so much, and so intelligently, that no one could be in her company without gaining information; and she imparted it in such a lively fashion, that young and old listened with equal pleasure.

Amongst Madam's accomplishments she was a good French and German scholar, but one day she was lamenting the difficulty of keeping up these languages by merely reading, and without opportunities for conversation.

"Do you not experience this, Miss Mosscrop?" she said to me.

I was very proud of my proficiency in both languages, for I had learned them in the several countries, and I did not imagine it possible I could forget either, so I replied—

"I have felt no difficulty as yet; but then it is not so long since I returned from the Continent."

"True; and perhaps my being so much older than yourself makes me more liable to lose what, like you, I counted all my own," she said.

Then she asked where I had stayed when abroad, and though I know now that she knew far more about the places than I did, she concealed the fact that I might appear the better informed.

Madam's object was to raise me in the opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Fothergill, and with that end she asked so as to draw out the information I possessed, and then listened to my replies as if she were learning something from the girl governess at Hill Fold.

I know that I felt well satisfied with myself after Madam left, and was foolish enough to fancy that I had taught her something, instead of realising how much I had to learn and she had to tell.

Young people do not easily acquire the art of self-effacement, though there are some gentle spirits to whom it comes naturally, and who glory in the light which shines around those they love, and take no credit for having been the means of kindling it.

Madam was given to self-effacement on a large scale. She put out her greater light, that the little ones might be seen; and they were so contented with their semi-darkness that they did not miss or want the sun.

We can most of us understand the pleasure of putting self in the background for the sake of one who is dearer than self; of being content to sit in the dust so that our heart's idol may occupy a pedestal. The noblest natures go a step further, and give the better place to the neighbour who will be cheered or benefited even by its temporary occupation. The question with such is not, "Do I love the individual more than myself?" but, "Can I do him good and make him happy by effacing self for the time being?"

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE been a long time in coming to Madam's letter; it was a very simple one, and I will give it in full.

"DEAR MISS MOSSCROP,—Do you remember what I said one day about the difficulty of keeping up a foreign language by merely reading? You were happily unaware of this then, but you may perhaps realise it now. I have thought that it would benefit us both to meet sometimes—say once a week—and bind ourselves not to utter a word in our mother tongue whilst we are together. What say you to spending one afternoon weekly at Heyesham, always provided that Mr. and Mrs. Fothergill do not object? Margery might accompany you, and I can find a companion for her in my grandniece, who is coming to spend several months here. She is a nice child, of similar age to your pupil.

"If you like my plan, submit it to Mr. and Mrs. Fothergill—or I will do so, if you prefer my speaking. I would not name the matter without your permission, and if you decide against it, no more will be said."

Apart from friendly messages this was all, and yet I had read it three times over, and little Madge had read in my face that the letter excited a spirit of doubt in my mind as to the writer's motives.

It may be asked what motive but a kind one could have induced Madam to propose such a plan? Heyesham was a delightful house, and to be a guest there was to have the *entrée* to the best society of the neighbourhood.

"True," I replied to this thought when it came, "but I shall not be Madam's guest. She and I will meet to do lessons together; that is all."

"Such lessons must be of great value, for she is an accomplished linguist," was my next thought.

"Will they not be of use to Madam herself? She owns to needing them—I do not," was my mental reply to this. "People say 'Madam is close with her money,' and yet she gives very largely. But she always acknowledges that what she bestows is not her own—that she does it 'on behalf of a friend.' She never admits that a penny of her private income goes to help a poor neighbour or a good work. She is honest in that, at any rate."

To give the substance of my thoughts, I may as well say that I judged Madam very ungenerously. I decided in my own mind that she wanted to converse habitually in French and German, and that I, the little governess at Hill Fold, was the only person within reach who could be made of use in the matter. I should give lessons without fee or reward, except a cup of afternoon tea and the opportunity of saying that I went to see Madam at Heyesham, though no one else would meet me there as her guest.

In spite of such thoughts, however, I reflected that it would be a change to ride or drive to Madam's with Madge; that the conversations would be of use to me, seeing that a governess cannot afford to lose the knowledge she has laboured to attain, and that even study in company was better than study in solitude.

I obtained Mr. and Mrs. Fothergill's leave to accept Madam's invitation, and afterwards

told Madge of her own prospective share in the new plan.

The child did not know that it was the outcome of the letter which had occupied me so long; but she was delighted at the thought of having a child companion whilst I was engaged with Madam Heyes.

"I am never tired of you, darling," she said, "but you must often want somebody to talk to instead of me, because I am only a little girl. I tell you all my secrets, but they are not very big ones, and you must have some that you cannot tell me. I don't mind, though," she added in a resigned way, that touched me not a little. I could desire no more faithful friend than my little Madge, though I had one secret I could not share with her.

I imagined that this secret was known only to Charley and myself. We hoped to keep it one for years to come, for we could imagine nothing but trouble to follow if it became known to others.

It is delightful to think that you can call a true heart all your own; that you are loved for your own sake. But when the love has to be hidden deep down in the heart, and you dare not hint at your secret happiness, you carry a weight as well as a source of gladness, and one goes far to counterbalance the other.

I think my feelings, as I cherished my secret, were like those of a mother who lavishes a double share of affection on a puny child, and clasps it the closer for its very weakness, dreading the while that it will never grow to maturity.

There seemed everything against my hope attaining fruition, yet I had so little to look forward to, that I could not bear to let it go. It was born in this way. I had been in one situation before I came to Hill Fold. I was governess to two little girls, the children of a Mr. Veevers by his second wife, a lady much younger than himself.

There were a daughter and son by his former marriage. The latter—my Charley, as I called him to myself—was still at home; his sister had married very early.

He was twenty-two and I was nineteen, and being the only two young people in the house, we saw a great deal of each other. This was owing to Mrs. Veevers, who was a sweet, large-hearted woman, and loved to make all around her happy. She treated me more like a sister than an *employée*, and I think the wide difference in age between her husband and herself made her glad to have me much with her. I am sure she never thought that her very kindness might cause trouble to Charley and me.

It was a trouble when we found out that each was dearer to the other than all the world beside, for Charley knew that his father would never sanction his engagement with a penniless girl, who had to earn her daily bread. I had an instinctive feeling that were our secret known, Mrs. Veevers would come in for a large share of blame, because it was through her that Charley and I had been thrown so much together.

As a rule, Mr. Veevers was a most indulgent husband, and idolised his young wife; but he was a man of strong passions, and could not bear to be crossed in anything; so Charley and I were alike afraid of him. Charley was dependent on his father, but had every reason to expect that he would inherit a considerable amount of real property, and that the personalty would go amongst the girls, for whom it would provide amply. But Mr. Veevers could dispose of all he had as he chose, and to offend him might mean that his son would have nothing, or at best a mere pittance.

It happened just at the time that I had a letter from the aunt who had brought me up, in which she said, "If you were not in a situation, I could place you in an exceptionally good one, with a higher salary than you now have. Money is of consequence to you, and if you were not so comfortable with Mrs. Veevers, I should advise your accepting it."

I had been wishing I could solve the present difficulty by running away from temptation. If I stayed under the same roof with Charley, I must lead a life of dissimulation. It would be dreadfully hard to exercise such self-control as to prevent our feelings for each other from being suspected, and if we could even do this, it seemed scarcely honest towards her who had been so good to us both.

"Shall we tell the mater?" said Charley. "It appears deceitful not to do so, and yet if my father were to know afterwards, he would be doubly angry at her for keeping our secret; though for her to tell it at present would ruin my hopes."

My aunt's letter came at the right time. I determined to let Mrs. Veevers see it, and hoped that she would say something which would enable me to come to a decision.

"You do not wish to leave us," she said, as she returned the letter, looking enquiringly as she spoke.

"It would be the greatest possible trial to me, but——"

I could not utter another word, for tears prevented me.

"But you feel that it might be wisest and best for you to avail yourself of this opportunity, dear? Speak freely. Remember, I am now and always your friend."

"Not on account of money. That is not worth naming; but it might be better for other reasons," I replied.

I think Mrs. Veevers must have guessed the truth, but she made no sign.

"We shall *all* be grieved to lose you, dear, yet my advice to you is, do what conscience approves, and the reward will come in due time. Mr. Veevers will, I doubt not, be annoyed at your leaving, for he has often spoken so warmly of your success with the children and their great affection for you. But do not trouble; I will take care that the blame shall not fall on your shoulders."

What she said I know not, but Mr. Veevers and I parted on the best of terms, and he did not seem to attribute my leaving to mercenary motives, which I feared he might do. My place was filled in one way by a much older lady, and I found a new home at Hill Fold.

I heard from Mrs. Veevers pretty regularly, and she told me all the family news, mentioning Charley as freely as the rest. But from him I never received a line. He had said he would never forget me, and that if he waited until his hair and mine were gray he would claim me as his wife or die an old bachelor.

I had been a year and a half at Hill Fold, and had only left it to go with Mr. and Mrs. Fothergill and Madge to the sea-side or elsewhere. I took my holidays with them when they went away, or stayed through the vacation in winter, the only difference being that lessons were put aside and Margery and I were just a pair of friends, instead of governess and pupil. I was "Darling" all the day through, instead of Miss Mosscrop in school hours.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD doubted the disinterestedness of Madam Heyes in asking me to go periodically to Heyesham, and fancied that she expected to benefit by our intercourse. I soon found the advantage would be all on my side, and I could not help owning to myself that after each visit I had gained some information that could not fail to be of use to me. More than this; when Madam talked, whether in one language or another, she proved to me that the facility on which I had prided myself was as nothing in comparison with the knowledge she possessed, and the ease with which she used it. Yet how modest was her self-estimate.

It would be difficult for me to convey an idea of the effect produced on me by familiar intercourse with this gifted woman. She drew out all that was best in me, yet revealed to me so much that was better in herself, without any apparent consciousness of the difference, that she filled me with longings of a kind that I had not before experienced.

I never left her without being more sensible how great a space needed to be bridged over before I could touch that of which she took a firm mental grasp. After talking with her I always wanted to be nobler, purer, better, and I used to find that she had imprinted sentiments on my memory which were calculated to influence my life. I caught myself repeating them again and again, dreading to lose the treasures that had fallen from her lips, and anxious to turn them to account, so that I might impress others in turn.

In Madam's presence I was alternately humbled and exalted—humbled at the contrast between her and myself, elevated when I thought to how high a standard I might aspire since another woman had reached it. I was young. The years were before me. I would also strive after perfection, and though I might never attain it, every honest effort would bring me nearer to it.

I had always craved for love, and to some extent for admiration. My orphaned condition had deprived me of family love; and my aunt, who had been very good to me, was not given to show her regard by caresses or endearments of any kind. She had deprived herself of many indulgences to give me the education which was to enable me to gain my bread, but she had never disguised the fact that affection for me had little to do with her self-denial for my sake. She had loved my father and disliked my mother, so she would not let *his* child be brought up by *her* relations.

She attached much importance to the good opinion of her neighbours, and was resolved that the world should say she had not shirked her duty, though in her heart of hearts she regarded the orphan niece as a burden to be got rid of as soon as possible. She spent her money freely on my education, that I might the sooner be able to shift for myself. Having secured a good situation for me, she stipulated that I should spend my holidays with my employers, and did not invite me to stay under her roof again. Yet she was anxious for me to go to Hill Fold, because of the extra salary, from which I could save considerably, in order to render a future appeal to her for help as remote a contingency as possible.

I told Madam Heyes all about my childhood and girlhood, and asked her if she thought it wrong to desire to be loved and admired.

"I hope not, dear," she said, "for if it were I should have to plead guilty to lifelong offences of the kind. At first, when we are young, we just want to be loved. Later on, if we seek it, a clearer vision is given to us, and we pray not so much that we may have the affection, the esteem, the admiration, of our fellow human beings, as that we may become worthy to inspire such feelings."

"I can see what you mean, Madam," I answered. "You would bid me take comfort from the thought that to deserve love and respect is better even than to possess them, and yet it seems to me that those who do merit must win both."

"Not always, my child. The meek and quiet spirit, which is the ornament of great price, sometimes stands in the way. Flaunting self-assertion steps to the front and claims what it does not merit. A priceless pearl has to be sought in ocean depths. A diamond often lies far below the surface, and in like manner, those who best deserve to be valued must first be sought and known. But there is

MISS MOSSCROP.

always one love on which we can count with absolute certainty; a love that is everlasting, that began before we had an existence, that accompanies us through life, and lasts through all eternity—that is as precious and to be desired as it must ever be undeserved. You know Whose love that is, do you not?"

"'The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge,'" I replied, for I could not misunderstand Madam's meaning. But my knowledge of this love as compared with hers was like all the rest—I had read of it, heard of it, but it had never been real to give me comfort, to make me feel rich in possessing it, or to take away the greater longing for human affection, which always possessed me.

Madam was to be my teacher in higher things than modern languages. She was to be my earthly example, as the noblest woman it was ever my happiness to know, and to be the means of leading me to Him who is the source whence flows all that is truly good, the one perfect pattern as well as the all-sufficient Saviour.

The time came when the truth dawned upon me, and I was able to understand Madam's motives, and to know that her own benefit was ever the last thing she thought of. She desired to win the hearts of the young for her Master, and to prove, by the sunshine which her own beautiful life and temper spread on all around, that in His service alone was life worth living, and true happiness to be found.

Madam did me good too in a social sense. Instead of my preconceived notions being realised, a week seldom passed without my being brought into pleasant contact with some of her intimates. I was not ignored, or casually mentioned as "a young lady who teaches Margery Fothergill." Madam would say, "This is a dear young friend of mine, who is good enough to cheer an old woman with her bright company," and she would use me as a mother uses her daughter, when visitors are present.

"If you want to keep young-hearted, by all means surround yourself with boys and girls," she would tell her older friends. "I have no children, but I feel as though I had a large family, for I press other people's young folk into my home. Here are my pets—Madge Fothergill, my grandniece Elsie, and Miss Mosscrop, who allows me to call her Edith. These and other young folk help to make me feel that I am not too old for such companionship, and that I am deputy mother to a large family."

As she named me she would give me a look of affection, which left no doubt of her sincere regard for myself.

It was well known that the Fothergills made me one of the family, and I was treated with greater respect in consequence. But all their kindness would never have given me such a position in the eyes of the better class of people, as Madam secured for me by introducing me as her friend.

My sweet pupil was also the happier for our going to Heyesham. She became more of a child by contact with a healthy, joyous youngster like Elsie Willerton, and she told me how glad she was to have her as a playfellow and companion.

"I shall always love you best, darling," she

said; "but I've lots of love to spare for Madam and Elsie."

"You put Madam first, Madge," I replied, pressing my dear pupil to my heart. "Does she not come after Elsie?"

"No," said the child. "You first, then Madam, Elsie next. I love to be with Madam. It is like going out into the sunshine when the rain is over, and everything is brighter for it. Besides, it was Madam that brought Elsie to be my friend, or I should not have a playfellow to love. Isn't Madam a dear?"

The child was going to say a darling, but she used the other word. She would give no one else my pet name.

"She is, little one; so dear that she gets right into the warmest corner of our hearts, and we never want to send her away again," I replied.

Madge clung a little closer to me, and rested her head on my shoulder in silence for a little while. Then she said, "I did not always love Madam as I do now, darling. You see, I did not know that she was so—so beautiful. I don't mean in her face, but in her ways. She makes me feel ever so glad just to be near her, and I want to be good a great deal more than I used to. Did you always love Madam as you do now?"

"No, little one; I think I scarcely loved her at all."

"Why was that? But perhaps I ought not to ask."

"You see, I did not know Madam," I answered, using the child's own words. "She is so beautiful in her ways, that when we do know her, she makes us want to be like her."

"Are not you good enough, darling?" asked Madge. "I always think that I should not like you to be a bit different."

"It is your love for me that makes you feel this, dear. You think me better than I am. With Madam things are just the other way about, or they have been. You did not begin by loving her, but as you say, she is so beautiful in her ways, that, knowing her, you cannot help it any more than you can help wanting to imitate her."

"Then you have felt just like me," said Madge, in a delighted tone. "How nice that is! And do you know, darling, that you are sweeter than ever? I can't a bit tell why, unless you have caught some more niceness from Madam. I hope I shall get a great deal from you both."

Madge's words gladdened me. How true was her estimate of Madam's character! It was just beautiful all round. And if I were learning in ever so weak a fashion to reflect that beauty in my own daily walk and conversation, I should indeed have cause for thankfulness.

CHAPTER IV.

I KNEW that those delightful visits to Heyesham could not go on without interruption.

Madam was in the habit of going from home at certain seasons, and if she had stayed there the year round, the Fothergills would not, so I must sometimes be absent from Hill Fold.

It was Madam's departure which made the first break, and it came sooner than we expected. She had to go to some friends quite on a sudden, owing to the illness of a member of the family to whom she was much attached. She did not wish to take Elsie with her, and there were plenty of houses open to the child for an almost unlimited time.

Madam, however, gave me a delightful proof of her affection and confidence by asking Mr. and Mrs. Fothergill to allow the child to remain at Hill Fold during her absence.

"If Elsie can be with you and share with Madge my young friend's loving care and instruction, I shall be quite happy. I shall feel that she is under the best possible guardianship," said Madam.

Mr. and Mrs. Fothergill were delighted, and I—well, I resolved, God helping me, to justify Madam's trust, and to repay to the best of my power what she had done for me by my care of the child.

I knew her absence would make a great blank in my life, but it cheered me to feel that I could do something for one she loved in the meanwhile. Doubtless she left Elsie under my special charge as much for my sake as the child's.

One thing struck me as a little singular—she left me no address. I promised to write frequently, but I was to send my letters to Heyesham, that they might be included in the daily packet to be forwarded thence.

Had it not been for Madam's influence, I should have been feeling depressed and downhearted. I had heard nothing from Mrs. Veevers for several weeks, and as it was only through her I ever had news of Charley, I began to think that she must have decided that it would be better for both our sakes to sever the last link between us, by ceasing all correspondence with me.

I asked myself if she could have done this at Charley's request? Had he come to the conclusion that he must give me up since there was no hope of overcoming the obstacles in the way of our union?

I am glad that I never doubted Charley's constancy. I made all sorts of excuses for him, ever deciding that he would think of me and plan for me rather than himself—aye, even in giving me up, were it needful.

I did not regret having left his father's house. It was the right thing to do; and, though I had turned my back on him I loved best in the world, not knowing whether we should ever meet again, it was a comfort to think that I had made the future easier for him, and had left the path of temptation. So far, my action had been overruled for good. It had led me to another home of peace and love, and the dear old people who were the heads of it said that my presence made it more cheery for them as well as for the child.

It had given me the sweetest of pupils and little friends in Margery, the best and wisest of counsellors and the loveliest of womanly examples in Madam Heyes. What cause I had for thankfulness! Surely with such experiences to encourage me as I glanced into the past, I ought to have no doubts or fears for the future. It was alike my duty and privilege to wait in simple faith, and take no thought for the morrow.

Madam wrote to me pretty frequently, but her letters never came straight to Hill Fold. They were always enclosed with others to the housekeeper at Heyesham, and sent thence by a messenger.

This appeared a roundabout way of doing things, but, no matter what Madam might have chosen to do, I think it would have seemed best in my eyes. At last a time was fixed for her return, and how I counted the hours until she arrived! She had written to ask that I might take Elsie and Madge to Heyesham in time to welcome her back, and Mrs. Fothergill at once gave permission, saying—

"The servants will be glad to see their mistress, but Madam should have her little kinswoman's face to look upon too. And I am sure, my dear, she will want to see you, for you have become fast friends through all these French and German talks."

"Don't you think she will want me, or has Madam asked me because you are going, darling?" said Madge, with a rapidly lengthening face.

"Madam only asks those she wants, Madge, and she begged specially for you to go," I said.

We were to drive to Heyesham, and the coachman was to remain to take us back in the evening.

I thought Madam's face looked lovelier than ever, and so very full of gladness as she embraced us one after another. She did not need to be told how delighted we all were to see her again.

We were to have high tea at half-past five, in place of the usual late dinner, so that the children might be with us—a great treat for Madge and Elsie. When the meal was over, the children raced off to Elsie's special quarters to look over her toys and treasures, unused during her stay at Hill Fold. When they were gone, Madam said—

"I am a little tired after my journey, dear, and not inclined to go out again. The evening is so lovely that I grudge keeping you indoors; but I know you will not mind staying with me."

Mind! I could truly say, "I would rather be with you indoors than anywhere else without you."

Madam smiled, and gave my hair a caressing touch as I took my place on a low seat at her feet in the window recess, whence we could look out on the beautiful grounds and fair landscape beyond. It was a favourite nook, in which we had spent many happy hours together.

"Now, my child, you will want to know something of my doings since we parted," said Madam.

"Just so much as you like to tell me," I answered. "But I hope your friend is better."

"Much better—well, indeed, except for the weakness that must follow a severe illness; but every day is something gained, and I left him looking his old self once again, only somewhat thinner.

"The invalid is my cousin. He is a few years younger than myself, but in our early days we were so much together that we were like brother and sister. I dare say I tyrannised over him a little, as elder girls are apt to do when they have an opportunity of ordering about a boy five years their junior. At any rate, I had a great influence over my cousin, and this continued even when the flight of years brought him apparently more on an equality with myself.

"My cousin's temperament was a curious compound. He was generous to a fault always, but he was sometimes too headstrong, at others too easily led; and he was liable to be imposed upon by designing persons, who took advantage of his generosity. After he reached man's estate he became very impatient of parental control, and repeatedly got himself into trouble with his father, by refusing to follow his advice, and by his readiness to act on the counsel of those who had only selfish ends to serve in giving it.

"It was often my lot to act as his mediator with my uncle, who was very fond of me, and would give me a hearing when he refused to see his son.

"At length my cousin committed an act of folly which threatened him with absolute ruin, and which associated him indeed with criminals, though he did not share their crime. Unfortunately, he could not be saved from the consequences of his rashness without help being given to those who were guilty of far worse than that, and folly combined.

"As usual, my cousin told me what he had done. He did not try to excuse himself; in fact, there was nothing to be said in his defence, for he had set his father's commands at defiance by associating with men of such a bad stamp, and he well knew that my uncle would not lift a finger to save his son if by doing it he would also help the really guilty.

"What made the matter worse was, that my uncle had somewhat reluctantly consented

to his engagement with a portionless girl, though he had hoped that his boy would make a different choice. No doubt he believed that by this concession a better understanding would be brought about between him and his son. Preparations were actually being made for the marriage. A position of greater distress and difficulty could hardly be imagined, and my cousin was in despair. For himself, he could only say that no punishment could be greater than his headstrong folly deserved. He could see, as he had hitherto refused to do, the combined wisdom and kindness of his father in wishing him to give up his objectionable associates. He could estimate at their proper value, too, the concessions he had made in consenting to the marriage contrary to his own wishes.

"'My father has done all, and I have refused to yield in anything. He has placed the purest happiness within my reach and I have shattered my own hopes and prospects, to say nothing of the dear girl who will be heartbroken when she knows of my wicked folly. The honoured name of which my father is so proud will be dragged through the mire in company with the names of swindlers. Nothing can avert these consequences—nothing,' he said to me in a tone of despair.

"Poor fellow! He had prided himself on his manliness and decision of character, but it was on a brokendown miserable sample of humanity that I looked with tearful eyes and pitying heart. As I heard one sob follow another, and saw him shaken with remorse and anguish, I could almost have given my life to restore him to his lost position. I stood comparatively alone. He must carry others with him in his downfall.

"When my cousin became calmer, I insisted on going into every detail of the affair, and then I found that by the sacrifice of a large sum of money, he might be saved from the consequences of his folly.

"'There is hope for you yet,' I said. 'Take courage.'

"'There is not a gleam,' he replied. 'Without my father's aid I could not command a hundredth part of the amount, and if it were trifling, instead of what it is, he would do nothing.'

"'We will not ask him, but you shall be saved,' I answered, and I meant it.

"He did not contradict, neither did he believe me, but my sympathy comforted him. He could count on one friend whom no wrongdoing on his part would alienate, and he prepared with what courage he could muster to await his inevitable punishment.

"How I went to work I will not tell you in detail, my child," continued Madam. "I had a friend whom I could trust implicitly, and on whose advice I resolved to act. By the means he suggested, combined with his help, I obtained the needful sum. My cousin was saved, and with him those who deserved neither mercy nor favour. In their cases a condition was imposed which they were glad to fall in with, and in accordance with it they left the country, to return no more. My uncle never knew that his son had stood on the brink of ruin and disgrace, or of the sorrow that he had himself escaped. But from that day a happy confidence was established between them, and the father believed that it had been brought about by his concession in the matter of marriage. The young wife never knew how nearly she escaped a lifelong separation from the only man she ever loved, and so, what might have been a tragedy, developed into a domestic drama of the purest kind."

"They lived happy ever after, I suppose, Madam?" I exclaimed, quite carried away by the story. "How you would rejoice when you thought what, but for your goodness, must have been their lot."

"They were happy, dear, but not ever after. The pair had eighteen years of almost perfect felicity, marred only by the loss of the two children first-born to them. Then the wife died, and for a long time the brightness seemed to have gone out of my cousin's life. Later on he recovered to some extent, and for the sake of his young family married a second time. His present wife is also my friend, and as she knew the lifelong affection that had subsisted between him and me, she sent to beg me to go to her when his life appeared to be in danger."

Madam appeared not to have noticed my allusion to her goodness to this cousin. Afterwards, however, she said—

"I should have told you, that when my uncle's death put my cousin in possession of the means to do it, he repaid with interest the money lent to him at the most critical period of his life. So the help I was able to give cost me nothing."

At this moment Madam was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who handed her a note. She read it, then said—

"I must see the bearer for a moment, but stay where your are, dear; I must finish my story to-night."

CHAPTER V.

I was interested in Madam's story, and I regarded the telling of it as a mark of confidence in myself. She was not long absent, but in the meanwhile I could not help looking back on my own uncharitable estimate of her character and motives, and taking shame to myself for my rash judgment.

How beautiful she looked as she entered, with that glad expression on her face, which to me now always betokened that she had been taking advantage of an opportunity to make some one happy by removing a burden or soothing a sorrow.

Never did I so fully realise the truth of the words, "The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness," as when I saw the silver locks that framed Madam's face so fittingly. She had the exquisite complexion that mostly accompanies white hair, and as she seated herself, I thought, "Were I an artist, I would choose you as a model in preference to youth in any form."

"I must tell you, dear," continued Madam Heyes, "that at the time I was able to be of service to my cousin, he gave me a peculiar promise. 'My character, my happiness, and that of the being dearest to me on earth; the good name of my father, I may almost say and my life itself, have been saved through your instrumentality. I can do nothing in return now. But if the time should ever come, no matter how long hence, when I can gratify any wish of yours, you shall not ask in vain, whether what you desire is for yourself or for another. You will make me doubly happy by enabling me to do something for you, or through you for some one in whom you are interested,' were the words he used.

"I told him I would not forget. I believed him, too, and even had I done nothing for him, I should have judged that to do a kindness must make the one to whom the opportunity comes more blessed in the very act.

"The years passed on, however, and I never needed to ask any special boon at my cousin's hands until lately, and ever since it has been on my mind, I have felt it better to bide my time than spoil the result I have been hoping for by too great haste.

"Did I tell you that my cousin has a son, his third child by that first marriage? This son is grown to man's estate, and is a good, high-principled fellow, my godson and great favourite.

"Some time ago, I cannot exactly say how long, he formed an attachment to a girl whose position was similar to what his mother's had been, when she was chosen, for her own sweet self, by his father.

"One would have thought that the memory of his first love as well as of his faults and follies, would have made my cousin lenient to and considerate for his son. Probably the lapse of years had made him think more favourably of his own conduct, and with the formation of later ties, the memory of that early love story had partly faded from his mind.

"It often happens that men, and women too, my dear, who have married as disinterestedly as my cousin did, ask themselves after long years, whether they might not have had the money along with the love, had they not been in such haste to marry. Such like to secure both for their children, and my cousin was no exception.

"He told his son plainly that he should expect him to marry well, in the worldly sense.

"'You have a good name, good looks, and unless you throw them away by opposition to my wishes, good prospects. Keep your affections well in hand, my boy, and take care you get an equivalent for all you have to offer. If you make a foolish choice, don't expect me to sanction it. My lands as well as my money are mine to do as I like with, and remember, I have other children. I shall never put the eldest in the first place just because he is my eldest, but because he deserves it. You are my third son, you know, not my first-born.'

"The fact thus alluded to made my cousin indifferent as to which of his children should succeed to the bulk of his property, and he was equally so as to the sex of the favoured one.

"As one might expect, the young man, having learned to love a penniless girl, was afraid to tell his father the truth. What made his position more difficult was the presence of the girl under the same roof. She was like you, my dear, a young governess with no dowry but her education and similar personal gifts to those you possess."

I started at these last words, and essayed to speak. I felt the hot blood rush to my face, and the hand which Madam held in hers trembled visibly.

She pressed it affectionately, and said, "Hush, my child! I will finish, then you shall speak.

"The young man—we will call him Charley—had less courage than the girl herself. He dared not speak to his father; he could not endure the thought of parting, and if she had been like him, the two would have led a life of dissimulation, and need I add this? of constant dread, lest their secret should be discovered.

"The girl would not consent to this, and she bravely resolved to take advantage of another opening in order to leave what was her true home, the dear little pupils, the kind mother, and the lover who was more to her than life, but not dearer than truth. She carried out her resolve, after having bound her lover not to communicate with her, and I believe she has never received line or message from him since. Am I right, dear? You know."

I bent my head in assent. I could not speak. Ever since Madam resumed her narrative I had felt instinctively that I was going to listen to that most trying chapter of my own life-story.

"You have done well and bravely, and you have not been brave alone. Let me whisper a word of cheer to you before I finish. Charley may have been weak and timid, but he would face poverty, hard work, banishment, anything rather than give up his love. You have all the affection of his true heart, my child. If he has changed since you parted, it has only been in giving you a larger measure of esteem as well."

Who can tell the joy that filled my heart as these words reached my ears! I thanked God, though my tongue gave no sound. I looked at Madam's dear face through glad tears, and I saw that her own eyes were moist. I kissed her hand, and then I hid my face in both my own and sobbed for very happiness.

She let me be quiet for a little while, but first she drew me so close with her encircling arm, that my head rested on her breast, like as a child leans trustingly on its mother.

"I shall soon finish," she whispered at last. "You have heard the best part, but there is good news to come yet, so listen.

"During my cousin's illness nothing could exceed Charley's devotion to him. By night or day he was ever ready to watch or to wait on him. He must have often been weary, but he never complained, and though the invalid, harassed by sleeplessness and pain, was often fretful and exacting, Charley never lost patience.

"I was greatly touched by his affection for the little girls his sisters, and his unvarying goodness to his stepmother; in fact, the perfect understanding between the two was delightful to see.

"My cousin could not but observe these things when he began to recover, and he spoke freely of his son's devotion to him, when I happened to be the watcher by his bed.

"'Is he not like some one?' he asked me.

"'He is like his own mother in every way,' I replied.

"'Yes, I seem to see her again when Charley is near me. We were happy, so happy. Good as Theresa is, I cannot forget the girl I first loved.'

"'Why should you forget?' I asked. 'A happy past is only second in value to a happy present. Both are precious—only the one really has been—the other is.'

"'I should like Charley to be as happy in married life, but he seems unwilling to marry,' sighed my cousin in a melancholy tone.

"This gave me my opportunity. I dared to reveal Charley's secret; I told him all that had passed of your mutual love, your voluntary renunciation, the absolute cessation of intercourse.

"'And now,' I said, 'I call upon you to fulfil the pledge you gave me nearly thirty years ago. You promised to grant me any boon I might ask for myself or another, no matter how great the lapse of time ere I might remind you of your pledge. I call upon you to fulfil it now, by making your son happy. He is good and dutiful. He will be the prop of your age, the comfort of your wife, whom he loves to call mother, the guardian of his young sisters. Remember under what circumstances you made me the promise. I will not ask—I *demand* its fulfilment. Give your consent to the marriage of your son, and take the girl he loves to your heart as a daughter.'

"'My mere consent would mean little indeed,' he answered, after a pause, during which I did not feel altogether satisfied with the expression of his face.

"But I spoke again boldly, resolved to yield nothing.

"'The consent I demand is not a mere withdrawal of opposition and a letting Charley go out with his young wife to a life of toil and poverty, or even to bare bread. What I want is room for them both in your heart, a due provision for them, along with the chance of a life of usefulness and work, but not of anxious toil for the bare bread. Charley must be still the dear son of the house, and his wife must have the same place as one would have who came richly dowered as to this world's wealth.'

"Still he hesitated. It took some time for him to overleap the long years that had passed, and see himself, first despairing, then hoping, then overflowing with gratitude for a great deliverance, and making the promise of which I claimed fulfilment.

"I was growing a little weary—shall I own it?—a little disgusted. I am impetuous by nature, resolute too, or I should not have acted for him as I was enabled to do in those early days. I would not have said another word to remind him. I determined to act instead of pleading for the son with his father. I rose from my seat and should have left the room, but he laid his hand on mine and said, 'All shall be as you wish. There were no half measures on my behalf; there should be none now. Call my boy, that I may assure him of his father's consent and blessing.'

"You may guess the rest, my child. I cannot pretend to picture Charley's joy or my cousin's satisfaction when he witnessed it.

"As to Mrs. Veevers, she was always your kind friend, and she is so still."

"How can I thank you, darling Madam? I do not deserve such happiness and goodness from any hands—least of all from yours. I was so blind and foolish, I thought so much of myself; and you will hardly believe it possible, I once mistrusted you," I said, going from one thing to another in a most disjointed fashion.

I cannot tell how I managed to gasp out a sort of story on my own account; and after laying bare my heart to this true friend, asked her forgiveness.

"Can you think that *I* need to forgive you, little one?" said Madam, as she stroked my hair with her gentle hand.

"No, truly, it is another injustice to your noble nature to imagine it," I replied. "Your whole conduct to me has proved this. Your mind is too great to allow of your being offended at such littleness as mine was. You read my character, you knew that Charley loved me, not for what I was, but for what he pictured me, and you resolved to spare no pains to raise me to that higher standard."

I had read her aright this time, but she did not tell me so. She only clasped me to her heart, and with tender kisses sealed the forgiveness given before it was asked.

"Charley could not come to Heyesham with me, for my cousin needs him as yet, because of business matters that require more attention than he can give. But I have something for you," said madam, with the sweetest smile imaginable.

She gave me a letter, closely written, in the hand I had hardly hoped to see again, and a tiny packet, then left me alone for a while.

What a wealth of loving words lay within that envelope! Charley did not repeat the tale Madam had told so well; he only poured out the pent-up love that had gained strength from separation.

One paragraph referred to the little packet. "You will wear the ring I send you, my darling, with double pleasure, because it belonged to my beloved mother. My father gave it me that you might wear it alike as a pledge of our engagement and his willing consent to it. You will not think it less precious because it once adorned the finger of a true wife and devoted mother."

My answer to this letter satisfied Charley and his father too.

As to the ring, it was on my finger when Madam returned to the room on that happy evening when the weight left my heart, and the clouds fled from my horizon. The ring is in the same place now, but it is not the only one!

I had more to learn as to Madam's doings on Charley's behalf and mine.

Mrs. Veevers had guessed our secret, though she made no sign. She was grieved at the thought of parting with me, but she felt that it would be unwise for me to remain under the roof with Charley and his father. She and madam were always friends, and to her she wrote for advice.

It was Madam who suggested to the Fothergills that Madge should have a young governess, then spoke to them of me, and obtained their consent that the situation should be offered me in the very nick of time, and when I was hesitating what to do.

It was Madam who encouraged Charley to hope, and even hinted at the possibility of her mediating successfully with his father; at the same time she urged him to do right, and wait patiently.

It was she who, as I have already shown, set herself to raise my character to a higher standard, and to make me, by God's help, fitter to be a good man's wife than I should ever have been without her influence.

She too planned to bring Elsie and my little Madge together, so that when the time should come for me to undertake these higher duties, the child should not miss me quite so much.

* * * *

These things happened years and years ago. Charley and I are old married folk, and there are two little beds in our nursery, and a cot with our youngest born in it is near me the night through.

But Charley, the children, and I are at "grandfather's" for Christmas, and there is room for more guests in the spacious house.

Charley and his father are deep in some papers just now, for there is perfect confidence between them. Mrs. Veevers, or "grannie," as our tots are taught to call her, is telling them a tale, to which they are listening eager-eyed.

There are four bright girls, of whom it is hard to choose the prettiest; but though I love them all, my heart gives the palm to my old sweet pupil Margery. The quartet is made up of Charley's sisters, Elsie Willerton, and my Madge.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Fothergill are dead, and Madge has been at Heyesham ever since, with Madam as her guardian and Elsie as her adopted sister. But there is constant visiting going on amongst us all, and we are never long without seeing each other.

In my eyes Madam's face is more beautiful than ever. As the years pass on there is more of Heaven shining in it and out of it.

She has been caring for friends of all ranks and conditions at Heyesham and elsewhere, and her bounty has brightened many a hearth and spread many a table with plenty through the cold days of the dying year.

She has finished her work for the present, and is ready to enter heart and soul into the enjoyments of the Christmas season with the rest of us.

We are sitting together on a couch enjoying the sight of the happy faces around, when Madam remembers that one parcel may not have been forwarded to its destination. It is enquired about, satisfaction given, and we sit down again.

"I have often been amused to think of the saying at Heyesham with regard to your bounties," I remarked. "There was an old woman, a dreadful gossip, and terribly envious as well. She used to tell everybody that Madam's givings cost her nothing, for she owned herself that everything she bestowed was 'on behalf of a friend.' I actually believed her then; but afterwards——"

Madam smiled as only she could smile, I think.

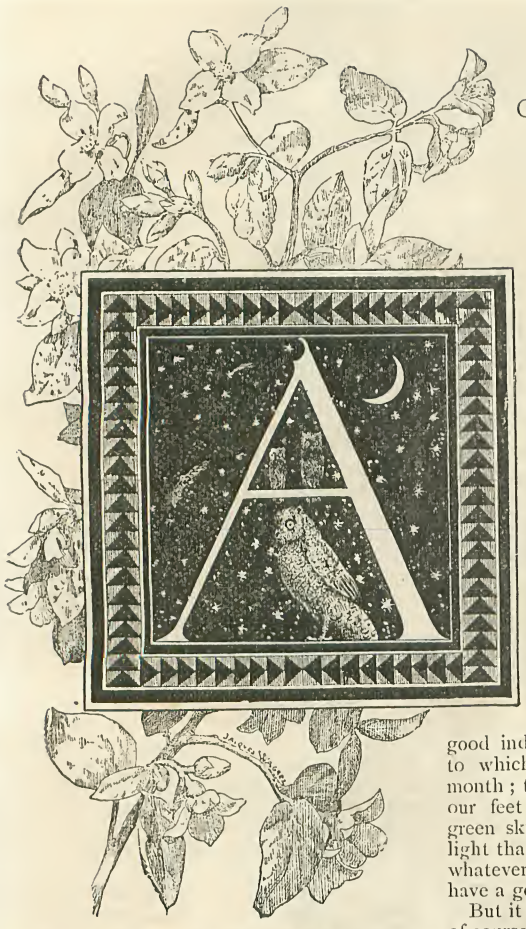
"My old friend—for we became friends at last—was quite right as to my words, and they were true. I give still on behalf of a Friend."

And then it flashed upon me for the first time what Madam had always felt.

She knew Who has said, "The silver and the gold are mine, and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills." From His bounteous hand wealth had come to her. She regarded herself only as His steward, and so, knowing Him as the Friend of friends, she gave all to His poor for His sake.

This was what she meant by saying that she distributed of her abundance, "On Behalf of a Friend."

FINAL TOUCHES.



CHRISTMAS-BOX FROM "MEDICUS."

By HIMSELF.

HERE we are again, as merry as a May cricket and as happy as a sand-boy! And why shouldn't I, or why shouldn't you, or any of us, be happy in this bright world of ours if we feel like being so? For, mind you, nothing will ever make me believe that there isn't far more of joy than sorrow on earth, far more of good than bad, far more of sunshine and moonlight and star gleams, than of murky skies, darkness, or gloom. I don't care a bit what pessimists may tell me to the contrary. They may point to the wind-tossed rain-filled clouds, and ask me where the sunshine is.

"Away behind those very clouds," I'll answer; "and somewhere else as well—in the heart."

Well, now, girls, you'll be reading these lines some time in what is called "bleak December," but I am writing them in sunny September.

By-the-way, though, why should December always, or nearly always, be called bleak? I'm sure I for one never saw any very great amount of bleakness about it. In my opinion December is an honest month, and a very decided one to boot. December bears a bad character, but doesn't seem to break its heart on this account. It is a reckless, rollicking, happy-go-lucky sort of a month, and we have to take it just as it comes. And this is doing what we ought to do. Perhaps a cold Norland wind goes shrieking and howling through the leafless trees, or across the fields all waste and bare, when we first start out of a morning; but we can walk and keep warm. And thanks to our own industry, we are warmly clad and comfortably shod. Have we not also made an excellent breakfast, good digestion waiting on appetite, and bounding health on both?

What though it rains as well as blows! What though the breeze sweeps round the corners in gusts and squalls, and tries to blow us off the foot-path! Battling with the wind on a December morning is the finest fun out, and if Boreas is determined we sha'n't hold up an umbrella, why, we can wrap our plaids or mackintoshes around us and laugh in his face.

Then at eventide, as we journey homewards, December may bring all his battery to bear upon us, and mingle sleet and hail with rain, and blow at us and roar at us from every direction of the compass; but even then, in the darkness and gloom, glad visions of a cosy fireside not far away, of a comfortable curtained room, of a well-laid supper-table, with a kettle on the hob and a cat on the hearth, will rise up before our mind's eye, and we will quicken our steps till imagination at length merges into reality.

But when December does make up its mind to be good, it is very good indeed. Think of the calm bright days to which we are often treated during this month; the ground so hard that it rings under our feet; the sprinkling of snow; the sea-green skies of the gloaming hour; the moonlight that follows; and the glorious stars. So whatever anyone else may say, I shall always have a good word to say for December.

But it is September with me as I write. Oh, of course there has been rain; I'm not going to think of that now it is past and gone. I am writing by the roadside on a wooden bench, in a wide space where three roads meet at upper Bognor. In the centre of this triangle is a large circular grass plot, from which tower skywards seven splendid trees, forming a dome far aloft, where their branches interlace like the roof of some grand cathedral aisle. Each of the roads that radiate from this space is a cool green avenue, or lovers' lane.

The trees above me are graceful as well as tall; the sunshine is shimmering and falling in patches all around. Every broad green leaf is a transparency in the marvellous light, and the breeze is making such sweet low music through the foliage that were I reading instead of writing I might be lulled to sleep. Just one little glimpse of the blue sea is needed to complete this picture; and lo! yonder it is. My faithful companion, Queen (the Newfoundland), is seated beside me, leaning her great honest head on the bench, so I am not quite alone.

Not far off is my camp; not an extensive one—simply the caravan "Wanderer," and a snow-white tent. But very pretty they look in that quiet green meadow surrounded by waving trees and hedges all trailed over with bramble. The greenery of the field is starred over with the orange of autumnal hawk-bit and patched with the purple bartsia.

But in a day or two, after I have finished this paper, I shall strike camp and go wandering homewards through the prettiest parts of Sussex, Surrey, Kent, and Berks. Is it not pleasant, reader, even in December, to look back to a summer holiday well spent, and while doing one's best to enjoy the winter, hug to one's heart the thought that summer will come again?

"Spring will return,
And birds and lambs again be gay;
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray.
The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie.
The lambs upon the lee shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the sound;
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day."

* * * *

But now to change the theme. For once in a way, then, I, your Medicus, am transformed. Hey! presto! and I stand forth in the garb and likeness of old St. Claus. I have donned a long white beard, a cap of fur, and a coat all covered with snowflakes. My cheeks, that are usually sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, I have tinged with rouge and eke my noble brow, and I have assumed my jolliest smile. I have got into your house somehow—either down the chimney or through the key-hole. No matter—here I am, and here is my wallet, cram-full of good things for this joyous and festive season. There is no deception, mind you. I carry with me no nasty drugs—not even a pill. Physic for the nonce I have thrown to the dogs, and the dogs know better than to touch it.

Where did you hang your stocking, miss? I wish you wouldn't throw your boots down anywhere for poor St. Claus to tumble over and make a noise. I'm sure I don't want to be shot for a burglar by that big brother of yours.

Oh, here is your stocking! I declare you've hung out two. Never mind, I have plenty to fill them, and if you store up and make use of the receipts I am going to give you, they will aid you in becoming quite a little treasure of a housekeeper.

The receipts then are all useful and *seasonable*, so here goes.

1. I suppose you know that men folk often come in off the ice, or from a long winter's ramble feeling very thirsty, and that ordinary ale or beer is heating. Well, why not make some *spruce* beer. It is best made of the branches of the spruce, but for these in winter you have to substitute the essence. But all you want is, say, four and a half gallons of boiling water; in this you dissolve three pounds of treacle or sugar, and when cool, two ounces of spruce essence and about half a pint of yeast. Let it work as ginger beer does, and bottle off. This is not only a most refreshing drink, but it is also tonic and wholesome, and quite suited for Christmas drink.

2. Did ever you try making *Orange Marmalade?* Mind, you never know what you can do till you try. Take a sufficient number of Seville oranges and half the quantity of nice juicy sweet ones. Great care must be taken that they are clean and skinned, ripe and good. Peel them, take off the inside white skin from the peel, cut the peel in pieces, and boil till tender, then slice very thin. Meanwhile, squeeze out the juice and remove the pips from the pulp. Now put all together and weigh, and add the same weight of pure white sugar. Boil for half an hour, skimming well. Then put in jars, and cover down when it is quite cold. This is the Aberdeen plan. A little clear honey is sometimes added, and sometimes only the bitter oranges are used.

3. Sago, arrowroot, and tapioca are all very nice and nutritious, but receipts for cooking

these you will find in any cookery book. *Iceland Moss* is also very good. Steep half an ounce of the best picked moss in hot water for ten minutes, strain, and boil in a pint of fresh water till it is reduced to four ounces; add some liquorice root, and boil a little longer.

4. *Gruel* is a very nutritious and wholesome drink, and will lie on a sick stomach sometimes when nothing else will. Yet few know how to make it well. Most people make it too thick or too thin. I think that which is made from *good* oatmeal is the best. The oatmeal ought to be the medium sort. When buying it, taste it. A shopkeeper may assure you it is fresh when it is far from it. Put a pinch or two in the mouth, and if it has the slightest "bite," or feeling of bitter warmth, it is unfit for human food. Mix two tablespoonfuls with four of cold water. Pour on a pint of boiling water, and boil the whole for three minutes, stirring all the time. Pass through a sieve, and add butter, sugar, and spices to taste. Serve hot.

5. *Beef Tea.*—When really good beef is not to be had, Liebig or Bovril may be used instead. Bovril is malted, and easily digested. Beef tea can hardly be made too strong. Remove every particle of fat from the meat and cut up or mince; put in a jelly jar and cover with cold water. Tie a piece of paper over the jar with pin-holes in it, and place the jar in a pannikin of boiling water. Let it simmer till well done. Any meat—chicken, rabbit, veal, etc.—may be used to make tea in the same way; but it should be served hot, and eaten with toast or bread-crust, for really the tea itself is little more than a stimulant.

6. Although I have made and cooked almost everything, I have never manufactured *Gingerbread*. The following, however, seems to me to be a good receipt. It is taken from an old medical book. Take half a pound of fine flour, and, putting it on the baking-board, thoroughly mix it with a quarter of a pound of treacle—golden syrup is best—working it into a paste. Add ground ginger to a portion of this according to taste; mix extra well, roll out, then bake till crisp. A little butter greatly improves the whole, and probably a dust of baking-powder would make it lighter.

7. *Curry Powder* is one of the finest and most wholesome condiments we possess. We seldom get a really good dish of curry set before us in this country. Like all officers who have served in India or the seas around, I flatter myself I *can* make a good curry. My teacher was an Arab in Zanzibar; he taught me also how to make coffee. One reason why curry in this country is seldom of great excellence is that the powder is not so fresh as it ought to be; another reason is that few cooks dream of adding cocoa-nut milk to it. I do not mean the cocoa-nut water you find in the green cocoa-nut. Let me tell you how Suleiman, my Arab, used to curry my fowl in the bush at Boo-boo-boo. He grew the turmeric in his wild wee garden, in his cocoa-tree patch, and I think he also cultivated most of the other seeds, etc.; so everything was fresh as peas new-gathered on a May morning. Well, he solemnly cleaned and prepared the fowl by tearing it all in pieces. Meanwhile, the chattee was on the clear fire, and therein was floated a sliced onion in a well of butter or *gee*. When this was done brown he threw in the fowl, and stirred the pieces about until they were partially cooked, the aroma that arose causing my mouth to water. He had already mixed his curry ingredients, and he had grated down half an old cocoa-nut on a hair sieve; through this he poured water, and lo! rich, creamy milk was the result. Then he added the curry paste and this milk, and stewed the whole till tender. The little black girl had boiled the rice, and to complete the curry stew Suleiman thickened the gravy with a little flour. It was then ready to dish up. Mind you, the rice was placed on one dish and the fowl curry on another, not served up in the messy English fashion, with the rice all round the edge of the dish, to get cold and look ugly. So if ever you make curry, whatever you do, forget not the cocoa-nut milk.

If you don't choose to make your own curry powder, buy it from the best Italian warehouse you know of. You may not be able to get what will suit your taste at first, but when you do succeed in obtaining a good brand, take a note of it, and never get any other.

8. Here is a receipt for what is called *Indian Curry Powder*. I have not tested it nor tasted it, but it seems to be genuine, and it is not at all difficult to make. First catch your hare—that is, catch your coffee-mill—and have it thoroughly cleaned, because I don't think the flavour of Mocca would improve a true Indian curry. Now take half an ounce each of turmeric, fresh ground ginger, and coriander seeds, half a drachm each of black pepper and poppy seed (called *maw* seed in the shops), ten or fifteen grains of cinnamon, a morsel of garlic, six cloves, and two chillies. Mix, and grind all together, and keep in a well-stoppered bottle.

9. *Chutney* is such a delightful relish that I wonder housekeepers do not make it more often than they do. To buy the real Indian chutney becomes expensive. Besides, there is always the danger of a shock to the nervous system from finding what seem, and probably are, cockroaches' legs in it. But most of the so-called Indian chutney is made in England. Here is a receipt on a large scale—you can make less in the same proportions:—Equal parts—say a pound and a half—of apples, chillies, ginger, sultana raisins, and salt; add to this three-quarters of a pound of grated garlic, and one pound of loaf sugar, and five bottles of best vinegar. The chillies are first soaked in the vinegar for a couple of hours, then all the ingredients are mixed and ground to a pulp.

10. *Tarragon Vinegar* is greatly relished by some epicures, and although dear in shops, it is *so* easily made. You simply steep the leaves of tarragon in vinegar, according to taste, and there you have it after a maceration of fourteen days. In the same way vinegar from many fragrant herbs may be made.

11. *Curry Vinegar* is made by adding two ounces of best curry powder to a pint of vinegar and keeping it in a warm place for a few days, then straining.

12. It is not generally known that cods' liver may be nicely cooked and relished by invalids who can hardly bear to take the oil itself. You see, it is ever so much fresher thus. I need scarcely dilate here on the benefits that accrue from a long course of cod-liver oil to those who are in any way below par, or whose lungs may not be so strong as they might be.

Many ladies suffer very much from cold during the winter months, and really dread the coming of January, which is undoubtedly the bitterest month in this country. The taking of cod-liver oil in pretty large doses, and the wearing of rather loose warm clothing, is the cure, for by this means cold is set at defiance.

Potatoes—nice floury ones—are steamed till cooked, then a nice portion of cod's liver placed over them, cut in pieces to let the oil exude, and steamed again. The liver itself is eaten with some relish or condiment, and this makes a most nutritious meal. Rice or tapioca is also cooked and then treated with cod's liver. I think many will thank me for giving this treat.

I shall finish my paper by giving one or two other receipts from my wallet, then retire.

13. What so refreshing as *Toilet Vinegar*, either to damp the brow or hair with when one has a headache, or to put in the water to lave the face, arms, and hands, or to throw into the cold or tepid bath, or use in a sick room as a perfume. But to buy, it is very dear.

On the other hand, it is both easily and cheaply made. Here is the receipt in a single sentence:—Otto of roses, one hundred drops; rectified spirits of wine, twelve ounces; acetic acid (dilute), forty-five ounces. Shake, and it is made; but some add four or five ounces of dried rose leaves, and macerate for fourteen days; then strain.

14. *Cold Cream* is not difficult to make, and is very useful for chapped hands or lips in winter. Eight ounces of oil of almonds are melted in an earthen vessel with two ounces of pure white wax, and as soon as it gets cool—not cold—stir in six ounces of rose water.

15. Just one more delightful preparation—the *Cream of Lemons*. An ounce of spermaceti and half an ounce of oil of almonds, to which, as it cools, add eight drops of the oil of lemons.

And now St. Claus takes up his wallet and once more escapes up the chimney or through the keyhole. Before he goes, however, he breathes a blessing on his readers, and says from his heart—Girls all, I wish you a happy Christmas and *such* a jolly New Year!

"THE DRIFTS BY AUTUMN SHED."

IN A WINTER WOODLAND.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

THE tawny beech-leaves wither on the spray,
So lovely yesterday;
The drifts by autumn shed,
The tarnished bracken whence all gold has fled,
Tell of a summer lying prone and dead;
While from each songless bough
Come memories of its music silent now.

Yet life is here, continuous in its power
Through winter's bleakest hour;
The Future slumbering lies
In the dark Present, and to watchful eyes
Gives many a token through its chill disguise,
While tones of hope and cheer
Speak to the heart of things that shall appear.

Here fairy lichens write with patient care
Their records everywhere;
Here clustering mosses dwell,
Each in its tiny lot apportioned well,
Serene in storm, unharmed when snowdrifts swell,
Safe in their lowly birth—
They are the meek, inheriting the earth!

Here Nature, hopeful, waits the winter through
The touch that makes anew;
The tempest that bereaves
Gives space for sunbeams, and the wind that grieves
In mournful requiem over last year's leaves,
Rocks cheerily on high
The buds that shall make summer by and by.

O bounding heart, intolerant of rest,
Things waited for are best!
Far down where none may see,
The certain springtime lives in moss and tree;
God keepeth truth with thousands, and with thee.
Bear well His winter's strength—
All flower and fruitage shall be thine at length.

Let the resolves that shall thine actions form
Strike deeper for the storm;
For long endurance brave,
Fear not the threat of winds that vainly rave,
Nor the ice morsels sent to cleanse and save.
Sing while the snowflakes fall—
One hour of June shall make amends for all!

THE FIRST TO ENTER THE KINGDOM.

FOUR little heads bending earnestly over four clean half-sheets of paper, and thinking very hard. For it was Sunday afternoon, and the children had returned from church, and taken off their hats and gloves on that sunny day, and were spending the half hour before tea-time in drawing "Sunday pictures" for each other to guess.

The guessing was not easy work generally; for though Margery and Effie managed to draw something that might be guessed, Cicely's and Arnold's wonderful productions generally remained an enigma till explained by the small artists themselves.

They had gradually been through all the Bible stories that they knew; and mother had many of these pictures laid by among her treasures; for ugly as they were to outsiders, to her the quaint rendering of the familiar Bible stories was very suggestive of the line of thought it had produced in each childish mind.

But to-day they had quite a new subject in hand, which Margery had suggested. "Let us each draw the picture of our own heart," she said, "and mark truly inside what we liked best of what the clergyman said this afternoon in church for the children's catechising."

The others readily agreed; and soon each child had drawn a heart on the Sunday piece of paper.

Of course they could not manage the shape very well. But Margery drew one as near as she could remember to the charm which mother always wore on her watch chain, and Effie copied it; and then they both helped the younger two to draw theirs.

Then there was a pause. "What can I put in mine?" said Effie, who had not listened to the children's service one bit, having been quite engrossed with the gaudy attire of one of the Sunday school children who had sat near her.

And Cicely sat biting the point of her pencil in utter perplexity also.

"I can't remember anything, Margery," sighed little Arnold.

"Not remember!" said Margery, who always loved the children's service more than anything else in the week. "Why, it was all about 'When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him.'"

"We can't draw that," said Effie, who could not remember having seen any picture on the subject to help her imagination. "We can't draw that, for we don't know what it will be like."

"Of course not," said Margery, who had gone over the subject in her mind on her way back from church; "but don't you remember how the clergyman said that though there would be such a crowd there when 'before Him shall be gathered all nations,' yet every soul would be judged *one by one*, and how it ought to make us very careful what we do or say; for the Lord Christ will take notice of 'every idle word' even, and all that we have done to each other, and even to poor animals and birds."

Arnold looked up anxiously. "Do you

think He will remember about cousin Horace having forgotten to feed his white mice in the coachhouse till they had to eat one another, and most of them were dead?"

Effie shuddered at the remembrance. "It was too dreadful, quite," she said.

"And Jim, the stable boy, forgot to give the tiny blackbirds anything to drink, and found them all dead in the morning," added Cicely, on whom the sad fate of the poor little robbed nestlings had made a great impression. She had seen Tim fling out the wee dead bodies on the rubbish heap outside the stable door for the cats to eat, or to be carted away to the dust-heap, and her pitiful heart could not bear the sight. So when the children had gone into the garden to play, she stole round to the spot where they lay, with their pretty, pluffy heads hanging limp, and their tiny wings stretched helplessly out; and putting them into the small basket she had brought for the purpose, she carried them to her own little bit of garden, and buried them tenderly among her plants, picking many a pansy and nasturtium to lay over them ere she covered them with earth.

"Don't let us think of it," said Arnold, who had watched the transaction with much childish grief and many a tear.

The children relapsed into silence; but it was quickly broken by light-hearted Effie, who suddenly jumped down from her seat, and running round to where Margery was sitting, grave and preoccupied, flung her arms round her neck.

"A penny for your thoughts!" she cried, giving her sister a hearty hug and kiss.

Margery smiled—that beautiful smile which some people have who usually look grave, which lights up the whole countenance. "You can have my thoughts without paying the penny," she said. "I was thinking how simply splendid it would be if the King should stoop to say to us, 'Well done!' and tell us to enter His Kingdom. And I was wondering—for you know the clergyman said that life is so uncertain, that we may die any time, like Minnie Evans, who died of a fit in a few minutes—and I was wondering which of us would be the first to enter the Kingdom."

"I hope it won't be me," said Effie. "I could not bear to leave all my nice toys and things, and father and mother, and go all alone into that *Great Place*."

Little Arnold coloured up with fear at the bare idea, and clutched Cicely's plump hand under the table as he whispered, "We will go together, Cicely, wont we?" and she could only give a sympathising squeeze back in return, though her own heart was beating rather fast as she said, "Oh, yes, dear, if I can!"

But Margery, who had heard the remarks of the younger ones, said, "Why should we fear to enter the Kingdom, when Christ has prepared it for us, and means all the glory as a great surprise? And all His holy angels are sure to be kind to children, because *He loves them so*."

Effie did not like the turn which the conversation had taken, and was just on the point of going back to their "Sunday pictures," when nurse came in with the tea-tray. And the children's thoughts were turned to another direction altogether, for they were to have the first strawberries and cream of the season that evening as a Sunday treat; and soon they were busily dividing the beautiful fruit, and sprinkling them over with sugar.

For some time they were too engrossed with their pleasant occupation to talk much; but presently Arnold noticed that Margery was hardly tasting her strawberries.

"Don't you like them, Margery?" he asked, surprised that she seemed to care so little for what he liked so much.

"Oh, yes," she answered, colouring; "but I thought that poor Sally Turner, who is so very ill, might like a few in this hot weather; and her mother is far too poor to buy her any."

The other children looked at their nearly empty plates.

"What a pity we have eaten ours!" said Effie. "I never thought of Sally—and she would have liked them so much."

"I think there are as many here as she will be able to take," said Margery, neatly arranging those on her plate. "Mother said she could hardly eat anything."

IN THE NURSERY.

"But they won't be from us!" said Effie, rather sadly.

"Oh, we can all take them over in the morning," answered Margery, "and Sally will think they are from us all."

But Effie was not quite satisfied. "It would not be fair," she said, "for us to give what is really yours."

"We could ask mother to give us some sponge cakes and jelly," suggested Cicely—whose gifts were generally of mother's supplying—"and I am sure she will."

"Oh, that will do capitally!" exclaimed Arnold, glad that the difficulty should be so easily solved, and without the necessity of any self-denial on his part.

But to Margery the laying aside of her favourite fruit had hardly been self-denial. She had just begun a new plan with regard to everything that was given her, which gave her the greatest satisfaction. It had been suggested to her when mother had read them the story of Zacchæus one morning, which had made a great impression on her mind.

"And did Zacchæus really give half of everything he had to the poor?" little Arnold had asked. "It must have been very hard to part with so much, mother, for you said he was very rich."

"Yes," said mother, stroking his curly head; "but he did not find it hard to give, because he loved Jesus so much."

And there the Bible lesson had ended.

But Margery could not get the words out of her mind. "The half of my goods," "the half of my goods," she kept repeating to herself. "I have never done anything like that, though I have so little to give, and he had so much." And then she resolved that, from that day, she too would give "the half of her goods," just as Zacchæus had done; and, going to her cupboard where she kept all her toys and treasures, she divided her childish possessions into two heaps, and after a good deal of thought carried the larger half to her mother.

"I should like to send these to the sick children in the hospital," she said so quietly that no one would have guessed the sacrifice she was making.

Mother looked surprised, as she noticed most of Margery's pet toys among the number. "Will you not want them again yourself?" she asked. "If you sent some of these it would be quite enough."

But Margery would not hear of it. "I have specially picked them out," she said, with a little quaver in her voice, "and I wish them all to go; the sick children need them more than I do!"

And since that day Margery had always carefully divided everything that was given her (provided it could be divided), and the very doing it gave her untold pleasure. For had not the "Friend of little children," of whom she loved to sing at the Sunday afternoon services, loaded her with good things, not because He wanted her to be selfish with them, but to let her experience for herself that "it *is* more blessed to give than to receive." "I have so much more than I need," she would say to herself sometimes, when halving a bright new half-crown or shilling was a little trying.

So the half of the strawberries had been set aside as a matter of course, and she felt so glad that they had come just when poor Sally was so ill, and needed them most.

Margery went to bed with a very happy heart that night—for had not the clergyman told them that afternoon that the Lord Jesus notices everything that His little children do for Him, and would remember it when He said, "Ye did *it* unto Me." "And He noticed the widow's mite," thought the child, "more than the rich people's gifts; though many that were rich cast in much."

"Oh! Effie," she said, when the two little girls were going to bed that evening, "Oh! Effie, I am so glad that, if we are called 'one by one,' I am not afraid, even if I am the first to enter the Kingdom."

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE Cicely and Arnold had been safely put to bed by nurse, and then left to go to sleep; nurse turning down the lamp low, so that it might not keep the children awake, and putting it on the side-table that the light might not shine in their eyes.

But little Arnold could not sleep. He was restless, and tossing to and fro long after fair-haired little Cicely had gone to the land of dreams. He was still thinking of what Margery had said about each of them having to enter the wonderful Kingdom above one by one, and how he would have to do it; and he hoped it would not be till he was quite a man, so that he might not mind so much entering the Kingdom all by himself.

Then he thought of the afternoon feast of strawberries and cream, and how Margery had set aside half of hers for the sick girl who was so very ill; and though Margery had said he might have a share of hers to give, yet it did not feel at all like giving himself to do it in that way.

All of a sudden he remembered that he had some sweet fancy biscuits under his pillow. He had always three put there every night for fear he might be hungry in bed; and somehow he always was hungry, and ate them up. But would it not be a nice plan to add them to Margery's strawberries—for Sally would be sure to like something to eat with them?

He put his hand under his pillow. Yes, there they were, and the very thought of them made him feel hungry. But Margery's example had not been without its influence, and the desire to help the sick girl was strong upon him. Besides, he had some new, undefined wish to do something for God's poor folk, because He was noticing whether we did it or not, and would certainly remember "when He came in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him."

"I had better put them away at once," thought the child, "for if I keep them till the morning, I am sure to eat them."

He got up softly, listened to hear if Cicely was asleep, drew his biscuits from their hiding-place, and slipping out of bed, stepped softly with his little bare feet across the room to the side table where the strawberries were lying, with some soft green leaves spread over them.

Arnold lifted the leaves and peeped. The crimson fruit looked lovely in the dim lamplight, but no thought of taking one entered his head. He stretched out his hand and deposited his biscuits among the strawberry leaves.

"Nurse will not touch them if I put them there," he said to himself, "for she will know they are meant for poor Sally."

For a moment he stood eyeing his gift, which certainly had not cost him nothing to part with; then he turned away with a little sigh of relief that the deed was done.

But just as he turned away one of his night-dress buttons caught in the fringe of the table cover, and ere he was aware he had pulled over the lamp, which fell with a crash to the floor, and, being paraffin, blazed up in a moment, and Arnold was enveloped in flames.

The child's screams of terror quickly brought Margery from the adjoining room. It was well for him that she was near at hand, or he might have been burnt to death ere help reached him.

"Oh! Arnold, what is the matter?" she cried, rushing terrified into the room, fearing he was in some horrid nightmare.

The child flew to her, dragging the burning tablecloth with him, from which he had in vain endeavoured to detach himself; and Margery caught him in her arms, regardless that she had on her pretty white dressing-gown with the lace trimming, which ignited immediately.

For a moment the instinctive impulse of self-preservation almost impelled her to seek her own safety—the next, she was her usual self again.

"Effie," she cried to her sister, who had followed her to the door of the nursery, "dip a towel in the jug and bring it here."

But Effie on the first alarm had fled downstairs, and did not hear the call.

It was a fearful moment to Margery. She glanced hastily round the room in search of something to put out the flames; but at that hot season of the year there were no warm woollen coverlets or Austrian blankets at hand to wrap round the burning child and extinguish the flames. Indeed, even if there had been, it was exceedingly doubtful if she could have made any use of them, for Arnold clung to her so desperately that she was almost powerless to move.

CHAPTER III.

EFFIE, in the first alarm, had fled downstairs, and just met her parents in the hall on their return from evening service.

"What is the matter?" cried her mother, startled at the sight of the little girl tearing down the stairs in her night-dress, with bare feet, at an hour when she ought to have been safely in bed.

Effie was too frightened and out of breath to articulate. But her father thought he caught the word "fire," and, pushing her aside, rushed up the stairs, three steps at a time, to where the cries came from. It was well he made haste, or both children might have been burnt to death ere succour arrived.

A fearful sight met his eyes as he entered the nursery—a sight to be evermore stamped indelibly on his memory, till death shadowed all things.

In a moment he seized the jug, and poured its contents over the burning children; but it was some time before the flames could be entirely put out; and when at last they were extinguished, it seemed as if, after all, it was too late. For Margery lay senseless on the bed, fearfully burnt, and Arnold, though less injured, was badly scorched.

Cicely sat watching the scene from her bed, having been awoke by the noise, and her pitiful sobbing added to the confusion. But no one could attend to her, for mother was too much occupied to think of her just then, and nurse could do little but run about helplessly, wringing her hands.

"How did it happen?" asked the agonised father. But no one could answer the question, as no one had been in the nursery at the time of the accident but the children.

The doctor was sent for immediately, and he came at once; and everything that human skill and kindness could do was done; but though Arnold was found to be much less severely burnt than had at first been feared, it was far otherwise with Margery, and the doctor gravely and sadly turned to go.

The poor mother stopped him in the doorway, and her eyes asked the question her trembling lips could not frame.

"We have done all we can," he answered, kindly; "now we must leave the rest in Higher Hands."

She knew what he meant, and turned back with sickening dread to Margery's side, quite unaware that Effie had been standing on the landing outside, and heard every word.

Poor child! no one thought of her at that moment, yet no one needed pity and sympathy more. Children are so helpless in their sorrow, and she had no one to help her then. With an almost bursting heart she turned away, dreading she hardly knew what, but feeling sure that Margery was in "great danger," perhaps in danger of dying.

She meant to slip away and hide herself anywhere, but at that moment her eye fell on Margery's plate of strawberries lying broken on the floor, and the beautiful fruit scattered about. She could not bear that Margery's self-sacrificing gift should be trodden on and spoilt, so she knelt down and carefully picked up all that she could see, as well as Arnold's biscuits, which were lying near, and placed them back in their cabbage leaf.

Her father saw her thus engrossed, and wondered that she could think about such a trifle as a few strawberries when her sister's life hung in the balance, having no idea of the thoughts that actuated her.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL was still in the house, except the one for whom the stillness was kept. Margery could not rest, and tossed from side to side in the vain attempt to find a posture of repose.

Again and again, at solemn intervals, the church bells had chimed out the passing hours. The moments hung with leaden wings.

The servants were walking hither and thither with noiseless tread, and nurse was sitting by little Arnold in the adjoining room, where he was sleeping soundly, unconscious of all that was passing.

The silence was suddenly broken by Margery.

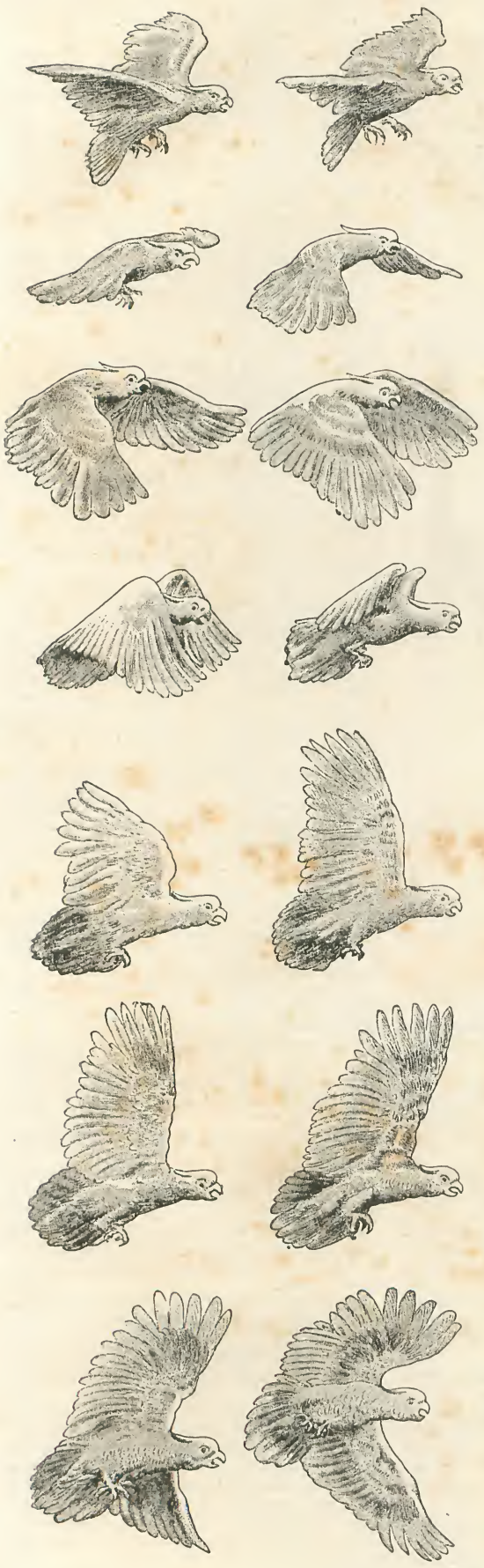
"Mother, dear," she said, feebly.

"Yes, darling; do you want anything?" she asked, smoothing back the dark curls from Margery's face.

"Oh, yes; will someone take my strawberries to Sally at once—at once. The night is so hot, and they will not be half so nice by the morning."

Mother knew that poor Sally had died that very evening, as she had stopped to enquire for her on her way back from church; but she could not tell Margery so. "I will send them at once," she said, and quitted the room with them.

Effie, who was watching outside the door in speechless fear and anxiety, seized the opportunity, on her mother's leaving the sick room, to slip in herself. She so longed to see her sister, and would have ventured in before, but nurse had caught sight of her, and sent her off to bed at once; and she had not dared to show herself since, for fear of being shut up somewhere where she could not get to Margery.



Softly she stole to the bed on which Margery was lying; and then she suddenly paused, for the sight of her sister's suffering face, as seen in that dim light, brought a great lump to her throat, and she could not speak. Silently she laid her cool hand on Margery's burning one, with the tender touch of unspoken sympathy.

Margery turned quickly towards her. "Effie, is that you? I was just longing for you, and was wondering where you were."

"Can I do anything for you?" whispered Effie. "I have been waiting at the door ever so long, but nurse would not let me come in."

Margery smiled gratefully. "How kind of you," she said, faintly; and then, gathering up her strength with a great effort, she added, "Do you remember how beautifully the clergyman told us this afternoon about 'When the Lord Jesus shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him'? for I was rather frightened, thinking how dreadful it would be; but he said we need not fear if we love the Lord, for He loved us so much, and would take us each, one by one, into His glory, and say to us, 'Come, ye blessed.' And afterwards I kept wondering which of us would be the first to enter His Kingdom. And, do you know, Effie, I think it will be me."

She was interrupted by a great sob from Effie.

"Don't leave us, Margery!" she cried pitifully.

Margery could not answer at once, but in a minute she said, "You must not think that I am afraid because I cry. It is not sad to 'enter the Kingdom,' only I can't bear leaving you, and father and mother, and the others. But God knows best, and it will all be as He pleases."

She paused through intense emotion that could find no words to express itself—a kind of reverent awe and expectation which was an echo in her heart to the words she had listened to with such eager interest that afternoon.

If the clergyman had only known the effects his sermon had had on even *one* of his congregation, how cheered he would have been! As it was, he had thought that afternoon service the most discouraging he had ever held. The evident inattention of the children, the stolid indifference of those he most wished to impress, the restlessness of the Sunday school boys, the loud coughing of those who had no other reason for coughing than because they could cough, the whispering of some of the congregation in the gallery—all had united to depress the preacher more than he had ever been depressed before. It seemed so utterly useless to try and sow a single solemn thought on such careless listeners.

Ah, ministers of God often sow thus in tears the heavenly seed! It is not till afterwards that it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness; but the promise is certain—"In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." And the good seed grows most often in unexpected places.

CHAPTER V.

MARGERY had sunk back exhausted on her pillows as mother hastily returned, followed by father. She even forgot to ask about the strawberries, and lay quite still.

"What, Effie! is that you, my little woman?" said her father, seating himself beside the bed, and tenderly drawing her to sit on his knee, and rest in his strong arms. It was such a cozy place! And Effie cuddled up to him with a shudder even on that warm night. She had stood about so long with little bare feet, and the chill of fear made her shiver, though she was not really cold.

Mother brought a soft warm wrap and folded it over her. It was so comfortable! Too comfortable for Effie to keep awake any longer; and, despite fears and anxieties and sorrow, she was soon fast asleep.

And a sleep of another sort was stealing over Margery. She heard her parents talking in low tones beside her, but the sounds seemed to reach her from a far distance; the room looked so strange in that unaccustomed light. Her thoughts were still busy with the children's sermon; her imagination was picturing the wonders of that other Kingdom into which we are to enter one by one.

Suddenly the stopping of the ticking of the nursery clock on the mantelpiece roused her. It had been forgotten to be wound in the general confusion.

Margery started at the unexpected stillness.

"Oh! what is it?" she cried, as her parents bent anxiously over her, not knowing the cause of her sudden arousing.

"It is nothing, my darling," said mother soothingly.

"Oh, but there *is* something!" she repeated; "for I hear it in my head through and through like the rolling open of the gates of pearl to let us enter ONE by one—one by one!"

And even as she spoke her happy spirit passed away from the suffering body, and Margery was the first to enter the Kingdom.

"With joy and gladness shall they be brought
Up to the pearly portals one by one
By angel hands: and gladly welcomed in
By thronging myriads:—Most of all by Him
Who loves the little children, and through
shadows dim
Of Death's dark night,
Leads them safe on to Everlasting Light."

PHOTOGRAPHIC SNAP-SHOTS.

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